ARGOSY

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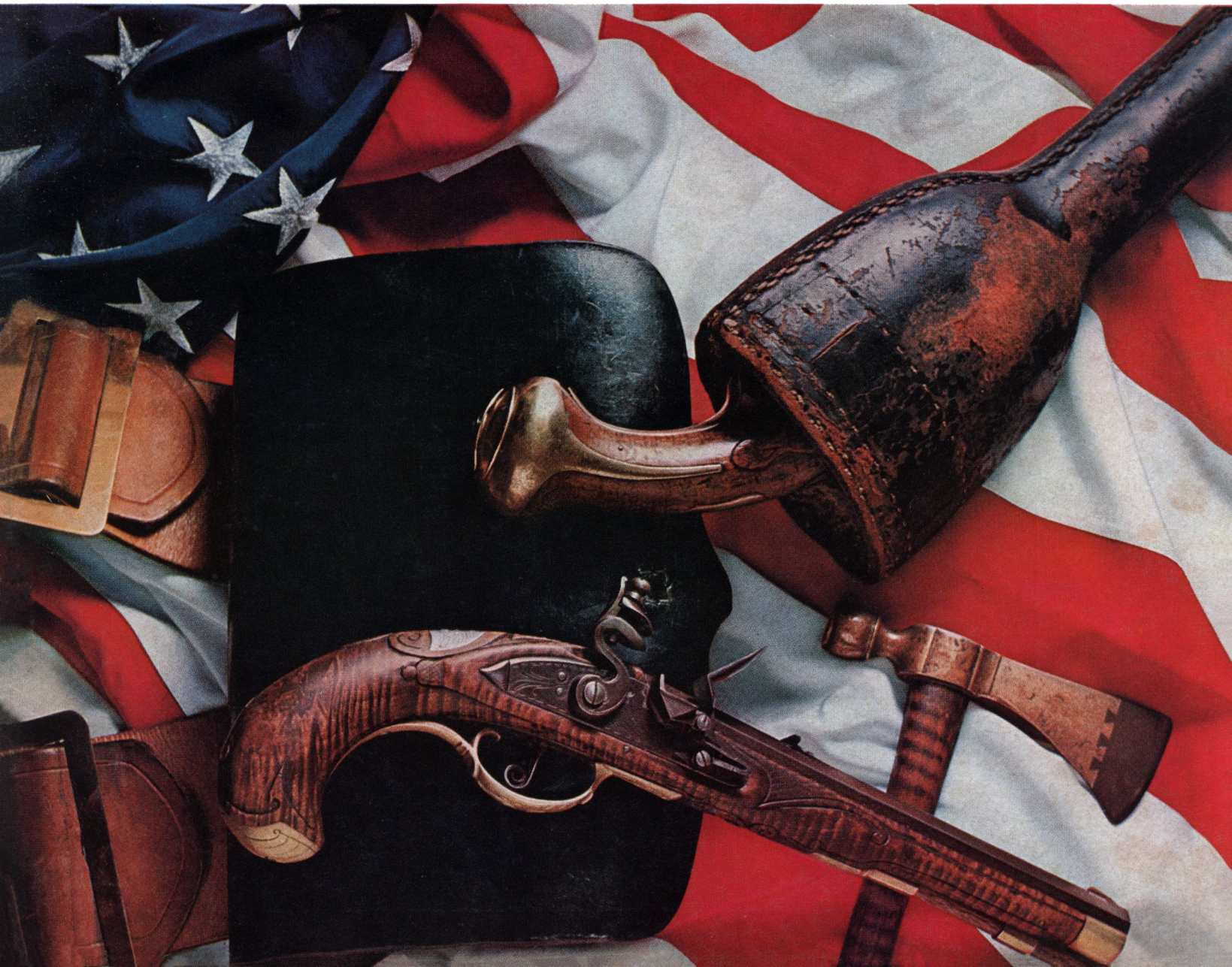

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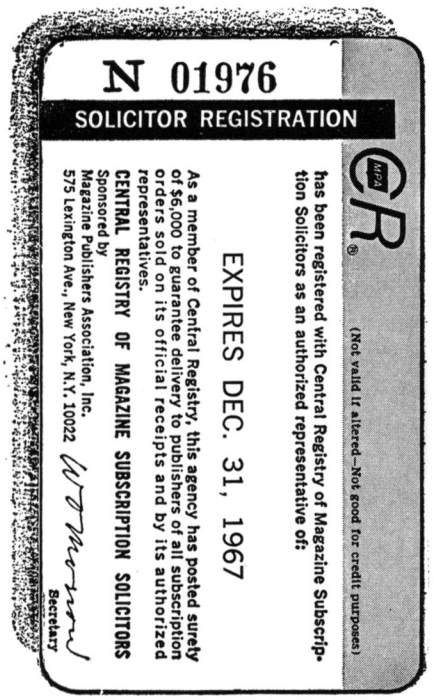

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JULY, 1967/VOLUME 365 ■ NUMBER 1

THE NO. 1 MEN'S SERVICE MAGAZINE

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COVER PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ARGOSY BY ARIE DE ZANGER

What guarantees the dealers who guarantee used cars?

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do." (The salesman puts his hand on the customer's shoulder.) **"I'll come down to $1499. And at that price I'm just barely breaking even.**

"Just look at her. Isn't she a beaut? You know if you hadn't come along today, I was going to buy it for my kid."

(Starts car motor.) **"Listen to her. Sounds great, doesn't she?"**

(Bangs fender with his fist.) **"And solid like a rock, huh? Sure, go ahead and bang it once. That's it...**

"What's that? You want to know what happens if something goes wrong? What could go wrong? Listen, I guarantee it's in perfect running order...

"One in a million. You've got my word for that."

(Salesman to customer, quietly, confidentially.) **"I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Just because you kids are starting out, I'm going to give you a real price. A buy. Just today.**

"Make it $1400 and we'll call it a deal."

When a Volkswagen dealer sells you a used car, he also gives you a used car guarantee. It's good for 30 days or a 1000 miles, whichever comes first. Our guarantee covers the engine, transmission, rear axle, front axle assemblies, brake system, electrical equipment. A VW dealer will repair or replace anything that goes wrong in any of these areas. At absolutely no cost to you. You can take our guarantee's word for it.

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1. THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR
2. HONEST ABE CLUB
3. COMING ATTRACTIONS

BY HARRY STEEGER

1. You'll be glad to hear we are again pursuing our crusade for "glamorous girls around the world." Judging by the volume of your letters, we feel we have a special mandate to discover and glorify the loveliest of the opposite sex. We intend, naturally, to keep the faith, whatever the cost to life and limb (and some of those delightful limbs can be very costly).

With this in mind—and it's never really out, *n'est-ce pas*—we phoned our pal, Joe Scholnick, premier expert on World's Fairs and Expositions and consultant to the ubiquitous American Express Company, and said:

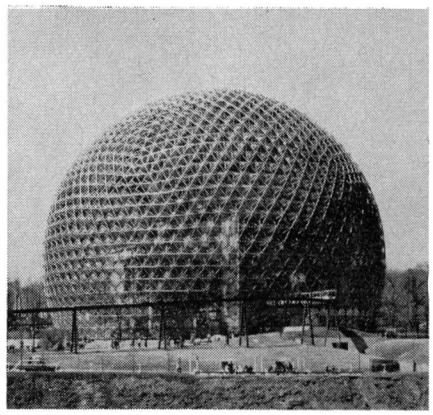
"If you know what's good for you and Expo 67, you'll furnish us the name of the fairest of the Fair."

"I've got the very one," he said, as though he'd been waiting for the call. "She's Miss Expo 67. Absolutely ravishing and out of this world."

"What's her number?"

"36-23-36," he replied with a quiver in his voice.

"No," we said. "Not that. What's her phone number?"



Minirail passes through U.S. Pavilion.

"Don't worry, I'll arrange everything. Her name is Monique Gaudet. You're invited to the opening ceremonies at Montreal and I'll see that you're properly introduced to Monique."

The prospect was, of course, enchanting, both ways. The Exposition turned out to be even more grandiose than we had expected, and at the same time a great deal less expensive.

Glamorous Monique Gaudet at Habitat 67.

Montreal, itself, is a charming city with a French flavor and a surprisingly clean aspect, and the food is something to please the most fastidious gourmet. Even the metro (subway to you, Charlie) is sparkling, with its marble-walled stations and its rubber-tired wheels. That's a fact, honest to Pete. The metro cars actually have rubber tires. The only reason they stay on the tracks is that they have wheels, also rubber-tired, sticking out the sides against a wooden barricade so they don't fall off.

The metro conveniently carts you right into the center of the Exposition and, of course, the buses take you to the main gate, so if taxis are too rich for your blood, there's no problem.

Once there, you are startled by the extent of the area. The eye sees Exposition buildings as far as it can reach, but don't be alarmed by the transportation difficulties. There is the Expo Express, and that, my weary travelers, is the answer to bunions and corns. This snappy train speeds from one end of the Exposition to the other and then back again, and there are enough copies of it so you don't wait more than five minutes for the next.

We were directed to take the Expo Express to the Place des Nations for the impressive opening ceremonies. And indeed they were. All the important pooh bahs of Canada spoke, including Prime Minister Pearson. The Black Watch Band played, snappy squadrons of jets flew by in unwavering formation, and guns and fireworks boomed. It was terrific, particularly for a real Fair buff like this department.

Best of all, we had a whole day to romp around the exhibits before the thundering herd arrived.

First thing we did was to cover the greatest part of the grounds on the Minirail. This is a Swiss import that travels on a narrow track about twelve feet overhead and curves in and out of every nook and cranny, including a surprising plunge right through one side of the gigantic American Exhibit bubble and out the other. This ride is fifty cents—if you can get near it—but what happened on Saturday and Sunday leads us to suggest you'd better try it during the week if you possibly can.

This Exposition is licensed by the International Exhibitions Bureau, which means that all foreign countries were licensed to participate, and almost seventy did—so you have endless pavilions to explore, including some from behind the various curtains.

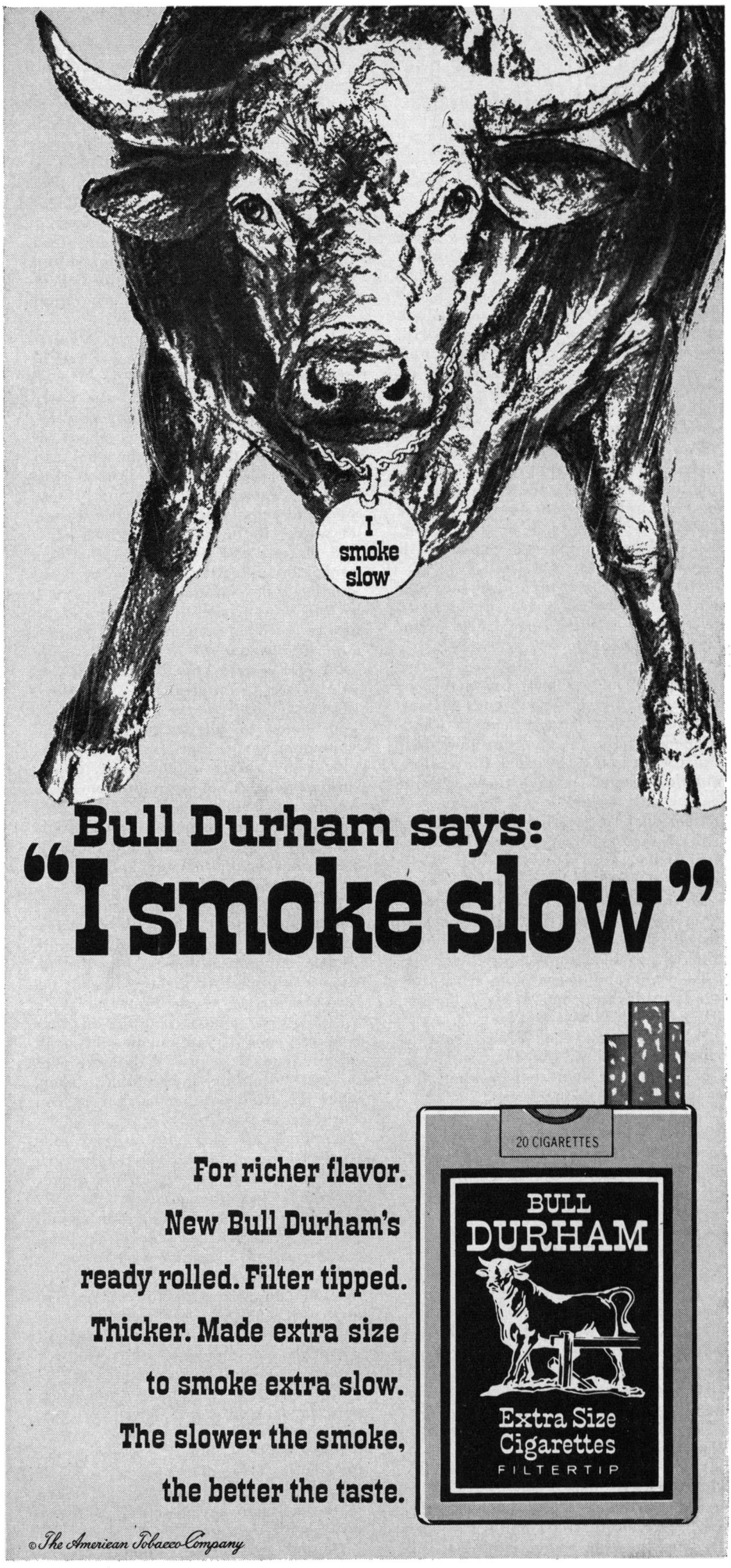
Best of all, though, is La Ronde, the playground of the Exposition. This has more variety and amusement than any of its predecessors.

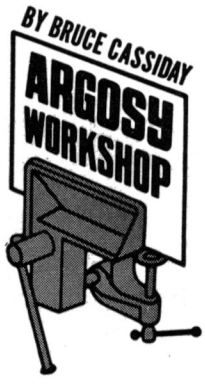
The fun-loving hordes flocked in there every night—including yours truly, of course—and enjoyed every moment of it to the hilt.

The entire exhibit is the first licensed exposition to take place on these shores and is well worth a visit on your vacation this summer.

The area is divided into three sections. The first is on the very large island occupied by Montreal itself and the other two on islands mostly man-made. As you go through the main Expo 67 gates at Place d'Accueil, you come immediately to the portion called Cité du Havre, and the first station on the Expo Express is Habitat 67, directly in the center of this area.

Don't pass it by, because there are such wonderful pavilions as the Labyrinth, the Habitat 67—a fantastic concept in modern living—and Man and His Health, which displays, among other goodies, a naked man and woman constructed out of plastics (fooled you that time) and locates every organ in the body by lights so that you know exactly where that ache or pain is located.





A Power Drill That Reverses Direction

IF YOU'RE in need of a more versatile power drill, in particular, one which will reverse direction at will, take a look at Skil Corporation's new Drive-R-Drill. It gives you Trigger Speed Control, plus reversability—great for driving and removing screws, thread tapping, or drilling in any material where drill and screwdriver are required.

You operate the drill by pressure on a trigger control—light pressure for slow rotation, heavy pressure for rapid. To reverse direction, you simply flick the reversing lever in front of the trigger. The drill has a slip-proof chuck which keeps the bit tight.

The drill features burn-out-proof motor, precision gears, geared chuck and key, three-wired cord and plug. From $29.95 (¼-inch) to $39.95 (½-inch).

ONE problem you may run across in hanging walnut-grained wood shelves, especially if you attach them to wood-grained paneling, is that you must drill into the paneling to secure the shelves and then cannot remove them without leaving ugly holes.

Masonite Corporation has come up with a combination paneling-plus-shelving, called Royalcote Living Wall, which solves the whole problem.

You put up the prefinished wood-grain paneling and then simply insert special shelf brackets into preslotted grooves provided in the paneling. The grooves are random-spaced to avoid stud locations. Shelves come in 8 x 24 inches, 8 x 36, 8 x 48, 10 x 36 and 10 x 48.

You can convert a whole room to paneling, or simply a corner, and have a place to hang your shelves when you want and move them at will.

POWER chain saws are not brand-new, but their widespread use is recent enough so that you may not have seen any in action.

For the neophyte, a booklet on the proper, efficient and safe use of power chain saws, titled "Chain Saw Operation," is now being offered to the public by McCulloch Corporation, one of the foremost manufacturers of power tools.

The book is written for the novice chain-saw user and new home owner, covering such subjects as starting the engine, felling, limbing and pruning, bucking, and care of equipment.

For your copy, write to me at ARGOSY Workshop.

ALTHOUGH there may not be a drought in your particular area this year, you should always be thrifty when it comes to using water, particularly if you are one of the many lucky people in the United States who owns a backyard swimming pool.

If you live in one of the very arid parts of the country, you've probably come up against restrictive local water ordinances pertaining to the filling and use of pools. Even if you haven't, you can certainly benefit from the following tips on getting the most out of the least amount of water.

To hear the best advice we could on the subject, we went to the makers of Krene vinyl liner, used by many leading below-ground pool manufacturers and made by the Fibers and Fabrics Division of Union Carbide Corporation.

Here's what the experts say:

1. *Cover your pool when it is not in use.* An inexpensive vinyl cover can be procured. It will help keep down evaporation overnight and will save water.

2. *Don't fill your swimming pool too high.* Keep the water level about six inches below the top of the pool coping. Otherwise, you will lose a great deal of water from splashing. Horseplay and activity are the biggest wasters of water—if the pool is overfull.

3. *Filter your above-ground pool.* You can obtain filtration units for even the smallest above-ground pool. This will enable you to use the same water all season, without refilling.

4. *Supplement the loss of pool water with rain water.* You can make use of rain water by attaching flexible vinyl discharge hoses to the downspouts on your house to carry water directly to your pool during and after a rainstorm.

5. *Never empty a vinyl-lined, below-ground pool.* A below-ground pool with Krene vinyl liner need be filled only once—during construction. It will withstand all frost conditions, and the original water is recirculated and continuously filtered year after year.

6. *Locate your return fittings well below the surface.* This will avoid excessive aeration and consequent additional evaporation losses. Put the fittings a minimum of eighteen inches below the surface of the water.

7. *Postpone annual painting in your concrete pool.* If you can possibly stall off any painting, you will do away with an extra draining and refilling. Then, when the driest weather has passed, you can do your painting.

8. *Check all your fittings and pipe connections for leaks.* Make sure all your connections are tight and repair any minor leak immediately.

9. *Keep your pool clean.* You should give your pool the proper chemical treatment and a regular vacuuming in order to keep down the algae population and do away with dirt and foreign matter. Cleanliness will enable your filter to work more efficiently and will cut down on water you might need for backwashing the filter.

10. *Do not fill your pool from reservoirs in drought areas.* Where it is permissible, use water from lakes, rivers, private well or other sources—where the supply is ample. You can consult your local swimming-pool dealer listed in the yellow pages of your local directory for information.

Happy swimming—drought or no drought!

• • •

The next stop on the Expo Express is Place des Nations on Ile Sainte-Hélène, which has many pavilions devoted to the story of man and his accomplishments, as well as several national headquarters, including that of the United States. The metro also debarks here.

The following station of the Expo is Ile Nôtre-Dame, which features national pavilions galore, including the Russian, and floating happily over its western extremity the amusement area called La Ronde.

If you tire of land-going conveyances, you can try a motorized gondola (cross our hearts, it's true) or a sight-seeing craft of one sort or another.

Joe Scholnick gave us a tip for U.S.A. citizens on buying tickts. "You can save money," he said, "by purchasing them before you leave for Montreal."

In Canada, an all-day ticket costs $2.50. In the U.S., it's $2.10. A seven-day ticket is $12 at the gate, but only $8.50 in the States. A family of five, for instance, could save as much as $15 a week in this manner. Tickets can be bought at banks, airline counters and at American Express offices.

It's a world of fun and we intend to return as soon as possible.

But hold it, lads, what happened to Monique Gaudet? Simple. She's waiting in the wings. The best part is always saved for the last. Dessert is the finale. Come back again next month and we'll reveal one of this planet's great charmers, Monique Gaudet.

See you in thirty days.

2. Honest Abe Club

by Harry Steeger and Luce Tompkins

Now it's time for the monthly meeting of the Honest Abe Club, where it's exposition time all year around.

First on the agenda is Wesley Barbour of Jacksonville, Florida, to explain how a doomed fishing trip was turned into a howling success:

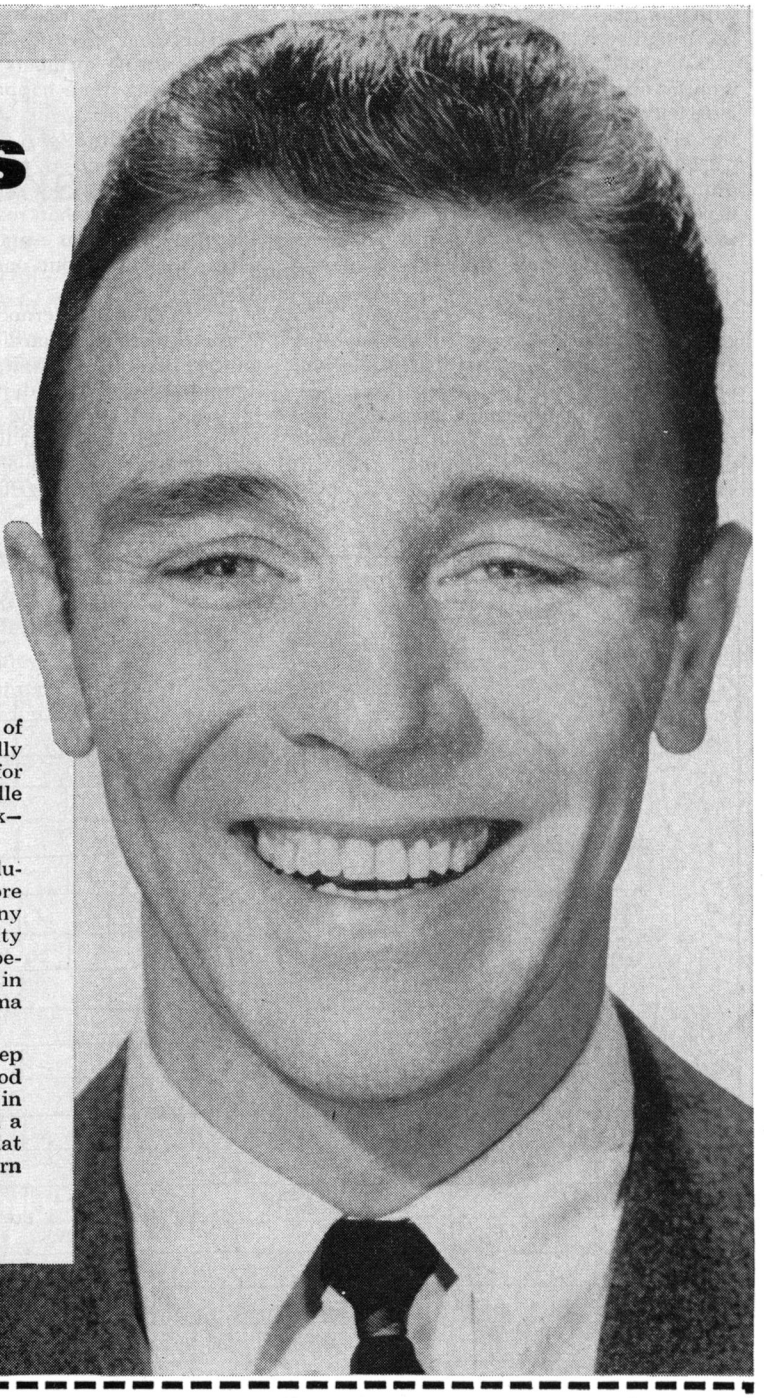
"Dear Harry and Luce: Let me tell you about a trick I learned while my partner and I were fishing off the end of a jetty in a rather light boat. A sudden Florida squall blew up from over the horizon and, before it was over, we lost everything that was loose in the boat except one rod and reel and Bob's lunch.

"Completely disheartened, we looked down over the side of the boat to see if we could spot any of our missing tackle. Instead, though, our eyes focused on a school of sheepshead, at least a hundred fish, that were swimming around the submerged rocks of the jetty. And we didn't even have a hook to catch them!

"In disgust, we decided to eat Bob's lunch, then head home. But when he picked up the lunch bag, a green persimmon fell through the wet bottom. That really got him! He mumbled something about someone playing a joke since, as you know, eating a green persimmon would be like eating alum, but I was too busy rigging up the fishing pole to really hear him!

"I lobbed off a hunk of the unripe fruit, tied it to the line and dropped it overboard. As we all know, fish are curious, and when this chunk of 'stuff' came floating down in front of them, they nibbled it,

"Look who's smiling now!"



"The department head's job had just been left vacant. When the boys in the office learned I was gunning for it, they gave me their widest grins. One thing they didn't know: I had made up my mind sometime back to take LaSalle training that would qualify me for a better job. My study paid off so fast it surprised even me—I was picked for that shiny promotion over everyone's head. Who wouldn't be smiling with a neat new $1,500 increase!"

LA SALLE'S FILES are filled with letters with this kind of story from LaSalle graduates who have rapidly climbed the ladder of success. You, too, can qualify for the career opportunity of your choice through LaSalle home study—without interfering with your present work—and by devoting only a little of your spare time.

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- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Insurance Law
- ☐ Claim Adjusting Law
- ☐ Law for Police Officers
- ☐ Law for Trust Officers

SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ Sales Management
- ☐ Complete Sales Training

DRAFTING
- ☐ Basic Drafting
- ☐ Aeronautical Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

REAL ESTATE
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- ☐ Real Estate Brokerage
- ☐ Real Estate Management
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- ☐ Complete Traffic Mgt.
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- ☐ Rates and Tariffs
- ☐ Agency and Services
- ☐ Motor Truck Traffic

STENOTYPE
- ☐ Machine Shorthand

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- ☐ Air Conditioning, Refrigeration and Heating
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HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma

CAREERS FOR WOMEN
- ☐ Interior Decorator
- ☐ Dental Assistant
- ☐ Secretarial
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Real Estate

Name.....Age.....

Address.....County.....

City & State.....Zip No.....

Occupation.....Working Hours....A.M.....P.M.

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with the result that their mouths puckered up so tightly they couldn't spit it back out.

"I hoisted them in, Bob pried their mouths open, then I dropped the persimmon back down, and in no time we had all the fish we wanted.

"Thinking back now, I realize we lost quite a lot of tackle that day, but it doesn't make any difference. We haven't needed any since!

(*Signed*) WESLEY BARBOUR"

That's the first time I ever heard of a green persimmon being good for anything at all, Wes. I'll be tempted to try it myself sometime—on the fish, that is.

Sometimes you can catch more than just a picture with a camera, and here's James Brescoll of Saratoga, California, who will explain how:

"Knowing that honesty is the major emphasis of your meetings, I think your many truth-expecting members will be interested in something that happened while I was wild-boar hunting in the scenic Carmel Valley in California.

"My occupation is photographer, and I had been asked to get some pictures of the large wild boars that roam the back hills. Together with two armed hunters and a guide, we all set out one morning behind fifteen or so dogs.

By three that afternoon, I was bushed. While the others roamed ahead, I sat down to rest. Before I knew it, they were out of sight and hearing, and just across a clearing from me, I spied the biggest old porker I'd ever seen. It looked like it was five feet high and as wide as a Sherman tank.

"As I started looking for the nearest tree, that old hog put its head down and came running at me, snorting like a freight train. I realized I would never make it anywhere.

"To let the boys who found my remains know what did me in, I brought my camera down and clicked the shutter. My electronic flash, which was 'cycling' at the time, went off at full power and that pig came to a dead stop, twisting his head and blinking.

"Fortunately, I had a four-second recycling and, just as the pig woke up and found where I was, he got another flash in the face.

"Six flashes later and he was on his side, legs trussed together and me with the best set of pictures of an angry pig that I had ever hoped to get.

(*Signed*) JAMES BRESCOLL"

I have an idea, Jim, that you did better with your camera than many a hunter might have done with a gun.

Next we'll call on Frank G. Semple of Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, to relate a frustrating experience of his as camp cook:

"We have a lake up here that is simply full of the biggest bass I have ever seen. But try and catch them! I have tried again and again, using the juiciest worms, grubs and bugs I could find. They would float lazily up to the bait, give it a disdainful sniff and, with a saucy flip of their tails, drift calmly away.

"I finally tired of this one-sided sport and lolled back on the seat of the boat—with a bottle of internal sunburn remedy near at hand—to mull things over. Sez I to myself, 'Frank, you are not using the old bean. Surely you are not going to let those dusky denizens outwit you.'

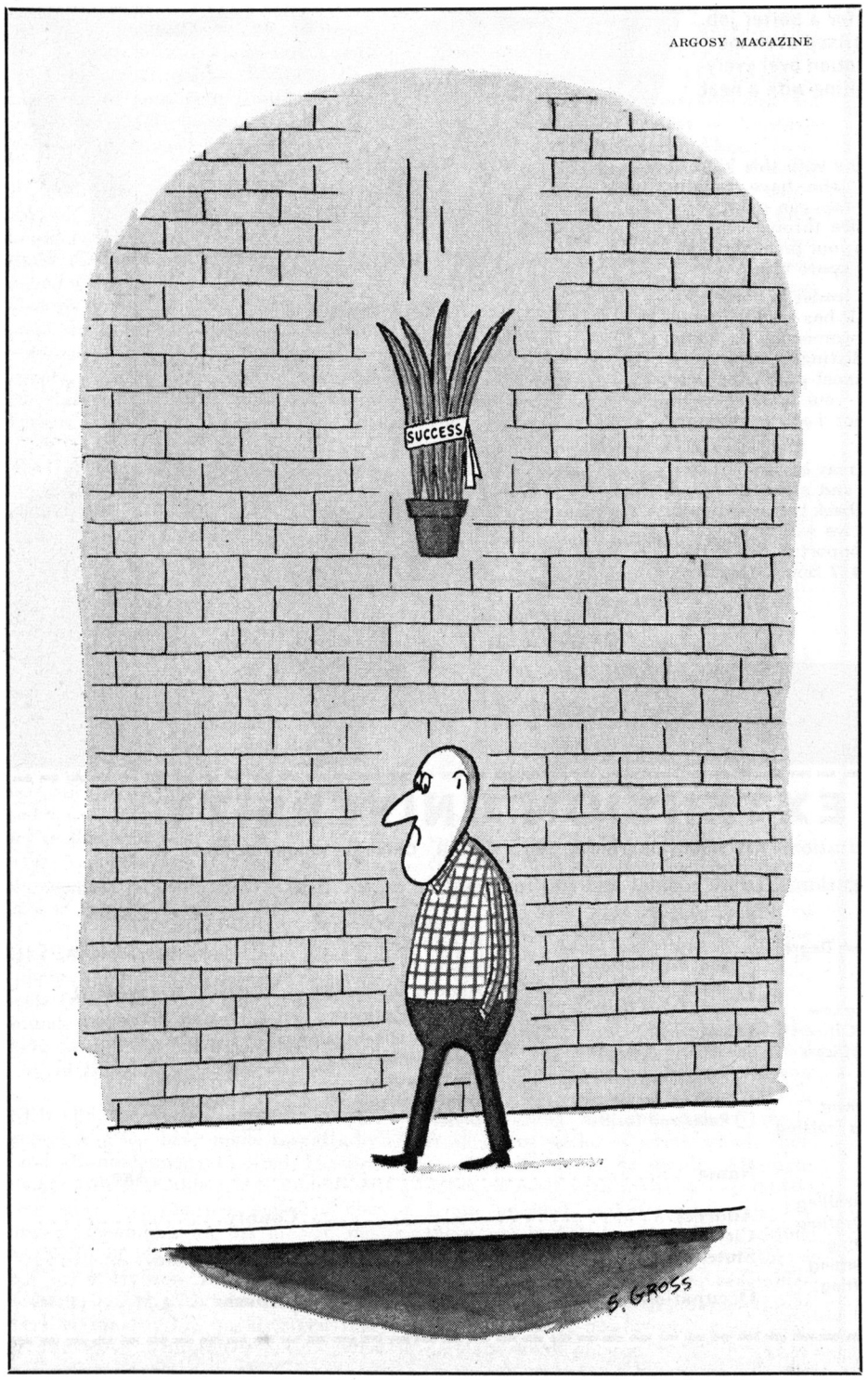
"That word 'bean' reminded me of all those uneaten beans we have up at the camp. We have a working arrangement in our club whereby the first cook for the season is selected by lot and he holds this unenviable task until someone complains about the food, whereupon the complainer takes over.

"My being such a marvelous cook, it was not surprising that there were no complaints and it began to look as if I were saddled with an all-summer job. So, with a view to remedying this most unjust state of affairs, I tried putting an extra handful of salt in the potatoes. The first guy who took a bite gagged, spluttered and gasped out, "Gee, these potatoes are salty.' I thought for an instant that my labors were over, but my relief was short-lived. Apparently he remembered our arrangement in time, for he very quickly added, 'But that's just the way I like them.' So I was back where I was—behind the pots and pans.

"I next tried serving them half-cooked beans. All that did was furnish them with ammunition for spitting at the chipmunks, and a bottle of Barney's Best was put up as a prize for the longest and straightest shots.

"So, armed with an idea and a handful of those surplus beans in my pocket, I hastened back to the fishing ground. Putting a bean on my hook, I tossed it out in the lake. Well, sir, when that bean hit the water, it might have been a tiny atomic bomb the way things started to boil. The bass all tried to get it at once, and in a matter of minutes I had my day's limit.

"The rare texture and flavor of those



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Recognizing the interest and enthusiasm that the ARGOSY reader enjoys in the varied and wonderful world all around us, ARGOSY takes great pleasure in offering our readers for the first time a whole new series of selected tours to enchanted lands both within the U. S. and outside it.

Called Tours For Argosy Readers and picked especially to fit the most discriminating travel budget with an eye toward the unique in world travel, ARGOSY offers these tours in the sincere belief that they will provide our readers with a refreshing change of pace from everyday life and a rare opportunity to live the priceless *Adventure of Travel!*

We proudly present a sampling below. For more detailed information about these and other tours, write to: Tours For Argosy Readers, ARGOSY Magazine, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017. Illustrated brochure sent on request.

NATIONAL PARKS U.S.A.

(The four individual tours listed below require approx. 3 days apiece. Prices quoted do not include air fare to and from. Two or more tours can be easily combined together to suit the individual taste with connections between by air arranged. Prices for children under 12 years considerably less.)

Grand Canyon Natl Park—Arizona

3 nights including 1 at either Bright Angel Lodge or El Tovar. Visit Canyon Rim. Witness Hopi Indian dances. Price includes all ground transportation. Meals extra. From **$44.96** per person.

Glacier Natl Park—Montana

2 nights includes overnight at scenic Lake McDonald Lodge. Tour by motor coach over spectacular 60-mile Going-To-The-Sun road. Cruise Swiftcurrent and Josephine Lakes. From **$74.15** per person.

Mesa Verde Natl Park—Colorado

3 nights. Visit early culture cliff dwellings including famous Cliff Palace and Balcony House. Navajo Indian fireside dances. Travel through Rio Grande R.R.'s spectacular "Switzerland of America." From **$62.02** per person.

Grand Teton Natl Park—Wyoming

3 nights at Jackson Lake Lodge. Boat trip on Jackson Lake with lunch at Elk Island. 6 hour 30 miles float trip down colorful Snake River. Horse back riding. From **$102.67** per person.

RESORTS

MIAMI BEACH

8 days—7 nights at a luxurious air-conditioned hotel on most glamorous strip of beach in the world. Top-notch nightclub entertainment. Sightseeing-boat ride. From **$99.40,** includes all meals. Air fare extra.

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Unbelievable travel bargain! 3 days in exciting Mexico City from **$28** per person plus air fare. Price includes deluxe hotel accommodations, round trip transfers between airport and hotel, sightseeing.

HAWAII

15 days-nights in wonderful Waikiki plus the 4 incomparable Neighbor Islands. All deluxe beachfront hotels. Price includes Round trip jet fare from U. S. West Coast and all island flights. From **$500.**

PUERTO RICO

6 days—5 nights in air conditioned oceanfront hotel in exotic San Juan. Moonlight Party Rico Dining Cruise. Dance to native music. Choice of swinging night-clubs. From **$125** per person including all breakfasts. Air fare extra.

TAHITI

Superlative travel bargain! *2 Weeks in Tahiti* for **$585** per person *includes* air fare from U. S. West Coast by DC-8 Jet. Your chance to "go native." Live in your own bungalow with shower. Price includes all meals.

CAMPFIRES

BY GEORGE LAYCOCK

A New Kind of Match

HOW many times can you strike a match? It all depends on the match you use. There is a new kind of match on the market this year. Its inventors call it the "Metal Match" and claim that it will light 4,000 fires. It is a round piece of metal about the size of an old-fashioned kitchen match. It is compounded of more than twenty metals. Strike it with a knife blade and it sends out a shower of sparks. Scrape a little dust from it onto your tinder, strike a spark into it and—presto—one of man's greatest inventions—fire.

IF YOU use refillable propane gas tanks in your camping equipment, you should carry a copy of a recently published directory of dealers where approved cylinders can be refilled. Compiled by the people who make Sievert camp stoves, it's free and lists 1,200 dealers throughout the United States and Canada. Write: Sievert, Incorporated, 200 Harvard Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut 06902.

TRAILER owners traveling the turnpike across northern Ohio this summer will find an innovation other states would do well to copy. This Turnpike Commission has created six overnight trailer parks at service plazas along the highway—three for westbound campers and three for those heading east. Eastbound travelers will find them at mileposts 76, 138 and 196. For westbound traffic, the overnight stops are at mileposts 14, 78 and 21. No reservations are taken. There are facilities and the fee is $2 per night. The planners, thinking these turnpike campgrounds would be used only in summer, were surprised—they're busy the year around. Toll collectors can also supply a map of other campgrounds within easy driving distance of the Ohio Turnpike.

WILDLIFE biologists say that photographers should not discard negative sheets from Polaroid cameras outdoors. Animals eating these negatives are likely to die. The answer, of course, is to avoid litterbugging all the time.

PERHAPS the world's highest priced sleeping bag has been made recently by Woods Manufacturing Limited. It is insulated with four and a half pounds of eider down (at $35 per pound). The camper, depending on his moods, has his choice of sleeping on a sheet, alpaca or a Hudson Bay blanket. The hood is trimmed with wolf fur, and the layers of the bag are so arranged that one can sleep with fewer covers over him in warm weather. It is thick enough that its designer, George W. Hill, general manager at Woods, says it can be used without a mattress. The sleeping bag sells at $750.

SOME vacationers have wondered where the Government spends the money collected for that $7 annual "golden passport" which admits your family to all Federal recreation areas. The answer is that this money is earmarked and, by law, must be spent to buy or improve outdoor recreation areas. About forty percent goes to the purchase of Federal recreation and wildlife areas, while the remainder goes to those states which put in an equal amount to improve state-operated outdoor areas. For most traveling camping families, one of these passports is $7 well spent.

OUR recent listing here of some of the states offering free canoe-stream booklets was certain to bring quick replies from states overlooked. First to be heard from was Mrs. R. G. DeL. of Missouri. "Missouri, too, has a booklet describing her canoe waters," I was told, "an excellent one—'Missouri Ozark Waterways.'" The booklet is available from the Missouri Conservation Commission, Jefferson City, Missouri 65102.

IF YOU see a Cadillac pickup truck around the campground this summer, it's probably real. In his shop in Columbus, Ohio, Marion Tweedy, a youthful pickup-coach manufacturer, is another converter making a good business of turning aging hearses into plush vehicles for outdoorsmen. Some of the vehicles have the rear half of the body cut away and replaced with a chassis mount coach. Meanwhile, the funeral black has been replaced with a coat of gold. Those who have tried these vehicles tell us that going camping in a hearse is really living.

FOR a special camp cookout, take your skewers and small charcoal grill on your next camping trip. Or, if you forget them, you might substitute a wood cooking fire and skewers made from green sticks of sweet wood, such as sassafras, apple or maple. Alternate cubes of meat with fruits or vegetables. Lamb or beef make good meats for these shish kebabs. And for adding flavor, you can marinate them for a couple of hours. Suitable vegetables and fruits include small onions, apples or apple slices, mushrooms, green peppers and small potatoes. • • •

fish, coupled with the savage attack they made on the beans, suggests that they are some hitherto unknown strain of vegetarian fish. I am having this looked into by the leading authorities and as soon as I have something definite, you will hear from me further.

"In the meantime, I know now how to catch those lunkers. I wish to glory, though, that I didn't know how to cook!

(*Signed*) FRANK G. SEMPLE"

You may as well give up, Frank—they'll never let you get away from those pots and pans. A good cook is too hard to find.

Albert J. Colianni of Arlington Heights, Illinois, has good news for fishermen—an effective way of outwitting a stubborn outboard motor:

"It was a wonderful fall evening in the North Woods, a bit frisky in the middle of the lake, with a clear sky and a full moon glimmering on the calm water. We were using fresh, lively minnows to catch our limit of big, brassy walleyes.

"Bruce was in the bow and his job was to bait the hooks. Don was in the middle working the flashlight as needed. I was aft, dehooking and stringing the fish. After we limited out, Bruce pulled the anchor, but faithful old three-hp must have caught cold. Cough, cough, that's all. Then, even though the lake was perfectly flat and the air absolutely still, we did start to move!

"Don flashed the light and we blinked our eyes in amazement as we saw a small turbulence in the water to my right. It was that string of hungry walleyes, all swimming together trying to pull the rear of the boat to meet the front where Bruce had the minnow bucket dangling. Don used the light again and saw the minnows in the bucket all swimming with their noses pushing the bucket forward to escape those crazy walleyes!

"Well, Honest Abers, I don't know if it was a couple of dozen frisky minnows pulling or fifteen heavy walleyes pushing, but it sure beat rowing. Don held the light while I used Old Faithful to steer us all the way to our pier.

(*Signed*) ALBERT J. COLIANNI"

What a break that was, Al. It's pretty tough to have to pick up a pair of oars after a hard day's fishing.

A good word of warning comes in handy sometimes, and here's one from J. Lucian Reece of Cheyenne, Wyoming, that all hunters will appreciate:

"Knowing that we all want to be law-abiding and dislike being in a position to have a game warden hand us a pink slip, I would like to pass the following along to your readers.

"Last fall, while deer hunting, I got caught in a thunderstorm. With the thunder, lightning and rain getting worse, I started back to the car. I was only about a quarter of a mile from the car when I spotted three deer under the cover of a pine tree. I could tell one was an extra large buck and the other two were does, but they were standing so close together, I was afraid to shoot for fear I would hit one of the does. I noticed that each time it thundered, the deer would jump apart and then snuggle up again as soon as the rack-

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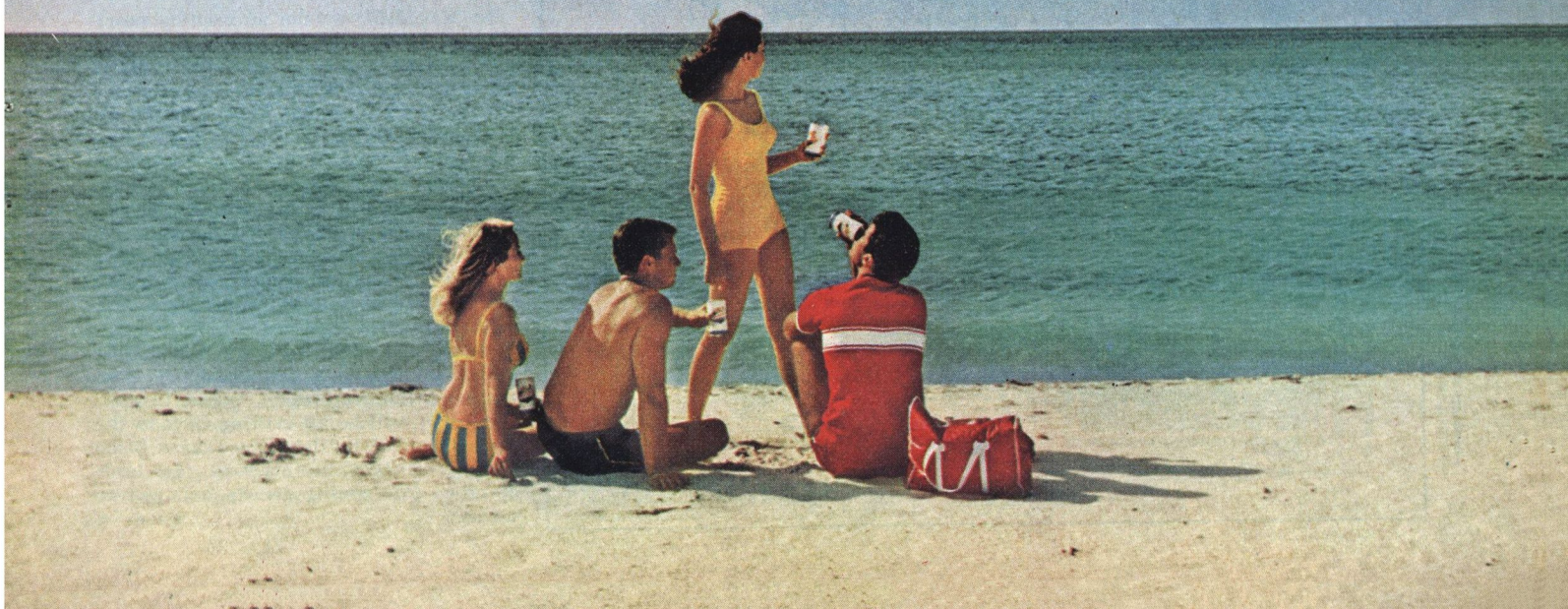


et was over. So, naturally, I waited until it thundered and squeezed off a shot.

"The bullet had only gone about half the distance when the lightning danced from the sky and struck my bullet, splitting it in three pieces, causing each piece to kill a deer.

"I had no sooner walked over to the deer when up came a game warden and handed me a slip of paper saying I was a member of the bad boys' club.

"Even if you don't print this, please pass the word on to your loyal readers not to hunt during a thunderstorm—or be sure there is only one deer around—because it's downright embarrassing when the judge won't believe your story.

(*Signed*) J. LUCIAN REECE"

That particular judge, Lucian, will realize he misjudged you when he reads this column, since every last word that is uttered here is unquestionably believed by one and all.

Carl E. Newman of Mt. Vernon, Washington, has come to share with the fishermen among us a very clever money-saving trick he has masterminded:

"Some of us fishermen have always melted lead to pour our own sinkers. Well, prices and taxes going up like they are, I thought I'd share one of my ways of getting free lead to melt.

"The night before deer season opens, I hang some horns and hides over a log, in two or three different areas. By the time hunting ends, I have enough lead pumped into those logs to outfit a half-dozen fishermen and get the use of the wood for my fireplace; so I make out both ways.

(*Signed*) CARL E. NEWMAN"

That will come in real handy, Carl, should the little woman some day decide "no fishing" and button up the pocketbook.

Our last tale for this gathering—especially for the unsuccessful deer hunter—comes from Daniel M. Chapman of Astoria, Oregon:

"I must tell all Honest Abers how to bag a buck without so much as firing a shot. Now, all those fellows will know it's the absolute truth, because no Honest Aber would ever tell a falsehood.

"Last year at hunting-season time, I had a job as pest-control man. One day, I had to make a run to another town about fifty to sixty miles away to do a termite job. As it was a nice, warm, sunny day, I decided to take my wife along to enjoy the ride and scenery.

"Most of the day we spent taking care of the termites. On the way home, with all the windows down and enjoying the beautiful weather, we came upon a huge buck standing beside the road. As I didn't have a rifle with me, I came to a quick decision.

"I told my wife to lean out of the car window and give the buck a squirt of bug killer as we passed him.

"When we came alongside the buck, he turned to run, giving my wife a perfect shot all the way around. When the spray hit him, the deer fleas began to drop off. The loss of all the extra weight gave him so much bounce as he bounded off that he hit a limb twenty feet up, knocking himself cold.

"He was a beautiful sixteen-pointer and now hangs over my fireplace as a trophy, along with my spray gun.

(*Signed*) DANIEL M. CHAPMAN"

You've given us a great idea, Dan. No one should have to go without a venison feast this year.

The sun's about gone and that's our signal to pack up for home. See you all again next month, same time and place.

Keep sending us your unquestionable hunting and fishing tales and we'll keep sending our unquestionable check for each one published, together with the most coveted trophy of the sports world—the Stuffed Bull's Head with the Winking Eye.

Address your letters to the Honest Abe Club, c/o ARGOSY Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

And don't forget the Honest Abe Ties, the mark of the true sportsman. There are four popular colors to choose from. Use the coupon contained in the ad on page 115 and send for yours pronto. You'll have it in the return mail.

3. Coming Attractions

In May, 1961, we ran an exciting novelette in ARGOSY, called "Evil Island," by a new English writer named Berkely Mather. Since that time, Mather has produced two very good novels: "The Achilles Affair" and "The Pass Beyond Kashmir." The third, "The Gold of Malabar," is one of the author's best to date, and we'll be running it in the August issue. Don't miss this thrilling story of action and adventure in the Far East.

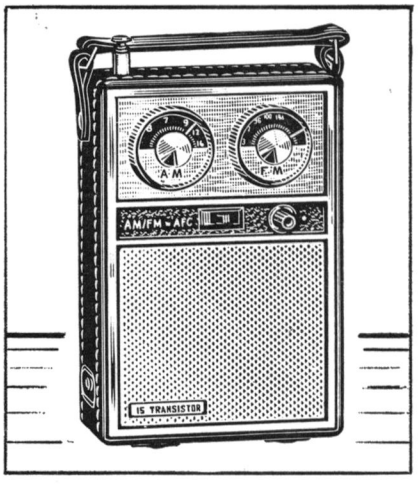
What happens if you must shoot your own troops. That life-and-death question had to be faced in a tiny besieged outpost in South Vietnam, and "The Agony of A-Shau," by Pulitzer Prize-winner Jim Lucas, will lead our non-fiction features for August. In addition, there will be all existing clues to the whereabouts of the fabulous *Yankee Blade* treasure off the California coast, plus loads of other entertaining articles and picture stories. • • •

STOP TO SHOP

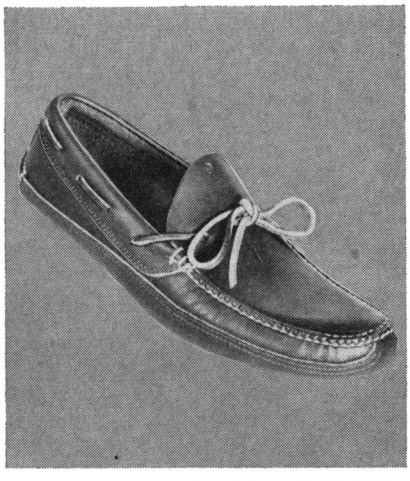
For your shopping pleasure . . . Each month Argosy presents new, useful and unusual items—all available by mail from firms listed.
All merchandise shown has been selected by Argosy. The editorial portion of Stop To Shop is not composed of paid advertising.

FISHERMEN, HUNTERS, CAMPERS, enjoy comfort and practicality of Bean's Pork Pie Hat. Made of fine pre-shrunk cotton gabardine with taped seams, lined crown to prevent strain, stitched flexible brim, with added feature of being water repellent. The "Pork Pie" has a variety of uses; Fishermen fill its brim with colorful, unusual flies, etc. Light Tan with Red Tartan Band, sizes 6¾ to 7¾. $4 ppd. L. L. Bean Co., Dept. A.R.-7, Freeport, Maine 04032.

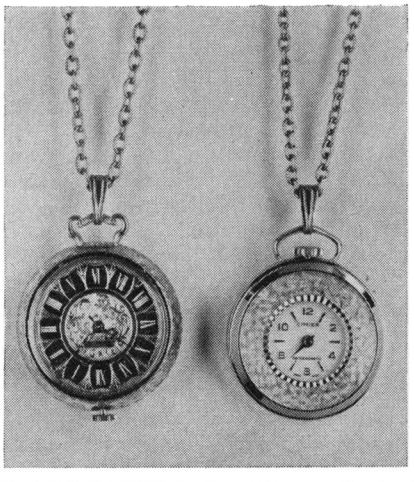
FAMILY ARMS directly from England. Genuinely emblazoned from old records filed under 100,000 British and European surnames. In relief and full color on immaculate Oak wall shields for mural decoration. 7″ x 6″ - $9.00, 12″ x 10″ - $20.00, 14″ x 12″ - $25.00, 22″ x 18″ - $40.00 . . . ppd. Your check returned if arms cannot be traced. School, Ship, Regimental Shields, etc., similarly reproduced. York Insignia Ltd., Dept. AR2, York, England.



SUPER POWERFUL 15 Transistor AM-FM radio, with 3 superheterodyne diodes and 2 polivariable condensers, with built-in antenna, huge three inch speaker for fine sound quality. Six inches tall, weighs 1½ pounds. Loads of extras, such as an AC jack so it can be plugged into electric wall outlet to save battery power. Complete with batteries, earphone, case and full year guarantee. $28.50 + $1 post. & Hdlg. Full mony back guarantee. Vanguard Discount Sales, Dept. AR-7, 333 Old Tarrytown Rd., White Plains, N.Y. 10603.



THE ROUGHING "SAUVAGE" MOCCASIN, handmade by skilled Gokey craftsmen. A moccasion ideal for comfort because they are cool, loose and dry quickly. Made with double stitched soles plus double stitched toe and heal for added wear. Perfect for boating, canoing, camping, hiking and around the house. True moccasin construction made from extra heavy oil-tanned 8 ounce Bull-hide. $12.75 postpaid. Men's sizes 6 to 13. Gokey Co., Dept. A, St. Paul, Minnesota 55102.



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FOR MORE STOP TO SHOP ITEMS, TURN TO PAGE 125

BACK TALK

OUR READERS SOUND OFF

ARGOSY, 205 E. 42ND ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

PUZZLED

I would appreciate it very much if you would publish the source of your information regarding the article on Martin Bormann in the March issue.

There are sections which I find hard to believe—such as the photographs of Bormann. If they are authentic, why is the photographer not revealed? Also, if Martin Bormann is trying so hard to keep from being known, why does he allow his picture to be taken? And why does the photographer not reveal his exact hide-out in the Andes?

I am puzzled.

JERRY STREATER

Van Nuys, California

• *The fact that Bormann is alive in South America was confirmed recently by Simon Wiesenthal, the world's most respected expert on the subject of missing Nazi war criminals and the man who was responsible for the apprehension of Eichmann.*

Bormann lives in relative safety among fellow German escapees and would not worry about photos taken by friends. Those used in ARGOSY *obviously were taken by trusted members of his entourage who would suffer severely if their assistance was revealed.*

READER TO READER

I must disagree with Mrs. Bonnie Bates in her contention that few judges will give a Labrador a second look!

And to the American Guard Dog Association, I'd like to recommend a Doberman pinscher or Rotteweiler for guarding your family. I've just purchased a lovely three-month-old Doberman bitch from strictly show stock—twenty-two champions out of twenty-eight in her pedigree! And at this tender age, she shows nothing but teeth. Granted, they're baby teeth, but she's doing the job for which her breed was developed.

MRS. STAN STENSON

Custer, South Dakota

"TIGER"

The story in your March issue by Will F. Jenkins, "The Tiger," was superbly written. If Mr. Jenkins has not been to India, he has certainly made careful research into the background of the country and its people. India was my home and I often journeyed through such villages as the one described by Mr. Jenkins. He certainly has a gift for writing and should go far in the world of literature.

More writers of his caliber, please.

JEAN M. TATTERSALL

Manotick, Ontario

HORNBLOWER

As magazine publishers, you fellows know your onions, but not, alas, your Hornblower. C. S. Forester created Hornblower for the novel, "Beat to Quarters," Little, Brown and Company, 1937. "Ship of the Line" was next, in 1938, in ARGOSY.

Fleet Admiral Lord Hornblower of Smallbridge, K.B., was born July 4, 1767, avoiding the American War and thereby retaining a large American following. He was posted midshipman aboard H.B.M. frigate *Justinian*, later transferring to H.B.M. frigate *Indefatigable*, under Captain Sir Edward Pellew. Ironically, Pellew, one of the greatest officers of the time, has probably received more world-wide recognition for being Hornblower's mentor than for his own real-life exploits. The Hornblower series spans the period from June, 1794, to October, 1823, until your story came along to extend the time.

Too bad Forester did not like Hornblower better, or we might have had more of the redoubtable sea officer's career in the corrupt, heroic, romantic and always interesting period of the Napoleonic Wars.

Sorry I can't say, "More, more," but I can say, "Thanks," and I do.

PHILIP J. ANDREW

Lafayette, Louisiana

• *Hornblower-phile Andrew is right. Hornblower first appeared in "Beat to Quarters" in book form. His first appearance in a magazine was, however, in* ARGOSY *in "Ship of the Line," the second of the original Hornblower trilogy, which concluded with "Flying Colours."*

In Argonotes of April, 1967, you stated that there were twelve Hornblower books by C. S. Forester. I know of only ten, plus the incomplete "Hornblower in Crisis," and two short stories.

What are the others? Please list.

STEVEN BRAINERD

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

• *Get out your pencils. Reader Brainerd is right—up to a point. In book form, at the present time, are ten novel-length titles with which you are all familiar, listed in chronological order as they occurred in Hornblower's life:*

(1) "Mr. Midshipman Hornblower," (2) "Lieutenant Hornblower," (3) "Hornblower and the Hotspur," *(4) "Hornblower and the* Atropos," *(5) "Beat to Quarters," (6) "Ship of the Line," (7) "Flying Colours," (8) "Commodore Hornblower," (9) "Lord Hornblower" and (10) "Admiral Hornblower in the West Indies."*

Number eleven is "The Hornblower Companion" (Little, Brown), which, while it relates no additional adventures, is written by C. S. Forester and includes thirty maps "illuminating all the major naval exploits of this legendary figure," and in addition has a long essay by Forester explaining how he came to write the Hornblower saga.

Number twelve is "Hornblower in Crisis," which, even though fragmentary, certainly should be included in a grand total. When the various short stories which are floating around are gathered together, there may be enough for numbers thirteen and fourteen—who knows? "Hornblower's Charitable Offering" (ARGOSY, *January 18, 1941) and "The Last Encounter"* (ARGOSY, *April, 1967) are two of these.*

DONALD CAMPBELL

Your memorial to Donald Campbell, "Danger Is My Life," was an exhilarating experience.

To live the moment-by-moment thrill and heartbreak of this daring man in ARGOSY's May issue allows one to become aware that no goal is too large or too small.

I can't help but feel that Mr. Campbell was unconsciously aware that certain defeat must come to him, just as his father had met his own. But he went on to break record after record until his ultimate goal

was met. Bravo, and God rest the man who, in my words, wrote his own epitaph: "Challenge until the final end."

And hats off to ARGOSY for another fine story.

EDWARD D. COLEFIELD
Long Beach, California

BIRD DOG

As a private pilot and light-plane flying enthusiast, I take exception to the reference of the Cessna O-1E as a "flimsy, underpowered" spotter plane. I refer to the article, "Shoot Me, I'm a Bird Dog!" by Captain Alexander Zakrzeski, Jr., as told to Edward Hymoff, in the December, 1966 issue of ARGOSY.

Your blurb would imply to the nonflying and the uninformed that the Air Force is indeed furnishing our talented, competent spotter pilots with inferior equipment.

Compare this plane with the L4 (military version of the Piper Cub) of World War II, with only sixty-five hp, which did such a superb job in the same category. By comparison, how can you rate the 1966 model Cessna, with 230 hp, as underpowered?

Surely your choice of words could be more descriptive and accurate, such as, "slow-flying" (by necessity) and "vulnerable" (because of it).

Cessna Aircraft Company of Wichita, Kansas, the world's largest manufacturer of light planes, will be horrified to learn that their O-1Es, as accepted by the Air Force, are "flimsy" (which Webster defines as "unsubstantial, thin, weak, ineffective and underpowered").

I did enjoy the article by Captain Zakrzeski. Much credit is due him and the other spotter pilots who are doing such a vital job for us in the war zone.

JOHN W. BERTOLETTE
Vincennes, Indiana

• *I'll have to dispute your comments. I, too, am a licensed pilot (nineteen years) and my familiarity with the O-1 Bird Dog goes back to the Korean War when I flew as pilot and observer in this craft, then known as the L-19. Some of my favorite ships are Cessna models.*

But don't you think Uncle Sam should have come up with something better than the O-1 after all these years? The Korean War ended fourteen years ago and the FACs are saddled with a basic design that is at least seventeen years old.

When Victor Charlie is firing 12.7-mm (similar in size to .50-caliber) at a FAC, he damn well wishes that the 230 horses were multiplied a hundredfold—anything to get the hell out of a tight corner.

As far as I'm concerned, the Bird Dog is "flimsy," as you break down Webster's definition. In an earlier conflict, this was excusable, just as Spads and Fokkers were accepted in World War I because they were the best that technology could produce at the time. On the other hand, we've made great strides since then, and when the new LOH chopper can virtually outrun and outperform an O-1, then the Bird Dog is indeed "flimsy," "vulnerable" and "slow-flying."

You don't have to apologize to Cessna. I doubt whether their company is "horrified," as you put it. They're putting out a product because somebody in the Pentagon goofed by not planning for an even better spotter plane when such foresight and planning were necessary.

These are the facts, and I'm certain this description of brave men like Zak the FAC and their "flimsy" aircraft is something that you should consider in a different light.

EDWARD HYMOFF

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MORE ARTICLES BY ALLEN, IF YOU PLEASE. THANKS FOR THE PLEASURE.

JOE BRUCIA
San Diego, California

• *The above is quoted verbatim from a telegram received the day the magazine went on sale. Any joiners?*

I have referred Robert Joseph Allen's article to all of my mousy friends, and I, for one, will join his Rebellion.

MRS. ROBERT A. CHADD
Middletown, Connecticut

As a subscriber, may I add my praise for Robert Allen's article? His wording was right to the point.

At a restaurant in Montreal, I had a waitress who was more than rude. Rather than report her to the management, I left a penny under my plate. I hope she got the message.

It is my opinion that too many people are employed in service jobs who are not suited for this type of work; it's too bad for them that they have to rely on tips.

My best wishes for ARGOSY's continued success.

E. C. SPOHR
Boca Raton, Florida

Robert Joseph Allen's article really hit close to home, and I am entirely in agreement with the writer. Being from a rather small town in the South and with a noticeable accent, I have been intimidated by waiters and cab drivers in large Northern cities. Many times, I have overtipped for being underserved, but since reading Mr. Allen's article, I guarantee it won't happen again.

I am now in Korea, and if you think Americans are guilty of trying to take us so-called "nice guys" to the cleaners, you should see these Koreans operate!

Keep up the good work, and more power to R. J. Allen.

WILLIAM B. STEEDMAN, III
APO 96301, San Francisco

UFOs

Our family enjoyed the December (1966) book bonus by Frank Edwards. We have witnessed UFO sightings at various times, and on each occasion, the objects were different in appearance, size and shape. Two were in daylight and the third in the early evening, following a local power failure.

Other people were present at each sighting, so we weren't just imagining things.

NEIL G. McLEOD

Powell River, British Columbia

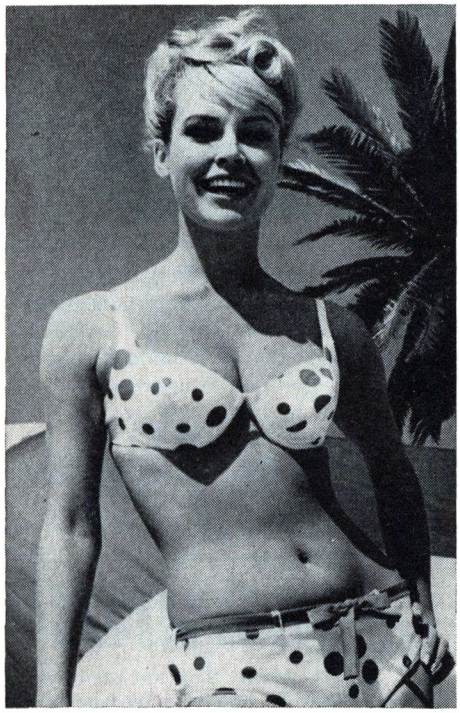
GI'S DARLING

As a favor to a constant ARGOSY reader, would you put Chris Noel in your Back Talk section? Please show her bikini-clad body and spell out her statistics.

BOB EASTWOOD

Tillamook, Oregon

• *It's our pleasure, Bob. As everyone knows, Chris is America's answer to Hanoi*



UPI

Hannah and a favorite with our men in Vietnam. Sorry we didn't have a picture of her in a bikini, but you must admit that this polka-dot swimsuit does all right by her 35-22½-34 dimensions.

BOTTLE COLLECTORS

I'm a long-time reader of ARGOSY and enjoy each copy. The September (1966) issue was of particular interest because of the article by Les Beitz, "Cash For Frontier Trash."

Thanks to this article, I discovered that I had three of the earthenware clamp-lid jars described and have decided to keep them instead of discarding them as I had intended to do.

D. K. BARNES

Ludlowville, New York

I would like to hear from some of the collectors who wrote in about the article, "Cash For Frontier Trash," particularly Desert John of Lancaster, California.

I don't have an Old Crow in my collection, but I do have a Walker Whiskey, 1747. (I wouldn't trade it for an Old Crow, however.) I also have a variety of old stopper-and-cork beer bottles and a number of old flasks—cork, of course.

Collecting sure gets in the blood!

J. I. RUSH

Otsego, Michigan

Since reading "Cash for Frontier Trash," I've been looking over my Jim Beam bottles and am wondering how much they are worth. Are they classified as antiques?

HOWARD MORTON

Portland, Oregon

• *Jim Beams are not antiques, but rather a quality presentation or commemorative bottle marketed usually at Christmas. Although some are less than a decade old, they are very scarce and command high prices—in one case, as much as $100.*

His other bottle (the gin job) is an import (circa 1935, or thereabouts), worth about five or six dollars, strictly because it's "different." In brief, uniqueness—or call it cleverness in design—has a lot to do with collector appeal, rather than bona fide antiquity. Some, less than five years old, are extremely desirable (even classic) because they exemplify the highest form of the bottlemaker's craft.

In the December 15, 1966 issue of "Antique Trader," there are want ads with descriptions and prices.

LES BEITZ

Western Publications

Austin, Texas

WORLD'S RECORD

Although I enjoyed "Yankee Station" (March, 1967) very much, I was amazed when author Harvey stated, "It is quite possible to bring jets aboard safely every forty seconds." Either he is way out in his timing, or these giant carriers are not as progressive and efficient as he would have us believe.

When I was in the Royal Navy on light fleet carriers, the intervals between landings were always less than forty seconds, barring accidents (which were quite rare). I recall, in particular, during 1951 off the North Korean coast, when I was on H.M.S. *Theseus*, the average landing interval was twenty-four seconds.

In the event, Mr. Editor, that you think the foregoing is an attempt to qualify for the Honest Abe Club, I should add that I believe the raid was led by Commander Stovin Bradford, R.N., and perhaps he or any of the pilots from the *Theseus* may see this letter and verify it.

Although I have had no experience with jets on carriers, I would think a jet could land on and taxi forward a lot faster than any piston-engined aircraft ever built.

G. M. ANGUS, Cpl.

Canadian Forces Base Gimli

Aspen Park, Manitoba

• *According to Frank Harvey, twenty-four seconds sounds like a world's record!*

AARON BURR

We have read with interest the article, "The Ghost That Walks on New York's Water," by Robert Hardy Andrews, in ARGOSY for March, 1967. The story is told very well and we are pleased to see it published. However, as you and the author may know, there are other versions of the key part which Colonel Aaron Burr played in the trial of Levi Weeks.

We do feel that certain aspects in the present article are slanted favorably toward General Hamilton and unfavorably toward Colonel Burr. For example, Hamilton is given his military title, but Burr is not. Hamilton is called "noble" and "patrician," but Burr is not.

The article refers to "the dark heart of Aaron Burr." It refers to the "hawk-nosed, mask-faced Burr." It calls the charter of The Manhattan Company "a scheme." It directs attention to Burr's "vicious brilliance." It suggests that Burr was "like some great bird of prey."

We resent these unfavorable references to a man who was a military hero, a patriotic statesman and a very successful trial lawyer.

SAMUEL ENGLE BURR, JR.
President General
The Aaron Burr Association

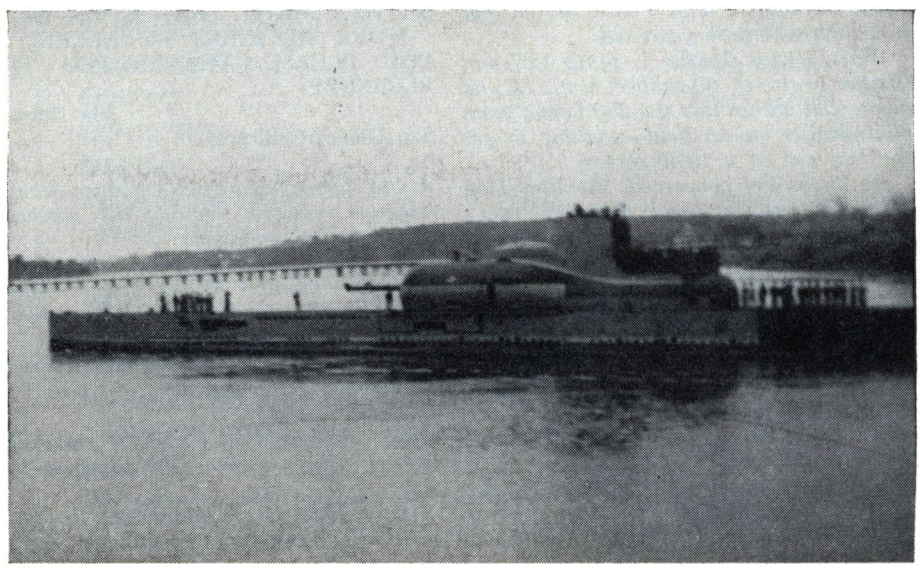
Washington, D.C.

LAST PICTURE

Your article about the French submarine, *Surcouf* (January issue), was most interesting. I was an ensign aboard the U.S.S. *Rosewood* in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in October of 1941 when the *Surcouf* sailed. Enclosed is the negative of a snapshot I took of her out of a porthole. It could be the last picture ever taken of that sub.

R. G. HOLT
Lt. Comdr., USNR

Norfolk, Virginia • • •



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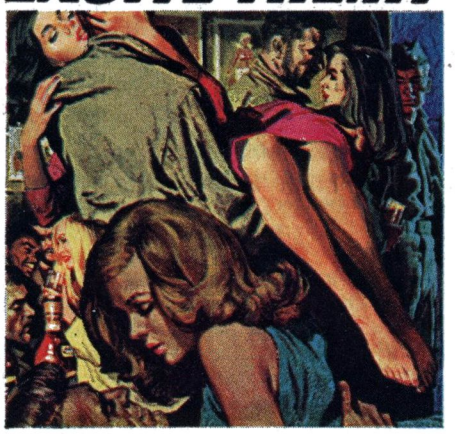

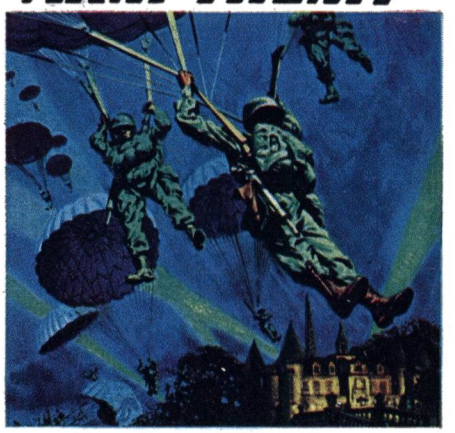

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WATCHDOG for JUSTICE

THE COP KILLERS

BY GENE LOWALL

In the car's rear-view mirror, teen-age Steve Manno saw the lethal drama in progress. He yelled the alarm. Then his father took over!

FOR the Joseph Manno family of suburban San Diego, it looked like a great day for some last-minute quail hunting, what with the end of the bird season and the end of school vacation coming up soon. So the family (father, mother and two teen-age sons) loaded up the car with outing gear and headed for the uplands along nearby Harbison Canyon.

On the other hand, for a roughly dressed man and his companion standing on the shoulder of that highway a few miles from the Manno home, answering some questions from a suspicious deputy sheriff who had pulled them over, an entirely different sort of "open season" was in the balance—with an ominously different sort of game in view. The roadside thug and his companion, who was preparing to emerge from the passenger side of the stopped car, were craftily planning *how to shoot a cop!*

It was thirteen-year-old Steve Manno, looking out the back window of the family car, who first noted that something was amiss beside the road behind them. Steve had caught just a glimpse of potential tragedy as their car rounded a curve that cut off the view.

"Hey, Dad!" he shouted. "That guy back there is trying to stick up a cop! *He's got a gun!*"

Instinctively, Joseph Manno glanced up at the rear-view mirror. He caught this tableau a split second before the hilly curve cut off the vision of what was going on:

The man at the highway edge had produced a gun. It was leveled at the deputy's middle. The officer, as Manno watched, was slowly raising his hands. The policeman was caught between the gunman and the latter's companion, who, at the moment Steve had seen the incident, was alighting menacingly from the halted automobile. The deputy's car was pulled up several feet away.

That was enough for Joseph Manno as he rounded the curve. Without hesitating, he pressed down on the accelerator as the curve cut off the scene. A few hundred yards down the road was a filling station with which he was familiar. A few seconds later, he wheeled into it. He ordered his wife and kids to jump out of the car and head for safety, and yelled at the attendant to call police.

Then Joseph Manno, now alone, made a fast U-turn and sped back into the teeth of what obviously would be—or already was—a gun fight.

As Manno pulled up, moments later, at the scene, he yanked a shotgun from among the gear in the back seat. The embattled deputy, James E. Moulton, was at that instant midway in a last-chance, desperate move. The officer, at the command of the gun-wielding thugs, had dropped his holstered pistol to the pavement. But . . .

As Moulton brought his hands back up, he reached swiftly beneath his tunic. In that split second, he produced a hidden derringer. The startled gunslinger fired—and missed. The deputy's derringer simultaneously spat flame—and *didn't* miss. The thug crumpled to the highway!

At that moment, Joseph Manno, quail gun leveled, dashed in and held the second man at bay beside the car as the latter fumbled beneath his jacket for still another gun. That was all Deputy Moulton needed to recover his own weapon and snap 'cuffs on the second gunman's wrists. The first assailant was already out of action—lying near death on the pavement from the derringer bullet fired by Deputy Moulton.

Meantime, fifteen-year-old Gay Lundmark happened to be looking out the window of her home just a few yards from the drama. Her father, G. H. Lundmark, was at a nearby table adjusting and reloading his camera.

As the shots rang out, Lundmark and his daughter rushed from the house and the father snapped some almost incredible on-scene photos of what had occurred. At least one of those pictures later figured prominently in the conviction of the surviving gunman.

The whole point is that Joseph Manno, an average citizen, reacted with instant courage to a complex situation in which his own life was in jeopardy, in the interests of public order and safety—citizen response to the system of justice into which the Mannos, the Lundmarks and millions of other responsible Americans have been born.

Joseph Manno is an industrial designer and a former Air Force policeman. Lundmark is vice-principal of a local high school. Both, along with Gay Lundmark and all the Mannos, richly deserve ARGOSY's accolade as *Watchdogs-of-the-Month* for their response.

There is a brief epilogue to this story. Joseph Manno, experienced outdoorsman

Illustration by Herb Mott

that he is, *never* carries a loaded hunting firearm in his car. The quail piece with which he helped subdue the highwayman was *not loaded!*

For his spontaneous courage in responding to a violent crime crisis, Manno was publicly cited with a "voluntary assistance award" by Sheriff J. C. O'Connor of San Diego County and received, besides, a special citation from the United States National Bank of San Diego in recognition of outstanding citizen service "above and beyond regular obligations and responsibilities."

This incident was brought to the attention of *Watchdog for Justice* by Robert R. Leamer, an ARGOSY reader who lives in La Mesa, California.

IN A wholly different sort of incident not long ago, residents of a neighborhood on the upper west side in New York City, in the vicinity of Columbia University, responded with cool-headed alacrity to "strange noises" in the night. Their prompt action in notifying police led to the quick solution of a craftily plotted burglary in the neighborhood. This is what happened:

The noise awakened householders who opened bedroom windows wide to investigate. It sounded like muffled hammering—an odd commotion for two a.m.—coming from the nearby university post office station. Several of the listeners called the area police precinct, then returned to their windows to see what might be going on.

As police cars began converging on the area, the watchers saw three men break and run from the rear of the postal station, separating in different directions as they fled. The onlookers shouted directions from their windows to the arriving cops, who fanned out through the neighborhood.

Among those awakened was the superintendent of an apartment house a couple of blocks from the post office. As he thrust his head out the window, he heard shouts from the watchers that they had seen a running man dive for the basement door of the apartment house.

Flinging on a robe, the super dashed to the basement where he found a twenty-six-year-old man crouching behind some boxes. The fugitive offered the superintendent twenty dollars to help him escape. Instead, the super grappled with the man and shouted for help. Detectives arrived on the run and took charge. The collared man identified himself as "a free-lance writer."

Almost simultaneously, other officers found a second man, twenty-two, hiding under a staircase in another building nearby. A third man, slightly older than the others, was trapped by deploying officers as he tried to flee across rooftops of adjoining buildings. All three were jailed on burglary charges. Two of the trio had police records for narcotics violations.

At the post office, detectives found a rear window smashed and an array of hammers, jimmies and drills beside the damaged but still unopened safe containing postal funds. The investigators said that but for the alarm sounded by the residents, the safe probably would have been forced open within a few more minutes.

The alert "citizen watchdogs" returned to bed without identifying themselves. Still, the authorities commended the neighborhood publicly the next day for quick action in the interests of law and order.

ARGOSY joins in commending those residents in the area of 115th Street and Amsterdam Avenue as exceptionally praiseworthy *Watchdogs-of-the-Month.*

A FEW weeks later, though, it was a different story of citizen reaction in another sector of the city.

Mrs. Esther Neil, a thirty-eight-year-old meter maid in the Traffic Department, had just placed a ticket on an out-of-state car misparked at the curb. As she walked on, a man approached the car, glanced at the ticket and shouted a vulgar epithet. He lunged after the departing meter maid and roughly yanked her off her feet.

Although Mrs. Neil is only of average build and wears glasses, she put up a struggle. The man whirled her against a parked car and began to beat her savagely. Passers-by stopped to watch. None offered help. Instead, some began to applaud and gleefully cheered: "Olé! Olé!"

Mrs. Neil's screams finally routed the assailant who ran back to the ticketed car and fled. The crowd melted away. The injured woman herself had to summon police help. Medical examination disclosed that she suffered a broken nose and internal injuries.

This time there was no acclaim for citizen response. The incident, rather, drew acid editorial comment in many quarters as an example of callous indifference toward the plight of a uniformed law-enforcement official in trouble.

IN RECENT months, a two-man task force of *Watchdog for Justice* representatives has appeared, by invitation, on a number of large radio stations in several eastern cities, to relate incidents similar to the foregoing which have been brought to *Watchdog's* attention. Also, during the programs, the task force responded to numerous telephone inquiries from listeners seeking information regarding *Watchdog's* objectives and what citizens can best do to help in the interests of justice and law and order. The task force may be appearing soon on similar programs in *your* area.

You might even want to inquire of your favorite "talk-show" radio host if he is interested in a discussion of this kind with *Watchdog* observers, trained by ARGOSY with the facilities and know-how to show *you* what can happen when anyone winks at or shrugs off his stake in upholding the "ground rules" of law and order.

The same *Watchdog* task force is prepared and eager to respond to any requests by responsible agencies to participate in similar discussions anywhere in the United States.

If you know of some outstanding incident of citizen courage in defense of public order, please let us know about it at *Watchdog for Justice,* ARGOSY, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. • • •

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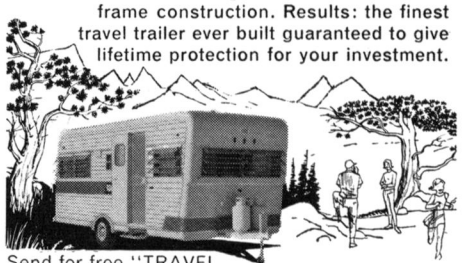

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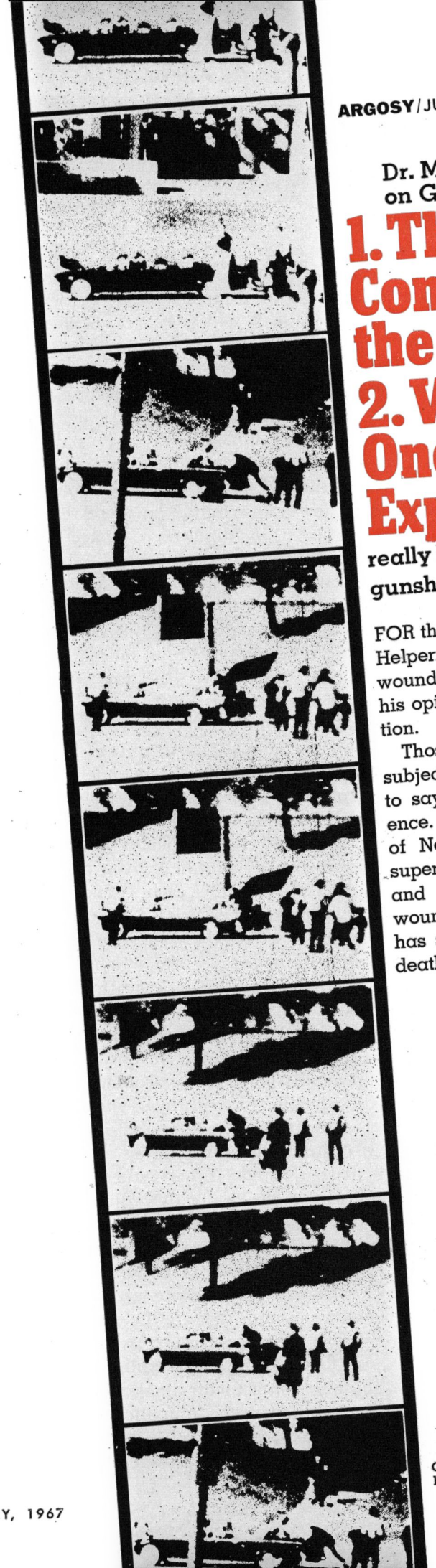


Dr. Milton Helpern, World's Greatest Expert on Gunshot Wounds, Speaks Out:

1. The Warren Commission Botched the Kennedy Autopsy
2. Warren Commission One-Bullet Theory Exploded

For the first time, a man who really knows what he's talking about analyzes the gunshots that killed the President BY MARSHALL HOUTS

FOR the past three years, whenever Dr. Milton Helpern has discussed the subject of bullet wounds in the body, he has been asked for his opinion on President Kennedy's assassination.

Those who are knowledgeable about the subject of bullet wounds listen to what he has to say with a respect that borders on reverence. As Chief Medical Examiner of the City of New York, he has either performed or supervised approximately 60,000 autopsies; and 10,000 of these have involved gunshot wounds in the body. The New York *Times* has said that "he knows more about violent death than anyone else in the world."

Copyright © 1967 by Marshall Houts, from the book, "Where Death Delights," by Marshall Houts. To be published in September by Coward-McCann, Inc.

No one can come close to matching his vast experience with bullet wounds. Dr. Helpern's book, "Legal Medicine, Pathology and Toxicology," was cited as the standard reference work on the subject by Lieutenant Colonel Pierre Finck, one of the doctors who assisted in the autopsy on President Kennedy's body, in his testimony before the Warren Commission.

It now seems incredible that Dr. Helpern's opinion was not one of the first sought when the official investigation into the President's death was launched. It has not yet been asked for, either officially or unofficially, by anyone connected with the Warren Commission.

"The Warren Commission," Dr. Helpern says, shaking his head sadly, "was a tragedy of missed opportunities for forensic medicine. Its entire approach to the problems of the President's wounds shows a total lack of familiarity with the subject. The Warren Commission had an opportunity to settle, once and for all, a great many of the confusing doubts, but because none of its members or its legal staff had any training or knowledge in forensic medicine, those opportunities fell by the wayside. It is tragic! Really tragic!"

The New York Times has said of Dr. Helpern: "He knows more about violent death than any man in the world."

Almost every week, Dr. Helpern plays host to some official visitor from a foreign country whose specialty is forensic medicine, and invariably the subject of the assassination comes up.

"I am continually amazed," he says, "at the refusal of the Europeans to accept the conclusions of the Warren Commission as being fact. Millions of Europeans apparently still feel strongly that the Commission report was nothing but a whitewash of some kind to cover up a vicious conspiracy. My friends in forensic medicine who have read the report in detail —and it seems that most of them have—simply cannot believe that the examination and evaluation of the President's bullet wounds could have been handled in the manner which the report describes.

"I am talking now only about the medical evaluation of the bullet wounds themselves, nothing else. The FBI certainly did a commendable job on the other phases of the case, but the FBI had to rely entirely on the medical information furnished it by the three doctors who performed the autopsy. The FBI does not have its own experts in forensic medicine. There is no reason for them to have. The FBI undoubtedly has had more experience with firearms identification—that is, matching a particular bullet to a particular gun—than any other agency in the world; but the FBI is seldom called upon to investigate a murder. Murder is a crime which usually involves a state jurisdiction only. Bullet wounds in the body are not the FBI's long suit."

Bullet wounds in the body, however, definitely *are* Dr. Helpern's long suit.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: And so is death by poisoning. In April, Dr. Helpern won a toe-to-toe confrontation with the nation's top criminal lawyer, F. Lee Bailey, when Dr. Carl A. Coppolino was convicted in Naples, Florida, of murdering his wife, Carmela. Dr. Helpern and his assistants convinced a jury that Dr. Coppolino had injected a lethal dose of succinylcholine chloride, a muscle-relaxing drug, into Carmela's left buttock. The result was death by suffocation.

Bailey's effort to counter the testimony of Dr. Helpern and his assistants with experts of his own proved futile.]

Even allowing for the vagaries of individual bullet wounds, it has been possible to formulate some general principles which permit the *experienced* forensic pathologist to be reasonably accurate in his calculations. Regardless of the number or position of the bullet wounds in the body in a given case, the first step is to determine whether each wound is a wound of entrance or a wound of exit.

When a bullet strikes the skin, it first produces a simple indentation, because the skin is both tough and elastic, and the tissues underneath are not rigid and resistant. This stretches the skin immediately under the nose of the bullet. The bullet, which is rotating as well as moving forward, is definitely slowed up at this point of first contact, but it then more or less bores its way through the skin and the tissues underneath, and courses on into the body. The skin is stretched by the bullet at the point at which it passes through; it then returns to its former condition, so that the size of the wound of entrance appears to be smaller than the diameter of the bullet which made it. Usually, there is only a small amount of bleeding from wounds of entrance, since tissue destruction at this point is not great. These rules apply to bullet wounds that are the result of the gun being fired at distances in excess of twenty-four inches. A different set of rules applies when the gun is held in direct contact with the skin or is fired from a distance less than twenty-four inches.

Wounds of exit, on the other hand, are usually larger than the bullet, since (*continued on page* 108)

FLORIDA KEYS UNLOCK THEIR GREATEST TREASURE

Maybe it's the Spanish galleon, San Fernando — but whatever it is, the lid is up at Coffins Patch, and the bottom of the sea is paved with silver and gold

The Great Florida Treasure Hunt continues to escalate. News that two divers have recently salvaged the largest sunken treasure ever found in the Keys has swung the search southward and given every scuba diver in the state a monumental case of silver fever.

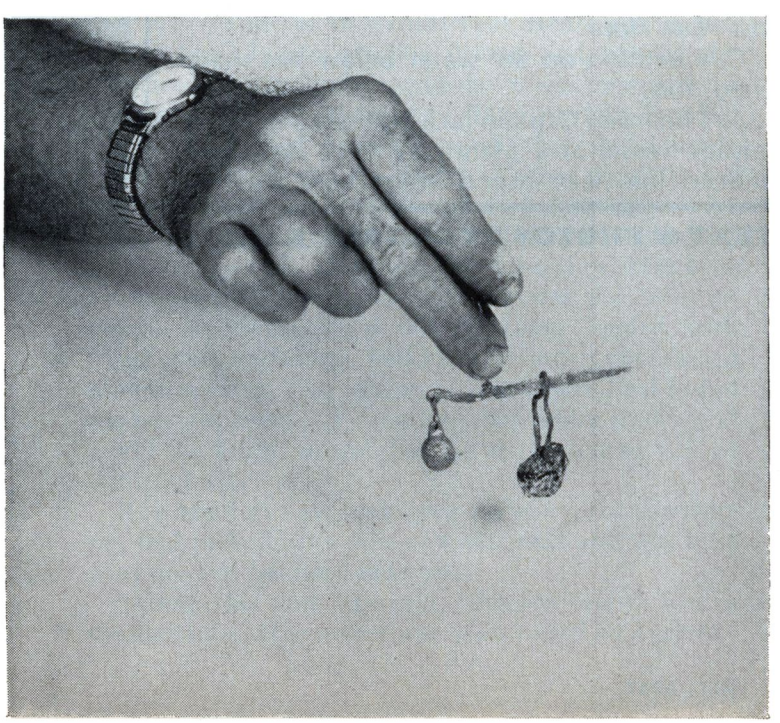
On a clear day, light planes crowd the air over the jagged stretch of coral rocks between Sombrero Light and Molasses Reef, all of them searching for the telltale ballast mounds of the lost *Plata Flota*.

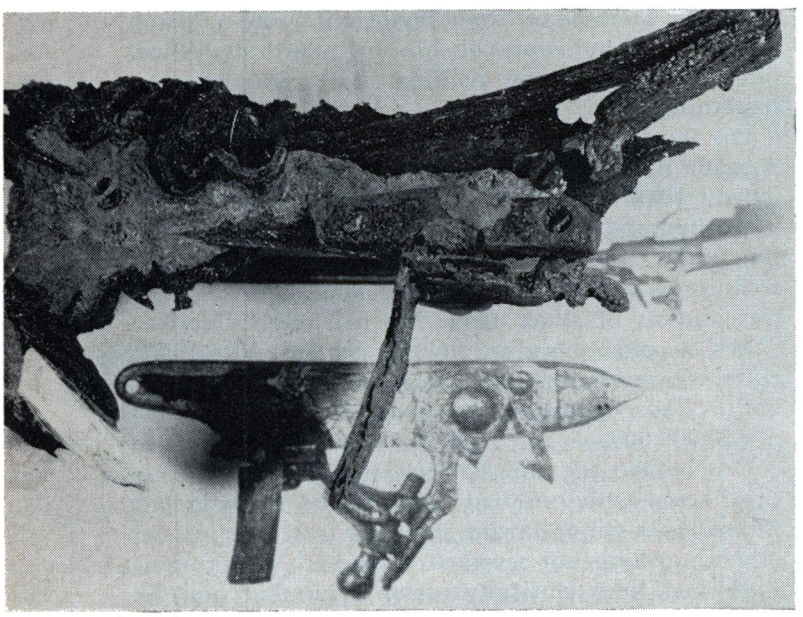
Competition on the water below has sharpened, too.

As I boarded Captain Jack Steffney's treasure-salvage vessel at a Marathon dock recently, I noticed the neat, round bullet hole that had

TEXT & PHOTOS BY GEORGE X. SAND

Above: Gloria Manieri surfaces with antique bar shot, two cannon balls joined by rigid metal bar. Above-center picture shows the relics divers are most interested in. Opposite page, top: Manieri inspects treasure ship's rudder section. Opposite page, bottom: Salvaged breach mechanism of old flintlock with flint still in position. Photo behind it shows how gun probably once looked. Right: Small coin-weighing scale is believed the only one of its kind ever recovered.





splintered the glass door of the wheelhouse. The skipper saw me looking at it but offered no explanation, then or later.

Steffney is one of the two men who claim to have located one of the ill-fated ships of the 1733 Silver Plate Fleet. A fishing guide in his mid-forties, he's typical of the treasure-hunting breed—tanned, muscular, tight-mouthed. His partner is Ray Manieri, a forty-seven-year-old Fort Lauderdale acoustical-ceiling salesman, who is also a weekend diver with five years of treasure-hunting experience behind him.

ARGOSY had made arrangements for me to get their exclusive story, and as soon as I was aboard with my gear, we shoved off.

The eighty-three-foot *Johnnie C.* was a rusting Air-Sea Rescue craft. She had a pair of 671 diesels that had once planed her triple-planked mahogany hull along at better than fifty knots. Now the worn power plants groaned fitfully as Captain Steffney brought the craft tightly about inside Boot Key Marina and headed out through Sister Creek.

There were only the three of us aboard. This was a special trip—to show me the treasure wreck.

Once we had passed the day markers outside the harbor, Steffney put the helm over and headed south, following a direct deep-water route to Sombrero Light. When we entered Hawk Channel twenty minutes later, he turned east. I moved purposely to one side of the wheelhouse so that I wouldn't be able to watch the compass. "I know these waters," I explained as Steffney shot me a questioning look.

"So do a lot of other guys." He smiled. "But I'm the only one who knows how to find this wreck."

By the time Washerwoman Shoal slid past on our starboard beam, he and Manieri were ready to talk. Their story was a wild amalgam of bad weather, good luck, endless breakdowns, a mysterious sinking, a couple of hairbreadth escapes, a big jackpot strike and the resulting thievery on the part of a knockabout crew—all of it confirmed by the ship's log which I was allowed to study at length.

Also confirmed by the excited logbook entries: *Treasure!* The largest haul yet made in the Keys, the second largest ever made along Florida's wreck-littered shores, and part of a new find which Steffney estimates at a cool $2,000,000.

The sun-hardened skipper began to tell me about it in his own words. For eight years, he said, he had chartered out of Marathon as a fishing guide. To bolster his income on slack days, he had often ferried scuba divers out to the nearby reefs to spearfish. "Sometimes we would spot old cannon," he said. "I'd return later to sink fifty-gallon drums, then blow air into them to raise the thing. You could get a hundred bucks, sometimes more, for these old, rusting deck guns. And if you lucked on one made of brass, it could bring up to several thousand."

The cannons intrigued the ambitious fishing guide. He'd read that the Spaniards placed a high value on them during the pirate era. Their crews had had standing orders to rescue a foundering vessel's heavy

Top: Coffins Patch yields variety of treasure. Bottom: Manieri and Coffman with uncleaned silver coins on chart of the Florida Keys.

guns whenever possible. The fact that the cannons were still there suggested that there were also some unsalvaged wrecks in the vicinity.

Steffney built himself a small air lift. This is a standard piece of treasure-hunting equipment, a vacuum cleaner for the ocean floor. Air fed into the bottom of a tube held upright in the water is all it takes; sand and small objects shoot up the tube and out the other end.

Armed with this, he went diving along the reef where he'd spotted most of the cannons. There, beneath heavy grass, he uncovered several smooth, round stones. An excellent sign. These Spanish river rocks, which had remained uncrusted by coral through the centuries, were carried in the bilges of treasure galleons as ballast to keep them upright. Even after the wood of the ship itself had rotted away, the rocks remained.

Steffney surfaced excitedly and marked the spot on his chart. Then he returned home and wrote to Spain for old maps and copies of shipping manifests. When he received them, he realized that he was on to something big.

On the stormy night of July 15, 1733, a Spanish Armada under the command of General Rodrigo de Torres y Morales had foundered on the reefs between Marathon and Upper Key Largo. It had been bound for Seville, and distributed through the fleet was a treasure so vast as to stagger the imagination. There were ingots of silver from Mexico and Colombia, chests of coins, pieces of eight in barrels, Aztec figurines, treasures from the Orient, precious stones and ivories. Its total value was somewhere in the vicinity of $20,000,000.

One by one, the ships had broken up on the vicious coral reefs. Only one had escaped, and when it had limped back the following morning to search for the others, nothing but wrecked ships had been found. Each had been dutifully given a number and its location marked on a chart by the survivors.

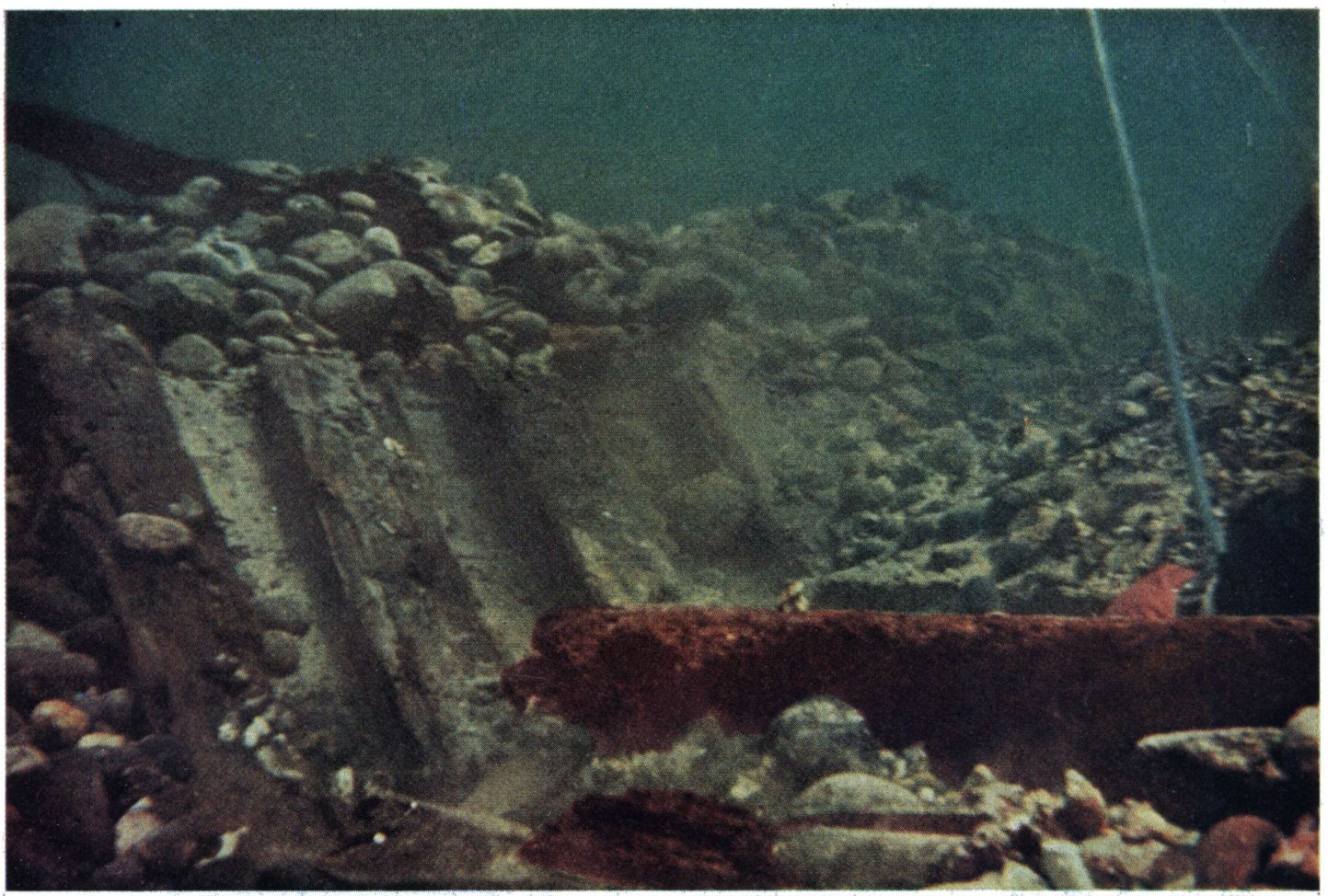
It was a copy of this chart that Steffney now had before him. It was crudely drawn and few of the names on it matched present-day ones—except for a reef marked "Los Mimbres." This was the Spanish word for a kind of wickerwork that seventeenth-century English seamen called "Coffins Patch"—and this happened to be the name of the reef where Steffney had found the cannons and ballast stones!

The ship that had foundered on Los Mimbres, according to the Spanish archives, was the *San Fernando,* a 140-foot-long merchantman loaded with silver plate and coins. And now Steffney remembered something else. The section of reef where he'd found the two cannons had been a lifeless white color. And a reef, he knew, would die like that when struck by a ship's hull.

Ray Manieri now took over the story, for the skipper had picked up a pair of binoculars and was busy working out his land bearings.

"About this time," he said, "the *Johnnie C.* was in the Bahamas. Her owner was (*continued on page* 89)

Treasure ships used Spanish river rocks as ballast. Being excavated here is another ship's main hull, not found on current wreck.



"I'm Sorry, Chérie— I Am Dying"

Their record player boomed a Brandenburg Concerto as the long-haired castaways sailed their raft from the angry island. If their destination was Death, they were determined to go out in style

BY MIKE MOORE

ON the steaming waste of the Timor Sea, thick with shark and giant, leaping barramundi perch, the man and woman were hunched on their sinking raft trying to prepare themselves for death.

For four days, they had scanned the ocean for land or boat or driftwood, and they had watched the pale blue sky for airplanes. Nothing. Now their eyes were failing and the sun had taken all the sap out of them. There had been no food on the raft and the small can of drinking water was long gone.

It was an unimaginable end for these two, the French flyer, Henri Bourdens, and his attractive wife, José. Only a few months previously, they had enjoyed the good, rich life in Singapore, a family pair of sophisticates in the best clubs. With his pipe and trimmed mustache, Bourdens was an august figure. At forty-four, he had been chief pilot for British United Airlines and he had looked the part. Blue-eyed José was four years older than Henri, but she had retained the figure for her elegant, low-cut Parisian gowns.

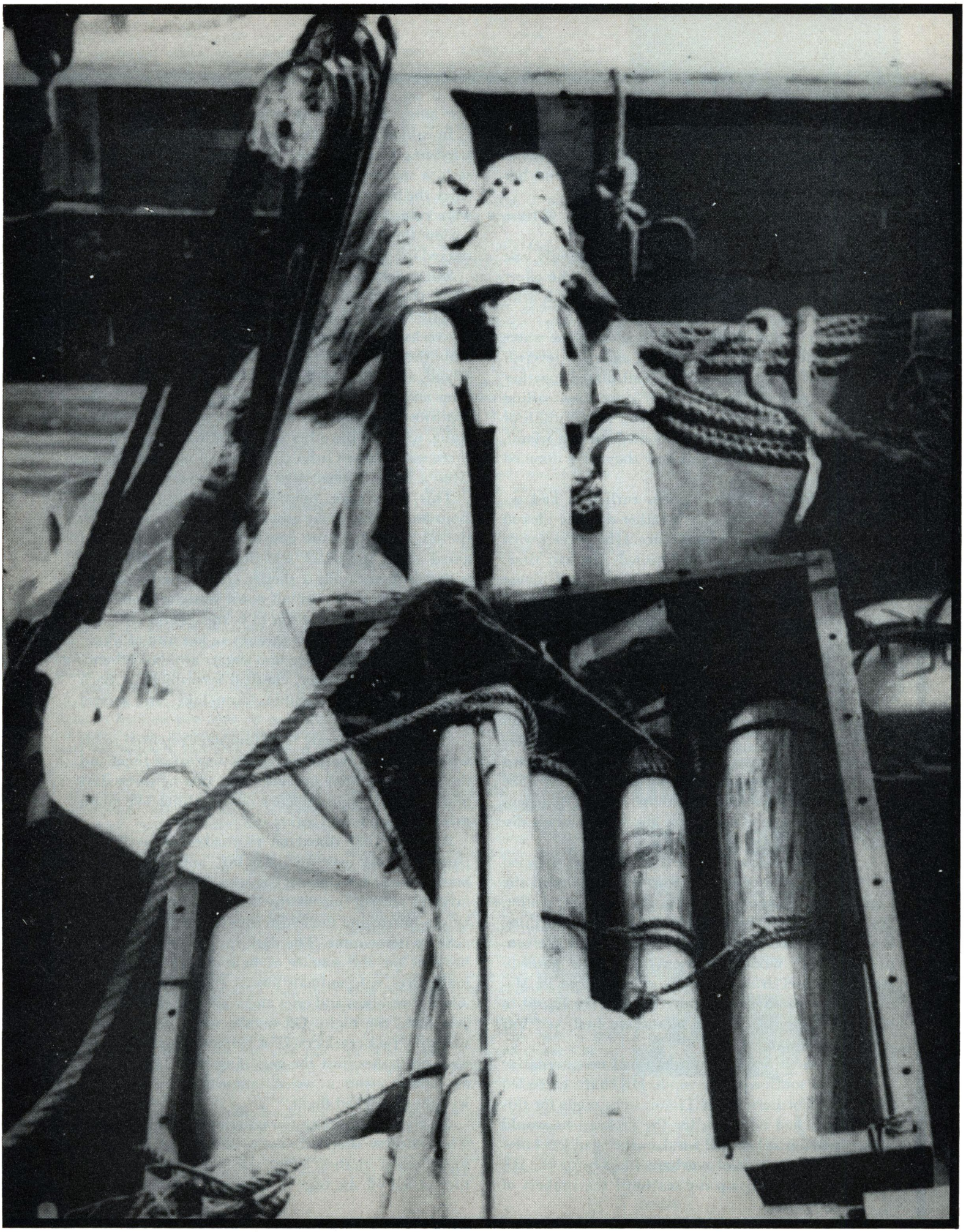
Inevitably, it seemed that the grace with which Henri and José Bourdens had lived was to be starkly different from the circumstances of their death. Burnt and blistered, half-naked, exhausted from eighty hours without sleep, they would slowly surrender to drowning unless the sharks found them first and tore them apart. Either way, it had to happen soon—one more day at the most. The timbers of the raft were soaking up more and more water and it was sinking lower and lower. Already the deck was more than two feet under the sea and the Bourdens sat waist-deep.

They had delayed talk of death, each alone in thought, wondering how they would face it. Yet just as there was a way to live well, there was a way to die well and they came to the threshold without rehearsal on the hot afternoon of the fourth day—a Saturday, April 1, 1967.

Henri turned to his wife, his eyes crinkling sadly. "I'm sorry, *chérie*," he said huskily. "I'm going to die. I cannot last any longer."

The woman reached for his hand. Beneath the

Bamboo raft (right) nearly sank before Bourdens were spotted. UPI



water, where the man could not see, tiny sea crabs were gnawing at the raw tropical ulcers that lacerated her calves and thighs. She had to stop herself screaming with the pain. She was a Frenchwoman and her kind were stubborn.

"I am not quite ready," she said quietly. "Please wait for me. We must die together."

"All right," he said after a while. "But only one more day. I cannot wait more than that." The effort of talking drained him and his head sank to his arm, resting on a spar.

Hour after hour, they drifted in silence, the water washing against their ribs, reliving again in feverish flash dreams all the horrors they had shared together during the past two months—ever since their sailing boat went aground on some lost, evil island south of the Indonesian archipelago. Doomed on the island, they had made this raft. And now they were doomed once more. . . .

At the time—some six months earlier—it had occurred to Henri Bourdens as a rather dashing idea to sail home from Singapore to France. His contract with British United Airlines had finished. He had time, money, an enthusiastic wife and a unique Chinese junk-style yacht, the *Singa Bettina,* which certainly looked sturdy enough for the journey. The forty-five-foot craft had been built for him at a cost of $14,000, and her butt end gave the impression that with the right seas behind her, she would be pushed all the way across the Pacific.

The couple spent three months wandering through Indonesian waters, relying mostly on sail. After Christmas in Macassar, in the Celebes, they started for the Philippines. Everything was fine as they scooted around the bottom of the island. Bourdens had just set a course northwest for Ambon when disaster struck.

A gale howled down out of the north and stripped the *Singa Bettina* of her rigging. Bourdens tried the engine. It coughed once or twice, then died. As a pilot, first for the Free French and later for civilian airlines, Bourdens had listened to engines most of his life, sensitive to every mood. He knew the trouble immediately. The fuel drums had all been replaced in Macassar from a native warehouse. He put the liquid to his lips. There was a taste of marine fuel, yes, but mostly it was water.

With makeshift sails, Bourdens had no alternative but to drive south with the winds. His charts extended only to the northern tip of Timor, so he made for this island. If it had not been for the cyclone, he would have reached it. The devil wind, as the islanders knew it, came charging out of nowhere, blackening the sky at noon and boiling up the sea until the timbers of the *Singa Bettina* had splintered with the strain.

In calmer waters the next day, Bourdens manfully tried to get his boat back on course, but with ragged sails, a snapped mainmast and switching winds and tides, the battered craft merely drifted. For weeks, they were completely lost, and when land finally showed up on the horizon, they accepted it as rescue and coaxed the boat shoreward.

Singa Bettina ran aground on a narrow strip of beach that backed on to a jungle of mangroves. A few hundred yards off in both directions were broad, muddy creeks. The French couple had no way of knowing it but they had beached on the western side of Bathurst Island, a desolate piece of low land about thirty miles long and thirty miles wide. Some sixty miles to the southwest lay Darwin, the northermost city of Australia, while on the other side of Bathurst Island itself, there was a large Catholic mission of about 1,000 natives, a Malay-rooted tribe called the Tiwis.

This knowledge, however, was hidden from the Bourdens as they came ashore. After the struggle with the sea, they felt almost gay. Bourdens lit his pipe and gazed about the beach selecting pieces of driftwood with which to build a shelter. José actually dressed for the occasion, a cocktail gown straight from Saint Tropez. Under a crude hut of branches and sailcloth, the couple set out their treasures—a jerrycan of water, small sacks of flour, rice and sugar, a radio, a hand-operated record player, classical recordings of Bach and Mozart, plus the Bible, "Kon-Tiki" and several other books.

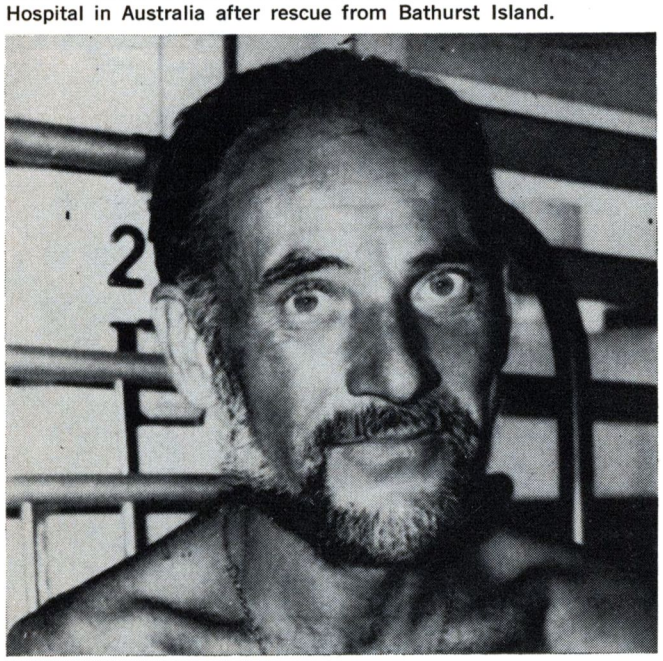
"Well, we can't walk far," Bourdens reported to his wife after studying the swamp to the rear of them and the bordering tidal streams. "But two or three days and we should sight someone or something. We might as well stay put and enjoy it."

At dusk, they dined on rice cakes, expertly prepared by José over an open fire, and joked about being real live Robinson Crusoes. They played their favorite record, one of the Brandenburg Concertos, before burrowing their hips into the sand to sleep.

Sleep never came. The dark in that forsaken place brought on the sounds of hell. Somewhere in the mangroves, wild animals tore at each other's throats. Their threshings and cries and wails and death whimpers filled the night. Off on the seaward side, there was the crack-crack-crack of cannon shot. Yet there were no flashes, just the engulfing black. In the very air above came a weird, anguished hooting like witches on wicked flight.

On the beach, the castaways cringed in stark terror. Their hearts thudded, their blood was ice, sweat soaked their clothes. What vile place was this? Had they sailed off the edge of the earth into an abyss of

José Bourdens (above) and Captain Henri Bourdens (below) showed effects of long ordeal in these photos taken at Darwin Hospital in Australia after rescue from Bathurst Island.



UPI

horror? José fled to her husband's arms and prayed aloud. The beasts, nameless but terrifying, were slaughtering themselves and soon they must turn on the intruders cowering on the beach.

Dawn brought an end to this unseen savagery, but by then the Bourdens felt their hair surely must have turned to white.

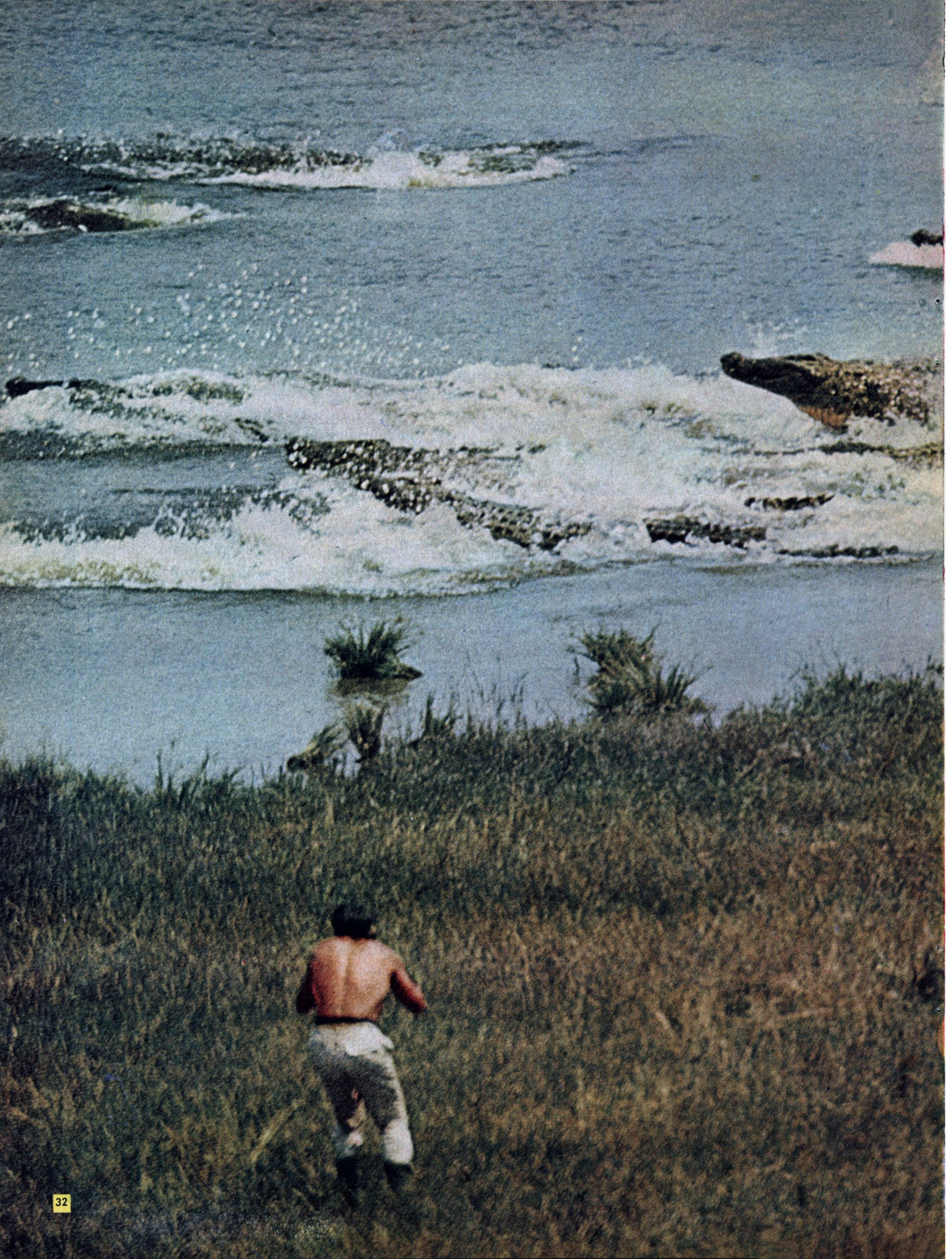
In the ghastly days that followed, they could piece together part of the story of those interminable nights, but the fear never left them. The swamps and creeks around their camp were alive with crocodiles, man-eaters that lurked in the black, stinking mud, waiting to kill. Wallabies, kangaroos, buffalo and wild pigs roamed the island and frequently fell prey to the reptiles that struck with lashing tails and snapping jaws. The squeal of the pigs, the gurgling roar of the crocodiles—these were some of the night sounds. Barramundi, giant perch growing to forty pounds and more, caused the "cannon fire" as they jumped high out of the water and splashed back on their bellies. Worst of all, though most harmless, was the eerie, mournful cry of the curlew bird and, further off, the screech of the magpie geese.

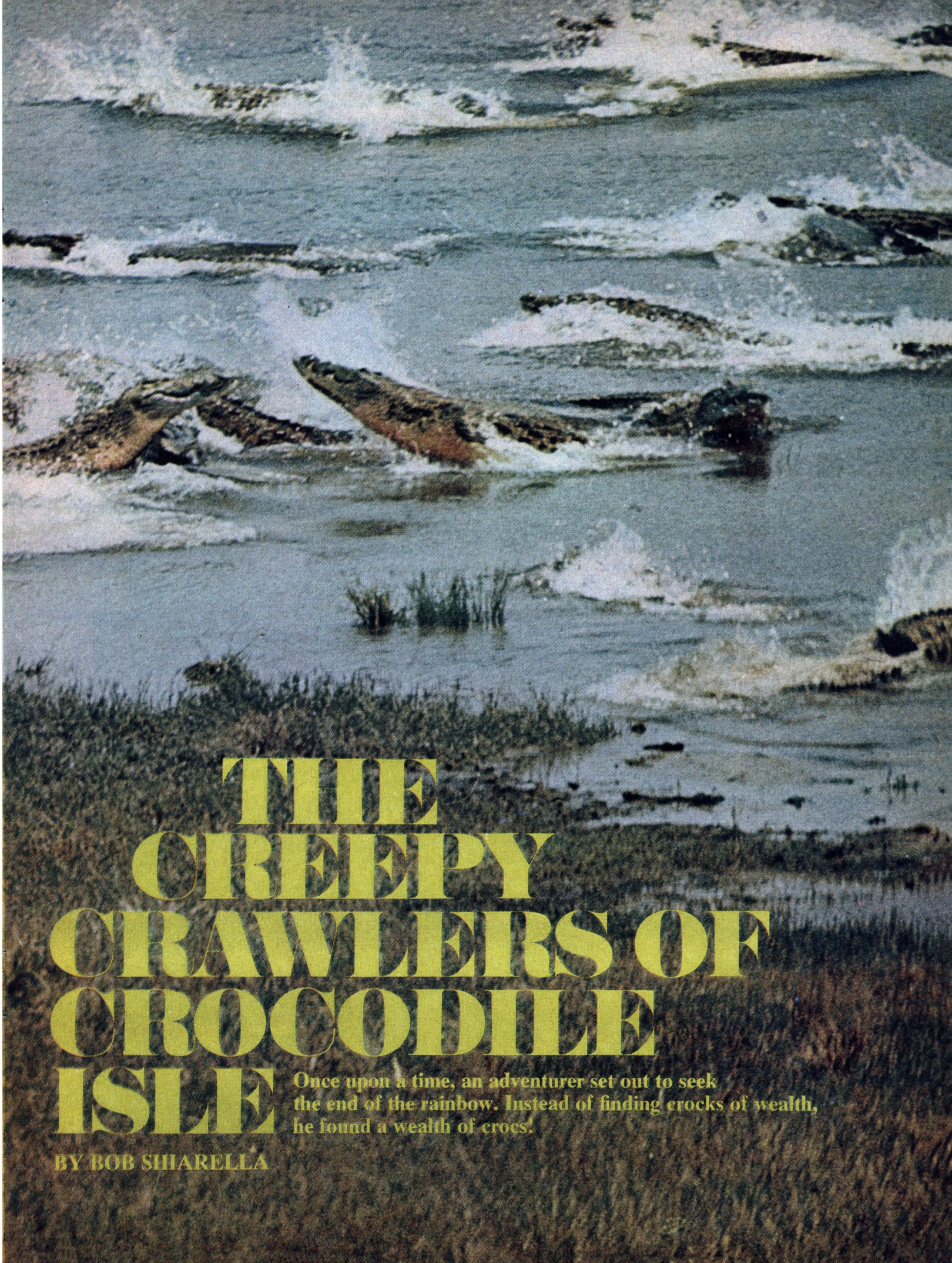
For fifteen days, the castaways eked out their food and supplemented their meager drinking water from the rain catchment in a sail caught between two trees. Although it was the tail-end of the monsoon season, downpours still occurred. Both Bourdens and his wife were becoming bone-thin from the starvation diet and the nearly 100 percent humidity that had them dripping sweat with the least exertion. Hopes of seeing human life in that hell-hole were fast fading and they finally decided to swim one of the creeks and walk for help. Bourdens was a poor swimmer, so José tested the stream first. The current swept her toward the open sea and as she fought it, a bandage wrapped around a wound on one leg came loose and coiled around the other leg. Henri watched her stricken face go under, then surface again.

"I'm helpless," she shouted. "Good-bye."

Bourdens dived into the water and lunged at his wife, somehow grappling her close enough to shore to reach the shallows and safety.

With the swift streams blocking them to the right and left, they set off in desperation through the tangle of twisted mangroves. Clouds of small, black mosquitoes nearly drove them mad and while they tried to keep firm ground, the mud could not be avoided. They plodded on, frequently knee-deep in ooze. One time Henri sank to his armpits and José thought he had been seized by quicksand. It was hard not to think the worst. The sheer nightmare of this swampland made it seem unreal, as if it were the wild invention of some fanciful (*continued on page* 106)





THE CREEPY CRAWLERS OF CROCODILE ISLE

Once upon a time, an adventurer set out to seek the end of the rainbow. Instead of finding crocks of wealth, he found a wealth of crocs!

BY BOB SHIARELLA

WALTER Bonatti huddled in his tiny tent and watched the prehistoric demons as they slithered from the Nile to swarm about him. He stilled his trembling camera and tripped the shutter as a monstrous creepy crawler trundled by a few yards from his face. Click, click, click—three exposures to film the brutal beastie's body from teeth to tail. Was the thing really almost twenty feet long? One casual flick of that Gargantuan tail would smash the tent to smithereens, and its occupant as well.

Bonatti had set out to explore Africa, and here, near Murchison Falls on the Nile River, he'd discovered an island which acted as a Crocodile Country Club. *What am I doing here?* he now wondered, but it was a bit late to be questioning his motivation, what with a hundred hungry reptiles settling around him to laze in the sun.

For five days, he'd tried to get close enough to photograph them, but they'd always retreated as though they thought he were a handbag manufacturer. Finally, he'd built himself a tiny canvas cover right where the crocs liked to congregate. For three days, they avoided the area, and Bonatti began to wonder if his deodorant had failed him. But today, here they were at last, slimily surrounding him.

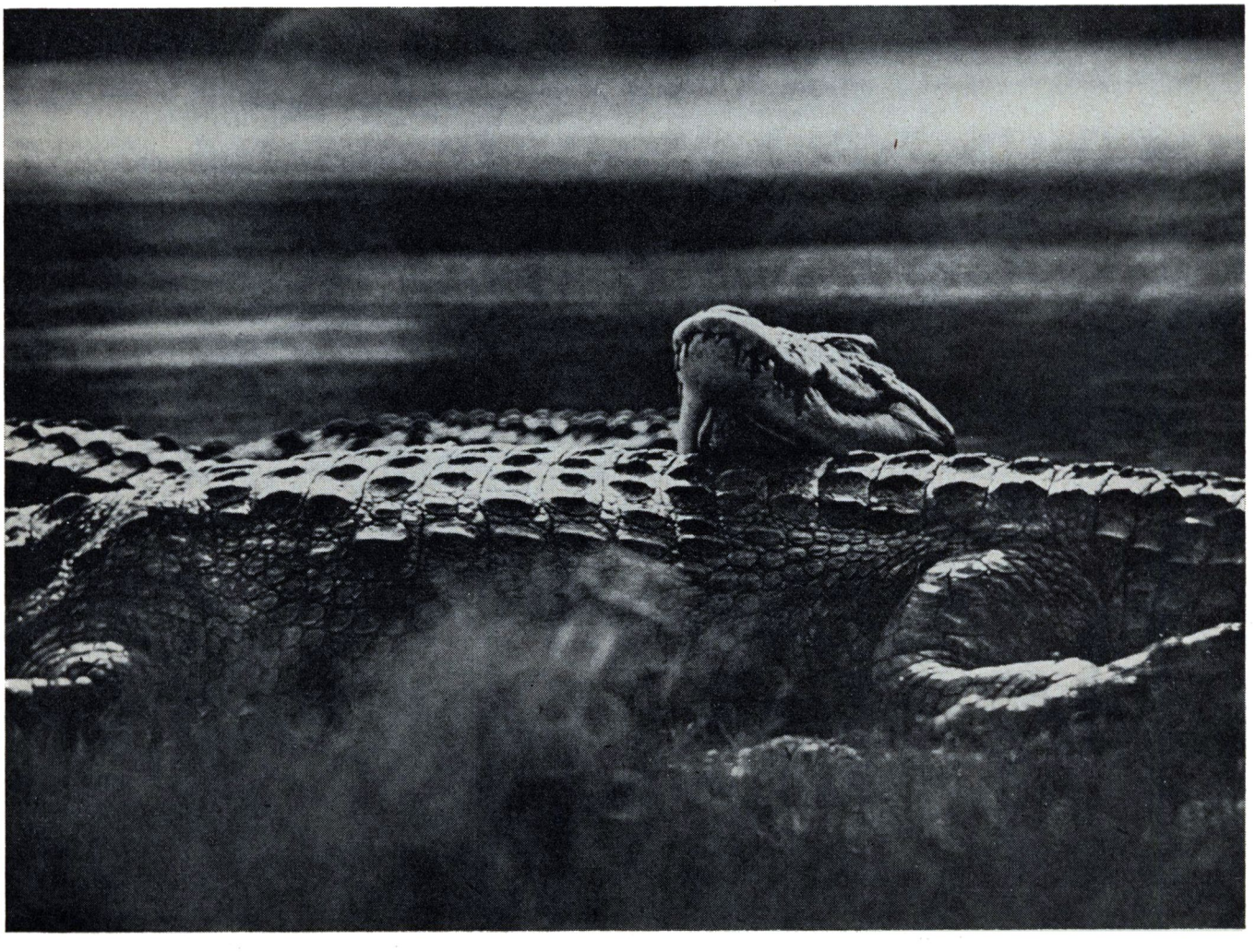
He nearly swallowed his tongue as something leathery brushed the side of the tent. One unwise move, the adventurer realized, and he might turn his little sanctuary into a free-lunch counter.

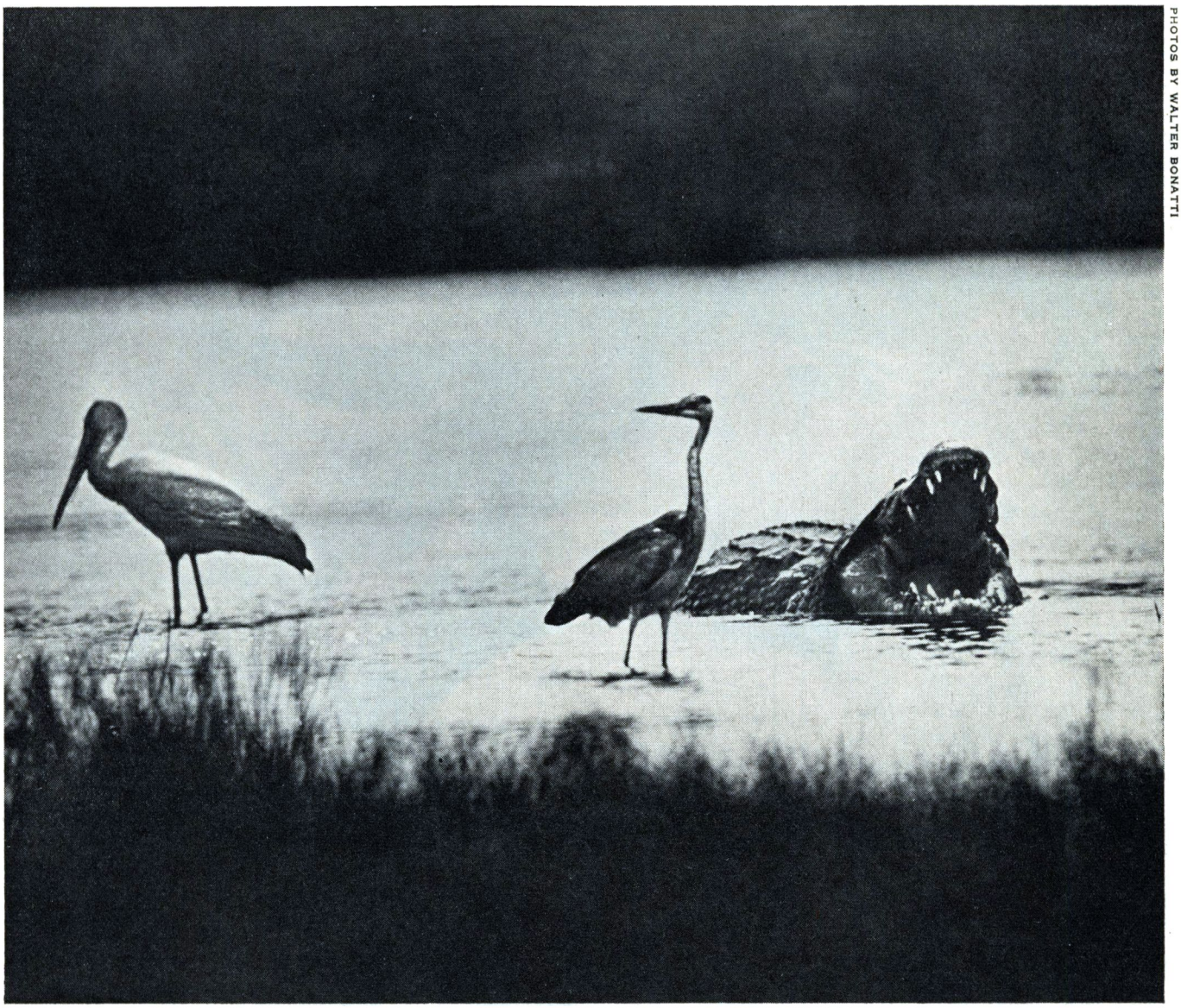
Several hours later, Bonatti had all the pictures he wanted, and the problem now was to get the models to leave the set without taking the photographer with them. The afternoon dragged by, and still the superuglies snoozed quite contentedly. Bonatti, however, was roasting in the heat beneath his canvas cover and finally decided that drastic action was his only chance.

Summoning all his courage, he suddenly leaped to his feet, screamed like a banshee and, flapping his arms, charged directly at the crocodiles.

The results were a bit more effective than he'd hoped. The drowsy crocs were so startled, their hearts jumped into their throats and they hightailed it in a scrambling mass toward the muddy Nile. This mad retreat churned the water to frothy suds, putting the fear of God into a herd of floating hippos, which immediately panicked and thundered from the river—terrifying the swans and marabous. When the elephants finally stampeded, the entire jungle was in chaos.

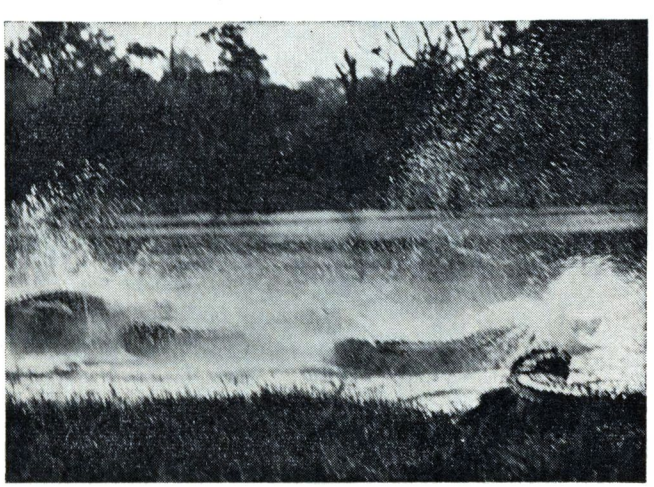
After the water and the dust had settled, one lone man stood on the sun-splashed shore of Crocodile Isle, without even a bird around to bid him farewell. • •





PHOTOS BY WALTER BONATTI

Above: The ibis is indifferent to the menacing jaws of its river companion, for it can easily take flight before being caught. Left: A few of the lazy crocs which basked around Bonatti's tent. Below, left: Mad scramble results from the adventurer's wild charge from tent, creating mass hysteria. Below, right: The lizard from this egg may some day grow to thirty times its present size.



Harness secure, Kay stands ready for lift-off. It's the job of two ground assistants to see that Para-Sail inflates properly. Kay wears life preservers; tow lines also float.

Aw, Go Fly a Kate!

By Bob Shiarella
Photos by George X. Sand

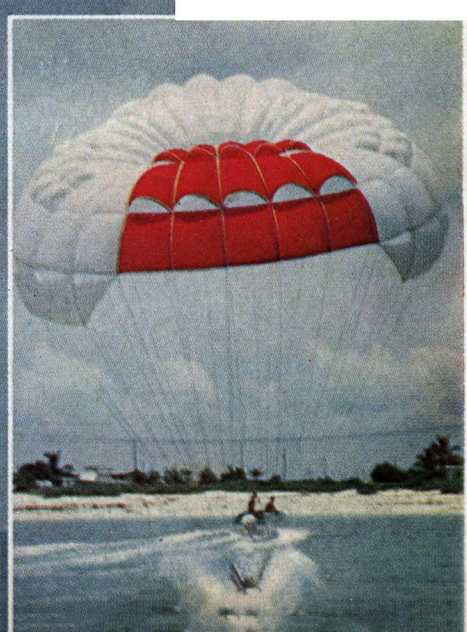
In a gentle breeze, sail lifts her immediately; but when becalmed, Kay must trot into surf before becoming airborne.

She flies through the air with the greatest of ease,
The daring young girl on the flying Para-Sail

SHE'S slower than a speeding bullet, less powerful than a locomotive, but when it comes to leaping buildings in a single bound, Kate's quite able!

"Kate" is a superblonde named Kay Duarte, who, with the aid of a contraption called a Para-Sail, may often be observed leaping over Miami lighthouses, or dipping suddenly to snatch a dozing fisherman's cap, or mischievously cruising past a high hotel bedroom to startle a honeymooning pair. The bikini-clad beauty has even been observed walking (it hasn't been done for ages) on water!

Para-Sailing should become a popular sport, if



After thrilling flight and cooling splashdown, Kay swims back to gather in her chute before boat returns to gather her in.

Kay is any indication of the people you can meet in the wild blue yonder. All the necessary equipment—chute, harness, yoke, tow line, etc.—may be purchased from Parachutes, Incorporated, for $361.

The sail is designed to lift its rider 500 feet at speeds up to twenty mph and may be towed aloft by a land vehicle or a boat with a minimum 75 horsepower.

If you're squeamish about heights or can't afford the gear, just stay earthbound and ogle Kay; that's almost as much fun, anyway! • •

Far left: Boatman hails the superblonde as she cruises by at 150 feet.

Insert left: For added safety, Kay ditches close to shore after her run.

Right: Boat-driver Alvaro delivers mock punishment to "flighty" dame.

Werner (left) was tried for murder in West German court.

PICTORIAL PARADE

IT was Friday the thirteenth, but eighteen-year-old fun girl Ursula Schamel didn't regard it as an evil omen. Of course, she had no way of knowing it was the day she would be brutally murdered in the most bizarre killing in postwar West Germany.

Ursula was attractive, but her nose was too sharp and her jaw too heavy for her to be called really beautiful. What the bosomy, sometimes blonde, sometimes brunette, *did* have was an eagerness to give life a whirl that made her popular in her secret after-dark existence as a party girl.

In her furnished room, where she used to bring dates until her landlady complained, Ursula kept a stack of love letters from thirty-seven paramours.

Among the letters was a photograph of the man she had a date with that Friday night, a handsome, six-foot, blue-eyed American Army lieutenant. Among the population of Bayreuth, Germany, Lieutenant Gerald M. Werner, twenty-six, from South Saint Paul, Minnesota, was considered a veritable Don Juan.

The twenty-five *frauleins* and unfaithful wives of GIs who stood in line to visit Werner's spacious villa nicknamed him "Baby Face." The German newspapers were soon to call him "The Beast of Bayreuth."

On that Friday, the thirteenth of March, 1964, Miss Schamel didn't even seem to mind her four-month-old pregnancy.

Fellow office workers in the Grundig electronic plant in Fuerth remember the young stenographer confiding in them that she was in trouble. But Ursula had also told them she'd be a different person after the weekend. They recall her enigmatic parting remark: "Next Wednesday, I will tell you something new." Some thought Ursula merely meant she was going to admit her pregnancy, a fact most of those who worked with her knew about.

Not that the teen-ager's condition was so obvious. Her own mother would later insist that Ursula had been a virgin.

Her parents (her father was an electrician for the city of Bayreuth) expected their daughter home with them that weekend. She had phoned to tell them she would see them Saturday, that she was spending Friday night with a girl friend.

After work, Ursula went to the *Hauptbahnhof* train station in the adjacent city of Nuremberg and took the six-seventeen to Bayreuth. Arriving there at

Victim Ursula Schamel loved parties.

PIP

BY PAUL LUCEY

The party girls who frequented the American officer's swinging pad called him "Lieutenant Baby Face" but it was not long before the Berlin newspapers knew him better as

The BEAST-KILLER of BAYREUTH

three minutes to eight, she went to a phone and asked Werner to pick her up.

Gerald soon arrived in his black 1957 DeSoto two-door sedan and drove Ursula to the bachelor villa at Nineteen Hegel Strasse which he and a fellow lieutenant rented from a local dentist for $150 a month. Both officers were assigned to the First Squadron of the Second Armored Cavalry. The unit patrols the border along the Iron Curtain, which cuts to within almost twenty-five miles of Bayreuth.

The Hegel Strasse address was not unknown in Bayreuth. Taxi drivers referred to it as "The Party House" and "The Brothel." They were grateful for the business from the party girls who flocked to the young officers' love nest. "He was a nice guy," said one. Cabbies also remember Ursula, who had been a guest at the house once or twice a month for almost a year. They thought of her as "a smart girl, but flighty."

Werner unlocked the iron gate and led his date through the garden into the two-story, red-roofed villa. They relaxed downstairs with a few drinks. There, she told him she was pregnant by another man. Then, on an impulse, she decided to take a bath and she invited Werner to join her in the tub.

He stripped, walked into the bathroom, and when he saw her sitting in the tub, he experienced "a feeling of revulsion." Instead of climbing in with her, he strode to the tub and grabbed her by the throat.

She squirmed out of his grasp. "Jerry!" she panted, terrified. "What are you doing?"

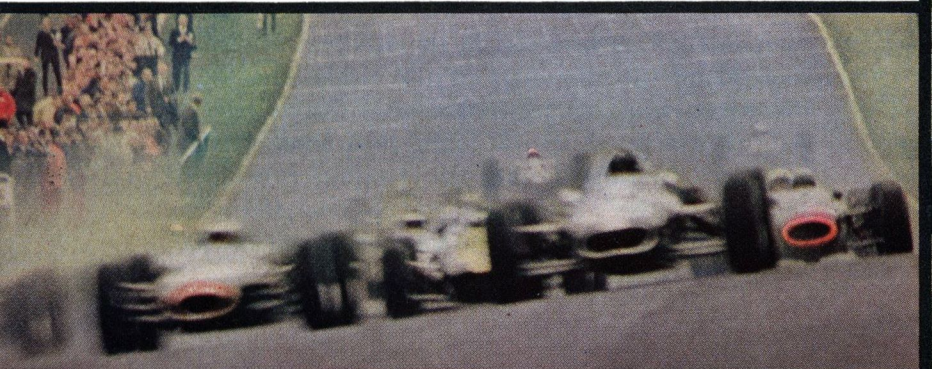
At seven-thirty the next morning, a Bavarian farmer by the name of Boehner was strolling along the bushes that border a small, semicircular parking place along the Munich-Berlin *autobahn* near Spaenfleck, outside Bayreuth. He noticed some long, grayish objects in the snow and took a closer look. They were a leg and a left arm.

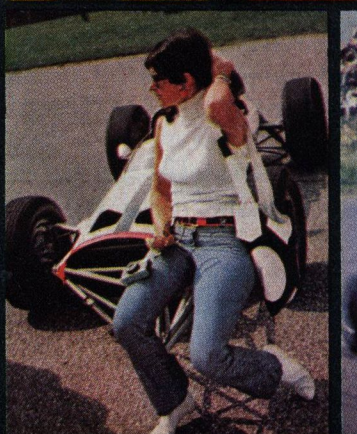
The farmer ran to policemen at the scene of a minor traffic accident a few hundred yards up the highway. Overhearing his excited report, the three men in the cars involved in the accident started to look along the shoulders of the road. They soon discovered a second leg and arm. An hour later, a pair of woman's shoes was found near another parking place. Within another thirty minutes, a blood-smeared woman's scarf was spotted some 400 yards from a highway police station. (*continued on page* 102)

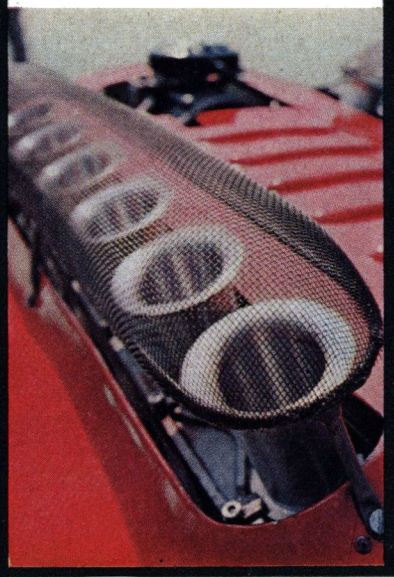
The Grand Prix Colossus

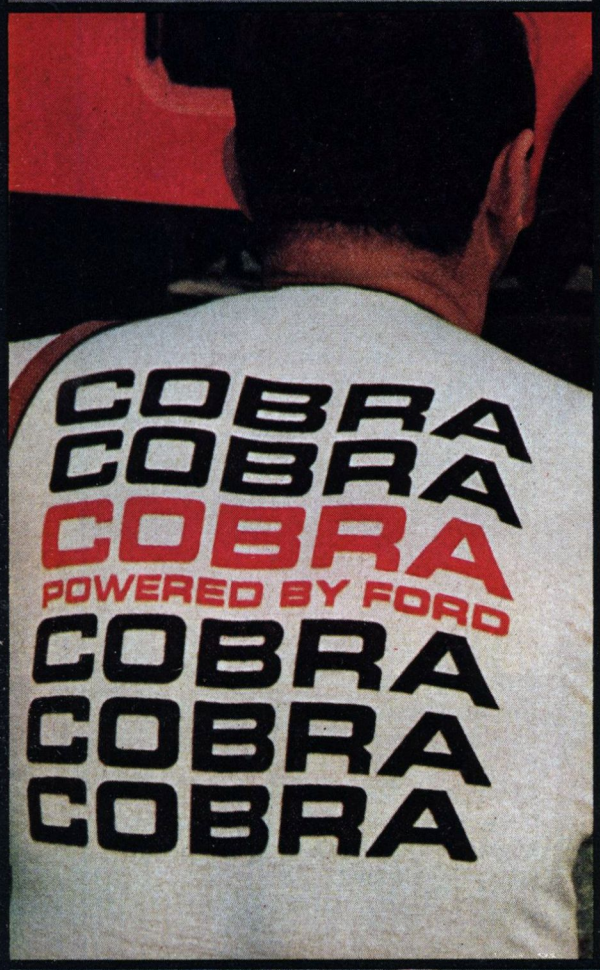
A hair-raising auto race has become the biggest sport contest in the world

by David Ash









Automobile racing is a kaleidoscopic, fragmented colossus that attracts more spectators than any other contest patronized by Western man. It has achieved this popularity without benefit of pari-mutuel machines, and in spite of the worst viewing conditions a sport can impose on its faithful. ■ There are a variety of reasons why this is so. The automobile is the second most expensive *thing* we ever buy and the most powerful instrument most of us will ever *control*. We can fully identify with the heroes, and the drama contains all the elements of classical tragedy. ■ It is a dangerous game, to be sure, and unlike any other. It has become popular to compare motor racing with bull fighting, and race drivers with matadors. There are some similarities, certainly, such as the constant presence of death. But in bull fighting, mountain climbing, spelunking, skin diving for tiger sharks, or rattlesnake catching, a man is able to

Photos from MGM picture, "Grand Prix"

isolate some *one* thing to challenge. However dangerous or difficult they are, these sports are all very different from motor racing.

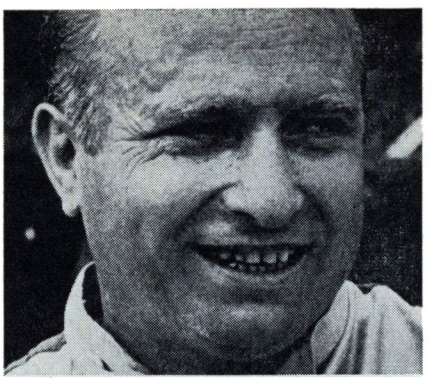
In racing, the driver is required to merge with a machine, so that finally they are not two, but one, and to use it like an artist a brush, or a swordsman a rapier. There are, of course, the elements, the crowd, the dangers of road or track and the hazards of mechanical failure. But overshadowing all these are the other gladiators. They are always there, to beat or they'll beat you. Like the circus of ancient Rome, only one man can win. And that is all that counts. First is first, and second is nowhere.

There are dozens of variations in the sport. Drag racing, that bizarre American phenomenon, boasts 10,000,000 paid spectators a year. Stock-car racing plays to an audience of almost equal size. Some 300,000 people jam Indianapolis Raceway each year for the "500" sweepstakes. More than 350,000 paid admissions are estimated annually for Le Mans. All the variations generate their own enthusiasm and following. All offer, to a lesser or greater degree, most of the same ingredients. But none offers the stark drama or demands the cold skill needed in the open-wheel, road-racing cars. Seats in these machines are occupied only by men who have climbed up to them, rung by rung, through less demanding racing. They call it Grand Prix racing; it means, literally, Great Prize.

Grand Prix racing is sixty-one years old. The first event, the French Grand Prix, was staged in 1906. Like all international championship racing, it is controlled by the Federation Internationale de l'Automobile (FIA) in Paris, and is conducted under a "formula" or loose set of rules which is periodically changed in order to stimulate experimentation in design and competition.

The Grand Epreuve has remained essentially a European venue, dominated over the first fifty years by French and Italian cars and drivers. But from 1958 onward, the

WORLD'S GREAT RACING DRIVERS



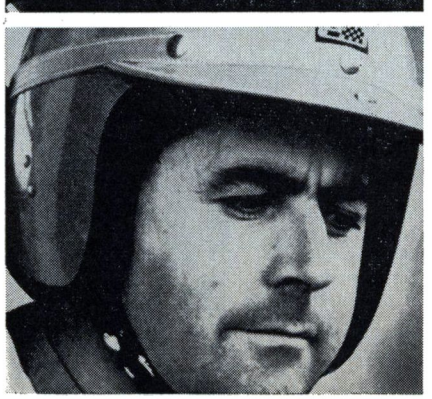
JUAN FANGIO
Argentina:
Five times World Champion and winner of twenty-four Grands Prix, Juan Manuel is a living legend. Jim Clark will probably surpass his total of wins, but nobody is likely to match Juan's five championships.

UPI

JIM CLARK
Scotland:
Little Jim has copped twenty Grands Prix and two World Championships with Lotus cars. He and Colin Chapman make a formidable combination. Clark is generally acknowledged as being the best racer today.

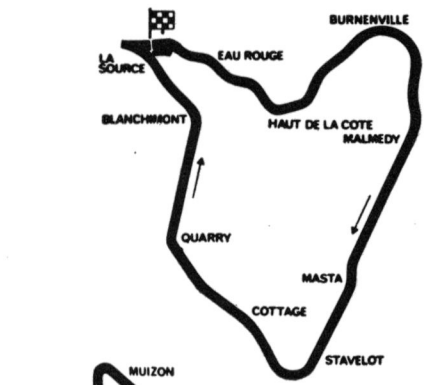
PHIL HILL
United States:
First and only American thus far to win the World Championship. Hill has had an up and down career following his break with Ferrari. He has been hurt primarily by his failure to get another competitive mount.

DAN GURNEY
United States:
Most gifted of American drivers, Dan is now building his own Eagle GP cars in partnership with Carroll Shelby. He is the son of a Metropolitan Opera singer and he has the ability to be World Champion.

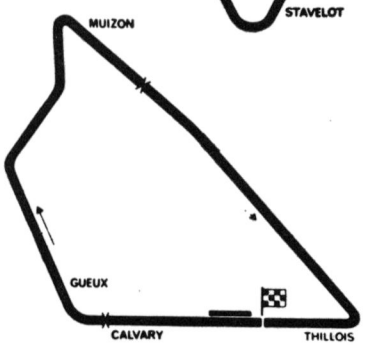


JACK BRABHAM
Australia:
This forty-year-old won his third World Championship in 1966 while driving his own Brabham Repco. The world's largest producer of racing cars, Jack is a rare combination of both top driver and mechanic.

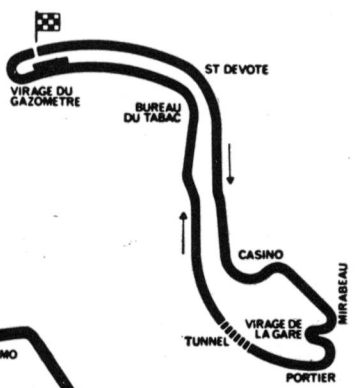
SOME GRAND PRIX CIRCUITS



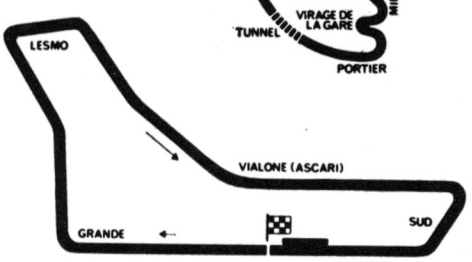
SPA FRANCORCHAMPS, BELGIUM
Lap distance, 8.76 miles
One of fastest circuits in world, often average winning speed here tops lap records on other tracks.



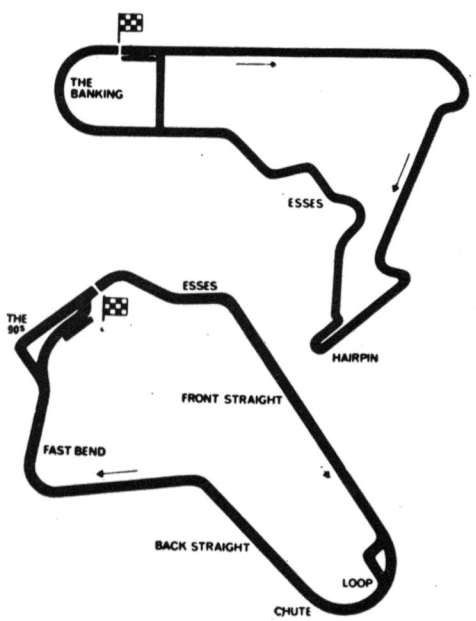
RHEIMS, FRANCE
Lap distance, 5.15 miles
Rheims is the chief rival to Spa Francorchamps as the fastest race-track circuit in the World Championship series.



MONACO
Lap distance, 1.95 miles
Only "Round the Houses" race on entire Grand Prix Calendar. One of the hardest circuits on car and driver.



MONZA, ITALY
Lap distance, 3.56 miles
Situated in private park north of Milan, Monza's off-course facilities make it nearly ideal circuit.



MEXICO CITY, MEXICO
Lap distance, 3.11 miles
This last World Championship event is 7,000 feet above sea level, posing power and carburetion problems.

WATKINS GLEN, U.S.A.
Lap distance, 2.30 miles
Watkins is synonymous with autumn, and the upstate New York scenery is a real treat to the weary circuiteers.

game has been dominated by British builders and English-speaking pilots. It wasn't until 1960 that the United States could organize a national race for these cars, and that was a financial disaster that nearly doomed our participation.

There are now ten important Formula One races each season, staged in as many different countries for two championships, one for World Champion Driver and the other for Constructors. Both are bitterly contested, and not just by their builders and drivers. Oil companies, tire manufacturers and accessory makers all have a vast stake in the winning and losing. And to this end, they pump in millions of dollars worth of subsidy for research and development. Winning races is the best proof of performance any auto-oriented vendor can buy for his publicity dollar. They know this only too well and move mountains to get into the victory circle.

The modern Grand Prix car is much influenced by aviation technology. A slim, cigar-shaped projectile, suspended from four immense tires as high as the body shell, it may not weigh less than 500 kilos (1,100 pounds). The engine may displace 1,500 cc (90.5 cubic inches) if supercharged, or as many as 3,000 cc (183 cubic inches) if unsupercharged. Within these limits, competing manufacturers may do pretty much what they please, providing the engine runs on "pump" (commercially available) fuel. Without exception, all the firms competing today have gone the unsupercharged route.

Formula One racing has always been a tight fraternity. This is primarily due to the small number of qualified manufacturers and drivers. The current FIA list of qualified or "ranked" drivers contains only thirty-one names, and one of those men is dead. Since World War II, a mere six dozen men have driven Formula One cars in championship competition. About one-third of these are active today, an equal number have perished, while about two dozen have retired with their laurels.

THE GRAND PRIX COLOSSUS continued

The title of World Champion Driver was created in 1950. Points were awarded to drivers based on finishing positions. This system was revised in recent years to provide 9 points for 1st, 6 for 2nd, 4 for 3rd, 3 for 4th, 2 for 5th and 1 for 6th. The ten national races which count are the Belgian, British, Dutch, French, German, Italian, Mexican, Monaco, South African and United States Grands Prix. The title is decided on the basis of a driver's six best performances. Over this seventeen-year span, only nine different men have worn the crown. Legendary Juan Manuel Fangio won it five times, Jack Brabham three and Alberto Ascari and Jimmy Clark twice. It has grown increasingly difficult to dominate this title, as Fangio once did, because the cars are now more evenly matched, and as scarce as talent is, there is more of it now than ever before.

The top drivers are celebrities, everywhere. Since they have discovered the Indianapolis "500," or vice versa, men like Jim Clark may earn as much as $300,000 a year. In 1965, Clark's Indy take alone was more than $165,000. There are contracts with oil, tire and soft-drink companies, half of all the prize money and lesser product-endorsement contracts to swell the kitty.

The price a man of this ability must pay for all this is high. He lives on a never-ending merry-go-round of public engagements, tire- and car-testing commitments and a heavy driving schedule that usually embraces many other forms of motor racing. Dan Gurney, who has to be ranked as the most talented of the Americans, is also probably the most versatile driver in the world. He is the toughest possible competition in Stockers, Sports Cars, Prototypes or Formula Cars. Three of them, Brabham, Gurney and Bruce McLaren, find the time and energy to build and sell racing cars as well.

The physical requirements are of the highest order. Even though most drivers lay little claim to athletic endeavor, all are fine natural athletes and, although they rarely adhere to formal training programs, none smoke or drink in excess. To a man, they are lithe, clear-eyed, quick and in perfect physical condition. That's a basic ingredient in a sport where three miles a minute in the straight, in the rain, is all in a Sunday afternoon's work. These little cars can spin their power wheels in any gear at any speed. They go, stop and handle better and faster than any other kind of car. This quickness demands reflexes and concentration of a remarkable order.

Only one (Monza) of the GP circuits makes use of an oval banking as part of the race track. All the rest are traditional road courses but vary dramatically, one from the other. In Monaco, the course winds tortuously up and down on a short (1.98 mile) circuit in the tiny principality. By contrast, the Nazi-built Nurburgring is a fourteen-mile racing plant in the Eifel Forest near the Belgian frontier. Rheims and Spa Francorchamps are fast—frighteningly fast. Some countries commit the same circuit to the national Grand Prix every year; others switch it back and forth between two or more sites. But on all of them, car and driver must go left and right, up and down, fast and slow.

After all these years, Grand Prix racing has started to catch on in the United States in a really big way. After gambling heavily to bail out the U. S. Grand Prix from its beginning fiasco in Sebring, Florida, the Watkins Glen Grand Prix Corporation now has a whopping money winner. Crowds of more than 70,000 people jammed the Finger Lakes village last year to watch Jimmy Clark win his twentieth Grand Prix. At ten dollars a head, that's a sweet sackful of money even if the operating nut is $250,000. More than one other racing establishment eyes the U. S. venue with a covetous eye; Riverside Raceway in California is in there pitching for this plum on a more or less regular basis. To circumvent this possibility, Watkins management has pioneered a number of driver-oriented innovations, including the first $100,000 purse (1966) in GP history.

While Grand Prix racing has certainly arrived as a major sporting event on the U. S. scene, it may never offer the immediate sense of identification that comes to the spectator at a stock-car race. But thanks to space-age photography and John Frankenheimer, we now have "Grand Prix," an unusually authentic film about Formula One racing. Frankenheimer has earned a reputation for the achievement of authenticity in past productions, and his presentation of this MGM film is a faithful reproduction of the single-seat scene. The variety and imaginative use of racing action scenes and sound are not only unparalleled but of true artistic quality. As a former racing driver, I found myself driving with the camera more times than I thought possible. The cast performs well. Yves Montand and Eva Marie Saint are touching and believable. The young Sicilian, Sabato, comes through like a good right hand to the head, and Brian Bedford breathes life into a difficult role.

Predictably, Hollywood couldn't resist squeezing in four wild crashes, complete with blood and guts. There was, naturally, a young, bored and beautiful wife, bouncing from one driver to another. But the film still manages to catch the glitter of racing's frenetic world.

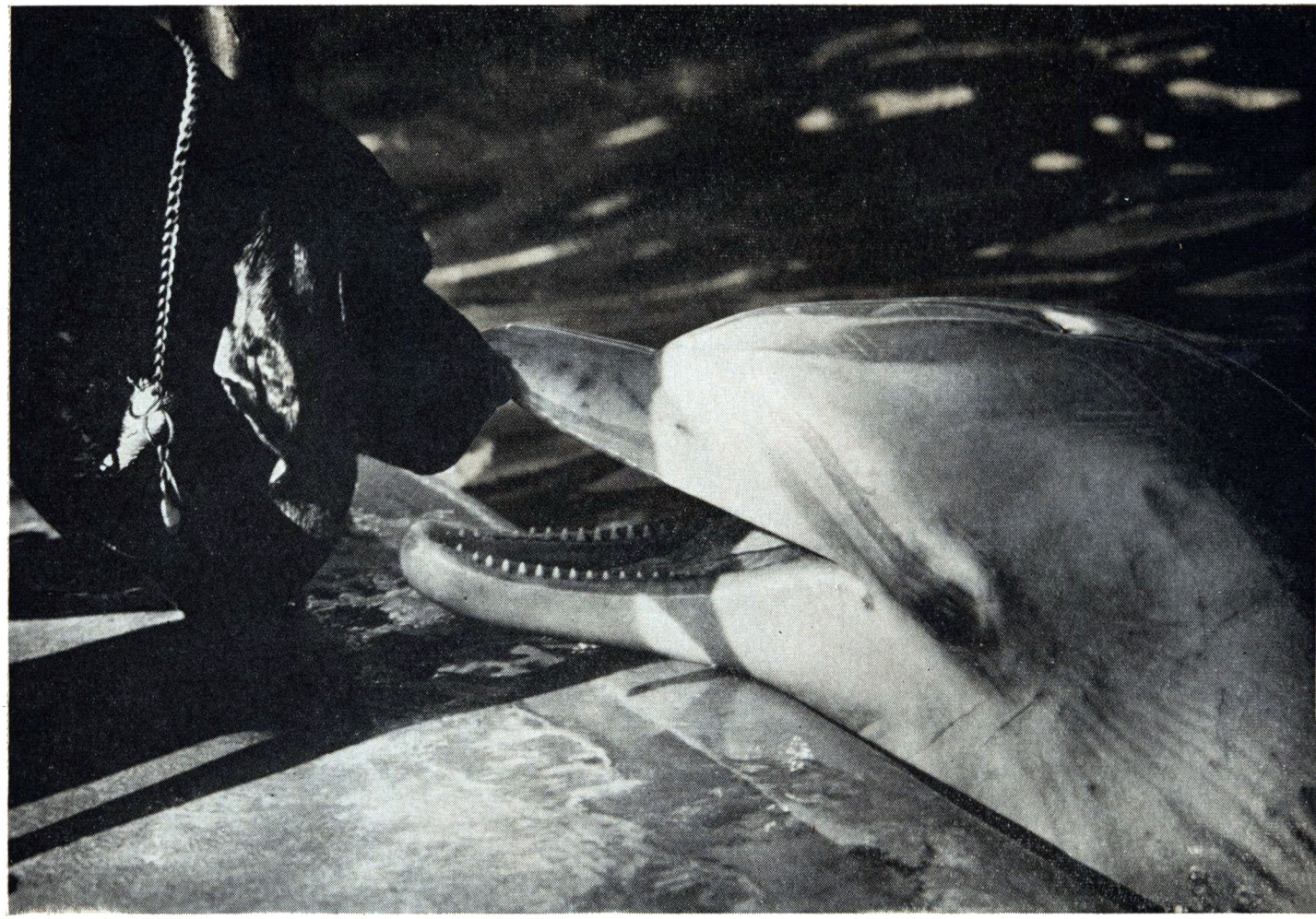
Unfortunately, the script left me with the feeling that it couldn't deal with the fascinating question of *why* these talented young men give so much of themselves to such a demanding sport. There were bits and pieces of Moss, Hawthorne, Collins, Von Trips, Phil Hill, Fangio and so many others, all sort of jumbled up so that the characters sometimes show where the scissors went. Putting this minor criticism aside, if you've got one drop of motor oil in your blood, don't miss this movie.

Why Frankenheimer chose to make such a philosophical mystery of the driver motive is puzzling. He hired Phil Hill, the only American World Champion, as his number one advisor—and Phil is both sensitive and articulate. World Champion Jim Clark gave everyone a look inside when he wrote: "It is noise, it is color, it is people. For the driver, each race is a new adventure."

But then, Jim is a Scot and taciturn by nature. There is a bit more to it than that. It certainly isn't money, even though they fight for the money. It isn't parties or the dames, because for these guys, that's only too easy. It isn't even the winning, although the ones that matter cannot live without winning.

It is some of each of these things and something vastly more compelling—the need to go to the brink and look over. For the great ones, there is a vast inner loneliness, and the sure knowledge that the confrontation is not one of man against man or man against machine, but of man against himself. • • •

The Dog



Who Thinks He's a Fish

MEET A POINTER WHOSE GURGLES ARE WORSE THAN HIS BITE

QUESTION: If man's best friend is a dog, is the reverse necessarily true?

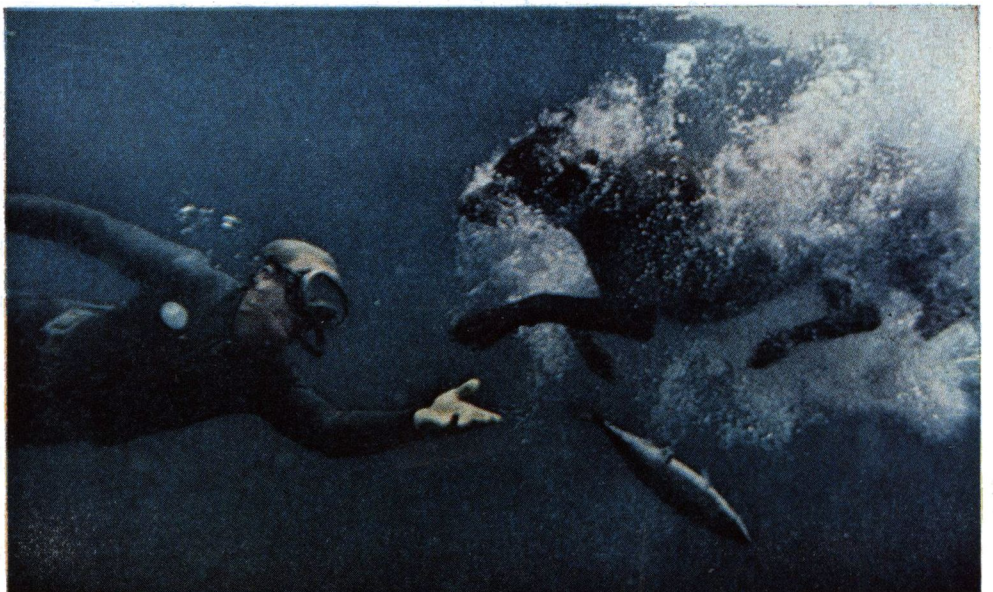
ANSWER: No, not if the dog is a four-year-old German short-hair pointer named Belly Button, who would much rather pal around with denizens of the deep than any two-footed animals. For Belly Button's best friend is a bottle-nosed dolphin (above) named Big Boy. And what's more, he has an underwater nose-to-gill acquaintance with a bat ray named Blackie and a shark called Spook.

The setting for this strange aquatic relationship is the oval fish tank at Marineland of the Pacific near Los Angeles, where Belly Button has been swimming. In the tank, often called the world's largest fishbowl, are 3,000 salt-water specimens including barracuda, rays, sharks and moray eels. How did B.B. get in the fish tank? Well, it all started in 1966 when B.B.'s owner, Roy H. Rodgers of L.A., threw a bone into the shallow end of his pool. Belly Button dove for it and brought it up. Then Roy started to give the dog regular underwater workouts. Today B.B. can stay under for fifteen seconds, dive to a depth of eight feet and swim twenty-five feet underwater. At the moment, the pointer has a contract with Jon Hall, the actor, and may star in a new TV series.

Roy obtained permission from Marineland to use the fish tank to get B.B. accustomed to salt water, as well as enormous fish. Let's hope that the day never comes when the tank's 500-pound, seven-foot sea bass mistakes B.B. for a giant mosquito. • • •

BY WARD KENNEDY/PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ARGOSY BY RICHARD HEWETT

Even Blackie, the bat ray,
is set agog by our
splashing sea dog.
To train Belly Button
to stay underwater,
a Marineland diver throws fish
for him to retrieve.



Not all the denizens are friendly. Here is a giant turtle who hates to come out of his shell. Well, B. B., you can't win 'em all.

Pete Joost's fierce little Montagnard fighters had become such a nuisance that the enemy was throwing a whole division against them

THE KACHIN RAIDERS

Major Pete Joost, in fatigues and a peacock-feathered bush hat, watched his men move out of the flaming jungle and across the airstrip. Mortar rounds came stalking after them. Fire grenades arced in from either side, blasting bright flame out of the darkness. A direct hit on the mule train sent animals and equipment belching skyward.

Out in the open, the Kachin tribesmen who made up his detachment looked alarmingly vulnerable in their breechcloths, ivory armlets and soup-bowl haircuts, and so did the carbines, BARs and axelike *dahs* they carried. The Kachins were superb jungle fighters, experts at hit-and-run guerrilla warfare, but no match for the massive fire power a modern army could bring to bear on them in the open. Joost knew he had to get them across that mile-wide clearing—and fast—or they'd be slaughtered. On the far side lay safety—Area One HQ and an

by Ray Cohan and Lew Louderback

Kachin scouts were a mixed bag of British and United States troops, U.S.-equipped and jungle-wise Kachin natives who operated behind the enemy's lines.

PHOTOGRAPHS—UPI

Kachin scouts, wounded on anti-Jap patrol in Northern Burma, are treated by Burmese nurses. As in Vietnam, leeches are a problem.

THE KACHIN RAIDERS continued

escape trail being held open by a small advance unit.

Shrapnel suddenly burst directly over the Kachins, filling the air with its hellish din. The steel thrust straight into the hard, red earth of the abandoned runway, till the very soil throbbed rhythmically. Fragments whirred a few inches over their heads. The tribesmen pressed their fists against their ears and opened their mouths wide.

"My God! That's heavy stuff!" yelled Sergeant Bill Jenkins.

Joost nodded grimly. He'd caught a glimpse of the muzzle flash along a ridge of hills on the northwest perimeter of the airstrip. He knew what that meant. Their advance unit had been overrun, the escape hatch nailed shut. They were locked in. Pinned down and completely surrounded by General Tanaka's mountain artillery.

He glanced around, saw that the thousand-odd Kachins were already digging in. They knew the score. Tanaka had lost face at the terrific mauling his division had suffered at their hands. Now only the complete obliteration of the guerrilla band would restore it. Tanaka had thrown his full force of 10,000 men—the toughest veteran jungle fighters in Burma—into the encirclement. It was like going after a cockroach with a forty-five, but when the roach was trapped at the bottom of a washbasin, what did it matter? You couldn't miss.

Abura-Mushi—that was actually what the Japanese called the Kachins (Jungle Cockroaches). They both feared and loathed the little headhunters whose interrogation techniques consisted of inserting lighted

U.S. Captain John Colling (second from left) leads party through dense Burmese jungle. Kachin activities foreshadowed later U.S. advisors' work and that of Special Forces men in present Vietnam war.

Lieutenant General Daniel I. Sultan, in charge of U.S. forces in India and Burma and one of the key men supervising unorthodox Kachin raider teams, often flew his own plane to check troops.

splinters in the rectums and penises of captured noncoms and of roasting officers over slow fires. Now, with a large force of them helplessly pinned down, the Japs could enjoy revenge at their leisure.

They had first fallen afoul of the Kachins in their drive to cut the Burma Road in 1941. A fiercely independent hill people with a centuries-old reputation as ferocious fighters, the Kachins had resented the intrusion and had set about lopping off Jap heads like melons. The Allies, to whom the Road was vital, had decided to take advantage of this situation and to organize the Kachins into modern, (*continued on page* 121)

McCall

We have a ruptured fuel line on our starboard tanks. Prepare to ditch. Don't rub your hands on your flight jackets or make any unnecessary movement. Right now, we are a

FICTION

FLYING BOMB!

by Skip Rice Lieutenant Colonel Lewis Stroud slowed the B-52 bomber down to four hundred knots; the drone of the eight engines diminished. A fat tanker swayed in the air ahead of the huge warship. With her escort F-104s, the tanker looked like a termite queen with a group of lean workers. The workers dropped away and the queen began to maneuver into position.

Bob Cooper, copilot, chattered into his mike, giving directions to the crew handling the long hose.

"Down...down....Easy does it....A little more....Pull port....A little more ...Down...down."

There was a metallic clanking in the plane as the hose connected and caught electrically.

"Hook up!" Bob called. "Give us the juice."

Stroud released the controls. It was up to the tanker crew to fly both planes.

"Coffee?" he asked, as he reached for the thermos.

"Best offer I've heard this morning," the copilot answered.

Behind the cabin, the fuel gushed into the waiting tanks. As the weight of the fuel increased, Stroud could hear the tanker crew give more power to the B-52's engines. He leaned back and studied the belly of the tanker. Some gas station, he thought, thirteen hundred gallons at better than four hundred miles an hour.

"What's up in L. A., Bob — blonde, brunette or redhead?"

The copilot (continued on page 92)

Illustration by Bob McCall

HOW THE HIPPO GOT HIS NAME

Whatever his ultimate destiny, the young man who carried this title belonged in anybody's "Who's Who" of juvenile delinquency

By Walton Smith IT WAS a long time ago, and far away, so now the story can be told. But don't let the title fool you. This is no fable out of Aesop or "The Wind in the Willows," and the character involved is no African wild animal. No, this is the story of a real, flesh-and-blood kid who lived in our home town—a sort of gay-nineties juve-

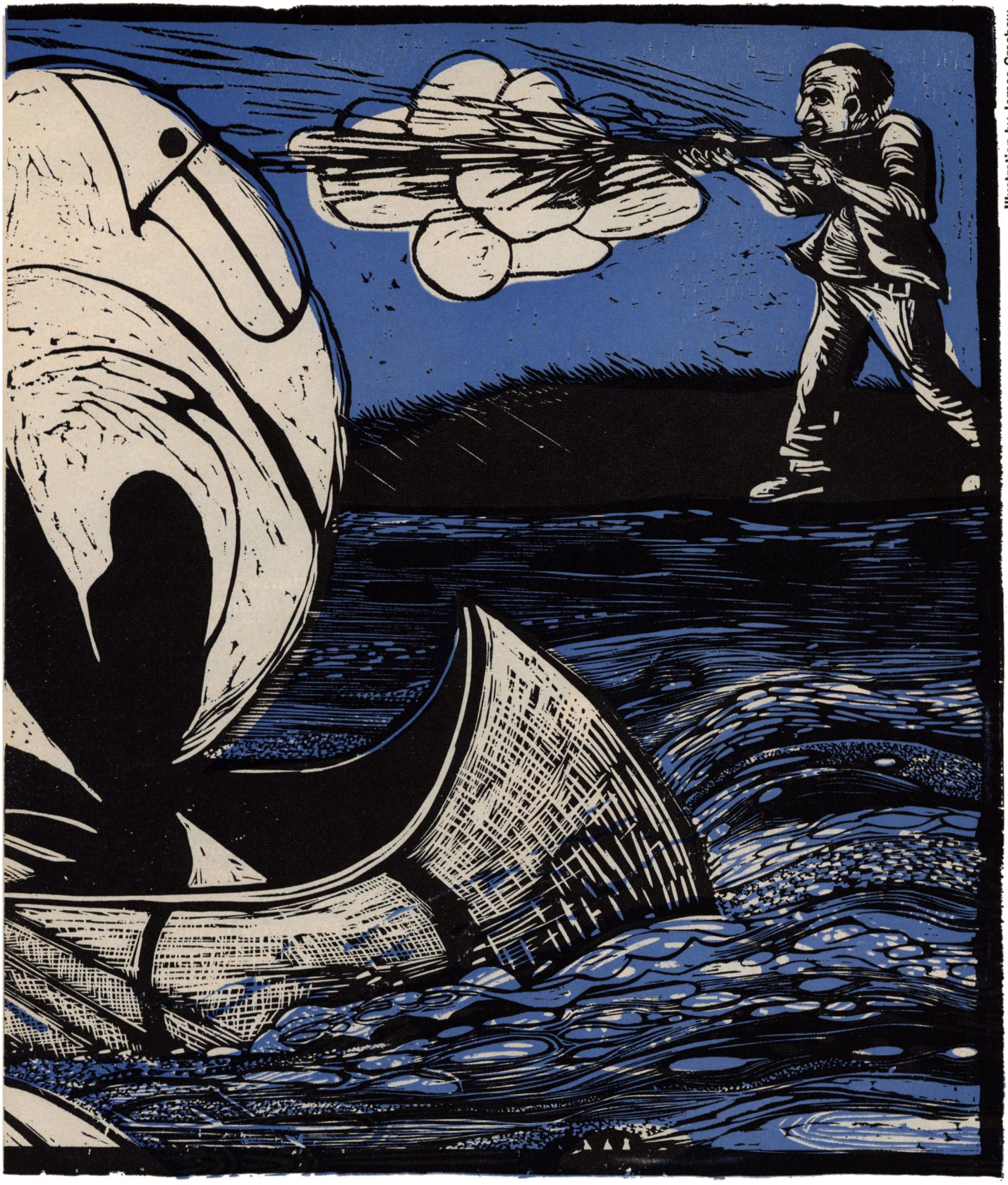


Illustration by James Crashow

nile delinquent by the name of Truelove ("The Hippo") Gerard.

The Hippo operated on the principle that anything was all right as long as you didn't get caught and, like so many others who follow this philosophy, he usually got away with it—usually, but not always. On one occasion, he got a little careless and his customary luck ran out. That's when he got the name.

On this particular night, Hip and I were standing up in front of the drugstore. It was April, following the first touch of spring. The whole town seemed to be "upstreet," shopping or going to "the pictures," as they called the movies in those days. Hip and I were hanging around waiting for something to develop. He was wearing a pair of his father's old white flannel pants. His father was pretty fat, but even so, the pants were so snug on Hip, amidships, that he couldn't engage the top button. Nevertheless, they did serve as a pleasant reminder that spring was on the way. We always welcomed the coming of (*continued on page* 118)

FICTION

The Diamond Gambler

by Ray J. Wagner

Illustration by Sandy Kossin

It was a score like this that could set Harry Sharp up for life—two million dollars' worth of diamonds at the bottom of the ocean—and only a South African patrol boat between him and luxury

The *Delphis* was approaching the breakers when Harry Sharp raised his binoculars. In the round glass, he saw the island and, behind it, the narrow channel separating the island from the sandy hillocks on the beach of the mainland. Beyond the beach, white and brilliant under Africa's sun, was the Namib diamond desert stretching far away to the high escarpments of Great Namaland.

"Can't see any patrols," Sharp said.

He was standing at the controls on the flying bridge, the glasses leveled under the wide brim of his sundowner's hat. Now he glanced briefly at his side, at Tjamuba, his African mate, and (continued on page 96

Kossin

the LAST ONE LEFT

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD

When the pleasure yacht Muñeca had blown up, everyone went down with the ship—millionaire and all—except the hired skipper. And, oddly enough, a cargo of $800,000 in untraceable cash went with it!

Staniker, on an everlasting afternoon, fought off the dreams and the visions. Dreams came like the nets, floating down to lie like cobwebs across his mind. Roll over and look out across the hot, white glare of the sand flats of South Joulter Cay, where he had tried to stamp the big arrow and the H E L P, because all the Nassau-Miami flights passed over here. But the white, dry loose sand would not take a message, and when he put it in the packed wet sand, the tide would take it away.

When his teeth began to chatter, Staniker would hunch himself out into the sunlight. And then, brain a-boil, pull himself back into the shade. Sometimes he would become aware of a voice, and listen and hear himself talking to Crissy, talking loudly because he was sitting on the edge of her dock and she was swimming, with her face closed against all explanations.

Several times, there was Mary Jane's voice, in that tired, whining, scolding, hopeless sound; but of course, she was three sea miles away and half a mile deep, her mouth at rest at last, down in the black-green of the Tongue of the Ocean.

When the sun was low, while he was in restless sleep, a Chris-Craft out of Jacksonville came cautiously in over the harbor bar, threading the unmarked channel, a vacationing dentist leaning over the bow rail, reading the channel by the color of the water, using hand signals to guide his friend, a plumbing contractor, who had the helm.

Staniker saw the cruiser moving past. He pulled himself up, using his right arm in spite of the pain it caused him, and cawed at them as loudly as he could. He saw them staring at him.

"What do you want?" one called.

"Staniker," he replied. "Off the *Muñeca*. Burned. Sick. Help me."

He heard their excited jabbering, and he let his head sag and closed his eyes and breathed deeply. Time slipped again, and then the cabin lights were on. A thin, leathery man in his fifties was staring appraisingly at him.

"Can you hear me, Captain?" the man asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Swallow these. For fever and pain."

He had never tasted anything as delicious.

The man took the empty glass and said, "I am not a medical doctor, Staniker. I'm a dentist. I've dressed your burns with what we could improvise. Your fever is running a hundred and three and a-half. We're making a night run to Nassau. My name is Barth. Bert Hilger, my friend who owns this boat, couldn't raise anything on the damned radio after we found you. So we're running you in where you can get hospital attention. How long were you alone there on South Joulter?"

"We blew up and burned last Friday night."

"A week ago! What happened?"

"It was—about nine o'clock. They were all below, having dinner. We were heading for the Joulters. I was running her from the flying bridge, on pilot. On that *Muñeca,* you've got every control duplicated up on the fly bridge. I remembered how one bank of batteries was pretty well down. Any boat I'm operating, I like to keep the batteries up. That would mean running the auxiliary generator after we anchored. And no reason at all why I couldn't run while we were under way. I remember every once in a while I could just barely hear Bix—Mr. Kayd—laugh. So I switched the auxiliary generator to the spare bank, and I pressed the button, wondering if it would catch right off—it was a little cranky sometimes—and there was a big flash and a *whoomp,* and the next thing I know I'm in the water, choking and strangling and thrashing around, with a funny orange light on the water and the back of my neck hot.

"I guess I was knocked out for a little while and the water brought me out of it. When I got turned around, she was on fire from bow to stern, and burning to the waterline. I saw something in the water and I managed to swim to it. It was just one of those styrofoam sort of surfboard-looking things with a glass place to look through. Miss Stella had brought it aboard in Key West, and she liked to use it to float around over the coral reefs, looking down at the fish. And about then, the *Muñeca*—that means 'doll' in Spanish—went down like a rock, with a lot of hissing when the flames went underwater. I started calling them. Maybe the only one I was calling was my wife, Mary Jane. But no answer at all."

"But wasn't the *Muñeca* a diesel powered boat?" the dentist asked.

"Yes, sir. But the auxiliary generator was gasoline-powered, and my guess is that gas leaked into the bilge from its fuel tank or one of the tins stowed down there to fuel it with. The spark, when I tried to start it, blew the boat up, and the heat of the explosion was greater than the flash point of the diesel fuel. Maybe I goofed. I'd never start gasoline marine engines without running the blowers first. But with an auxiliary, you don't think of that so much. And maybe Bix—Mr. Kayd—goofed, too, not having a sniffer installed when he had the gas auxiliary put below the decks. Using a blower is something you think of when you're tied up, not running along at cruising speed."

"No other survivors, Captain?"

"No, sir. When I knew I was alone out there, I remembered the *Muñequita.* That means 'little doll' in Spanish. It was the boat Bix picked up in Miami because the *Muñeca* was too big for fishing. She towed just fine on a long line. I thought I spotted her quite a way off. I kept paddling until my arms ached, but she was moving as fast as I was. With those twin out-drive Volvo units tilted up, she draws fifteen inches,

From the book, "The Last One Left," by John D. MacDonald. Copyright © 1967 by John D. MacDonald. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

Illustration by Bob McGinnis

and she has about an average three feet of freeboard for the wind to catch." He closed his eyes. . . .

"Now, there," a gentle, crooning, comforting woman's voice said. "It's all right. You'll be all right."

He opened his eyes and saw a tall brunette.

"I'm Mrs. Hilger. A while ago, you thought I was somebody else. Somebody named Crissy. Or Christy. You scared me a little, you were holding my arm so tightly."

He lay very still. "What did I say?"

"You seemed to be trying to make Crissy or Christy understand something. You said something about it not being your fault. You got quite wild this time."

"This time?"

"You just moaned and mumbled the other times. This time, you rose right up and shouted."

He closed his eyes. You could not will yourself to be silent when the fever carried you off. But if you could make certain all they would hear would be a thickened mumbling . . .

He shoved his tongue into his right cheek, between the strong molars. He bit tentatively at first, then, body rigid, be began chewing his tongue, mashing the sensitive flesh, tasting the coppery flavor of his blood.

CHAPTER TWO

THE thirty-eight hundred pounds of the *Muñequita* dipped and danced on into the Atlantic dusk. Salt had crusted on her and had then been rinsed away when she had drifted through the rain squalls. The automatic bilge pump had been turned on when she was rigged for towing, and when the rain and the chop brought enough water aboard, the pump would drone, working off the batteries, until the bilge was again empty.

She seemed to anticipate and avoid the uglier motions, almost as if she were aware of the naked body of the girl, face down on the cockpit decking, responding, slack as a pudding, to each variation of that long and lonely dance across an empty sea.

The boat drifted into the path of a brief, hard shower that soaked the girl's hair. When it ran across her parted lips, she made the smallest of sounds, licked with a slow tongue, moved one hand slightly.

The rain ended. The bilge pump started up, droned for two minutes and clicked off.

CHAPTER THREE

ON SUNDAY morning, the fifteenth of May, just before noon, Sam Boylston sat in a booth by the tinted plate-glass windows of a roadside restaurant on the outskirts of Corpus Christi and looked across at the somber, pretty and intent face of Lydia Jean, his estranged wife.

"What it all adds up to, Lyd—check me if I'm wrong—you're still in love with me in a kind of sad, dramatic way . . . but we haven't got a chance in the world because I'm the kind of a person I am."

"I wish I could explain it. You *crowd* people. You use them up, and the nearer and dearer they are to you, the more mercilessly you spend them."

"Lyd, be fair. Did I ever tell you you weren't meeting some kind of standard?"

"I've thought about it a lot. I think it was because you were so young when your parents were killed in that accident, and you felt responsible for Leila, and your father had left everything in such a dreadful, foolish muddle. You drive yourself so hard. It isn't money hunger. You just seem to want to go around neatening up the world. And what you demanded of me, dear, was that I be the loveliest, smartest, most charming young housewife and matron and hostess in all Texas. You were perfectly sure that because you love me and because I had to be willing to give a hundred and ten percent to the program, I would be just that. Boy-Sam had to be the smartest, merriest, happiest, gutsiest little kid in the world, because he was yours and all he'd have to do would be live up to his potential. You demand just as much of your sister, Leila, in another way. But, right up until recently, she's had the spirit and the toughness to ignore the pressure. Boy-Sam and I, we just weren't strong enough. We had to get out."

"What's so damned unnatural about a father wanting his son to excel?"

She made a face. "Why do I keep trying to get through to you? Here is a perfect example of what I mean, dear. Your sister is nineteen. Leila knows her own mind. She has been going with Jonathan Dye for a long time. His teaching job in Uruguay begins in September. They want to be married and honeymoon on the ship to Montevideo. So big brother comes onto the scene, *demanding* they prove it's the real thing by spending months apart—and you finally wore them down. Congratulations! So there is Leila batting around the Bahamas on Bix Kayd's yacht, and Jonathan a hired hand on the ranch of some friend of yours. To make a man of him? What are you trying to prove, pushing those kids around?"

"What's the harm in making sure?"

"She's humoring you, you know. Quite a cruise for her. Bix Kayd and that truly poisonous second wife of his, Carolyn. And poor, ineffectual Roger Kayd. But there is a kind of sweetness about Stella. I guess you did the Kayd family a favor. Carolyn won't lean so hard on her stepchildren with Leila along."

"Does Leila really know what she wants?"

"You're trying to impose your sense of order and fitness on the randomness of people and the illogic of fate. Boy-Sam and I are refugees from that pattern, dear."

"I wish I could understand what you're driving at, Lyd."

"So do I, dear. So do I, believe me."

She had to get back. He paid the check and they walked out to the parking lot.

"Take care of yourself, Lydia Jean."

"You too, dear."

"Give Boy-Sam a hug."

He watched her wait for traffic, then move into the tempo of it, heading toward the city. . . .

When he arrived in town, Sam Boylston went directly to the law offices of Boylston and Worth, picked up the phone and dialed Tom Insley.

"Tom? Sam. I heard (*continued on page* 73)

Roy demonstrates the power of his .300 Weatherby Magnum 150-grain, high-velocity bullet. Tree limb was seven inches thick.

ROY WEATHERBY'S "MAGNUMS"

He had a new theory – that for stopping big game, velocity is more deadly than large caliber – but he had to design his own rifles to prove it

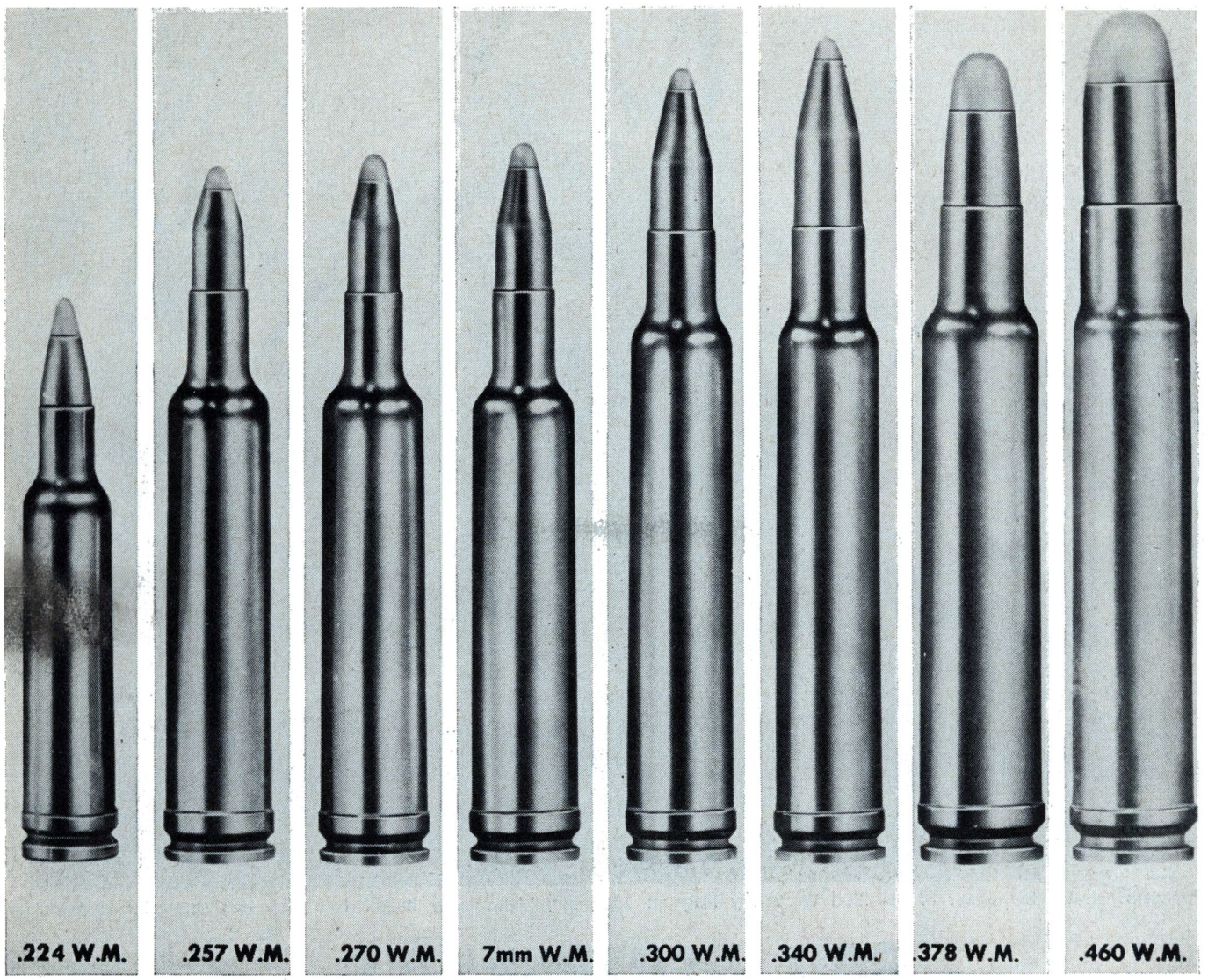
By PETE KUHLHOFF

I wanted to sight-in a .257 Weatherby Magnum caliber rifle with the 100-grain pointed expanding bullet for pronghorn antelope hunting this fall. The antelope sometimes has to be taken at quite a long range. I figured that with the Weatherby Imperial 2¾X to 10X Variable Scope adjusted so that the bullets group about 3½ inches high at 100 yards, I would have a point-blank range, no over or under holding when sighting, for distances up to maybe around 350 yards.

A friend, who had never fired a Weatherby rifle, joined me at Lyman's Blue Trail Range for a half-day of shooting. I lugged along Weatherby rifles in .300, .257 and .224 Weatherby Magnum calibers.

We put up a mess of different type targets at 100 yards and unlimbered the .300. I fired a five-shot group from bench rest. It measured 1¼ inches center to center of holes furthest apart. My friend, Fred Johnson, fired a couple of groups that strung out about 2¼ inches vertically and about ¾ of an inch horizontally. At first, he had a mental block, imagining that the .300 would belt him with a sledge-hammer whack at the shoulder. After shooting the two groups, somewhat amazed, he said, "Holy mackerel, it doesn't kick as much as my .308-caliber carbine!"

Wanting to get down to business, I got out the .257, mounted the new scope in place, did a quick bore-sighting job and fired a five-shot group. It was a lucky bit of bore-sighting; the group printed about two inches to the left of the point of aim and measured



.86 of an inch . After adjusting the reticle of the scope for about 3½ inches high grouping above the point of aim, I handed the rifle to Freddie and (my mistake) said, "A buck if you can beat that group."

With money on the line, he settled down and, so help me, put five shots into .585 of an inch. That little .257 Weatherby Magnum has proved to be very accurate and I have been happy to consider it a minute-of-angle shooter.

Remember, all of that day's shooting was with regular Weatherby ammunition. No hand-tailored loads for the particular rifles.

Factory ballistics for the .257 W.M. cartridge, 100-grain bullet with 26-inch barrel that we were using, is: 3,555 feet-per-second muzzle velocity and remaining velocity of 2,500 feet per second at 300 yards. This is a potent .25-caliber job that has taken quantities of big game, from antelope on through various cats and elk, and on to polar bear, usually with one-shot kills.

With the woodchuck season just about at hand (it was a chilly day in the latter part of April) , we spent the rest of the afternoon shooting the Weatherby Varmintmaster in .224 W.M. caliber. Our groups measured from under 1½ inches (1.42) down to .82 of an inch. That smallest group was fired with the 55-grain bullet which seems to do slightly better than the 50-grainer in my rifle.

Over the years, I have had the opportunity to shoot every one of the Weatherby Magnum calibers with the exception of the .378 W.M. As a matter of fact, it was between fifteen and twenty years ago when I first fired a Weatherby-produced rifle. It was a very, very fancy sporter, .300 Weatherby Magnum caliber, built around the Fabrique Nationale (commonly called FN) Mauser type action. The woodwork, with ornate inlays, and the metal parts were so beautifully finished that it was all I could do to force myself to shoot the piece, even from bench rest, for fear of marring it in some way. The plain, fine-line checkering at the pistol grip and forearm is as perfect as I ever have seen, something to be admired by the discerning observer, and the joining of the wood and metal is as close as any I've seen. In other words, that rifle is an outstanding example of sporting-arms craftsmanship. It consistently grouped five shots into under 1½ inches at 100 yards. Today, after perhaps firing more rounds than the average hunter would shoot in a lifetime, that sporter shows evidence of honest use,

but it is still in excellent condition and delivers superior accuracy.

In 1945, when Roy Weatherby started his rifle operation, there were only a couple of magnum cartridges, the .300 and the .375 H&H Magnums, being regularly manufactured by our American cartridge producers. Weatherby had developed five—the .257, .270, 7-mm, .300 and .375 Weatherby Magnums—all high-velocity cartridges, and he was building sporting rifles for them. This was the major start toward the trend that has made American hunters "magnum"-conscious. Today, there are almost twenty-five different magnum rifle cartridges regularly available to American shooters.

The word magnum, as used in reference to rifle, shotgun or handgun cartridges, is a sort of enigmatic term and, as a result, the meaning is a little hazy for many sportsmen. Originally, the word was used by the British to indicate higher-power or higher-velocity cartridges of given calibers. And, even today, that is just about it. Magnum rifles, shotguns and handguns are specifically designed to handle the more powerful magnum cartridges or shells for which they are intended.

A great many of the early Weatherby rifles, built on several different actions of suitable length and metallurgy and in the hands of experienced riflemen, saw use throughout the hunting areas of the world. They earned an enviable reputation in accuracy and killing power for the South Gate gunmaker. Because of the abundance of game animals in all sizes and weights, from small antelope to the huge, tough and dangerous members of the big five—leopard, lion, buffalo, rhino and elephant—Roy used Africa as a testing ground for his various calibers. He made a number of films while on his numerous safaris. (Incidentally, Weatherby, a dynamic fellow, has lectured from coast to coast, showing his movies and never charging a cent for his service. It is estimated that his speaking engagements have made more than $50,000 for several charitable organizations.)

Early in the game, Roy Weatherby became keenly interested in producing a rifle action that would efficiently and effectively handle any one of his high-intensity magnum cartridges and others he had in mind or in the development stage. After a great deal of planning, experimenting, building and testing, the action on which the Weatherby Mark V rifle is built became a reality.

To quote Roy Weatherby: "It had long been my personal conviction that the Mauser-type bolt-action was becoming more obsolete each year and needed to be completely redesigned with many safety and functional improvements.

"Disadvantages of the Mauser design are the exposed portion of the cartridge-case head, the looseness or sloppiness of the bolt within the receiver, the trigger, the safety and other imperfections.

"As we all know, the majority of rifles that have been damaged from excessive pressures have not necessarily been caused by lack of strength of the receiver, but because of the cartridge itself. This is the weakest part, since the head of the cartridge case, when exposed, will rupture with pressures of from 70,000 to 80,000 pounds per square inch, allowing gases to flow backward into the magazine, bulging and splitting the stock, with particles of brass and powder blasting back around the loose bolt and through the cocking piece.

"With the Mark V, the cartridge case is enclosed within the bolt face and the bolt itself protrudes inside the chamber, to complete the surrounding of the cartridge-case head and belt. Thus, the cartridge case, the weakest part of any firearm, is completely supported. In case of a ruptured primer, any released gas that may spurt into the firing-pin hole will flow back into the bolt and be released through three gas-escape ports located on the side of the bolt."

The Mark V lockup of the bolt into the receiver ring is by nine lugs in sets of three, to give approximately fifty percent more shearing area than do the conventional two locking lugs of the Mauser bolt-type actions. This lockup arrangement affords a short bolt throw of about fifty-four degrees up to horizontal, for fast handling in extraction and reloading the chamber.

After three years in development, when at its first production phase in 1958, the action of the Mark V rifle was given some brutal and revealing strength tests. A number of rifles in .300 Weatherby Magnum caliber were subjected to a series of controlled pressure trials, with all pertinent dimensions of the action carefully checked before and after firing. Absolute maximum pressures for reloads in sound cartridge cases for Mark V rifles is 55,000 pounds per square inch. (Before delving into this activity, let me say that pressure tests are not for the kitchen-table ballistician to fool with—a sure way of getting into trouble!)

The first loads developed an average pressure of 60,000 psi with the 180-grain bullet. Everything worked okay. The charges of No. 4350 powder were increased by the technical guys to a grimly horrible compressed charge of 92 grains (high normal charge is about 79 grains, 78 being better). Extractions of the cartridge cases were sticky, but the bolt handle could be raised by hand and the cases ejected.

Then the real blowup routine was tried. A 180-grain, .30-caliber bullet was lodged in the throat of the barrel and a standard .300 Weatherby Magnum cartridge with 180-grain bullet was chambered and fired. Both bullets were shot out of the barrel. That, in effect, was about like shooting a 360-grain bullet with powder charge for a 180-grain bullet. A colorless understatement would be that pressure was tremendously high. Results of this madman firing was that

the primer was pierced by the firing pin, permitting super-high-pressure gas into the interior of the bolt, from which it escaped through the three gas ports in the bolt sides. Roy Weatherby mentioned, "The bolt was a bit difficult to open." Actually, it was necessary only to tap the bolt handle lightly with a rawhide hammer to start it. No problems were involved in removing the cartridge case from the chamber, and it was in good condition except for the primer. And, believe it or not, the primer pocket was not enlarged to the point where the case could not be reloaded again.

Roy told me that this punishing test was repeated a number of times. After disassembly, all pertinent dimensions were checked. Expansion of the receiver ring and bolt head and increase in head space were negligible. As added torture, further tests were made by inserting a 220-grain, .30-caliber bullet in front of a round of ammo and firing. The same results. After seventeen rounds of such tests, the rifle was still in excellent working condition, with no damage whatever, and every cartridge case could be reloaded.

Such tests certainly indicate that the Mark V action is very strong indeed. Roy Weatherby added that, due to the fact that there is no conventional cocking piece at the rear end of the bolt sleeve, any gas from a pierced primer could not get into the shooter's face. And, as a matter of fact, during the grueling tests, his technicians were never able to get gases back into the bolt sleeve.

I almost forgot to mention that the cartridge capacity of the Mark V in all Weatherby calibers, excepting the .460, is four rounds, three in the magazine and one in the chamber. The rifle in .460 W.M. takes two in the magazine, plus one in the chamber.

The scaled-down Weatherby Varmintmaster rifle, with six precision locking lugs instead of nine, as on the Mark V, was introduced in .224 W.M. caliber. It is now available in .22-250 Remington caliber. Cartridge capacity is five cartridges, four in the magazine and one in the chamber.

The Weatherby Mark XXII Rimfire Deluxe rifle was designed as a high-grade companion piece for Weatherby centerfire rifles. It is a handsome and very accurate autoloader. Two clip magazines, five-shot and ten-shot, are furnished with each rifle. Other features include shot-gun type safety on the upper tang, convenient for left- or right-hand shooters; single-pin take-down; a button that, when manipulated, permits the rifle to be used as a single-shot for instruction and training; adjustable screw for trigger creep, and dovetail groove for all .22 scope mounts.

The Mark XXII is an accurate semiautomatic. I have fired five-shot groups at fifty yards that measure as small as a half-inch.

What Weatherby calibers for what game animals?

That's a tough question. I believe it would mostly depend on the individual hunter. How heavy a rifle and caliber can he handle effectively? For a worldwide battery, one rifleman might select the .460 W.M. for the heavy, thick-skinned and dangerous African game; the .300 W.M. or the .340 W.M. for practically all other large animals, and perhaps the .257 W.M. for open shooting on African antelope and on almost anything found on the American continent except the biggest antlered animals and the huge bears of Western Canada and Alaska.

Other hunters might prefer other Weatherby calibers for the same chores. All are high-velocity with great shocking power. The .300 W.M. is considered by many experienced hunters as an all-around proposition. Factory ammo is available in 110-, 150-, 180-, 220-grain bullet weights, but the cartridge case can be handloaded with almost any .308-inch-diameter bullet in weights from 110 to 225 grains. The factory load with 180-grain bullet probably is the best all-around load. Let's compare it to the highly popular old standby, .30-06. Factory figures indicate that the 180-grain bullet in the .30-06 develops 2,910 foot pounds of energy when it leaves the muzzle at 2,700-feet-per-second velocity, and with about 1,700 foot pounds of energy and 2,080 feet-per-second remaining velocity at 300 yards from the muzzle. The .300 W.M. with 180-grain bullet leaves the muzzle at 3,245 feet per second developing 4,200 foot pounds of energy, with remaining velocity of 2,475 fps and energy of 2,448 foot pounds at 300 yards. The higher velocity of the .300 W.M. gives flatter trajectory for a longer point-blank range and, more important, delivers greater striking energy than the .30-06 out where the game may be—over 700 more foot pounds at 300 yards.

The .300 W.M., for many hunters, would make an excellent one-rifle choice. During its existence, it has taken examples of practically all game species from ground squirrel to African elephant.

How about the cost of the various Weatherby Deluxe Rifles?

The Mark V, in .257, .270, 7-mm and .300 W.M. calibers is priced at $315, $10 more for left-hand action. In .340 W.M., $325, or $335 with left-hand action. In .378 W.M., $395 with right or left-hand action. In .460 W.M., $495 with right or left-hand action. The Varmintmaster, .224 W.M. or .22-250 Remington caliber, sells for $295, no left-hand action. All the centerfire rifles are without sights. The Mark XXII Rimfire Deluxe lists at $119.95 with open sights.

For a wealth of information about all these rifles, the eight belted Weatherby Magnum cartridges, Weatherby Imperial Scopes, both fixed and variable power, as well as a number of riflemen's accessories, such as the Weatherby universal cartridge loading dies, gun guard protective carrying cases, full-length leather gun cases, etc., send $2 to Weatherby, Inc., 2781 East Firestone Boulevard, South Gate, Calif., for the handsome book, "The Weatherby Guide." •

Independence Day—for Drinkers Only!

IT'S nearing the Fourth of July and right in time for Independence Day, here comes my most independent customer, Downey.

Downey orders his usual shot and a beer and proposes a toast to Independence Day.

"But it is not the Fourth of July today," says Al Durante, a local bourbon enthusiast who had stopped by to try to convince me once again that the mint julep is a legitimate drink.

"It's a *lovely* drink," I explained to him, "if you leave out the sugar and mint and just pour the bourbon over the ice."

Every summer, Durante plucks some home-grown mint out of a back lot somewhere and tries to convince me that I should bruise those innocent leaves in the bottom of a glass with sugar in it and make a special out of juleps. It does me no good to point out that (a) they are too much trouble to make; (b) nobody ever wants them; (c) the mint and sugar ruin the taste of the bourbon; (d) if somebody wants a peppermint frappé, let him ask for it. There are, I suspect, a few people who disagree with me, but I have never been known for moderation except in regard to drink, when I have been known to say after a certain period, "Enough is enough."

Getting back to Downey and his toast.

"I am not referring to *that* Independence day," says Downey. "I am speaking of April seventh, nineteen thirty-three, when at twelve-one a.m., the lid went off the booze —the day they declared repeal."

"You were supposed to celebrate that four months ago," I advised Downey.

"I *did*," said Downey. "Don't you remember? I celebrate it every month!"

"That you do," I agreed.

Eddie Feinslinger, our philosopher, was hunched over the pretzel bowl, thinking again. This is seldom a good sign.

"What was wrong with Prohibition?" asks Eddie, who was eight years old when it was repealed. "In those days, you could sing and dance in a bar without a lot of crazy laws restricting you. You didn't have any closing hours. You didn't have any state and Federal taxes."

I squeezed out my bar rag before answering, and the strength of my hands, from the tension of not putting them around Feinslinger's throat, practically shredded the poor, damp thing.

"And they'd serve you a drink at age eight—which you were in thirty-three, too. Because they didn't have any legal age limit, either," I reminisced. "Also, they didn't have anybody to say that you shouldn't be served poison in a fancy cocktail."

"And in such small portions, too," Downey chimes in.

But I ignore him because this myth is serious business. People have the idea, for instance, that booze was cheap in the dry years. They forget that a bottle of decent Scotch cost twelve dollars in those days, and nobody could actually swear it was Scotch, or just alky doctored with iodine. Of course, you could get cheaper stuff. In Maryland, where I was working an oyster boat at the time, they had, for instance, a drink known as Old Horsey. You may guess how it got its name. You could also get a fair pint of alcohol at a drugstore if you had the right doctor. Of course, that cost about double what a pint of good blend costs today. But a lot of men made a good start in life running strings of drugstores in those days. One of them was the late Sherman Billingsley, who later turned one of his drugstores into a place called the Stork Club where he dispensed a very happy if expensive sort of medicine.

"While it is true that by state law we allow no dancing in this bar, not being designated as a cabaret, and are not allowed to employ a paid yodeler, you can get all the singing and dancing you want in cocktail lounges and so forth downtown—at least, you can in this state. As to the crazy laws which run this headache I call a business, I couldn't agree with you more. But at least you can seek an evening's entertainment these days, without finding yourself in a local edition of the St. Valentine's day massacre. Do you realize that a hundred and forty-four civilians were killed in Prohibition booze wars, not to mention sixty dry agents—God rest them? And that was just the number officially reported. A reliable estimate was made in Congress once that if all the killings of Prohibition were counted, there would have been thirteen hundred and sixty-five dead men in the first ten years alone."

With this, Feinslinger munches a pretzel and looks more philosophic than ever. "You must realize," he points out, "that at eight I made a very small target."

"Here's to Independence day," says Downey, the single-minded, again. "Since April seventh, nineteen thirty-three, drinking has been cheaper and healthier and safer—much safer."

• • •

"Well, anyway, I've started by giving up women and song!"

HOUSEBOATS IN AN OCEAN RACE?

BY ERIC NYBORG

It was probably the roughest boat test ever designed — two forty-foot houseboats in the "Bahama 500" ocean race

Jim Martenhoff, cuddling the mascot for his houseboat, **Tortoise.**

We got beat by a couple of girls. In a houseboat. In a 500-mile, drive-'em-or-break-'em, ocean powerboat race. Of course, they had three men on board with them, but no matter. They did it and turned in an incredible performance. And this Swede, henceforth to be known as Eric, the Idiot, has suddenly become awfully busy working on a little family cruiser. Much too busy to go anywhere near the boys down on the fish dock. I've got better things to do than sit down there on a fish box and listen to all those experts tell me how that race should have been run. Besides, they probably got a bait keg all set out for me, complete with a lace ruffle . . . and comments to match. It was bad enough two months ago when this project was first suggested.

Not that the idea was new. Almost coincident with the ending of the first Miami-Nassau ocean powerboat race, various members of the boating fraternity were kidding about entering a houseboat, complete with a jazz combo and nautch girls dancing on the cabin roof while a houseboy passed around iced buckets of champagne. A great picture and one guaranteed to irritate in some small measure the promoter of the race who billed it as "the world's roughest ocean powerboat race." A promoter of whom Steve Cady of the New York *Times* has said, in his gentlemanly way, ". . . collects critics the way a dog collects fleas." That houseboat would have been a whole family of fleas, and many happy hours were spent designing it and discussing it, obviously with the background knowledge that it was just good barroom talk and nobody would ever be idiot enough to think us serious.

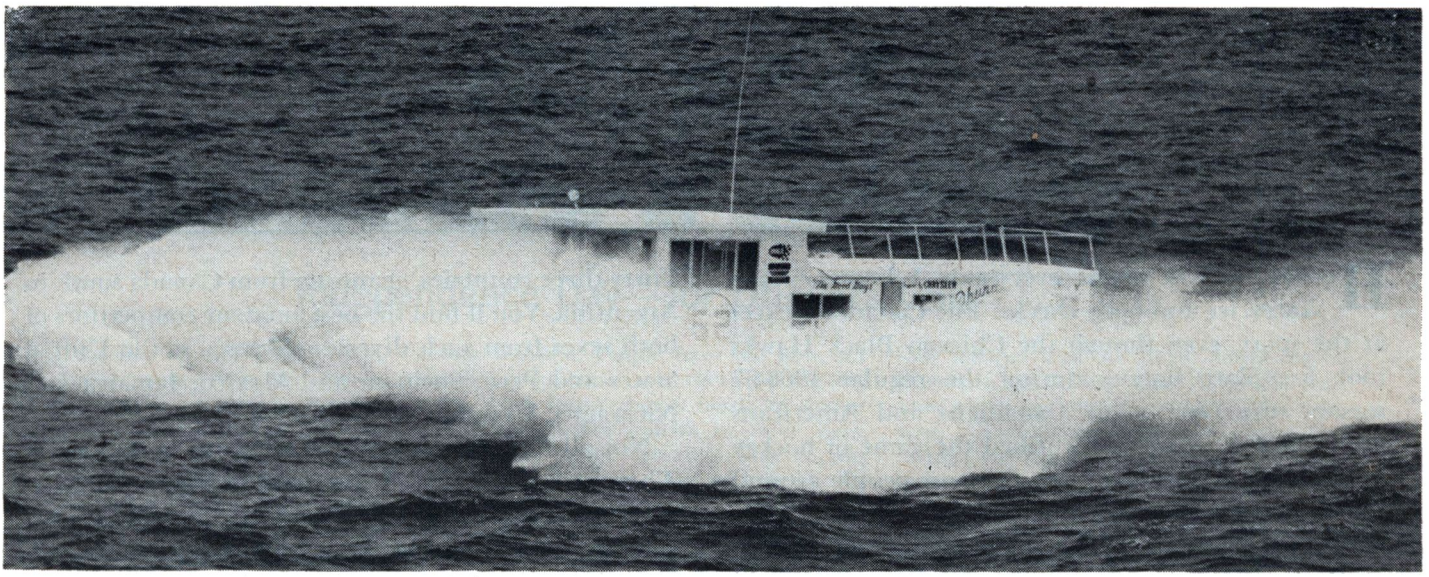
Until a couple of months ago when idiots by the dozen started climbing down out of their trees. First, Jim Martenhoff, of the Miami *Herald,* a long-time race driver who agreed to skipper the boat. Then Thunderbird Boats, who donated one of their forty-foot houseboats (and eventually a second one); the Kiekhaefer and Chrysler Corporations, who stuffed the hulls full of engines; the Jacoby girls, who signed up to race the second boat, and of course, the crews—including Eric, the Idiot.

Suddenly the idea was no longer a barroom joke. And the odds had changed, too. No longer were we aimed at the relatively familiar course from Miami to Nassau. Instead, we were scheduled for the first running of the "Bahama 500," again the baby of the world's greatest, and most irritating, promoter. Again billed as the world's roughest ocean powerboat race. Only this time with a bit more justification, we grudgingly—and not too happily—admitted. Starting from Freeport on Grand Bahama Island, the course wound down through the islands around Bimini to Cat Cay, then easterly to Chub, to and around Nassau and out to Governors Harbor. Then back up north and west to Grand Bahama and home to Freeport. Five hundred miles of open blue water, shoals, flats, reefs, coral heads and heaven knew what-all else. But we were to find out. Now the project was for real and its aim clearly defined: Just how much can a houseboat take? A houseboat conjuring up images of Huck Finn and drifting down the Mississippi or languidly working up the Ohio. A houseboat that, by all existing knowledge, should never see anything but the gentlest of salt water. So we were taking her to sea, on the roughest ocean course yet designed. It had all the makings of a destruction derby.

And that it was. Sixty-three boats made it across the starting line that blustery Sunday morning, already pounding their guts out in a lumping sea. By Monday night, thirty-six hours later and the deadline for completing the course, just sixteen had made it home—one of them a houseboat.

For the crew of the *Tortoise,* our troubles came early. We crossed the starting line with but one of four engines going. The other three had been drowned out minutes before by a following sea that had climbed over the stern as we idled toward the line and poured through our slightly elevated engine hatches. It was the first of many lessons to be learned that day, and a problem that was to be our undoing.

The Thunderbird forty-footer is not normally designed to take four engines. But this whole race was an experiment, so it was decided to equip one boat with a pair of inboards hooked to Vee drives and the other with four conventional inboard/outboard units. A ventilation problem immediately arose. Those four engines completely filled the whole engine compartment and raised the temperature in it to around 140 degrees, far from the optimum. The engines obviously had to breathe and the problem became one of getting enough air to them. Holes were drilled, cowls were fitted, two Chevy truck fans were hooked to the inboard engines, and the after ends of the engine hatches were propped up a hand's-breadth. As a re-



The Good Guys, one of two 40-footers built by Thunderbird of Miami, Florida. She finished the race, number 16 out of 63 starters.

sult, air poured in from everywhere and the temperature dropped to about 100 degrees. It was a perfectly tuned rig for the medium sea conditions in which it was tested.

But the Old Man of the Sea took one look at what we'd had the audacity to float on his domain and threw a fit. Up came the wind and up came the sea. Not just at the start. We'd gone over the line with three engines dead, the hatches open, legs flailing in the air as our incredible mechanic, Doug Janice, struggled with soaked ignitions, and a steady stream of water spouted from the three permanent bilge pumps and a hand-operated one. We were still struggling to clear water and get the last engine back on the line when we looked up to see the ugliest and most chilling sight at sea—fire. A quarter of a mile away, one of the big aluminum race boats was aflame from bow to stern, a mass of orange-yellow flame feeding roiling clouds of ugly black smoke. It was but one of the forty-odd which would not make it home.

With four engines back on the line and growling, the *Tortoise* started pounding her way through the seas, headed for the first check point, At her stern, a frantic battle was waged against the flying salt water which seemingly came from everywhere to drown out her engines. The log reads with monotonous regularity: "Seas increasing . . . lost number two . . . taking green water over the roof . . . lost number four . . . two back on line . . . lost number three . . ." Seldom did we have all four going, but still she smashed her way through and, unbeknownst to us, gradually filled the forward compartment with water. Until she buried her nose in a wave and refused to shake it off.

In seconds, we were hanging in the water, bow submerged, two engines full astern, straining to keep her back from that last dive. One man on the throttles nursing those last engines, one on the hand pump, two on a portable, gas-operated pump, another on the radio warning of our condition and letting the rescue boats get a fix on us, and one man laying out the life raft, flares and emergency supplies. A grim moment with the whole crew working quietly and with deadly earnestness. . . . And then . . . the fire alarm! Mounted just ahead of the engine compartment, that five-inch gong sounded more nerve-shattering than the loudest Big Ben alarm clock ever built. But it also signaled the turning point in our luck. It was a false alarm, triggered I don't know how, but shortly after it had sounded off and been abruptly shut off, the poor old *Tortoise* gradually started raising her head, and under the combined attack of seven pumps, the water was returned where it belonged.

But it wouldn't stay there. Never again were the forward compartments filled, but on the other hand, the engine compartment was never dry. Try as we might, water continued to find its way through the ventilation cowls, to be whipped into a fog by those two fan blades. Why any of those engines continued to run, I'll never know. Not only were the ignition systems constantly drowned, but the carburetors must have been sucking in as much salt water as air. Time and again, Janice got them partly dried out and restarted. Throughout that long day, he nursed them and fought the salt and lived on his head between them. And so, limping along, we felt our way into Chub Cay that night, some fourteen hours later.

And then the bad news. Throughout that impossibly long day, we had averaged exactly 10.8 miles per hour. And we were only about a third of the way around the course. If we fueled up and started again within the next half hour, we would have to average better than seventeen miles per hour in order to finish by the deadline of sundown Monday. We were licked by the mathematics. But not so our twin—as we discovered when listening to the radio next day as we plodded on back to Freeport. *The Good Guys* was still very much in the race and pounding her way along the homeward leg.

Had she but known it, she probably could have come home just on the strength of the cheering section that steadily grew through the afternoon. Slide rules and pencils flew faster over the charts as sundown approached and the position reports were radioed in. Could she possibly make it? No. By all odds, no. But she did. With minutes to spare, she crossed the line—last, but number sixteen in the world's roughest ocean race. Behind, strewn around the course, burnt, sunk, beached or broke, were forty-some other competitors.

A few days later, as we went to the airport, I listened to a bread commercial on the cab's radio: ". . . so remember, Sunday is Mother's Day. Be good to her. Make her a sandwich. But clean up the kitchen afterwards. Surprise her."

It seemed to sum things up pretty well. They're still cleaning up the kitchen, all 500 miles of it, and I wonder what it'll look like next year. • • •

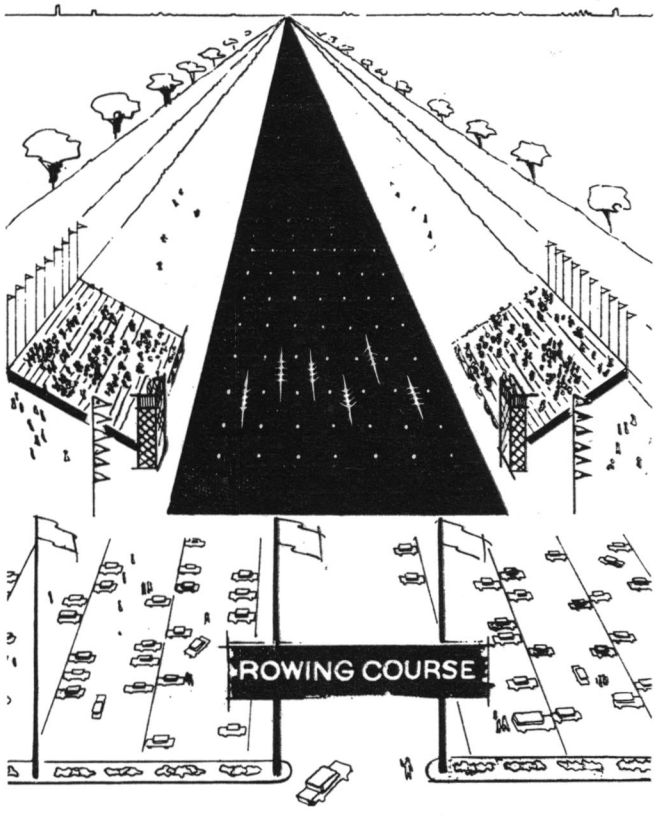
TRAVEL TRAILS

BY MARTIN DEUTSCH

Pan-Am Olympics in the Canadian "Pampas"

Hockey, to just about everybody I know, means skates, ice and body checks. The Canadians excel at the sport, even though the Chicago Black Hawks took first-place honors during the regular 1966-67 season, surprising many Canadians and Americans alike. So at least we've identified the game of hockey as we know it. But have we? To most people around the world, we have described a game they know as ice hockey, while they play a much different version of the sport, more akin to soccer, known as field hockey. Believed to have been played first in Persia about 4,000 B.C., then by the ancient Greeks before the birth of the Roman Empire, the modern game is an amateur sport for both men and women which was popularized by the British.

What we've been leading up to is that you and the family will have an opportunity to watch field hockey, as well as twenty-three other exciting sports, at the Fifth Annual Pan-American Games in Winnipeg between July twenty-second and August seventh. These "Olympics of the Western Hemisphere," held every four years in the year preceding the Summer Olympics, bring together as many as 4,000 athletes from thirty-three countries, spanning from Canada south to Argentina. You'll find the best amateur competitors of both sexes from such diverse addresses as the United States and Peru, Surinam and Mexico, Jamaica and Nicaragua, Uruguay and Barbados.



PHOTOS COURTESY OF CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU

Greater Winnipeg floodway will make ideal three-mile game course.

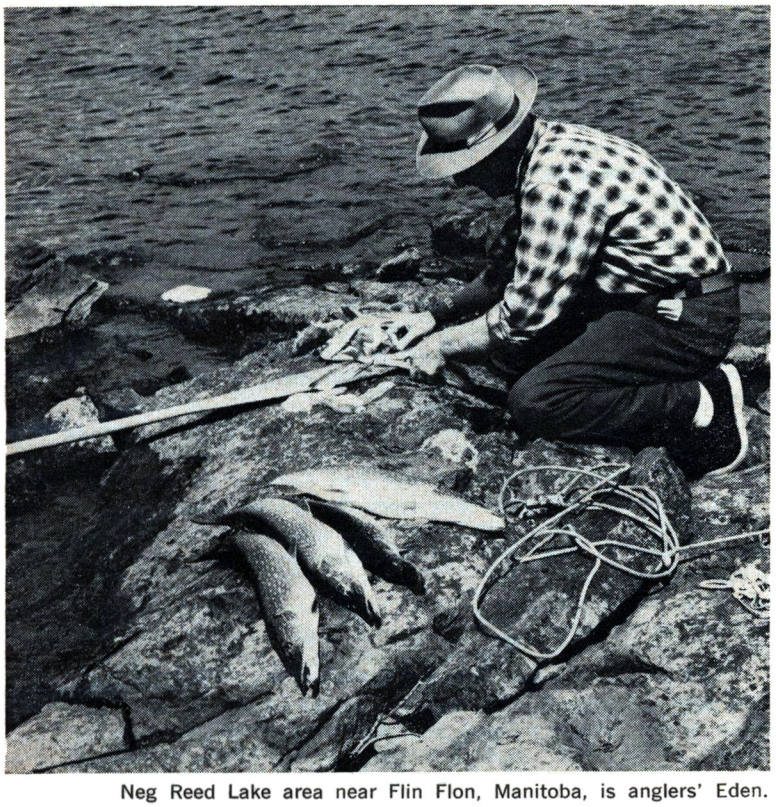
Not all the games will be as exotic as field hockey. There will also be track and field competition, baseball, basketball, boxing, canoeing, diving, soccer, gymnastics, rowing, shooting, swimming, tennis, volleyball, weightlifting, wrestling and yachting. Bicycle races, equestrian events, fencing, judo, synchronized swimming and water polo will complete the picture.

The site of the action, Winnipeg, is the capital of Manitoba, one of Canada's three prairie provinces, situated halfway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The Trans-Canada Highway, which links the two coasts, runs on a straight line (or nearly so) between Montreal and Winnipeg. Further, Manitoba's capital city lies only about sixty miles north of the U.S. border, with major highway links from North Dakota and Minnesota.

And beyond the undisputed appeal of the Pan-American Games, you might also consider Manitoba as the headquarters for additional vacation objectives. The possibilities are attractive. The province has 40,000 substantial lakes (comprising at least eighty acres), including two of the largest fresh-water bodies in the world—Lake Manitoba and Winnipeg. The virgin forests of stately fir trees stand in contrast to the rolling prairie farmlands. The rowdy Winnipeg River in the east is renowned for its fishing; the southwest region has a delightful complex of summer resorts and picnic grounds grouped around a network of splendid lakes; the west has Riding Mountain National Park, nearly 1,200 square miles of lakes and forests ideal for recreation; the north, rich with lakes and streams, is a bonanza for the angler and the hunter. Throughout Manitoba, there are some twenty-one species of fish, including lake and brook trout, northern and walleyed pike, as well as grayling and arctic char. (Although considered a prairie province, Manitoba actually doubles as a maritime province, with more than 400 miles of coast on Hudson Bay.) You can hunt about thirty different kinds of animals, such as moose, deer, duck and geese.

That's just a small part of the picture. Swimming, boating and water sports are obviously in abundant supply here, but so are golf, horseback riding, hiking, camping and many special attractions. Just to

mention one: In early summer, usually late June or early July, the community of Flin Flon has its annual Trout Festival, a great lure for visitors. Flin Flon is, incidentally, the northernmost town in the province accessible by paved road, air or rail. Another attraction we can't, in good conscience, overlook is the delightful spaciousness out here. Manitoba, with 251,000 square miles, is larger than California, Minnesota and New Jersey combined, but the permanent residents number only 1,000,000.



Neg Reed Lake area near Flin Flon, Manitoba, is anglers' Eden.

The host city for the Pan-American Games is a modern, handsome, thriving city, the fourth largest in Canada, with broad, well-lit avenues and the spires of a large family of churches. Situated at the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers at an altitude of 760 feet above sea level, Winnipeg enjoys a summer climate of between seventy and ninety degrees, as well as a reputation of being a warm and friendly city. The preparations for the Pan-American Games have been numerous. New facilities include a track-and-field stadium near the University of Manitoba, with a nonslip track which is impervious to weather; a cycling velodrome with a 400-meter banked track, and an indoor swimming pool eight lanes wide.

Rowers and paddlers will hold their competitions on a three-mile stretch of a floodway eight miles outside of the city. Bird's Hill Park, twelve miles to the north, will resound to the hoofbeats of horses jumping or racing cross-country. The yachting races (four classes) have been slated for lovely Lake Winnipeg, sixty-five miles north of the city. The decentralization of the activities will give you a chance to get to know this spacious, relaxed city. The people who live here are also worth getting to know, and they seem eager to get to know their visitors. Among other manifestations of this spirit is a reliable report that the folks who populate this town are learning Spanish. At least, some of them, anyway. Along with Portuguese, English and French, Spanish is one of the four major languages of the Western Hemisphere.

South American music will be piped into the streets and a "Festival of the Americas," focusing on the arts of dancing, music, painting and sculpture, will add to the local excitement. The Pan-Am Games not only shape up as a top-notch sports event, but a bang-up party as well.

As this is written, there appear to be a plentiful supply of accommodations. You can pull up at the roadside tourist bureaus on the way to Winnipeg, and they will make the necessary reservations for you. Advance bookings might be advisable if you plan to stay at the better hotels. The camping hereabouts is also uniformly excellent, with a choice of roughing it or having running water, central pavilions, sanitary facilities, and wood chopped and piled at nearby barbecues, all for 50 cents a day in the provincial parks. Full services are also available at provincial and federal trailer villages and at private mobile-home parks for $5 a week and up.

In the Lake Winnipeg area, where the yachts will compete, tent and trailer facilities are ample. The same goes for Grand Beach nearby, with a 400-site campground, a golf course and a splendid natural beach, with miles of fine white sand. Further northwest, 157 miles from Winnipeg, you'll find 1,200 fully-serviced campsites in the huge reserve of Riding Mountain National Park. (An annual vehicle permit, honored in all of Canada's national parks, runs $2 for a car and $3 for a car and trailer. Annual entry to Riding Mountain National Park alone is $1; with trailer, $2. Single entry, 25 cents.) In all, Manitoba now has a total of 5,000 campsites.

In Winnipeg, the most ambitious project for campers is the 8,387-acre Bird's Hill provincial park, much of it preserved as a wilderness area, with riding and hiking trails and an eighty-acre, man-made lake with eight islands. You'll find beaches, a golf course, riding stables and parking for 4,000 cars. There are also other campsites in Greater Winnipeg, as well as cabins, hotels and motels. The range for double accommodations is about $8 to $18, without meals, in the two latter categories.

The dining opportunities might not be considered in the luxury or fancy class, but the food is wholesome and well-prepared. Rae & Jerry's Steak House features what you'd expect; the Marigold has fried chicken, lobster tails and steak, plus Chinese food (very reasonable); Pierre's is French and the cuisine is Continental; The Happy Vineyard has German

delicacies. The prices, especially by United States standards, are always right ($3.50 average for a full course dinner), and there's a nice variety.

The rates envisioned for the Pan-American Games are also well within reason, with most seats for a single event pegged at from $1 to $3, often depending on the time of the day. Prices go up as the sun sets. In some cases, you'll only be asked to donate to a silver collection, and there'll be no charge for yachting events. Rather than confuse you with the detailed rundown of the rates, let's review a typical schedule for one of the seventeen days: *Monday, July thirty-first.*

Baseball at 2 p.m., $1 and $2; at 7 p.m., $1, $2 and $3, with the latter reserved. Cycling road race at 2:30 p.m., $1. Equestrian jumping at 2 p.m., $1 or by donation. Fencing at 9:30 a.m., 2:30 and 7:30 p.m., $1. Field hockey at 10:30 a.m and 6:30 p.m., donation. Soccer at 2 p.m., $1; 6:30 and 8:30 p.m., $2 and $3 (reserved). Judo at 2 p.m. for $1 and at 7 p.m. for $2. Swimming, diving and water polo in the morning (9 and 11 a.m.) for $1; afternoon (3 p.m.), $2, reserved; evening (7 and 9 p.m.), with a top price of $4, reserved. Tennis starting at 10 a.m. (continuous play), $1 during the morning and $2.50 (reserved) in the afternoon. Volleyball at 2 p.m. for $1 and $2; at 8 p.m., $1 and $3 (reserved). Weightlifting at 1:30 for $1 or $2; at 7 p.m. for $1 and $3 (reserved). Yachting at 1 p.m., no charge.

There's an average day's program and, frankly, I'd be hard put to know what to select. (Looking that calendar over again, I lean toward water polo in the morning, baseball in the afternoon and field hockey at 6:30. And, if I had any strength left, maybe a little volleyball at 8 o'clock.)

There are Pan-American Games package price deals, which allow you to save about ten to fifteen percent on the admission fees, but they are too complicated to enumerate here. Contact the Fifth Pan-American Games, Winnipeg, Manitoba, for details and order forms, or purchase them when you get there.

We keep referring to these Games as being in their fifth go-around. Where did they begin? What is their purpose? They made their debut in 1951 in Buenos Aires, where athletes from twenty-two Western Hemisphere nations competed. Argentina won that year. Mexico City was host in 1955, and the U.S.A., Mexico and Argentina shared in the top-scoring honors. In 1959, the Games were in Chicago, and Uncle Sam took the honors. The results were similar in Sao Paulo in 1963. The motto of the Pan-American Games is, "America: Espirito, Sport, Fraternite." Translated, it means, "The American spirit of friendship through sports." And while these Games have no connection with the Olympics, there is little doubt that they serve as an excellent training and testing ground for athletes from South, Central and North America.

No one is predicting the outcome of the Winnipeg competition, but that's a secondary consideration, anyway. The important thing is that the tens of thousands of spectators expected to attend anywhere from one day to the entire seventeen will have an unequaled opportunity to watch a superb army of athletes indulge in just about any sport you'd care to name. And the program is mapped out in such a way that you can pick and choose to suit your own tastes and those of the other members of your family.

Another possibility is a sight-seeing tour of Winnipeg. This fourth largest city in Canada has quite a bit that's worth a look. The Legislative Building is of classical Greek architecture; the limestone is local. Two bronze bisons, symbolizing Manitoba Province, flank the base of the Italian marble staircase, and a Parisian sculptor is responsible for the Golden Boy atop the dome. The building is open daily; no admission charge.

In the civic auditorium, you'll find the Art Gallery with a collection of Canadian works and Gothic panel paintings. The Manitoba Museum is in the same building. No charge to either. Visitors are welcome to the Grain Exchange on weekdays; Ross House and Seven Oaks House are worthwhile; Assiniboine Park has a zoo, rose garden and miniature steam-engine ride, and Old St. Andrews Church, twelve miles to the north, is the first Anglican church built in Western Canada (1845-49).

The Canadian National Railway's tours by excursion train leave from Winnipeg twice a year in early August (good timing with the Pan-American Games), moving north into the province's wilderness country. The itinerary goes as far as Churchill on Hudson Bay before turning back. Churchill has a whaling plant, an Eskimo museum and a restored eighteenth-century fort, which is accessible only by boat. The train also stops at Dauphin, The Pas and Flin Flon.

Speaking of forts, there's an interesting specimen just nineteen miles north of Winnipeg. Lower Fort Garry is the only original fort from the era of the fur traders still intact in Canada. It is open daily the year around; admission is free.

Getting into Canada by car has always been a snap, but this year, as part of the Centennial observances, it's been made even easier. Canadian Customs has eliminated the vehicle permits formerly required for nonresidents. This will speed up entry procedures to a matter of minutes.

There is also a word of caution from the American Automobile Association, which wants you to be sure that your personal liability and property damage meet Canadian requirements. The AAA explains that almost all Canadian jurisdictions have a minimum $35,000 inclusive limit. This means there is $35,000 liability insurance available to settle bodily injury or property damage claims, or both. If there is a body-injury claim only, there is a $35,000 maximum available. The same goes for property damage only. For both, a priority of $30,000 is allocated by law to bodily injury and $5,000 to property-damage claims.

The AAA recommends that American motorists ask their insurance companies for a Canadian Nonresident Inter-Province Motor Vehicle Liability Insurance Card. Although not required, it is smart to have in the event of an accident in which you have to prove financial responsibility. If your own policy does not meet the $35,000 minimum requirement, you can get additional short-term liability for a small premium. A word to the wise motorist . . .

Incidentally, we never did get a chance this time around to detail that fascinating game of field hockey for you. We're not going to, either. We suggest instead that you head up to the Pan-American Games in Winnipeg and find out for yourself. And have a wonderful time. • • •

For further travel information, turn to page 101.

"Dear, you must remember to get yourself a new pair of glasses, first chance!"

about Kayd's boat on the car radio. Have you got anything new?"

"Not a thing, Sam. But as long as I've got you on the line, do you want to make any kind of statement?"

"You better say that I'm optimistic about their being found. The reason has to be off the record, Tom."

"Go ahead."

"Bix Kayd never took a hundred-percent pleasure trip in his life. I guess you know I did some law work for him. I resigned. We're still reasonably friendly. Bix is a promoter. He likes to stay behind the scenes. And this disappearance has the smell of one of his little games."

"How could it do him any good? I can't see—"

"Think it through, Tom. Some of the things he's known to be behind could take quite a slide when the exchanges open tomorrow. Through a plausible dummy, he could have set up to sell short, buy back at the bottom and show up wearing a broad smile about Wednesday."

Sam Boylston hung up and walked over and stood at the window. He was slender, of middle height, sandy hair, gray eyes, a face just round enough to give him a deceptive boyishness. In all movement, he had a wiry precision, with the inherited musculature and reflexes of the athlete.

He picked up the phone before it completed the first ring. Person to person to Mr. Samuel Boylston.

"This is Jonathan, sir. Is Leila okay?"

"I guess the only thing we can do is wait."

"I think, sir—I'll go over there."

"I can't stop you from flying over."

CHAPTER FOUR

CRISTEN HARKINSON crawled forward in the little Dutchman, feeling the sailboat right itself as the boy, Oliver, pulled the last of the mainsail down out of the push of wind off Biscayne Bay.

With the last of its momentum, it glided at an angle toward the dock. She stood, reached, caught the sun-warm planking. Oliver pulled the stern in and made it fast.

Crissy climbed up onto the dock and turned and looked down at the nineteen-year-old boy. Standing there, she had a sense of how they would look from the proper dramatic angle. The elegant figure of the tall woman on the dock, hair tousled, salty, bleached several shades of blonde-white by all the sailing. Pale blue bikini. Black-hued wraparound sun glasses. Ratsey bag, red and white, swinging from a crooked finger. The body, youthful and taut enough for the bikini, sunned to a gold, tinged now with the bronze red of the day on the water, contrasting with the leather-brown of the pale-eyed, white-toothed, sailboat boy. At a hundred yards, the figure was still twenty years old. But put a hard-focus close-up on the face in the cruel sunlight and it would read thirty—still a half-dozen years off the truth.

"Oliver? Don't you go running off, hear? I owe you for the last two days, so you come to the house when you're through here."

"Yes, ma'am."

She went slowly and lazily up the long curve of the stone stairway and crossed the patio to the roofed terrace, walked to the far end of it, rolled the glass door back and went into her bedroom. It was a few minutes before six. She opened the panel in the wall of the lounge portion of the bedroom and turned on the television set.

She opened the door to the bedroom wing corridor and bawled, "Francisca!"

In moments, her little Cuban housemaid came scurrying in, eyes wide in mock alarm.

Local news had begun. "Hold it a minute," Crissy said.

After a report of a drowning and a bloody automobile accident on the Tamiami Trail and an averted strike, he said, "As yet, the large-scale air and sea search in the Bahamas for the missing yacht, the *Mu*—"

Crissy clicked it off and turned to Francisca. "Now, for once in your life, see if you can do three things right. I'm only going to tell you once. First, go get that green ice bucket, fill it halfway with ice and bring it here. Next, hang around the terrace until the sailboat boy comes after his money and then bring him here. Third thing, I'll be going out to eat. You're free for the night."

Crissy went into her gold and white bath and took a very quick shower. Then she turned on the overhead light in her largest closet, went to the back of it, opened the hinged panel and dialed the combination on the barrel safe. She opened the cash box, took out two twenties for the boy, then took more to replenish her household money. The amount left was dangerously thin.

It gave her a feeling of excitement and tension and hope. This time, it would work. It had to work. And it would end any need to scramble, ever again.

"Bless you, Bixby," she whispered, "you big, jolly Santy Claus. You ripe, juicy pigeon."

She closed the safe, tweaked the dial and turned off the closet light.

When Francisca cat-scratched at the screen panel, Crissy was carefully adding the measured ingredients for two planters punches in the tall glasses.

"Come right in, please, Oliver." She took the two tall glasses and walked toward him. "I hate these when they're made too sweet."

He had a bony face and not quite enough chin. Even at nineteen, there were the beginning signs of how the brown-dark hair would recede.

She turned toward him, feeling sad, wise, maternal and utterly gentle. Poor, ordinary chick-child. Poor trembler, facing now the fleshy actuality.

"I got to leave," he said awkwardly.

"Of course, dear Oliver. I know."

At Crissy Harkinson's isolated and luxurious house on lower Biscayne Bay, the servant's quarters were above the detached two-car garage and utility room. Raoul Kelly sat placidly on the

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Just mention my name

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

railing of the porch smoking a cigar and watching the sunset, waiting for Francisca to return.

She came swiftly from the house. "It was an excellent guess. She eats out. The working classes are given a little holiday. Until breakfast. And I think noon would be a very good guess for breakfast time."

"He's a little out of his class, 'Cisca. The boy's overmatched."

"It is a common thing, they say, for women of her age to covet strong young men, just as fat bankers seduce schoolgirls. I feel like an accomplice, Raoul. She had me bring the fat worm and drop it right into the web. He seemed extremely nervous. And she had set the stage shrewdly and dressed appropriately."

She had been born to the upper-class world of pre-Castro Havana twenty-four years ago. Señorita Francisca Torcedo y Sarmantar. Had that world not changed, Raoul Kelly might have met her there, but not as a social equal. Only child of a shopkeeper, he had been awarded a scholarship to Columbia University, had returned and gone to work on a Havana paper.

Later, after Raoul became a very good friend of the brother, Enrique Torcedo, during the training for the Bay of Pigs invasion, he had learned that the father had been clumsily and stupidly slain. Francisca had disappeared. Crazed with grief and anger at the slaying of her father, she had run into the street with a tiny, silver-plated woman's pistol and punched two beesting wounds into the nearest uniformed peasant flesh. They had taken her away and placed her in the stockade.

Once she was found, it was not difficult to arrange to have her brought out. The new Cuban government was not eager for that kind of publicity. She was taken directly from Miami International to the hospital, dangerously thin and anemic.

During training, Enrique had taken Raoul with him when he had made the last visit to his younger sister. He asked Raoul to sort of watch out for 'Cisca should anything happen to him. Something happened. Raoul, diving for cover in the Bay of Pigs, saw Enrique run into a hammering rain of gunfire that stopped him abruptly.

Raoul Kelly survived the invasion and the imprisonment on the Isle of Pines and found Francisca working as a waitress in a café in Homestead, Florida. Then she got this job. She had been working for Crissy Harkinson for almost a year, and he had fallen into the habit of coming to see her whenever he could.

Raoul Kelly was a short, chunky man, just a few inches taller than 'Cisca. His was a most ordinary *latino* face, a mix of the Caribbean races—dusky, coarse-grained skin, broad nose, high, hard cheekbones, dark eyes with long lashes, dark hair beginning to recede. His shoulders were thick, and his hands had the contours of labor in spite of the softness of the journalist.

'Cisca said, "It is odd, no? Señora Harkinson seemed so eager when I was first working here to involve herself with men of wealth and importance, friends of the old politico who befriended her and built her the lovely house and died. One can understand the affair with *El Capitan* Staniker. He is mature, powerful, handsome in a rugged manner. A convenient diversion for her. But now why should she divert herself with this Oliver person? Her captain has been gone—it is over three weeks. She spends money on sailing lessons with the boy. I tell you, *querido,* that one does few things without purpose."

"Maybe she's taking up with the kid to get her mind off worrying about Staniker."

"Eh? Oh, I do not believe that is the way it is for her, truly. Last Sunday, the news came of the boat from Texas being lost. She said to me she was terribly worried about Captain Staniker. But how did she act? Still nervous, but she would hum little songs while pacing, and make large smiles at me and treat me kindly."

"Honey, I didn't know you were all this interested in the woman."

"How not? There are just the two of us living here, no? Two women. I examine her. Perhaps it is like the adventures in the daytime of the woman of television. I make up stories about my Señora Harkinson. I have imagined it is some manner of plot, about *El Capitan.* It was all arranged between them that the yacht would become missing. It would be money, somehow. But you must help me with the story."

"What do you mean?"

"In the paper on Monday, there was the picture of the Señor Kayd. Oh, a very important man. I saw the picture and knew it was the one I had seen visit my *señora.* With a white cowboy hat and boots with silver buckles and an air of importance. He visited for an hour, and they had drinks together and talked. He was a friend of the Senator Fontaine and had met her when the senator was alive and visited her here. It was the last day of March. I am sure of that."

"And what do you want from me?"

"A way to put Señor Kayd into the story, like television."

Hmm. Let me see now. Staniker knows the Bahmas well. He tells Crissy Harkinson he knows where there's sunken treasure. He can't finance the venture. But she has a rich Texas friend with a big boat. He flies over and talks to her. Then, three weeks ago, he arrives here with the boat and takes on Staniker as captain and they go to find the treasure. When they get the chance, they sneak off. They break contact. They hide the boat in some narrow cut and cover it with boughs. Now they are bringing up the treasure. When they have the treasure, they won't dare to bring it out in Kayd's boat. They had a sailboat hidden, too, and Mrs. Harkinson and Oliver are going to sneak over there and sail it back."

She leaned her cheek against his shoulder. "Oh, you are such a very clever man, Raoul Kelleeeee! Treasure! Mystery! Dark plots!" Then she gave that hard little bark of laughter. "Sotch a crock of sheet!"

CHAPTER FIVE

ON THE Monday morning after the news of the missing cruiser had been announced, two men sat waiting in a second-floor office in Brownsville, in a mottled old stucco building two blocks from the old bridge across the Rio Bravo to Matamorros. The older of the two, Judge Billy Alwerd, sat behind a desk, a straw ranch hat pushed back from a scramble of untidy white hair.

Big Tom Dorra dwarfed the oak armchair he was slouched into, five inches over six feet, broad as a man and a-half.

Dorra spoke. "It figures that Bix Kayd cut Boylston into it, too, didn't tell us he was in, but told Boylston we were. So what's happened has got him a little jumpy, too, and he wants to know what we plan on doing."

"Bix likes to put on a show."

The buzzer sounded and a voice said that Sam Boylston was on his way in.

As the door opened, Billy Alwerd said, "Come on in, Sam. Come in and set. You know Tom D."

Sam shook hands with them and took an oak armchair. There was a silence as they waited for Boylston to decide how he wanted to bring it up.

"One of the things I learned when I did a little work for Bix, he hates having his name in the paper," Sam said finally. "Now he's in the news and he's on the front page. The papers keep calling that cruiser, *Muñeca,* a yacht. Bix would be stomping and cursing, wondering how many IRS boys might be wondering if he was being audited close enough. It would ease my mind if I knew all this publicity was something Bix decided he'd just have to put up with. On account of Leila being along, if he'd wanted to be considerate, he could have let me have a little hint."

"The way it started," Tom Dorra said, "you know Bix has been getting into resort operations. Sunshine Management, Incorporated. He had an eye on the Bahamas. He found an outfit based there that was in trouble—Ventures, Limited, set up as a Bahamian corporation. Eleven million five was the asking price. Bix muscled them down to ten three, but it was still too much, he figured. He had it figured that nine flat would be about right, but that was getting near the danger point; other promoters would have started to get interested. So he started snuffling around. He got a man who could deliver a majority of the Board, if he could have some leverage to work with. The leverage they worked out was eight hundred thousand cash, under the table. For that piece of money, Bix's pigeon could get an affirmative vote through the Board to take Bix's cash offer of eight million seven. That makes the total nine five. All he could scrape up for the under-the-table money was four hundred. So Tom D. here and me, we came in for two hundred each."

"So the *Muñeca* left here with eight hundred thousand in cash aboard!"

"More than half of it hundreds, all

the rest in fifties," Tom Dorra said. "All banded and marked and packed neat in a suitcase."

"Who was his contact?"

The judge said, "A Canadian, name of Angus Squires, in Freeport."

"Who is that Staniker and his wife?"

"Now that would be the fella he took on in Miami. He said he'd want to get somebody who knows the waters. Bix and his son, Roger, took it around the Gulf to Miami from here. Eight hundred thousand and no sign of the boat at all—it starts a man thinking. What are you going to do?"

"Clean up a few things and see if I can get out of here by tomorrow night."

CHAPTER SIX

CRISSY HARKINSON arose a little before noon on the day after first taking the boy, Oliver Akard, into her bed. She went to the bedroom intercom, pressed the lever and said, "Francisca? I think maybe you could squeeze about three or four of those big oranges. Enough for a tall glass. And a pot of coffee."

She unfolded the morning paper. Friday. The twentieth day of May. Her heart tilted for a moment, and she felt sick. It was beginning to be too long. Garry had guessed it might be two days, certainly not more than four. God, if it had gone wrong somehow, then the big chance was gone!

No. Garry Staniker had worked it. It was the only way things would come out fair. State Senator Ferris Fontaine had not really meant to cheat her. She was probably the only toy the old boy had ever bought himself in his whole chinchy, skinflint life, the only time he had ever spent real money with any kind of pleasure at all. Over seven years of a good honest return on the investment, too. She remembered when they had met, wondering that an old guy with so much power and influence would be so uneasy and apologetic.

It had been one of those long weekend arrangements, six of the kids supplied on request and flown down to Key West, where some contractor was putting on a special house party with the idea of softening up some politicians who were in a position to do him some good. It came to three hundred each.

When they were sorted out, she turned out to be Fontaine's, and he seemed older than God, though later she found out he was sixty-one. He was very courtly and old-timey. When they were alone was when he got all shy and strange and funny.

There was just the one double bed in the room they'd been given, a bed with a huge carved Spanish headboard. After the light was out, she got him talking. He told her about his life. He had married young. His home base, he said, was at one of his ranches, a long way east of Arcadia. Twenty-six thousand acres. Brahma and Black Angus.

Ten days later, at his telephoned request, she took a commercial flight to Miami where he had registered them both on the same floor of one of the big beach hotels. Over dinner in his one-bedroom suite that evening, they struck their bargain. She could count upon his visiting her for a couple of days on the average of once each month. He wanted total discretion on her part. He would give her money to open a checking account, and she would give him the name of the bank and the account number, and a deposit would be made, untraceable, to her account each month.

"Fifteen hundred dollars a month," she said.

"You trying to gouge me, girl?" he asked, scowling.

"Senator, I don't think it's nice to argue about money. I'm going to gouge you pretty good, but I'm going to give you fair value. If you don't want it that way, let's call the whole thing off right now."

He stared at her and he chuckled for a long time, shook his head, chuckled some more, and from then on did not deny her what she asked. By the time she picked out the land and the house was completed, he had satisfied himself about her discretion. The Biscayne Bay house, because it had been located and designed for total privacy, became a place where he held secret meetings of men with whom he was involved in various business affairs.

Three years ago, he had bought her the pleasure cruiser, the handsome *Odalisque*, and had hired Garry Staniker to captain it and maintain it.

By then the senator was sixty-seven.

"You are a tough old monkey," she told him one night, "and I think you are going to live forever, but I think you would feel better if you knew that if something did happen, you wouldn't leave me behind cussing you up, down and sideways for not setting up some kind of an arrangement to keep your little girl off the streets when the money runs out."

He had promised, but fifteen months later, when he had died, the arrangement had not been made. She had the house, but that was all. And the money was running out.

She heard the latch of the sliding glass door and turned her head and saw the boy, Oliver. She held both her hands out and whispered, "Darling, darling, darling. Come here, dear."

He bent hastily and clumsily, managed to kiss the corner of her mouth and sat there blushing sweatily.

"When you woke up, Olly, my darling, did it seem unreal to you?"

"Yes."

"Can't you say my name? Can't you tell me how you feel?"

His deep tan was suffused with the pink tinge of his blush. "I—love you, Crissy. I love you."

It was what she wanted to hear him say, and it had come sooner than she had expected.

"Are your people curious about why you got home so terribly late?"

"I coasted the last half block and into the driveway with the motor off."

"That was very clever, dear." She walked her fingers up his broad, hard chest and, starting at the throat, undid the first three brass buttons.

"Right n—now?" he asked hoarsely.

"My darling, whenever we want each other as desperately as we do right now, we'll never let anything stand in the way. Be a dear and go pull those draperies. The cords are over there."

CHAPTER SEVEN

BY NOON of that same Friday, Samuel Boylston had been in Nassau forty-eight hours. He had not been able to get away as quickly as planned, hoping each hour would bring word of the fate of the *Muñeca*.

Before he left, he had received a wire from Jonathan Dye saying that he was staying at something called the Harbour Central House on Victoria Avenue. Jonathan was a big, knuckly young man with coarse black hair and that variety of tough, under-privileged-looking skin which remains pale despite all exposure.

"Any word yet?" Sam asked.

"No, sir. There's only about so much area to cover. I can show you on the chart I've got. The weather has been perfect, and they know exactly when the *Muñeca* left Nassau last Friday morning, just five days ago, heading for Little Harbour in the Berry Islands. They didn't take off until maybe ten-thirty in the morning, and Mr. Kayd didn't call in at nine on Saturday morning. They cruised at sixteen miles an hour and usually got where they were going before dark. So the search area wouldn't be more than a hundred and twenty or thirty miles across. But they've covered three times that much area, sir."

Sam saw the pure misery in the boy's eyes. "How would they explain two seaworthy boats disappearing with no trace at all?"

"Well, fire and explosion is one way. The *Muñeca* was diesel-powered, but the smaller boat Mr. Kayd bought in Florida was gasoline. If it was tied alongside the big boat, something like that could have happened. Then there are coral heads. The navigation charts of the Bahamas aren't really accurate. A coral head can build up from the bottom maybe fifty feet down."

"So that would bring it down to the question of just how competent Captain Staniker might be."

"From what I've found out, I guess he knew what he was doing. He came here with his wife ten years ago with enough money saved up to make a down payment on a big ketch that had been built here in the islands. He and his wife did a lot of the work themselves, fixing it up for charter. He got all the necessary papers and permissions. He was based at Yacht Haven, just down the road from here. They lived aboard. He operated it on charter for five years. They made a living, but they didn't make much more than that, I guess. Five years ago, they were out on charter and heading for Eleuthera, and a waterspout took the sticks out of her and opened the seams and smashed the dinghy. The water that came in drowned the auxiliary so he couldn't transmit. She drifted down to Cat Island and broke up on a reef

there. He got everybody ashore and he was cleared of any blame when they had the investigation. The ketch was a total loss and there wasn't enough insurance money to start up again. He went back to Florida and got a job as a hired captain. I guess that when Mr. Kayd was looking for somebody to run the *Muñeca* over here and cruise the Bahamas, he'd be a good choice."

Sam and Jonathan had lunch in a coffee shop. After lunch, Sam drove into town. He had dealt on a prior visit with a Mr. Lowry Malcolm of the law firm of Callender and Higgs.

"I'd like your help in tracking down some information," Sam told Malcolm. "One of the law firms here represents Mr. Bixby Kayd, either under his own name or the name of Sunshine Management, Incorporated, a United States corporation."

Lowry Malcolm was a languid, remote-acting man, thin, pale and balding. He raised his eyebrows. "Ah, the poor chap who's been lost at sea?"

"My nineteen-year-old sister, Leila, was aboard."

"Oh, I say! That *is* hard lines. Terribly sorry to hear it. Saw the names in the paper, of course, but didn't make the connection."

"Will it be a lot of trouble to find out exactly who would be representing Mr. Kayd?"

"Shouldn't be."

On the fourth call, he found that the firm was Kelly and Dawson, only a block away. "The chap you want is Kemp Rodgers."

Kemp Rodgers was a trim man with a large, guardsman mustache, bright blue eyes, oversized hands, and two shelves of race trophies.

"Have you seen Bixby Kayd recently?" Sam asked. "Did he have anything to say about buying the land holdings of Ventures, Limited? Was a large sum recently transferred to the local bank account of Sunshine?"

"It was three million a hundred thousand odd pounds. In your money, eight million seven. He said Sir Willis Willard—he's the Chairman of the Board of Ventures—would be calling a special meeting to consider the offer. I would be advised to attend."

"I'd like to talk to Sir Willis."

Sir Willis' offices were spacious, paneled in pale wood, decorated with cheerful accents of primary colors. Sir Willis was a wispy man, white hair, pink skin, bright blue eyes.

"Whichever chair might suit you, Mr. Boylston. This is all something to do with Kayd, poor chap?"

"Did Angus Squires request a special meeting of the Board of Ventures, Limited, to consider another cash offer from Sunshine Management?"

Without hesitation, Sir Willis said, "He did, indeed. Last Wednesday. Then Squires phoned again on Tuesday, day before yesterday, shortly before noon, and withdrew his request."

"Do you know that Sunshine Management was offering eight million seven hundred thousand?"

"No. That *would* have been a waste of time. I see no reason why we should go lower than ten million five."

"He was confident your Board would accept it. I believe, sir, he had a certain amount of faith in the eight hundred thousand dollars he was carrying in cash aboard the *Muñeca*. It was to be a little private gift, as I understand it, for Mr. Squires and some of the others on your Board."

Sir Willis Willard placed his little hands palm down against the top of his desk. "Aside from myself, three other men are quite well situated and they are willing to take their losses. The other seven, including Squires, are not in a position to absorb such a percentage loss of investment capital. And so, to swing it, Squires would need only to corrupt two other men. It would give him six votes in favor."

CHAPTER EIGHT

BY FIRST light on Sunday, in the sea mist, on the incoming tide, Corpo was wading the flats east of his island, hunting scallops. It pleased him to have the silence and privacy of the mist and the dead calm. They couldn't see him from the mainland shore, from all their candy-colored houses. No doll wives shading their empty little eyes to stare out at old Corpo as if he was a bug who'd moved too close.

"Not a damned house back then," he said. "Who was here first? I ask you that, man to man. Who was here first? Sergeant Corpo, that's who."

Sooner or later, they'd work themselves up and get up some kind of damned petition. Like before. Potentially dangerous. Squatting on public lands. Health hazard. Known to be violent. Get one of their bloody writs, send the sheriff boat around, make a lot of trouble for nothing. Hell, the nearest part of the island to the mainland shore was a good half-mile, and with a private channel five feet deep between the island and the shore anyhow.

The lieutenant would have to handle it again, like the other times. It was hard to follow what he said, and some of it didn't seem the way Corpo remembered it, but it was good to listen to. It went like this:

"If it please the court, I would like permission to reconstruct the circumstances which brought Sergeant Walter Corpo to this area. He was a platoon leader in my company in nineteen forty-four, an infantry combat veteran by then, a young man who had enlisted in December of nineteen forty-one after one year and a few months of college. I led a patrol of fifteen men into the small village of Selestat near the Rhine. We were ambushed. Sergeant Corpo took cover by a fountain in the square and gave us covering fire to enable us to withdraw. We got out with but three casualties and came back with the entire company. Sergeant Corpo was believed dead. A shard of metal, possibly a mortar fragment, had penetrated his skull. I put him in for a posthumous decoration, and he got the Silver Star.

"The war ended. I returned to law school. After graduation, I entered the practice of law here in the city of Broward Beach. In nineteen forty-eight, the Veterans' Administration got in touch with me and asked me if I would go over to Bay Pines Veterans Hospital near St. Petersburg on a matter regarding Sergeant Walter Corpo.

"I discussed the case with his doctors. He was in excellent physical health. The brain injury, however, had left him with certain disabilities. Complicated instruction confused him. His attention span was short. Could I be of any help?

"I brought him back here with me. I had an outboard boat and motor. He began to spend longer and longer periods on the water. After he was gone for three days, I demanded an explanation. He took me to that small mangrove island in the bay, approximately ten acres in area, nameless at that time and now known as Sergeant's Island. He had hewed a curving channel back through the mangrove to a small hammock of palmetto and cabbage palm, and he had used the outboard motor to wash the channel deep enough to use. He had constructed a crude shelter out of driftwood, tarpaper and tin cans, hammered flat.

"Once a month, Sergeant Corpo comes to the mainland, picks up his disability check at my home, cashes it at my bank, buys provisions and returns to Sergeant's Island.

"There has been talk of violence. There was one such incident. Seven years ago, a pack of teen-age boys came to the erroneous conclusion that Sergeant Corpo was a drunk. They raided him on a Saturday night. He heard them coming. He turned his lanterns out. He went outside, circled them, found their boat and cast it adrift. Then, in the night, he took them one at a time, lashed them to the mangroves with pieces of rope, spacing them far enough apart so they could communicate only by shouting to each other. Then he came over here to the city and asked the authorities to come pick up the boys. It was dawn when they gathered them up, cowed and terrified, their faces grotesquely puffed by insect bites, eyes swollen shut. They have stayed out of trouble ever since.

"I submit that these petitioners who are making a new attempt to dislodge Sergeant Corpo are expressing not any feeling that he is a public nuisance, but rather a social judgment, and wish to penalize anyone who is unwilling or unable to conform to their particular standards of housing, habit and dress.

"When the only room left in our society for men such as Sergeant Corpo is inside an institution, it will be time for us to re-examine our goals —and our humanity."

Corpo turned and looked back at his island to find himself staring at a blue hull inches in front of his eyes. He reached and caught the bow line and started gathering the loose end in.

At the transom, he spoke the name and port aloud. "*Muñequita.* Brownsville, Texas." He pulled himself erect

on the step and stared into the teak cockpit.

"Motheragod!" he said.

He went to the controls, pulled the nylon cover off. Both keys in place, brass-bright. Quarter turn right for on. These little toggles should drop the props into the water. Hiss and chunk. Okay so far. Throttles in neutral? Starter buttons. Try it, Corpo.

One caught very quickly. The other ground for several long seconds and caught. He revved them with several quick, hard bursts on each one, then at slow speed slipped them into gear. The boat moved. Water whispered along the bow.

With engines off, he glided slowly under the platform porch of his cabin, nudging his skiff rudely aside as he scrambled forward, fended the boat off the house pilings, then made it fast at bow and stern.

Then he went to his think place, put his hands around the poles he had cut for supports, rested his forehead against the wall timber. He closed his hands as hard as he could.

Yes, she was down there right now.

He stripped his bed, flipped the mattress over, got the other sheets out of the box and made it up fresh. He took a clean cotton blanket down to the boat, spread it on the deck beside the girl and gently rolled her over onto it. He wrapped it around her, slid his hands under the blanket and stood up with her, astonished at how light she was. He put her on the narrow bed.

Pretty enough little face, but the bones behind it looked sharp enough to come right through the skin. He felt her forehead, clucked again and said, "You've got a fire that's burning the meat right off your little bones."

When he turned her head gently, he found the worst place, where the fair hair was matted and tangled dark, above her ear.

"Missy, you got a good hard little skull. What that needs is sewing."

When the pot of water began to sing, he dropped the handful of tea leaves in it and took it off the fire and swirled it. He supported her with one arm behind her, thumb and finger at the nape of her neck, and fed her hot tea.

He went and got the little jar of the sulfa ointment he used when he got an infection from a barnacle scratch. Next, he got his half bottle of snakebite whiskey from under the bed.

He smeared her back glistening with the mixture he had concocted and then began rubbing it in.

The head wound took more time and trouble. He had to soak the matted hair, lather it, shave it with care. He put a needle and some braided nylon line in the saucepan to boil clean. He jumped up, hurried down and got aboard the fine boat and located a first-aid kit in one of the stowage areas. He put a strong antiseptic on the head wound. He sewed it neatly and solidly, pulling the edges together where they belonged. He put a gauze bandage on it and taped it in place.

When night came, he fixed the screens and made himself his first meal of the day. He lighted his other lantern. In the kerosene flicker, she looked pretty. Her lips weren't as swollen and cracked.

CHAPTER NINE

THE wire-service stringers in Nassau, as a result of interviewing the Barths and the Hilgers, who had taken Captain Garry Staniker off South Joulter Cay and rushed him to Nassau, were able to phone in reasonably complete accounts of the disaster in time to hit the Saturday morning newspapers.

CAPTAIN SOLE SURVIVOR IN YACHT EXPLOSION was the page-one head on the Miami *Record*. Raoul Kelly noted that the paper had rerun a photograph taken at a Miami marina moments after the lines had been taken aboard. Staniker, at the wheel on the flying bridge, was half turned, backing the *Muñeca* out of the slip. Mr. Bixby Kayd, looking enormous in swim trunks and a terry beach coat, and wearing dark glasses and a baseball cap, stood on the cockpit deck, leaning over the rail, fending off a piling with a big hand. Roger stood near the bow rail, making up a line. Carolyn Kayd lay supine on a beach towel spread on the trunk cabin roof, one knee hiked up. The little dark daughter, Stella, was up on the flying bridge standing by Staniker. Just visible toward the stern, beyond Stella's father, was the boat guest, Leila Boylston, a very trim and pretty young lady, making up one of the stern lines. Only Mary Jane Staniker was missing and could be presumed to be below engaged in housekeeping duties.

Raoul read the whole account carefully. Staniker's condition was fair. He had some bad burns. One small detail bothered Raoul. It said that prior to their being employed a month ago by Bixby Kayd, Staniker and his wife had operated Parker's Marina south of Tahiti Beach on Biscayne Bay. It was a dreary little beer-bait-boats place.

Raoul felt something a little curious about the inter-relationships involved. Ferris Fontaine, Crissy Harkinson, Kayd, Staniker. Staniker had been sneaking away from the drab little marina to his red-hot affair with Crissy. Kayd visited Crissy in March. Why would Kayd hire somebody who apparently couldn't locate another job as hired captain?

When the phone call came, a little after noon that Saturday, Crissy took it on the bedroom extension.

"Weldon, on the *Record*, Miz Harkinson. This Captain Garry Staniker—did he work for you?"

"Yes, that's right, Mr. Weldon."

"And the name of your boat was the *Odalisque*. Right? How did you happen to hire Staniker?"

"Actually, a friend found him for me. The captain had been operating a boat for a company my friend had an interest in, and they had decided to sell the boat."

"Who was this friend?"

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"State Senator Ferris Fontaine."

"Were you satisfied with the job Staniker did?"

"Oh, yes. He kept her in very good condition, always ready to go.

"Did Mr. Kayd check with you before hiring him?"

"No, he didn't. But I believe Mr. Kayd was a friend of the senator, and they had mutual business interests."

"When you read that account, Mrs. Harkinson, did you feel Staniker had maybe pulled a bad goof?"

"Not at all. It's sort of natural to turn things on when you're running. Blowers and bilge pumps and so on. And with that boat being diesel-powered and with a switch up on the fly bridge to turn on the generator and bring the other bank of batteries up, I'd think it would be a normal thing to just switch the generator on."

"You think they'll clear Staniker?"

"I think any other action would be terribly unfair."

"Thank you, Miz Harkinson."

She replaced the pink Princess phone on the cradle in the recess built into the headboard. It had gone well. And now, if Garry was only playing his role just as it had been planned!

She remembered drilling one thing into him. "You are going to be stunned, sweetheart. Shocked and stunned. You'll have lost a boatload of people, including your own dear Mary Jane. So slow yourself down. If you let anybody trick you, it could be my neck, too."

"You're so right, baby."

It was strange how gradually it had dawned upon her that Staniker could be turned into a weapon, and used. When Fer had told her he had hired a captain to go with the gift cruiser *Odalisque*, and they had gone to give her her first look at it, she had been startled and slightly amused at the senator's selection of a captain. Garry Staniker was a familiar type, one of those big, easy-moving, outdoor studs. Big, brown, craggy face, an acre of shoulders, bulging wads and pads of muscle, boyish lock of brown hair to fall across the seamed forehead, dimming tattoos on the powerful arms, a slim waist, and even his work clothing tailored to display the power of his build. He had that lazy, half-mocking assurance of the man whose animal magnetism has given him his choice of women wherever he has roamed. And he looked at her with interest and approval—which did not displease her.

He could take the *Odalisque* in and out of tricky dock spaces in wind and tide with the casual competence of a taxi driver stealing a parking place. He maintained the cruiser beautifully. Ferris Fontaine obviously liked him and trusted his ability and discretion.

On cruises, sunning herself, Crissy often felt Staniker's eyes upon her. She wondered what sort of approach he would make. She intended to fend it off with vivid directness. Finally she tested him by having him take her, alone, down the Waterway, inside the Florida Keys, and anchor overnight in the seclusion of protected Tarpon Bay. Not only did he make no move, but the situation seemed to unnerve him.

In April, three months after Fer had died, she had Staniker take the *Odalisque* on down to the Keys. In a bemused, half-hearted way she seduced him. She had not been with a man for months, nor with a man like Staniker for years. She matched his pace and needs, and they remained at anchor in the secluded bay for a week, using each other up, dwindling at last into that softened, drowsy lethargy of the slack and emptied faces, the smudged eyes, the little sorenesses of the flesh.

On the way back up Biscayne Bay, she told him she had to get rid of the *Odalisque*, that she couldn't afford it or him and she was going to take her personal belongings off it and turn it over to a broker.

Staniker went to work at the marina where his Mary Jane worked. The marina was not far away. There were no set hours when he had to be there. He stopped by to see Crissy quite often. They would drink together. Sometimes they would go to bed.

In January, the *Odalisque* was sold. And then, on that last day of March, Bixby Kayd came to see her. He had been at the house several times when Fer was alive, when a small group of men were quietly buying up raw land along the route for a big new highway, later to be announced officially by the State Road Board. Crissy knew he had also gone on some of the senator's little cruises aboard the *Odalisque*.

Bix sat in an armchair, facing her, in the living room beside her slate fireplace—a big, brown, beaming man with a loud, jocular voice, custom-tailored suit in western style.

Kayd offered belated sympathies about the senator, said how pleased he was to find her still living here.

"Fer Fontaine was a damn careful man, Crissy. That's how I know that if you were the kind that runs off at the mouth, he wouldn't have kept you around a week. So I can ask your help in a little private problem I've got."

"I'll help any way I can, Bix."

"The times we did business aboard that boat of his, that fella I chatted with, that captain that ran it—he had to be just as reliable as you. For the life of me, I can't remember his name."

"Staniker."

Kayd snapped his fingers. "Right! Garry. And his wife is Jane?"

"Mary Jane."

"I remember him telling me about knowing every foot of water in the Bahamas. Could you locate him?"

"I don't think it would be difficult."

He lowered his voice a little more. "When you find him, you tell him Bix Kayd wants to hire him and his wife for six weeks starting sometime after the middle of April, to work aboard my boat for a long cruise in the Bahamas. Name of it is the *Muñeca*. Soon as I get back, we're going to get her ready and take off. She's in Brownsville, Texas, right now, and me and my boy Roger will bring her around the Gulf, and my wife and daughter will be aboard, maybe a friend of Stel's too. Stella is my daughter. Once we get here, we'll buy some kind of runabout and take her in tow, so we can get to places too shallow for the big boat and so the kids will have something to horse around with, skin diving.

"Tell him I'll pay him three thousand for the six weeks, him and his wife, and if it runs longer, I'll pay him at the same rate." He looked at his watch. "Don't want to miss that flight." He took an alligator billfold out of his inside jacket pocket, fingered ten hundreds out of what he was carrying and said, "Here. Give it to Staniker so he'll know it's a deal."

She thought about it all night long. Staniker came strolling in at four-thirty the next afternoon, smelling of beer. They sat at a table, and she fixed drinks and brought them out. Staniker noticed how unresponsive she was.

"Is anything wrong?" he asked. "You sore about something, Cris?"

"How's the job hunting?"

"Something will turn up."

"Oh, certainly. Because you make such a marvelous impression these days, Captain," she said sarcastically, feigning disgust. "You're a silly, stupid, middle-aged man who puts dark goop on his gray hair and keeps forgetting to hold his belly in when he stands up. The big chance came along, and it's too late for you to try to grab it. Maybe back when you had some guts left and some pride . . . when you still *wanted* things badly enough to go after them . . ."

"What do you mean, big chance? What are you talking about?" Staniker was dazed at her sudden scorn.

She reached into the pocket of her slacks and took out the little packet of bills Kayd had given her. She flipped them onto the table. "Go ahead. Pick them up, Captain. You've got a job. That's an advance on your salary."

His big hands shook as he counted it. "A job?"

She forced a yawn. "Running a boat. Six weeks or so, beginning about the middle of this month. Oh, and he wants your wife aboard, too, to cook. He wants to cruise the Bahamas. He'll pay three thousand total. That's five hundred a week for the pair of you."

"Why pay that much?"

"He knows you. He's Bixby Kayd."

As she had hoped, he pleaded with her to tell him what "chance" she was talking about. She refused, chopping at his pride as savagely as she dared.

Finally, in a blazing imitation of anger, she said, "All right! All right! I'll tell you what chance. You see, Captain, you'll have four and maybe five people aboard. Kayd and his second wife. His two children from his first marriage. Maybe a friend of his daughter's. And because he was idiot enough to trust me, he told me something you're not supposed to know. He's going to bribe somebody in a big land deal. With cash money. And he'll have that aboard."

"How much?"

She had given careful thought to

what figure she would tell Staniker. She knew it had to be a very substantial figure to make Kayd edgy.

"Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars," she said mildly. "Cash money. Bribe money. The kind nobody knows about, and it can't be traced."

"It's a lot of money, Crissy."

"And only one way to take it. You'd have to fake a disaster, Captain. An explosion or something. They'd have to go down with the boat, every one of them—dead, because you'd have to kill them. And you'd have to hide the money somewhere in the islands, in a place so safe we could leave it there for months and months. You'd be the sole survivor. You'd have to have a good story and stick to it no matter how hard they tried to trick you. And when it all quieted down, you'd have to find a way to slip over there and pick up the money and bring it back. We'd split it down the middle, my friend—if you were gutsy enough to give it a try. You know, Garry, your trouble is that you'd *rather* live small."

He reached her in three strides, clopped the side of her head with a big open palm and knocked her to her hands and knees, her ear ringing. "Get off my back!" he yelled.

She looked up at him. "Get out of here. You bore me. Go away, Chicken Staniker. Get out of here."

At midnight, she lay in darkness on her bed, aware of the invisible bulk of him beside her.

He sighed and said, "It's the only chance I'll ever get."

"I don't want to play kid games, Staniker. Not with so much at stake. Not with two hundred and twenty-five thousand apiece on one big roll of the dice. Six people. How much apiece is that, baby?"

After a few moments, he whispered, "Thirty-seven thousand five hundred."

She dug her nails into the slabs of muscle on his shoulders. She stared into his eyes. Barely moving her lips she said, "You know, we might be home free. We just might."

Now, remembering, and sitting at the dressing table and putting on the last careful touches of make-up to create the desired impression on Oliver Akard, she gave herself a bright little nod. This thing now with Oliver was going to need all her attention. It was the first time she had seen him since the news of Staniker's rescue.

"Crissy?" Oliver called softly from the bedroom.

"In here, darling." She made her voice drag, made it sound dispirited.

Forty minutes later. the scene was developing as she had planned it. He had kept asking what was wrong, and she had kept denying there was anything wrong, until she cried: "I had no right to fall in love with you, Oliver. Please go now, while I've got the strength to send you away."

After he had pleaded and demanded for a long time, she said, "All right. Maybe it's a kind of punishment. I made myself believe he was never, never coming back."

"He? Who?"

"Staniker, of course. Garry Staniker, that brutal bastard who somehow got to own me, Oliver."

Then she told him the story of a silly woman, of a short cruise on the *Odalisque*, a faked breakdown, a lonely anchorage, too much to drink, of fighting him off until it seemed easier to let him have his way. The boy looked stunned and sickened.

"You've been a miracle I didn't deserve, Oliver. Please leave, dear."

"I *can't* leave you!"

"Now is the time to leave me. He's hurt, and it will be weeks, maybe, before he comes back. His wife is gone now. I think what he'll do is move in here with me, and there's no way in the world I can stop him."

CHAPTER TEN

ON SATURDAY afternoon, the day after Staniker was brought back to Nassau, when Sam Boylston returned to his room at the Nassau Harbour Club, Jonathan Dye seemed unchanged.

Sam put a package on the bed and said, "I've got permission to talk to the Barths and the Hilgers." He unwrapped his package. It was a small, expensive tape recorder, an import from Japan, transistorized, built to operate on nine-volt batteries at a recording and playback speed of one and seven-eighths inches per second.

He saw he had aroused Jonathan's interest. "What's the point in talking to those people?"

"They saw Staniker in bad shape. Conscious and in bad shape. Maybe they heard something he won't talk about when he gets his health back."

"What difference does it make how it happened? There's just one thing I care about. She's alive!"

"What can you do about it?"

Jonathan looked mildly surprised. "Go look for her. Now I know where to look." He got the chart and opened it up on the bed. "Here is where it happened. Here is where they found Staniker. So Leila had to get carried onto the Bahama Banks to the north of the Joulters. It's all shallows. There's supposed to be at least two thousand little hummocks of sand and rock, some with vegetation. I'm going to go to Andros, get some kind of a little boat and—go find her."

"If you say that's where she is, then that's where she is. And the more help I give you, the sooner you'll find her. I'll pay the shot on leasing a decent boat with a crew."

"I'll see what I can do right now about lining up a boat."

At quarter to seven on Monday morning, Sam Boylston tapped at the door of Apartment Six, Harbour Heights Apartments. In a few moments, the girl in white looked out.

"Sam Boylston," he said. "I know I'm a little early."

Special Nurse Theyma Chappie was assigned to the daytime trick, eight in the morning to four in the afternoon, caring for Captain Garry Staniker in his private room at the Princess Margaret Hospital. She let Sam in.

"I am a lawyer from Harlingen, Texas." He handed her a color snapshot of Leila. "This is my kid sister. She was a guest aboard the *Muñeca*."

"So pretty!" the nurse said. "What is the need of what you wish me to do?"

"There is one reason I cannot explain either to you or to the authorities, a reason to believe that Staniker may have killed those six people aboard and sunk the cruiser."

She studied him. "Show me now how the machine works."

When Sam Boylston returned to the Nassau Harbour Club, he unboxed the duplicate tape recorder he had bought and began listening once more to the tape of the Hilgers and the Barths answering his questions aboard the *Docksie III*. The segments to study were when Dr. Barth was answering questions, and where Lulu Hilger was speaking. They had been the only ones in the cabin when Staniker had explained what had happened. . . .

Jonathan Dye knocked at the door at two o'clock in the afternoon. He explained that he could make a deal with what seemed to be the right boatman.

"His name is Moree—Stanley Moree—and he's from Nicholl's Town at the north end of Andros, Sam. He knows the Great Bahama Bank like the back of his hand. He says that if I buy the provisions, he'll charge me four pounds a day. Or twenty pounds a week. That's only fifty-six dollars. Is it okay with you, Sam?"

"It's fine with me. I brought some cash along out of the office safe."

After Jonathan had gone, Sam Boylston listened again to Lulu Hilger.

"I was watching over him. Bill and Bert were topside. There was an unpleasant smell where the burns on his arm were infected. He was sleeping, but he would thrash around sometimes and groan and mumble. Bill Barth took his temperature before, and it was over a hundred and two. He gave kind of a convulsive jump and grabbed my arm just above the elbow. He sat right up, staring at me and breathing hard. He called me Christy. He seemed to be pleading with me to understand something. 'It wasn't that way! You've got to understand that, Christy. You've got to help me.' He seemed terribly agitated. Then he slumped back suddenly.

"When he opened his eyes, he knew who I was. I said he'd called me Christy."

"What was his reaction to that?"

"He pushed my hand away from his face. Then he asked what he'd said. I said he was trying to make Christy understand something and he was asking her for help. I said he was just a little wilder this time. 'This time?' he said, lifting his head off the pillow. I told him that the other times he was just thrashing and mumbling."

"How soon after that did he go into convulsions?"

"It wasn't long after that. Four

minutes. Five. It scared me half to death. I thought he was dying."

It was almost five-thirty when Theyma Chappie admitted Sam to the tidy little apartment in the Harbour Heights development.

He accepted her offer of a drink. She sat on a low footstool on the other side of the table and, in reply to his question, gestured with a tilt of her head toward the recorder, the one she had taken to the hospital and brought back. "Oh, it was a most easy thing. Most of the tape is used up. He was much better today. Except for the speaking. His tongue is swollen and bruised. It is painful for him to talk or eat. But they did question him today." . . .

On Tuesday afternoon, Staniker was awakened from his nap by the muted clacking of the slats of the blinds as his day nurse opened them. Nurse Chappie stopped and made a frowning inventory of the room.

"You slept well, Captain?" she said.

"All I seem to do is sleep," he said.

"Ah, you speak much better now."

"I'm expected to live?"

Her smile was quick and bright. "You are not actually dying."

"Could—I have a drink of water?"

He realized that he had just gone through the worst of it. It could not happen again, not that dangerously. The dark movements beyond the four walls of fabric had been unbearable because of the weakness.

He closed his eyes and saw it. Suitcase of medium size, aluminum in a dull finish, ribbed for greater strength. Trade name, Haliburton. Airtight. The fourth key he had tried had fit the stowage locker. The second little brass key fit the suitcase. Official paper belts around the middle of each packet. There were two rows of stacks of the packets, six in each row. To fill the additional width, there were three stacks of packets placed end to end. Fifteen stacks of banded money that filled the case two-thirds full.

The amount in each packet was imprinted on some of the bands, rubber-stamped on others. The top layer was made up of packets of fifties and of hundreds only. On the hundreds, the band said $10,000. The other bands were marked $5,000.

Until he had opened the lid, he was not entirely convinced she had been right about it. He pulled a stack free. Seven packets. He closed the case, fastened the latches, carried it topside, lurching, banging it against the bulkhead as the dead vessel rocked.

In memory, he jumped ahead to that moment when, in the shadows of rusty iron, he had finished burying it deep in the dryness of the drifted sand and, with great care, had smoothed and swept and patted the surface until he could see no trace of his efforts.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

CORPO had propped her up on the narrow bed, almost to a sitting position. He had put his best white shirt on her, folded a blue bandanna diagonally, knotted it around her small waist as a belt, folded the cuffs of the shirt back until they were at her wrists. He had combed her hair in a way that looked quite good to him.

Her eyes were sea-green, with little flecks of amber near the pupils, her skin flawless where it was neither burned nor bruised nor abraded. She went on and on and on, in a light, sweet, breathless voice.

He could not understand much of it. She talked to a lot of different people. Other times, she'd toss and twitch.

He had the uneasy idea he ought to go right on over to town and get the lieutenant. But then they'd put her into the hospital.

Suddenly he had a name for her. She was talking to that Jonathan and said, "Leila Dye. Leila Dye. That will be funny after all the years of being Leila Boylston, huh?"

She came to her feet, tottering feebly across the rough flooring, her hands held out for balance. "Did anyone see Jonathan?" she asked. "I have to talk to Jonathan. It's about Mrs. Staniker. It's about Mrs. Mary Jane Staniker. She scared me awful. Her hair is wound up in the fan. Her face is like plums and her tongue is sticking way out and her eyes are bugging way out and her lips are like sausages. I've got to find Jonathan. I thought it was firecrackers. For a joke. Jonathan!"

He caught her by the wrist as she started to run. In her struggle, she fell. Suddenly she seemed to faint. He put her back in the bed. She lay on her back, snoring softly, her mouth open.

She knew it was another part of a dream, exceptionally vivid, trapped in some kind of a terrible, shacky place in some kind of a jungle, with some huge, weird type staring at her, scary pale eyes and that dent in his forehead so deep it made her stomach turn over. She willed herself to wake up, willed the man and the shack to fade away.

"Are you awake now for sure, Missy?" he asked.

"I'm awake, I guess. But nothing makes any sense. Who are you?"

"Why, I'm Sergeant Corpo, Missy."

She looked slowly around the room. "Why am I here? What *is* this crazy place? Where is it?"

"Well, this is my island."

"Are we near Nassau?"

"Nassau? That's a good piece from here. We're near Broward Beach."

"Florida!" She lay back abruptly, thin forearm across her eyes. "You've got to help me. You've got to tell me why I'm here and what this is all about. Please."

He came closer and sat on his heels by the bed. "Missy, it was Sunday morning early, and I was wading the flats to the north of my island, and you like to scared me half to death, come floating right up to me in a big, pretty boat, line dragging from the bow, weed tangled in it. There you were, laying on the deck when I took a look—jay-bird naked, excuse me, and sunburned terrible bad, and that big open place on your head I had such a time sewing up nice."

CHAPTER TWELVE

THAT Friday, the twenty-seventh day of May, was a very hot, still day. Days such as this in Dade County corroded the broad leaves of tropical plantings, stung the eyes, smudged white roofs.

Raoul Kelly had worked all morning in his rented room in the heart of the Cuban colony in West Miami.

He was doing an article *in depth*—a phrase which never failed to irritate him—about the background, present and future of Venezuela.

Just as he finished his penciled corrections, he heard the trumpet call of news once more on the radio:

"The official investigation and hearings on the *Muñeca* tragedy in the Bahamas which resulted in the death of Texas millionaire Bixby Kayd, his beautiful young second wife, his grown children, Stella and Roger, and his daughter's guest, Miss Leila Boylston of Harlingen, Texas, have now ended. Captain Garry Staniker has been cleared of any suspicion of negligence."

Raoul Kelly tilted his chair back. He recalled the way, in Dud Weldon's newspaper story, Cristen Harkinson had given Staniker a clean bill, and that Weldon had not made anything of the fact she had been Senator Fontaine's special friend, and Kayd was known to have been associated in some vague business way with men Fontaine knew. He could not dismiss the fact that Kayd had visited the Harkinson woman on the last day of March, more than two weeks before he had returned aboard the *Muñeca* and hired Staniker. And Staniker and the Harkinson woman had been having an affair.

In the development house of his parents, a cement-block house with a red-tile roof on a small lot beside a weedy canal, Oliver Akard lay on his bed in his underwear shorts. The door opened slowly and his mother entered.

"Sonny? Did I wake you up?"

"It's okay, Mom."

She came and sat on the foot of his bed, facing him. "What's happening to you, dear? What's changed you so?"

"Why should something be happening, Mom?"

"We're so worried, Sonny. Your father is terribly upset. You've always been such a good boy. We've always been so proud of you, dear."

"Oh, for God's sake!"

"There's no need to take the name of the Lord in vain, son."

"If he'd get off my back, he wouldn't have any reason to get upset—right?"

"You don't seem to be keeping your sailboat at Dinner Key these days, Sonny. It hasn't been there for weeks. And your sailboat friends haven't seen you for weeks, either."

"What I do with my time is my business. I earned the money for my car and I earned the money for the boat."

"Where *is* your boat, Oliver?"

"It's moored at a friend's place."

"The last time any of your old

friends saw you out on the Bay was some time ago, apparently. You had a blonde-headed woman in your boat. The woman was nearly naked, a very cheap-looking type, and as old as I."

"She happens to be twenty-eight."

"You've gotten seriously involved with her, haven't you?"

"Well—she's a tremendous person."

"Sonny, look at me. Have you had—sex with this woman?"

"We're in love."

"I knew what the answer had to be. What else could a person like that possibly want of you? Oh, Sonny, she's got you twisted around her little finger. You don't know up from down, right from wrong. Behind your back, she snickers at you, believe me. She's callous and vicious. She's just *using* you. You just happened to be handy."

"You're out of your mind. To you, I'm still twelve years old or something. I don't even belong here any more. The more you keep twisting things and bugging me, the sooner I go. Okay?"

She tilted her head and stared at him, her cheeks wet with tears. "Where have you *gone!*" she asked wonderingly. "What's happened to my son?"

He felt a sudden fullness in his throat, a smarting of his eyes, and he had the impulse to reach to her and be taken into her arms. But he made himself laugh to hide any look of potential tears. "Where'd he go? Your little boy grew up, lady. Too bad. But they all do. So get used to it. Take up something else, huh? Bridge lessons maybe?"

In a sad and wondering way, as she stood up slowly, she said, "I don't *know* you. I don't even *know* you." She ran out and banged the door shut.

"Mom?" he said, but too quietly to be heard. He was propped up on his elbow. He lowered himself back to the pillow.

There was no way they could understand. How could they be made to see how special and how terrible it was, last night when Crissy had clung to him, weeping hopelessly, like a little kid afraid of the dark. Their time was growing short. She kept saying there was nothing they could do. Nothing. But the idea of Staniker having her again was unendurable. She had made those funny little hints. "There's one clean way to finish it. If we have the strength." And then later, all too casually, turning away when he had tried to look into her eyes, she had said, "There's some horrid, big, brown rats living in the tops of my palm trees, dear. They're getting terribly bold. Do you have a gun you could bring over? You could shoot them for me, maybe?"

It wasn't much of a gun. He had checked to make sure it was still in the back of his closet. His father had given it to him one Christmas, when he was fifteen. It was a single-shot, twenty-two rifle, chambered for longs. It threw high to the right. The half-box of shells was in the back of the bottom bureau drawer.

The best way, he thought, would be to take the bolt out and wear those khakis and put it down his pant leg, muzzle down.

When Sam Boylston walked into Staniker's hospital room on Sunday afternoon at one-thirty, the Captain was sitting in the armchair.

"Sit down, Mr. Boylston. Sit down. I know how you must feel. Miss Leila was a fine little lady. It was a terrible thing to happen."

Sam sat on the straight chair by the bed. Staniker was both bigger and better-looking than he had expected. And there was a certain flavor of earnestness about him. Yet his eyes had the empty, bored, distant malevolence of the bull elephant, the ruthless look and pattern of the stud.

"You know, it's a funny thing. If my sister hadn't been aboard, I'd be upset about something that doesn't seem important at all to me now."

"What's that, sir?"

Watching Staniker closely, Sam shrugged, smiled wryly and said, "I had a deal going with Bix. A couple of hundred thousand dollars of mine went down with that boat."

Staniker stared, eyes wide. "Cash money?" he said in a hushed tone.

"Cash money. And a lot more that Bix put in the kitty."

"I never had any *idea!*" Staniker said. "Is it going to come out there was all that money aboard?"

"For personal reasons, Staniker, I hope not." Sam stood up. "Thanks for giving me the time. You all right?"

"Better than they thought I would be, I guess. They're letting me leave Wednesday. I might maybe try a hotel a couple days to get used to getting around, then fly on back to Miami."

Sunday afternoon, after Leila awakened from another of her long naps, she fought back the insidious lethargy and drowsiness and told the sergeant, sweetly and politely, that she felt she would be more comfortable aboard the *Muñequita.*

He wrapped her in a blanket and carried her into the forward cabin space and steadied her as she clambered weakly into the bunk. She fell asleep.

On Monday, far stronger than she had hoped to be, she was able to walk halfway up the steps, clinging to the sergeant before she tired and had to be carried the rest of the way. After she had rested and eaten well, she said, in polite accusation, "You should have taken me to a doctor, you know."

He gave a single loud clap of his hands. "But what good is this kind of talk? Here you are setting up, smart as paint, and everything is fine."

She smiled at him. "I'm very very grateful to you, Sergeant. It's nice things worked out this way. Now, I'd like you to take me to Broward Beach so I can get in touch with my people."

He leaned forward and stared at her. "Why, if I took you in there, the shape you're in, they'd all *know* I kept you here and doctored you myself and it would be pretty near as bad as taking you in dead."

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She stared at him in dismay. "When *can* I leave? Please."

"When it's *time!*"

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

RAOUL KELLY knew he was on some special lists. He had caused too much trouble for too many people to expect to go unnoticed. There had been one very clumsy attempt and one very skilled attempt which went wrong only because, by some freak of luck, the set-gun, so mounted in his bureau drawer as to fire into the chest of anyone opening the drawer, had misfired. After the second attempt, he was able to get a pistol permit without difficulty.

He was licensed to carry it for self-protection. It was a Colt Cobra, a thirty-eight Special with a one-inch barrel, and it fitted lightly and without bulge into the side pocket of his trousers. But usually it was locked up in the glove compartment.

When, leaving the Harkinson place after seeing 'Cisca, turning from the narrow road onto the highway, he had seen the new-looking gray Plymouth sedan still parked in the same spot, he remembered his weapon.

He turned south rather than north and as soon as he was around a curve, he found a place to pull off the highway. He took the revolver from the glove compartment, left the dark and silent car, crossed the highway and soon reached the grove where he could see the pale gray of the car. He moved closer. A dark bulk slumped behind the wheel. The door opened and a man stepped out. Raoul's palm was sweaty on the serrated wood of the grip. "Don't turn around. I've got a gun. Take it slow and easy," Raoul said.

After a silence of some five seconds, the man said, "What do you want?"

"Why have you been parked here all this time?"

"What's that to you?"

With no warning, the car door slammed, and for an instant, Raoul stood in total darkness. Then something hammered a monstrous blow into the pit of his stomach. He was turned and his hand was rapped against the side of the car. The gun fell from his numbed hand. He was hit in the throat and on the cheek and on the chin. He faded, light as a balloon, onto his knees.

A flashlight shone in his face. When the brightness went away, he could see the man sitting sideways on the front seat of the car, feet on the ground, revolver resting between his thighs in the glow of the courtesy light. He was pushing the cards back into the pocket of Raoul's wallet.

"How do you feel, Mr. Kelly?"

"I've had better evenings."

"Come on over here and set."

Raoul got in on the passenger side. The man handed him his wallet.

"Who are you?" Raoul asked.

The man took out a billfold, unsnapped a card case, handed it over. Raoul looked at the cards. Samuel Boylston.

"The girl on the *Muñeca* was related to you?"

Boylston was looking at him with what seemed to be a new interest. He answered in rapid, fluent border Mexican. "She was my sister. It gives me a very special interest in the entire affair. You might be of some help to me."

"Mr. Boylston, a young lady from Cuba works for Mrs. Harkinson. I visit her often. That's all."

"Have you met Crissy Harkinson?"

"No. I've seen her, but not near by."

"Who is the kid in the blue car?"

"Perhaps a friend of Mrs. Harkinson. I wouldn't know."

"A reporter would try to pump me, my friend," Boylston said. "He'd want to know things like: *What in the world is this man doing watching the Harkinson place? What's that got to do with his sister being lost at sea?* Not you. All you want to do now is get away from me. You didn't ask the right questions. So I have to assume you didn't ask them because you know the answers. And if you do, you're part of the whole stinking game, too. So you're coming along with me and we're going to have a long talk."

Boylston was staying in a poolside cabaña at a second-class mainland motel. There were only a few cars at the motel proper. Boylston turned the lights on, pulled the double thicknesses of draperies across the window wall.

"When a man acts in an implausible manner regarding something of importance to me, I have to know why," Sam said. "We have to find out some way of trusting each other, maybe."

"A lot would depend on what you are trying to do, what you're after."

"I want to be absolutely certain of something. Just proof enough to satisfy me. And then I am going to arrange to have Staniker and whoever was in it with him taken quietly to some out-of-the-way place. And the last thing I am going to do with them is toast their rotten hearts over a slow fire."

"Then, Mr. Boylston, I will tell you everything I know or suspect. And you, in turn, will promise not to go near Francisca, or take any action which will cause others to go to her."

"I swear I will do my best."

Sam Boylston let Raoul go through it, beginning to end. When he was done, Boylston looked at Raoul. "Raoul, I need help. I was going to line up somebody I can trust. Import them from Texas. I think you're a better one to help me unravel this. I think we're in business together. I think you better call me Sam."

Sam built two drinks, handed one to Raoul. "Aboard the boat that rescued Staniker, one of the women heard him, out of his head, trying to explain or apologize to somebody named Christy or Crissy. I got in from Nassau yesterday. Early this morning, I researched what the papers had written about Staniker. I went to that Parker's Marina and talked to the guys that hang around there. His car is parked out there, too. An old yellow Olds. Staniker had been cozy with the Harkinson woman. Ran her boat until she sold it. One old boy kept nudging me and winking and sayi g that the Harkinson woman had belonged to one of the ex-governors of the state. I got on the phone and called a lawyer I know in Tampa. He said it had been an old man named Fontaine who paid her bills. He'd been a state senator once upon a time.

"I remembered that Bix Kayd had been into a few Florida deals, but my friend didn't know the name. I phoned Brownsville, Texas, and woke up an old boy who would know, and he said Kayd and Fontaine had teamed up a time or two, but not recently."

"What are you leaving out?"

"I visited Staniker in the hospital. He's as rough as he'd have to be. But his record is clean. Somebody had to push him into it. The Harkinson woman could be the planning department to send Staniker after the jackpot."

"Which was?"

"The only thing you can pass under the table. Money. With no memory, no record, no conscience. Cash. Eight hundred thousand."

Raoul nodded in understanding. "I'll follow the captain. I'm no good with guns. But I follow people pretty good."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

ON FRIDAY afternoon, Staniker walked slowly down the steps from the Bahama Airways plane to the cement apron, holding onto the railing. His weakness made him feel slightly chilled in the sun heat of the Miami Airport.

The insurance company had advanced the money for the inexpensive clothing and toilet articles Nurse Chappie had purchased for him. He carried a small flight bag, blue and white.

At Parker's Marina, Parker wasn't around. The new couple who worked there gave him the packet of mail which had been saved for him.

Staniker carried the suitcases around to the back of the main building. His old yellow Olds sat in the sunshine. The spare key was in a little magnetic box on top of a frame member under the left rear corner of the car.

As he drove away, Staniker thought that a lot of Crissy's precautions didn't make sense. But because everything else seemed to have worked out, perhaps it was best to go along.

She wouldn't tell him who had told her about this one. She had practiced it with him in rush-hour traffic until they were both good at it. Any limited-access highway with exit ramps and three lanes in each direction would do.

You hung in the fast lane, furthest from the exit ramps, and you found a hole in the traffic and you adjusted your speed in relation to the hole so that when you were coming up on an exit ramp, you could speed up at just the right time, angle across the other two lanes and duck down the ramp.

You then took the cloverleaf and got back onto the pike, but heading the opposite way, and did it again. That put you back in your original direction, and anybody who had tried to tail you would be swept helplessly past the exit, locked in the river of fast traffic.

On Interstate 95 north of the airport, traffic thickened and he obediently played the game. . . .

The row of a dozen identical cottages was in a defeated area near Coral Gables. Heavy, unkempt tropical growth hemmed the cottages in, cutting off any chance of breeze. He signed in as Gerald Stanley. General Delivery. Tampa.

As arranged, he called Crissy's number from an outdoor pay booth. It was 532-1732. It was six-thirty.

After the third ring, Crissy said, "Hello?"

"Charlie there?"

"What number were you calling?"

He told her 532-1710. The last two digits were the number of the bungalow he was in at the Mooney Cottage Court. She said he had the wrong number. He said he was sorry and hung up.

Night was coming, and the sergeant went over to the table and pumped the pressure up in the gasoline lantern.

Leila Boylston sat cross-legged on a cushion on a wooden crate. Funny, she was thinking, how you could be cried out and have so many sobs remaining.

The sergeant reached and gave her shoulder a little pat. "Now, there."

"I guess my mind was trying to remember all along," she said. "I'd get little flashes that didn't make any sense."

"Now, Missy, you were eight days drifting in that boat, coming this way on that east wind! Busted head. Fevers eating the meat off you. Sun cooking the hide off you. Missy, you must have had bad dreams."

It was night. Gordon Dale sat following the plot of an hour-long western on the television set.

Miriam was on the couch writing to their married daughter in Atlanta. "If he has family, I don't see why it has to be up to you, anyway."

"Whose family, dear?" he asked. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh, come *on,* Lieutenant!" she said.

Then Gordon Dale knew, with a certain resignation, they were to have another little chat about Corpo.

"Corpo hasn't any family."

"Well, it certainly is *strange,* then."

"Exactly what is strange, dear?"

She put the unfinished letter aside. "Well, I was at the hairdresser this afternoon, and Jeanie did me. Her best girl friend works in that expensive dress shop out on Sea Crescent Circle. The Doll House. You can imagine how really weird it would be to have him walk into a place like that. He had some little lists and he went through them and picked out one that said clothing and handed it to the clerk. He took a roll of bills out of his pocket and said it should be enough. Should he be walking around with all that money?"

"Honey, I gave up trying to get him to put it in the bank long ago. He certainly gets more than he needs, a lot more, on a total disability pension."

"Well, if he hasn't got any family, I guess some girl is taking it away from him, one way or another."

"Which I am going to check out now."

On the bedroom phone, he asked the duty desk for either Detective Sergeant Lamarr or Dickerson.

Dickerson was there. "Dave? This is Gordon Dale. I'm a little worried about our Robinson Crusoe. When he was in town Wednesday, apparently he spent almost three hundred dollars on clothes for a girl. He bought the stuff out at The Doll House. She wasn't with him. He had a list. It sounds to me as if he ran into a smart operator."

"We're having a busy Friday night here, Mr. Dale. Okay if I report back to you in the morning?"

"I'll be at the office from eight-thirty until a little after eleven. And thanks."

It was nearly midnight. Raoul Kelly heard his phone ringing.

"Raoul?" Sam Boylston's voice said. "That thing Staniker pulled, it wasn't a mistake." He sounded disgusted.

"She did the same thing?"

"Exact damn same thing you described, and even though I knew it could happen, I couldn't do anything about it. She left at about eleven. I hung pretty well back. She didn't have as much traffic to work with as Staniker had. But she found a little pack, passed on the left, gunned it, swung back and ducked off the pike and I got swept right on by. I tried to backtrack, but it's hopeless. I'm calling from a booth at a gas station. I think I'll go on back and see what time she comes home."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE thumping awoke Staniker. He had the feeling it had been going on for some time. He unlocked the door and pulled it open.

"My *God*!" she said as she came in, her voice hushed but angry. "Did you have to keep me standing out there half the damn—"

"Sorry. I dozed off."

She followed him in. "All according to plan, Garry?"

"Not exactly."

"But you *got* it, didn't you? You got it? It's *safe,* isn't it?"

"It's in a good place." He sat on the bed, still dulled by the heaviness of his sleep. "I did it."

She stared intently at him. "They're dead, aren't they? All of them?"

"Oh, they're dead."

"And the money is safe. Where is it? Where you said?"

He frowned at the wall behind her. "I think it started to go bad with Mary Jane. They were all below, eating. I put it on pilot and went forward and down through the bow hatch. She was in the galley. I beckoned to her. She came into the crew quarters forward and asked me what I wanted. I put my hands on her throat. When it had been . . . . a long time, I pushed her. She fell on the bunk. Her hair got caught and wound up in the fan.

"I ran along the side deck. I could see them down there in the lounge, eating. I ran up to the fly bridge. The finder still didn't show any bottom. I had the rifle. I started to slow it and then I thought, what the hell, they're all down there and nothing they can do about it, so I cut off the running lights and killed both engines.

"It was like a booth. They always sat in the same places. Carolyn and Mr. Bix on one side, facing aft, Carolyn on the inside. Roger across from Carolyn, Lelia Boylston across from Bix, Stella in a chair facing the booth, at the open end. We still were moving, so it was steady enough. I took Bix first, somewhere in the face. He bowed his head down into his plate. Roger turned and half stood up to stare back at me, and the slug hit the heavy bone above the bridge of his nose and knocked his head back.

"By then I was thinking the two girls weren't there. I hadn't had a chance to look in first. Carolyn was screaming and trying to crawl over Bix's back and shoulders to get out. I don't even remember shooting but the scream stopped and she sort of slid down him, head first."

"Where were the girls?"

"The only thing I can think of, they had to go to the head, and Stel went to the one next to the master stateroom and Leila went on along to the one forward of that. By then, the boat was starting to rock in the trough, and Carolyn's body shook loose and fell down half under the booth. Stel came running in and stopped and stared at them and at me and she started to make a circle around me to go outside. Just as I took aim, she made a run for it and I took a snap shot and hit her and it knocked her all the way back to the transom fish box, but . . . it didn't kill her. She kept making a noise. I thought I was shooting her, but then I couldn't hear shots. There were six shells in the clip, I thought. I was sure of it. But I could only be sure of firing four. Maybe I fired five times at the three of them in the booth without knowing it. I couldn't take the time to get more shells. I . . . cut her throat."

"Where was the Boylston girl?"

The way I figure out what must have happened, she heard the shots and she was smarter. She went forward and up through the hatch. She had to see Mary Jane there. And Mary Jane wasn't—real good to look at. Then, from up on top of the lounge deck, she saw me finish off Stel. I went after her, almost caught her, and then I got hold of her dress and that ripped off, and she dived before I could stop her. She dived right into the runabout, head first. It had eased up on us after we lay dead in the water. She didn't see it before she dived. She hit the edge of one of the engine hatches head first. It killed her. It smashed her head or broke her neck or both.

"I decided I could take care of her later. It would save time. I remembered the little spare anchor aboard the *Muñequita.* Big enough to take her on down and easier than lifting her back aboard. I went and got the money. It was in an aluminum suitcase. I knew I could get back on the track and finish it like we planned. I didn't know how close we'd gotten. I went up and turned on the depth finder and I nearly jumped out of my skin. It showed eighty feet. The wind had drifted the

boat in too close, and any minute a wave could drop it on a coral head."

"What did you do?"

"I kicked the engines on and made a slow hundred and eighty, but tight, and then got out of there, back out until the bottom had been gone for maybe two miles. I killed everything again, and I went down and dragged Stella below decks, and I lashed them all to solid things. I worked fast because I'd gone down into the bilge first and opened her up. I could feel her moving heavier in the swell. Then I put the bottle of gasoline, a half-pint whiskey bottle, in the pocket of my pants and went out onto the deck carrying the suitcase.

I went back and looked, and the *Muñequita* was gone. I got the end of the tow line where I'd fastened it to a center cleat. I saw how it was frayed, and I realized I hadn't even thought about cutting the tow line with the wheels when I turned around. I couldn't see it anywhere. It was probably way back where I'd made my turn."

"You damn fool!"

"I got my knife off the deck, thinking maybe I could cut the dinghy loose. It was lashed forward. But she was riding low and heavy and she began to kind of tremble and hesitate and I knew she was going. I could get pulled down, I thought. So I went over the rail and swam. That suitcase, thank God, was watertight. It didn't have enough buoyancy to hold me, but it would float by itself. I pushed it in front of me. I swam until I was winded and I turned around and looked and the boat was gone. Absolutely nothing there. I hadn't heard a thing. Then there was a big belch and whiteness when a bubble of air came up. I paddled around. There were some cushions floating, I collected two of them, and then I saw something lighter colored. It was that styrofoam board of Stella's. It held me fine. When dawn came, I made my way to South Joulter, let the board float off and waded ashore with the money. I ran and shoved the suitcase into the brush and piled sand on it. Then I walked around the shore line. Nothing. I climbed to the highest point, looking for a hiding place.

"It's a good spot. There's some rocky ridges. Way above high tide. There's a hell of a big old rusty boiler up there. It must have been part of a wreck long ago, a good-sized vessel; it maybe weighs a couple of tons. One end is rusted away. That end is half buried in drifted sand, and half full of drifted sand. I'd shoved the knife into my belt. I used it to dig up a bush that blocked the open end. Then I dug down into the soft, dry sand inside the boiler and worked the suitcase down into it and smoothed it over. It's safe."

"But what happened to the boat the Boylston girl was in?"

"I don't know. I don't understand why the air search didn't find it. I thought I'd have to explain about it when I was taken back to Nassau. But while I was on the island, I worked it out. It would have to be one of those freak things. As if she'd come out onto the cockpit deck just before the *Muñeca* blew. I hadn't seen her. It had blown her into the air and blown her clothes off and dropped her into the boat we were towing. I worried about there being no burns on her. Then when I realized she hadn't been found that first week, they weren't going to be able to tell much about burns when they did find her."

"But why didn't they?"

"It would drift pretty fast. Too much flotation for it to go down. It might get awash. One thing could have happened. She was pretty and she was new. There are some rough people in those islands. Weight the body and drop it over the side."

She shook her head slowly. "Luck, Captain. You were shot with luck. And you apparently almost died of burns and exposure. You cut it close."

"The way I did it, I found an old piece of cloth in the sand on the beach and I tied it around the end of a stick and soaked it with the gasoline. The matches stayed dry enough. I held it in my left hand and ran the flame up and down my right side. I could smell the stink of my hair scorching. I buried the bottle and the matches and the rag in the sand. It began to hurt worse. The next morning, it was a lot worse. It looked so bad it scared me."

She laughed aloud.

"What's so funny?"

"Just thinking about the money."

The boy was waiting under the roofed part of the stone terrace, outside the locked doors to her bedroom. He held her close, wrapped in his strong, young arms. She made herself tremble.

"You were gone so long!" he said.

"He tried to. I—made excuses. He—hurt me. He hit me in the stomach. It made me sick. Oh, Olly darling, he's worse than before. He's—very strange. He wanted to keep me there. I had to promise to go back there Sunday night. If I don't, he'll come after me."

"So that's when we do it," he said harshly.

"He *killed* those people, Oliver," she blurted.

"He *what*!"

"It wasn't any accident. Oh, he didn't admit it. He's much too clever for that. But that place he's in—he rented it under another name, so he can go into hiding if somebody gets suspicious about what really happened on the *Muñeca*."

"It isn't wrong to kill a man like that," said Oliver.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

LEILA did not know what had set the sergeant off just when they were getting the noon meal on Saturday. It could have been the scene she had made the night before, crying and raving and cursing and carrying on until she had exhausted herself.

But he had not seemed angry about what she had done, or about the scene. He had seemed just—saddened, and disappointed in her. After she was certain he was asleep on Friday night, she had sneaked off the boat without a sound and up the stairs and into the shack and taken the big flashlight which had been aboard the *Muñequita*. Then she had climbed the ladder to the platform high in the water oak and had aimed the beam through an opening in the branches toward the houses on the mainland shore. It wasn't too late. Many of them had lights on. She worked the switch until her thumb felt sprained. Dash dash dash . . . dot dot dot . . . dash dash dash . . . dot dot dot.

"What are you trying to do?" the sergeant had roared, so close at hand she had nearly leaped off the platform. She had fought him on the way down and they had both nearly fallen until he got her to the boat.

This morning, he had seemed the same as usual. Perhaps a little quieter. She watched him. The shorts and halter top she wore were good enough for swimming. Run and grab a cushion off the *Muñequita*. Jump in and swim his little channel through the mangroves and out into the open bay. A hundred yards of channel. Lots of boats on a Saturday.

"Missy?" he said at last.

"I'm right here, Sarg"

"If you could run that nice boat down to the city all by yourself and promise word of honor you wouldn't remember a thing about where you were or who doctored you . . ."

"I promise, Sarg Honest. Cross my heart."

"Three or four days more, I could let you go."

Oliver Akard was in the empty house of his parents in the empty afternoon. He had packed a dufflebag with most of what he would need and put it in the back of his closet behind his winter coat. He had composed the note he would leave and had hidden it in his desk:

I have to go away alone for a couple of weeks to think things out. Nothing has been going right any more. I'm sorry for all the worry I've given you lately. I have some money. I have to get things straightened out in my head before I do something real crazy.

Your son, Oliver

She had told him not to come by until dusk. Going away with her would be the reward for doing what he had to do tomorrow night.

He walked through the house, touching things. This table. This hassock. These white bricks in the fireplace.

Raoul had taken Francisca to the beach Saturday afternoon, all the way up to North Miami Beach. He drove her back to the Harkinson house at quarter to five. He had an article to finish and he said he thought he could be back by eight. She had told him that Crissy Harkinson had said she wouldn't need her that evening.

Raoul did not return until eight-thirty. The servants' quarters were dark and silent. He noticed that Crissy Harkinson's little white convertible was gone. The Akard boy's car was in the parking area, a clumsy, underprivileged shadow.

Francisca had on sleek white slacks and a fussy little red blouse and far too much lipstick. She gave him a quick little hug and kiss. He said, "The boy is at the house waiting for her?"

"Oh, no. She is there, too. Her little car is gone. She took it in this morning to be fixed. But by noon it was not done. They will finish it on Monday."

"What else did Miss Crissy have on her mind?" Raoul asked.

"She asked that I do a special favor for her tomorrow night. She is upset. She confided in me."

"What about?"

"She and the Captain Staniker had a great quarrel before he went away to the Bahamas. She told him she never wanted to see him again. She ended the affair. Now the captain has returned. He insists on seeing her. She begged him not to come here. When he telephoned the second time last evening, the boy was with her. She said the boy became very agitated. She says the boy has an infatuation for her. She said the boy is acting strange and violent, and thinks to protect her from the evil captain."

"Where was the boy while all this was going on?"

"We spoke in the kitchen, sitting with cups of coffee. She said that tonight she is going to be very firm with the boy and send him away forever. Doubtless he will make a great scene. She says the captain is a bore and the boy is a fool. She does not want any ugliness here which will bring the police. So tomorrow she asks that I remain here all day and all evening. We shall close the big gates. Lock them with the chain and the padlock, as when no one is here. Should either one arrive, the captain or the boy, I can go onto my porch and shout to them that she has gone away, and they can see from the gate that her car is gone, an accident of some convenience.

"She will take sleeping pills and go to bed early and see if she can sleep the clock around. She says she will lock the doors to her bedroom to avoid any chance of the boy bothering her when he comes to remove his sailboat. She said he has promised to come by, in the boat of a friend, at dusk tomorrow and take it away from here. She suggests that I might go around to the bay side of the house at nine o'clock to see if the boat is gone, and look in at her to see that she is not being bothered by the boy."

It was almost nine o'clock when Crissy looked again at her watch. She was standing at the bureau in Staniker's ten-by-twelve bedroom. Staniker lay on the double bed, in pale blue boxer shorts, his mass and weight deepening the hollow in it. His big face was slack, his speech slow and thick.

She poured him another Bloody Mary from the big, wide-mouthed thermos, holding the ice back. She took it to him. Then she went back to the bureau and fixed herself a weak bourbon and soda. She wondered how long he was going to hold out.

"Absolooly dead," he said in a tone of heavy complaint. "Got a real stick in 'em. Hittin' me pre-e-good."

Damn well, there's a stick in them, lover, Crissy thought. Four of the big bombs, the blue and yellow ones.

"Gedda work, kid," he mumbled. "Get busy." His eyes closed and his jaw sagged. She shook him. She plucked a fold of belly flesh and twisted it. She thumbed his eyelid back. She straightened and took a long breath and let it out.

She found the living-room light switch beside the door, clicked the lights on and off once, quickly. She looked out the window and saw Olly emerge from the shrubbery and come quickly to the front door. She yanked it open and he brushed past her and came inside.

"Is he . . ."

"Out cold. Yes. You don't have to whisper, honey."

He helped her work the shorts off the sleeping man and pull them down and off his limp seat.

"Take the head," she said. "Come on. We've got to get him over to the edge of the bed first. Sit him up and get your arms under his arms and lace your fingers across his chest. There!"

She turned around and backed and lifted his legs and locked a big ankle into each of her armpits, and held tightly to her left wrist with her right hand. "Now!" she said. She heard the boy's gasp of effort as the big body came free of the bed and hung between them in the air. The bathroom was directly across the short hallway from the bedroom, and the tub was opposite the door.

It was narrow and deep, standing on claw feet clutching white balls. There was a great tug as the boy let go, as he let Staniker slide down the slope of the head end of the tub.

He lay in the tub, canted toward his left, head leaning against the far rim. His right leg was hooked over the outside rim. She took hold of the heel and lifted it and dropped it in. He slid down a few more inches, feet resting against the faucet end, knees bent and spread, big brown hands lying slack against the contrasting whiteness of his inner thighs.

They were both breathing noisily from the exertion. She wiped her forehead with her forearm. "Put the stopper in. Turn the water on."

Moving slowly and clumsily, Oliver did as she told him. The faucets coughed rusty water, then cleared into two solid streams drumming against the metal tub.

She bent over the tub and picked up Staniker's right hand and, holding a new, single-edged razor blade by the reinforced edge, pressed his thumb against the oily side of the blade, then pressed his fingertips against the re-

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verse side, the tips of the index and middle fingers. Darkness pumped into the water. Quickly, grunting with the effort, she cut through the other wrist as deeply and finally, and dropped the blade between his thighs. It clicked audibly as it touched the bottom.

She went through the dark living room and opened the front door. As she did so, she heard Oliver's car stop on the other side of the brush just short of the mouth of the driveway.

She hurried out, peered up and down the empty street and scuttled into the dark car.

The night was misty. She drove within the speed limits, obeying all traffic signals. Finally she saw the obscure shell road and made her turn. It was a mile and a half south of the turn-off to her house. She drove slowly until the headlights shone on the palm bole she'd had Oliver place across the road when they had driven out, hoping it would discourage any lovers or fishermen.

"Remember what comes next?" she asked.

"I sail you back and leave you off at your place and bring the boat here and drive home. Tomorrow, I hitch a ride over and walk in and sail the boat up to Dinner Key."

"You'll be fine," she said. "Believe me, darling, you won't worry about it at all. Everything will come up roses."

She slowed and parked on a slight down slope. Headlights shone on his sailboat tied to the small remaining section of an old rotten dock.

They went down to the sailboat. "It's over, dear," she said. "It's done. That's all that matters. Darling, before we run the sail up, would you look at the main sheet there near the transom on the port. The flashlight is in that little . . ."

"I know." He stepped aboard. She followed him. He got the flashlight and knelt, peering at the lines.

"It looks all right to . . ."

At that instant, she stabbed the muzzle of the single-shot, twenty-two rifle into the socket of his right ear, pulling the trigger as she did so. It made a quick, hard, snapping sound. He dropped and the light went out and he began a savage thrashing in the bottom of the boat. The boat rocked, swaying the tall, naked mast back and forth. There was a quivering, drumming sound of unseen arm or leg against some solid part of the boat, a muscular tremor faster than she would have believed possible. Then there was silence. She slid aboard cautiously. He was face down, head toward the stern. She wrapped his right hand around the action of the rifle, pressing the fingers against the metal. She wrapped his left hand around the middle of the barrel, thumb toward the butt. Then she placed the weapon down, butt toward the stern, close beside him, pushed his thumb through the trigger guard, pressed it against the trigger.

She freed the bow line first. As the bow swung slowly out, she ran the mainsail up and belayed the halyard around the cleat. She freed the stern line. The boom swung to starboard, and she let off on the main sheet and, her other hand on the tiller, her feet braced near his back, she sat and sailed northward up the shore line.

Staying well out, she brought it around, close-hauling it, pointing it close to the wind, peering into the mist for the dock, rehearsing the things which had to be done quickly. She was able to grasp a dock line in her right hand. She stood quickly and scrambled onto the dock. She rolled and looked out and saw the *Skatter* moving out into the mist. It would go aground, she was certain, on the western shore line of Eliott Key.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

AT EIGHT o'clock the following morning, a brisk young man named Lobwohl sat at a steel and linoleum desk with his back to a big tinted window. He was reading the preliminary reports on the Mooney Cottages business and making notes on a yellow legal pad.

Two men, heavier and older, came sauntering in. Lobwohl said, "It starts like one of those weeks. Did you get hold of Harv?"

"I told him what you wanted. A complete job on the second time around, right? Every latent, every grain of dust, every thread, every hair."

"Okay, Bert, Barney, let's get to it," Lobwohl said. "We have the make on him as Staniker. So his name was on the check in the bureau drawer and on his discharge from the hospital in Nassau. And the prints match, and he looks like Staniker's daddy. So we are very clever people. But he is G. Stanley from Tampa as long as we can keep the lid on it.

"Here's what we've got from medical. Ten o'clock last night. Pretty good lead of barbiturates, but hard to tell how much exactly with all the blood gone out of it. But here is the clincher. No false tries on the wrists. One cut each, and as deep as you'll ever see. The point is this. The cuts went so deep they destroyed the motor ability of the fingers. So he could cut one that way, but not both. Here's what I go for. Somebody half cute. Wanted him dead. Didn't figure the wrist business.

"I want you two to dig into Staniker's love life. He got to town Friday. He took that place Friday. I want to know exactly who he was banging before he went cruising. Move fast on it. And quietly."

Bert Kindler and Barney Scheff arrived at the Harkinson place a few minutes past eleven on Monday morning. A maid in a blue and white uniform, and a man in dark pants and a blue shirt, suit coat over his arm, were coming down the open staircase from an apartment over the garage. Both were apparently Cuban. The maid hurried toward them with a smiling greeting.

"No, not Mrs. Harkinson," Scheff said after they had identified themselves. "We want to ask you some questions, honey. What's your name?"

"'Cisca!" the man interrupted sharply in Spanish. "Go back up to the apartment and wait." As she went running up the stairs they stared blandly and curiously at the man. "My English is adequate. Her name is Miss Francisca Torcedo."

"What's your name?" Barney Scheff asked.

"Raoul Kelly. What do you want to know?"

Scheff gestured toward the main house. "Word has it here and there the boss lady is prime gash, and it was old Fer Fontaine set her up here before he died. Bert and me have a thing about bothering anybody who has real good friends in politics. We're trying to locate somebody by the name of Staniker."

"She and Staniker had a quarrel before he took the job aboard the *Muñeca,* and she told him to stay away from her. Since Staniker came back from the Bahamas last Friday, he's been bothering her by calling her up and asking to see her."

"So," Scheff said idly, "last night she went to see him to tell him to stop bugging her?"

Raoul explained that Crissy Harkinson hadn't been off her property since Saturday afternoon and explained about the car and the locked gate.

"She thought Staniker might get loaded and come around. And there was another unknown factor, too—a kid Mrs. Harkinson just broke up with because he was acting strange. The locked gate was to keep both of them out."

Scheff and Kindler stared. "What's the kid's name?"

"Oliver something. Nineteen, twenty. A big, husky kid. Kept his sailboat in her boat basin. A flying Dutchman. I looked it over once when Mrs. Harkinson was out. You could probably trace him through the name of his boat. The *Skatter,* with a 'k.'"

Raoul saw the two men glance at each other with identical expressions of bland satisfaction.

"He came and got the boat in the early evening last night. She asked Francisca to take a look later on and be sure the boat was gone. I went with Francisca when she took a look."

"What time was that?"

"A little after nine last night."

Scheff and Kindler phoned Lobwohl's outside-line number. "This is Bert," Kindler said.

"Better come on in," Lobwohl said. "A flippy kid did it and then shot himself. Had a note on him saying he was afraid he was going to do some crazy thing. Even had the wrappings off the blade in his pocket. Coast Guard spotted him dead in a sailboat grounded off Eliott Key."

"Named Oliver, maybe?" Kindler said.

After a long silence, Lobwohl said wearily, "All right. All right. Come on in and show off, you smart-ass." . . .

Barney Scheff had spent four

years of his professional life on the Miami Beach force. He had worked the big hotels along Collins. When Mrs. Harkinson met them at the door and let them in, he knew at once that he was in the presence of class merchandise. He had seen hundreds of them. The ones this good were usually celebrity imports, lined up for a full season by somebody with the scratch to pay the exclusive freight.

"Well—if it is something *really* important," she said. "I'm waiting for them to bring my car around. I have an appointment with the hairdresser, and then I was going to go . . ."

"We're asking you to do a favor, or maybe more like a citizen's duty," Kindler said. "What we've got to get is a positive identification on a body."

"My God, who *is* it?"

"We're pretty sure he's a fellow worked for you, Mrs. Harkinson. Staniker. Captain Garry Staniker. He killed himself.

She swallowed with an apparent effort and said, "I'm not going to be a hypocrite and tell you this is any horrid shock, men. Garry wasn't one of my favorite people." She shook her head and gave them a wry, disarming grin. "While he was still running my boat, he seemed like a nice guy. But he tried to keep hanging on."

"We'd like for you to come on in and take a look, just for the record. A formality."

She stood hip-shot, elbow resting in her palm, chin against her thumb, looking broodingly at the floor. "It wouldn't be just a formality to me. It would be a very personal thing. And it would be like—confirming that something still exists that died a long time ago."

"You can come along voluntarily, but if you say you won't, then because you might have some information bearing on a known murder, we'd have to set it up to take you in anyway."

"Are you charging me with anything?"

"No, ma'am. Not if you come in voluntarily."

She spread her arms wide, and with a rueful grin said, "So you've convinced me."

Lobwohl swiveled his chair and put his heels on the corner of his desk, ankles crossed. "Let's let her stew another ten or fifteen minutes before we give her another session," he said. "Agree?"

Scheff nodded. He picked up the ID sheet which had been transmitted over the wire from Atlanta and looked at it again. Cristen Harkinson, ten years younger. Smudged pictures, indistinct in outline, flawed by wire-relay technique. But in both the full face and profile, the look of surly defiance was quite obvious. Also known as Crissy Harker, Chris Harkins, Christy Harvey. Five arrests. Soliciting, public prostitution, conspiracy to defraud. Two convictions with, each time, a hundred-dollar fine and a suspended sentence.

"Between the lines," Kindler said, "you read pretty good protection. A high-price call circuit."

"But she left," Lobwohl said. "From the only rumor I could pick up, she was one of a pack they brought down to stock a party at Key West around eight years ago, and that's where she met Fontaine, and he took her over." He tugged at his nose. "All these nice prints on record, and Harv can't pick up a partial down there of any one of them, but we have that palm print on the rim of the tub, nice and fresh and clear, and Harv says the size could indicate a woman. I'd sure like to prove she was there, egging the kid on. By now, she is probably the only person in Dade County who doesn't know he's dead."

"We didn't get a thing until we split the Akards up," Scheff mused. "Then, after a lot of hemming and hawing, she told me she hadn't dared tell the kid's old man, but a week or so ago when she had fought with the kid about his attitude, he admitted he was getting it from an older woman. He said she was twenty-eight. He wouldn't tell his old lady who it was. Someone saw the Akard kid in his sailboat with the Harkinson woman and told the old lady. It gave her enough to pry it out of him, but she didn't dare tell his old man."

Lobwohl said, "Bring her in again."

The matron brought Crissy Harkinson in and left her in one of the chairs. Lobwohl regarded her for a few very long moments. "Something new has turned up, Mrs. Harkinson. A boy died today. He was a suicide. He had a serious head wound. They couldn't save him. There were a few moments of semiconsciousness toward the end. He said he did it for you. He said he had to protect you from Staniker. We have all the proof we need that he did it. It was curious you did not mention your visit to Staniker on Friday night until a little while ago. It is more curious that you have not mentioned the boy. It makes me wonder just how much—suggestion was involved, Mrs. Harkinson."

Scheff, watching her closely, saw an expression of wild astonishment. She put her fingers to her throat. In a hoarse whisper, she said, "Olly? Olly Akard? Dead? Oh, God! Oh, dear God!" She lowered her head, hands hiding her face. "But it was just *talk*! Just brave kid talk! That's all."

"But he had to get Staniker's address from you."

She looked up sharply. Her tears were flowing. "No! I swear he didn't. I don't know how he could have found that place . . ." She frowned. "Unless—unless he followed me."

"What was your relationship with the boy?"

"He—he was a very wonderful boy. I was really fond of him. I wanted to learn to sail. At Dinner Key, they said he taught people. And while he was teaching me, he—got a sort of a crush on me."

"You imply that the relationship was innocent?"

"If you mean did I have intercourse with that nineteen-year-old boy, I certainly did not!"

Lobwohl said, "As this crush, as you call it, developed, Mrs. Harkinson, the boy became sullen and difficult and withdrawn. It worried his mother. She could not make Oliver tell her who the woman was, but he admitted he was physically intimate with her."

Her eyes went wide, and her voice was thin as she said, "Told his mother *that*? But it wasn't *so*! I guess he was trying to—to break loose."

"In what sense?"

"His mother wanted him to become a minister. He said he hadn't been able to tell them that he was losing his faith. Maybe he thought, if he told her—that lie, she would stop trying to push him into the ministry. He was such a fine boy. And I'm to blame. It makes me feel sick."

Lobwohl opened the folder in front of him and took out the wire copy of the Atlanta ID card and put it in front of her. "We're all deeply touched by your sensitivity, Crissy."

She looked at the card without expression. She looked at Kindler, Scheff and Lobwohl in turn, a measured three seconds for each one. "Very cute," she said. "Real fancy, nifty cute, you sick-minded bastards. Real careful timing. Let me ask *you* something. Do you think for one minute that if this is *all* I am, or all I *could* be, a man like Ferrish Fontaine could have endured me for the last seven years of his life? I never conned him. He knew the score about me."

"I will remind you again that we can suspend further questioning until you are represented by counsel, Mrs. Harkinson."

She pressed her fists against her eyes, shuddered and said, "I think I'll take that free phone call, mister."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

ON TUESDAY afternoon at four o'clock, June seventh, Sam Boylston sat across the steel desk from John Lobwohl. Kindler and Scheff were there, too.

"What can you nail Mrs. Harkinson with, Captain?"

"As far as I can see, absolutely nothing," Lobwohl said. "We've got her stashed. Apartment hotel. Kind of a compromise deal with her lawyer, Palmer Haas. We have some blanks to fill in."

"Motive," Sam Boylston said. "She would have a lot easier ways of shedding a boy friend. What if I could give you all the motive you'd need?"

Lobwohl regarded him somberly. "Go on." he said.

"If you check it out, you will find that Bixby Kayd and Ferrish Fontaine were associated in some business ventures. You will find that the members of the inner circle sometimes held their conferences aboard the boat Fontaine gave his mistress. I can guess that Kayd was aboard that cruiser for one or more of those meetings. Bix Kayd visited Cristen Harkinson at her home on the last day of March, a little over

two weeks before he arrived back in Miami and hired Staniker."

"Is this the implication—Kayd was trying to locate Staniker through Crissy Harkinson?"

"Yes. Because he could have heard and remembered that Staniker knew the islands well. And because he would know Fontaine wouldn't have used a hired captain who couldn't keep his mouth shut about private affairs and business deals. This is speculation, of course."

"And so?" Lobwohl asked.

"And so there happened to be eight hundred thousand dollars in cash aboard the *Muñeca* when that accident happened."

The three police faces had the same listening look as, in the silence, they reshuffled the facts.

"Son of a bitch," murmured Barney Scheff. "Why cash?"

"To swing a land deal, buy some votes on a board."

Lobwohl hit his own forehead lightly with the heel of his right hand. "Friday she goes to see Staniker. He tells her where he cached the money. If she was sure he wasn't lying, and the money was reasonably safe, the best thing for her would be Staniker dead."

"Some photographer is going to get a good shot of Crissy Harkinson," Sam said. "I'll arrange to get some prints. I'll turn them over to somebody who went into the deal with Bix Kayd and took a whipping. I'll just tell them there's a good chance she knows exactly where the money is. There'll be no place in the world she can hide."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

WHEN Corpo came to the mouth of his channel, he slowed, then edged out very cautiously.

"Clear enough, I guess," he said to Leila and moved out, following the natural channel across the flat. As he reached deeper water, he looked back to see how the skiff rode. "What we'll do, I'll take you down close enough so as you can see a place where you should tie up. You go in slow with it. Nothing fancy. You understand how?"

"I steer to the dock," Leila said.

"I'll stay in the skiff close by and when I see you've made it, I'll go on back home."

"And I won't remember a thing about who took care of me, Sarg."

About a mile and a half south of his island, a fast launch came from the direction of town. It ran up beside him, twenty feet away on the port side, siren growling.

"Sergeant!" the familiar voice of the lieutenant shouted. "Sergeant Corpo! Kill those engines! Now!"

He pulled the throttles back. The bow lifted and then settled. He sagged down into a sitting position on the deck. He closed his eyes and rocked slowly back and forth.

With vivid flashing eyes, body rigid with anger and indignation, Miss Boylston looked directly at Dave Dickerson, then at Gordon Dale, then at Chief Cooley. "I am *not* going to be given a sedative, gentlemen! And the business of Sergeant Corpo is *not* going to be set aside so you can take care of it later."

"You're very young, Miss Boylston," Dale said. "He held you there on that island over two weeks. He did not report finding the boat and finding you. It's out of my hands."

"When he found me, he thought I was dying. I think if he tried to bring me in when he found me, I would have died on the way. When I regained consciousness, he was going to bring me in. But I begged him not to. I knew somebody wanted to kill me. I didn't want them to find me. He's no danger to himself or anyone else. He's a gentle person. He was released in your custody. He admires you. What's the matter with you? This is a lousy time for you to give up on him."

He looked at her. "The minute that I heard about his shopping spree, I should have gone out there. But I didn't. Too busy. I'm annoyed at myself, and I feel guilty, so the sergeant is a handy target. Okay, girl, I'll fight them off and do my best to pry him loose one more time."

The nurse gave Sam Boylston a shy and luminous smile and ducked out of the room, closing the door gently. He approached the bed, shocked at her emaciated look, yet with a great joy that it was indeed Leila.

As he neared the bed, she opened her eyes and looked quite vaguely at him, then gave a yelp of joy, grinned widely, stretched her arms out to him and began to cry.

He bent awkwardly over the bed to hold her in a close embrace.

"Hey," she said. "Hey, Sam. You're not supposed to cry, too. You play things cool."

"Very cool. Very remote." He pulled a chair close to the bed.

"Where's Jonathan?"

"Hunting for you. In a homemade boat out there on the Bank. Maybe they've made radio contact by now. Leila, have they told you how they want to handle this?"

"Yes. Complete loss of memory. But—I do remember. God, I remember! Have they found that crazy man? That Staniker?"

"Take it easy, Leila. A man named Lobwohl wants to talk to you. Friend of mine. I'll call Lyd while he's talking to you. Is there anything I can get for you?"

"Jonathan—and quickly, please."

CHAPTER TWENTY

SAM BOYLSTON watched the door swing shut as Crissy Harkinson left with the matron. The name for it was presence, he thought. Control so perfect there was mockery behind it. Today a little green dress with white trim. White gloves, shoes, purse and jaunty little white hat on the sun-streaked casual hair. Wraparound glasses, very dark.

Scheff sighed and lifted a laundry case onto the table top and took out the bricks of white paper wrapped in manila bands. "What this is, it's from that time we had to fix up a dummy ransom; the guy was already dead before the FBI got into the act even."

Lobwohl said, "She knows nothing about any money, according to her testimony thus far."

Sam Boylston reached into his inner jacket pocket and took out a thick envelope and slid it down the table to Scheff. Scheff opened it and began to doctor each brick of paper by sliding a bill under the brown band on both sides of it. Then he stacked them in an orderly and impressive heap on the table top.

Kindler went out. As the door started to swing shut, he pushed it open and said, "She's being brought back right now."

Crissy Harkinson entered. She lifted her gaze and saw the money. She held her breath and then began panting. A terrible transformation occurred. She seemed to be chewing an imaginary wad of gum. She knuckled her hair back roughly. She made a strange, whinnying giggle.

"That's the ball game, then! Poor little Olly didn't have the balls to cut his wrists, even. Had to do it for him. Should have known you bastards would win. And then *he* botched the boat thing, let the little bitch float off. Ran over his own tow line, for chrissake!"

The silence in the room was intense, awed, as deadly as a fatal disease.

"Knew when it was sour. Stuck his little toy gun in his ear. Had it right up against the gunnel where I could pick it up in the dark. Sweet, dumb, jackassy kid thumping and banging around in the bottom of that boat. Nothing at all left in his head but getting laid. Nothing. Hit my knee getting off onto my dock. Aimed him off, southeast, loop on the tiller bar."

After five rings, Lydia Jean said, "Hello? Who is it?" She sounded blurred by sleep, slightly querulous.

"This is a drunken husband," Sam said carefully. "Sodden, and thoroughly disreputable."

"Sam! Are you really drunk?"

"I have discussed it carefully. After conducting certain tests, I have adjudged myself drunk. Yes."

"You certainly are very stately about it."

"It's a solemn occasion, dear wife. I telephoned you when I learned that it was really Leila. I was sober. I cannot remember what I said. I am drunk at the moment, but I feel I will be able to recall this conversation perfectly. All I remember of the other one is a desire to tell you good news, and to tell you I love you. Did I relay that message adequately?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Jonathan is flying back tomorrow with Leila. They phoned me just at dinnertime."

"Darling?

"Yes."

"Catch that plane with them. Get some sleep, then catch that plane." •

FLORIDA KEYS UNLOCK THEIR GREATEST TREASURE continued from page 26

a Florida business-properties developer named Coffman, and he'd been cruising there for six weeks with a salvage crew, searching for a certain wreck. When he couldn't find it, he gave up and returned to Fort Lauderdale. There he signed a fifty-fifty agreement with the skipper of another treasure-hunting crew who promised to put him on the trail of some brass cannons down here in the Keys."

Manieri, the only experienced diver in Coffman's crew, had agreed to drive down to Marathon on weekends to help in the search. This decision almost cost him his life. "I'd objected to the search method right from the start," he said. "They towed two of us at a time behind the boat. Each man rode a small diving plane as he scanned the bottom. It was like trolling a couple of big chunks of bait in waters as infested with sharks as these are."

One afternoon, he dropped off his tow to check something—and all at once found himself surrounded by a couple of dozen very excited blacktip sharks. "I surfaced, and so did they," he said. "They darted all around me. One of them came right at me, then slammed on the brakes and floated there, glaring like he hoped I would make one false move. I was really shaking by the time they yanked me aboard."

As I listened to Manieri's story, I noticed that Captain Steffney had apparently reached a position where two or more of his shore ranges crossed. He ordered a small marker buoy tossed over the bow. I glanced at my watch. We had been under way for two and a half hours and our course had taken us from Washerwoman Shoal to a red nun buoy marked 47, and thence to a black can buoy numbered 48, which I figured must indicate the beginning of the Coffins Patch reef.

Now Steffney brought the *Johnnie C.* slowly into the wind and ordered the anchor dropped. We drifted back and stopped beside the bobbing marker buoy.

"Where's the wreck?" I asked as I peered down through fifteen feet of clear water.

"Under that thick grass. That's one reason no one else has found her."

We pulled on wet suits and adjusted our scuba tanks, then went over the side. There was little current. The sea grass on the bottom lay still. A school of grunts hung motionless over a coral head.

Slowly, unhurriedly, we swam northward along the reef. Steffney paused now and then to vacuum out sandy pockets, but the air lift produced nothing but bubbles. We swam on through the bluish haze, past myriads of small, garishly colored fish. Several times, remora tried to attach themselves to our legs.

After half an hour, and with nothing but bubbles for our trouble, I was ready to return to the boat. I had begun to get the picture. Maybe this was the wreck's location; maybe it wasn't. The claim jumping that goes on in the treasure-salvage business makes the Old Wild West look like Tuckahoe, New York. My companions weren't taking any chances.

Back aboard the *Johnnie C.*, we repaired to the galley for lunch, and Steffney and Manieri continued their story.

"After a couple of months of fruitless search for brass cannons, Coffman became disgusted," said Manieri. "He decided to hire a new captain and to look for treasure. I immediately got on the phone to Jack with the news."

Steffney nodded. "I was making good money fishing," he said, "but it was a challenge. I'd never captained anything as big as the *Johnnie*. So I made an oral agreement for a hundred and twenty-five weekly, plus twenty percent of any treasure found. Ray was to receive fifteen percent, with no salary, since he already had a job and could only dive weekends." He paused. "We didn't want to tie ourselves down by signing an agreement. Later we would realize that this was a mistake."

The *Johnnie C.* was in poor condition. Steffney went over her, making a list of things that needed fixing before she would be seaworthy, but the owner didn't want to spend the money, so on May 27, 1966, he took her out just as she was.

That night, Ray Manieri received an excited phone call from Steffney. "By damn, Ray, none of the boat's regular gear would work! So I jumped over with that little homemade air lift of yours and I found coins! I'm telling you the truth. I started digging out on Coffins Patch and found coins! You'd better get right down here!"

Manieri hestitated. He was to be married in three days. In fact, Steffney's call had reached him at the church during the wedding rehearsal. "I'll get there as soon as I can," he said, "but I've got honeymoon reservations for the Bahamas. Everything's . . ."

"Hell, n'mind that!" Steffney roared impatiently. "You can always get married. This promises to be something big!"

So Manieri canceled his honeymoon reservations and arrived at Marathon on May thirtieth, his wedding day. After leaving his bewildered bride in a motel, he and Steffney hurried out to the promising wreck site. On the way, the skipper showed him his find. There were twenty coins, all pieces of eight, some of them with 1732 dates, their silver oxidized black from 240 years of immersion in salt water. There could be no doubt about it. They were from one of the ill-fated treasure ships of the 1733 Silver Plate Fleet.

That afternoon, the two men dived. They came up with three more pieces of eight, a silver shoe buckle and a piece of coral-encrusted coal (which the galleons often carried for cooking). They also sighted dozens of ballast stones scattered over a wide area.

"It looks good," grinned Manieri when they surfaced. "Real good. Now hustle me the hell ashore. This is my wedding night!"

But the grins soon vanished. The next three weeks were discouraging. Rusty equipment refused to operate. Hurricane Alma soaked nearly everything aboard. The extra divers they'd hired began to quit. Steffney and Manieri didn't, though. They worked on. Finally, on June twenty-first, their luck changed. That day, they brought up twenty-five pieces of silver, some lead musket balls and a bar shot. This object, which looks like an ordinary exercise bar bell, was used in buccaneer days to bring havoc to enemy sails and rigging as it spun through the air. The one they recovered bore a casting mark typical of Spanish stuff of the early 1700s.

The following day, they brought up ten more silver coins. Steffney now ordered a quarter-inch polyethylene line stretched between each sandy pothole where a coin had been found. Painted black so that amateur divers couldn't spot it against the dark bottom grass, it enabled them painstakingly to trace the path of the storm-driven wreck across the reef.

On July eighth, they put another ad in the Miami papers for divers. So far, they'd

"Now you've done it! I told you to blow, not inhale!"

had nothing but trouble with the men they had hired. They were an undependable lot, mostly drifters, adventurers and beach-boy types in their twenties. According to Steffney, "that's all you could get at twenty dollars a week plus two percent of the treasure." The skipper had caught one of them siphoning off the ether that was used for starting the motors. It turned out he sniffed the stuff for kicks in his bunk.

But Steffney's biggest complaint was that they were basically soft, afraid of hard work and a little discomfort. One of them had quit because he claimed to be allergic to the stings of jellyfish. All of them lacked patience. "They'd come up after only thirty minutes," he snorted. "A real treasure diver expects to spend six to eight hours underwater daily, using a hookah rig." (This is a hookup that enables surface air to be fed directly into the scuba mask, replacing the back tank.)

The new crew was in action by the middle of July, and on the twenty-third, they got lucky and brought up fourteen more coins, a musket and a large quantity of marble-sized "miniballs," many of them bearing human teeth marks. (Ray Manieri theorized that the Spaniards chewed these soft lead musket balls the way we chew gum.) Four days later, Steffney recovered a tiny coral-encrusted scale which had apparently been used for weighing coins.

And with that, their luck ground to an agonizing halt. In August, they drew a complete blank. September was no better. On the twenty-seventh, they rented a second boat from another diver, a thirty-four-footer which was built like a shrimp boat. But that day, the sea was running in seven-foot heaves, with white crests tumbling down their faces. Another hurricane was on its way.

By early October, they were out on the water once again, working the wreck site. Then, on the seventeenth, disaster struck. That day, the two boat crews had recovered only one two-bit silver *real* between them. Captain Steffney took the smaller craft back to the dock alone. He tied up and made sure the automatic bilge pump was functioning properly, then went home to his family.

That night, he was awakened by a phone call. The vessel had sunk—right there at the dock! He rushed to the scene, decided that salvage attempts would be futile until morning and returned home. He had barely gotten back into bed when the phone rang again. This time it was the Coast Guard. The *Johnnie C.* was sinking! *Her* bilge pump had failed. She was listing heavily to port.

Steffney immediately got on the radiophone and ordered the four-man amateur crew to bring the boat in. He would direct them into port by flashing his car lights. "But they were so frightened," he said disgustedly, "that they couldn't get the boat out of gear as they came roaring in close to the beach. The *Johnnie* draws over six feet. Those guys couldn't hear my shouts over the motors as they circled, and I knew she would hit soon. I jumped in to swim out to them, but I couldn't catch them. Finally, one guy had sense enough to throw me a line. The big guy who'd been trying to run the boat weighed about two-fifty and stood six foot six. When I finally made it to the wheelhouse, he collapsed into the bunk there with nervous exhaustion."

Although the boat had been saved, bad luck continued to dog the two men. On November second, someone stole the outboard motor from their skiff. They'd just had it overhauled for forty-five dollars. On Sunday, November thirteenth, Coffman announced that he was giving up the search in six days' time.

Steffney and Manieri returned to the wreck site in low spirits. They had recovered only one piece of eight and one broken silver table fork in the last twenty-seven days. Listless, they went over the side. The water was cold and an annoyingly heavy sea was running before a twelve-knot southeast wind.

By noon, they had found nothing and were ready to surface. Suddenly the *Johnnie's* stern line parted. The boat swung fifty feet to a new position from its bow anchor. Manieri was dragged, unhurt, along the bottom, clinging to the hose that fed his air lift. The skipper returned disgustedly to the surface to check his craft and have lunch. Manieri stayed down.

He swam slowly across a fresh patch of sandy bottom, the air lift cutting a wide trench ahead of him. Suddenly he froze. His eyes bugged out behind his face plate. "I knew at that moment that I'd hit silver," he said. "Lots of it. You can tell the way the black oxide is sucked up through the sand first, like a little curl of black smoke."

He surfaced immediately. "We've found the treasure!" he shouted excitedly. But Steffney and the two crewmen shook their heads, convinced that he was only kidding. "Come on! See for yourself! The whole damn bottom is covered with coins!"

In desperation, he grabbed a crewman's sock that was drying on the deck and went back over the side. When he surfaced a few minutes later, the sock was bulging with coins. Steffney let out a whoop. The two crewmen hugged one another.

That day's log entry concluded: *Believe we've found the treasure. We quit at dark with 395 coins. More tomorrow!*

When they returned to Marathon, they found the normally quiet dock crowded with charterboat captains, most of them Steffney's buddies. They were there for the windup of the annual sailfish tournament. The captains noticed the heavy bag that was brought ashore and immediately guessed its contents. Steffney had no alternative but to show them the coins.

The trip home turned into a triumphal parade, with well-wishers sitting all over Steffney's convertible. Janet Steffney's eyes widened at the pile of oxidized silver her husband emptied onto the kitchen table. The coins, mostly 1730 to 1733 mintings, had a collector's value of up to $100 each. "Now we can get that new home," she said softly.

A phone call was put through to Coffman. The expedition's backer arrived that night, and when he saw the coins, he, too, became excited. Champagne flowed. The six-day ultimatum was forgotten. Gloria Manieri, the neglected bride, suggested to her husband that a world cruise might make up for her interrupted honeymoon.

The next morning, the eager men tried to leave the dock early, despite a thirty-mile-an-hour wind. The port-engine coupling broke, however, and that was that. They couldn't go. Steffney, looking pale and fidgety, hired a fishing guide to run him out to the wreck site, alone. "I'd done a foolish thing," he said. "The weather report had been good, and for the first time, I'd left a marker buoy out—right over the spot where we'd found the silver! I got out there in a hurry and pulled up that marker. But to do so, I had to give the other captain my ranges to run."

Four more days dragged past while the wind blew without letup. Finally, on November nineteenth, it dropped. Once more, they set out—and once more, the faulty drive coupling gave way. This time, Steffney had a diver swim out an anchor. Then he winched the boat away from the dock and got under way with one motor.

Despite a dangerously heavy bottom surge that tore their wet suits, the hard-working divers brought up 157 more pieces of eight that day.

"Every hole we dug, every reef crevice, seemed ready to give up a dozen coins," Manieri recalled.

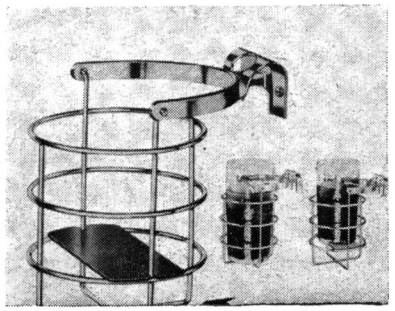
But when he counted the salvaged coins at the end of the day, he saw red. There were at least three missing. He was certain of this, for he had brought up an oxidized clump of three that had now somehow vanished.

Some stern questioning of the crew followed, and finally one of the younger divers went below for the missing coins. When he returned, Steffney told him he was fired.

The kid pointed to a fellow diver. "Then you'll have to fire him, too," he said sullenly. "He's been switching coins on you for the best dates all along. He stole a couple of handfuls on deck that first day you brought them up."

"So we canned them both," said Steffney as he pulled the marker buoy aboard and switched on the *Johnnie C.'s* engines. "And the next day, we went back out to the site and found seventy-one more coins, and the day after that, another ninety."

"Meanwhile," said Ray Manieri, taking over the story while the skipper swung the boat around for the return trip to Mar-



NEWSFORMEN

BAR BUOY is a drink holder which attaches to any type boat and keeps drinks upright. It handles cans, bottles, or glasses. Comes in brass or chrome. Aladdin Laboratories, Minneapolis, Minn.

athon, "the word was spreading. This was the biggest haul that had ever been made in the Florida Keys. And whatever treasure was still left out there was up for grabs. Anybody could come out and dive for it—and did."

At least one boatload of amateur divers tied up brazenly to the stern of the *Johnnie C.*, according to Manieri, and those aboard plunged in to join the search. "We chased them off—fast," he added grimly.

But there was no hope of scaring off the crew of professional treasure salvagers who appeared a few days later. They knew that the wreck site lay outside the three-mile limit, in international waters, and that the two men therefore lacked the protection of a state salvaging lease.

The encroaching professionals were, in fact, led by the salvage captain with whom Coffman had signed that fifty-fifty agreement on any brass cannons found in the Keys. And this gentleman now announced that he was suing Coffman for half the treasure that had been recovered along the Coffins Patch reef, claiming that their agreement had covered *anything* that might be recovered in these waters!

This resulted in Coffman promptly informing Steffney and Manieri he had no intention of working the wreck further—not with a lawsuit hanging over him.

"What's more, he claims he owes us nothing because his expenses were so high," said Steffney. "More than fifty thousand, according to him. But there was no mention of expenses in our oral agreement. And besides, he couldn't have spent anywhere near that amount. We only had junk equipment from the start."

So the two men say they feel no further obligation to Coffman, and that they are continuing to work the wreck on their own. They have salvaged quite a few additional coins and silver artifacts, but would not specify exactly how many.

Steffney is firmly convinced that the wreck is the *San Fernando* and that the Spaniards never salvaged her rich cargo. "They never would have left the cannons if they had," he told me as we entered Boot Key Marina. "And we've brought up eleven of them so far."

He is therefore certain that the main portion of the treasure hulk is still down there and that it's worth between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000. "By means of our black bottom lines," he said, "we have trailed this wreck for more than a mile across the reef. Ray and I believe that each time a wave lifted the hull and dropped it back down on the coral, it broke up some more and that more coins spilled out of the silver treasure chests."

The telltale lines, by the way, have since been removed. "We've searched that bottom so thoroughly," said Manieri, "that we can close our eyes and recognize it by touch alone."

Because of this, both men are convinced that they alone can find the exact position of the wreck site.

Before I left the rusting *Johnnie C.*, they showed me a worn, well-marked chart on which are indicated the positions of some forty-five other sunken vessels along the forty miles of jagged coral rocks which stretch between Sombrero Light and Molasses Reef. Twenty of them, they claim, are known treasure ships. Their carefully plotted positions vary from six miles offshore, in seventy-five feet of water, to "one right up on the beach."

One of the wrecks is thought to be the *Santa Margarita*, which foundered in 1622 with $30,000,000 aboard. Another is the 1656 *Almiranti*, with a $4,000,000 cargo, most of it gold bars. Steffney claims that he alone knows the position of this diver's dream, five miles offshore, which, as he put it, has so far "never been dove on."

Meanwhile, the scope and pace of the big Florida Treasure Hunt continues to grow. Light planes fly overhead, searching for the telltale outlines of ballast rocks, and down on the water, treasure salvage boats vie with one another over every likely site.

If you'd like to join this twentieth-century gold rush, there's nothing to stop you. One word of advice, however: Salted wrecks and false newspaper stories are just two of the weapons that con men are using to take suckers to the cleaners.

Recently, one of Jack Steffney's friends paid $1,000 for five little silver bars which Steffney had warned him "looked just *too* good." The friend later discovered that the bars were clever fakes and that there was only $200 worth of silver in them.

So if you're going to go after treasure, go—but tread warily and remember: In Florida, all is not gold that glitters. There are also con men's eyes. • • • 91

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY LAND IN FLORIDA

Florida has a new land boom — a boom that is built on solid growth. It is happening in a triangular area — including Orlando, Cape Kennedy and the new $600,000,000 Disneyworld city-complex — which is becoming known as Florida's Golden Triangle.

A Solid Industrial Base

Before this new boom ever began, Orlando was already the industrial center of Florida. Cape Kennedy added a big share of the $25,000,000,000 Apollo Project and the growth began in earnest. Dozens of companies have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in this area, to be near Cape Kennedy. They include AC Spark Plugs, Aerojet, General Corp., Astronautics, AVCO, Bell Telephone Labs, Burroughs Corp., Chrysler, Convair Douglas Aircraft, Ford Aeronautics Div., General Electric, Lockheed Aircraft, Martin Aircraft, North American Aviation, Northrop Aircraft, Pan American Airways, Philco, RCA, Radiation Inc., Remington Rand, Space Technology Labs and Univac.

NOW DISNEYWORLD!

With the decision of Disneyworld to build a giant new city-complex southwest of Orlando, the boom is in high gear. In Anaheim, California, land increased 5 times in value when Disney was just looking there. By the time Disneyland was completed, Anaheim property had increased 15 times its value. Land that sold for $100 an acre is now $50,000 an acre and up. Here in Florida, Disneyworld will be finished in 1970. It will be more than 100 times the size of the Anaheim Disneyland. It will provide employment for 50,000 people, new homes, schools, churches, shopping centers and industrial parks. Already committed or under construction are a $90,000,000 U. S. Navy Boot Camp in Orlando, and 15,000-student Florida Technological University, to open in 1968.

This Is the Time to Buy.

Suburban Estates is undeveloped land, located at the southern edge of the Golden Triangle. The property contains high pine and palmetto areas and varied degrees of wooded and cypress areas, surrounded by miles of orange grove country. Elevations to 60-80 ft. are among the highest in Florida. The spreading development of the Golden Triangle has not yet reached Suburban Estates, but is pushing steadily in this direction. A 10 acre site in Kissimmee, near Disneyworld recently sold for $60,000 an acre. The major price increases in this area are yet to come.

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laughed. "This time, a redhead," he said.

"You know, you're going to get caught one of these days," Stroud said as he poured a second cup of coffee.

"Not until I find one like yours, I won't," the copilot answered.

Stroud reached into his flight pocket and pulled out his wallet. He unsnapped the picture section, and Suzie's beautiful face lay there in his hand, smiling up at him.

"She's okay—if you like perfect women."

"Oh, stop your bragging. You'll make me sick," the copilot retorted.

Stroud looked again at the picture of his wife. He would be home with her by tomorrow. The test would be completed when they reached Los Angeles and they could return to base, Castle Field, Visalia, the next day.

The earphones snapped to life. It was the navigator. "We've sprung a leak in the refueling system." His voice was frantic.

"Wrap it with something," Stroud yelled over the sound of the gushing fuel.

The navigator tried in vain to stop the flow with his hands. "With what?" he yelled back.

"Use this!" Stroud shouted as he jerked off his flight jacket.

The two struggled to cover the line and knot the jacket tightly. The gushing was at last replaced by a steady flow from the jacket.

"Keep your eye on it," Stroud panted. He turned and made his way across the slippery, fuel-soaked deck to the cockpit.

"How bad?" Bob asked.

"Couldn't be much worse. We've got a leak in the main line."

Stroud slouched into his seat, replaced the headset. He pushed the button on the yoke-shaped bomber controls.

"This is Kings Ruby Leader to Gas Pump One and all aircraft in the area. We have

HUNTING and FISHING

WINNER OF FIVE-GUN GUN RACK BY NIMROD FOR MARCH CARTOON

Fred Thommen, 381 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y.

"All I said was, 'How can you call with a pair of jacks?' "

Stroud flipped the billfold closed and stabbed at the talk button on the bomber's yoke. "Break away. . . . Break away!" he screamed at the tanker.

It seemed like an eternity before the coupling of the hose passed over the windshield.

"Take over, Bob," he said, as he unbuckled his harness and started aft. He opened the cabin door and saw the leak immediately. It was worse than he had imagined. It was not in the refueling system but in the connector between the fore and aft tanks. If the line gave way, the ship would become a flying bomb of high-octane fuel. Horrified, he saw the puddle on the floor grow rapidly in size. He got about two steps toward the line when it gave out with a lethal roar of fuel. The foul-smelling stuff sprayed from the ruptured line like a fountain of death.

Stroud and the navigator reached the line at the same instant.

ruptured a fuel line on our starboard tanks. Stand by."

He released the button. The sweat was forming under the crown of his helmet. He clicked the switch for intercom. "We have sprung a leak in our main starboard fuel line. We will attempt to reach Travis on the fuel remaining in the port tanks."

Bob's head snapped around; he stared at Stroud. The pilot was expressionless. He spoke again, to the crew.

"We will continue to fly over our present course as long as we are able."

"Glen," he said, addressing the navigator, "I want a run-down on the weather between here and the bay area as soon as possible. The rest of you prepare to ditch. If we run out of time, we'll have to try and get out of here. Whatever you do, don't cause any sparks. Don't rub your hands on your flight jackets or make any unnecessary movement. Right now, we are a flying bomb."

Stroud stared past the nose of the big ship at the flotilla of silver dots that awaited his call.

"Kings Ruby Leader to Gas Pump One. Clear us for a straight-in approach to Travis. Please notify Castle and Travis." He paused, holding the talk button. "We will maintain radio silence to prevent sparks, but will leave it open for receiving instructions."

"Roger Kings Ruby Leader. . . . Rescue advised. . . . Good luck."

Stroud watched the tanker drop out of sight below him. His earphones crackled as the pilot of the tanker called the flock of escort F-104s. One was ordered to remain with the stricken plane as it lumbered down the coast. The little ship assumed its position alongside the B-52, across from Stroud's seat. The pilot of the 104 waved a gloved hand.

Bob's voice sounded strange behind him. "We'll never make it to Travis, Skipper."

"We'll try." Stroud tried to hide his own doubts.

"We'll fry like a bunch of hot dogs." Bob's eyes were glassy with fear.

"We'll make it all right. Now, snap out of it, Bob."

"You've got to ditch her, Skipper." Bob's voice was hysterical.

"No."

"You've got to!" He started to rise from his seat like a robot.

"Sit down," Stroud said firmly.

The copilot continued to rise.

"Sit down!" Stroud's eyes jumped blue fire as he gave the command.

Bob paused, then settled slowly back into his seat. "Sorry, Skipper, it's just that . . . well . . ."

"Forget it." Stroud's voice was sharp. "Take over."

Bob grasped the controls. Stroud watched him for a moment. His copilot was a good officer; they had flown a good many hours together.

Stroud unsnapped his seat harness and made his way aft. The crew of the B-52 was in ditch position. He walked carefully on the fuel-slick deck. As he picked his way gingerly, he thought about the lethal cargo in the lower deck. It would take only the slightest spark to ignite the fuel. Simple heat from friction could turn the B-52 and her crew into a fireball.

"What have you got, Glen?" he said as he approached the navigator.

"Not too good, Colonel," Glen answered. "Heavy winds between here and the California-Oregon border and chances of fog in San Francisco."

Stroud could hear the strain in the man's voice. "Thanks," he said as he turned to go forward.

He stopped at the hatch that went to the lower deck and lowered himself slowly down the ladder. The deck was covered with about two feet of fuel. The deadly stuff slipped around as gay as water in a child's bath. Stroud shuddered as he thought of the destructive force behind the liquid. As he watched, the fuel began to build up against the forward bulkhead. It took him only a split second to realize what was happening. He sprang up the ladder and rushed into the cockpit.

"I'm taking her in, sir." Bob's voice was

not his own. It sounded as if it were coming from a deep void.

Stroud jumped into his seat and wrenched the controls from Bob's hands. Much of the fuel had already flowed forward. As the weight began to pile up, the huge aircraft continued to nose down. Stroud pulled back, gritting his teeth against the pain as his muscles screamed for relief. Still the huge ship thundered toward the sea. Then slowly, very slowly, the plane began to respond. Exhausted, Stroud at last felt the plane level off five hundred feet above the dark water.

Bob reached for the controls again.

"Leave them alone," Stroud snapped.

"Yes, sir," Bob said in a meek voice. He sounded like a beaten child.

As the leak continued to dump its deadly fluid into the lower deck, the plane grew more and more sluggish. It took all of Stroud's strength to hold the big ship steady. Any maneuver that was made had to be executed very slowly or the liquid ballast in the lower deck would send them plummeting into the sea. Very tenderly, the pilot pulled the yoke toward him; he felt the tail grow heavy. Gingerly, he pushed the controls forward; the bird leveled off. Sweat trickled down his neck, under the collar of his flight suit. It stood out in beads on his upper lip. His breath came in short, shallow gasps as if he expected at any moment to inhale the searing flames his mind kept picturing.

Slowly, he worked the huge plane up. The engines roared as they ate away at his precious fuel supply. He had gained back quite a bit of altitude when Bob started talking to himself quietly.

"Bob," Stroud pleaded, "try to snap out of it."

"Yes, sir," Bob answered, making a mock salute. "Yes, sir."

Stroud felt alone and helpless as the bomber continued down the coast. He looked out the port window, under the belly of the 104, and could see the dark strip of land. He thought of the people on the beaches, of the children stopping in their play to gaze at the distant silver specks in the sky.

"Look, Mommy, an airplane way up there in the sky."

"Yes, dear. Now run along and play." Mommy didn't even look up from her paperback.

"Colonel." The sound of the navigator's voice beside him made him jump.

"Sorry, sir, I just wanted to tell you we have crossed the Oregon-Washington line. The winds should start picking up now."

"Yeah, huh, okay. Thanks, Glen." His mind came spinning back from the beach.

The earphones snapped. "Stroud? This is Commander Jansen." It was the familiar voice of the commander of Castle Field. Stroud figured his commanding officer had flown to Travis when news of the stricken plane reached Visalia.

"The field at Travis is being foamed down, but it looks bad weatherwise. How long do you figure it's going to take you to get there?"

Stroud looked out the windshield at the little 104. He tapped the headset and looked at the escort pilot expectantly.

The pilot nodded. He had heard. Stroud held up one finger.

"This is Mayday escort: Mayday will be in your area in approximately one hour." The pilot looked for confirmation and returned the thumbs-up signal.

Stroud listened as the escort pilot relayed air speed, heading and altitude to the base. He was concentrating on flying the crippled ship and only barely heard the flow of words in his headset.

"Stroud." The sound of his name brought his attention back to the radio. "We expect it to be socked in here within the hour. We will keep you posted, but you may have to ditch her. We have the Coast Guard standing by. Are your men ready?"

Stroud nodded, exaggerating the gesture for the escort pilot."

"Roger, Travis." The escort answered for him.

"Escort!" Jansen's voice snapped.

"Sir?"

"Take good care of him. He's a friend of mine."

"Yes, sir. Understand."

The huge plane began to be buffeted by the rising winds. Stroud's arms and back felt like lead. He could trace every muscle by the pain in its fibers. After the loss of so much precious altitude, she could slip quickly into the sea if she rolled even a few degrees. He gave up fighting for more altitude and concentrated on keeping her steady. He fought the kicking yoke for forty minutes.

"Travis calling Mayday." He listened intently.

"Roger, Travis, go ahead," the escort answered.

"Travis is fogged in, visibility zero, ceiling zero."

His heart dropped, he knew what was coming next.

"Advise you ditch aircraft . . ."

The rest of the sentence fell on deaf ears. He had never lost a bird in his life and he didn't want to lose this one, not if he could help it.

The plane and crew had been together for a long time. They had circuited the Pacific many times together, checking radar scramble installations. They had nicknamed the huge ship *Bubbles* after a whale they had watched at Marineland down in L.A. Well, *Bubbles* was in trouble now, and it didn't seem right just to give her up.

"Glen," he called over his shoulder.

As the navigator came forward slowly, he turned the big ship away from the city and out into the Pacific.

The navigator stood silently as he completed the maneuver.

"Glen, what do the men want to do? You must have been talking it over back there. How do they feel?"

"We'd like to see her in if possible, sir."

"All of you?"

Glen looked at the incoherent copilot. "To the man, sir."

Stroud was warmed by the confidence of his men. "Thank you, Glen. We'll see what we can do."

"Yes, sir." The navigator turned, paused to look at Bob and went aft.

The copilot's voice was hollow. "We'll never make it."

"Yes, we will, Bob." He tried to sound confident.

Stroud looked at his friend. He didn't like what he saw. Bob was sitting ramrod-straight. His eyes were like glass and looked as if they were focused a hundred miles ahead of the lumbering plane. He kept clenching his glove-covered hands into tight fists. Suddenly he sprang from his seat and lunged at Stroud. The pilot barely had time to release the controls and throw his arm up to ward him off.

"You'll kill us all!" Bob screamed. He regained his balance and lunged again.

Stroud was ready. He sprang from the chair and brought his fist up from the deck under Bob's chin. The copilot's head snapped back, he spun against the instrument panel and slipped to the deck, unconscious.

Stroud grabbed the yoke and fought to pull the plane out of its dive. It didn't respond. He put his foot on the dash, smashing the instruments, and jerked back. Still, the plane fell. He gritted his teeth and jerked again, nearly blacking out from the pain. He felt a response, felt the falling plane slow, heard the roar as the engines took the weight once more.

He slumped into his seat. The fuel in

he can't tell you he has worms

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the lower deck flowed aft and the plane grew tail-heavy. He shoved the yoke forward and wrestled the big ship level. A scant two hundred feet separated *Bubbles* from the dark water when she finally leveled off. Bob was out, lying crumpled in between the seats. It hurt Stroud to look at him.

"Glen," he yelled.

The navigator was at the doorway in an instant. "Thought maybe we were going in that time, Skipper."

"Yeah, so did I. Pick him up and put him in his seat."

The navigator wrestled the unconscious form into an upright position and let it slump into the copilot's seat.

"Now look, guys." The headphones snapped to life. "I got special orders to take care of you, but this thing ain't no PBY. Another trip like that one, and you'll swim home."

Stroud looked out at the little 104 alongside, just ahead of the acre of aluminum that made up the B-52's wing. The planes were quite close and the features of the fighter pilot were easy to see from the cockpit of the B-52. As he chided them on their sloppy flying, Stroud could see the broad grin on his face. Stroud smiled and felt the tension ease a little.

"Now, if you guys want to get fancy on me, I can play that way, too." The 104 executed a tight barrel roll.

Stroud waved his hand in mock disgust. "Okay, wise guy," the pilot teased, "let's see you do it."

Stroud shrugged as if to say, "It's nothing. Nothing at all."

The two continued to joke with one another, one with words, the other with silent gestures. It was a silly game, but it helped. It helped them forget the fuel—and the odds.

The plane flew west and Stroud held tension on the yoke, forcing the nose up slowly. He had regained a little of the precious air space when Travis Field came back on the air.

"Mayday, this is Travis control. We have your ditch position for you."

The position given was to the north of their present course. Stroud looked across the copilot's seat, out the window. He thought about their chances of getting out alive. They weren't good. She could blow when she hit the water. There had been a high wind here all day; the sea would be rough. All it would take would be the heat from a single torn rivet, the spark from a single fracture in the plane's delicate belly. If she didn't blow, there was a good chance she'd sink like a rock with all that soup in her. He thought he had himself convinced, he didn't know if he could convince the board of inquiry.

He thought about the inevitable board, about his disobeying Jansen. He thought of Suzie and his career. He thought of his record. He looked down at the water waiting to pluck the big ship from the sky.

"To the man." That's what Glen had said. "To the man."

He knew he had to try.

If he could get to a foamed field, a field he knew, there was a chance he could pull them through.

"Stroud." He jumped at the sound of Jansen's voice. "The ditch zone is north, not south. The scope here at Travis shows you've turned the wrong way."

There was silence for about five minutes. The roar of the engines droned in Stroud's ears as he held his course.

"Lew! Turn around. Where do you think you're going?"

"Mayday escort, does he read me?"

The 104 moved in close. An expression of disbelief crossed the fighter pilot's face as Stroud reached up and pulled off the headset.

Stroud watched the 104 pilot talking into the mike of his headset. He smiled as he thought of the reaction on the other end of that conversation.

They continued south in a long climb. Stroud saw that the radio was keeping the little jet jockey pretty busy. The highly animated conversation was barely audible through the B-52's headset as it swung on a hook above the windshield. He could hear Jansen. The boom-voiced commander didn't seem to need a radio to be heard.

Presently the conversation ceased and Stroud saw the escort pilot look at him. He was obviously puzzled. Under the silver belly of the fighter, Stroud could see the beach. *Where to?* he wondered.

He looked down again at the water. No, that was out. Travis was out. He looked again at the beach, and the lavender California coastal range. It was almost an imperceptible movement. His left hand pulled back down, and the lumbering warship began to slide toward the 104, and the land. He reached and reset the earphones in their place as the tiny fighter rolled out of the way again.

"Now, cut that out," the escort pilot protested. Then, "Where to now, boss?" he asked as the two planes continued to swing toward the beach.

Stroud pointed toward the land.

"Travis?"

Stroud shook his head no. He raised his gloved hand so the 104 pilot could see it, and flew it as pilots do when they describe their aerial feats over a beer. The hand plane flew forward and humped up as his arm extended.

"I don't read you. Try again."

He repeated the gesture, with the same result. He fumbled beside the seat for his long-forgotten wallet. He flew the Gargantuan plane with one hand as he opened the wallet to the picture section and pressed it to the windshield. The 104 pulled close to the nose of the thundering jet and its pilot squinted across the empty space, striving to recognize what Stroud held in his hand.

"Wallet . . . wallet . . . home. You're going home . . . Castle Field."

The bomber pilot nodded in vigorous agreement. The little 104 arced away from his side.

"This is Mayday escort to Castle Field. . . . Mayday escort to Castle Field. . . . Your baby's coming home to roost."

Stroud barely had time to get the headset off before he heard Jansen bellow his name. He looked over at the F-104. The pilot grimaced and held the earphone away from his ear. Stroud laughed. He could imagine both the tone and the topic. His headset was two feet away, and he could hear the volume.

The two planes climbed slowly as they neared the beach. Thin, gossamer wisps of fog licked out at them as they topped the gray bank. Stroud flew by instinct. Every time the seat felt too light on his back, he knew the fuel was flowing aft and he nursed the nose of the big ship down.

Bob began to whimper softly from the copilot's seat. Fear can do strange things to a man's mind. Stroud hoped his friend would come out of this mess all right.

The warship and her mosquito escort topped the mountains and started down in a long, nearly level glide. As the nose would grow heavy, Stroud would pull with aching muscles and numb arms to prevent the dive he had fought so long.

Castle was a snow strip in the desert. The foam fire retardant coated runway 1-8 for half its length. The crash trucks were red dots that glinted in the bright sun. Stroud put the earphones on and received his clearance for a straight-in landing. His approach was a long one. The landing would be without wheels, without anything.

"Brace yourself!" he yelled over his shoulder. "We're going in."

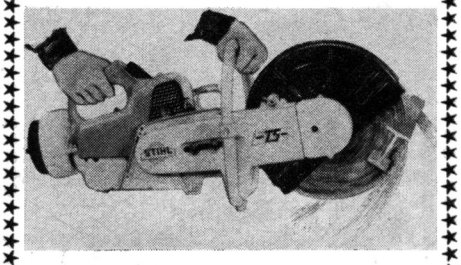
The earphones popped: "Good luck."

Stroud looked over at the 104 and returned the thumbs-up signal. The little plane flashed in the sun as it rolled and cut away.

Stroud pulled the throttles back, the thunder under the wings dropped an octave, and the big ship began to fall. The foam loomed up in front of them as he reached out and slapped at the kill switch. The thunder stopped and only the sound of the rushing wind could be heard. The silver nose grew heavy. Stroud put his foot on the instrument panel and pulled the nose up. If it dipped, they were done.

It was a sleigh ride in the world's biggest toboggan. Four feet of man-made snow lay between the fuel and the hard concrete.

He gritted his teeth and closed his eyes. Instinctively, he stabbed at the brakes. The plane slid down the runway. When the big ship was abreast of the crash trucks, the right wing dipped into the foam and they slewed around. They spun once and stopped. Stroud slumped over the wheel, exhausted, as the sirens of the crash trucks sounded. • • •



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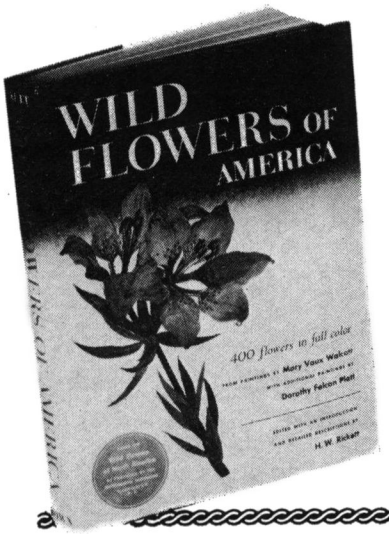

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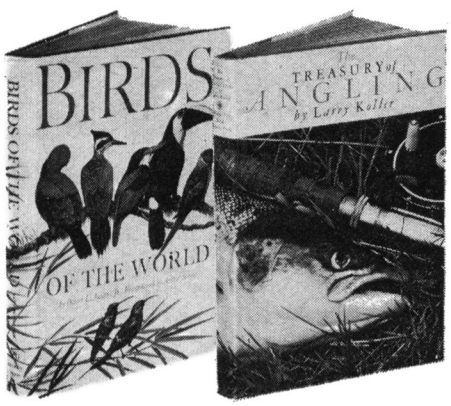

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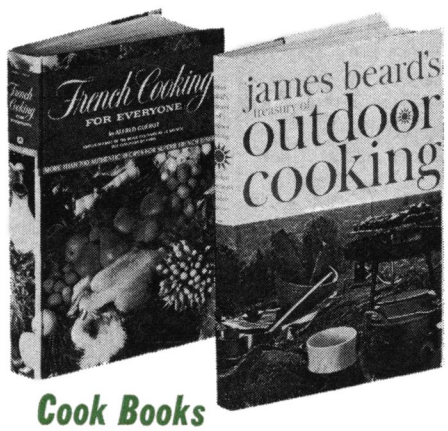

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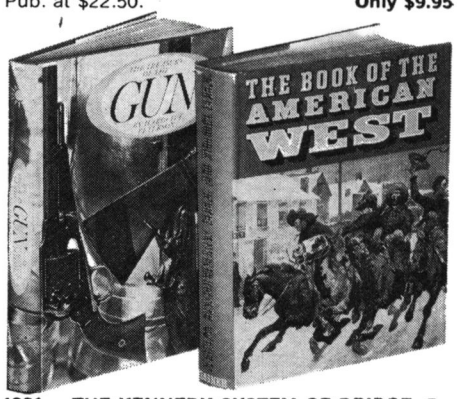

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 continued from page 58

down into the stern where he expected a comment from Kurt Kruger. Then he continued his search. "No one's on the beach. No police. Nothing."

Kurt Kruger, a tired, gray-haired man in his sixties, was leaning awkwardly on the port rail. He was wearing a white shirt and blue business suit, and although he had removed his tie, he still felt as incongruous as he looked. "Can you see the flagstaff?" he said, frowning and shifting his gaze from the ominous rocks in the sea to the higher rocks on the island. "The agent will have his flag flying if he is there. A bad sign for us, I'm afraid."

From his perch on the bridge, Sharp scanned the slim, uninhabitable length of Possession Island. At a point near the island's center, he detected the flag flapping on the staff. A hundred yards further south, he saw the shiny black backs bent over the rocks. "Yes," he said, trying to give his voice a disinterested tone, "they're digging bird droppings today. Twenty, twenty-five Bantu, at least."

"*Ombara* Sharp not stop," Tjamuba said. "We make quick *yanda* this way." He spoke part Herero, part Bantu and part English.

"Run away, hell," Sharp said, staring hard into his mate's eyes, wanting to impress upon him the importance of reaching the *Transvaal Queen*, that great ship lying gutted in the sea, her belly full of gems. A salvager's dream ship, she was. Sharp's dream ship. "We're going after diamonds, Tjamuba. Plenty diamonds. For all of us."

"No diamonds for them Bantu," Tjamuba said. He pointed toward the island. "Them Bantu only dig guano."

Sharp had heard all that before, about who was digging guano and who was getting diamonds, and he had always sympathized with his lightly browned mate. But Sharp and Kruger were going after their own diamonds today. There was no time to be concerned about the unfortunate Bantu who dug bird droppings, the Bantu who could work only a few days each month, when they and their spades were brought to the island by the agent from the Department of Agriculture in Luderitz. Perhaps one day the Bantu would dig only for diamonds, and they would keep them. But not now, not while the agent man was there, squatting hot and irritable on a high rock, in his sun hat and black boots, with his Mannlicher lying across his knees.

"There he is," Sharp said. He tossed the glasses down to Kruger and indicated a flat ledge on a pinnacle among the rocks.

Kruger was a government man himself, acquainted with most civil workers in Luderitz, but he was not able to identify the man on the ledge. "At this distance, one cannot be sure," he said. "I see him standing. He has a spyglass to his eye. What do you think? When he sees us anchoring over the wreck, he will put a call through to Luderitz. He will have a patrol boat on our necks within an hour."

Sharp knew what that meant. A patrol—any patrol—meant government police. There would be questions and investigations. If they received no answers, there would be a rifle butt in the ribs, a cracked skull. Give them the wrong answers and they would stick you in jail and keep you there. These police—Sharp had heard plenty about them. He knew well enough what they meant.

He glanced at the dials on the control panel, then clapped his thick-knuckled hand over both throttles and pushed them all the way forward. The *Delphis* lurched ahead, kicking up a misty spray as she headed south, parallel to the island.

"Let's not be difficult, Mr. Hanson!"

Tjamuba, tall, dignified, because among his ancestors there had been a king; Tjamuba, who wore bright red and yellow robes, robes that would be with him until he died, the same robes he would be buried in, turned to the port rail on the flying bridge and looked eastward into Africa. "I have people buried there, *Ombara* Sharp. Buried long time. They die working too hard to dig guano."

"Come away," Sharp said. "They're dead," knowing that inside the proud, handsome head, there were prayers being said to ancestors dead for a thousand years.

Strange about those dead ones, Sharp thought, the Europeans buried under small white crosses in the cemetery on the island, their graves constantly covered with bird droppings, and the Bantu buried along the beach on the mainland, in sand that concealed the richest diamond diggings in the world. Was it preservation the Europeans wanted—something the diamonds couldn't provide—the peculiar preservation afforded by the birds? For it was said—although Sharp had never examined one of their coffins—that the unusual organic and climatic conditions permeating the European cemetery on the island caused the dead bodies to retain their flesh.

But the *Delphis* was risen from a trough on the windward side of Possession Island, and now Sharp thought about the agent making his observations through a spyglass, the career-conscious agent anxious to call his overseer in Luderitz. An hour, Kruger had said. It would be nearly an hour before a patrol boat from Luderitz could stop them, just enough time to make it another one of those close gambles Sharp was always taking.

Lately, gambling had become Sharp's way of doing things. It had started about two years ago, when he had left that promising job as civilian master diver at the sub base in New London, Connecticut, for a dream and a hope in Capetown, Africa. He was in his late twenties then, an age when most men had a wife and kids and a respectable position. Diving was all right, respectable enough for a wide-shouldered man like Sharp. But he had seen the bearded old-timers, bent and broken by the sea, sitting on the pierheads down by the wharves, repeating ancient stories, chewing on equally ancient pipes. In Boston, he had heard them talk about their weather-worn wives. He had eaten fish chowder with them in Portland. And he wanted none of that. He had already given ten years to the sea, and the sea had never given anything back. He wasn't going to wait another twenty years, wait for a company pension and a house that always smelled of spoiled mullet because it stood too close to the sea.

Sharp had no quarrel with the sea. The sea was good, he'd tell you. If a man was lucky, the sea could make him rich, although a very lucky man could get rich faster in some seas than in others. He had heard stories about such seas, and most often the stories he heard claimed that the seas around South Africa made lucky men rich the fastest of all.

But after four months in Capetown, the only luck he'd had was to pick up an earful of bar talk about diamonds. So he decided to gamble his savings on the thirty-foot *Delphis*, and try his luck further

north, in the harbor of Luderitz, the diamond center of South West Africa. Luderitz, a harbor too shallow for large freighters and tankers, was plenty busy with lighters that ferried cargo between anchored, offshore ships and the wharves. Traffic like that meant plenty collisions and sinkings, and much work for an ace diver named Sharp.

The diamonds were there, too. In his mind, Sharp could see them sparkling in the desert in the police zone. Excellent gem stones, and all one had to do was pick them up. But the police patrolled the zone by air and by rail. The police protected the diamond diggings and the shipping routes for legitimate mining companies. The police protected everything from Luderitz to Capetown, and Sharp's first realization was that an intelligent man would never attempt a diamond raid in the desert. Anyway, Sharp was a sea dog, always would be, he supposed. So he would just have to resign himself to back-breaking salvage jobs in the harbor, gambling with time, waiting for the lucky break, the one chance that would give him a winning hand.

The chance eventually came, offered to him by Kurt Kruger, a man Sharp had befriended as a result of his salvage activities. Kruger was a minor port official in the Harbor Commissioner's office in Luderitz. He did not get on well in his office. He was a German, and his British superiors never let him forget the German defeats of 1918 and 1945. He would have been discharged after the last big war, but he had been with the Commission's Bureau of Marine Losses for forty years. He knew too much about the harbor, the ships and schedules, and the Harbor Ministry found it to their advantage to keep him on. Kruger also knew something about the salvage business—as much as anyone could without actually having made a dive. And since he was in a position to obtain information for Sharp on the problems in the harbor, their friendship had taken a firm course.

Then there was this morning, with Kruger stamping the usual stacks of shipping notices on his desk, and a fast-breathing office boy handing him a radio wire:

TRANSVAAL QUEEN STRUCK ½-MI SSW SOUTH REEF POSSESSION . . . . SANK IMMEDIATELY . . . . PICKED UP 11 SURVIVORS . . . 1 LOST . . . . HEADING CAPETOWN . . . . CAPTAIN ADAMS . . . . VERGULDE DRAECK

Nothing odd about that, Kruger had thought. The west coast of South Africa was in the path of strong southerly winds and the curving Benguella Current. Freighters in the coast trade were always running aground or getting hung up on the rocks. When he reviewed the blackboard and the schedule of that week's departures, Kruger learned the *Transvaal Queen* had left Luderitz harbor the evening before, destination Capetown. As part of his routine, he checked out the *Queen's* registry, her crew list and her manifest duplicates, bills of lading and invoices.

There she was, listed as Dutch-built, three thousand tons, carrying a twelve-man crew and a cargo of canned fish, railroad ties and, under a special insurance rider, two million dollars' worth of uncut diamonds.

Kruger felt a twitch in the old unused muscles around his lungs. He read again the part about the diamonds and then had to support himself against the file cabinets as he replaced the documents. Recovering his senses with the aid of a few draughts from a bottle of rye kept in his desk, he decided to call Sharp aboard the *Delphis* before passing the information on to the front office.

"Don't report it," Sharp said over the marine telephone. "Don't do anything. Don't even change your clothes. Just get down here quick. Bring the deck plans and cargo diagrams. Tjamuba's already on board. We can sail right off."

So then they were passing Possession Island, the *Delphis* trailing her misty spray and her clean, curving hull hissing in the churning sea between the white-capped breakers. Overhead was another dry, windless morning, with the sky brilliantly clear over the great expanse of Africa. On the far-off Atlantic horizon, the fog was thickening over the cold Benguella Current.

"Come away," Sharp said. He was angry about the agent and annoyed with Tjamuba who was staring at the barren mainland, whispering prayers to his ancestors. "They're dead, Tjamuba, and they can't help us now."

But Tjamuba went on staring at the mainland until the heavy white bow of the *Delphis* drove into the broken, smoking debris floating in the long, green head swell over the wreck site. The debris was a smouldering mass of oil and wood and canvas, and the smoke made Tjamuba nervous. His leathery lips stopped whispering and started to chant loudly in a language Sharp could not understand.

"Kurt," Sharp demanded, "what's he frightened about now?" He expected a reassuring answer, because Kruger knew what it was to take chances. Kruger knew what it was to gamble and win; he had known victories, but Tjamuba had never known anything other than fear and defeat.

"Something about the sacred fire," Kruger said. "It is something they believe in."

"Believe in that, Tjamuba," Sharp said, pointing into the sea. "Down there is the *Transvaal Queen*. Her belly's full of diamonds." He cut the engines as they entered the oily waters. Then, in a voice meant to startle, he shouted, "Get for'ard and drop anchor."

The handsome African, momentarily fixed by Sharp's command, whirled about and, in his billowing robes, descended the ladder. In a rush, he rounded the cabin and climbed up to the forward deck. Steadying himself against the bow rail, he unlatched the anchor chain and let it run through the chock. The anchor dropped into the sea with a splash. There were a few thumps and a final moaning sound as the anchor snagged the hulk lying in the sand at the bottom of the bay.

The *Delphis* creaked and groaned and drifted into a wide arc. Then it shuddered to a dead stop. Off to the left, to port and to north, was grassless Possession, with its rocky southern tip jutting treacherously into the sea. Ahead, at two miles' distance, was the sweltering beach that was the beginning of the massive bulk of Africa. There was a small settlement on the

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beach, and a half-mile inland was the machine depot for the tramway, the narrow-gauge rail link connecting a ninety-mile chain of police stations. The police stations guarded the diamond diggings along the entire length of the Namib desert. The nearest station was six miles to the north. There was another eight miles to the south. Far to the south was Capetown. From north to south, the country was a hot, bare plain swept with shifting sand hills. Along the edge of the country was the tormented sea, flashing over rocks and reefs, and now awash on the stack of the *Transvaal Queen.*

Sharp climbed down from the flying bridge and called forward to Tjamuba, "Get the lines hooked to the pump." Then, to Kruger, "And you help me suit up."

It was an old suit, frayed black at the elbows, but there was still much strength in the fiber of the canvas. It was a lucky suit, Sharp had said, and that's why he had brought it with him when he left the States. With this old canvas diving suit and the fittings that tightened well and the copper helmet that screwed solidly into the heavy breastplate, Sharp knew he could always find a diving job in any harbor.

Now, with the lead weights slung around his waist and the hoses connected and Tjamuba peering into the little window of the helmet, Sharp was ready to try it again. "Start pumping," he said, "No telling how long it'll be before that joker on the island calls in a patrol."

Tjamuba went over to the pump and began working the handle back and forth, building pressure in the compression tank.

"And the radio," Kurt said, "does it work properly?" He squeezed the transmitting button on the hand-mike. *"Achtung. Ein. Zwei . . ."* There was a tiny echo inside the copper helmet.

"Works fine," Sharp said. "First sign of that patrol boat, you give a call."

Sharp and Kruger hoped to make full recovery of the diamond cargo, planning to return the diamonds for a percentage of their value to the owners of the *Transvaal Queen,* the sedate and family-owned shipping firm of Commack and Osborne. If C and O wouldn't bargain, then it was up to the firm's insurance underwriters to make an offer. In any case, the diamonds would remain in Sharp's and Kruger's hands until satisfactory negotiations were concluded. But to begin such negotiations, it was necessary for Sharp and Kruger to be the first salvors to reach the *Queen,* an endeavor that would probably be disrupted by the arrival of a patrol boat.

"Look there, *Ombara* Sharp." Tjamuba pointed to the southern reaches of Possession. "The island. Smoke."

Kruger pushed back his fedora and put the binoculars to his eyes. "Some men on the beach. Standing around a fire. They seem to be watching us. Government men, perhaps."

"Get up in the bridge," Sharp said. "Keep your eyes on them. And keep your eyes on the sea. If a patrol does come, it can only come by boat."

He swung the quartz face plate into the opening, sealed it against the rubber gasket and locked it tight with a few turns of the brass butterfly nut. Then he heard the air shushing through the grill inside his helmet. Adjusting the intake valve, he pushed his way aft to the break in the taffrail and stepped down onto the diving platform. Another adjustment, a wave of his hand, a step forward, and he was gone, the water seething over him in white foam.

Sharp descended forty feet through cold fringes of the antarctic current. He clunked down hard near the starboard railing of the *Queen's* tilted, forward well deck. The starboard side was angled about ten degrees lower than port and was immersed in a deep purplish shadow, so Sharp scrambled up onto the tarpaulin bulging over the forward hatch and plodded to the other side. Above him, cargo booms and cables were swinging and curling in dim light. Looking further aft, he could see the vague, twisted outline of the ship's bridge and, very high up, the glazed windows staring blindly into the murky sea. When he reached the port rail, Sharp leaned over and searched far down on the ship's water line. There he observed a long, black indentation in her steel plating where fish and long, snaky things were circling in nervous haste. Ducking under a jumble of overhanging spars and rigging, Sharp hurriedly worked his way aft along the canted port alley and up the companion ladder to the raised center deck. High above him was the towering bridge, vanishing into a sullen glow. Sharp glanced up at the bridge, affirming his bearings, and then clumped directly across the metal flooring, his burdensome boots booming hollowly beneath him. How easy it is, he thought, when you know exactly where to go.

"In the purser's cabin," Kruger had said. "At the end of a passage on the port side of the center deck. Below the bridge and the wheelhouse."

It was really very simple. Kruger, with his unlimited access to shipping records, could obtain information about every vessel trading out of Luderitz. An examination of the *Queen's* cargo diagrams quickly revealed where the captain had stored his cargo of diamonds. Now it was up to Sharp to translate the ink lines of those diagrams into the steel bulkheads of the wreck.

"Inside the purser's cabin," Kruger had said, "you will find the strongroom. It will be padlocked. You will need an electric torch, no doubt, and a heavy crowbar."

But Sharp was aware of what equipment he'd need. He had been down to many buried wrecks and inside many submerged cabins, and the unnatural conditions existing there were the same as those he was facing now. There was the same push-push against the water, the same swirling of cables and tarps, and there were always innumerable booms swaying and myriads of silvery air bubbles streaming upward from a million secret openings—and him dragging his slithery lines behind him, keeping them free of debris, heading toward a dark passageway, this time leading to a purser's cabin.

When Sharp entered the fifty-foot passage, he was met by a rush of worried sea tenants that skirted by him in the lusterless light of his torch. He weaved between this onrush and pushed forward, past the solemn, unmarked doors on both sides of the passage, to the end where he saw the wide door with the sign above it: PURSER.

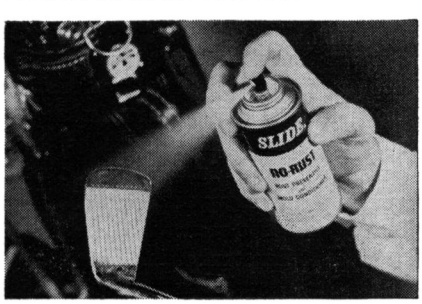
The door was partially open. Sharp stuck his head and arm inside and flashed his torch around the room. On the floor, creeping creatures scuttled into crevices behind a confusion of steel cabinets. Other creatures, with dull chromium bodies, were swooshing between fat, wooden chests suspended haphazardly in the water. Flat against the ceiling were small barrels and boxes, and a growing pocket of air that was being fed by Sharp's exhaust.

Sharp encountered resistance when he tried to push back the door, so he slammed against it with a few strong heaves of his shoulder. Finally the door swung inward and he entered the cabin. Wedged behind the door was a great desk, and protruding from under the desk was the missing body, probably the purser. He was an old man with flowing gray hair. His mouth was agape, his teeth were missing and his metal spectacles were bent diagonally across his face. Sharp started to work toward him, changed his mind and flashed his torch along the bulkheads. There, in the opposite wall, behind the teller's cage and counter, was the padlocked door of the strongroom.

Pulling on coils of line and hose, Sharp entered the cabin and clambered over the dangerously jumbled furnishings. He carefully laid his lines clear of the wreckage and groped his way around the teller's cage. Behind it was a pile of instruments: scales, a computing machine and other things that would be useful to a purser.

Sharp dispersed the pile and placed his torch on the counter in such a way as to allow the light to illuminate the demure mermaids carved into the strongroom door. With the curved end of his crowbar, he began probing the sealed edges of the door. But the door was solid and sealed tight and the probing did not disturb it. Then, using the bar as a club, Sharp proceeded to whack on the tomblike portal.

The deep, thudding sound in the wood informed him it was not to be easily destroyed, but Sharp kept on whacking, his heart beating wildly with the effort. Veiled in a luminous haze, he spun and plunged



NEWSFORMEN

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and chopped until the water in the cabin was agitated into a whirlpool. Soon he heard strange creakings and thumpings, and slivers of wood and many swimming things circled around him in the turbid water. After a while, nothing could be discerned except a foaming whiteness whirling around a gray shape whacking at the strongroom door.

Then it all stopped. The foam subsided, the whirling wood drifted into dark corners and the many swimming things concealed themselves in quiet recesses. Sharp, suddenly realizing that it would be wiser to assault the lock, pressed against the door and ran his fingers along the steel flange of the latch. Then, very carefully, he slid the pointed end of his crowbar down into that slim space separating the flange and the wood. And now there was a violent jerk, and Sharp was yanking the crowbar, trying to pry the latch from where it was fastened to the wooden door.

But it was a strong latch with many metal fasteners, and Sharp became angry when his crowbar failed to pry it off. Rage began to twist his face. His curses banged on his copper bowl and gurgled out of his exhaust valve in a steady stream of bubbles, and his yanking swirled the bubbles and water into another turbulent mixture.

Now Sharp's irate yanking had become a back-straining, muscle-hurting challenge against a stubborn piece of hardware, a steady pressure of his determination, converted into strength. And when the latch finally, grudgingly, began to yield, Sharp knowingly intensified his assault, ending it with a tremendous grunt as he ripped away the defeated metal.

He didn't wait for the cabin to be cleared of bubbles. He pulled on the broken latch. He pushed the door open.

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Kurt Kruger's old and tired eyes, even when aided by six magnifications of the binoculars, were no match for the keen eyes of Tjamuba, eyes that were a legacy from his ancestors, a thousand-year-old family of hunters. So it was Tjamuba who first spotted the patrol boat rounding the projection of high rocks on the tip of Elizabeth Point. And when he excitedly aimed his finger and when Kruger at last picked out the narrow black shape darting between the broiling breakers, the boat was already entering the bay, heading southeastwardly toward Possession.

"*Ja*, it is one of them," Kruger said. He stepped onto the ladder and climbed off the bridge.

"*Ombara* Sharp will come up now?" Tjamuba said, his voice rising. "We make quick *yanda*."

"Yes, we will run. But now you've got to keep on pumping, Tjamuba. No matter what happens, you've got to stick to pumping. You understand that?"

Kruger wasn't frightened; he wasn't even nervous. But he knew the patrol boat was the finish to another great plan that had gone wrong. As he depressed the radio transmitting button, his voice was weighted with defeat. "Down there, Sharp. Harry Sharp. Are you all right?"

Thirty feet below, in the hollow space of Sharp's copper helmet, Kruger's voice resounded harshly through the receiver.

Sharp didn't hear it at first. He was too absorbed in what he had discovered behind the strongroom door: rows upon rows of small square drawers, similar to post-office boxes, arranged from ceiling to floor on three walls of a narrow chamber.

Then he heard Kruger and answered, "Yes, I'm fine. In the strongroom now."

"It is no good," Kruger said. "You must come up. You must come up now."

Sharp didn't reply. He entered the strongroom and faced the wall to the right. In the wavering light, he pulled the knobs to open the drawers. The drawers slid out easily, but the first five or six were empty. He turned to the opposite wall and noticed that the drawers on that side were marked with tiny tags, waggling on the knobs like little white flags.

Sharp opened one of these drawers. Inside lay a bulky paper packet. Sharp tore it apart.

"Got them, Kruger," he shouted. "Do you hear? I found the little buggers. Dozens of them. In little papers."

Kruger kicked back, "The patrol, you fool. The boat. In another moment."

Now Sharp really heard. So Kruger was right, he thought. The people on the beach evidently had a direct line to the agent. Fine team: observer, agent, patrol boat. But hell, they weren't going to cheat Sharp this time, not in this game, not when he was so close to winning it. This was his one chance, the kind of chance every man waited for. He wasn't going to throw in his hand just because his partner was on a losing streak.

"Another two minutes," he shouted to Kruger, "and I'll have them all." Sharp had worked it out: The drawers with the tags held the diamonds. He tried another. "Yes, I've got them."

"For God's sake, Sharp!" Kruger yelled back, alarmed now by Sharp's determination to stay below. "The boat's so close I can see a man on the bow. He has a rifle."

Sharp refused to hear that. He was methodically examining the drawers. Every tagged drawer contained a packet. Some packets were slender, some bulged and were heavy. He stuffed all the packets into the canvas sack clipped to the lead weight belt slung around his waist.

"A rifle!" Kruger was screaming. "A thousand meters. Perhaps less. For God's sake, man!"

But Sharp ignored the screaming. Kruger's excited shouts were not important, would never be as important as those drawers and the little paper packets inside them. He went on emptying all the tagged drawers and stuffing the packets into his sack, until the strongroom and purser's cabin were full of bobbing boxes. Only then did he say, "All right, I'm coming up."

Tjamuba was pumping frantically, his luminescent eyes rolling with fear. His heavy lower lip was trembling and shiny sweat beads were glistening on his forehead. But when Kruger suggested they bring Sharp to the surface by drawing in his lines, Tjamuba momentarily forgot his fear. The black eyes focused on the approaching patrol boat, and he said, "No. Line will get caught in big ship. Be *otyiui*. Be trouble for *Ombara* Sharp."

So Kruger didn't draw in the lines. In-

stead, he went on bellowing into the radio, until he heard Sharp say, "I'm out on the well deck, Kurt. Pull me up. Slow."

And Kruger pulled. Standing in the stern, he pulled Sharp to the surface in a rush of bursting bubbles. He bent down to help Sharp mount the diving platform, then went forward to cut away the anchor. At that moment, he saw the patrol boat veering off to navigate around a line of breakers.

"Get us away, quick!" he shouted to Tjamuba. "South. *Schnell. Yanda. Yanda.*"

Tjamuba, still pumping anxiously, looked over the red and yellow robes heaped on his shoulder and made certain that Sharp had opened his face plate. "We go now, *Ombara* Sharp? *Yanda?*" he asked.

"Head out to sea," Sharp said, swinging the glass away.

He turned his body and glanced over at the oncoming patrol boat. Four—no, five—men were staring back at him, staring the way men with unbridled power always stare, expecting to be obeyed, expecting no resistance. They were going to end it, he thought. If he didn't do something fast, they'd put an end to his plan, to him, to everything.

"Tjamuba, we've got to outrun them," he said. "Fast. Fast on the controls."

Now that Sharp was again aboard the *Delphis*, the fear in Tjamuba's bones began to seep away. With the old dignity and confidence, he went into the deck cabin, turned the ignition switch on the main control panel and pulled out both throttles. He pushed the hydraulic clutch levers into forward, and the twin screws responded by kicking up their cloudy sprays. Then he pulled out the throttles a little further, and the engines settled into a mellow throb as the *Delphis* gained her way.

That was when the shot came. It came crackling across the sea as Kruger was returning aft to help Sharp through the break in the taffrail. The shot was instantly followed by the slap sound that a bullet makes when it pierces a glass windshield. The sound startled Kruger and he automatically dropped to his knees. He looked up in time to see a cottonball of smoke floating off the bow of the advancing patrol boat. Then he saw Sharp dive forward through the taffrail, sprawling into a heavy mass on the deck, his quartz face plate shattered white.

He turned to look at Tjamuba. "Stay at the wheel," he shouted, noticing that fear was again returning to the African, the uncontrollable fear that always began with a queer fidgeting of arms and legs. "Full speed out to sea, *schnell*"—his voice rising—"*und* for God's sake, keep your head down!"

The *Delphis* lurched ahead, its engines straining and roaring in the sea. Then came another shot, and in its echo came a thunderous electric voice. It was a voice on a loudspeaker, barking over the breakers. "Do not attempt to get away. Our next shot will be cannon fire. Just remain where you are. We are going to board you."

"Cut it," Sharp called to Tjamuba. "Cut engines and get down."

The patrol boat, a massive, black vessel with large, white, official-looking numerals painted on its hull, was less than a hundred yards off the *Delphis'* stern.

"So it *is* finished now," Kruger moaned. "*Ja,* finished for all of us." He was kneeling beside Sharp.

Sharp glanced at Kruger, then at Tjamuba. He looked again at the patrol boat. He saw the five ominous men standing at their assigned posts. They were pointing their weapons toward the *Delphis.* They were getting ready to make their play. It's their move now, Sharp thought. They're going to call the game on us, and from here it looks as though they've got the winning hand. But maybe not. Maybe we have one good trick left in our hand.

He unhooked the canvas sack from his belt and handed it to Kruger. "Empty it," he said. "Dump the packets on deck. Tjamuba, get the big wrench from the tool kit."

Kruger did as he was instructed, and Tjamuba disappeared into the lower cabin. The patrol boat was coming nearer. The *Delphis* was rocking slowly in the sea.

"Now," Sharp said, "break open all the packets. Pour out the diamonds into a little heap on the deck and stuff all the papers back into the sack."

Tjamuba returned from the cabin. He walked in a crouch, his head kept well down below the boat rails. He handed Sharp the heavy wrench. Sharp stuck it into the sack, along with the diamond papers. When all the paper packets were emptied and the papers were all stuffed into the sack, he said to Tjamuba, "Roll up this sack and hide it in the folds of your robe." Tjamuba did so. "Now take it over to the starboard rail. Careful. And keep down."

Creeping away, Tjamuba nodded and smiled so that all his white teeth showed. He didn't wait for Sharp to tell him what he had to do next. When he got to the rail, he stood up, quickly, with his back toward the advancing patrol boat, and in a clean, smooth motion, he let the weighted sack slip over the side. Then he crouched again and rejoined Sharp and Kruger.

"All right," Sharp said, glancing up once more to determine the patrol boat's position. "The vital thing is that they don't catch us red-handed with these diamonds. So here's what we do."

Kruger leaned forward, watching intently, and he soon learned what Sharp was up to. "Now that, Tjamuba," he said, hooking his thumb at Sharp, "that is really a clever place to hide diamonds."

Stand easy there," a black-capped, steel-eyed man called over to them. "Make fast to your cleats, fore and aft." The lines came sailing across the water.

The man climbed aboard the *Delphis,* along with one of his men. The other three, wearing identical black suits, stood on the deck of their vessel, rifles cocked across their arms.

The man said, "Papers. Identification cards." His face was stiff, dead-white, and his lips hardly parted when he spoke. He wore a black coat and trousers and there was a silver medallion fastened in the center of his cap. "What business have you here?" he asked as he examined the papers.

Sharp was beginning to disengage himself from his cumbersome diving suit. "I'm in the salvage business," he said. "I'm investigating a shipwreck."

The man raised his head. He narrowed his eyes and stared hard at Sharp. An almost imperceptible grin came to his lips. Then the grin slid into a leer. "There will be no diving in this place," he said. "And you"—he suddenly shifted his gaze—"Mister Kruger." His voice had become fierce. "From the Harbor Ministry, are you? You have authority to be here?"

Kruger stood motionless, appearing calm, almost bored, as if he were accustomed to being berated. He had been quietly looking at the man's hands while he was examining the papers. On the man's left hand was a faded tattoo, a girl's name: ROSE ANN.

Kruger looked up now. For almost a full minute, he gazed into the face under the black cap. Finally he said, in a level voice, "I am my own authority, as you can see from my papers. And it is my new policy to investigate all shipwrecks personally."

Sharp was momentarily surprised by the manner in which Kruger answered the man's questions. But then, Sharp thought, old poker face has had to deal with them for many years. He's learned how to play their game.

"Your papers are in order, Captain Sharp," the man said. "But you are required to leave here at once. My mate"—he nodded toward the tall, black-coated man beside him—"will stay aboard your boat, and we will escort you to Luderitz. You understand, there will be an inquiry and, of course, there will be a search of your persons as well as your boat when you arrive in port." He turned and climbed aboard his own vessel. "You will sail before us, Captain Sharp."

"If it is necessary," Sharp said. He waited until the man was back aboard the patrol boat. Then he moved close to Kruger. "Well, Kurt," he said, speaking low, his face turned away from the suspicious eyes of the man's mate, "it was a gamble, but we've got the winning hand. Isn't it so?"

Kruger didn't say anything. He just patted Sharp's arm, and then began to unbolt the heavy breastplate.

It was a gamble, all right, Sharp thought, but see how you can improve your hand. When you started your game, they dealt you a handful of cards and told you to play them. Later, they gave you a chance to improve your hand. If you were a gambler, you took the chance and then gambled everything you owned for the jackpot. That was the way to win. That was Sharp's way. "Now we've got to finish the game. Right, Kurt?"

"*Ja,*" Kruger grunted. "And we had better finish it fast. I feel a bad case of indigestion coming on."

Sharp nudged Kruger's ribs. "That's what will happen when one eats too quickly, Kurt. Especially when one eats such a rich meal." Sharp and Tjamuba were grinning broadly now. "But don't let it bother you," Sharp continued. "Don't think of your stomach as a stomach. For the next few hours, think of it as a vault, a temporary hiding place to keep the diamonds out of the hands of the police. When we're safely ashore, the proper application of mustard water will take care of everything."

"Ah, yes," Kruger said. "But until then, please understand my distress. You see"—he swallowed hard, as though trying to dislodge something in his throat—"eating diamonds has really been a new experience for me." • • •

FREE TRAVEL LITERATURE

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102. *NANTUCKET:* This fabled island, sitting thirty miles out in the Atlantic, is a wonderful place in the summer and fall. Nantucket Town, where the steamer from Wood's Hole docks, is studded with magnificent homes of whaling-ship skippers, art galleries, fine restaurants, charming inns and good night spots. The sandy beaches of the island are numerous and public. Visits to villages such as Siasconset and Madaket are rewarding. Within a day, you will understand why Massachusetts and New York tussled over the ownership of Nantucket.

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THE BEAST-KILLER OF BAYREUTH continued from page 41

By noon, newspapermen had joined the search. At one-thirty, a group of them were crunching across a snow-covered field about two and a-half miles from where the farmer had made the original discovery. They found a female torso. Some of the insides had been removed.

Richard Lammel, a photographer in the group, was the one who found the head. ("He was as white as a sheet when he came home," said his wife.)

Green-uniformed highway patrolmen fanning out across the white countryside picked up an empty purse and a shopping bag stuffed with a white working smock, a woman's suit, a dress, shoes, soiled female underwear and a camera. There was no identification on any of the items.

Medical examiners pieced the body together and froze it for further examination. They provided police with a description of a girl of medium height, slim build, with blue eyes and freckles. They noted a gray-blonde tinge in her brown hair and that her hands had been well cared for.

At first it was assumed from the missing internal parts of the body that the girl had died during an abortion. The skillful manner in which the victim had been dismembered suggested that it had been done by someone with medical training.

But the police still didn't know who she was. Putting their qualms aside, they decided to release a picture of the head to the newspapers, hoping that somebody would recognize it.

On Monday, Frau Schamel and her teen-age son were drinking late morning coffee and reading the newspaper. She saw the picture of the bodyless head. "It can't be our Ursula," she gasped.

Already suspicious because the girl had broken her promise to come home for the weekend—though apparently it had happened before and no one was unduly alarmed over it—the woman phoned her husband, Christian, and asked him to come home right away.

Schamel phoned the office where his daughter worked. She hadn't reported that morning. He notified police. They took fingerprints from the severed hands and compared them with samples on Ursula Schamel's office desk. They matched.

Investigators soon had a suspect list thirty-seven names long. They were the signers of the love letters found in the dead girl's furnished room. It was the second room Ursula had occupied since moving out of her parents' home in December, after she realized she was pregnant.

Because some of the letters had come from GIs, German police asked U.S. Army MPs and the CID to join the investigation. The Bayreuth provost marshal took over the American side of the case.

Meanwhile, German criminal police questioning Ursula's father were told she had been friendly with an American officer named Werner about a year before. But the father had put his foot down and told her to stop seeing the American. He had warned her: "You may marry anybody, even a poor fellow, but not an *Ami*."

Not only had Ursula's mother been sure that she wouldn't marry an *Ami*, which is German slang for American, but that her daughter's only two concerns were to get ahead in her job and then marry and settle down when she was around twenty-five.

German police decided to ask the Ninth CID Detachment to question Ursula's old boy friend, anyway.

The handsome young lieutenant drove to the CID office and told investigators he hadn't seen the dead girl on Friday night because he had spent the night with two other women. He denied that he and Ursula were engaged. They had broken off, he said, and he believed she was going with another man, a German.

Werner gave the CID the names of two women he had been with the night of the murder. He invited them to search his car, which was immaculate. Then he returned to his job as squadron intelligence officer.

Army sleuths reported the alibi to the Germans.

Working on the idea that trained hands had dismembered Ursula Schamel, investigators rushed to interrogate a medical student in Wuerzburg when his name appeared among the possible suspects. A GI went so far as to admit having had intimate relations with the dead fun girl. But he hadn't seen her the night she was murdered, he insisted. Then a young PFC complicated the probe by walking into a barracks latrine in Nuremberg and blasting a forty-five-caliber slug into his chest. Investigators checked out any possible connections between the GI's suicide and the German girl's murder.

Then the cops got their first real break. Werner's alibi didn't completely hold up. One of the two girls he claimed to have been with that Friday night admitted being with the lieutenant. But, she explained, it wasn't until after three o'clock Saturday morning. The other woman said she'd never been near Werner on Friday.

Wondering why the American had to lie about the early part of the evening, the German authorities asked the CID to recall Werner for further questioning. They also decided to search his white villa on Hegel Strasse.

"He was very polite when we went to his house and asked to search it," said Staatsanwalt Werner Conrad, the prosecutor in charge of the case. "He asked us to come in at once. The apartment was very clean. There was only a slight trace of blood along the edge of the door."

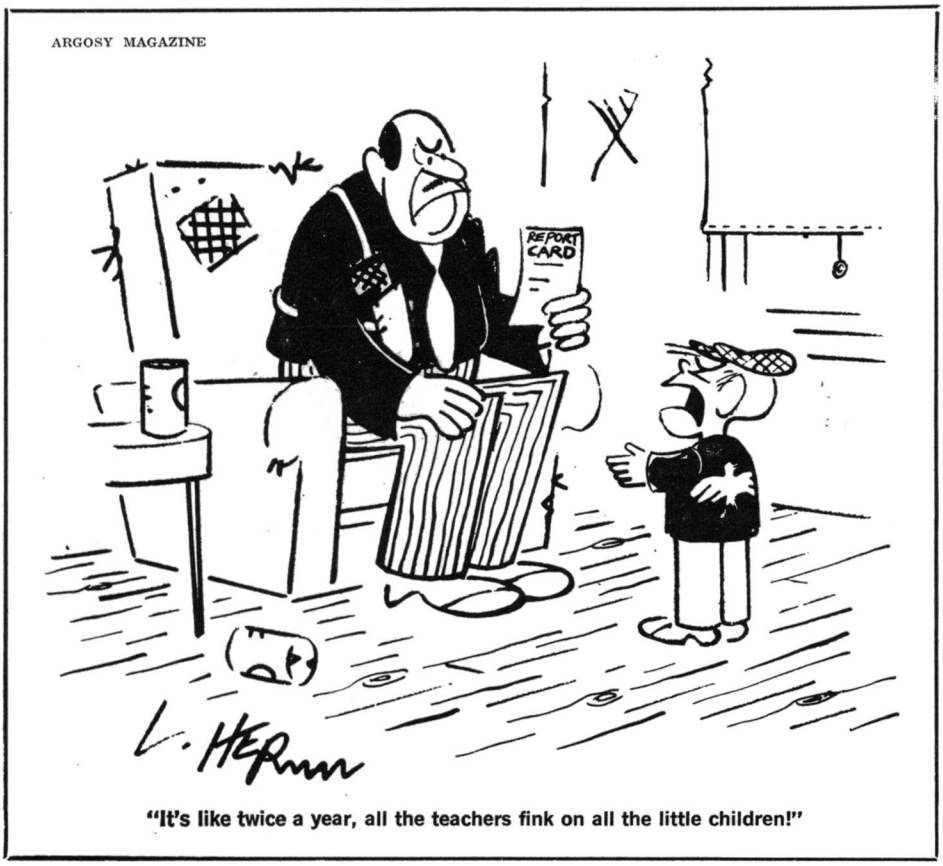
Chemical analysis confirmed that the stains were human blood. Lab men also detected blood on the bathroom ceiling, indicating that Ursula Schamel was still alive when her killer started to dismember her body.

In Werner's DeSoto, which was not the car he passed off as his own when first questioned by the CID, lab men saw that someone had tried to scrub away blood stains in the trunk of the car. As they talked to him, police noticed some cuts on the lieutenant's hands. He couldn't explain how he got them.

That night, four days after the murder, Werner was handcuffed and escorted to the U.S. Army stockade in Nuremberg.

Over the Associated Press wires clacked a report that the Bayreuth prosecutor's office explained that the American prisoner (whose name was not given) "has been whisked away from Bayreuth to an undisclosed jail to protect him from possible mob violence." Wednesday's edition of *Bild Zeitung*, Germany's national tabloid, assured its 4,000,000 readers that "there are no doubts that he is the killer."

That afternoon, in fact, Werner confessed to CID men that he killed Ursula



"It's like twice a year, all the teachers fink on all the little children!"

Schamel. But he insisted he was not responsible for his actions at the time. He was "in a trance," he said, and couldn't give a clear account of what happened.

"I don't know why I did it," he claimed in a four-page statement. "It seems like I was in a dream the whole weekend. I had a feeling of revulsion. She seemed to be dirty. When you have dirty hands, you wash them. When you have garbage, you throw it away. She was in the bathtub. I strangled her. I held her head under water until she stopped moving."

Werner told the CID interrogators he was still nude when he lifted the limp body out of the tub and started to slash at it with a single-edged razor blade.

While he worked over the corpse, Werner heard the phone ring. It was one of the villa regulars. No, he told her, she couldn't come over now. He went back to the bathroom with an eight-inch hunting knife, a jackknife and a saw-toothed kitchen knife.

The first newspaper stories linking Werner to the crime erroneously described him as a former medical student. Actually, the closest he came to medicine was as a member of the science club in his South Saint Paul high school.

In his confession, Werner said he flushed some of the girl's internal organs down the toilet. (They were later scooped out of the sewer behind the kitchen.) But there was no attempt at an abortion, he said.

It took him about two hours to finish his work on the body. About eleven, he dressed, the confession went on, and packed the bloody limbs, torso and head into two cardboard boxes. With the cartons in the trunk, he drove out to the *autobahn* and headed south. In a few minutes, after traveling only about twelve miles, he started a series of stops to toss Ursula's remains into the night.

He wouldn't have driven so far, the young officer explained, but he couldn't find any empty parking places closer to Bayreuth.

On the way back, he dumped the blood-soaked boxes into a smoldering trash fire behind the Parsifal Strasse officers' club. They were never recovered.

By three in the morning, Werner had returned to the blood-splattered bathroom, washed himself in the murder tub and, in his girly-calendar-papered bedroom, was tucked in with a GI's unfaithful wife.

When he strolled into his office at seven-fifteen, he was cool and displayed no signs of nervousness. His composure didn't slip all day. Saturday night, he joined a few girls for a drink at the same officers' club where he had disposed of the boxes used to carry away Ursula's corpse.

The next day, Sunday, Werner drove to nearby mountains and had a few beers with his roommate, who had been on duty in Nuremberg on Friday and Saturday and had no idea about the murder.

An enlisted man's wife who met Werner that same day noticed he was reading Mary Shelley's classic, "Frankenstein."

The lieutenant's taut nerves quivered only once. Early Tuesday morning, though he had successfully bluffed his way through a CID interview the day before, Werner phoned his office that he had a torsion bar break on his car and would be late. Whatever he did, he took little time to do it. He was only three-quarters of an hour late for work.

Before a German translation of the officer's confession was in their hands, Bayreuth police started to dig deeper into the private life of the playboy lieutenant. Police Chief Heinrich Lieblein, whose home is near the villa where Werner lived, found four women who knew Werner well. He questioned about a dozen.

"It is not only our duty to find out what he did but also why he did it," the chief explained.

One girl told him she had always felt Werner was strange. When she read that an American was suspected of the murder, she said, the first person she thought of was Werner.

A nineteen-year-old *fraulein* who worked for the same firm as Ursula recalled that she met the lieutenant when he pulled up to a bus stop and offered her a ride home. She'd been to his bachelor villa a few times, once after an all-night New Year's Eve party. She also told how once, when she was in the villa with Werner, a woman tried to reach him by phone. Though he hung up on her, she came around and rang the doorbell. But Werner wouldn't let her in.

"There is no doubt that Werner is sexually overfed, somewhat infantile and abnormal," the police chief concluded. He also said the American officer had sadistic tendencies.

Witnesses said they had seen Werner don women's lingerie at parties and that after the death of Ursula, he had sought weird new thrills. Werner was variously described as being perverse or impotent.

But the young officer was not without his supporters.

The woman in the bakery across Hegel Strasse from the villa remembered Werner buying his breakfast rolls there. "He was such a nice young man," she said.

No, she hadn't heard any unusually boisterous late-night parties, nor did she notice anything unusual the night Ursula Schamel died across the street.

Werner's executive officer, Major Richard Stenquist, described him as "a strict disciplinarian and a conscientious officer."

There was only one blemish on Werner's record: a minor traffic violation before he joined the Army.

In the quiet suburb of South Saint Paul, Minnesota, the news of a local boy being involved in a brutal sex slaying in far-away Bavaria jolted the daily routine of 22,000 people.

In the 1,000 block on Highland Avenue, Reinhold Werner, a photo dealer, collapsed when he read about his son in a newspaper the Wednesday after the crime. He suffered a nervous breakdown and was placed under a doctor's care.

"The Army has not informed us about anything," he told a reporter from the St. Paul *Dispatch*. "All we know we learned from the papers, from the radio and television."

After that, he refused to see anyone and didn't leave his house.

Mrs. Werner, asked whether she and her husband would attend the trial in Germany, said she didn't know anything about a trial. She refused to give reporters any

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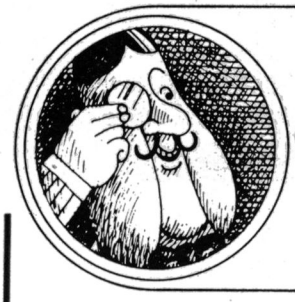


Heinrich Schnibble
at the travel agency

BY DAVE MORRAH

Introducing the Fabulous Heinrich Schnibble: *Readers of the old "Saturday Evening Post" will remember the hilarious dialogues of this Pennsylvania Dutch sample of rugged individualism. Those who don't will soon find themselves ben missen a grossbarrel mit gigglin.*

"COME right in, sir. May I help you?"

"Ja! Meinself ist Heinrich Schnibble, und Ich ben deciden on tooken ein trip."

"Very good, Mr. Schnibble. And where would you like to go?"

"Himmel! Meinself ist asken!"

"Oh, you want me to suggest a place! Now, let's see. What about Canada? Bermuda? Mexico?"

"Goot! Meinself ist ready mit starten."

"Yourself ist ready mit starten to all three?"

"Ach, ja! On der speedisch uppenzoomen jettenspouter."

"Of course, sir. We'll arrange—on der speedisch uppenwhatten?"

"Ein jettenspouter mit uppenzoomen and obersailen der countrysiden."

"Oh, I get it! You want to fly on a jet plane?"

"Ja. Mit maken der stoppen in Burlboro."

"Burlboro? Why, Burlboro's only twenty miles away. You can't go to Burlboro by jet from here."

"Himmel, ist der jets nicht ben landen in Burlboro?"

"No, they nicht—I mean, they **don't** ben landen there. They don't ben landen here, either. They ben landen at der airport, and it's about halfway between, so—"

"Ach, du lieber! Das ist upsetten der plannen mit fixen mein schlompen-sloshenchurner."

"Well, sometimes we ben got to adjust to modern things like fixen der schlomp—uh, could yourself give me that one again?"

"Mein churner mit schlompen und sloshen und maken das butter."

"Got it! Your butter churn needs derfixen!"

"Ja, das schlompenstick ben broken."

"Too bad, I'm sure, Mr. Schnibble, but I'm afraid you can't ben stoppen in Burlboro."

"Himmel, donderhead! Mitout stoppen und fixen das schlompenstick, meinself nicht ben tooken der trip!"

"But Burlboro don't ben on der—what you don't understand is der zoomenchurners nicht ben . . . Look, Mr. Schnibble, you can't let a sloshen-zoom—I mean, der schlompenspouter . . . Ach! Meinself ist giving up!"

"Und plannen mein trip mit der stoppen?"

"Ach, no! Ich ben plannen **two** trips. Yourself ist tooken das jet, und meinself is tooken ein bus—to Burlboro mit der buttersloshenschlompen-spouten. Himmel! I'll get it fixed, Mr. Schnibble, so help me! Just go!" •

information about the family or the lieutenant's two sisters and two brothers.

At first, friends and neighbors of the Werners didn't want to believe the story from Bayreuth.

Mrs. Mary Williamson, who had taught him in school, remembered Werner as an excellent student.

In the winter of 1954-55, Werner attended the University of Minnesota. "He was a favorite with the girls and was very good-looking but he didn't go out much," Rodman Little, who teaches at the university, noted. Though the young man was mature and easy to get along with, Little said, "You could never tell what he actually had in mind."

Werner wrote in his military records that he had eight years experience as a photographer's helper and nearly four years as a structural draftsman in civilian life. He was twenty-one years of age when he joined the service. Serving as an enlisted man for over a year before he went to OCS, Werner had about six months to go on his three-year tour in Germany the night Ursula died in his bathroom.

Under a NATO agreement, West German authorities have the right to try American servicemen, but until the Werner arrest, they never had the opportunity to judge an American officer accused of murder. At first, Germany waived its right to try Werner, but two days later, it recalled its waiver and in September, 1965, the trial commenced. The question to be decided: Was Werner insane?

If found sane, the lieutenant faced life imprisonment with little hope for parole. Of 992 persons sentenced to life in West Germany, only thirty-five have ever been paroled.

Werner was examined by both German and American psychiatrists. All agreed that the officer's sex habits did not make him legally insane. Two doctors said outright that the man was mad and clearly not responsible for his brutal act. Two others said he was schizophrenic. Another called him an "organized psychopath," but said he was in no need of treatment. The head shrinkers couldn't even agree on whether the crime was sexually motivated.

The accused, meanwhile, stood in court and shouted at his judges, calling them Nazis and daring them to shove him into their gas ovens. Was he insane or faking?

The befuddled presiding judge, Wilhelm Seuss, put the trial into recess for ten days, telling the doctors to re-examine the defendant and reach some sort of organized decision as to his mental condition.

The ten days stretched into thirteen months. The first trial was declared a mistrial. The second began in October, 1966.

"Do you wish to testify?" Judge Seuss asked Werner as the proceedings got under way.

"Nuts!" replied the defendant.

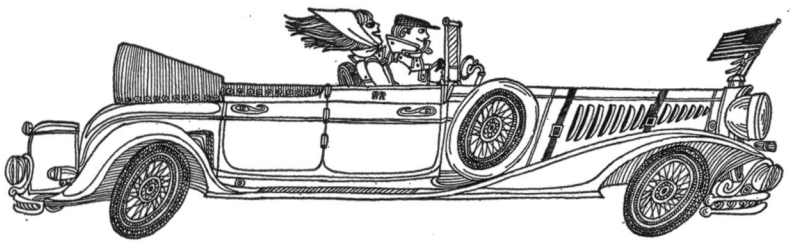
On this occasion, the trial's special psychiatric testimony was given by Professor Hans Buerger-Prinz of Hamburg. He disclosed that Werner was an extremely intelligent man; his IQ had been scored as 150, which is among the top five percent of the highest intelligence quotients. The possibility was mentioned that Werner may have suffered some mental damage in an automobile accident. Perhaps, testified Professor Buerger-Prinz, the lieutenant had suffered "military deformation" while going through Officers Candidate School. Unquestionably, he said, Werner experienced a personality deterioration while in the Army.

"Werner's love life showed traits of Don Juanism," continued the professor. "In fact, he was a tired Don Juan, a sexual fetishist without lasting relations. He is sexually very fragile. His emotional tension when he saw the girl in the bathtub fostered an absolute urge to kill; yet in no case can he be classified as a sex killer."

The court's final decision: Lieutenant Gerald Werner was insane.

German spectators were incensed to see the murderer "go free." Ursula Schamel's parents, feeling their lust for revenge somehow frustrated, immediately appealed the verdict to the Federal Supreme Court at Karlsruhe.

Whatever the final outcome is, one thing is certain: Gerald Werner will not "go free." The Beast of Bayreuth has been caged, and his captors are simply quibbling over whether the walls of his cell should consist of padding or plain stone. •



YOU AND YOUR CAR

BY J. EDWARD SCHIPPER

Important Tire Improvements

AS IMPROVEMENTS in performance appear year after year in our cars, there are corresponding improvements in the parts and accessories made by the industries that supply the car makers. Tires, brakes and electrical units are just a few of the items which have gained in reliability and durability to match the standard of the final product.

Up near the head of the list are the new tire developments. These are especially important because high performance in tires is an element in achieving better car control, and hence is a valuable contribution toward safety and accident prevention.

When a car maker produces a high-performance car of the type often referred to as a "bomb," the tires that come along with it must be able to cope with the stresses that are entailed by fast acceleration, braking and severe curves. For the last two years, car makers have universally stiffened their front suspensions. This has required a corresponding stiffening on the part of tires to match this gain in lateral stability—an important factor in comfortable as well as safe driving. Many of the improvements noted in the present crop of original-equipment and other top-grade tires have come directly from track and road-racing experience. Typical of this is Firestone's "Super Sports Wide Oval," which has a tread width up to sixteen percent greater than the standard width tire in general use. This type of tire is, of course, a premium product and carries a higher price tag. Claimed for it are: improved traction, greater stability, easier handling, greater durability and, for the expressway driver, better high-speed performance.

The wide-oval is not the only tire produced to match the type of driving for which the particular car is designed. Lincoln, for example, offers dual-chamber tires as an option on its luxury car, the Continental. These are 9.15 x 15, four-ply Goodyear Dacron cord white-walls. If the outer chamber goes flat, the inner chamber immediately takes over and permits driving speeds up to forty miles an hour until the car can be brought to a tire repair shop. A set of five of the dual-chamber jobs will cost the owner $138 more than the white-walls usually found on the Continentals.

A subject being widely discussed just now concerns the relative advantages of the radial-ply and bias-ply tires. The radial-ply tire, which has been used for some time in Europe, has its cords across the tread in a radial direction; the bias-ply, the most-used tire construction in America, has its cords in layers crossing one another at an angle. The advocates of the radial tire, who are growing in number, claim that the radial type hugs the road better, giving better traction. Whether it is better from the standpoint of sturdiness and durability is a question which is still being threshed out on the proving grounds of the tire companies and car manufacturers.

The matter of tire performance and safety is really not much of a problem on the new car with its OE (original equipment) tires, but it becomes a vital matter after the car has traveled on the same rubber for upward of 30,000 miles. In this area, safety people are very much on the alert. The Rubber Manufacturers Association (RMA) has called for a national inspection standard that would remove from the road all tires with less than a sixteenth of an inch tread depth in any major groove. This standard is specified in five states: New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont and Pennsylvania. There are twelve other states that require inspection of tires and have laws against the use of "unsafe" tires, but as the RMA expresses it, "without adequate definition as to what 'unsafe' means."

Really, as compared with other items, tires are relatively safe, if given only ordinary care. The State of California Highway Patrol recently conducted a six-month study of the rôle of tires in motor-vehicle accidents. While tire failure accounted for only one percent of some 60,000 accidents, of the 545 cases reported, 310, or fifty-seven percent, had a tread depth of less than a sixteenth of an inch and one out of five of these tires were actually worn down to the cords. Most of the remainder of the accidents could be attributed to under-inflation, overloading, tire damage due to abuse or accident and improper re-treading or repair.

The Rubber Manufacturers Association issues a list of passenger-car tires that meet its safety standards. The present RMA directory includes approximately 1,160 tire names which have been certified by the eighteen domestic tire manufacturers as conforming with RMA laboratory-test requirements. This is a decline of eighty-eight tire names from the previous directory; a total of 165 were dropped while 77 were added. When a tire fails to pass the RMA tests, the fact is immediately made public, and the tire is removed from the list. • •

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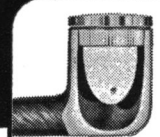

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Hollywood movie man who sought exaggerated terror for his villains. The Bourdens saw estuary waters filled with crocodiles, just their eye ridges showing above the surface. Australian hunters from Darwin often prowled these creeks in dinghies at night, searching for the red eyes of the crocs with spotlights, then putting bullets through their brains. But the Bourdens did not meet the hunters, only the hideous prey.

A huge, horned goanna lizard, peering dumbly at them like a junior dinosaur, caused a new paroxysm of fright. Beneath the mud, great, fleshy crabs, a foot across, nipped at their legs. They recoiled, though native women prodded for these crabs with sticks and ate them with relish. Vilest of all were the snakes, including the deadly King Brown, which José Bourdens saw writhing together in bundles, caught up in some sort of abandoned copulation.

For three days and nights, they trudged on through the maze, but there was no escape. They snatched sleep where they could, one night resting in a turtle nest they found in a rare sandy spot. Finally they returned, beaten, to their camp on the beach, their shoes lost somewhere back in the slime, their legs bloodied and bruised.

With luck, they would have penetrated the swamp and reached the stony plateau of the island, the low bush and the wild-goose lagoons. And perhaps they would have met up with a hunting party of tall, slim Tiwis from the mission. Once savages, practicing child marriage, infanticide and cannibalism, the Tiwis are now Christian and more or less peaceful.

Even Bathurst Island was home to some people, and it had its own vivid chapter of human drama. The hero was a Catholic missionary named Francis Xavier Gsell, who landed on the island in 1911 and built a church. Gsell found sin everywhere, notably in the habit of the Tiwis men in treating the women as chattels and marrying them off at nine and ten to old men.

The dusky Tiwis women got it from all sides, for white buffalo hunters from neighboring Melville Island habitually raided the native camps, killed the men and carried off the women.

Gsell's presence discouraged the white marauders, so the Tiwis decided he was worth keeping alive. One day, however, a young native girl sought refuge in the mission from a party of men who wanted to give her as a wife to a tribal elder. The warriors were intent on punishing the girl with death—and Gsell, too, if he interfered—but the missionary bargained for her life. At the end of the negotiations, the girl was spared and Gsell was out a blanket, a sack of flour, a hatchet, a mirror, a teapot, beads, calico, tobacco, cans of meat and pots of treacle.

Over the years, he collected about 100 girls in this way. He reared them at the mission, trained them in Christianity and later allowed them to marry young men of their choice. The older natives decided that Gsell had a very large appetite for women. They felt sure all these girls were his wives. Around 1948, a Czech newspaper picked up the story and ran a front-page article denouncing what they called "the bishop with 100 wives." The Vatican checked out the report and found that Gsell was not a lecher, but a fine missionary. As a later reward, he was made Bishop of Darwin.

With this background, the natives figured they had reached quite a satisfactory state of civilization by 1967 and they would have been dumbfounded to know that on one small section of their island, two white strangers thought they were in hell and were slowly starving to death. . . .

Despite the edible birds, fish, crabs and both salt- and fresh-water mussels, the Bourdens entered their second month existing on little else but sea snails. They were tough and leathery, nothing like the escargots José had prepared at home in France. Henri had a rifle but no flair for the hunt. His only real score was a plump young wallaby. What an occasion! Maxim's did not have two more satisfied customers that night than the Bourdens.

The fifth week went by, then the sixth, and the Bourdens were weak in body and spirit, quietly resigning themselves to a hopeless predicament. They prayed to God constantly, and while they prayed, José wrote a thirty-page letter to her son and daughter in France, explaining what had happened to them. This letter was cached on the beach with a marker.

Why they did not think earlier of a raft to float the tidal streams, or edge around the island, or simply put out to sea, they did not know, but a faint news broadcast on their radio made them think of it now. The radio told of five Indonesian fishermen with a disabled boat who had drifted clear down to Darwin. Australia, then, must be to the south and surely not too distant.

Stimulated by the raft plan, Henri worked quickly. He chopped the mast of the *Singa Bettina* into lengths and bound them with rope and wire for the center decking. Bamboo poles and driftwood extended the raft to make room enough for two people, and the hatch cover from the yacht helped hold it all together. It was no *Kon-Tiki*, but it would have to do. Their supplies consisted simply of one can of water and one smoke-bomb distress signal.

After their two-month ordeal on Bathurst, the Bourdens shoved off without regret. Behind them on the beach, a Brandenburg Concerto spun on the record player, giving a resounding farewell. The tides, as they had expected, dragged them slowly south. For a brief period, the couple thought they had a chance to survive, but within hours, the timbers became heavy with absorbed water and the raft began to submerge. Inch by inch, it went under until it was completely water-logged. The Bourdens sat in the sea like trapped animals. It had to be the end this time.

Toward dusk on the fourth day out, around about the time the Bourdens were making their pact to die together, a trim Australian coastal patrol cutter, the *Betty Joan*, was putting out from Garden Point Mission on the north shore of Melville Island for the run south to Darwin. Normally, the *Betty Joan's* skipper, Terry Tardent, cut down through the narrow Apsley Strait that separated Melville from the east side of Bathurst. The passage ranged from a mile to 150 yards wide and the strait was full of rocks and sand bars. Tardent swung the wheel for the passage, took another look at the sinking sun, then changed course for north to go around Bathurst.

"Too close to dark," the skipper told his puzzled crewmen. "We're likely to hit some bloody rock trying to get through Apsley. We should have left sooner."

The *Betty Joan* skirted the top of Bathurst and gunned down the other side. The orange sun was disappearing below the horizon. Visibility was fast worsening.

It must have happened at the same instant—Tardent screwing up his eyes to try to identify the dark shape on the water over to the southwest of him, and poor José Bourdens, choking in her throat, not believing it could be rescue at last, then certain it was and trying to arouse Henri.

"Henri, a boat, a boat!"

Bourdens raised his head out of the sea. It was a boat, less than a mile away. He grabbed his wife's red shirt and waved it frantically. But the *Betty Joan* seemed to keep on. Bourdens remembered the smoke signal. He tossed the bomb into the water and saw the black smoke billow up quickly.

Tardent at first thought he was looking at an artillery target, for these waters were used for naval training. But what the hell. Take a closer look.

As the *Betty Joan* veered around and came at them, the Bourdens wept and hugged each other. They looked up into the bewildered faces of the Australian sailors and said, "Thank you, God."

In little more than three hours, the Bourdens were in a Darwin hospital declining for the time the good Aussie cure-all of steak and beer, just wanting to sleep.

Much later, when Henri Bourdens had studied the maps and sorted out where they had been and reviewed what had happened, he could not help smiling. In all those four days on the raft, they had moved only seven miles from Bathurst, and when rescued, their raft was submerged out of sight in the shark-infested sea.

"At first glance, those Aussies must have thought we were just out for a swim," he said. "I wasn't even wearing trousers." •

NEWSFORMEN

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WARREN COMMISSION ONE-BULLET THEORY EXPLODED continued from page 22

the bullet tends to pack tissues in front of it. These wounds are ragged, torn, and sometimes have shreds of fat or other internal tissues extruding from them. As a result, wounds of exit may bleed far more extensively than wounds of entrance. This, however, is not invariably the case.

"You always are guided by the general rules that apply to bullet wounds," Dr. Helpern says, "but you must also be on guard for the bizarre, the unusual, the once-in-a-million case, the wounds that, to the novice, seem to defy physical laws. It is not a job for the beginner or the man whose knowledge is limited to a lecture or two, or to what he has read in some article or textbook."

To fully appreciate the gravity of Dr. Helpern's observations on the medical facets of President Kennedy's death, it is necessary to go back to the historic day of Friday, November 22, 1963.

Sometime between twelve-thirty p.m., when the tragedy struck in Dallas, and the arrival of *Air Force One* at Andrews Air Force Base just outside Washington at five-fifty-eight p.m., Mrs. Kennedy decided that the autopsy on her husband's body should be performed at the Naval Medical School in Bethesda, Maryland. She was given two choices: either the Army's Walter Reed Hospital or Bethesda. She selected the Naval Medical School because of the President's World War II service in the Navy.

Certainly, Mrs. Kennedy could not be expected to have any knowledge of forensic medicine; and in her hour and the nation's hour of shock and bereavement, she made a logical choice. The point that disturbs Dr. Helpern, however, is the fact that the choice was left to her. It was not only an unpleasant, additional personal burden which should have been spared her, but it indicates as well the total lack of understanding of the subject of forensic medicine.

"It shows," he says, "that we are still laboring under the delusion that an autopsy is a computerized, mathematical type of procedure, and that *any* doctor is capable of performing it, especially if he is a pathologist. If he can run a correct urinalysis, ergo, this automatically qualifies him as an expert on bullet wounds in the body."

There can be no doubt but that this fallacious assumption was the real spawning ground for the contagious rash of anti-Warren Commission books that have poured out during the past three years. Their genesis can be traced directly to what was done and not done in a single operating room in the Naval Medical School in the evening hours of Friday, November 22, 1963.

The autopsy was performed by Commander James J. Humes, assisted by Commander J. Thornton Boswell and Lieutenant Colonel Pierre Finck.

In testimony before the Warren Commission, Commander Humes, director of the Naval Medical School at the Navy Medical Center at Bethesda, established

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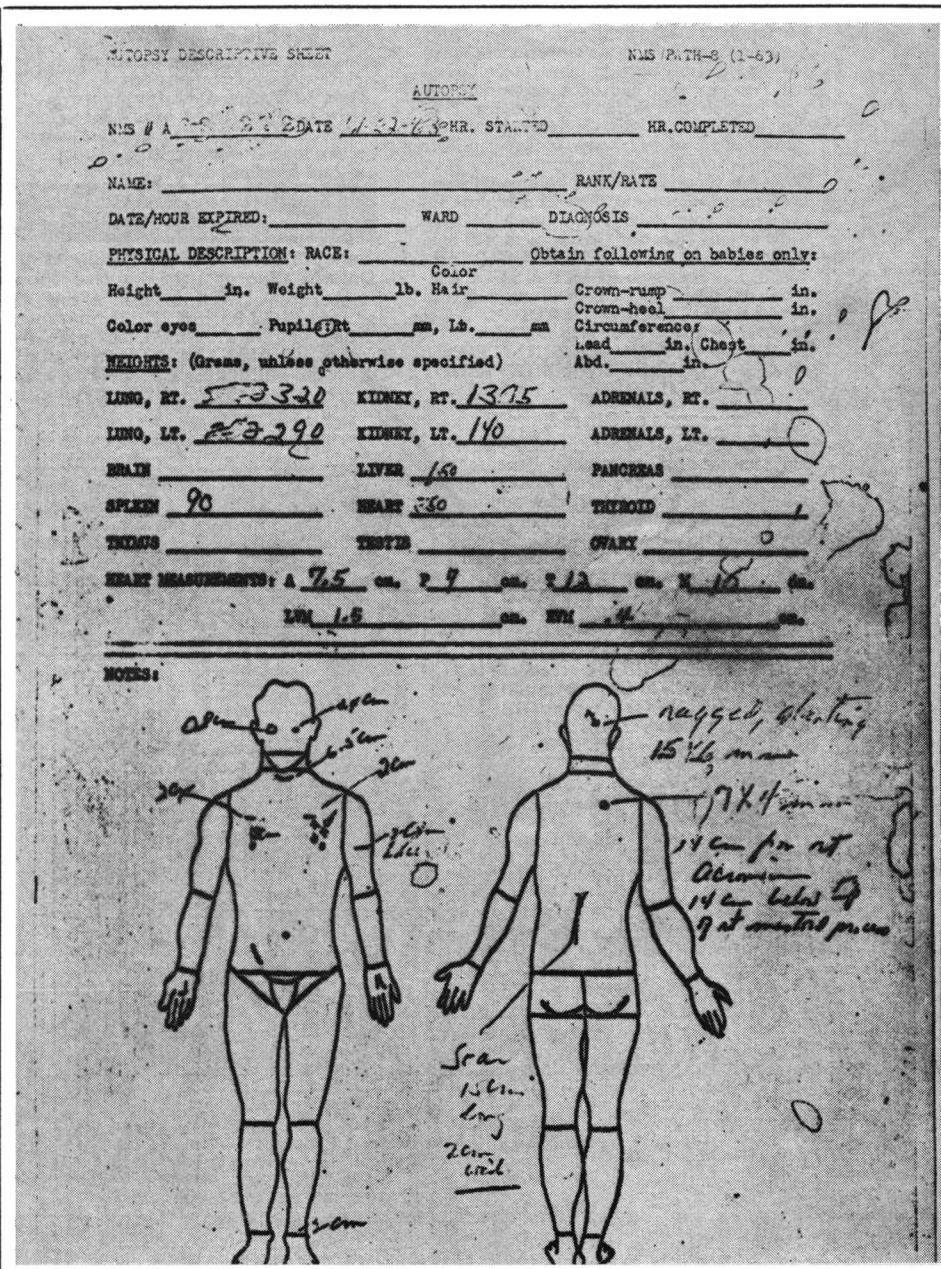
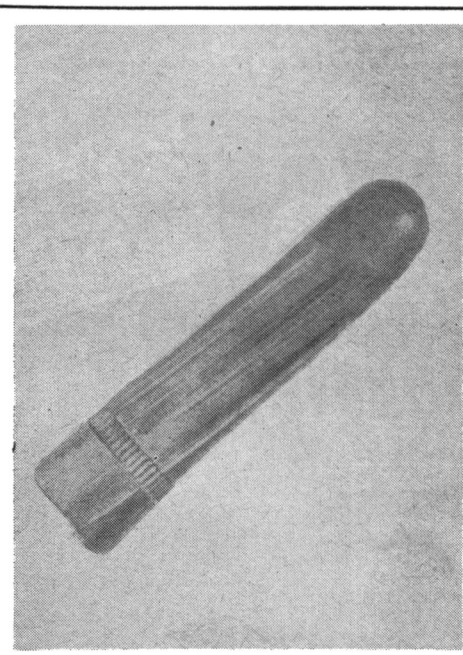
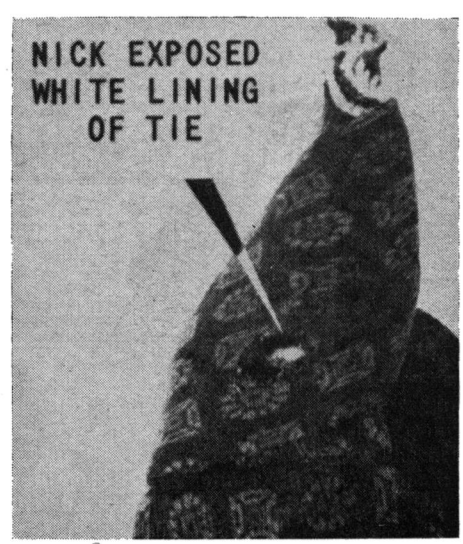


Helpern points out that much questioned official sketch was meant only as rough guide.



Bullet recovered from stretcher in hospital was undistorted and lost almost no lead.



Neck bullet nicked President's tie in passing.

himself as a qualified pathologist. He admitted, though, that his practice had been "more extensive in the field of natural disease than violence."

In short, the author says, "Humes was a 'hospital' pathologist, rather than a forensic or medico-legal pathologist."

The hospital pathologist performs his autopsies on cases where death occurs in a hospital, usually as a result of some disease and where the cause of death can be presumed. It is generally performed to confirm a diagnosis.

A forensic pathologist, on the other hand, performs autopsies usually where death is not attended by a physician. In these cases, a pathologist often follows misleading, frustrating clues. His work is much trickier, since cause of death is often crucial to subsequent legal action.

"The 'hospital' pathologist," the author says, "is as much out of his field when he attempts a medico-legal autopsy as is the chest surgeon who attempts a delicate brain operation."

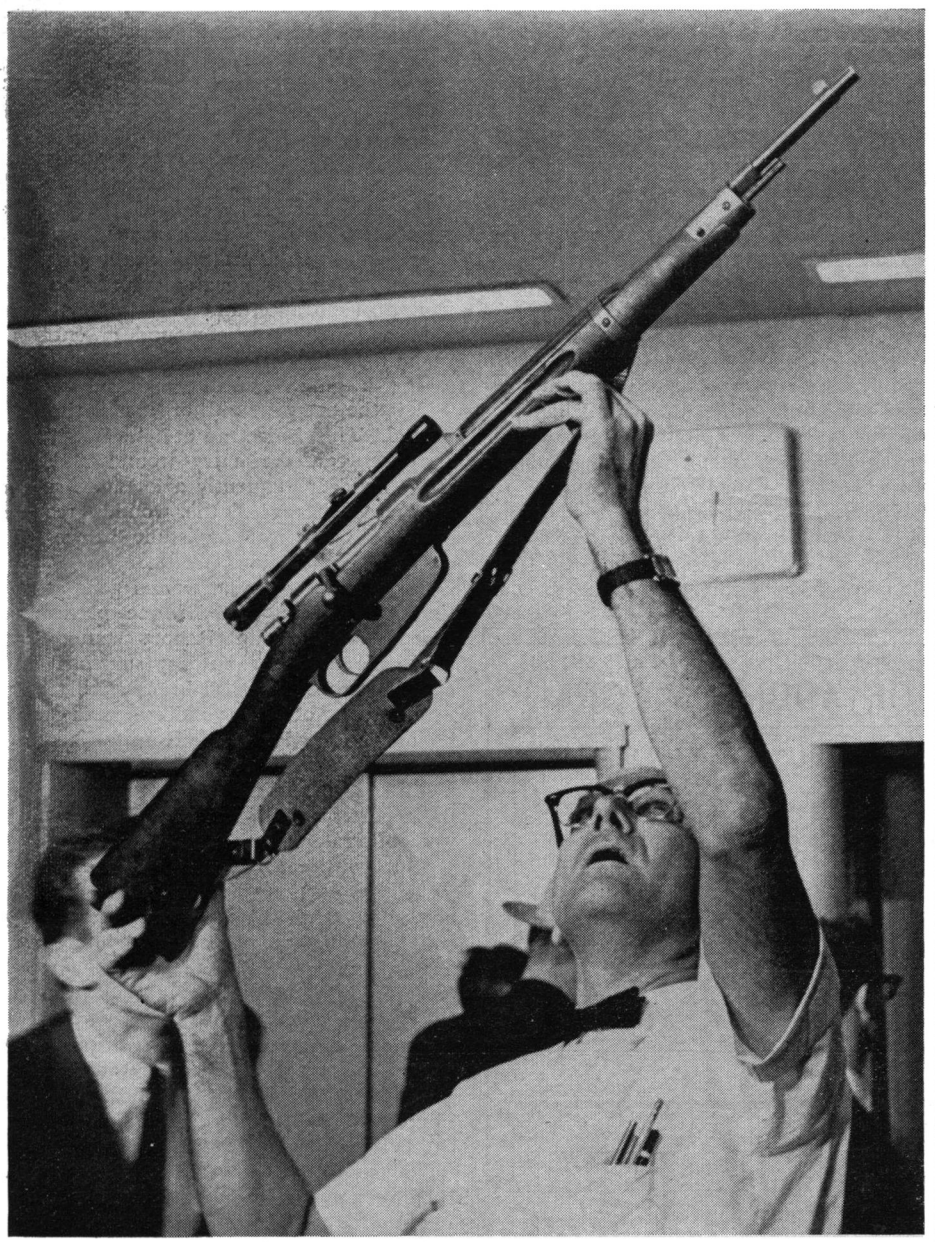
The Warren Commission did not attempt to establish the expertise of Commander Boswell in gunshot wounds, the author says, because "he had absolutely none worthy of mention." Commander Boswell was chief of pathology at the Naval Medical School.

Colonel Finck, who was then chief of the Wound Ballistics Pathology branch of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, told the Warren Commission that he had personally performed about 200 autopsies for the Army in Frankfurt, Germany, while serving there from 1955 to 1958. In his current capacity, he said, he had personally reviewed 400 autopsies.

But he was vague on the number of bullet-wound cases in his 200 personally performed autopsies, except to say that there were "many." Moreover, the fact that he reviewed 400 cases did not mean that he "presided at the autopsy table and attempted a personal evaluation of whether a bullet wound . . . is a wound of entrance or a wound of exit."

The author says that Colonel Finck was perhaps the most qualified of the three who performed the autopsy on the President, but adds that his experience was mostly "supervisory and administrative."

The men were accomplished in their re-



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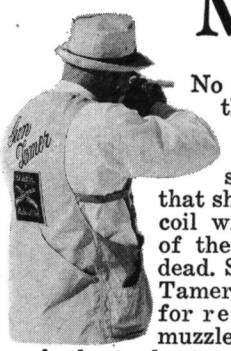

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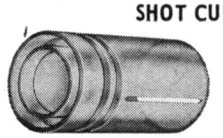

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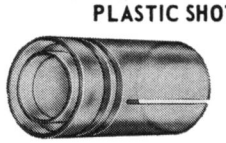

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spective fields of general pathology, the author sadly concludes, but their field "was not bullet wounds in the body."

One of the key aspects of the autopsy was to determine whether the front neck wound was one of entrance or exit. If it was an entry wound, then a second assassin was indicated.

Unfortunately, this was difficult to determine, since Dr. Malcolm O. Perry had performed a tracheotomy at Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas in a futile attempt to save the President's life, thus obscuring the neck wound. At no time in Dallas was the body turned over to look for a corresponding wound in the back, and therefore the front neck wound was assumed to be an entrance wound.

The difficulties encountered by the autopsy surgeons were compounded by the fact that Commander Humes first talked to Dr. Perry the morning after the autopsy, when the body was already resting in the White House. Thus they had worked under the assumption that there were only three bullet wounds—the two in the head and the one in the back of the neck, since they attributed the one in the front of the neck to the tracheotomy.

They thus assumed, in their "inexperienced efforts" to probe the neck wound, that a third bullet must still be in the body. Ultimately, when they learned that the missing bullet had been found on a stretcher at Parkland, they abandoned their search.

In testimony before the Warren Commission, Commander Humes expressed no doubt that the wound in the throat was a wound of exit—even though the only ones who saw the original wound were the doctors in Dallas. And this was before they made the tracheotomy that extended the wound.

In other testimony, both Dr. Perry and Dr. Charles S. Carrico, resident surgeon at Parkland, said they could not determine whether the wound was one of entrance or exit. "It could have been either," Dr. Carrico said.

This was the testimony that satisfied the Commission and permitted it to conclude that "the findings of the doctors who conducted the autopsy were consistent with the observations of the doctors who treated the President at Parkland Hospital."

"The tragic, tragic thing," Dr. Helpern explains in summarizing his comments on the medico-legal aspects of President Kennedy's death, "is that a relatively simple case was horribly botched up from the very beginning; and then the errors were compounded at almost every other step along the way. Here is a historic event that will be discussed and written about for the next century, and gnawing doubts will remain in many minds, no matter what is done or said to dispel them."

What were these step-by-step errors?

"I've already touched on the gravest of them all—the selection of a 'hospital' pathologist to perform a medico-legal autopsy. This stemmed from the mistaken belief that because a man can supervise a laboratory or perform a hospital autopsy to see whether a patient died from emphysema or heart disease, he is qualified to evaluate gunshot wounds in the body. It's like sending a seven-year-old boy who has taken three lessons on the violin over to the New York Philharmonic and expecting him to perform a Tchaikovsky symphony. He knows how to hold the violin and bow, but he has a long way to go before he can make music."

Does this observation apply to Lieutenant Colonel Pierre Finck?

"Colonel Finck's position throughout the entire proceeding was extremely uncomfortable. If it had not been for him, the autopsy would not have been handled as well as it was; but he was in the role of the poor bastard Army child foisted into the Navy family reunion. He was the only one of the three doctors with *any* experience with bullet wounds; but you have to remember that his experience was limited primarily to 'reviewing' files, pictures and records of finished cases. There's a world of difference between standing at the autopsy table and trying to decide whether a hole in the body is a wound of entrance or a wound of exit, and in reviewing another man's work at some later date in the relaxed, academic atmosphere of a private office. I know, because I've sweated out too many of these cases during the past thirty-five years. Colonel Finck is extremely able in the type of administrative work which has been assigned him over the years."

Are there any crucial steps that should have been taken that were omitted that Friday evening in the autopsy room at the Naval Medical School?

"The major problem in any gunshot case, of course, is to determine which is the wound of entry and which the wound of exit. This is basic. All the so-called critics of the Warren Commission Report would be left dangling in mid-air with their mouths gaping unless they can suggest or argue that the hole in the front of the President's throat was a wound of entrance. Deprive them of this opportunity for speculation and you pull the rug right out from under them. Give it to them—and they now have it—and they can bring in all kinds of unreliable eyewitness reports of shots coming from the bridge across the underpass, or from behind the screen of trees in Dealey Plaza, and puffs of blue smoke that remained suspended in the air with police officers scrambling up the bank to investigate these illusory puffs of smoke. Smoke from gunshots just doesn't behave like that."

Specifically, how could a positive determination have been made at the time of the autopsy that the throat wound was a wound of exit or a wound of entrance?

"In a great many cases, the only safe way to reach a conclusive decision is to compare the size and characteristics of each wound on the end of the wound track. It's easy for textbook writers and their readers to assert pontifically that the wound of exit is *always* larger than the wound of entrance, and the wound of exit is ragged whereas the wound of entry is smooth, so that you have no difficulty in taking a gross, eyeball look and saying, 'this is the entry wound' or 'that is the exit wound.' This isn't true at all. The difference between the entry wound and the exit wound is frequently a lot more subtle than that. Many of the wounds require careful and painstaking study before you can reach a decision."

But wasn't the throat wound gone at the time of the autopsy? In one place, the Warren Commission Report states: "At that time they [the autopsy surgeons] did not know that there had been a bullet hole in the front of the President's neck when he arrived at Parkland Hospital because the tracheotomy incision had completely eliminated that evidence." At another point, the report says: ". . . since the exit wound was obliterated by the tracheotomy."

"No, you see, the staff members who wrote that portion of the report simply did not understand their medical procedures; and they did not know enough to seek medical guidance. Here's what the autopsy protocol says about this throat wound: '. . . it was extended as a tracheotomy incision and thus its character is distorted at the time of autopsy.' The key word here is *extended*. That bullet wound was not 'eliminated' or 'obliterated' at all. What Dr. Perry did was to take his scalpel and cut a clean slit away from the wound. He didn't excise it or cut away any huge amount of tissue, as the report writer would have you believe."

What about the description in the au-

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topsy protocol that "its character is distorted"?

"Certainly, its character is distorted in the sense that the original wound was *extended* in length by Dr. Perry's scalpel; but this throat wound could still have been evaluated. Its edges should have been carefully put back together and restored to their original relationships as nearly as possible. It should have then been studied and finally photographed. By comparing this throat wound with the wound in the back of the neck, there should have been no room for doubt as to which wound was of entry and which of exit. This would automatically establish the course of the bullet, whether from front to back, or back to front."

Why wasn't this procedure followed?

"I can't crawl into the minds of the surgeons and answer for them. I can only offer my own speculative opinion. In the first place, their lack of experience deprived them of the knowledge of what should have been done. Secondly, it appears from every facet of the evidence now available that at the time they finished their autopsy and closed the body so that it could be prepared for burial, they labored under the illusion that the hole in the back of the neck was both a wound of entrance and a wound of exit. They thought the throat wound was nothing more than a surgical wound, so there was no need to pay it any special attention."

Are there any other procedures followed by the autopsy surgeons that have furnished ammunition to the critics of the Warren Commission Report?

"Unfortunately, there are. The phraseology in the formal autopsy protocol itself implies or suggests that the doctors still harbored doubts and uncertainties at the time it was written. In speaking of the neck wounds, the protocol describes them as 'presumably of entry' and 'presumably of exit.' It says: 'As far as can be ascertained, this missile struck no bony structures in its path through the body.' Well, that just doesn't read like the work of men in confident command of their ship.

"On the other side of the coin, the writers of the Warren Commission Report went to the opposite extreme when they tried to force a unanimity of opinion on all the doctors at Parkland Hospital in support of the autopsy surgeons that the throat wound had to be a wound of exit. When you put too much tension on the evidence, by pulling and tugging it, in an effort to mold it to the shape of a preconceived conclusion, you leave yourself pretty vulnerable."

What about Commander Humes burning his original notes of his draft of the autopsy protocol?

"It's extremely unfortunate that he did; but I interpret this only as further evidence of his lack of experience in medico-legal situations. I can't believe that there's anything sinister about it as some of the critics would have you believe. Commander Humes simply did not appreciate that this was not just another hospital autopsy and that every note or memorandum should be saved for later scrutiny."

Some of the critics of the Warren Commission Report have attempted to bolster their attacks by alleging that Commander Boswell's drawing (a portion of Commission Exhibit 397) shows the bullet wound in the back of the neck as being down about the level of the shoulder blades. Is this significant?

"It's significant in that it demonstrates the total ignorance of the critics in the matter of autopsy procedures. We don't need to spend any time on trivia like this; but for their information, this is simply part of the work sheet. It contains two purely schematic drawings of the human figure, one front and one rear, in what is known as the 'anatomic position.' The doctor doing the autopsy uses them as a shorthand way of making notes on what he observes during his external examination of the body. Commander Boswell sketched in a number of observations, including the surgical scars, the old scar from the President's back operation and the bullet holes. No one ever pretends that these markings are drawn to scale. To take the time to do this would defeat the entire purpose of this shorthand way of making notes. The written material in the autopsy protocol is what matters."

Some critics have alleged some sort of duplicity because an FBI report dated December 9, 1963, and another one dated January 13, 1964, apparently contain information which is not consistent with the formal autopsy protocol.

"This is more trivia and underbrush. What difference does it make what these two FBI reports said? The controlling factor insofar as the medico-legal phase of the investigation is concerned is the autopsy protocol itself. There was undoubtedly conversation going on in the autopsy room. The FBI agent there probably heard the doctors agonizing over their inability to find the bullet. He observed them trying to probe the neck wound. He heard their speculations that the hole in the back of the neck was *both* a wound of entrance and a wound of exit. To me, all that these particular FBI reports show is exactly what we have mentioned before: at the time the autopsy was finished, the doctors thought they were dealing with only three bullet holes, two in the head and one in the back of the neck."

Where did the Warren Commission, as distinguished from the autopsy surgeons, fail to clarify the medical issues of the President's death?

"It failed tragically because it did not have sufficient knowledge in the field of forensic medicine to even appreciate the need to call in an expert with experience in bullet wounds in the body. This lack of knowledge is evident in the official report itself. For example, it contains thousands of exhibits in eleven volumes. They include all sorts of meaningless pictures of Marina Oswald, Oswald's mother, Oswald as a young boy, Jack Ruby's employes or girl friends in varying states of attire, and nine X-rays of Governor Connally's body.

"The X-rays of President Kennedy's body, however, were not considered significant enough to the entire investigation to be filed as exhibits to the report. The same holds true of the black and white and the color pictures of the bullet wounds. These were never seen by the Commission members, its staff, or even the autopsy surgeons before the report was finalized. The Commission said it would not 'press' for the X-rays and photographs because these would merely 'corroborate' the findings of the doctors, and that considerations of 'good taste' precluded these from being included.

"Well, you see, there was nothing that offended 'good taste' in the nine X-rays of Governor Connally's body [Commission Exhibit 691]; so this great curtain of secrecy that was pulled down on the X-rays and pictures of the President's body added more explosive fuel to the fire of doubt. There have been intimations that these X-rays and pictures had gone the way of Commander Humes' notes; and it was only after considerable public pressure built up that the pictures and X-rays were turned over to the National Archives by the Kennedy family in November of 1966; but they are still shrouded by this great curtain of secrecy. Secrecy is the natural culture medium for suspicion."

Why didn't the examination by the Navy doctors of the X-rays and pictures in November, 1966, still the doubts of the critics?

"Let's come back to our analogy of the seven-year-old violin player. We sit him down in front of an electronic microscope and ask him what he sees on a slide. He says: 'I don't see anything.' We then jump to the conclusion that there is nothing there because an inexperienced eye can't see anything there."

What might these X-rays show to an experienced observer that could have been completely overlooked by the nonexpert expert?

"Who knows? Probably absolutely noth-

ing. I don't like to engage in rank, blind speculation; so I can only explain how I would approach them. My first interest would be to see whether there could be another bullet or fragment of bullet in the body which has not been accounted for.

"Remember that the Warren Commission concluded that the preponderance of the evidence indicated that three shots altogether were fired. Only one relatively intact bullet and the fragments of a second bullet were found. This leaves a missing third bullet. I definitely do not agree with the Commission's conclusion that only two bullets caused all the wounds suffered by President Kennedy and Governor Connally; but we'll pass that for the moment.

"Since the X-rays of the President's body were not filed as exhibits, we must rely entirely upon the observations of the Navy doctors that they skillfully eliminated the possibility that a third bullet, or a fragment of some bullet, did not enter the body and somehow meander down to come to rest in some illogical, remote spot. Apparently, the doctors did not feel confident enough to rely on the X-rays during the autopsy when they went probing, or rather tried to go probing, for the bullet that was found on the stretcher in Parkland Hospital. They have now been quoted publicly as saying that they did have the X-rays available to them that night. Bullets do have a funny habit of showing up in the most astounding places in the body.

"I would also look for trace flecks of metal that might indicate another head wound. This possibility is extremely remote; but it still exists. Often, quite often, wounds of entrance in the head are completely overlooked because they are covered naturally by the hair. The wound may barely bleed at all. If you don't take a comb and go over the entire scalp, inch by inch, separating the hair carefully and meticulously, it's easy to miss a head wound entirely. There is no evidence that this type of examination was made."

Would the X-rays help establish whether the two wounds in the neck area were wounds of entrance or of exit?

"No, I would not expect them to be of help on this question."

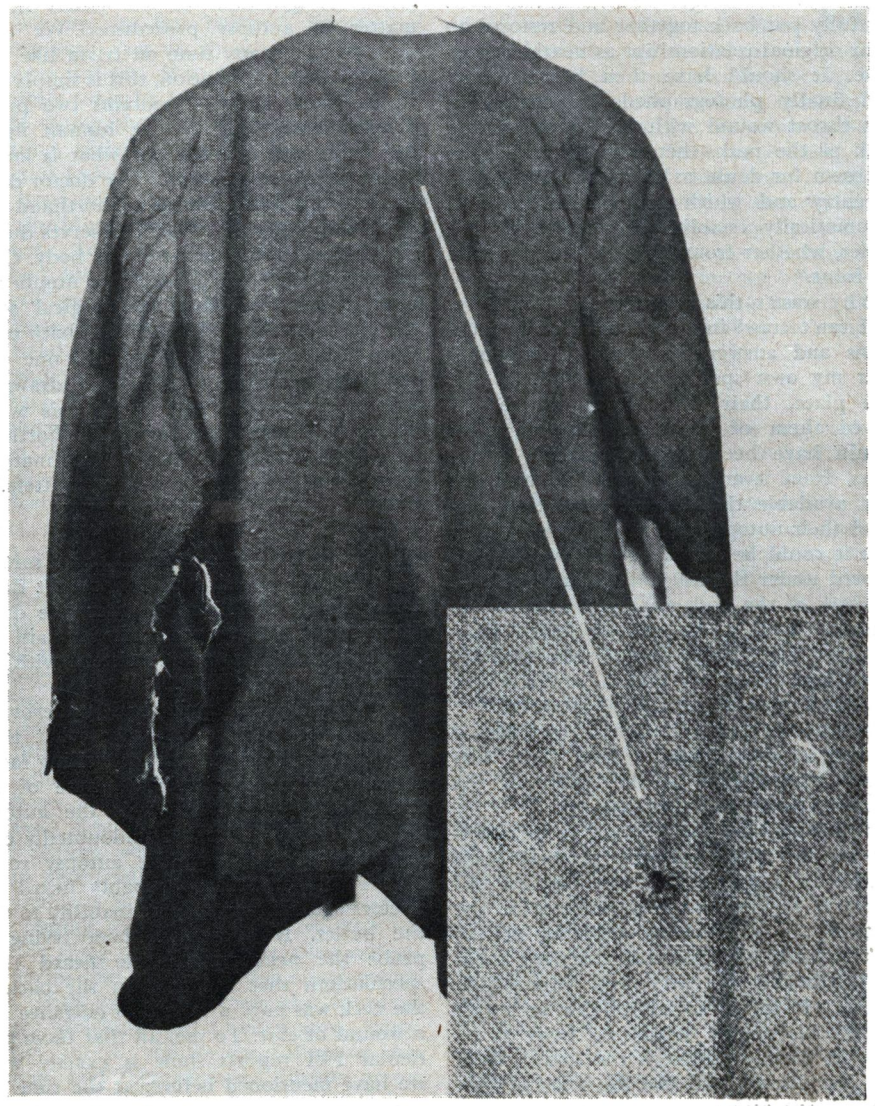
What about the black and white and the color photographs?

"These could be of considerable interest and value. A lot would depend on their quality and how they were exposed. Hopefully, they could shed considerable light on the neck wounds. I would, of course, be interested in what the pictures of the rear neck wound would show; but I would be particularly interested in seeing whether the pictures of the throat wound are good enough to permit it to be evaluated and possibly reconstructed."

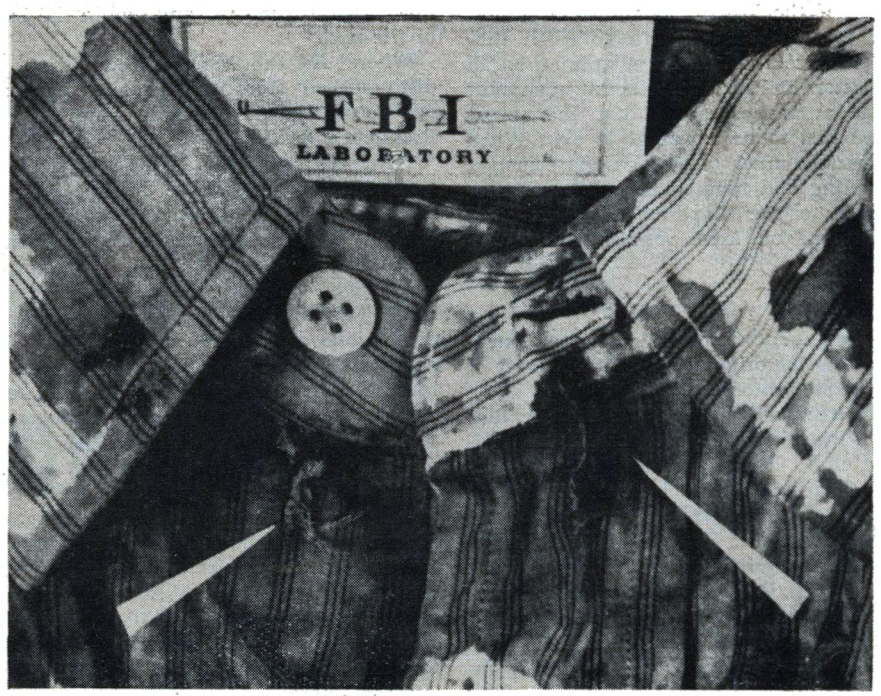
Where else can the Warren Commission be faulted for what it did or failed to do?

"Again, it committed a grievous error of omission by failing to call in someone who knew something about bullet wounds in the body. This led them into the final trap of buying Assistant Counsel Arlen Specter's theory that the same bullet which passed through the President's neck was the bullet that also wounded Governor Connally, shattering his fifth rib, fracturing a bone in the wrist and finally coming to rest in his thigh. Now, this bizarre path is perfectly possible. When you are working with bullet wounds, you must begin with the premise that *anything* is possible; but Mr. Specter and the Commission overlooked one important ingredient.

"The original, pristine weight of this bullet before it was fired was approximately 160 to 161 grains. The weight of the bullet recovered on the stretcher in Parkland Hospital (Commission Exhibit 399) was re-



View of back of President Kennedy's coat showing bullet hole (see insert).



Holes in President's bloodstained shirt show where bullet presumably came out.

ported by the Commission as 158.6 grains. This bullet wasn't distorted in any way. I cannot accept the premise that this bullet thrashed around in all that bony tissue and lost only 1.4 to 2.4 grains of its original weight. I cannot believe, either, that this bullet is going to emerge miraculously unscathed, without any deformity, and with its lands and grooves intact."

Does this shed any light on the order of the shots?

"In my opinion, this was the first bullet that was fired. It passed through the President's neck, exited from the throat wound, and was stopped by his clothing. I've seen this exact thing happen hundreds of times. Remember that, next to bone, the skin offers greater resistance to a bullet in its course through the body than any other tissue. The energy of the bullet is sometimes spent so that it can't quite get out through the final layer of skin, and it comes to rest just beneath the outside layer of skin. If it does get through the skin, it may not have enough energy to penetrate even an undershirt or a light cotton blouse. It has exhausted itself and more or less plops to a stop."

What about the Commission's conclusion that this bullet was found on Governor Connally's stretcher in Parkland Hospital?

"It's based on tortured evidence, or inconclusive evidence, to say the least. No one will ever know for sure which stretcher this bullet came from. In my opinion, the probabilities are that it fell out of the President's clothing while the doctors were administering to him in the hospital. For the sake of argument, however, let's assume that it was found on the Governor's stretcher. This still does not rule out the premise that it was the first bullet that passed through the President's neck. That spent bullet could just as easily have taken an erratic jump out of the President's clothing and lodged in Governor Connally's clothing. These things happen with bullets. Sometimes they get through the final layer of skin and hop limply about at all arcs of the circle and at all angles to the wound of exit."

Do you agree with Governor Connally that he was struck by the *second* bullet?

"Yes, I definitely do. His testimony is most persuasive. I just can't buy this theory that this beautifully preserved first bullet which passed through the President's neck also got tangled up with the Governor's rib and wrist bones. In my opinion, the second bullet, which wounded Governor Connally, is the one that is missing."

And the third?

"The third one quite obviously is the one that caused the President's massive head wound, and his death. Also, either a fragment from this bullet, or a piece of skull, caused the cracking of the windshield and the dent in the windshield chrome on the interior of the limousine, provided these marks on the car were not already present at the time the shooting began."

Assistant Counsel Arlen Specter's creation of the theory that a "single bullet" passed through the area of the President's neck and went on to inflict all of Governor Connally's wounds was necessitated, so he thought, by the Zapruder movie. This "one-bullet" theory is perhaps the most amateurish conclusion in the entire Warren Commission Report, and regrettably, it permits the brand of "doubtful" to cloud the genuine, bona fide Commission findings.

Abraham Zapruder is now undoubtedly the most famous amateur movie photographer in all history. As he stood in Dealey Plaza aiming his home movie camera in an easterly direction, he caught and recorded the Presidential motorcade as it proceeded north on Houston Street, to make its turn west on Elm Street. This innocent, famous home movie ended up by leading Mr. Specter and the Warren Commission into an unfortunate trap.

Even those who have purported to study the work of the Commission in considered hindsight are still mesmerized by the beguiling and misleading power of the Zapruder movie. For example, in its November 25, 1966 issue, "Life" magazine innocently perpetuates the error. Its article reads: "Of all the witnesses to the tragedy, the only unimpeachable one is the 8-mm movie camera of Abraham Zapruder, which recorded the assassination in sequence. Film passed through the camera at 18.3 frames a second, a little more than a twentieth of a second (.055 seconds) for each frame. By studying individual frames, one can see what happened at every instant and measure precisely the interval between events."

The error that trapped the Warren Commission as well as "Life" magazine is that there is nothing at all *precisely* measured by the Zapruder film.

The nearest thing to a *precise*, objective event which the film records is at Frame 313, which shows the President's skull exploding as a result of the bullet that passed through his head. Every other item purportedly measured by the Zapruder film is *imprecise* because it must be evaluated and speculated upon through factors and calculations which involve unknown quantities.

One of the most common pitfalls in any investigation is the "timetable trap." The investigator becomes mesmerized by either a clock or a calendar and ends up with a conclusion that two and two are five, or that some Florida oranges are red because Washington Delicious apples are also red. This is exactly what happened to Mr. Specter who, unfortunately, was able to sell his erroneous theory to the Commission.

Some time after the investigation into the President's death began, the FBI staged a mock re-enactment of the assassination, which was geared to and scripted by the Zapruder movie. An FBI agent was stationed in the sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository Building with a camera geared to the telescopic lens of the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle found at this same window minutes after the assassination. An effort was made to *synchronize* the Zapruder movie with what the assassin presumably saw from his point of vantage at the sixth-floor window as the Presidential caravan moved along its historic route.

It had previously been determined that the Zapruder camera ran at the speed of 18.3 pictures or frames per second. The timing of certain events, therefore, could be calculated by allowing 1/18.3 seconds for

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the action depicted from one frame to the next. Other tests had also determined that this Mannlicher-Carcano rifle required a minimum of 2.3 seconds between each shot fired.

Each frame of the Zapruder film was given a number, Number 1 beginning where the motorcycles leading the motorcade came into view on Houston Street. Combining the FBI re-enactment with the Zapruder movie, it was concluded that the assassin had a clear view of the President from his sixth-floor window as the limousine moved up Houston Street, and for an additional one hundred feet as the Presidential car proceeded west on Elm Street. At a point denoted as Frame 166 on the Zapruder film, the assassin's view of the President became obstructed by the foliage of a large oak tree.* The President's back reappeared into view through the telescopic lens on the rifle for a fleeting instant at Frame 186. This momentary view was permitted by an opening in the leaves of the tree; but they closed to again obscure the view of the President's back through the telescopic sight until the car emerged from behind the tree at Frame 210.

The Commission implies that one of the difficulties in interpreting the Zapruder film is that the President's car begins to disappear behind a road sign reading "Stemmons Freeway Right Lane" at approximately Frame 193. At Frame 206, the President's hand is still raised as he disappears behind the street sign. He reappears in the film at Frame 225. As a matter of fact, it is really not essential to the evidential value of the film whether the President was or was not out of sight for some 30 to 32 frames.

There are those who viewed the Zapruder movie who *thought* that the President *looked as if* he was hit through the neck when he reappeared from behind the street sign at Frame 225. They *think* that Governor Connally appeared to be hit at Frame 230. Governor Connally *believes* that he was hit around Frame 234. "Life" summarizes the *subjective* factor of interpretation by saying: "Specter sees Connally wincing in Frame 230. 'Life' photo interpreters think he looks unharmed, as does Connally himself."

Still, Mr. Specter labored under the illusion that the Zapruder movie gave him a stop-watch precision measurement of events that took place, *not in the Presidential limousine, but in the Texas School Book Depository Building over one hundred feet back up Elm Street.*

Mr. Specter did not believe that he could solve the problem of orienting the Zapruder movie to the minimum time required to fire two shots from the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle without adopting the "one-bullet" theory. The 2.3 seconds required to fire two shots from the rifle worked out to 42.09 frames of the Zapruder movie. Even assuming that the President had been hit in the neck while he was behind the street sign at, say, Frame 210, it would not be possible for a second shot to be fired until Frame 252.09.

This presented a difficult impasse, provided the "timetable" supplied by the Zapruder movie was correct. Mr. Specter assumed that this "timetable" was accurate and then adopted the "one-bullet" theory to get around its limitations. Otherwise, he was faced with the awkward admission that *two* guns were used instead of one.

His better procedure would have been to carefully analyze his "timetable" in an effort to understand exactly what he was working with. By beginning with Frame 313—the only objective point of reference in the entire film where the picture of the President's exploding skull was recorded—we can set up a *reverse timetable by working backward* (see box below):

Frame	*Description of Event*	*Elapsed Frames*	*(Seconds) Elapsed Time*
313	President's skull explodes	—	—
230	Governor Connally's "reaction" (earliest estimate)	83	4.5
210	President possibly hit while behind street sign	103	5.6
186	Momentary reappearance of President through leaves of oak tree	127	6.9
166	Disappearance of President from assassin's view caused by foliage of oak tree	147	8.0

What does this *reverse timetable* prove? It proves exactly the same thing as the *forward timetable* of the Zapruder film—which is exactly nothing. Nothing is proved because we do not know when the President and Governor Connally were struck by the first and second bullets. There is absolutely nothing in the frames of the movie to give us any precise measurement. In the first place, we are in a quandary of uncertainty as to when the President and the Governor "reacted" to their respective wounds. It has already been clearly established that different observers of the Zapruder film have reached different opinions as to when these "reactions" took place. We are dealing with *subjective* evaluation, which completely kicks out the concept of any *precise* "timetable."

The next great error that was committed in attempting to use the Zapruder film as a "timetable" was the assumption that the President and the Governor would have some visible reaction to their wounds at almost the *exact instant* that the wounds were sustained. There is absolutely nothing in medicine to indicate that this assumption is correct. As a matter of fact, what is known about reaction time generally indicates that the assumption may *not* be correct at all.

It must readily be admitted that the reaction time of any person to a bullet wound is a purely speculative entity. No one has yet conducted a series of experiments so that a set of rules governing reaction time to bullet wounds can be formulated.

Studies have been made of certain other types of reaction time in the field of automobile-accident reconstruction where elaborate tests have been given to drivers under controlled conditions. It has been established that between the time the driver perceives a dangerous event and the time that he applies his brakes or begins other evasive action, an average reaction period of two-thirds to three-quarters of a second elapses. In some individuals, this reaction time is well over one full second. There is always some "drag" or reaction time involved between the stimulus and the reaction to the stimulus. This is true, even though this type of stimulus is something that the driver has been conditioned to expect and which he must anticipate by the nature of the testing situation.

No one knows whether there is an analogy between driver reaction time and bullet-wound reaction time. It can be argued plausibly that driver reaction time involves a conscious thinking process, whereas the reaction of the body to a bullet is more nearly analogous to an autonomic, reflex type of action. There are, however, hundreds of reported cases in which the person shot apparently does not realize that he has been shot for a period of several minutes. He may continue to perform a number of complex, highly co-ordinated functions for a substantial period of time before collapsing to lose consciousness or to die.

Furthermore, Governor Connally's reaction time to his wounds may have been more rapid than the President's reaction time to his first neck wound. This is true because the Governor's wounds were far more severe than the President's neck wound. The Governor may have been hit at Frame 230 of the Zapruder film. He may have "reacted" immediately, so that his "reaction" can still be observed by viewers of the movie. This does not mean at all that the President could *not* have been shot through the neck before Frame 166 when his back disappeared behind the leaves of the oak tree, or at Frame 186 when his back reappeared momentarily, and his observable reactions appear on the movie after Frame 225 when the President emerges from behind the road sign.

There is absolutely nothing in the "open-end" Zapruder movie "timetable" to rule out the possibility or even the probability that the President was shot through the neck before Frame 166. The error in using the Zapruder film was in the assumption that the President would have to "react" instantaneously to the neck wound in such a manner that his reaction could be observed in the movie. The Zapruder film is not really a "timetable" after all, because it can help establish the "location" of only one "station" along the "railroad." It does not help us pinpoint the other two important stations, nor does it tell us when the train got there. We can use the Zapruder "timetable" to conclude that the train got to one station *probably* no later than Frame 225. It reached the second station no later than Frame 234. We cannot

*One of the most incredible statements of the entire report appears on page 97: "On May 24, 1964, agents of the FBI and Secret Service conducted a series of tests to determine as precisely as possible what happened on November 22, 1963. . . . The agents ascertained that the foliage of an oak tree that came between the gunman and his target along the motorcade route on Elm Street was approximately the same as on the day of the assassination." The report does not say how this was "ascertained."

tell from the Zapruder film what the train was doing before these two locations, or even where our floating stations one and two are located.

It was not necessary for Mr. Specter to devise, nor for the Commission to buy, the "one-bullet" theory to eliminate the necessity of adopting the embarrassing premise that *two* rifles were used to do the shooting instead of one.

Dr. Helpern's theory of three separate bullets causing three separate wounds, two in the President's body and one in Governor Connally, is not at all inconsistent with the Zapruder movie when the movie is properly interpreted as being nothing more than an open-end, one-station timetable where the separate elements of time, distance and location have been confused.

What about the "wound ballistics experiments" conducted at the Edgewood Arsenal?

"Well," Dr. Helpern responds, shaking his head in disbelief, "the mere fact that they felt constrained to perform these tests in the first place shows a total lack of knowledge on the subject of bullet wounds in the body. They went down there and tried to rig up dummies that would simulate the President's head and neck area. They took human skulls, filled them with gelatin and covered them with goatskin and hair. They rigged up a dummy with gelatin and animal meat to simulate the neck area of his body. Then they got a goat to simulate Governor Connally's body. They took the rifle found in the Texas School Book Depository Building and began firing into these dummies. All they proved was that they proved absolutely nothing. One of the experts was utterly surprised that a bullet could cause the massive wound in the President's head. His surprise alone clearly indicates his limited experience.

"We have all kinds of cases in our files that show what bullets can and have done in the human body. So does everyone else who is active in the field of forensic medicine. For example, Dr. LeMoyne Snyder has a case that almost duplicates the President's head wounds in every respect. It arose out of a bank holdup in Michigan. A dentist who had his office on the second floor of a building directly across the street from the bank went to the window to see what the trouble was. He saw one of the bandits running down the street, with people yelling after him. The dentist was quite a deer hunter and kept a rifle in his office. He reached for his rifle, raised the window and hit the bandit in the back of the head with a single shot. By that time, the bandit was just about the same distance away as the Presidential limousine was from the sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository Building when the first shot struck. The head wounds this bank bandit sustained were almost identical in every respect to those of President Kennedy.

"Nevertheless, the Commission chose to rely on the synthetic tests at the Edgewood Arsenal to support its conclusion that a single bullet probably caused the wound through the President's neck and all of Governor Connally's wounds. This was done even though one of the three experts, Dr. Light, testified that the anatomical findings alone were insufficient for him to 'formulate a firm opinion on whether the same bullet did or did not pass through the President's neck wound first before inflicting all the wounds on Governor Connally.'"

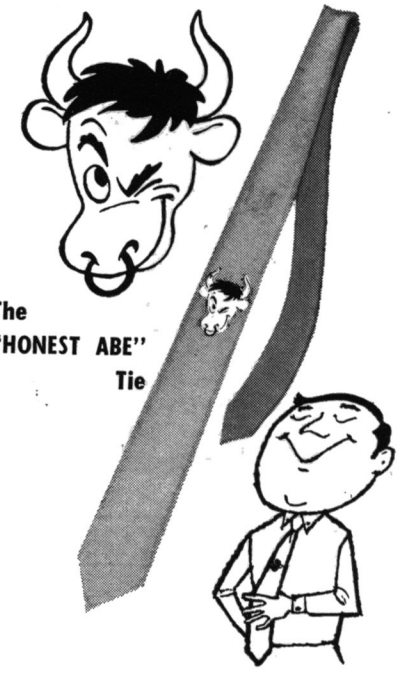
Is there anything in the overall picture to cast serious doubt on the principal conclusions reached by the Commission?

"Of course, I haven't seen the pictures and the X-rays of the President, but on the basis of the evidence that has been made public, the Commission reached the correct opinion that all three bullets were fired by one rifleman from the sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository Building. The unfortunate autopsy and other procedures have merely opened the door and invited the critics to enjoy a Roman holiday at the expense of the dignity and prestige of the country as a whole.

"The fact that a rigorous cross-examination of the three autopsy surgeons would have ripped their testimony to shreds does not necessary mean that their conclusions were *totally* wrong. The fact that the Commission may have erred in concluding that the same bullet that struck the President also wounded Governor Connally does not mean that the Commission was *totally* wrong in its opinion that all the shots came from the Depository Building. What it means is that the Commission members themselves set the stage for the aura of doubt and suspicion that has enveloped their work.

"The Commission, of course, was an unusual creature. It was itself a synthetic entity. It was extra-judicial, extra-executive and extra-legislative. It was supposed to be a public forum for taking evidence because the normal forum of the courtroom was wiped out when Jack Ruby killed Oswald. If Oswald had lived, all the evidence about the President's death could have been aired in the courtroom and all the witnesses would have been open to cross-examination. In its procedures, the Commission failed to supply anything that would fill the disastrous void left when the right or motive to cross-examine the witnesses was wiped out. They did not provide for the essential 'Devil's Advocate.'

"The biblical saying that 'a man is



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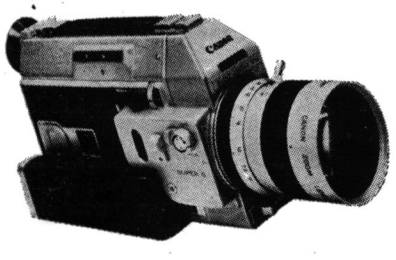

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The Oaks
America's Bloody Field of Honor
by Lew Louderback

COVER STORY

THE bloodiest half-acre in the United States lies under what is now a golf course in City Park, New Orleans.

Back in the riverboat days when, as one historian put it, "the word 'honor' hung in the air like the refrain of a popular song," the park was a plantation, and a grove of giant oaks within its confines the spot where, practically every dawn, gents in frock coats had a go at one another with swords, pistols, rifles, shotguns and knives.

It is estimated that between 1800 and 1861, an average of at least *one duel a day* was fought in the grove. No record was kept of fatalities, but historians agree that they must have run well into the hundreds.

Half a dozen combats were frequently waged on the same day. On a single Sunday in 1837, for example, ten duels were fought in "The Oaks" between sunrise and noon, three of them ending fatally.

At first, ironclad rules governed every detail of the *duello*. The favorite weapons were rapiers and pistols. The latter were elegantly crafted works of art specifically designed for dueling and came in specially matched pairs. They were fired at a prescribed signal from a given distance, usually ten or fifteen paces. There were few fatalities, for the men handling them were crack shots and the object of the Code of Honor was not to kill but simply to draw blood.

When Americans began arriving in force after the Louisiana Purchase, however, and found themselves compelled by circumstances to adapt to this unfamiliar custom, they decided that if you were going to bother to get up at dawn and travel way the hell out into the country to shoot at someone, you might as well kill him.

With this in mind, they introduced their own weapons, and as duelists in The Oaks began to fire at will with deadly squirrel rifles and double-barreled shotguns loaded with slugs, the fatalities mounted.

Another American innovation was the multiweaponed "walk-to." In this, the duelists emptied their shotguns as they advanced on each other, then threw them down and starting firing revolvers until one, or both, had dropped in their tracks. Other Yankee duelists, whose hatred was strong enough, would stand close, with pistol muzzles overlapping, or even touching each other. In such instances, both men usually died.

Some Americans had even more bizarre notions and, in accepting challenges from the haughty Creoles, stipulated that the duels be fought with a variety of weapons ranging from clubs to tomahawks. One such duel, waged in The Oaks in 1810, featured adversaries armed with eight-foot sections of three-by-three cypress timber. They knocked each other senseless.

Choosing outlandish weapons was often a way of laughing off a challenge. In 1817, James Humble, a blacksmith who stood seven feet tall, replied to a challenge by Bernard Marigny, a celebrated Creole duelist, by exercising his privilege and stipulating that the duel should take place in Lake Pontchartrain in six feet of water, with sledgehammers as weapons. Marigny, who was only five-foot-seven, declared that it was impossible for him to fight a man with such a sense of humor.

Humor and war were dueling's deadliest adversaries. The custom was already in decline in the late 1850s, and when the first shot was fired on Fort Sumter in 1861, New Orleans citizens stopped shooting at one another and turned their weapons on the common enemy—damnyankees. • • •

judged by his work' may be appropriate. The Commission's work opened the door and invited the critics to flood in."

Is there anything specifically Dr. Helpern would like to see done at this point?

"It may well be too late to do anything, since the primary evidence is gone. There is a possibility, however, that the X-rays and photographs of the President's wounds might contain some clarifying information. I would certainly feel more comfortable about the Warren Commission's findings if a group of experienced men, who have had a great deal of practical work in bullet-wound cases, could take a look at these X-rays and pictures. I have in mind men like Dr. LeMoyne Snyder, author of 'Homicide Investigation,' Dr. Russell Fisher, the medical examiner for the State of Maryland, Dr. Frank Cleveland in Cincinnati and Dr. Richard Myers in Los Angeles. These men are all members of the American Academy of Forensic Sciences. These pictures and X-rays *might*, and I emphasize *might*, settle the questions raised by the critics once and for all.

"The tragic thing is that a greatly loved President was not given the same type of expert medical attention and medical respect in death that he received in life. When he was having his back problems, he properly consulted the leading experts in the field of orthopedic surgery; but, you see, in death, the task of evaluating his bullet wounds was not given to experienced experts in this field. It was still the old saw that an autopsy is an autopsy is an autopsy, and anyone can do it, particularly as long as he is a pathologist."

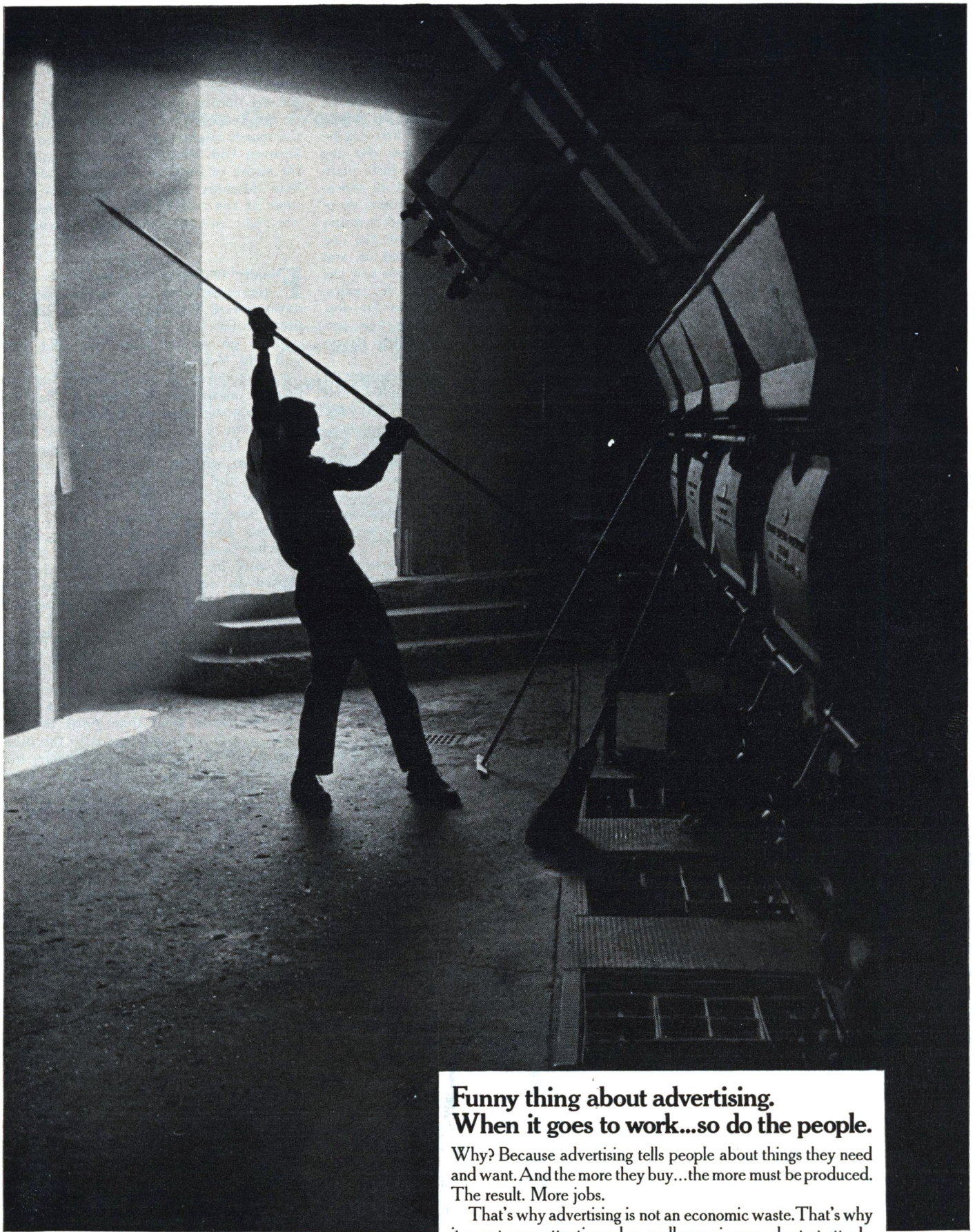
What about the portions of the autopsy protocol that have not been released to the public?

"There, I think," Dr. Helpern answers, "are personal matters that should be left entirely to the family, although I do think that the public is entitled to the most expert and definitive determination possible on the bullet wounds that caused death.

"I know it has been argued that, since the question of whether the President did or did not have Addison's disease was injected as an issue into the 1960 Presidential campaign, the public is entitled to know if any findings at the autopsy tended to substantiate this allegation.

"Some of my colleagues also argue that if the autopsy findings did show a deterioration of the adrenal glands, which would be evidence of Addison's disease, it is a missed opportunity for showing the progress of medicine in general to fail to disclose it. A person suffering from Addison's disease can now be placed on medication so that the disease can be controlled in much the same manner that diabetes is controlled by insulin. This, of course, was not true a generation ago. These fellows continue that it would dramatically show medicine's progress if a man with Addison's disease could be treated so successfully that he could function well enough to perform the duties demanded by the office of President of the United States.

"I still go along with the feeling that any disclosure in the autopsy findings over and above the bullet wounds which produced the President's death must be considered a private matter for the family to do with as they personally desire." • • •



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HOW THE HIPPO GOT HIS NAME continued from page 57

spring. February and March were the dull months and resulted in pent-up energies that had to be worked off—which probably accounts for what happened as that night wore on.

For some reason or other, none of the other kids showed up. Had it been summer, there would have been four or five of us, and Hip would probably have suggested that we go and swipe some apples, or peaches, or whatever was in season. Or we might have taken a dip off one of the oyster wharves along the river in the refreshing nude. But this was April. There was nothing edible to steal, and swimming was out of the question, so Hippo and I just stood around at loose ends.

After a while, we ambled up to Parks' Hardware Store and looked at the fishing tackle in the window. Miss Camp, our home-room teacher, came by with her sister. She spoke to me and said, "Good evening, Truelove," to The Hippo. Nobody but schoolteachers and his folks ever called him that. He hated it. Psychologists nowadays would probably decide that he was driven to feats of desperation simply to compensate for what he considered a sissy name. But I don't think so. He was born that way.

Bye and bye, who should come along but Old Man Maddox, and he went into the store. He wasn't very old, actually—more like middle-aged—and he was built like a gorilla, as broad as he was tall and with a bushy, brown beard. He always wore felt boots and dirty old corduroy trousers, the kind we used to call "whistle britches"—only on him, they didn't whistle. He was too bowlegged.

Everybody knew Old Man Maddox, but nobody on the street ever spoke to him, and he never spoke to anybody. He was generally regarded as an out and out "mean cuss"—and for good reason. Kids especially stood in awe of him. We had all heard about the time he bought a young Irish setter for a bird dog. The first day he took him out and fired his gun, the dog bolted, evidently gun-shy or just plain timid. Old Man Maddox hunted all morning without him. When he got home, there was the dog, glad to see him and fawning around him. Old Man Maddox hit the dog with his gun barrels, then backed off and shot him dead. The lady next door saw the whole thing and reported it to the police, but what could they do? It was *his* dog. Too bad somebody don't shoot *him* was the general sentiment, with which Hippo and I heartily agreed.

So Hip and I stood there watching Old Man Maddox through the window and thinking what a son-uva-bee he was. Among other items, he bought several boxes of shotgun shells. Ordinarily, this was no time of year to be stocking up on ammunition, but Parks' had a close-out sale on some black-powder New Rivals. Smokeless powder had come in and they were getting rid of the old shells at seventy cents a box.

Hippo and I knew all about those New Rivals. We had used nothing else. This ammunition delivered a muzzle blast that would almost launch one of today's interplanetary missiles, and it delivered a kick like a pile driver. The red flame would spurt out a most remarkable distance, which was especially spectacular at night. After school, Hippo and I would sometimes linger a little late in the marsh in case a black duck dropped in, although this violation of the game laws seldom got us anything but frostbite.

We took turns with Hippo's single-barreled twelve-gauge. I'd be back in the bushes jumping up and down trying to get warm while it was Hip's turn in the blind with the gun. If a duck came over, Hip would let go with one of those New Rivals, the fire blazing upward like a flame thrower. Or somebody over on the other side of the marsh might unlimber on a bird—maybe even Old Man Maddox—and you'd see the streak of fire reaching for the sky. Old Man Maddox was the kind who would shoot at any time of the night, if the moon was right and the ducks were moving.

Finally Old Man Maddox came out of the store with his bundles and went down toward White's Grocery. It was then that the idea came to Hippo.

"Let's go up the river," he said, "and pull Old Man Maddox's shad net."

I just looked at him, hardly believing that he meant it. He might just as well have suggested that we burglarize the police station or rob the bank. But he wasn't kidding. He started down toward the river. His house, with the canoe in the yard, was right on the way.

"Come on," he said. "We have to get there 'fore he gets home."

Going down the side street, Hippo scratched a kitchen match on his thumbnail and lit a Mecca. That's what he smoked—to reduce his weight, he said. You could smell that Turkish tobacco on his clothes a mile away.

So we were off on our evening's project, and I don't mind telling you I was scared.

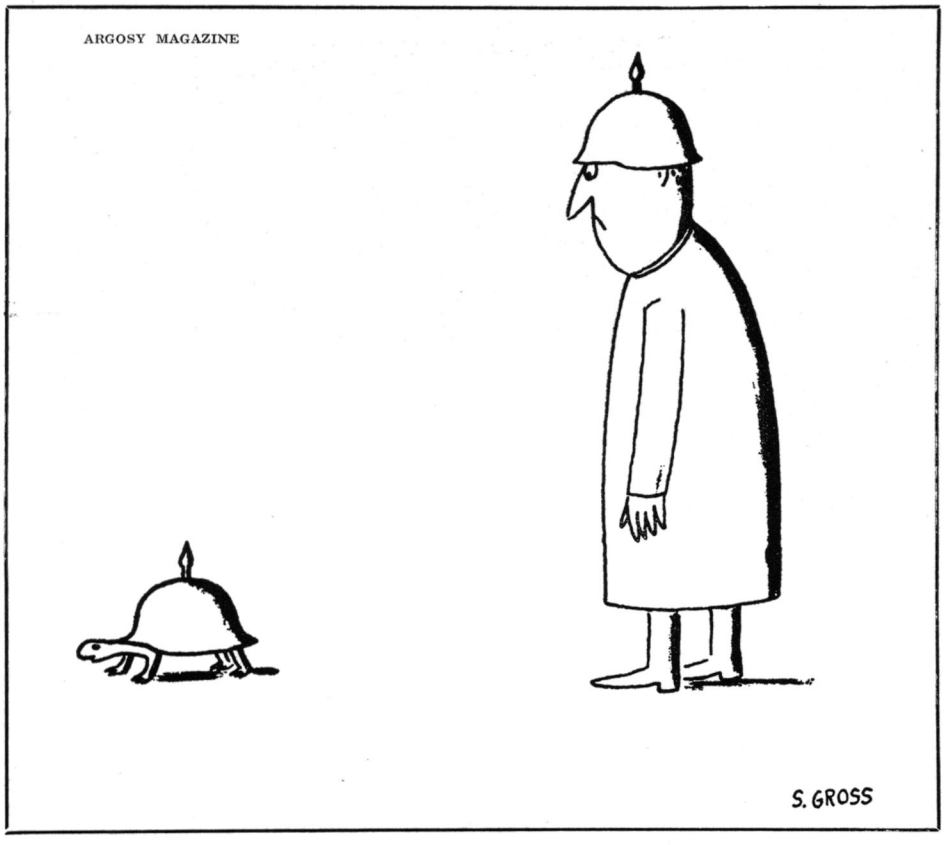
We got the canoe overboard in the slip at the foot of the street. It was nice on the river, flat-calm and chock-a-block high tide. We made good time until the tide began to ebb, then we crossed to the other side, out of the current. I was praying that we would beat Old Man Maddox home when Hip quit paddling and began to shine the flashlight around the bottom of the canoe and up around my feet.

"You got the can?" he asked me. He meant the bailer. The canoe leaked a little and the water was beginning to accumulate at his end, he being considerably heavier.

There wasn't any can, so we ran ashore and tipped out the water. Then Hippo went prospecting up and down the high-tide mark, looking for something to bail with. At a distance, all you could see of him was those white flannel pants. They had almost a luminous quality and, in the moonlight, they seemed to be walking along as if by themselves. It was a pretty weird sight.

When he got back, I said to him, "You shouldn't of worn those pants. Anybody can spot you." But he just laughed. Such a thing wouldn't bother him. Nothing did. He had all kinds of nerve.

When we started upriver again, I got to thinking about one Halloween night when Hip and the rest of us were out on the town. This was long before this "trick-or-treat" routine came in, and we just used to raise the devil. The Draytons' house was one of our regular stops. Old Man Drayton would always give you a chase. Well, we came to Draytons' and Hippo volunteered to sneak up and stick a tack in the push-button doorbell. This took plenty of courage, because Old Man Drayton could run pretty fast, and Hip, while nimble enough on his feet, was no good in any kind of a



stretch. But it was like him to want to do it.

He crept up the broad, wooden front steps and pussyfooted across the porch to the door. He was just getting the tack into place when the dome light flashed on. Hip galvanized into action. Like a shadow, he dropped off the porch right by the steps as Old Man Drayton came storming out. We beat it in all directions.

We felt sorry for poor Hippo as we were re-assembling under the light at the foot of Broad Street, but first thing you know, he came along. He had just ducked under the front steps a split second before Old Man Drayton appeared. It took a lot of guts to hide there with Old Man Drayton so close and on the off-chance that he hadn't been seen. Hip said he got quite a kick out of it, before he sneaked out and skipped over the back fence. Nobody but The Hippo could have done it.

But, you ask me, that gall he had was born right in him. Way back when we were little kids, he had it. I'll never forget the time he was robbing the gum machine in front of White's Grocery. Hip had found out that you could get your fingers way up inside and trip a lever to make the gum balls come out. We were standing across the street watching him fill his pockets when Mister White came out. Hip was shaking the machine to make the gum come out better.

"Don't do that, little boy!" Mister White had said.

Hippo hadn't seen him until then, but he didn't turn a hair—cool as a cucumber. "I've got a penny stuck in it," said Hippo.

"We've had trouble with that machine," Mister White said, and he took a cent out of his pocket and gave it to Hip.

Hip went inside and spent it on candy. He gave us all of the gum balls. He was sick of 'em.

Well, it was a long way up to Old Man Maddox's place and with the delay, linger and wait, I was beginning to get jittery all over again. Bye and bye, we could see the house and there was a lamp lit in the kitchen. I called Hippo's attention to this alarming fact, but he said that was nothing. The old man always left a light burning. How he happened to know about this, I didn't stop to reason. Hip got the flashlight out and took a sweeping look-around for the shad net.

"Douse that light!" I gasped.

He scratched a match and lit another Mecca. By that time, I was really sorry I had come.

The net was right ahead of us, stretching from a point of land out toward the channel. Hip swung the canoe around so the stern and his back were toward shore and began to haul on the net. Just about then, Old Man Maddox's pointer began to bark up near the house. The back door opened and the yellow light streamed down the slope toward us.

"Let's go!" I yelped, but Hip kept on puffing his cigarette and pulling on the net.

Then Old Maddox yelled, "You get the hell outa there!"

I had my paddle, but I didn't dare to use it for fear Hip would fall overboard. He was half standing, hanging onto the net. I begged him, "Come on! Come on!"

He was just bending over to sit down, reaching for his paddle, when the shotgun blasted and the pellets rained into us. I could feel a sharp pain in my shoulder, but Hippo was between me and the gun and he got most of it. Just how close Old Man Maddox was when he let go, we never knew, but a ballistics expert might have figured it out from a study of what that full-choke gun did to Hippo's rear end.

We went away from there at full steam ahead. Every time Hippo dipped his blade, he would go "OW!" It helped to synchronize our strokes the way a coxswain sets the pace for an eight-oared crew. Old Man Maddox let go a parting shot, but missed.

We crossed the river, and on the further side, in the shelter of some rocks, I examined Hip's posterior with the flashlight. There wasn't any blood, but I could see quite a few little red places. He was really peppered. He didn't want to sit down in the canoe again, but it was either that or a two-mile walk home, so we paddled it.

I didn't expect to see Hippo in school next day. He was very good at concocting excuses when he didn't want to do something. But there he was when I came into the schoolyard. He was telling all the kids what happened and we even went down into the basement so they could see the results. The spots were bigger now and had turned kind of purple, blossoming all over his soft, white skin.

When the last bell sounded and our home room filled up, everybody sat down as usual—everybody, that is, except Hippo.

"Be seated, Truelove," Miss Camp said.

"Can't sit down," said Hippo.

"Why not?" Miss Camp wanted to know. We all wondered how he was going to get out of this predicament.

"Because I injured my *hip*," he said, shifting his weight with a look of pain.

The explanation delighted us. Somebody in the back of the room snickered and the rest of us couldn't hold in. When things quieted down a little, Hippo managed to edge sort of gingerly into his seat. Knowing The Hippo, I always suspected that he had purposely staged the whole bit, purely for its entertainment value.

From then on, of course, everybody called him "The Hip," and "The Hippo," and he took it with becoming good grace.

That's about all there was to it, except that a few days later, he showed me two big shad in his icebox at home.

"Fellow gave them to me," he announced in an extra-loud voice, which was entirely for the benefit of his folks. That's what he had already told them.

Later on, outside, he let me have the real story. He said he had paddled all by himself clear up to Old Maddox's place at two o'clock in the morning—it was a Sunday—and had pulled the net all alone. He could have brought home a boatload, he said, but he let them all go but the two. That, in his opinion, helped to even the score with Old Man Maddox. I had to admire The Hippo. He sure had guts.

Not long after that, the Gerards moved away. A couple of postcards, and we never heard from him again. We never knew what happened to him, but of one thing we remained certain: he would never reform. And, with his native shrewdness and his guts, he was bound to make a name for himself—either in big business or in Leavenworth. • • •

Photo by Fraser Hale

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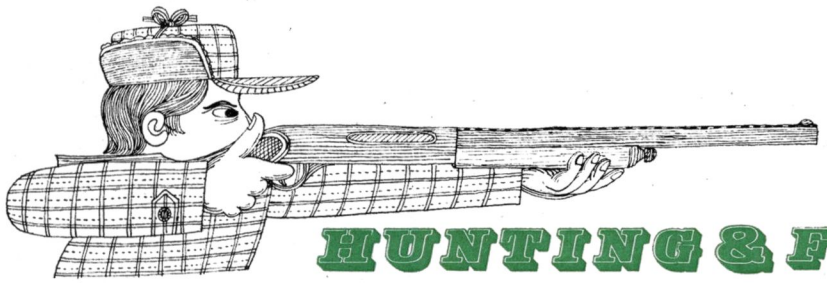

HUNTING & FISHING TIPS

EARN $5! ARGOSY *will pay $5 for every outdoor tip printed in this column, so send in yours today to: Hunting and Fishing,* ARGOSY, *205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017. All submissions become the property of* ARGOSY. *None will be returned unless postage is included.*

BULLHEAD BAIT: Catfishermen know that bullheads can be as choosy as trout about their meals, but here's a goody they seldom refuse: a chunk of salt mackerel. Another bullhead tip: fishin' for them is a waste of time when there's an east wind.

EAR MUFFLERS: The commonest look like a pair of radio headphones, with plastic cups that fit over your ears to muffle the sound of gunshots. You can make your own from two circular cups that oleomargarine comes in. Pack them with some foam rubber and hold them over your ears with an elastic around your head.

CAMPER'S CHAIN SAW: New from Remington Arms Company, the lightest direct-drive chain saw on the market—the PowerLite SL-9. It has a twelve-inch guide bar with a roller nose, will cut trees up to twenty-four inches in diameter. Weight of motor: nine pounds. Guaranteed for two years or 20,000 trees.

FISH TEASER: To make any lure more attractive, tie a small spinner, spoon or even just a trout fly on the line about a foot ahead of it. On the retrieve, the combination looks like a small fish chasing a prey, and this often proves too tempting to an old lunker lurking nearby.

NIGHT CAP: When you're sleeping outdoors in winter, a sleeping bag will keep all of you warm except your face and head. Wear a stocking-type ski cap. Best is the kind that pulls down over your entire face, leaving openings for just eyes and nose.

THIS MONTH'S PRIZE: The Sportsman Cooking Kit, by Revere Ware. It consists of a 1½-quart covered sauce pan, a three-quart sauce pan, a ten-inch covered skillet with *Perma-Loc,* a five-quart bowl/dish pan and a trivet. Price: $39.95.

FISH STRINGER: Make one from shower-curtain rings, the kind that close like safety pins. Tie them at six-inch intervals on a couple of yards of strong fish line. Hold the fish by hooking the ring through its lower jaw. (Stephen Werner, Memphis, Tennessee.)

ANTISKID BOOTS: If your wading shoes or rubber-boot feet don't have skidproof soles, buy a pair of rubbers large enough to fit over shoes or boot feet, rivet bottle caps (open sides down) to the bottoms of them and put them on when needed.

ELECTRIC BINOCULARS: Made in Japan by Kalimar, they zoom from 2.5x to 8x and back again at the touch of a button, like a TV zoom lens. Weight: forty-four ounces. Powered by four penlight batteries, with lever for fast or slow zooming. Price: $198.50, from Continental Arms, 697 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

WADER REPAIR: When wading, always carry a roll of Scotch Magic Tape for a fast and efficient repair job should your wader or boot spring a leak. Dry the spot well, then apply the tape both inside and outside, reinforcing with side strips. Be sure edges of tape stick tightly.

MUZZLE GUARD: When leaning your rifle or shotgun against a tree or fence in bad weather, don't place it muzzle down; the muzzle might clog with mud or snow. Stand it upright and place a leaf or handkerchief over it to keep out the weather.

PORTABLE HEATER: The new *Dial-Temp,* by Coleman of Wichita, Kansas, is recommended for boats, tents, blinds, etc. It uses the same fuel as camp stoves and lanterns, burns eighteen to twenty hours at one filling. Heat output is from 3,500 to 5,000 BTU. Operates on same principle as pocket warmer. Price: $36.

SILENT ANCHOR: If your metal boat anchor is noisy and scares fish by banging against the sides of the boat when you raise and lower it, make a noiseless anchor. Cut an old rubber boot to about knee length, fill it with cement and, just before the cement hardens, place an eyebolt in the top to take your anchor rope. (Ralph Munsel, Shelbyville, Indiana.)

INSTANT NYMPHS: Nymphs are among the most productive trout baits, especially in cold streams. You can make your own quickly by dabbing a bare hook with fingernail polish, wrapping a body of colored thread around the shank, then adding loose threads for tail or feelers.

FLY-ROD OUTFIT: The Cortland 333 kit contains a tubular glass fly rod, a fly reel, a fly line, a tapered leader and a how-to manual. Components are matched to produce a balanced outfit. Just rig them and go fishing. Price: $24.95.

HOOK HOLDERS: Snelled hooks come in paper folders which keep them from tangling but don't shield their points. An effective carrier is Scotch tape. Lay out a strip, place hooks on the tape, wrap the strip into a roll. Peel off hooks as needed. •

CARTOON PRIZE: Send in a caption for the cartoon below. The funniest will receive a Sportsman Cooking Kit by Revere Ware. Address: Outdoor Cartoon. Entries must be in by July thirty-first. March winner of a Nimrod gun rack is on page 92.

Caption.....

by Gil Paust

well-equipped guerrilla bands who could aid them in retaking it.

On January 26, 1942, twelve American OSS officers and noncoms had jumped into the foothills of the Burmese Himalayas. Their assignment: to collect intelligence, recruit Kachin warriors in battalion strength and teach them how to use the automatic weapons, grenades, sixty-mm mortars and explosives that ATC would air-drop to them.

By January '45, Detachment 101 had grown from a nucleus of twelve men to 10,000 battle-hardened guerrillas whose operations behind Jap lines were directed by thirty-five OSS officers and 600 noncoms. In the three years of their existence, they had killed 16,000 Japs, wrecked 337 bridges, trains and military vehicles and had captured or destroyed 5,000 tons of vitally needed enemy supplies, losing only twenty-two American and 600 Kachin lives.

Allied conventional forces, meanwhile, had retaken about two-thirds of North Burma. Lieutenant General Daniel I. Sultan's combined British, American and Chinese armies—known collectively as Mars Force—had seized Bhamo, the Kachin capital, in the middle of January and were now driving on Lashio from the north. If Lashio fell, so would the Burma Road, the only overland motor route into China, and this would mean that 3,000,000 Chinese troops, now bottled up in Kunming, would be added to the Allied side. It would also end the Japanese threat to India, break the back of enemy resistance in Burma and lead to the rapid reconquest of Southeast Asia.

Lashio, therefore, had to hold. Those were the instructions of the Japanese High Command. General Tanaka's crack Eighteenth and Thirty-third Divisions began moving north out of the city on January eighteenth to aid the Jap Fifteenth Army, retreating before Mars Force. The following day, Colonel W. R. Peers, head of the OSS Burma Operation, contacted Major Sherman (Pete) Joost whose Area One command included the stretch of Burma Road along which Tanaka's divisions were advancing.

IMPERATIVE YOU THROW BLOCK ON LASHIO-BHAMO ROAD AT ONCE, he radioed from his headquarters in Ledo, India. ENGAGE AND HOLD JAP DIVISIONS. REPEAT. ENGAGE AND HOLD ENEMY.

Pete Joost's total command consisted of seven battalions of 1,000 Kachins each. Three of these he now sent on an encircling movement of Lashio to keep the Jap Fifty-fifth Division out of his hair. The other four he positioned on either side of the Burma Road and waited. When his spotters reported the advance guard of General Tanaka's motorized column entering the winding, jungle-clogged Hsenwi Valley, deep in what Winston Churchill later called "the most forbidding fighting country imaginable," he set into motion one of the truly spectacular guerrilla actions of World War II.

From the east side of the road, he unleashed Lieutenant Lazarsky's Third Battalion. The Kachins swarmed down on the armored cars and troop carriers like a horde of stinging Burmese fire ants, cutting the column in a dozen places. The following dawn, Joost added Lieutenant Delayney's Fifth Battalion to the fray, while Lieutenants Chamales and Mundrinich's Second and First Battalions swept down from the China side of the road further south, smashing into the Eighteenth Division's supply column, blowing up transport and capturing large quantities of supplies.

Badly hurt, their casualties for the two-day battle already running into the hundreds, the Japs now reacted with pressure —infantry, artillery, tanks—only to find their enemy dispersed into the jungles like the morning mist. Lazarsky's Third Battalion alone was still on hand. The enraged Japs turned their full fury against it. Lazarsky stood—just long enough to make sure the Japs were sucked into the trap. Then he slowly withdrew in the direction of Area One's airstrip behind its Field HQ.

As the Japs poured into the jungle in hot pursuit, Joost and Delayney's Fifth moved down the ridges toward the fighting to set up the fiendishly plotted "left-hand, right-hand" kayo. This traditional Kachin tactic is best illustrated by placing one's hands two feet apart with fingers spread out. The tips of the eight fingers are the points of ambush. As the enemy retaliates, the hands are slowly pulled back and closer together, the fingers also closing up. The maneuver is halted halfway through and eight more ambushes are set up. The fingers of the right hand are then pulled back and joined, making a fist. While this fist sets up still another ambush, the fingers of the left hand are also joined into a fist and follow up on the right-hand ambush with one on the left, in a quick one-two motion. Then both fists are pulled back to a prearranged position for the final ambush, delivered with the full force of both striking fists in the manner of crashing cymbals.

Splitting the Fifth Battalion into company-sized units of 125 men each, Joost and Delayney chose eight points of ambush twelve miles above Namtu in the path of Lazarsky's retreat. Joost's four companies became the right hand; Delayney's four, the left.

Fire-hardened spears of bamboo called *pungyis* were planted in the underbrush alongside each trail, with their stilettolike heads pointed in toward the trail, creating a natural death trap as deadly as any field of land mines. Sten guns and BARs were then sighted to fire up and down the axis of the ambush sites.

The Jap scouts and advance guards were allowed to pass through unharmed. The main body of troops, however, were raked by automatic fire. Those who didn't die in kicking, struggling heaps, threw themselves into the underbrush, to die impaled on the razor-sharp spears. The toll: 373 Japs dead; another 100 probables; an estimated 650 wounded.

The following day, Joost set up eight more ambush sites six miles west of the first ones. This time, grenades were lovingly planted along each trail at five-yard intervals, then connected with wires so they could be blown simultaneously from

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a hot-shot battery. When the main body of troops came marching over them, they were detonated. Automatic fire was then poured into the mass of wounded and dying Japs. Again, the toll was heavy. In three days of fighting, more than 1,000 of General Tanaka's choicest troops had been slaughtered and another 3,000 wounded.

Pete Joost now drew both fists back, ready for the big cymbal crash that would finish off the pursuing Japs. Instead, with ferocious suddenness, he, Delayney and a thousand men of the Fifth Battalion found themselves cut off at the airstrip, unable to reach the escape hatch leading into the hills in back of Area One HQ. What had happened was that Tanaka had so severely lost face at the hands of the guerrillas that all other considerations had been driven from his mind. Revenge alone mattered. He had halted his march north to aid the Fifteenth Army at Bhamo and thrown his main force into an encircling movement of the hated "jungle cockroaches," pinning them down in the open with his heavy mountain artillery. Now he began grinding them underfoot.

As the Jap seventy-fives pounded them, Joost and Delayney reviewed the situation. The enemy was dug in around them in thick, impregnable jungle, their artillery on high ground to the north. The Kachin forces had ammo enough for the day, possibly enough—if they were careful—to last until the following afternoon. The water situation was even more critical. The closest was approximately a half-mile away, held by the Japs. The airstrip was open to the sun, now just coming through the clearing cloud cover. It was humid, hot and growing hotter. The Kachins had to have water. They were rain-forest people, unable to go long without it. Soon they would open their veins and drink their own blood, weakening their already exhausted bodies and making them easy to overrun when the main attack came.

This, Joost figured, would be mounted from the northwest where the jungle was sparse. It was the only point at which large bodies of men could be maneuvered. To the east, it was heavy. From this direction, they could expect infiltration tactics. He therefore spotted his main reserve force within easy access of both approaches and waited.

The following dawn, all hell broke loose. The Japs had moved their guns even closer during the night. They were now zeroed in at point-blank range. Step by step, the crashing, rending blasts of the seventy-five-mm shells stalked across the airstrip.

"Where the hell's the trajectory on those big bastards?" shouted Sergeant Jenkins, scrambling into the headquarters foxhole.

"They barrel-sighted it," Joost replied grimly as he eyed the high ground to their front. "I figure it for no more than four hundred yards."

There was no time lapse between the roar of the guns and the echoing explosion of the shell bursts within the defense perimeter. The screams and low, tortured moans of the dying Kachins were punctuated by orange flashes, staccato explosions and roaring geysers of red earth.

"Wire base for water, ammo and medical drop!" yelled Joost over the hellish din. "Tell them to give us some four-and-two-tenths mortars, too. If we don't silence those bastards, they'll slaughter us!"

As Jenkins started for the radio foxhole, the fighters they had ordered from Ledo during the night arrived, passing over like sharp and deadly birds against the low overcast. Joost sprinted for the communications trench, grabbed the radio and requested them to circle. Then he sent a runner to the sixty-mm mortar positions with orders to lob three smoke shells into the approximate position of the Jap artillery pieces.

They did, and the planes began strafing the area.

Enemy artillery fell silent. Toward noon, however, snipers opened up. Occasionally a machine gun nackered fretfully, and once or twice there was the light *ping* whine of Jap grenade bursts. The sun beat down on the airstrip. The encircling jungle began to sweat. The mules, killed by artillery shells and sniper fire, slowly putrefied. Flies swarmed, biting unmercifully. The Kachins dug their foxholes deeper. A slight, relieving wind sprang up, then quit. The reek of putrefying flesh increased the agony of the Kachins' thirst. Secretly, they began to disobey Joost's strict order; they opened up their veins and drank.

Toward midafternoon, the distant hum of engines was heard. Joost ordered the drop pattern signals out. The DC-3s came in low over the trees. The Kachins' cheers quickly changed to yells of disbelief and outright groans as the brightly colored chutes, with crates swaying from them, drifted across the airstrip toward the jungle —and Jap hands.

Only some 4.2s and extra rounds of ammo fell within the dropping zone. *But no water.* As a final touch of torture, one fifty-gallon container hung in full view of the thirst-crazed Kachins, caught high in the branches of a tree at the edge of the airstrip. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, two tribesmen climbed the tree. As they reached toward the container, a Jap LMG chattered briefly. The Kachins died—but, like the water, remained entangled in the branches, a grim warning to the others.

With nightfall, Jap artillery opened up again—from new, even closer, positions. No trajectory. Zeroed in. Like the barrel of a .38 rammed between one's teeth. The shells tore holes in the defense perimeter, killing, mangling. The airstrip shook beneath the volleys of thunderclaps. The Kachins—natural guerrilla fighters, but not built temperamentally to crouch in holes like rats—bore the punishment stoically. They remained in their foxholes, digging them deeper still.

Shrapnel whined through the perimeter. "I saw the flash that time!" shouted Jenkins. "It's dug in on the top of that hill!"

Joost dashed toward the sixty-mm mortar pit. "Give me illumination!" he yelled.

The sweating gunners reached for it. Seconds later, a ball of burning white phosphorous burst above the spot Jenkins had pointed out, clearly revealing the Jap positions.

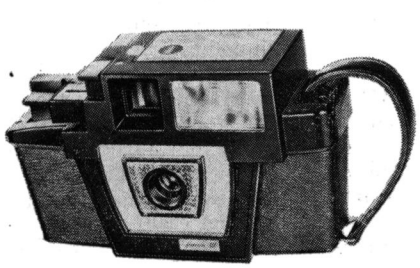
"Okay, let's give them our heavy stuff!" shouted Joost.

The 4.2 mortars air-dropped to them that afternoon had a four-mile range and the wallop of a 105-mm howitzer. Too heavy to transport, they were dropped in for emergencies, then blown up. The enemy was so close in this case that the tubes of the 4.2s had actually to be held at launch to keep them from falling over backwards. As the projectiles were handed to them, the gunners pulled the increment charges off the tail assemblies—no need for boosters at that point-blank range—removed the safety clips, set the timing, popped the shells into the muzzles. They followed high explosive rounds with illuminating ones, alternating one-and-one as they traversed the area, dropping them in and cranking changes in the tubes' elevations as fast as they could.

The hill erupted in blinding brilliance. Trees were sliced down by shrapnel like blades of grass. The roaring concussion of the saturation fire sent bodies and equipment flying. When Joost ordered the barrage lifted, there was no answering fire. Just the steady crackle of the burning jungle which cast an eerie, dancing light over the airstrip.

Late the following afternoon, General Tanaka sent the first of his 10,000 troops in against them. Muffled screams of *"Banzai! Banzai!"* floated out of the jungle on all sides, followed by a sudden outburst of firing along the northern perimeter. It increased in intensity, becoming a roaring, rolling sound. Mortar rounds rocked the airstrip. Grenades burst in volleys. Small arms and automatic weapons rattled.

Joost and Jenkins reached the forward command post moments after Sergeant Nan Tun and his men had repelled the first wave. A dozen dead Japs lay in grotesque, twisted positions in the clearing directly in front of the post. Joost ordered illumination fire from the sixty-mm mortars. By its light, they sighted crouched figures moving forward, only about twenty yards away. Six of them suddenly rose and seemed to come floating toward them through the eerie light. Sergeant Nan Tun raised his BAR and pumped a slow, shuttling fire into them. The blast caught the six Japs almost point-blank, hurling them



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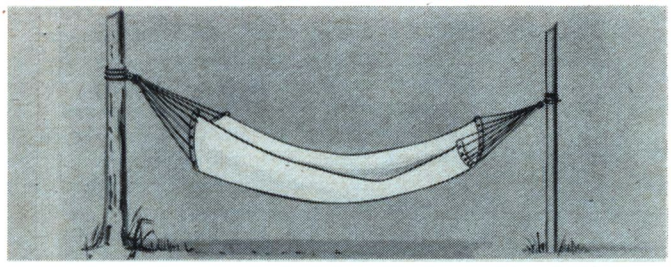

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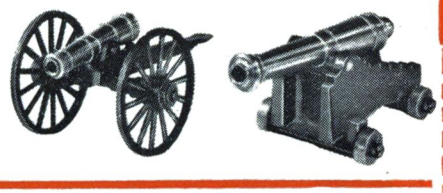

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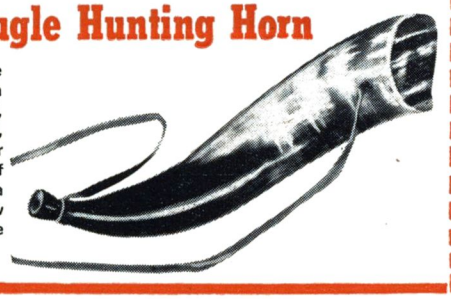

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backward like leaves in a sudden gust of wind. "They come in like fools," muttered Nan Tun scornfully, "standing upright."

Muzzle flashes and shouts indicated another cluster of Japs, perhaps thirty yards away. They seemed to be grouping for a charge. An illuminating round lit up the scene. At least a hundred men were out there, keeping low in the *kunai* grass. They now gave a shout, rose up and made for the command post in a skirmish line.

Sergeants Nan Tun and Jenkins laced into them with their BARs. Joost swept those who didn't go down the first time with short bursts from his Browning LMG. With their carbines, the Kachins finished off those who were still crawling. Together they stopped the first wave. But another came on, and another, and another. They came on standing fully upright, bayonets fixed, moving fast, with dazed grins glazed on their lips. "Doped to the eyeballs!" shouted Jenkins over the roar of battle.

The Kachin alongside Joost let out a yell, wheeled and fired three quick carbine bursts at the top of the bunker in the rear of the command pit. Joost turned in time to see a Jap there, crumpling backward, a fire grenade in his hand.

The Japs were now charging along the entire northern perimeter. The men in the command post could hear the weapons in the other pits opening up, rising to a roar.

Directly in front of them, one small group of Japs kept coming through everything thrown at them. Finally, two went down, kicking spasmodically. Another fell, but continued to move forward on hands and knees until a burst from Jenkins' BAR pounded him into the raw, churning earth.

Only one was left. He continued to charge, still upright and seemingly untouched by the blizzard of lead. A bullet twisted him around, but he regained his direction and kept coming. Joost fired four bursts at him. The Jap fell ten feet from the rim of the pit, but continued to move forward, clawing his way on hands and knees. Nan Tun motioned the others to duck and tossed a live grenade into his face. The Jap's head vanished in the roar of the explosion. Then, as the others peered over the rim, a second explosion tore the headless body apart, splattering them with blood and flesh.

"The bastard was booby-trapped," spat Jenkins disgustedly.

The Japs attacked eight more times in the next two days. Each time they were beaten back with heavy losses. Their bodies lay sprawled in attitudes of chaotic repose, legs and arms stiffened like grotesque statuary, with the flies buzzing about them in the humid, tropical air. Together with the Kachin dead and the bloated, stinking carcasses of more than a hundred mules, they filled the clearing with so strong a smell of sweetish decay that every man could taste it.

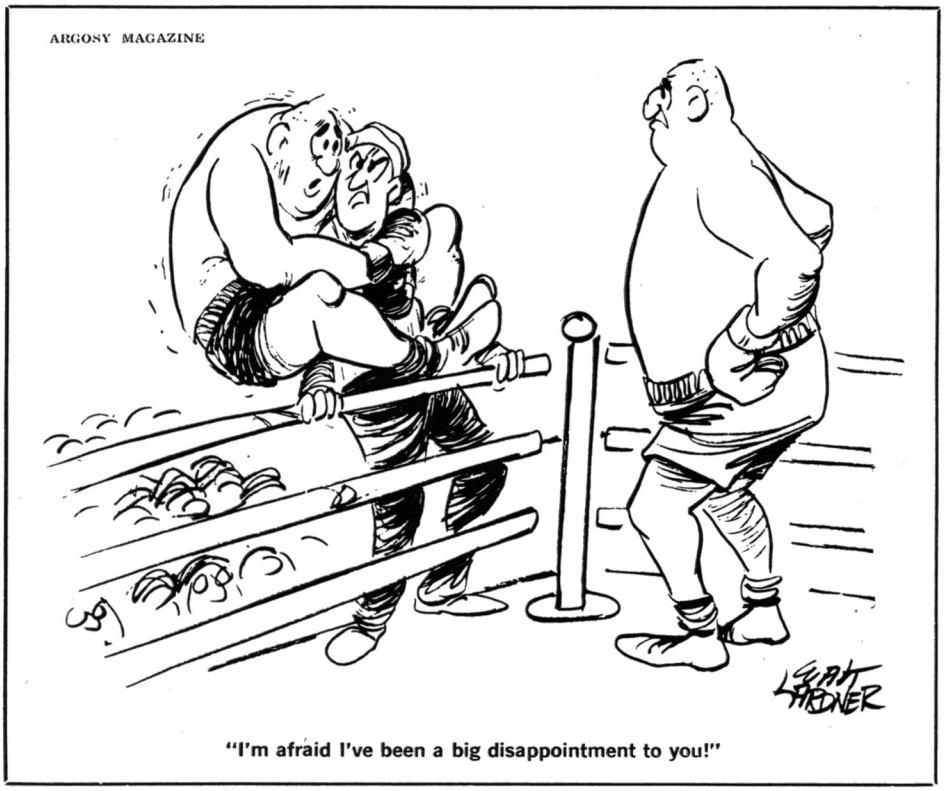
On the fourth day, the besieged battalion took another air drop. Everything but ammo was free-dropped this time, the DC-3s coming in at treetop level with fighter cover. Even so, a lot went to the Japs, and one DC-3 was brought down in flames. *But they had water now*—enough to give each man a couple of sips a day. And they had also received food, vitally needed medical supplies and bags of lime to hold down the stench of the dead. At seven p.m., bombers from AFC Ledo roared in, plastering the surrounding jungle with HE and phosphorous bombs. The canopy spluttered and glowed with an eerie light, and the Kachins grinned as the Jap wounded screamed.

The heaviest Jap attack came late in the afternoon of the sixth day. Again it was preceded by hysterical cries of *"Banzai! Banzai!"* from everywhere along the perimeter. The cries continued, growing in volume behind the dense green shield of jungle. The Kachins waited in their foxholes. The sun began to sink. Enemy mortar fire now became heavy, increasing in intensity until it was a thunderous roll of continuous sound. Then they came—from the north again, as they had a dozen times or more during the six-day siege. They came in, standing straight, bayonets fixed, uttering blood-curdling screams.

Pete Joost and his Kachins gunned them down in kicking droves, but still they kept coming. Many reached the forward line, penetrated it and were shot down well inside the perimeter. A few even got far enough in to try lobbing grenades into the 4.2 mortar pits, but Delayney's men cut them down with BAR bursts.

Night fell, and the battle continued to rage, the Jap dead piling up. Then, a half-hour after dark, it suddenly ended.

A heavy rain had begun to fall. Now, under its cover, the Japs attempted to infiltrate the line. The Kachins poured a steady stream of lead at anything that moved. Tanaka's one remaining seventy-five-mm fired steadily, dropping shells inside the perimeter with monotonous regularity. So many wounded were brought into the temporary field hospital that supplies gave out. There wasn't enough morphine to waste on the hopelessly wounded, so medical corpsmen moved grimly among them, dispatching them with bullets.



"I'm afraid I've been a big disappointment to you!"

More than 200 Kachins were wounded, 105 dead. The toll was six times anything Area One had ever before lost in an engagement. Joost inspected the perimeter. One more attack, he knew, and they would be wiped out. He and his men waited, tensely counting off the minutes. The jungle was still. No attack came.

On the morning of the seventh day, he sent probing parties out to test for soft spots in the enemy defense and to try and make contact with Lazarsky's forces.

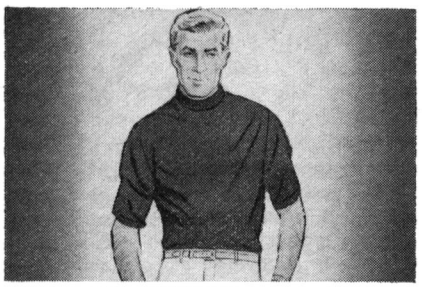
Another tense night passed. Again, no attack came. Toward noon, Sergeant Nan Tun and his probing party returned. With them were scouts from Lazarsky's Third Battalion. "The Japanese are gone," he told Joost. "They pulled out in the night."

The ferocious seven-day battle had cost the Japs more than 5,000 men. Worse, they had died for no military purpose at all. If General Tanaka had continued north after the original ambush, he would have brought badly needed help to the retreating Fifteenth Army and thus have slowed, if not changed, the whole course of the war in North Burma. Instead, Tanaka had foolishly allowed Lazarsky to suck his force into pursuit, then compounded his folly by stopping to avenge himself on the Fifth Battalion.

During his week-long siege of Pete Joost and his Kachin Raiders, Mars Force had reached the Burma Road. On January 28, 1945, the first Allied convoy had passed over it into China. With that, the war in Burma was in the bag. Seizure of the Road opened the way to the capture of Lashio, Mandalay, then of Rangoon.

General Tanaka, having first lost his temper, then his face, then all professional coolness, ended up with nothing but his life. On the morning after his final attempt to crush the "jungle cockroaches," he threw that away, too, committing hara-kiri in his headquarters tent. • • •

STOP to SHOP



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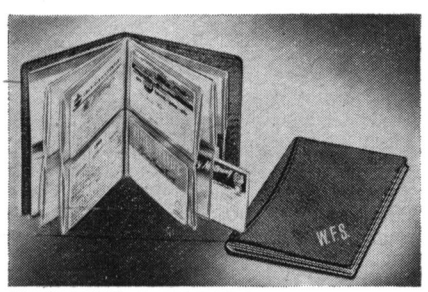

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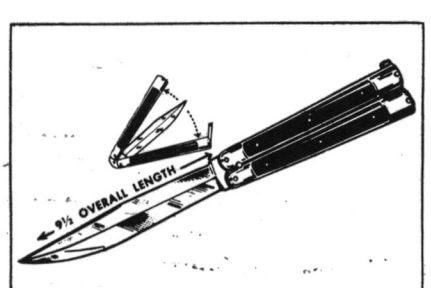

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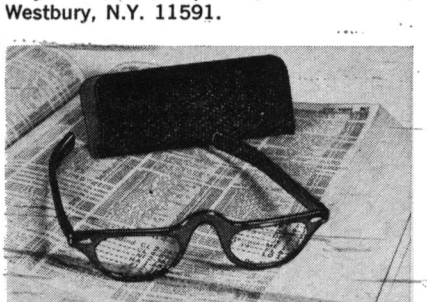

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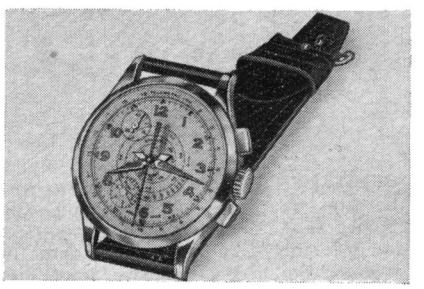

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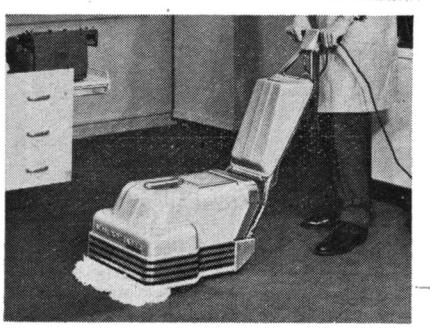

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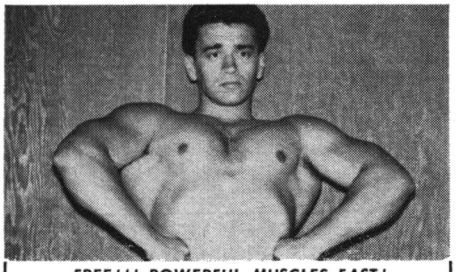

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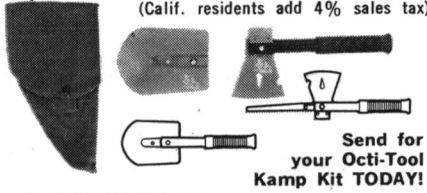

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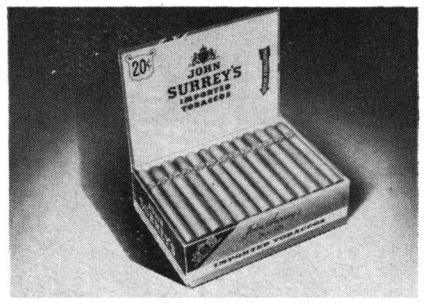

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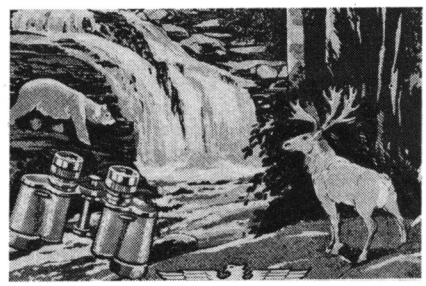

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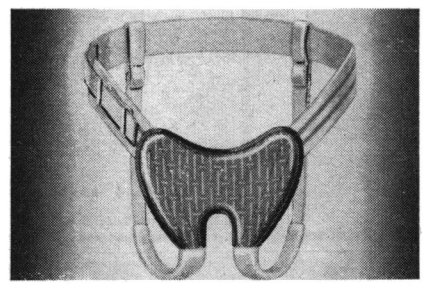

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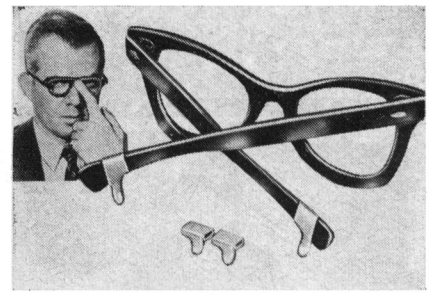

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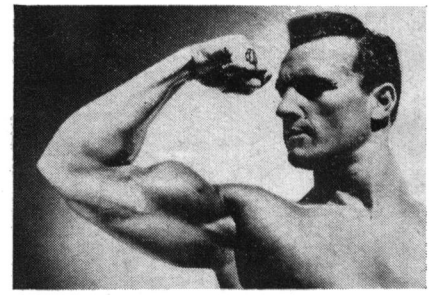

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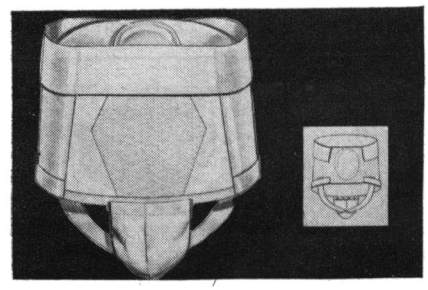

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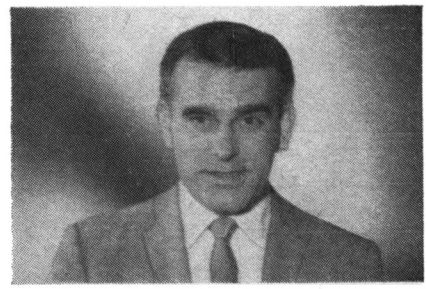

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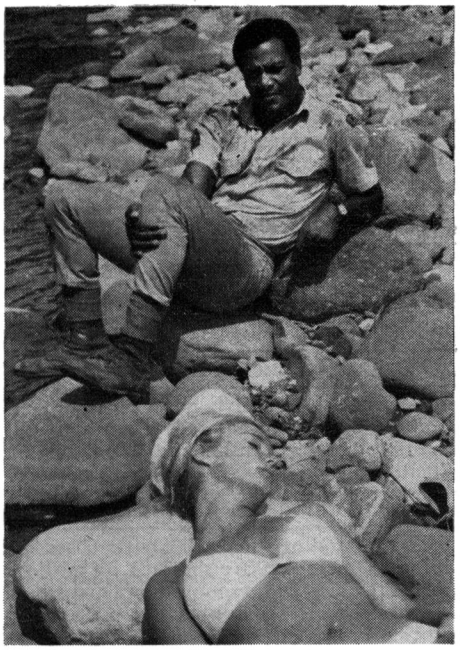
BERNIE WHITE, ARGOSY's art director, just back from the island of Jamaica, reports that the north shore of this Caribbean resort is jumping, not just with the normal sun- and rum-worshiping travelers but also with a whole transplanted Hollywood film studio, everything from grips to actors and director. Whizzing around on the "wrong" side of the roads (this is an ex-British colony), driving from the "wrong" side of their cars (the majority of Jamaica's cars are the small British variety) are none other than our old friend, Jimmy Brown, and at his side, the blonde who defies description—Yvette Mimieux. Jimmy Brown, the Syracuse All-American who rocketed to stardom as fullback with the Cleveland Browns, tried his hand at acting—MGM's "The Dirty Dozen"—and decided that it was much preferable to the old gridiron. Hanging up his helmet, he has donned grease paint on a full-time basis.

I can't figure out just why anyone would pick Jamaica as the spot to film a story (the novel was "Train from Katanga") about the Congo mercenaries and the bloody battles of the early 1960s. But that's Hollywood for you. Anyway, MGM is hard at work on "Dark of the Sun," which is reported to be one of the roughest shows—as far as blood and guts is concerned—yet filmed. Brown, playing a sergeant, and his captain, Rod Taylor, lead a band of forty mercenaries on a train-borne patrol to evacuate a town about to be besieged by the Congo rebels. But 'taint just a mission of mercy. Seems like this town also contains a paltry $20,000,000 in uncut diamonds which nobody wants to see in the hands of the rebels—especially the mercenaries. From there on out, it's a hair-raising tale of derring-do, just one step ahead of the rebels—and sometimes not even that. Then the knives and the bullets are flying, and through it all gleams that blonde hair and beautiful body. Don't know how the acting will turn out, but does anyone care?

SUSAN WOOD



Jim Brown, All-Pro, All-American great, and Yvette Mimieux, All-Beautiful, All-Girl—great!

FROM the New York Times, May 16: "MADDOX THREATENS TO END SPEED TRAP BY BANNING ARRESTS. *Atlanta, May 15 (UPI)—Governor Lester G. Maddox, angered by reports of a speed trap at Ludowici, Georgia, threatened today to take traffic-arrest powers away from the local authorities. 'If I had my way and it wasn't for the good people of Long County, I would run the highway around this area,' Mr. Maddox said. 'We're getting reports daily about people who are being fined excessively. I'm going down to Long County. It is not representative of the state and is going to stop.'"*

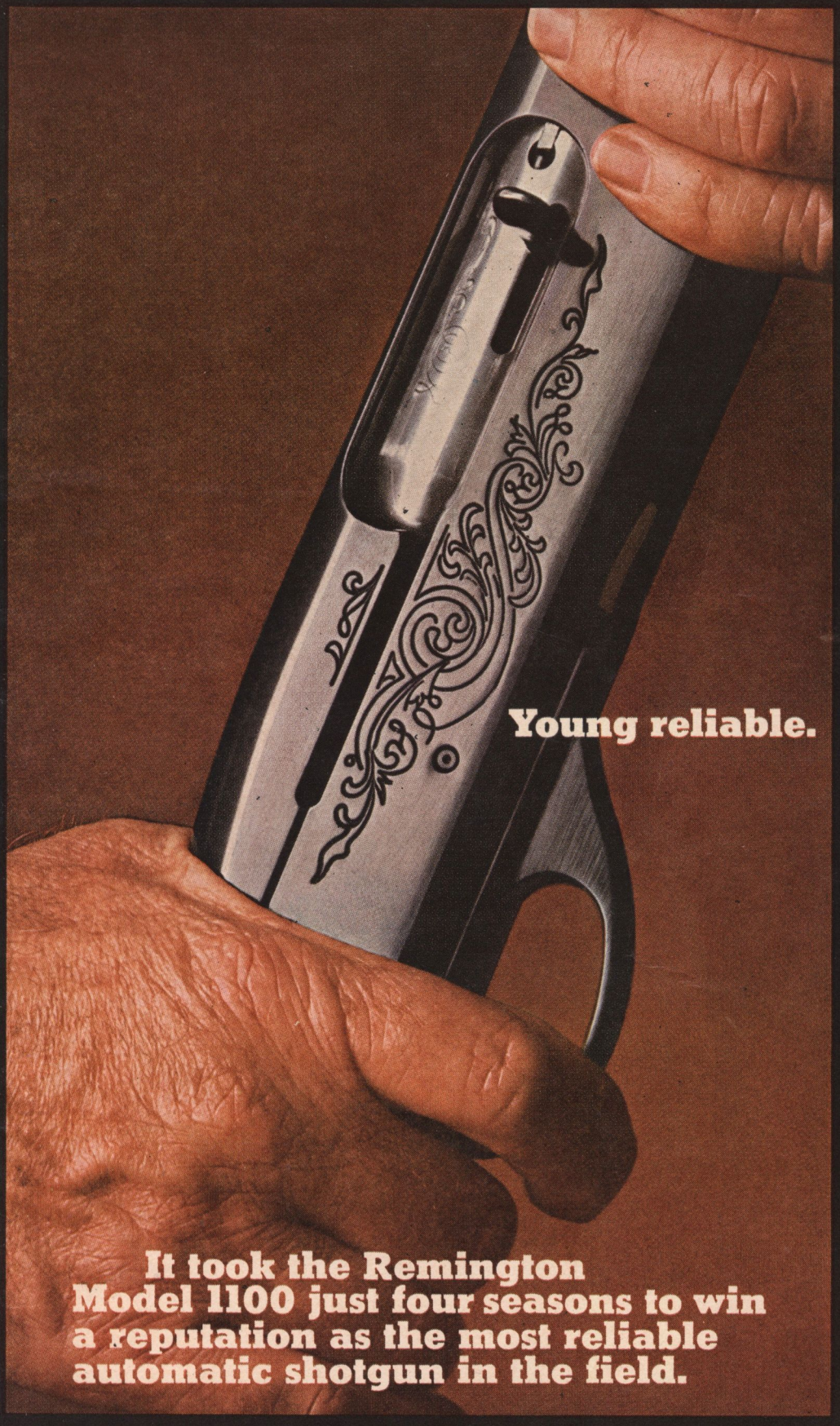
Seems to me we've heard that song before. "America's Worst Speed Traps" (ARGOSY, *May, 1964*) *mentioned Route 301 through Georgia—and guess what town, specifically? Yes, indeed—good old neighborly Ludowici. Things had gotten so bad that the then governor, Carl Sanders, had to set up a speed-trap board. When brought before it, Long County Sheriff Wayne McCord Jones testified that all fines were divided between himself, the justices of the peace and the county. When asked what would happen if they didn't have the fee system, the sheriff replied, "I wouldn't make as many arrests." Sanders took the enforcement of traffic laws out of the sheriff's hands and gave it to the State Public Safety Department. That was it—for 1964. But here we are, three years later, with another governor threatening the same solution to the same old problem. Wonder what happened last time?*

THE Overseas Press Club has announced its awards for 1967. The top award for newspaper photo-journalism goes to Kyoichi Sawada, whose striking photos have illustrated two ARGOSY front-line reports from Vietnam, the First Cavalry story, which appeared in March last year, and Bill Cook's report on the river-assault group which ran in June. Sawada is no newcomer to photography. He started at the age of thirteen with a box camera that cost $1.65 and, by the time he was twenty, had parlayed it into his own photography concession at a U.S. air base. He was so eager to go to Vietnam that he took a vacation from his regular United Press job in Tokyo to visit the war zone. It turned into a two-month combat assignment, and shortly after, he was reassigned to cover the war on a permanent basis. So far, he has earned a Pulitzer Prize and two top Overseas Press Club Awards.

UPI

Sawada won Overseas Press Club award for this powerful picture of the Vietnam war.

DR. HELPERN, New York's coroner and our authority for the Kennedy article on page 21, was interviewed recently by our executive editor during the preparation of this hard-hitting commentary on the bungling surrounding that historic autopsy. In the course of the conversation across the good doctor's desk at the New York State Medical Examiner's office, he admitted that he didn't consider himself a witty man, but that on occasion, he inadvertantly seemed to come up with funny lines. As an example, he mentioned the time he was giving a lecture on toxicology and one of his students asked about the effectiveness of ground glass as a poison. Dr. Helpern replied, "Ground glass really isn't all it's cracked up to be." Needless to say, it broke up the class and the lecture. • •



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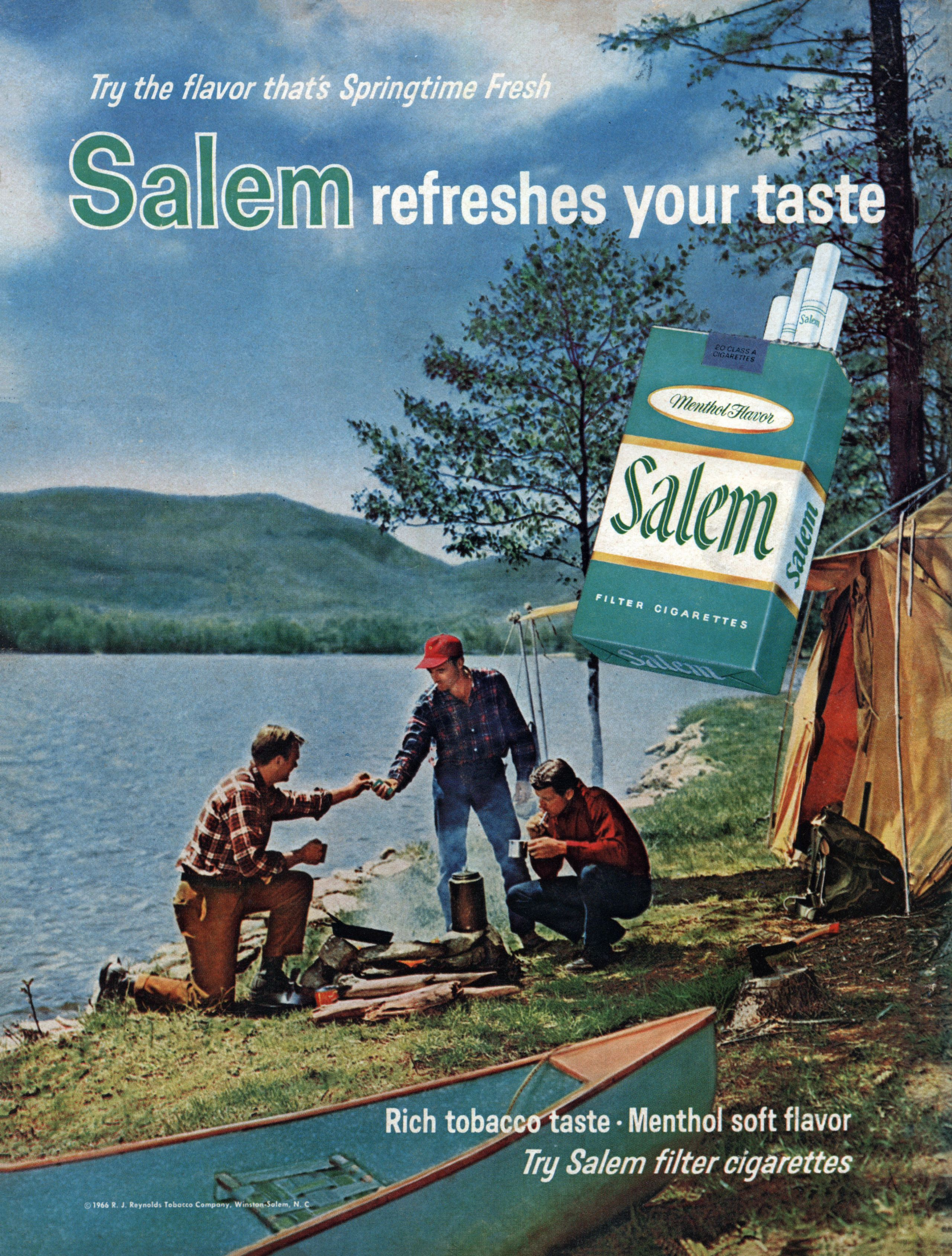
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