ROADS, NOT DRIVERS, CAUSE 4 OF 10 DEATHS—P. 6

THE NEW

Bluebook

APRIL 1955 25 CENTS

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Trade Yours In

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Men You Never Know: NEWSDEALER

A steady customer makes his usual jovial entrance, and newsdealer Julie Krantz is prepared for some pleasant small talk and a small sale. Julie loves customers—mainly because they're people. If he didn't, would he stay in this business that demands so much hard work for so modest a financial return? Most of his life is spent in the store, fragrant with tobacco and bright with magazines. But Julie has a rewarding family life, too. For details on this cheerful and useful citizen, turn to page 18.

Bluebook

APRIL, 1955 Vol. 100, No. 6

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POLITICS IS PEOPLE

By Robert Bendiner

One of the most singular episodes reported out of Washington in recent months was, appropriately, a ghost story. To be a little more accurate, it was an anti-ghost story.

The whole thing started when the Library of Congress arranged a program about the late Sinclair Lewis and asked Harrison Smith, editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, to make a short talk. Mr. Smith accepted, and a few weeks later he received in the mail the speech he was to deliver—prepared by a cultured ghost on the Library staff, neatly packaged and ready for delivery.

Did Mr. Smith appreciate what had been done for him? Not at all. On the contrary, Mr. Smith blew his extremely literary top. "I speak for myself, not words written by someone else," he said, in a statement completely prepared by himself. And then, wondering "what kind of thinking goes on down there in Washington," he went on to demand "how long this kind of thing has been going on."

A long time, Mr. Smith, a long time. Washington is, in fact, a ghost town, where everyone from the President to the Senate doorkeeper has a hired spook to write his speeches. An

attack on this phantom fraternity is almost an attack on government itself. It might even be subversive.

President Eisenhower has a battery of ghosts under the direction of Chief Spook Bryce N. Harlow. Truman and Roosevelt had whole stables of sprites, some of them very literary and distinguished. Harding and Coolidge split a ghost between them in those days of government economy. One of Andrew Johnson's few creative efforts is still preserved—in the handwriting of its author, George Bancroft, the famous historian. And there are those who contend that Washington's Farewell Address was written by no less a ghost than Alexander Hamilton. Lincoln was one of the few exceptions. No one has yet charged that the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural were tossed off by anonymous spirits in the White House cellar.

So firmly entrenched is the business of writing other people's speeches in the capital that Washington University a few years ago added a course in ghost-writing to its curriculum, and a commercial outfit actually operated under the slogan "We write it—you sign it."

Like other occupations, of course, ghosting has its hazards. Old-timers around New York's City Hall still tell of the troubles of the late Mayor John F. Hylan, who rarely took the trouble even to read in advance the speeches thrust upon him. On one such occasion His Honor was startled by a fresh joke in an address he was delivering. He laughed so hard that he broke his glasses and an aide had to finish reading the speech.

If the 84th Congress wins no other distinction, it at least holds the record for female representation. Fifteen women out of a membership of 435 in the House and one out of 96 in the Senate may be no great threat to male domination, but the trend is beginning to worry some of the hard-shelled anti-feminists. A few years ago, when there were only five or six women in the House, a troubled member warned on the Floor: "I note flirtations enough now, but what would there be with fifty of them?"

The Congressman's uneasiness, however was not nearly as marked as that of Winston Churchill when women first penetrated the House of Commons. Lady Astor recently told a television interviewer that Sir Winston

once confided to her how the change affected him. It gave him the same feeling, he said, as if a lady had entered his bathroom and he had only a sponge for protection.

Citizens have been complaining in recent years that great gobs of unsolicited printed matter have been coming to them from members of Congress—all mailed free, which is to say, at the public expense. This free service, known as the franking privilege, costs taxpayers something like $1,700,000 a year, and the Post Office can't do anything to trim it down unless recipients put in specific complaints. Last year a squawk enabled the hard-pressed Department to put the bite for $200 on a Senator who had been sending out reprints of a magazine article singing his praises.

But there seems to be a tendency on the part of Congressmen to use the frank more sparingly. A friend of mine recently received a personal message from a Senator which not only bore a three-cent stamp, but carried the inscription: "This stationery privately paid for." A far cry from the defeated Congressman who, some forty years ago, shipped home all his household furnishings free of charge. The stuff went halfway across the country, franked as "official mail."

What Strange Powers Did The Ancients Possess?

EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind — that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

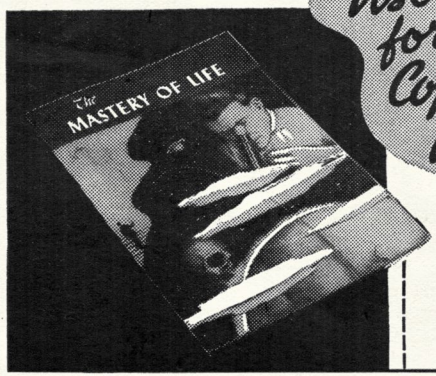
Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the order is known as the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

Not For General Distribution

Sincere men and women, in search of the truth — those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world — are invited to write for a complimentary copy of the sealed booklet, "The Mastery of Life." It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution, nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to the Scribe whose address is given in the coupon. The initial step is for you to take.



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Pro and Con

Appearances Are Deceiving

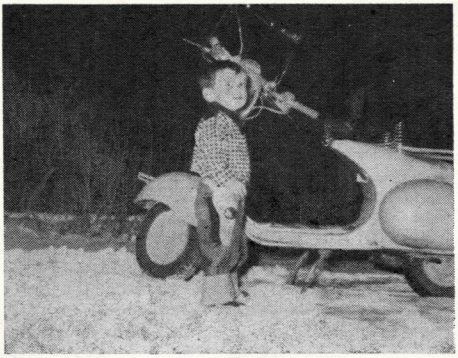
When I got my hands on your publication by mistake, in a second-hand book shop, I was surprised by its quality. Why do you have to print such excellent material on cheap pulp paper and give people the impression that yours is an inferior publication?

Howard Axelrod, *Bayonne, N.J.*

We're looking into the possibility of using better paper. —Ed.

Snow on the Desert

I enjoyed very much your December cover painting of Christmas in New Mexico, depicting the desert lying warm and quiet. However, I enjoyed even more the three inches of snow that fell in southeastern New Mexico on Christmas weekend. It remained on the



ground only a few days, but it was good, wet, cold New Mexico snow. The young cowboy by the scooter (see snapshot) is Tommy, Jr., and, as you can see by the absence of winter togs, it did warm up fairly rapidly after the snowfall.

Tom A. Kleckner, *Roswell, N.M.*

No Way Out

"The Public Hating," a story by Steve Allen in the January issue, was fascinating.

This is one of the best analogies I've read on the awesome and innate power of man for evil. The victim of the power was the professor, but I puzzled over the identity of the spectator, Mr. Traub. Did he represent the reader, the man in the street, or Mr. Allen? It seemed the reader was to identify himself as Traub—probably one of the worst characters in the stadium.

Traub came to the affair out of curiosity, his mind free of bias or ignorance. In complete possession of his faculties, he observed everything that happened. Then, with the people burning the professor on the field, he left. He didn't protest, didn't question and didn't join in the execution. He just left. Sick with disgust, the fictional Mr. Traub went outside and caught himself a taxi. But the living reader was left in the stadium.

In a situation like that, you can join in the hating. Or you can start on a case of bourbon, or faint, or hide your head, or pick a good fight so you can't hear the screams—but you can't walk out. Once inside that kind of stadium, nobody ever really gets out again. There aren't any doors.

Mrs. Francis Buzard, *Dallas, Tex.*

All in One

Look, pal, when I want to build something, I buy *Popular Mechanics*. If I want to read sports, I buy a sports magazine. Please give us more good fiction, like the old Bluebook did. I'm not going to quit reading your magazine, but, dammit, quit trying to be a jack of all trades.

Edward McClain, *St. Louis, Mo.*

The idea is, when you buy Bluebook you don't have to *buy all those others.*—Ed.

Why Is Bluebook Like Glue?

A tip of the hat for that bowling article in the January number. Bowling stories are always interesting, but why not give the "ducks" a chance? After all, we aren't all "kegler" fans, and you do have to have a bit of stuff to average as much as 125-30 at the little pin game.

No gripes about Bluebook, and I have been a reader since the days of "The Hound of the Baskervilles." Your earlier numbers gave a lot of recreation. Your present numbers give a bit of handy information, too; and it sticks.

William M. Mackie, *Arlington, Va.*

Dissension in the Fireroom

In the introduction to "Forced Draft" by Victor H. Johnson (December) you mention white-hot boilers. My understanding is that boilers such as referred to are for making steam from water, and that a receptacle filled with water can be heated to the bursting point, but that the container is not damaged so long as it contains water —in other words, it cannot be overheated.

G. H. S., *Santa Rosa, N.M.*

Says Vic Johnson: "G.H.S. raises a good, theoretical point, but misses an important fact: The side casing of the boiler, which changed color from the heat, isn't in direct contact with water—the water is contained in tubes inside the boiler casing."

Victor H. Johnson certainly knows the engine room and fireroom of a ship. I know, because I spent three years below decks in the service.

Joe Mannion, Jr., *Harrisburg, Pa.*

. . . *Continued on page 128*

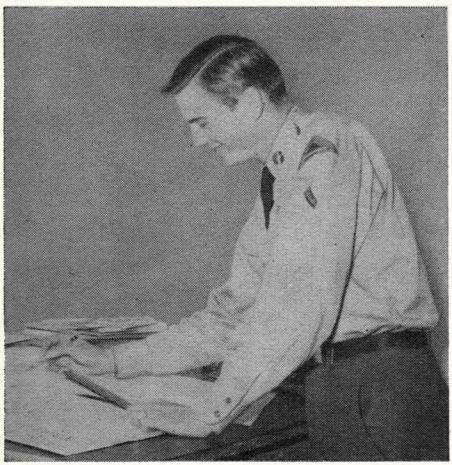
Address all letters to: The Editor, Bluebook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Editor's Note:

Let us be the first to congratulate you on winning a month's concession on your income tax from Uncle Sam.

Editors, being mostly sentimentalists, usually get a charge out of buying a young writer's first story. To this normal satisfaction was added another in the case of Christian Stevens and "Friday Hill," which you'll find on page 48. Our check for this novelette helped finance Mr. Stevens' honeymoon with a "dark, gray-eyed colleen from Dublin."

Seems that when he was discharged from the Seventh Army in Stuttgart, Germany, a year or so ago he went to the University of Edinburgh for some post-graduate work in English instead of coming home. Well, of course, what happened was he went over to Dublin for some dates with a gal he'd met some years before while kissing the Blarney Stone. She, knowing a good thing when she saw



Christian Stevens

it, up and married the guy—which shows what can happen to a man who won't stay in Montana.

Stevens was born in Great Falls, and grew up to the slamming of a flat-bed press and the excitement of midnight election returns, coming in from the outlying precincts. His father ran a controversial, New Dealish weekly paper between terms in the legislature: his mother wrote fiction stories whenever she could crib some time from her large family. With this sort of a start Stevens has been newspapering most of his short life—on the Great Falls *Tribune* (which, he says, "could, during a good run, make an Eastern daily resemble a grocery store throwaway.") on other papers in Denver and San Francisco.

While he was working on the *Tribune* he also put himself through college successfully enough so that before he was drafted he taught Irish Literary Revival at the college during the summer. If you'll pardon a slight pun—and there's no reason why you should—he's now married to his subject.

Of his war story "Friday Hill," Stevens writes: "I think every man who trained for Korea during the conflict felt an anxiety about combat, particularly when his friends were sent into it. Many of mine were, and some did not return. The training and feelings of the men who went to Korea, and how they revolve around a religious theme, made me want to write about the men I knew. They were not necessarily the best soldiers but they were, at heart, religious Americans . . . and needless to say, a great bunch."

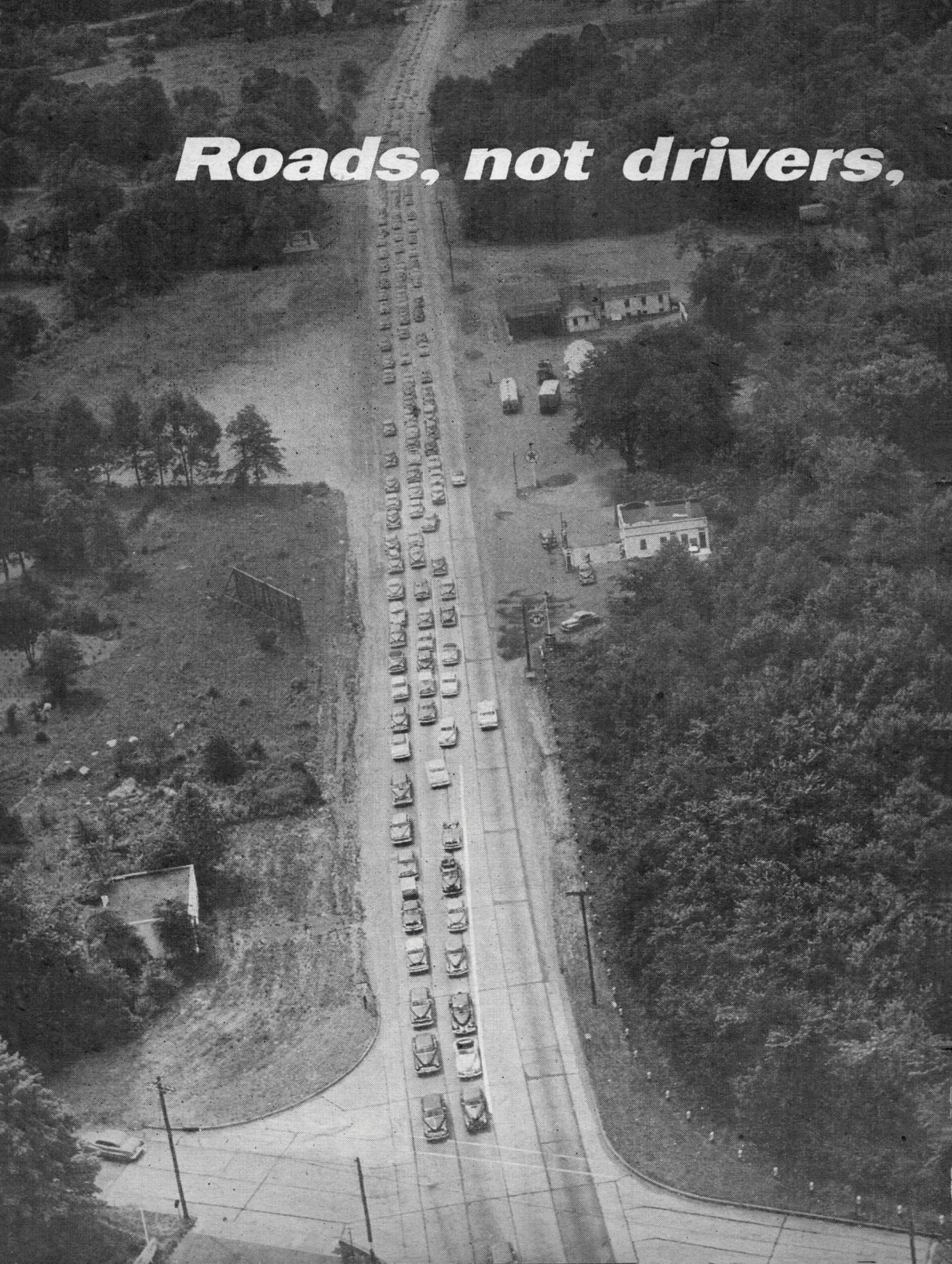
We think you ought to take a look at the article on trade-in houses on page 32. We don't know how many places in the country have picked up this idea so far because it's pretty new, but we're all for having it grow fast. A couple of years ago we were in the spot where our family had outgrown the house we owned—and which we liked very much. So we had to find another and make the switch; it was a headache and would have been much better and easier if we could have simply traded in, as with a car. Since a lot of other young families are in this spot now, we thought we ought to further the trade-in idea by publishing a piece on it. If it hasn't caught on in your town, maybe you ought to talk some smart young builder into trying it out.

And while we're on the subject of articles, you may get some comfort from Lester David's piece on the large number of lethal roads in the country (page 6). Everybody has been knocking our heads off for years for being such lousy drivers; well, probably we are pretty dangerous to each other, but it helps to know that it takes a certain amount of skill just to stay upright on some roads.

Dick Wormser, who wrote this month's book-lengther, has sold fiction to "every known magazine with the exception of the women's books." He's a reformed editor, and has written extensively for the movies, which explains why he can do such a smooth and exciting job with a plot.

He's a Princeton graduate, an Easterner who has adopted the West—once owning and managing a huge ranch successfully. He lives in New Mexico, is an expert on tropical fish and is one of the better cooks in the area. If that doesn't indicate the breadth of his talents sufficiently, just turn to page 95.

—A. F.


Roads, not drivers,

CARS:

cause 4 of 10 deaths

BY LESTER DAVID

At least half of the nation's 3,343,000 miles of streets and highways have been declared unsafe. Traffic deaths might be cut 40 percent if we'd modernize our horse-and-buggy road system.

I PASSED THE SPOT shortly after it happened. The car had ripped through the guard rail, hurtled across 50 feet of field and climbed halfway up the thick trunk of an old maple. The state cops were there and the ambulance had just pulled up.

A man and his wife, I heard someone say. Both mangled. Both dead. I didn't linger at the scene. I've been a reporter for 20 years and written about too many of these car-meets-tree deals to be entranced by the sight of gore or a smashed piece of machinery.

But I did see a cop pulling out his notebook to make his report and I'd lay long, long odds I could predict how the ultimate, official "cause of accident" would read. Excessive speed around turn, or going too fast for road conditions, or something like that.

At first glance, you'd say that just about covered it. There was, I noticed, a mercilessly sharp, almost 90-degree curve at the spot where the car had shot off the highway. The driver had unquestionably been pushing his buggy much too fast for the curve.

But look at it another way—the way some of the nation's most eminent traffic safety experts are now starting to study our miserable record of slaughter on the highways:

If that curve had not been so sharp, would there have been an accident? If that curve had not been there at all, if that skinny little two-lane road had been a wide, modern highway, wouldn't a guy and his wife still be alive?

The big point is that our inefficient, obsolete and defective highway system is threatening your life and mine every time we get behind the wheel.

I mean those obstacle course roadways with the built-in death traps—I mean those narrow traffic arteries that were just dandy for the Stutz Bearcat but are ridiculously inadequate today—I mean the criminally insufficient illumination on our roads and streets—I mean our crazy, mixed-up system of traffic laws which makes it okay to pass on the right on one highway and illegal on another road a few hundred feet away.

Not that this article intends to exonerate the driver. That would be just as inaccurate as insisting that the driver is at fault all the time. There *are* reckless nuts behind the wheel as you danged well know from personal brushes with them. There are ginned-up drivers, sick drivers, careless drivers and knuckleheaded drivers who take their lives—and yours—in their hands every time those hands grip the steering wheel.

But inescapable evidence now reveals that there are other drivers, sane and sensible and careful ones, who are only too likely to wind up as accident statistics because they just couldn't compete with all the hazards put before them.

I spoke to dozens of experts, examined hundreds of reports, and everywhere I went the nation's highway system was damned from hell to breakfast.

Dr. Bruce D. Greenshields, former research engineer of The Ohio Highway Department's Traffic Bureau and a nationally famous authority on traffic and safety, says: "We've emphasized the driver's deficiencies for a long time. Now it's time to place more emphasis on better highways. If you could figure the accident chances on some roads, the odds against the driver would be so great I doubt that a professional gambler would risk his life on them."

Sallie J. Fletcher wouldn't risk hers and she's not even an amateur gambler. It was only a little

Some Notorious Death Traps

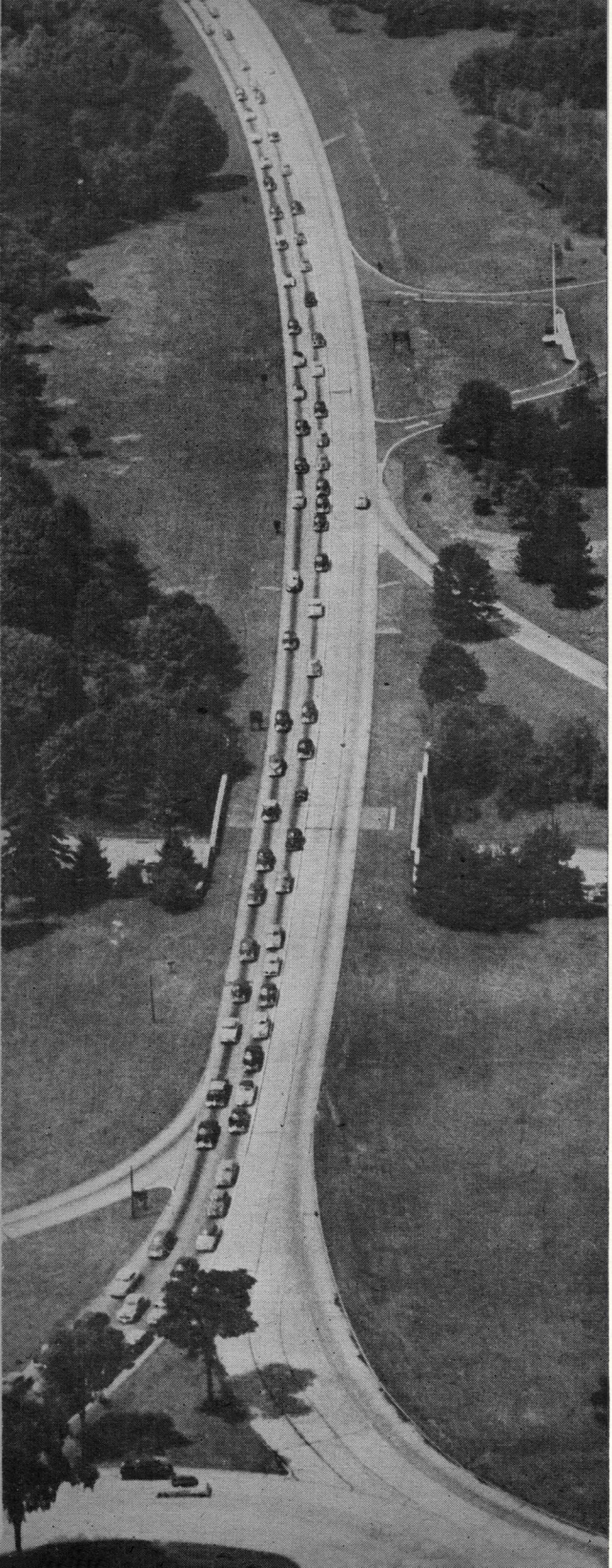
Route 17, New York and New Jersey.

Hutchinson River Parkway, New York.

Guilford curve on the Baltimore-Washington boulevard, Maryland.

Route C-1, Massachusetts.

U.S. Route 31W between Louisville and Elizabethtown, Kentucky.



New York Daily News Photo

while ago that Sallie up and resigned her job with the Hunterdon County Welfare Board in New Jersey. Her significant reason: Route 69, which she had to drive to get to work, was piling up a death list as long as your arm, and Sallie wasn't taking any more chances. "It's a long ride on what is becoming a dangerous highway," she said as she quit.

Not long ago, James Cope, vice president of the Chrysler Corporation, told Congress that 15,000 lives might be saved every year if we had better highways. Since we snuff out roughly 38,000 lives on the roads annually, the manpower saving would be about 40 percent.

That's certainly an eye-bugging prediction, but what's the evidence for it? Well, here's one nugget:

The U.S. Bureau of Public Roads recently conducted an intensive study of interstate rural highways, which total some 32,000 miles. It discovered that in one year, 3,460 persons met death on these roads. Now, the statistics start crackling with drama: On the best 1,900 miles of road, the fatality rate was fully 40.8 percent *lower* than on the remaining 29,931 miles!

Concludes the bureau: "If the rural sections of the system had been improved as proposed, 1,400 lives lost in traffic might have been saved."

The national average of car fatalities is 7.1 deaths for every 100 million miles driven. Well, little Connecticut and bigger Ohio, to cite just two states, built some new, modern roads. On these roads the average has nose-dived from 7 to about three for Connecticut and less than one for Ohio.

Roy E. Jorgensen of the National Highway Users Conference, who used to be Connecticut's chief highway engineer, figures that if every rural road in the state was up to the level of the best ones, there would have been 7,700 fewer accidents within a four-year period.

And Mr. Jorgensen comes up with this startling equation which you can paste in your memory:

Five miles of new highway constructed equals one more life saved every single year.

He points out that if only 250 miles of main highways were modernized, in five years alone there would be 8,000 fewer crashes, 4,750 less injuries. And 230 men, women and children would be flesh and blood instead of corpses.

Lives and whole bodies are important, but let's not belittle money. What does all this mean in terms of your own pocketbook?

William J. Cronin, managing director of the Automobile Manufacturers Association, says AMA studies show that at least $3 billion is being wasted each year in excessive fuel consumption, tire and brake wear, needless traffic accidents and time losses

HAWTHORNE CIRCLE (bottom), where conflict between New York State and Westchester County traffic laws apparently makes it legal and illegal to pass on right.

United Press Photos

THREE WERE KILLED, 14 injured, after milk truck's brakes failed on steep hill of "Butcher Boulevard" (Route 17) at Liberty, N. Y. *Left:* The milk truck careened down hill at 60 m.p.h., smashed through 13 vehicles like a bowling ball going through pins.

for paid commercial drivers—all because of inadequate and unsafe roads.

Your own family budget, according to one estimate, is at least $100 a year higher because of transportation delays, property damage and high insurance rates caused by bad roads.

Okay. Let's move in now for a close-up and find out what's so wrong with our highways. Why is the whole thing being called "America's domestic problem No. 1"?

Well, take a pair of junior's pants, four-year-old size, and try squeezing your own maturely upholstered rump into them. Something like this is happening on a nationwide scale these days.

We're trying to squeeze 1955's 100-horsepower automobiles onto 1920's 10-horsepower highways. We're trying to put 55 million motor vehicles onto highways that are too few, too narrow and too old to carry so many so far.

It just won't work. Something's got to give. Look:

In Arizona, not long ago, a truck was carrying 23 Indians to a celebration at Papago Indian Reservation. The truck passed over a narrow bridge at the same time as a 36,000-pound bulldozer, coming from the opposite direction. The 'dozer had a three-foot-high blade sticking out a foot and a half, and it sliced through the truck bearing the Indians.

They laid the dead out on the roadside—eight women and a man.

Newspaper accounts quoted police as saying that the bridge was 20 feet wide. But the American Association of State Highway Officials has set 24 feet as the standard recommended width for a two-lane road, plus adequate shoulders. Bridges should be as wide as roadways.

So why this tragedy in Arizona? Was it because the bulldozer blade protruded an extra foot and a half? Well, if it hadn't, police pointed out, there would have been enough room for the two vehicles to pass each other safely. But if the width of the bridge had been standard instead of substandard there would have been sufficient clearance, blade or no blade, and there would have been no accident that day.

Okay, we'll admit that one narrow bridge is nothing to get excited about. But see how the thing builds:

According to the Automotive Safety Foundation, of 10,050 bridges in the rural interstate highway system, 8,187 or 81 percent are below standard width!

But that's only the beginning. The vast majority of our highways, the roads on which you take the wife and kids on weekends, are booby-trapped by dozens of perils. Here are some crisp figures:

» Two out of every three of the nation's 3,366,000 miles of streets and highways are "inadequate" and at least 1,700,000 miles are unsafe for drivers. So says Ralph Thomas, former president of the American Automobile Association.

» Of these 3,366,000 miles of roads, only 919,000 miles—or one-fourth—are paved. Half of the paved roads are poorly surfaced with low-type tar or asphalt. So says the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads in its latest report.

» In New York State alone, nine-tenths of the state roads still have only two lanes and less than half measure even 20 feet in width. A joint study by state and federal bureaus recently uncovered this frightening situation for New Yorkers: 6,224 miles of the state's 15,462 miles of state roads—nearly half—are "deficient on the basis of safety" and 5,405 miles give inadequate service. Nor is New York unusual in this respect.

»» On interstate rural roadways throughout the U.S., 15,115 curves are sharper than standard, 560 grades exceed the absolute maximum and 916 other grades are too steep for prevailing traffic conditions. So says the Automobile Safety Foundation.

Because of these and other items, practically every state and every area has its own private death trap where the cars keep bouncing off each other with terrifying regularity and the meat wagons keep carting off the human wreckage.

Let's pinpoint just a few of these traps:

Route 17 in New York and New Jersey is affectionately known to a couple of generations of vacationers as old Butcher Boulevard. It winds its way up to the immensely popular Catskill Mountains resort area, and gets jammed up beyond the grasp of the human imagination. Even this might be tolerable if it were a reasonably safe road. But it's not. As Paul H. Blaisdell, traffic safety director of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, puts it: "Old Butcher Boulevard has got nearly every engineering flaw known to man built into it."

What does he mean? He means that the road drops from a six-lane affair at an island—and the driver emerges on a four-lane highway with no warning. He means that it skips back and forth from four lanes to three, some with a center division and some without.

He means the booby traps built into the artery, such as the mile and a quarter stretch from Waldwick to Mahwah in New Jersey, where there are no less than 45 cut-throughs. He means the intolerably steep and winding hills, such as the one at Liberty, New York, where a truck loaded with 3,000 gallons of milk went out of control last July, hit 13 cars, and caused three deaths.

A quarter of a century ago, the Hutchinson River Parkway in New York was being loudly proclaimed as the Highway of Tomorrow—and it no doubt was. But tomorrow is already yesterday for this route, which is one of the deadliest in the East.

Why? Take it from Wilbur Smith & Associates of New Haven, Connecticut, specialists on traffic problems, who made a thorough study of the road, and from Westchester County officials who accepted their findings. The parkway was indicted by the engineers because of its curves (too sharp), its grades (too steep) and its capacity (woefully lacking). The engineers found that 48 percent of the parkway's entire length had too many twists and turns, while 100 percent lacked good shoulders, proper access roads and efficient center islands.

They noted that in 24 places a motorist traveling in either direction wouldn't be able to see far enough ahead for safe driving, because of curves, humps or dips; that in 30 places curves were excessive in each direction. One "almost continuous succession" of reverse and compound curves was especially condemned.

It all adds up to the finding that a safe speed on the parkway is only 25 miles an hour, but 40 is permitted and cars generally go a good deal faster. And one more point, the payoff one: The Smith survey showed that while the Hutchinson constitutes only 25 percent of the Westchester County parkway system, it racks up more than 55 percent of the fatalities!

For years the Guilford curve on the Baltimore-Washington boulevard took the black ribbon for the worst accident record in Maryland. A new Baltimore-Washington expressway has just been opened, and for that, loud huzzahs. The old curve, however, is still there, for anyone who wants to try a perfect example of an obstacle course highway—first a dip, then an intersection, then a hill and finally a sharp curve.

Relatives of the 11 persons killed there in one crash in recent years won't forget the trap so readily; neither will relatives of the folks in the two cars which met head-on the first day of January two years

One-man Crusade Saves Lives

LIKE MANY another motorist who drives at night, Mrs. John V. N. Dorr of Westport, Connecticut, found herself momentarily losing her bearings every time she met a car with glaring headlights. Partially blinded, she often couldn't see the edge of the road on her side. Without this reference point, she tended either to drift uncomfortably close to the oncoming car or to pull too far over on her side, sometimes going off the road onto the shoulder. As women will, she complained to her husband about it.

Dr. Dorr, a metallurgical engineer with an interest in highway safety, thought he saw a simple solution: Why not paint a luminous white line along the outer edges of highways as a guide for night drivers? He broached the idea to Connecticut highway officials, kept after them until they tried it out on a short stretch of the Merritt Parkway. Benefits to night drivers were so obvious that recently reflective guide lines were painted along the edges of the parkway's entire length.

As yet, it's too early to know what effect this safety measure will have on the parkway's accident toll. But some advance evidence comes from neighboring Westchester County in New York. There, a dangerous three-and-a-half-mile stretch of the accident-ridden Hutchinson River Parkway was similarly marked, and at the same time two more police patrols were assigned to the parkway. Result: During the next six months, accidents on this section were cut in half. Encouraged by such evidence, Dr. Dorr is crusading to get other highways edged with reflective lines. The cost? A mere $150 a mile.

ago. One of the cars contained a minister who was coming back from Florida with his family. The other contained two women and a man.

You read about it in the newspapers. Seven dead; no survivors.

Route C-1 in Massachusetts is the main route from downtown Boston to Revere Beach. One traffic report recently pointed out that about 20,000 cars use that five-mile strip of road each day and, the report continued, "It's the easiest place in Massachusetts to get into an auto accident." Route C-1 is a four-lane highway divided by a center strip, but accidents keep piling up because of the terrific number of cars funneling into it.

The 50-mile stretch of U.S. Route 31W between Louisville and Elizabethtown, Kentucky, has now claimed dozens of lives. Fort Knox soldiers, who have to use it going on leave or returning to base, have a pet name for it. They call it the Dixie Dieway.

So much for roads and highways. Consider, now, the confused and conflicting traffic laws and regulations. These differ not only from state to state as you tootle along, but from city to city. It's a "babble of tongues," as the Traffic Institute of Northwestern University has called it, which makes no sense whatever.

In New York State, it has just become perfectly legal to pass another car on the right under specified conditions. But despite the fact that New York says it's okay, and despite the fact that Westchester County is in New York State, don't try passing on the right on any of the parkways of the Westchester system. It's illegal. The Westchester County Parkway Commission has the right to make its own traffic regulations and has declined to amend them to conform with the new law for the rest of the state.

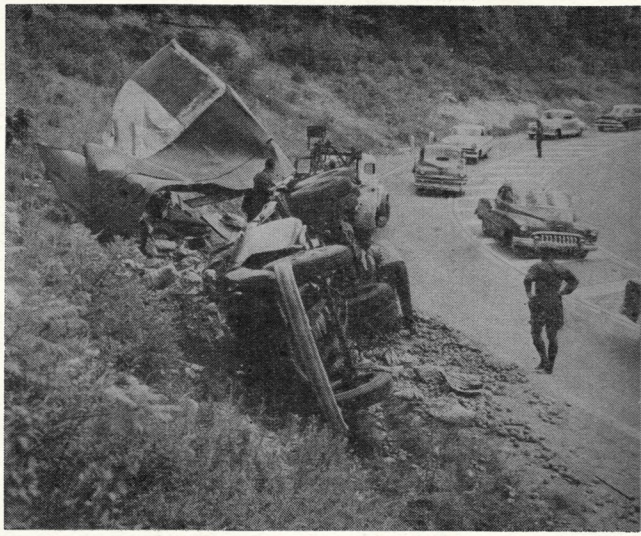
It gets screwier. There's a major parkway in Westchester that permits passing on the right. It's called the Taconic State Parkway and it's governed by state law. Now the Taconic State and one of the Westchester Parkway Commission's roads intersect and share several hundred feet of roadway at a spot called Hawthorne Circle. So apparently it's legal as well as illegal to pass on the right *on the same stretch of road.*

The farce still isn't over. New York approves passing on the right (with the exceptions heretofore noted) but Connecticut does not. The latter's motor-vehicle commissioner recently issued a warning to New York motorists, saying in effect: It may be okay where you live, but that cuts no ice with us up here. Try it and it might cost you 50 bucks.

Mixed up? Whew! You can pass on the right in Maine but once you hit New Hampshire it's illegal. You can in California but you can't in Nevada across the border. You take a six-state trip and you find: Yes in New Jersey, no in Delaware, yes in Maryland and Virginia, no in North Carolina and yes in South Carolina.

And this is just one maneuver. You can go

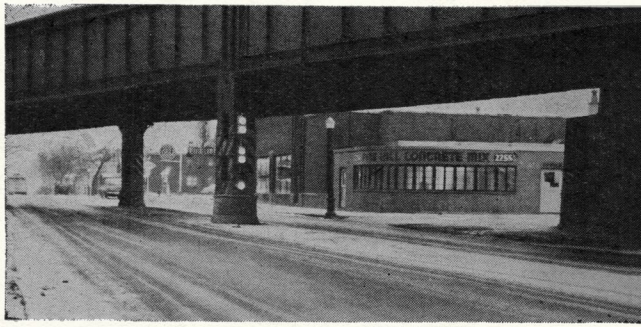
Middletown Times Herald Photo



DEATH TRAP on New York's Route 17 features steep hill, then hairpin curve where highway squeezes from four lanes to two for underpass. Truck failed to make curve. Scores of cars have crashed here.

down the list and find literally dozens of others and no uniformity from place to place. In one area, the proper way to make a left turn is to cross on the left side of the center of the intersection. In others, left turns must be made on the right hand side of the center of the intersection. In one area, the law requires drivers to stop when meeting a school bus that is picking up or letting off kids. But other areas don't have this law—so kids may go walking into the path of a car driven by a visiting motorist whose local laws don't require him to stop.

There is no uniformity, either, in signs, signals



United Press Photo

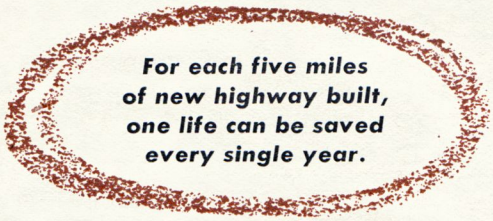
CARS WERE SMASHING into the piers of a railroad overpass in Buffalo, New York, with remarkable regularity until flashing amber lights were put on the piers. Then accidents dropped 92 percent.

and markings. How many times have you driven through an unfamiliar section and found trouble locating the traffic lights? In one town, they may appear overhead; in another, they may be on high posts at the side. Points out Alfred J. Starger, travel manager of the Automobile Club of New York: "These discrepancies not only cause confusion and irritation, but also a definite safety hazard."

Well, what's the answer? Are we going to continue building more miles of cars than miles of highways, as we actually have been doing the past few years? Are the roads going to get worse and worse until the entire country bogs down in one immense traffic jam?

Luckily, there are some answers.

For one, President Eisenhower's highway program shines like a beacon for the poor, harassed motorist. General Lucius D. Clay, whom the President named as chairman of an advisory committee on a national highway program, has just come up with a plan. It calls for spending $101 billion over 10 years, the money coming in varying amounts from federal, state and local governments. It calls for highway construction and modernization on an unprecedented scale and, the elimination of bottlenecks and death traps.



But there are things your community can do while the plan is being worked out. They needn't cost too much, either. Some examples:

• There was a dangerous railroad overpass in Buffalo on Bailey Avenue between East Ferry and Kearns Avenues. In two years 13 accidents had occurred there and police found that cars were banging into the piers that supported the overpass. The piers were marked only with two small red reflectors placed four feet above the pavement. Motorists were mistaking them for tail-lights of moving cars.

The solution: Three amber lights were installed on the center pier, two of them flashing, the third constant. The piers were painted black with luminous white stripes, six inches wide. And the pavement was marked to guide drivers away from the piers.

In the two years following the improvements, police noted a 92 percent reduction in accidents. What did it all cost? A big $266.

• The intersection of U.S. Highway 40 and California Route 24 in Berkeley, California, averaged 10 accidents per year over an eight-year period. Police noted that there were only single traffic lights on each of the four corners and that large trucks and busses in right-hand lanes frequently blocked the signal from the view of motorists in the center lanes. So what happened? They installed four additional signal heads on the corners. And in the year following, there was a 75 percent reduction in accidents. The cost? $300.

• In Los Angeles, skidding on wet pavement and slippery street-car tracks caused 88 accidents in one two-year period on nine streets. Traffic engineers solved the problem by cutting grooves into the pavement to make them skid-proof with a special apparatus developed by a local firm. The total cost of the treatment was $5,840—and there were nearly 60 percent fewer accidents and a 75 percent cut in the number of persons injured.

Other communities have redesigned intersections, installed flashing beacons, put up reflectorized warnings at strategic spots, relocated bus loading zones, done a dozen different things at small cost and cut accidents way down. If you have a problem in your own home town, your local officials can get expert traffic engineering help from the Accident Prevention Department of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, 60 John Street, New York 38, N.Y.

Is there a solution for the other major dilemma, the lack of uniformity of traffic laws?

There is. Three decades ago, a Uniform Motor Vehicle Code was drafted by some farsighted safety experts. The code, which has been revised and brought up to date a number of times, has sections providing for driver licensing, rules of the road, periodic vehicle inspection and the like. Several states have already adopted entire sections of it. But, points out the National Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances, "inertia and sometimes local pride are serious obstacles."

Can anything make better sense than having the same rules of the road from city to city and state to state? Because of the continuous flow of traffic across city and state lines these days, can anything make less sense than a hundred different rules in as many municipalities?

Uniform traffic laws may come to pass some day. So may the President's highway program. And death traps may be thoroughly rooted out on the local level, through traffic engineering.

Perhaps then cars won't come barreling toward you from around a blind curve. Perhaps then your automobile won't literally buck like a bronco over long stretches of warped and twisted pavement. Perhaps then you won't go into a terrifying skid on poorly drained roads.

Death *can* be engineered from our highways. It's high time we tackled the job. —By Lester David

Tournament

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD

This was the big one he had to enter—the most important one of his life. It wasn't to be held on a golf course, and just by entering he had to win.

THE ROAD was two-lane concrete through scrub country, and his headlights picked up sparse rough grass on the shoulders, stunted trees farther back. It was a secondary road and Flagg had taken it because the map showed that it would cut an hour off his time. An hour less of driving time meant an hour more of sleep. An hour of sleep meant a bit more repair to muscles wearied by the brute fairways of that last tournament, to nerves stretched and tortured and made brittle by the last three dismal showings that were turning this tour from farce into heartbreak.

He drove the big convertible mercilessly, leaning a bit forward, holding the wheel firmly, feeling the momentary weightlessness when the car went over the rises in the road. There was little traffic and the towns were far apart. He sensed that he was pushing the car too fast for safety, yet it was not fast enough. Not nearly fast enough to leave behind him the memories of the past few weeks.

That 11th at Millbourne, lining up that eight footer, knowing he was only two strokes off the pace. And knowing how important it was to come in with some money. Then the tightness, locking his elbows, putting a sour taste in his mouth. Hands greasy on the grip of the putter. Hearing the gallery silence, knowing that he had to move, that he could not stand forever looking down at the oddly shrunken ball, looking from it to the impossibly small hole that receded each time he glanced at it. With locked and creaking muscles he made a spasmed chop at the ball. It passed the hole a foot to the left, caught a dip and curved and stopped six feet away. The gallery sighed. He was still away. The uphill putt stopped inches short and he holed out for a bogey instead of a birdie, lost most of the rest of the gallery on the catastrophic fourteenth, and finished way back in the ruck, way out of the money.

"Glenn Flagg, pro from Indiana, after a sparkling 34 that put him within two strokes of Worsham, faded on the last nine. A disastrous seven on the dogleg 14th brought him home with a 44, out of the money."

Faded at Millbourne. Eliminated at Crest Ridge. Blew up in the second round at Pinelands. Fine tour. A triumph.

The motor drone of the big car faltered for a moment, then smoothed out. Flagg glanced quickly at the dials. He listened. It sounded fine. Maybe an impurity in the gas. Something like that. Something unimportant.

He returned to barren speculation, driving automatically. It had seemed such a logical thing to do. The Crooked Branch Club had been growing. The club members had been pleased when he had placed well in the two tournaments played there. He was their pro. He had done well in nearby tournaments, too. Then recently his game had gotten better than it had ever been. Walter Hagen had set the course record back in 1926—34-34 for a 68. It had been tied four times, twice by pros and twice by amateurs, but never bettered. Until Flagg had shot the 66.

Halverson had come to him, representing a group of the members. They wanted to chip in on the expenses, wanted him to make a big swing, hit the tournament circuit. Halverson said they believed in him, said it would help the club, said that Dernard, the assistant pro, could hold things down until he got back.

"We don't expect you to go out there and beat Hogan, Glenn. But we think you can put the Crooked Branch Club on the map."

"I'll have to talk it over with Kate, Mr. Halverson."

There was Kate and the kids to think about. With what the club paid him, plus his cut from the

pro shop and the income from the lessons, and the job downtown in the sporting-goods store during the Indiana winter, they had the house half paid for. That was on one side of the ledger. When you're winning, they say, don't change the dice.

But he was 29 and his game was as good as it had ever been, and maybe better than it would ever be again. He could keep all winnings. And there might be additional income. Besides, he wanted to play against the big names. There were the years in back of him. All the caddy years, and the public-school tournaments, and grubbing lost balls out of forgotten ponds, and the team at state college. All the years of the swing and clack and the white dot rising to fall back to the greenness, bounding, rolling. *You raised your head then, Mrs. Barlow. Let me watch the ball this time. You keep your eye right on the place where the ball was, even after it's gone. Break your wrists at the top of the backswing. Now, wasn't that better, Mrs. . . .*

THE car slowed and the motor ran raggedly, popping, faltering. He tightened his grip on the wheel. He pumped the gas pedal. Smoothness of power came back and the car surged ahead again. This time it was longer before he relaxed his attention.

Damn fool to have tried it. Too much at stake. Go sidling back with apologetic smile. *That's okay, Glenn, old boy. They were just too rough. Kroll and Mangrum and Oliver. Middlecoff and Hogan and Snead and Locke. You did fine, boy.*

They'd say that, but they'd know. Faded, chickened out, weakened when it got rough. Smiles and pats on the back, but they had the tournament bug now. The big name bug. And the money to buy that kind of name. To buy, maybe, that special breed of nerve.

He knew he'd always been a cool player, always competitive. But there was too much pressure. And he knew he was too afraid of losing. Too afraid of the consequences of losing. Kate's voice on the phone the other night had been too filled with cheer—with a thin edge of nervousness behind the cheer.

He was speeding down a long hill when the motor quit entirely. He rushed down the night slope with only the sound of the wind and the sound of the tires on the seams between the concrete slabs. He had a helpless vision of what this night could be, stranded here in strange country, losing time, losing sleep—perhaps losing the practice round before the qualifying round. And Belle Arbor was rugged. Prizes were fat and it would be fast company.

Flagg shifted to neutral, pulled out the lever that took him out of overdrive, shifted back to high and let out the clutch cautiously as he reached the bottom of the hill. Tires gave a quick yelp and the motor was turned over at high speed. He pumped the gas pedal. Just as he was about to shift down into second for a last try the motor caught raggedly. It ran roughly and uncertainly but it got him up the next hill and the next. It quit with finality as he topped the third hill crest and he saw lights down in the valley.

He coasted down and found a brightly lighted gas station and garage on the right, 100 yards beyond the bottom of the hill. He coasted up to the open doors and stopped. A man walked out. He wore a soiled and faded pair of coveralls, and carried himself with that indefinable look of competence of the good mechanic.

He listened to the description of the trouble, opened the hood, brought out a small wrench, performed some mysterious act and asked Flagg to try to start it. The grinding of the starter was a hopeless sound. He motioned Flagg to stop.

"Fuel pump," he said. "There wouldn't be a replacement in town. I can phone in the morning and get one in on the noon bus from Brayburg tomorrow."

"I'm in a rush. Can you fix this one?"

"I can take a look at it."

Flagg waited. The man took it in to a bench and dismantled it. He fingered the parts, held it up to the light. "I can fool with it. Might get it working."

"Will it take long?"

"Half hour. Maybe a little more. If I don't get much gas trade."

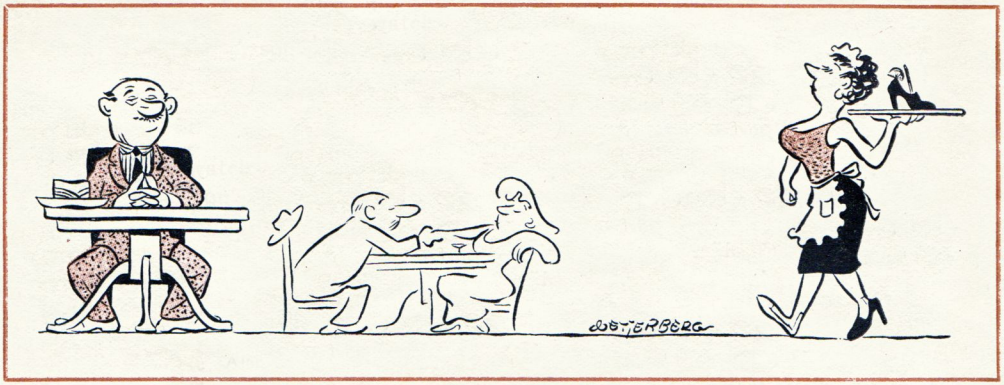
Flagg wandered around the front of the station. He saw green neon down the road on the far side. Beer. He told the man he was going down and get a beer. The man nodded, didn't answer.

IT seemed oddly quiet on the edge of the small town in the warm night. He could hear a thick beat of music from the distance. He crossed the highway. A truck droned down the hill behind him, slowing as it thundered into town. It swirled dust up from the shoulder behind it, and he tasted the dust against his teeth.

The music became louder as he approached the place. It was a small white frame building with three cars parked in front of it. He went up three wooden steps and pulled the screen open and went in. The music stopped as the door slammed behind him. Four men in work clothes sat at a table near the back of the room. It was a barren room, too brightly lighted, decorated with the signs and symbols of the brewers. The bar was on the left. The bartender and the four men looked at Flagg as he walked in. It made him feel conspicuous, and his footsteps were loud on the worn wooden floor as he walked directly to the bar, hitched himself onto a stool of murky chrome and cracked red plastic. The big-lunged juke, flamboyant with

Flagg sprawled on the floor. Willy stood over him. "How you like your music?" Willy asked.


JOHN PRENTICE



tubes and rising bubbles and a dozen pastel colors, squatted against the rear wall and made thin metallic sounds, then blasted out in a startling way that drowned his voice as he gave his order to the bartender, so that he had to speak again, almost shout.

He sat there, running his thumb up and down the chill glass, wiping away the mist, staring at the three coins the bartender had slapped down, drenched by the juke noise. He felt unreal to be in this place so far from home. Unreal, and yet safe. Nothing was asked of him here. Enough to pay for his beer. No problem of whether to play it safe or try the long carry over the trees. He half smiled when he realized that he didn't even know the name of the town.

When the music stopped again he heard the men wrangling. "Damn it, Willy, why you got to make Ed keep that box turned up so loud? I swear I'm getting all hoarsed up yelling this here conversation."

A deep soft voice said, "It botherin' you, Andy? It botherin' you bad?"

"Now don't get sore, Willy! Don't you get yourself all . . ."

And the nervous words were interrupted by a thick sound and a splintering crash. Flagg turned quickly. One of the four men was on his feet. He was a husky animal, heavy in the shoulders, black hair tangled and worn long, eyes bright and blue and vivid in a lean brown face. A man sat on the floor beside the broken chair. It was evident that he had no urge to get up. The other two men looked humbly down into their beers.

The baldheaded bartender said, "Willy, you got no call to go breaking this place up. I tole you last time if you go bustin' my place up again you . . ." He stopped as Willy came toward him, taking long quick strides, and put big hands flat on the bar.

"You like the music nice and loud, don't you, Ed?" Willy asked in that soft voice. "Don't just bob your head at me. Tell it to me nice, Ed."

"I . . . I like it loud good enough, Willy. But please . . ."

Willy swung back to the table. "How 'bout you, Andy?"

The man he had hit was standing up, feeling his jaw. "I think maybe you bust something the way you busted old . . ."

"We talking about the music, Andy."

"Oh, sure. I like it real loud. I like it fine." Andy swung another chair over from a nearby table and sat down hastily. Willy stood over the table, thumbs tucked under the waistband of his jeans, rocking from heel to toe.

One of the other men glanced up at him and looked down hastily and said firmly, "Louder it is the better I like it."

"Me, too," the other one said quickly. "Me too, Willy."

Flagg turned quickly back to his beer. He heard Willy laugh. It was a soft fluid sound of delight. Flagg sensed what would happen. He felt incredulous about it, but knew there was nothing he could do. The slow steps came toward him, stopped in back of him.

"You got anything to say, mister?"

Flagg turned slowly, half smiling, though the smile made his lips feel stiff. "About what?"

"Maybe you don't hear good. We talking about loud music. You got ideas on that?"

Flagg looked at the man. They were about the same height. Willy had 30, perhaps 40, pounds advantage. His forearms were thick, with heavy muscles that rolled under the skin. There was a crazy wildness in the blue eyes. They shifted constantly, rapidly, the black pupils, made small by the bright lights, shifting back and forth, back and forth across Flagg's eyes. There was a sweat of tension on Willy's face, and a thick smell of violence seemed to emanate from him.

"I never thought about it much," Flagg said,

keeping his voice mild, flushing as he heard the unexpected tremor.

"Leave him be, Willy," the bartender said.

"Shut up, Ed," Willy said, his eyes continuing that odd motion. "I talking to this here boy. Start thinking now about how you like your music."

"I like it loud sometimes," Flagg said. He saw the shift of weight and knew he had made a mistake. He tried to get his arm up but he wasn't quick enough. A fist like a stone caught him over the ear and swept him from the stool so that he fell among the other stools, knocking them over, falling with them, landing sprawled and dazed on the floor. The lights seemed brighter than before, and Willy, high above him, said in an echoing faraway voice, "We like it plain loud *all* the time."

Flagg wanted to tell him this was childishness. People didn't do this sort of thing. He shook his head to clear it.

"How you like your music?" Willy asked, sitting lithely on his heels, staring at Flagg, thick thighs straining the faded fabric of the jeans.

"Loud," Flagg whispered.

"All the time, mister?"

"All the time," Flagg said.

Willy smiled at him almost fondly and got up and strolled back to the juke box. He stood and began to study the selections. Flagg got quietly to his feet and went to the door. Just as he reached it he heard a running sound and he instinctively lunged out through the door into the night. When he heard the laughter from all of them he knew that Willy had turned and stamped his feet to make a running sound, the way you frighten children. When he was 100 feet from the place he heard the music start again.

Flagg went back to the station. The car was nearly ready. He waited. It caught at the first try, ran smoothly when the mechanic raced the motor. The mechanic got out, left it idling. Flagg paid him. He got into the car. He drove out and by the green neon.

It was childishness, he thought. It was something you could laugh about. *I was down in this little town. My fuel pump quit and while it was being fixed I . . .*

It would take some doctoring to make it a good story, an amusing story to tell in the locker room. This was a small town. He didn't even know the name of it. Nobody knew his name in this town. Nobody had ever seen him before and he would never see any one of them again. There was no need to ever mention it to anyone. To Kate or anyone else.

Sure, you could get up and get your head knocked off. Or if you did hit that hard head of his, how were you going to hold onto a club at Belle Arbor? What does a brawl with a small-town punk prove? There's nothing adult about getting up to be knocked down again. The prudent man stays down.

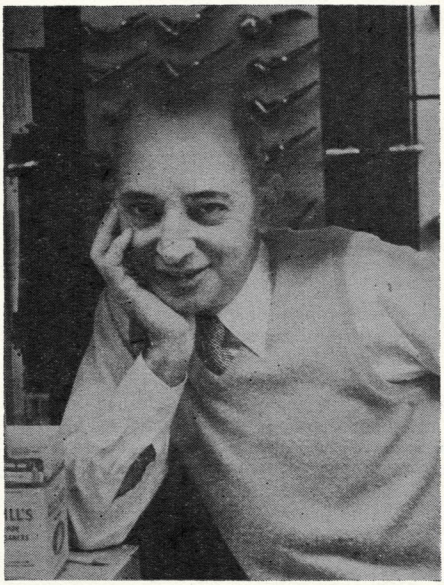
He drove through the town and out the far side. He got the car quickly up to cruising speed and then let it slow down again. He pulled over on the shoulder, off the concrete. He crossed his arms on the steering wheel and leaned his head against them. Nobody had to know. There was everything in the world to lose.

Just like at Millbourne. And Crest Ridge. And Pinelands. Each one making a tiny hole in the bottom of the place that held all your pride and your courage and that indefinable thing that made you a man. A gradual weakening of the structure so that when you met Willy the whole bottom fell out and everything ran out. And there was nothing at all left for Belle Arbor or any other tournament on the schedule, or for Kate when he got back.

He made a noise like a sob and he clenched the strong sensitive clever hands. Then it was over. He straightened up in the seat. He felt oddly calm. The shoulder was wide enough for a U-turn. He went back, parked under the neon and got out. The warm night was cool against his face. He walked through the door, down the length of the room, through the pound and drench of the music. He kicked the plug out of the wall socket and turned, in the silence of the bright room, turned grinning toward the man who moved toward him, feeling both a desperate fear and a high bold pride.

—By John D. MacDonald

MEN YOU NEVER KNOW:



Newsdealer

BY NORMAN LOBSENZ

Julie Krantz is a superb salesman, is full of ideas and is genuinely fond of people, especially his steady customers. Which is good because he works 14 hours a day, 6½ days a week—and no vacations. He'll never get rich and doesn't care at all.

YOU HURRY to make the 7:45 bus to work, and you grab the morning paper from the corner newsdealer.

Friday night you and the Mrs. get out of the movies around 11 o'clock, and on the way home you stop to pick up next day's early edition, or maybe a magazine.

Sunday morning you take the kids for a walk about noon, and you get the Sunday papers.

You do these things every day, every week, all year. Maybe the newsdealer is your friend, maybe he's just a nod-and-smile acquaintance, maybe you don't even know what he looks like. But it's almost a sure bet you've never stopped to realize he is always there when you want him: early morning, late at night, Sundays, holidays. He's there so regularly that you get to take him for granted; when you walk in and pick up your paper you don't really look at him, he's so familiar.

To find out what it is that makes a man work 12 to 18 hours a day, seven days a week, 52 weeks a year we lived through one week in the life of Julius Krantz, owner and operator of Krantz's-at-the-Center in Union, N. J. He's been a newspaper and magazine dealer for 20 years. And during all of those years his wife, Fay, has worked with him. So she's an important part of this story, too.

"Julie lives for this business," Fay told me. He loves it because he loves people, and that's the one thing above all you must do to make good in this business.

There's a good reason for that. A newsdealer does not get the satisfactions that men in other lines of work do. He does not, for example, have the satisfaction of seeing a good job done well that comes to men who do work with their hands. He does not have the prestige of having an "important" job. His work isn't, by most standards, glamorous. And it certainly doesn't make a man wealthy.

A newsdealer is primarily a salesman, and his profits add up a penny at a time. So he gets his reward out of satisfied customers who come back over and over again. The only way to make people do that is sincerely to like them.

Watching Julie Krantz with his customers is a pleasure. His store is on the corner of Stuyvesant and Morris Avenues. This, in Union, N. J., is like Broadway and 42nd in Manhattan, or Market and Powell in San Francisco. There are 43,000 people living in Union, and it seems that all of them pass Julie's store every day—and most come in. (Actually, Krantz's has about 800 customers a day, of whom 250 are steady patrons.)

Julie, tall, thin and balding, wears a perpetual grin on his broad features and a pencil back of his ear. This is a warm day, and he is dressed comfortably in slacks and a sport shirt. Most of the


SPRINGFIELD 2
CHATHAM 7
MADISON 9
MORRISTOWN 13
ROSELLE 3
RAHWAY 7
SHORE POINTS
Admiration
Cigars
Admiration
Cigars
MAGAZINES
Christmas Cards
Colliers
JULIUS KRANTZ

time he is talking—either to Fay, or to a salesman, or to a customer. With 800 customers to a 14-hour day, roughly one customer a minute—there is hardly a dull moment.

Julie usually stations himself about halfway back in his store, somewhere between the magazine rack and the main counter. He runs what's known as a "dry" store. That is, he sells only newspapers, magazines, books, greeting cards, stationery, cigars, cigarets, and smoking accessories. (Stores that also sell soft drinks or operate short-order lunch counters are known as "wet" stores.)

From his strategic spot, Julie is in a position to help customers who want help—or to leave alone people who want to thumb through the magazines and papers displayed in his specially-built racks.

"I get a kick seeing folks browse through magazines," he told me. "I know that if you leave them alone, eventually 95% of them will buy at least one magazine."

Julie interrupts them only if they can't find what they're looking for. One woman asks for a copy of *McCall's*.

"That's the first one on your left, ma'am. Take the magazine under the top one; it's cleaner."

A man asks for the afternoon paper. Julie tells him it's due to be delivered in 20 minutes. Half an hour later the man comes back, but the paper hasn't arrived.

"I heard on the radio there's a factory fire over in Passaic," Julie tells him. "The paper is probably holding the edition for some last-minute details." He picks up another paper, points out the stars over the dateline, and explains a little bit about deadlines and editions.

When I asked Julie later why he went to all that trouble, he said, "Now instead of thinking, 'That guy Krantz never has any papers on time,' the customer will think, 'That guy Krantz really knows his business.' "

The next customer wants six cigars and a book for a friend in the hospital. Julie recommends a novel, wraps it, hands over seven cigars.

"You gave me one too many smokes," the customer says.

"No mistake," says Julie. "I want you to have one on me."

"Well, say, thanks a lot."

As the man leaves, much pleased, Julie turns to me. "For most of my regular customers, on a three-four dollar book I might give a 10% discount. But this man is wealthy. Thirty, forty cents means nothing. But I know he loves cigars. So an extra cigar makes more of an impression."

Opening up at 6:45, Krantz hauls in the morning papers as a town cop, Charlie Keenan, stops by on his motorcycle for an early-morning chat. Next door, a bakery receives rolls and cakes.

Photos by Homer Page

Bull sessions with the customers are a regular feature of the establishment. Krantz says all his place needs is a cracker barrel to be a modern version of the old country store.

A teen-age girl wants a "grade-school graduation card." Julie tells her there is no card for that specific event, advises her to get a regular "congratulations on your graduation" card.

"Do you know," he asks her, "that if they made a card for grade schools they'd have to make one for parochial schools too? And then one for Catholic parochial schools and another for Hebrew ones."

For a few moments they talk about the different faiths, then the girl buys her card and leaves, her horizons broadened.

Julie notices a group of high-school boys leafing through magazines. "What are you reading, fellows?" he asks. "It's a hobby magazine." "O. K.," he says, "take your time."

"I always keep an eye on the youngsters," he explains to me. "That way school authorities know it's all right for the kids to come in my store."

By "liking his customers," Julius Krantz enjoys a work routine that would horrify most of us. It begins every day at 5:30 A.M. when he gets up, makes breakfast (almost always orange juice, toast, two eggs sunny side up, and coffee), gets a 6:18 bus from East Orange, where the Krantzes have a $68-a-month, 3½-room apartment at 103 North Walnut Street, and arrives at his store at 6:47.

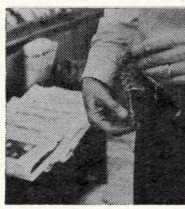
Only once in the five years he has had the Union store has Julie been late—and that was when he was driving to work and got in an accident. Since then he's taken the bus.

"There are some customers who depend on me to be on the job on time because they, too, must be at work early. They want to buy their papers and cigarettes before getting on the bus. So I feel it's my duty to be prompt."

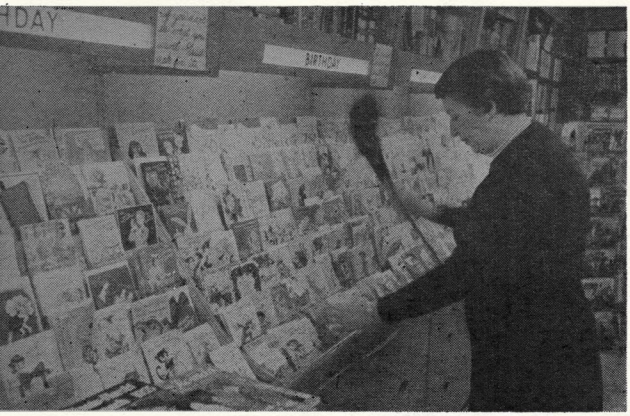
Julie sets up his cash register, filling it with coins to make change, puts up his magazine and paper stand outside the store ("soon as people see *that* they know I'm open"), counts off the papers he has to save for steady customers, and turns on the small portable radio back of the counter. He keeps the radio on till closing time. "It makes a pleasant background," he says, "and it makes everything sound busier."

Then, to use Julie's words, "I have fun all day with my customers." His wife Fay gets to the store around 10 in the morning, having driven. They spell each other for lunch, and again for dinner. (Julie eats at 5, Fay at 6, usually in one of the many restaurants on the block.)

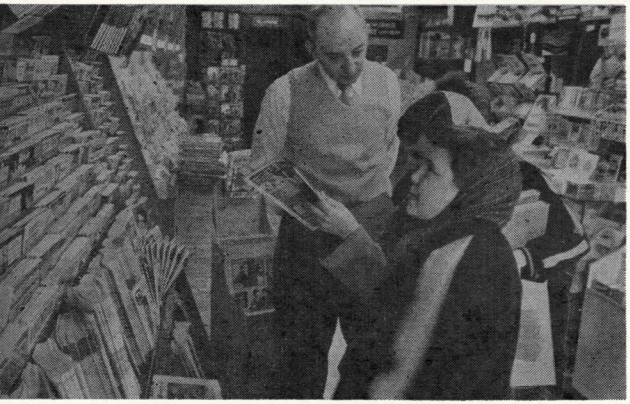
Each week he buys supplies from about a dozen salesmen. The cigarette and tobacco salesmen call twice a week, the cigar salesmen every three weeks, the stationery salesmen twice a month. Julie sells about 200 cigars a day, nearly 2,000 packs of cigarettes a week.



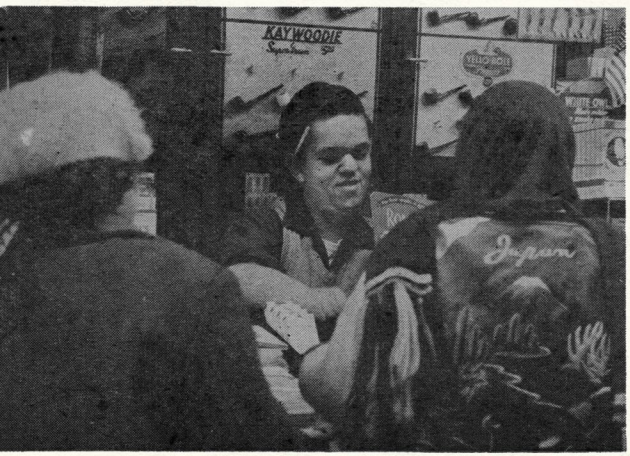
Except for Mondays and Fridays—late shopping nights in Union, when they stay open until 9 P.M.—the Krantzes close at 8 sharp.



Krantz's wife Fay, who has worked with him for 20 years, keeps the store as spotless as her house.



Kids may browse here all they want—Krantz figures it's good public relations. *Below:* His son Burt, a dental technician, helps out nights and Sundays.



"I know a lot of stores like ours stay open much later," says Fay, "but 14 hours a day is enough work for any man. I won't let Julie kill himself. I don't want my husband to be the richest man in the graveyard."

Julie pooh-poohs the work. He even denies his feet get tired. "Good shoes and a comfortable linoleum floor are the answers," he says. "I don't get as tired of being on my feet as I do of sitting in one position. It's all a matter of getting used to it. If I quit for six months and then went back to work I'd have to get my feet and legs in condition all over again."

At home, Fay and Julius do a little reading, or watch television (they have a 10-inch-screen model that was the first set in East Orange), have some cake and milk, and get to bed early. "I have to be up again at 5:30," says Julie, "and I can't get along on 4 or 5 hours' sleep."

Julius always sets the breakfast table and shaves the night before, to save time in the morning. Except weekends, when he doesn't shave at all till after he closes up at 1 P.M. on Sunday. "I take a ribbing about my beard," he says, "But I always give 'em the same answer: 'I couldn't get in the barber shop, the floor was varnished.' "

Fay uses Sunday mornings to houseclean and to cook Sunday dinner ("after eating out all week I really enjoy working in the kitchen"). Then the Krantzes relish their only free time of the week—and they use it to go to a movie, or for a drive, or out on a picnic, or to visit friends and family.

What Is a Newsdealer?

How and why does a man go into a business that makes such demands on his time and energy, that upsets normal living patterns, cuts him off from social life?

This is the way it was with Julius Krantz.

A native New Yorker, Julie started work at 19 as a shoe-store salesman. A number of times he had ideas for stimulating business, but not the authority to put them into effect. He longed for his own store—and got his chance when the full force of the depression bankrupted his employers in 1935.

Julie plunged. He and Fay took their life savings, borrowed on insurance and on notes, and bought a candy and newspaper store (a "wet" one) in East Orange. When they bought it, the store had only been in operation four weeks. The original owners knew nothing about the business, hated the hours, and were grossing a ghastly $111 a week. "We were scared stiff," Fay remembers.

"You can see I didn't go into this field for financial security," Julie told me. "But I felt it would satisfy me. I liked to deal with people. I liked a business, like newspapers and magazines, where things happened every day, every week. I liked a job where I had a lot of chances to use my head."

When Julius and Fay got through improving

the store and the service, it was grossing $850 a week. By 1946 they decided they needed a vacation.

"There's only one way to get a vacation in our field," Fay told me. "You have to go out of business altogether. So we sold out and took a long auto trip—Texas, Florida, the West Coast."

Their present store, which they opened in 1951, was in the nature of a "sleeper." A business broker, an old friend, tipped them off to it.

When Fay and Julius first looked at it they were appalled. It was only 15 feet wide by 60 feet deep; three 200-watt bulbs were the only light; the window display was tired; the stock was terrible (Julie still has some "unsellable" stuff left over, stashed in his storeroom); and the town itself was not very busy.

That night, at home, Fay and Julius talked it over.

"We figured the town would grow," he remembers, "and the corner location was going to be terrific in a couple of years. The store itself we weren't too worried about; we knew we could fix it up."

Smart Business

So they plunged again. Julie ripped out the lighting fixtures and put in store-long fluorescents. He bought new showcases styled to display the merchandise. He had a special 18-foot rack built for magazines.

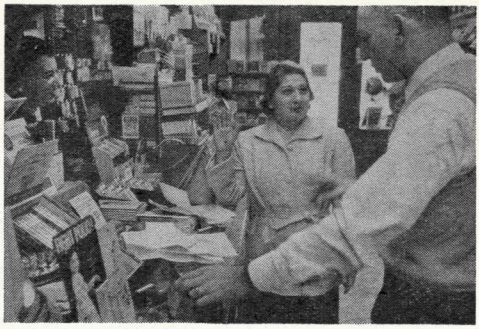
Most stores have the cash register up front. Not Krantz's. Julie rearranged the setup to put the register at the center of the store, where a customer is exposed to more merchandise. This has paid off in many extra sales dollars.

He installed a special humidor closet. Slightly larger than a telephone booth, it keeps thousands of cigars on hand, well-displayed and permanently fresh.

Finally, through a friend who worked for a floor-covering firm, Krantz got a "test linoleum pattern" laid down free. The firm benefited by customer reactions. And Julie benefited because the pattern was a special "sideways cut" of the linoleum roll, and made the store seem wider than it really is.

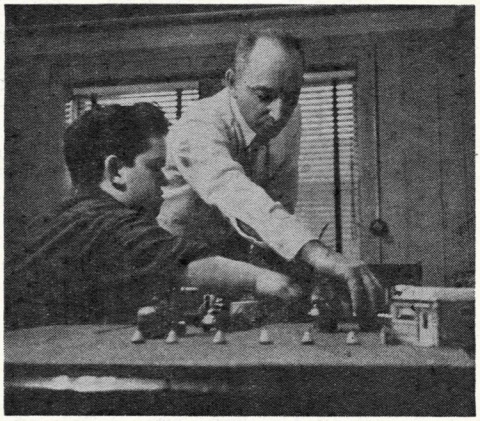
The physical assets of the store—shelves and racks and showcases—are valued at about $7,500. Krantz carries a total inventory worth $10,000 (there are over 6,000 separate items in the store), and pays $350 a month in rent. Of the "comfortable living" the Krantzes make (I would estimate it at somewhere slightly over $100 a week), 33% comes from magazines and papers, the rest from books, cards, stationery, tobacco, candy. They pay themselves a weekly salary and never take any cash out of the register for personal use.

This is a successful business. Julie's selling sense is one reason. Another is that he and his wife work hard. The cheerful and neat atmosphere is a third. All of these things are crystallized in a pen-



Krantz is a notary public, and he has fun putting on a little show to make things very official.

Sunday midday dinner is the only one the Krantzes have at home. *Below:* Burt and Julie operate Burt's hobby—a complete, table-top trucking center.



NEWSDEALER . . . cont'd

ciled reminder note Scotch-taped to the wall of the storeroom where Julie can't help seeing it every morning when he opens up. It ends: "Walk out smiling."

Perhaps the most important reason for success, however, is Julie's enthusiasm. When he sells a cigar, it is "the finest"; his papers are "great papers," his magazines "the most interesting"; his birthday cards are "the funniest" or "the most sentimental"; and his vacation guides are "the best put out." This genuine enthusiasm is rare in a business where boredom comes easy. And it pays off in profits and friendship.

To Krantz, the most fascinating part of his job is working with magazines. There, he feels, he has the greatest scope for merchandising ideas that will help increase his sales.

For example, though he carries over 300 different magazines, plus more than 200 comic books, plus scores of pocket-size books in their own special racks, he has his racks arranged so that every single title shows. And he keeps a magazine in the same spot in the rack all the time so that customers will know where it is.

"This sells extra magazines," he says. "For example, I sell six copies every month of *Yachting*, a lot more than most stores would in a non-yachting area, just because the few boating fans around here know where to find it."

Krantz makes a mental note of who likes which magazines, and when new issues arrive he calls attention to them; he varies his "display" (the positioning of the magazines on his outdoor stand) every couple of days to give various magazines an equal chance at sales.

The Honor System

Displaying the magazines outside costs a small amount in pilferage, but Julie thinks, the extra sales make it worthwhile. Besides, he feels outside display appeals to most people's sense of honor.

"Customers would rather pick up a magazine and come into a store with it and pay for it, rather than have to pay first and walk out later."

Julie does a lot of reading himself so he can keep up on current interests, and can help customers who want to read a certain story they'd heard about, but don't remember what magazine it's in. Sometimes he can spur a sale by asking a cigarette customer if he's read such-and-such a story in this month's *Blah*. In his permanently cheerful attitude toward his work, Julie breaks with the tradition of other men in the business. Where Krantz has no complaints at all, many newsdealers have pet gripes. Some will complain, for example, that too much of their capital is tied up in inventory, inventory over which they have relatively little control; others gripe about the amount of bookkeeping necessary to keep track of returns and credits. One complaint heard more from dealers who operate corner newsstands than from those who run comparatively spacious stores is that there are too many magazines and papers to display, that their stands have become so cluttered with publications and with such selling devices as wire racks that they hardly have any space to reach through and collect their money from the buyer.

Among other gripes are: too many people who browse and don't buy, thereby dirtying up magazines to the point where they are not salable; high-school kids who assume the newsdealer has a romantic attachment for editors and therefore will certainly buy an ad in the high-school paper; various charity groups who seem to think the newsdealer doesn't have to pay for magazines and therefore can contribute them in large numbers to their charity bazaars; and self-appointed local censors who find almost everything objectionable and seem to think it's the newsdealer's fault.

Cultural Comics

Once Krantz had a salesman scour up every available copy of a back-number comic book, *Ivanhoe*. He'd heard that the Sir Walter Scott novel was required reading in the high school, and he guessed the students would rather read the plot in a magazine than in a book. He sold over two dozen copies in two days. *(Editor's Note: Those high-schoolers were missing out on a very lively and exciting novel.)*

There's a large German population in the Union area, so Krantz's became the only store in town to go to the trouble of getting German papers and magazines. He displays them under a German-language sign; and though they don't show much profit, Krantz feels they are worth their weight in gold in the goodwill they have earned.

Handling magazines is a lot of work. Krantz works with two distributors, each of whom services scores of different publications. He is billed each month for his total "draw" (the entire number of magazines he gets) and receives a credit for "returns" (unsold copies) later. And even though credits are automatically figured out by the distributor, Krantz keeps his own records as a double-check. In addition to all this bookkeeping, once a week Krantz has to make a package of returns for each distributor. This means sorting, packing, tying and labeling.

Despite all this, Julie worries like a brood hen over his magazines.

There are very few jobs where a man can work side by side with his wife. And there are probably not many couples who would like the idea of being together 24 hours a day, every day. But for Julius and Fay, both now in their late forties, this closeness is one of the rich rewards of their life. It is a major reason for their business success. And it explains how they can get by without the lazy weekends and the summer vacations that most of us eagerly await.

Theirs is a "love-at-first-sight" story. Fay, a Passaic, N. J., girl, met Julius at a resort in Ferndale, N. Y., one summer 27 years ago, on a double date. She was going out with Julius' best friend.

"We went to the movies, and then to a delicatessen for a snack," Julie recalls. "Fay asked her date for some more pickles, and he wouldn't order them because it would cost extra. I said to myself, 'What kind of a guy is this who won't buy his date an extra pickle?' So I shouted to the waiter: 'Pickles! Bring more pickles!' "

"The waiter brought 10 pickles," laughs Fay "And that's how I knew Julie liked me."

They corresponded for a while, then had their first date together on a Hudson River boat ride. They courted for two years ("I lived in Brooklyn," says Julie, "and it was a 90-minute commute each way every time we had a date.") This year they'll celebrate their silver anniversary.

During these 25 years they have operated as a perfect team. Today Fay has full charge of books, greeting cards and stationery; Julie handles papers, magazines and smoking supplies. Most of the time Julie deals with customers and Fay, dark-haired, pleasant-looking, with steady gray eyes and a calm mouth, handles the details. As a former typist and bookkeeper (she worked before she was married), she handles the orders, the correspondence, keeps the books.

"Our life," says Fay, "proves that people can come through any crisis by teamwork."

Once, in 1940, Julius had to undergo a brain tumor operation, and was hospitalized for almost two months. All that time Fay ran the store single-handed, and spent her few free hours sitting by her husband's bedside.

Their son, Burton, who is now 21, was born a victim of congenital dwarfism. The Krantzes decided to make as normal a life as possible for their son and themselves. Their decision has paid off.

When Burton was a youngster, he had his own paper route. "It gave him self-confidence, helped him to adjust to people," says Fay.

Not Like Other Wives

Today Burton—a friendly and familiar figure to the townsfolk—helps out in the store evenings and Sundays, but other times he is too busy on his own job, as a dental technician with a Newark, N. J., laboratory. Burton also drives his own car (which is fitted with extension pedals on brake and accelerator).

"What about cooking and housekeeping and playing bridge and all the things most women do?" I asked Fay. "Do you miss them? Do you mind the unusual kind of life you lead?"

She smiled. "Other women have to beg their husbands to take them out to dinner. I eat out six nights a week.

"I don't mind at all," she said, "I get a chance to cook on Sundays, and I'm not bored with it so I can make a real good meal each time. I usually broil something; that you don't get in restaurants. I clean a little bit each day, in the mornings, or do whatever sewing or washing is necessary.

"In the neighborhood they call me 'the woman who leads two lives.' This is because weekdays they see me going to the store in a skirt and blouse, and some comfortable old shoes. Then on Sundays, suddenly, I'm all dressed up. We have a favorite joke: We say we bought the store so we'd have some place to wear out our old clothes."

Social Life?

But what about friends and family, I asked. With those hours, there's no social life.

"We never had a chance to make many friends, but those we have we see, like our families, on Sundays and holidays."

Sometimes they spend a Sunday afternoon with a long-time customer, but generally the Krantzes prefer to keep their business and social life separate.

Julius has one brother, but he lives in Galveston, Texas. Fay has two sisters whose husbands are in the same business as Julius; with the same working schedule they generally spend their time off together. The three wedding anniversaries, for instance, fall within a month of one another; so they pick the nearest Sunday and celebrate en masse. Birthdays, too, are celebrated the nearest Sunday.

Friends? Fay has the answer for that. "Julie and I are each other's best friend. And we're fortunate, more so than most married couples, in being able to be together all the time."

Julius has no hobbies or sports—no time. His one passion, however, is to plan trips for people. With a sharp memory for facts (he's known around town as "the walking encyclopedia"), he carries a mental filing system of road maps, points of interest, favorite eating places, etc.

What itinerary do the Krantzes have for their own future?

"Well," says Julie, "we'd love to take a vacation, but it's almost impossible to break someone in to run the store for a couple of weeks. And we haven't set a deadline for retirement.

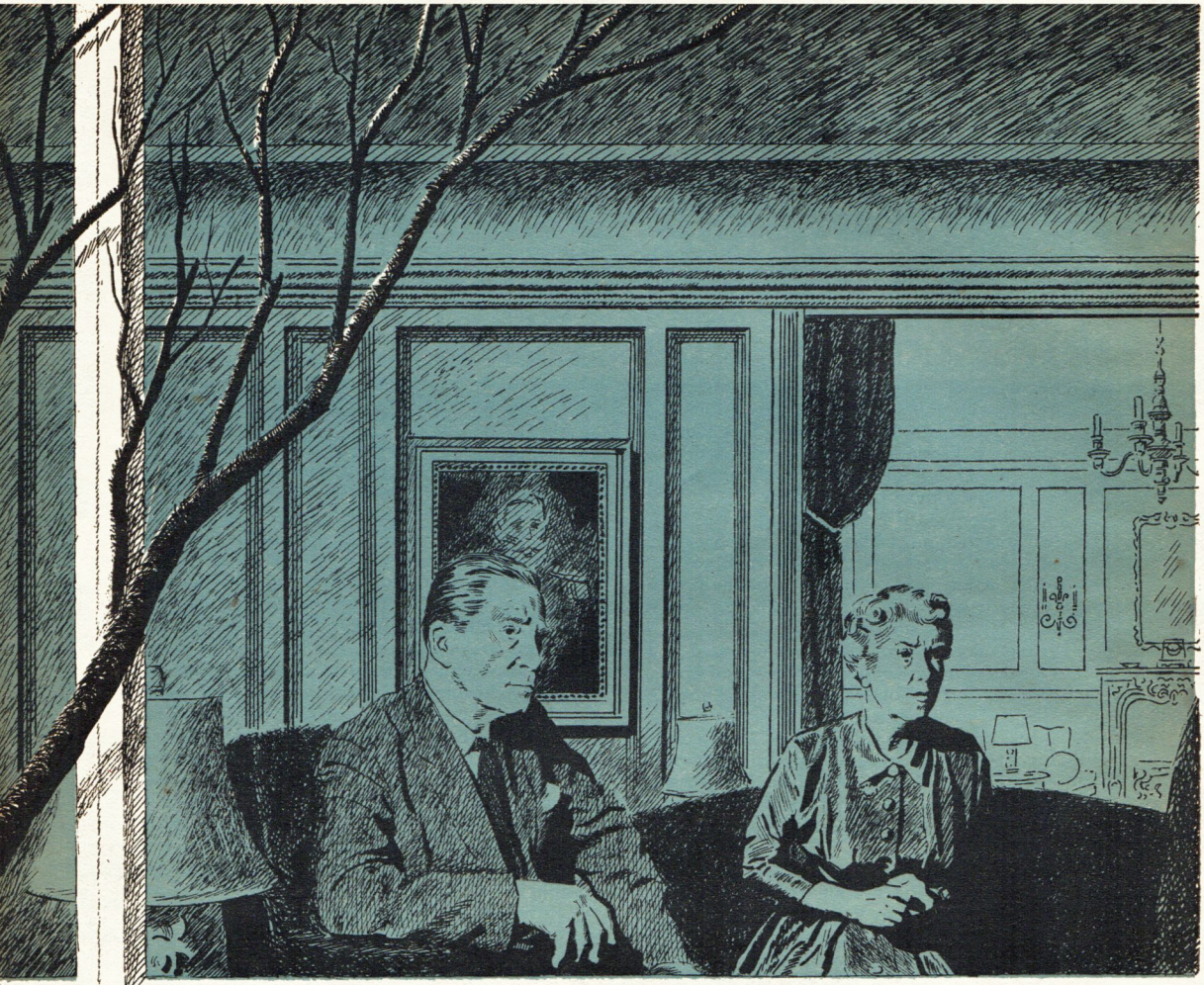
"Eventually, though, I guess, we'll sell the store if we get a real good offer."

"Julie doesn't really want to sell out," Fay put in, "so a 'good' offer actually means a miraculous one."

"Some day we'll be too old for the grind, and we'll sell out and take that long, long trip," said Julie.

Fay looked at her husband, then turned to me and said:

"Don't let's kid ourselves. This is the kind of a business you die in. That's why it's a good thing we like it so much." —By Norman Lobsenz



The Way It Was

By JEFF BROWN

As the siren came closer, he knew with sinking certainty that he'd thrown away the future.

BEFORE THE PRISON car took me to the depot the warden called me in for a little talk. "You're only 26," he said, "and you've got a lot of time ahead of you. Make the most of it."

I knew he wasn't just doing his duty. He really wanted to be kind. But I couldn't listen to him. My mind was filled with the idea of going back. After three years I was a little afraid. Maybe I didn't really trust the business of living any more. Too many things can hit you without warning.

Sitting there on the train to New York I could feel the strangeness creeping over me. It was a cold

sensation that took away all desire to talk, but I knew my mother and father would be waiting for me and I tried to make up words that I could say to them. The thought of Jane kept coming back and I couldn't drive her face out of my mind. By the time the train came into the tunnel all the words were rushing about in my head. When we stopped at the end of the platform I felt it was too soon. I wasn't ready.

In the station all the noises seemed to be running together in a kind of roar, and yet I could hear each one separately and tell what it was. Trains, porters shouting, people, everything. It was that sensation of coming into a strange room and yet feeling that you've been there before, that there is something you're supposed to do or say, but you don't know what it is.

Upstairs, in the central part of the station, I found them. My mother began to cry when I came up and my father couldn't say anything. He squeezed my hand so hard it hurt. When he stepped back my mother threw her arms around me.

Somewhere inside of me something wanted to give in and love them and cry a little, but I couldn't. I was frozen. I knew that what they were feeling was right, that I should be welcomed and made to feel warm by it, but I couldn't throw off the sensation that these emotions shouldn't involve me, that they were trying to drag me someplace I didn't belong.

We went out to the car and Harry was standing there, holding the door open. Harry has been driving my family for 15 years. When I was a kid he taught me to drive and I thought he was the greatest guy in the world. Maybe Harry guessed how I was feeling, because he didn't say anything, just gave me a little nod and went around to the other side and helped my mother into the car.

I didn't want to talk. My mother and father asked some questions about how I was and told me about friends, but I just smiled at them and kept it up until I felt the smile growing crooked and cold on my face. Then I turned my head to the window and pretended to be looking out at the city.

THE house was just the way I remembered it. You turned off the avenue and there it was, about halfway down the block. I went upstairs by myself and I was grateful to them for letting me explore alone. I went into my old room and there I had the same feeling I'd had in the station, the strangeness and the familiarity, all at once. For 15 or 20 minutes I sat on the edge of the bed, looking at the pictures on the wall and the old clock on my dresser and all the other things I'd grown up with. It wasn't until I got up and walked around that I saw the picture of Jane, a little picture in a little silver frame, on the corner of the dresser.

It was a nice snapshot, just the way I remembered her, just the way I'd thought of her when I was away. I wondered if she still wore her hair so long, if it still fell over her shoulders like that.

I don't know how to explain the way things used to be between Jane and me. There was a time when I would have said she was just another pretty girl. Then, after we'd had a couple of dates, she seemed more than that to me and we began to see each other often. I was 23 then and she was 21. We didn't think about marriage, at least not out loud, and maybe not even in the back of our minds. We had fun, we were getting used to each other. Let it go at that.

Then came the night when the whole world blew up in my face and there were the three years which were ending only now. She wrote to me a few times at first, but I was too depressed to answer and after a while she stopped writing. It was after her letters had stopped coming that I began to think about her. I never wrote, but I thought about her more and more with every month that went by until I couldn't tell whether I was making sense or not. I was almost crazy with the feeling I had for her, but I knew that until we were together again, I wouldn't be sure of what it was.

WHEN I picked up the little silver frame in my room that day, I knew I'd have to see her, have to find out if there was anything real about the way I felt, if she had anything left for me.

Downstairs, in the parlor, my father was standing at the window looking out into the street and my mother perched uneasily on the edge of a chair. She looked up when I came in. "I thought that tomorrow we all might go to Luigi's for lunch," she said, "the way we used to. Don't you think that might be fun? We could eat one of those enormous luncheons and talk and make plans."

I remembered those Saturday luncheons at Luigi's. We used to go often, at least every other week, just the three of us. Maybe that's when we were closest as a family, sitting around one of Luigi's tables, laughing and planning for the future.

But standing there then, the lunch idea seemed awful. I made myself think of the old closeness and the happiness and I tried to summon up the feeling that would let me give them the warmth they wanted. But the tall man with the gray hair and the woman with the glasses and the expensive dress were strangers with familiar faces. I knew, too, what my mother meant when she said "plans." I was sure they would try to push me into some kind of a decision I wasn't ready to make.

"If you want," I said, "but let's talk about it tomorrow." I saw their faces fall and knew that they were disappointed.

Trying to find something we could do and make small talk about, I said, "How about a drink?"

They jumped and I realized that they hadn't expected this, hadn't planned any way to handle it.

My father started to protest, but then he bit his lip and went off to the bar in the library.

My mother and I watched each other when he was gone. She looked as if she might cry, so I went over to her and said, "Now, don't look that way. Just one highball, that's all, to celebrate the day. Nothing to worry about in that, is there?"

She put on a brave face and said, "Of course, dear, it's a fine idea."

My father came back with a tray of glasses and ice and whiskey.

We sat around for a few minutes with our drinks, not saying much, and suddenly I had a vision of how unbearable it would be to spend the evening like this. I wanted an excuse to get out and I remembered the little picture of Jane. Without stopping to think it over I took the plunge and said, "If you don't mind, I'd like to find out if Jane is free this evening. I'll go and call."

My mother looked first surprised and then pleased. When I left the room to telephone I saw her glance over at my father and give him an encouraging little shake of the head. I wanted to turn and tell her not to get too worked up, that I didn't even know if the girl would see me, that maybe we would see each other and it wouldn't mean a thing.

I dialed and there were two rings before Jane's voice said, "Hello?"

I said my name. There wasn't any response and I said I'd just got back and wanted to say hello.

"I wondered," Jane said, "I wondered if you'd call me."

"I wondered, too," I said.

There was a long pause and I hated myself for not knowing what to say. I had a picture of Jane staring at the telephone, wondering how to get rid of me.

"How about this evening?" I said quickly. "Are you free this evening? I'd like to see you."

I waited and then she said "all right" in kind of a funny voice. Right after that she said, "Yes, I want to see you. Tonight will be fine."

I hung up, wondering if she were breaking another date, if there were some other guy she was thinking seriously about.

IT was still only six o'clock. There was at least an hour to go before dinner and I decided to take a walk around the block. In front of the house a boy was holding a dog on a leash, the dog roaming around the edge of the sidewalk. The boy was Harvey. He lived next door; I had gone to college with his brother. Harvey and I used to pass each other in the mornings, he on his way to school, me on the way to the office. He hadn't changed very much in the years that brought him from 12 to 15.

"Hello," he said. "I didn't recognize you for a minute. You look a lot older."

"Thanks," I said, "I feel older."

Harvey's face wrinkled up in an effort to convince me that he hadn't meant to be rude. "Honest, I didn't mean anything about jail. I'm your friend, honest. I rooted for you during the trial." Then he leaned toward me and said proudly, "I was there. Through the whole thing. I cut school to go. Two days. I caught heck when my parents found out. It's the only trial I've ever been to."

"Me, too," I said.

"Gee, it wasn't fair," he reminisced. "Nobody could prove the kid didn't run in front of your car. And you weren't really drunk."

Of course when he said this I couldn't help remembering the party and the drinks and the drive and the little bump against the fender and the scream from the woman on the sidewalk.

"No, they couldn't prove the kid didn't run out," I said.

Harvey was still going strong. "I guess it was just because you'd had a few drinks, huh?"

"I guess," I said.

He looked at my face. "Gee, you sure look a lot older than you used to."

I told him to stop saying "Gee" all the time, and he looked embarrassed and took the dog away around the block.

DINNER wasn't easy. Every time I tried to say anything my mother and father would stop talking and lean forward with smiles on their faces to listen to me. I got through it, but I was still jumpy when I got out of the cab an hour later in front of the apartment house where Jane lived.

She opened the door of her apartment and for a minute we just stood there. I was going to make some light remark, but when I looked at her it died on my lips. She was just the way I remembered, very fresh looking, long brown hair, smile, one eyebrow just a little higher than the other.

For a few minutes, before we went out, we talked. It was easy. She didn't ask me why I hadn't answered her letters or what my plans were. She said she'd missed me and she told me about her job and I just looked at her. She was the first pretty girl I'd been close to in three years. For the first time since I'd gotten off the train that day I felt like a human being again.

Outside the house was a Pontiac convertible. Jane jumped into the driver's seat and somehow it struck me that she did it a little too quickly.

I didn't really want to drive, I suppose, and in the back of my mind I knew that if I were caught driving without a license I'd forfeit my parole, but it irritated me.

We decided on the movies and drove across town and parked way over on the West Side. Then we walked to where all the movie houses are and went up and down the street looking at the ads until Jane picked one she wanted to see.

The newsreel was on. We saw people down

South wading through their flooded farms and auto-racing in Mexico. After that was a political interview and then came the feature, something in color with lots of music.

I turned my head slightly and looked at Jane's profile in the darkness. She didn't seem to notice and I kept on looking. Her hair was soft where the faint light filtered through it and the line from her forehead down along her nose and into her lips was clear and gentle. I had a wild desire to put my head down on her shoulder. I fought that off and then the feeling swelled up again, only now I wanted to put my cheek against hers. I couldn't see myself getting that schoolboyish, but I did reach up with one hand and put the tips of my fingers against her cheek. She turned toward me without speaking and looked directly into my eyes. It seemed suddenly to me that she understood what I felt and I was so grateful I wanted to shout, but she kept on looking and she did it too long. I decided that whatever she was feeling, it wasn't any onrush of love for me. It was only a nice desire to be kind to a guy who'd been through a "difficult time." She was only being a pretty girl doing her best to handle a nervous man.

THE way I felt then, I knew that sitting in the movies wasn't doing me any good. I needed talk and a chance to test myself with her again, to see if I could figure out any direction for the two of us together. Jane said she didn't mind leaving and we went to a little bar in the East 50's.

There we went and there we drank. Not a lot, but enough so that things smoothed out in my mind. I decided that I'd made a mistake in not keeping in touch with Jane. Before the accident, before the big hand had reached out of the sky and grabbed me and held me away from everything for three years, I'd been close to this girl. Maybe I'd been in love with her. Now I needed to be in love and to be loved, and there was Jane.

I got optimistic and decided that everything was going to be all right. I wanted to dance with her. I noticed that the waiter had a nice face. Things were lovely.

Then I remembered that I was no prize package any more and I gave myself a little talking to. Don't make a fool of yourself. Don't drink too much. Make sure that she knows you'll be back on the old respectable "have-a-job-make-a-living" road of life in no time at all.

I said to her, "You know, that night . . . when it happened, it was a fluke. I'd only had three drinks. I wasn't really. . . ."

She leaned across the table and put her hand on mine. "I know," she said softly, "and so does everybody else. Don't think about it."

What more can you expect of a girl? I looked around the chic little bar and wondered what all the people would say if I told them that nothing was ever as bad as you thought it was, that there was always a little chink in the wall where the light came through, and that you could dig away at that chink until there was a big hole and things were so bright it hurt your eyes to look.

We talked for an hour. I told her all the things I'd promised myself I'd never talk about, answered the questions I swore I'd never let anybody ask me. I told her what it's like when you put the uniform on for the first time, the things they make you do and the questions they ask you. I told her about how time isn't just a thing in the air in prison, how it's like a wet blanket that envelops you and drags you down and suffocates you and never seems to lift. I talked until I felt as if I were empty and I didn't regret a word of it.

All the time she just sat and looked at me, and smiled when it was right to smile and looked down at the table when she knew I didn't want her looking into my eyes.

Then I wanted to be alone with her. I wanted to kiss her, just once and very softly, and say something about what I was feeling. Do you understand that I wasn't going to ask her if she loved me and I wasn't going to ask her to marry me? I was bursting with the excitement of having found her, but I wasn't going to rush things. Just a moment alone, that's all I wanted; and then I'd say goodnight and go home, and tomorrow the world could start over again.

We drove to her apartment with the top of the car down. I lay back in the seat beside her and looked up at the stars and the big buildings. Every so often a searchlight would sweep across the sky and it was beautiful. When we stopped for a traffic light Jane would turn and smile at me. You've never seen a smile that lovely.

In the elevator going up she took my hand and whispered that we'd have to be careful not to wake up her roommate.

IT was a nice little two-room apartment. There was a view of the city and some modern furniture strong enough to sit on. I sat down at the end of the couch and watched Jane taking off her hat and coat. She put them carefully away in the hall closet and then she came into the room and looked at me. She sat down on the couch and she was in my arms. I didn't reach out for her or say anything. She was just there and she kissed me.

We held hands and we kissed a few times, and then the string of her necklace broke. Laughing, we went down on our hands and knees to look for the white pearls that had rolled about on the carpet.

I guess it was the laugh that woke up Jane's roommate. I heard a bedspring squeak from the other room as she sat up and then a sleepy voice called, "Janie? That you?"

"Oh, dear," Jane said softly. She called back, "Yes, Marge, it's me. Sorry about the noise."

I heard the bedsprings squeak again as Marge settled down and then her sleepy voice came drifting back into the room.

"That's all right, hon. How was the evening with the jailbird? Exciting?"

I stood up, holding the little pearls, and I put them carefully down on the table. The room was suddenly filled with quiet, almost thick with it. Even the sound of traffic from the street seemed to have vanished. I saw, in my mind, what it must have been like earlier that evening, the two girls giggling over the excitement of Jane's date, thrilled with the novelty of going out with a man just home from jail. I thought of the entertainment I must have provided Jane with my talk of prison life and how I felt about what had happened to me.

JANE was looking at me, her mouth a little open with the shock of knowing I had heard what Marge said. She reached out and touched my arm.

"Don't look that way," she said quickly, "it isn't important. She didn't know you were here. She knew I was breaking a date to see you tonight, and I told her about you and where you've been. It's not the way it sounds."

I didn't want to say anything. There was a cigarette box on the table and I took one out and lit it. Jane bit her lip. "I'll be right back," she said and went into the bedroom. I wondered what she was going to say to Marge.

I couldn't think any more and I moved as if I were sleep-walking. Her purse was on the couch where we'd kissed. In it I found the automobile keys. I took a look around the empty room and then I went out. In front of the building I climbed into the car and drove carefully across town. At 72nd Street I got on the West Side Highway and headed up for the parkways. By the time I reached 96th Street I was doing 60.

For a moment I let myself think about the evening and how wrong I'd been about Jane, and I wondered if the thrill of kissing a jailbird had been what she'd hoped for. Then my stomach balled up so that I could hardly breathe and I drove the wondering from my mind.

I suppose I took the car wanting to run into trouble, hoping to get picked up and have my parole revoked, to go back for four more years, to get away from the idea of belonging with people again and trying to decide what to do. I'm not sure why I did it. Until I heard the high whine of the police siren from behind me I wasn't thinking at all.

The sound of the siren broke over me like a pail of cold water and my brain started to function again. I saw, suddenly, a picture of myself and I didn't like what I saw. I recognized the self-pity and the phony dramatics with which I'd been consoling myself. I realized that I'd been afraid to face life and reality again, afraid to make any kind of responsible decision. It struck me, in a flash, that perhaps the casual remark Marge had called to Jane from the bedroom was unimportant, that maybe Jane had been fair and honest with me.

I saw it all and I knew, with a horrible, sinking certainty, that by letting myself run crazy, I had thrown away every chance for the future. The siren was coming closer and I could see the bright lights of the police car coming up in the rear vision mirror as I slowed down. Pulled over to the side of the highway, I waited for the indignant request for my license, the license I didn't have and wasn't allowed to have, and I waited for the arrest that would send me back to prison for at least four years.

There was a high scream from the siren and a swift rush of air as the police car passed me without even slowing down and disappeared ahead into the darkness. Whoever it was they were chasing, it wasn't me.

Fifteen minutes later I parked the car back in front of Jane's apartment house, in the same spot from which I'd taken it. I dropped the keys in her mailbox, knowing that when I called in the morning to tell her where she could find them she would wonder about what had happened, but would ask no questions. I thought of seeing her again, without a chip on my shoulder, without trying to rush things, and the thought felt sure and good.

A TAXI picked me up a minute later. When I got out the old house looked warm and friendly in the quiet dark and I unlocked the front door filled with the strange, wonderful excitement of coming home. I tiptoed up the stairs.

As I went down the hall toward my room, my mother's voice came faintly, "Is that you, dear? Did you have fun?"

I saw that her door was slightly ajar and I thought of her lying awake, waiting and hoping for me, and of the coldness I'd given her and my father that afternoon.

I went back and knocked softly. "May I come in?"

She was sitting up. The bed light was on and there was a book in her lap. I saw my father raise himself on one arm to peer across the room at us.

"The evening was fine," I said softly. "We went to the movies."

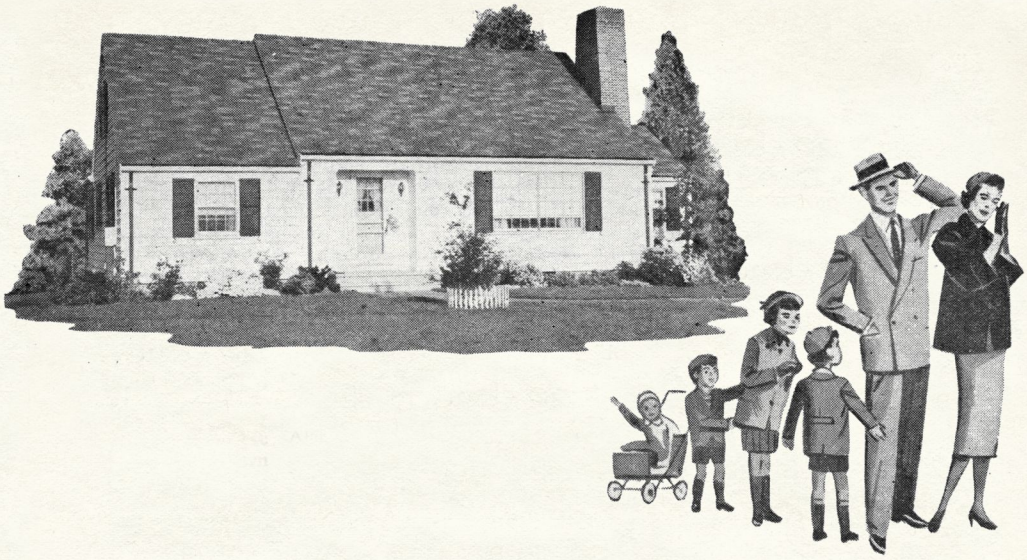
"Did you?" my mother asked gently and I knew that I had to say something more, to let them know that everything was going to be all right.

"I'm looking forward to lunch at Luigi's," I said, "looking forward to it a lot. We'll have a lot of talking and planning to do."

My mother gave a little gasp and then she held her arms out. I bent over and kissed her. As I was going out, I heard my father say, "Good-night, boy. Rest well."

I did.

—BY JEFF BROWN



Need a New House?

BY JOHN L. SPRINGER

Taking a leaf from the auto-dealer's book, many builders now encourage home-owners to turn in their old houses for new ones.

NINE YEARS AGO a young couple named Lillie and Bill Jenkins bought a two-bedroom house in New York's Westchester County. In rapid succession, three children arrived, and the Jenkins' dream house soon turned into a fine obstacle course. So Bill Jenkins started hunting for a bigger house.

In White Plains he ran into a builder who had just put up a three-bedroom house with two baths and an expansion attic. "Just right," thought Bill. "Now all I have to do is find a buyer for my own house." But he didn't have to. The builder agreed to take Bill's house as a trade-in, allowing $15,000 for it. With the $15,000, Bill paid off the mortgage on the house and had $6,000 left over. This, plus $2,000 of his savings, covered the down payment on the new house.

Bill's experience is far from unique. More and more builders are now taking old homes in trade for new ones, just as auto dealers take cars as trade-ins. The advantages of trading in a home are similar to those of trading in a car:

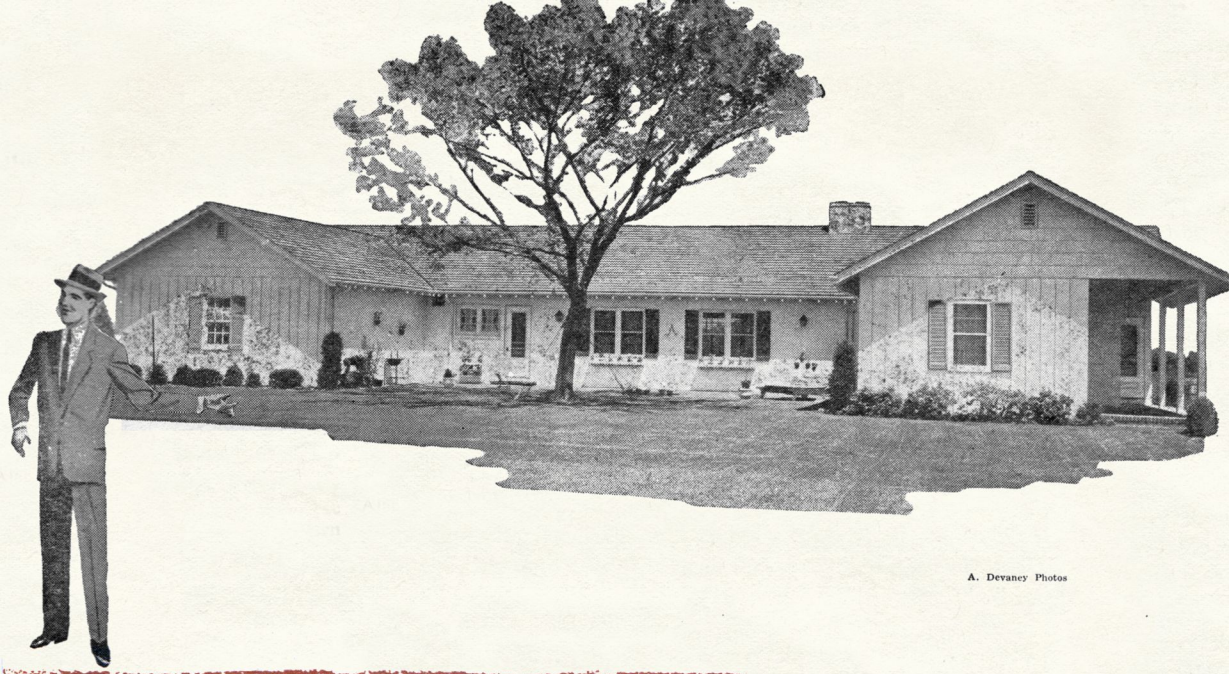
1. There's less fuss and bother.

2. You don't have to wait to sell your old house before you buy a new one.

3. You often get more money on a trade-in than you would if you sold your house outright.

The trade-in trend in houses is a product of the times. The average guy who buys a house these days no longer lives in it the rest of his life. In about seven years, according to U.S. Department of Commerce estimates, he's shopping around for another house—perhaps one that's larger, more modern or in a better location. Right now, almost half the people in the market for a new home already own one. And they have to get their money out of that one before they can buy another.

So, for the buyer, the trade-in idea is a natural.



A. Devaney Photos

Trade Yours In...

And from the builder's point of view, it's a good gimmick for promoting sales of new houses. People just aren't buying wildly anymore as they did following World War II. The builders, of course, aren't losing anything by accepting trade-ins. They often make a profit on the traded-in house as well as on the new one.

The trade-in trend is also getting a boost from the government. The Federal Housing Administration lends money on easy terms to the builder to modernize old houses taken as trade-ins and it insures mortgages on these renovated houses.

How do you find builders who will take trade-ins? Call them up and ask them. In some localities you don't even have to do that. A salesman will come knocking at your door and offer you a deal. In California builders run full-page newspaper ads and sponsor catchy radio jingles to arouse interest in their trade-in plans. In other parts of the country, builders are still reluctant to trade.

"Right now, I can sell every house I build," Jack Greenman, one of Long Island's biggest low-cost builders, told me. "My profit margin is too low to enable me to fool around with older ones. Of course, if selling the new ones gets rough, I'll do what I can to keep in business. But right now, I'm not that hungry."

A lot of the big developers still feel this way, according to the National Association of Home Builders. Probably your best prospect for a trade-in is the builder who puts up no more than a dozen houses a year and who is equipped to do a modernization job on your old house if that's necessary.

Some builders will take your house whether it's one or 100 years old. The newer houses they sell as is; the older ones they remodel first. For example, the builder who took Bill Jenkin's house (for $15,000) repainted the outside and installed an electric dishwasher and a new linoleum floor in the kitchen—improvements totaling $600. He then sold the house for $16,300, making a profit of $700.

Looking at the deal in another way, the $700 could be considered a commission that Bill paid to the builder for selling his house. If Bill had sold the house through a broker, he would have had to pay a bigger commission. So he came out ahead on the trade-in.

The problem in a trade, of course, is this: How do you know whether a builder's offer is reasonable? If you think you're getting fleeced, pay an independent appraiser to give his cold-blooded opinion of your home's value. That might save you a few thousand dollars—or it might make you take a more down-to-earth view of what your house is really worth.

"I don't know why," one builder told me, "but

an old house with a leaky roof, plumbing that won't work and wiring that blows a fuse every time the toaster is turned on suddenly becomes a pearl of great value when the owner wants to sell it. I turn down one or two deals a week because home owners refuse to be realistic."

Trade-in deals vary with the builder. Most builders give a flat guarantee for your house when you contract for a new one. If you think you can get more for it yourself, you have a free hand for 30 days. If you can't sell it in that time, you can always fall back on the builder's price.

The Liberty builders, developers of the huge Kellogg Park tract in West Pomono, California, try to sell your house at your price, even if it seems high. If they succeed, they take no commission. But if it doesn't move after 30 days, they buy it from you at a lower price previously agreed upon.

Milton Kauffman, who erects houses in batches of 300 in Los Angeles, will try to sell yours at your price for 60 days. If he fails, he gives you your deposit back and cancels your contract for the new house. This happens rarely, however; Kauffman puts his sales force to work on your house only if he thinks he can sell it at your figure.

Trade from Big to Small

You don't necessarily have to buy a higher-priced house when making a trade. Orrin and Grace Fisk had six children and lived in Newark, New Jersey. Eventually three children married, one son took a job in Washington and another went into the Army. With only one daughter at home and Mr. Fisk nearing retirement, their 10-room house was too big and too expensive to keep up.

A new three-bedroom model in a nearby development attracted them. The sales agent offered them a 60-day option on the new house which they could drop if he failed to sell the older one at their price within that time.

After five weeks, the older house sold for $28,500. Since Mr. Fisk had been paying off the mortgage for 16 years, he had to turn over only $4,200 of the $28,500 to the bank. He then paid $16,000 in cash for the new home and invested the rest—$8,300—in blue-chip stocks. The dividends each year will cover his taxes.

If you've paid off a big chunk on your present home, it's possible to trade it in for a more expensive one and wind up with extra cash. The trick: You simply swap a low mortgage for a high one.

Say you own a house worth $15,000 and the mortgage is now $6,000. You trade in the house for a new $20,000 model. You collect $15,000, pay off the $6,000 mortgage and put down $5,000 cash for the new house. That leaves you with $4,000 in the bank. Of course, it also leaves you owing the bank $15,000 on the new home's mortgage.

One trade sometimes sets off a chain reaction. Not long ago, Ken Stowell, a builder of Wichita, Kansas, sold a modern three-bedroom ranch for $14,750. To clinch the deal, he took a large, old two-story colonial, for which he paid $17,250. This he sold at a slight profit to a family needing lots of room, and allowed them $13,950 as the trade-in value of *their* house. He sold this as part of a trade to another family—and wound up with a cottage which he sold for $9,000 cash.

Even if you don't have a house to trade, you can benefit from the house-swapping trend. It enables you to get a sound, old house with a small down payment. More than half of all U.S. houses are over 35 years old. Many can be bought for bargain prices. Trouble is, you seldom can get a decent loan on an old house. Ordinarily, unless you can afford a hefty down payment, you'll find an old house hard to swing.

But let's say the house is traded in to a builder, who modernizes it along lines approved by the Federal Housing Administration, and offers it for sale. You'll now be able to get a 20-year F.H.A.-insured mortgage to finance it. That means you can buy a $7,000 house with a $1,400 down payment, a $13,000 house with $3,800. If the house were originally built under F.H.A. supervision, the down payments might drop as low as $350 and $2,150, respectively.

This reconditioning of old houses can help raise the overall living standards in the country. Says Dick Hughes, aggressive past president of the National Association of Home Builders: "Eight million families live in houses unfit for human habitation and another four million in houses that lack necessary health and safety features. The trade-in plan could be developed so that we could put a quarter of a million old houses back into new condition every year."

It's pretty clear, then, that the trade-in idea helps just about everybody. The owner of an old house can trade it in for a new house with all the gadgets he has always wanted. The builder makes a profit on the new house he sells and—if he's a smart operator—may come out ahead on the sale of the old house that he takes as a trade-in and modernizes. The government, through the F.H.A., helps put a run-down house into modern condition, thus improving the country's housing. The buyer of the older house gets a sound one at a much lower down payment than he could have before.

But what about the guy who has neither a house to trade nor the cash for even a small down payment? Well, the trade-in plan may just possibly work for him, too. Builders have been known to take such varied items as Cadillacs, farms and bulldozers as down payments on new houses.

Not long ago, a dentist showed up at John Worthman's housing project in Fort Wayne, Indiana. The dentist told Worthman that he liked the kind of houses Worthman built, but couldn't make the down payment.

Worthman stroked his chin reflectively. "Maybe we can make a deal anyway," he said.

So while workmen poured the foundation for the new house, Worthman and his subcontractors paraded into the dentist's chair for $3,000 worth of tooth repairs.

—By John L. Springer

make it easy . . .

After painting anything use old bacon grease on hands and wherever paint splashes. Just rub it on and wash off with soap and water. I found this much handier and more economical than using purchased preparations: it was also easier on the skin of my hands.

—Mrs. Gene Dimock, Dallas, Tex.

The "litmus paper" method is a very easy way of testing your soil. If the result is brilliant yellow then the soil needs limestone. If the result is blue the soil needs fertilizer; and if a greenish color, the soil is neutral—and most plant life will grow in neutral soil.

—K. M. Bain, Smithville, Tenn.

Do you have an extremely dirty, dusty attic, basement or porch to clean? Spread around a three or four days' accumulation of damp coffee grounds; this will effectively keep the dust down and makes for an easier, cleaner job.

—Mrs. Marion Wagner, Clinton, Ill.

The commonest cause of lumps under wallpaper is air bubbles. To remove these bubbles use a paint roller when hanging the paper. Another roller is mighty handy for applying the paste to the wallpaper. *(Other readers sent in similar Make It Easy items—Ed).*

—Sidney Blair, Lloydminster, Sask., Can.

To make an inexpensive garbage can, take an empty ten-gallon paint pail and paint it, then screw a large wooden thread-spool on the cover for a handle. Usually the only expense is the paint for the can. In California, where there is so much building going on, they throw these away.

—B. A. Holt, North Hollywood, Calif.

As a basement workshop hobbyist who keeps odds and ends in glass jars—nuts, bolts, screws, nails, etc.—I find that a quick, convenient way of locating what I want is to dump the contents of the jar into a metal cake tin about eight inches square instead of on the bench top. Cut a triangular corner out of the pan and you will have a funnel to shoot the contents back into the jar.

—Jimmie Spencer, Nelson, B.C., Can.

If you have a sagging fence gate or barn door that drags the ground when being opened, take a small wheel and axle from an old wagon or tricycle and fasten it to the bottom of the gate, so that the wheel will roll on the ground when you open and close the gate.

—N. B. Malone, Jacksonville, Tex.

When you purchase stamps, take off your hat and rub the mucilage side of the stamps on your hair. You can then fold the stamps up any way that you wish without having them stick together.

—F. S. Morrison, Tacoma, Wash.

Should you have one of those annoying blinds that will not stay down, and it isn't convenient to install a new spring roller, try screwing a hook into the bottom of the window sill—and an eye in the shade if there isn't one—then engage the eye in the hook.

—James Taylor, Nanaimo, B.C., Can.

Your sewing-machine needle won't stick when sewing plastic materials, such as those in raincoats, if you stitch a strip of wax paper into the seam. When sewing is completed the paper is easily torn off, leaving the seam unmarred.

—Mrs. J. A. Smith, Saginaw, Mich.

Wives, instead of throwing away those old coin purses, save them. Attach them to your husband's fishing hat. They make a wonderful carry-all for hooks and other things.

—Mrs. Charley W. Hoag, Laramie, Wyo.

Help the other fellow by passing along tricks and gadgets you've dreamed up for making work around the house easier. **Bluebook** ***will pay $5 for each "Make It Easy" published, but none can be acknowledged or returned.***

BLACK DAMP

BY TOM ROAN

Under the rotting timbers with a mountain waiting to fall on them, the two enemies suddenly knew they were lost. Then the colorless, odorless, tasteless death began to snake toward them.

FAR AWAY in the still-worked portion of the sprawling old mine a dynamite charge went off. Others followed, shaking the ancient workings, the echoes like a baby whimpering in the blackness and distance. Rock fell somewhere close by, old timbers shattering.

Homer Rodney shuddered. He pulled a leather-thonged gold watch from the pocket of his heavy khaki shirt. The back of his head was against the smooth rock ceiling, the light of the lamp on his cap shedding a yellow glow around him. Butch Lane didn't need to look at the dollar watch in his pocket to know it was four o'clock. He frowned at the new foreman, and held up his hand, thumb against the palm, his fingers spread as the sound of another explosion whimpered through the musty darkness.

It was "shooting time" in Sleepy Hollow. The miners had finished their afternoon drilling, had shoved in their dynamite sticks, and tamped them solidly. At four o'clock they had lighted their fuses and started heading for the side track and the man-trip of empty cars that would take them to the outside world. Behind them, the charges were going off to crack and shatter the coal they would dig out and load tomorrow.

Now would come the tramp home in wet and baggy clothes. The zinc wash tubs would be waiting, suppers on the tables. A few hours of sitting on the porches of their white-washed houses in the summer heat would mean the end of another day to these miners of the Alabama coal fields just west of Birmingham.

Supper would be waiting for Butch Lane. It would be waiting for Homer Rodney also, but here in this dead and long-forgotten section of the mine were two men who might never see the outside world again. Each knew that this was one afternoon when their wives would look longingly at the tall hills, wondering, fretting, maybe praying that no man might top the high places with his greasy oil lamp still burning in the metal front of his grimy cap. It was the old sign, the bad sign that something had happened, a fall-in or some other accident.

Lane knew the full meaning of their plight. Rodney knew it, too, but the foreman was not yet ready to admit it. Perhaps they had told him in school that a man was not to show his thoughts. But they were hopelessly lost in this underground of one endless black labyrinth after another. Around them, the rotting props that held the mountains up were covered with a slime of blue-green mold, their bent and broken cap-boards bearded and whiskered in gauze-like gray scum. The ceiling—which miners called the top—had dropped in spots, leaving great holes. One didn't dare to speak above a whisper for fear that the vibration of his voice would bring the rest of the mountain tumbling in upon him.

Illustrated by Dom Lupo


Dom Lupo

Hours had gone by since they'd first known they were lost. They had not heard nor seen a rat in a long time. Rats were the friends of man in the black depths; they told when it was time to go. The miner watched them even as he watched his dynamite. Rats deserting an entry or a room, often with mothers herding their little ones ahead, was a sign to get up and go. Go fast, miner, and don't wait to pick up your tools!

Homer Rodney turned slowly, a short, thin blond, about thirty-five years old. He pointed silently into the dark gloom to his left, indicating that the sounds of the 4 o'clock blasts had come from that direction. Butch Lane was slightly older, a little taller, dark-haired and heavier. He slowly shook his head, and pointed in the opposite direction. The disagreement was symbolic—the two had disagreed about almost everything.

RODNEY had been to college. Lane had only been through grade school, and each seemed bent on widening the gulf between them. Each had his following: the mining company was behind Rodney. Any number of miners from Tremble Hill to Gin Town, from Slick Lizard to Robber Hollow would sock a bullet in Homer Rodney's brisket—if Butch Lane would only give the nod.

Among the best of miners were those who had come up the same rough road Lane had traveled. At the age of eight he had been a trapper, one who opened and closed the door at the mouth of old Seventh Right to keep the air circulating after letting a driver in or out with his mule and strings of cars. He had done it all, from driving face heading to stopping the fast trips on the tipple. He knew all these people, their wives, children.

Six years ago when they had made Butch Lane bank boss, a name miners liked better than foreman, every miner and his wife knew that one of their kind was in the saddle. There was a man who had crawled on his knees and worked in acid water. There was a man who knew what it meant to dig coal sprawled before the face or the rib, one shoulder on his knee, then shovel it on his knees to load it in the low, one-ton tram cars.

Sleepy Hollow didn't need a mining engineer coming all the way from Pennsylvania to take another man's job. Only one man had been killed in Sleepy Hollow in the five years Butch Lane had been bank boss. Seven had died in Homer Rodney's one-year stay. Of course it had just happened that way.

Many shots were sounding now, each with its peculiar whimpering that shimmered through the underground. Rodney lifted his hand again. This time he pointed straight in front of him. Again Lane shook his head, and once more pointed in the direction he had pointed before. The foreman shook his head, lifted it, and jabbed out the wick of his lamp on the smooth rock above him. He pulled the lamp from the front of his cap, holding it to Lane. Lane touched the fire to the wick, and the foreman had a light again. He lifted the lamp and used both hands to get it back in his cap, a forefinger having to find the hole for the hook. Lane's hand simply went up, down, and his lamp was hooked in place.

"You don't get inside enough," he grinned. "You spend too much time in your shack on the tipple. The place for a boss is in the guts of things."

"I know you don't like me." Both had forgotten to whisper. "But we're lost and gone to hell if we fail to get our heads together. No one will know where to find us. We'll stay here to rot!"

Something sounded overhead, the faintest crackle that might have been thin ice about to come apart. Butch looked up, quickly, knowingly. Something groaned at that moment, yards away to Rodney's left. It became a slow crying of pain. A rock fell, tremendous weight coming down on old timbers wiggling like rubber, then suddenly splintering into bits.

"Wait!" Butch's warning was a low hiss, his hand darting to the foreman's chest as he started to bolt forward. "Maybe it's not in the textbooks, but the top's working right above us. I don't want it said that I pulled the mountains down on you."

"That's what they will say!" gasped the foreman, his face white behind the muck and smudges. "If—if you don't lead the way out of here!"

"Easy does it." Butch grinned, his voice a breath. He turned, and moved on like a cat stalking a bird. "Keep your voice down, *professor*."

Maybe they crawled 80 yards. There was no way of telling how far. They were going around this cave-in, around that. Years ago Sleepy Hollow had been a convict mine. English, Welsh and Scotch had contracted for the prisoners, paying the state a pittance for their labor. Down in this black hell prisoners had been forced to buck to it. They came up with a task of 10 tons a day to the average miner's five. One who failed to get his task had to face the whipping boss, and the 14-foot leather strap. Bucked down on a floor with a roll like a half-barrel under him, many men had died there, screaming and cursing Sleepy Hollow to the end.

ROUNDING a fall-in, they came to one who had not died on the floor in the whipping room. A face leered at them in the circle of their lights. It was a fleshless and skinless face. Here was death himself grinning through bearded mold, the head shoved forward and up. Shadows danced and darted in, out and around the empty sockets that were once eyes, the lights of the lamps of the crawling pair doing weird things in this long-buried darkness.

"Odd," whispered Rodney, a great awe upon him, "that the body was never found."

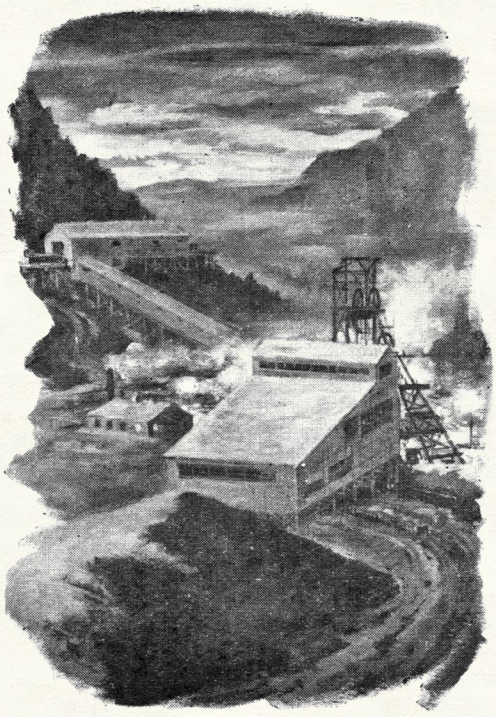
"Many were never found," whispered Butch.

"This makes the third one I've seen in my years here."

"We'll have to report this."

"And how," asked Butch, contempt in his eye, "will you find your way back here to prove it? I believe in letting the dead lie, and his people, if any are yet living, go on thinking he maybe made good his escape, and is well and free in some far and safe place on earth."

They moved on. Rodney turned his head to one side as they passed the grinning skull. He had started this fool thing, trying to do big things for the mining company. Butch had been stepped down from bank boss to track foreman when Rodney came along. Out on the tipple yesterday afternoon there had been an argument. By studying old blueprints Rodney was convinced that there was a lot of coal back here, in the many pillows and stumps that had not been pulled. In addition there were several huge and untouched beds, old entries fallen in, their secrets hidden behind tremendous piles of rock.



"And rotten top to think about back there," had argued Butch. "It may not be in your little schoolbook, but rock rots in a mine after the coal has been taken from under it and the air gets to it. It's only a death trap back there, and I don't believe in sending men into places to die."

"So that's it?" Rodney had chuckled. "You're afraid to go with me in the morning, Butch?"

"You're a damned liar!" Butch had snarled at him over the messy desk. "I was born here, I've known nothing but mines since I was born. Damn it, I was tasting coal dust in my mother's milk! Things come to you the hard way—things you'll never get in books. If that coal is to be tapped, then it must be opened from the outside—another mine entirely!"

"Then you know there is coal back there!" Rodney had been just daring enough to laugh at him. "All right, Lane. I'll take the grease monkey with me. He, too, was born here. He won't be afraid."

"The boy doesn't yet know enough to be afraid." Lane had groaned and settled back on a stool, realizing that he had been goaded into something no sensible miner would have wanted. "The boy's only 14, the bread and butter of his widowed mother and three more small children. I'll go—and hope for your hair to be gray from the things you'll see if and when we come back!"

They had found coal, apparently square miles of it, but they had crawled through hell to get to it. Sleepy Hollow was deep and wide. The black depths had been tapped originally by the one long entry. The face heading had driven on, trying to stay in a straight line, going up and down the gradual slopes found in a drift mine. Rights and lefts had turned off the main entry, the air course trailing, the rooms branching from each entry. Seeping water had stopped the workings in many places, the sumps too long and deep for pumps to make them dry enough to cross. Back here lay a vast fortune only waiting to be mined if the blueprints were right.

The sounds of shots ceased coming. Lane heard rats squeaking somewhere, and instantly stopped to listen. A few moments of studying the sounds told him that it was probably a family quarrel off in the fall-ins to the right and quite a distance away. The rats were not running. That was good.

He started on, then looked back. Rodney had stopped, leaning his right shoulder against a great lump of rock. His head was back, his mouth open, his hand to this throat. His eyes walled, a great sickness silently having come over him. Turning, Lane quickly moved back to him, grabbing him by the shoulder.

"You fool!" he hissed. "You fool!"

"Some-something's happening—to me," gasped the foreman. "I'm weak all—all over."

"Black damp!" Lane hissed again. "We've hit it here somewhere. Come on, damn you, I'm not going to squat here and die with you. *Come on*!"

It was like dragging a man half-dead for the

next 80 yards. They wormed out under a great ceiling slumped to the left, and found themselves in an old entry where cars and mules had once traveled. Panting for breath, Lane spoke again.

"There—there's something—of a breeze stirring—here!"

"I'm so weak," groaned Rodney, wanting to drop on his face. "I—I never was in—black damp."

"It's a gas you don't smell, you don't hear or taste it." Lane was recovering his voice after three or four minutes of resting. "You never know it's there until it gets you."

"You—you could have left me back there." Rodney was doing his best to smile. "They might make you foreman of Sleepy Hollow again."

"Damn you!" Lane snarled at him, face still drooling perspiration after the hard pulling to get the foreman here. "How much oil do you have left in that can on your belt?"

"It—it's light." Rodney fanned an uncertain hand back to his belt. "Must have used more than I thought."

"You lost the cap somewhere, that's all!" Lane sneered at him. "Didn't they tell you in school to keep it screwed on tight? And what do they tell you to do when you're lost?"

"I've forgotten, Lane. Don't rub it in."

"You need things rubbed in." Lane wanted to laugh, and lacked the energy.

YEAH, I know." The foreman leaned limply against the rock. "I'm sorry I was sent to take your job, Lane. Others warned me that I was coming to one of the worst hell-holes I could pick."

"They lied!" Butch Lane was quickly on the defensive. "Sleepy Hollow's as good as most of them. It requires only a man to fight it. Can you crawl some more?"

"Can't we walk some here?"

"Sure, if we push a million tons of rock out of the way!"

"I'm pretty sick, Lane."

"Not pretty, just sick." Lane laughed. "Another dose of black damp, and you're done. Head's splitting now, I guess?"

"Like beating hammers on my skull."

"That's black damp." Again Lane peered into the shadows. "It's like dynamite smoke. Get down on it, and you won't come out of it until you've slept about 12 hours."

"You've been down on it, then?"

"Three times on black damp. I don't know how many times dynamite smoke's made me sick. We've got to move on."

"Have you any idea at all where we are?"

"Sure!" Lane laughed again. "We're in the bottom of old Sleepy Hollow. Only God knows how deep the bottom is, and I doubt that He'll worry too much about a couple of dirty-necks like us. I hate the thought of suffocation. Never thought I'd like to be buried alive. Must be tough, waking up and finding somebody's made a mistake, you in a coffin, the earth on top—and nothing to do but gasp and twist and die! I've heard of people being dug up—"

"We could change the subject, Lane!"

"It concerns us here, I think. How's your religion?"

"I think my chances are fairly good."

"Then," Lane shrugged, "you haven't a thing to worry about! Go ahead and die while you're in shape for it!"

"You're hard on me, Lane,"

YOU'VE been hard on others." Lane's eyes were on a rat now, the first he had seen in hours It peeped at him with the bright-copper eyes of an albino from between two huge rocks. "Johnny Turner wouldn't have been killed a month ago if you'd allowed me new rollers on the bends. The fast rope that hauls the coal out of here from the side-track has killed a lot of men. I could never see that it would save the company money by not replacing rollers. When they crack and break they cut the rope, and there's always a wreck, a man maybe killed, and cars to be rebuilt. They've needed new bradishing over Eleventh Right and Seventeen Left for more than a year. Men need air back there, and you haven't given it to them. You don't murder men, Rodney, to keep your face straight with the company!"

"Let's move on." The foreman had sat up. "The rats are watching us here! Look—look at them!"

"Nice fellows to have around." Lane laughed again. "As long as you have strength and light enough to keep them off. But I've never heard of them attacking a miner. They seem to know him as a friend. That's more than most men know about each other."

"Anything will eat you if it's hungry enough!"

"That's goes for you or me if we don't get out of here. I'll bet you're going to be a tough damned bird to chew!"

He helped Rodney up, and blew out his lamp to save the oil. In a minute they were down on

make it easy

A DISCARDED coffee can filled with sand and wrapped on the outside with red reflecting tape makes an excellent warning signal when changing tires or stopping on country roads at night. Place the can at least thirty feet back of the car, on the edge of the road. The weight of the sand will prevent the can from being blown over and rolling away.

—W. Flynn, Orange, Tex.

their hands and knees again, worming and twisting their way around the fall-in, trying to stay as close to the entry as possible. When they came to a slight rise Lane got down to inspect a few old crossties that had been left behind after the rails for cars had been removed.

"I think we're going the wrong way," he growled. "The ties show that they were worn the most on the upper side by the feet of the mules. That means they were outbound with the loads here."

They went back the way they had come, winding and twisting, cursing in whispers here and there. Soon they put the entry behind them, crawling and struggling on. Lane was helping the foreman now, pulling at him, swearing at him. Suddenly they stopped. A groan came from Lane. He lifted a waggling hand, a finger trying to point.

"Look at him!" he croaked. "He's grinning at us!"

"Why—why, yeah, Lane! We're back to the skeleton!"

"He's waiting for us to join him! His grin's bigger!"

"It's the way your light's playing on it, fool! But—but look!" Rodney was pointing now. "God, there's a second one! They were caught back here in a cave-in! Maybe the entire entry fell in at the same time! Look at that awful mold!"

"Whiskers!" Lane laughed. "They've both got whiskers!"

"Lower your voice, fool!"

A GREAT sliding and falling sound drowned out half his words. A rat squeaked somewhere. Lane jerked his head around, and now saw that rats were following only three or four yards behind them. Little pink eyes reflecting the light.

Why were the rats following them? What were they expecting? What did they know? They were uncanny little devils, able, it was said, to tell when a ship was going to sink, when a mine was going to fall in. Did they know two men were going to die here? Rodney's words came back. "Anything will eat you if it's hungry enough!"

"Come on! We've got to get back to the entry."

Easier said than done! They crawled, crawled, and crawled. Rodney slumped a couple of times. Lane felt his hands getting weak and uncertain, a great weariness overcoming him, his head feeling as if it was going around and around.

"I—I've got it, too, Rodney!" he gasped. "Black damp!"

"It—it must be back there around the skeletons."

"Save your breath!"

"God we're back to them! Look, Lane, look! We—we're going in a circle that keeps—keeps bringing them back! The skeletons again! The awful, awful skeletons grinning at us! Look at the rats! There's more—more!"

"Shut up! damn you! I'm—I'm getting weak!"

"Crawl, Lane! Crawl! We—we gotta get away from here!"

They got back to the entry somehow, crawling, falling on their faces. The rats followed, each small face wearing a smirk—happy little devils maybe waiting for the end!

"They'll rob your dinner bucket," groaned Lane. "That's why everybody takes the little bails out of the lids. They'll lift the lid and rob the bucket, but I never heard of them attacking a man."

"Tomorrow," groaned the foreman, "is my wife's birthday."

"Some time," snarled Lane, "to think of birthdays!"

They were soon moving on again, Lane helping Rodney, now and then feeling a hand on his shoulder as the foreman tried to help him. They fell into a breeze again, and found themselves back in the old entry. It looked like the same place, but —where did all the rats come from? They were there, they were everywhere, in the dark cracks in the fallen rocks, on the sides, on the tops of the rocks—those little albino eyes looking, watching, those little faces smiling down at them, up at them, long and hairless tails going this way and that.

"I'm telling you," groaned Lane, "I never heard of them attacking a miner."

"I've read of them attacking in the old walls of Manila and other Spanish cities, Lane. Hunger has been known to make men cannibals—right in this country in the early California days! You should have taken a job as a coal digger instead of a company job. I couldn't have brought you on this prowl."

"You wouldn't have lasted this long if I hadn't come. You would have died back there leaning against a rock, the skeleton grinning and watching you topple over!"

"You're a mining man, Lane. I've never said you were not."

SOON they were moving on again, stumbling on their hands and knees, weaving, rocking, getting around or over the fall-ins. The rats followed as if thoroughly enjoying their efforts. The air grew a little stronger, and vanished entirely in places. They weaved back to the entry, away from it, and back again. Lane seemed to go to sleep somewhere, and awoke with Rodney slapping him stinging blows across the face. He came up cursing, not realizing that Rodney was now carrying the light on his cap.

"The rats are getting closer, Lane! They seem to be trying to drive us somewhere, Lane."

"Well—well, all right. They live here, you know."

There was nothing funny, yet Rodney laughed. They came to a place where it was like trying to scale a wall tilted backward at a 45 degree angle. Now Rodney was helping Lane, cursing him in whispers at the same time. In a moment Lane was helping Rodney, and cursing him in a far away voice.

"We—we're in a pull draft here," muttered the foreman. "Guess we're getting all the black damp in Sleepy Hollow, but—but I thought I saw light a little—little while ago."

"Your mind's going. You get that way just before the end."

THEY reached the top of the rock under a great, wedge-shaped opening. Over a sharp ridge and they were going down, slipping and sliding. Suddenly they were plunging their feet into black and evil-smelling water rising like ice to above their knees.

The rats had stopped above them, little figures on the rock dancing back and forth, expressing sounds that could have been joy. Locked together like two men hugging each other, Lane and Rodney were looking up, there eyes big and round with fear.

"Oh, the rats!" groaned Lane. "I'll never again believe they won't hurt a miner and always try to help him! The damned things are here to eat us!"

"No, Lane!" Rodney was beginning to sob and cry like an old woman. "My light went out! We—we don't have a light! But—but they're up there in the light! Maybe it's just something that happened, but—but maybe they've tried to help us after all! Look! Light of the outer world is streaming in on us! Up there! Through that crack!"

"Yes, light!" Lane's voice was a shattery wall of laughter, the cold water shivering him. "Through that crack! And—and the crack no wider than your fist and 80 feet high! We've got to have a light. This water's freezing. It—it stinks like a thousand graveyards! Something's dead around here!"

"It's your guts, Lane!" Rodney's sudden laughter might have belonged to a madman. "You've lost your nerve! It's dead!"

"You're a liar!"

He struck a match from a waterproof case in his pocket, and touched fire to the wick of the lamp from his cap, then gave Rodney a light. A groan came out of him when he looked forward in the glow.

"We've got to turn back! The world's fallen ahead of us!"

"There's a current here." Rodney was staring at the water. "It goes to our right. Let's try to follow it."

"You're crazy!"

"Crazy men have broken out of jails! Look! There's a hole, maybe an old cross-cut entry. Maybe a cut-through at some time to drain this side of the mine and finish working it when there'd been a cave-in toward the main entry! It's a chance, Lane!"

"Like a snowball in hell!"

They almost fought, cursing each other, but they moved on. The rats followed, keeping up an endless squeaking on shelves and in cracks above the water. Soon they were in water up to their waists with each step bringing it higher.

"It—it's a cross-cut." Lane's teeth chattered. "I—I feel old ties underfoot and see—see drill marks in the rock over us. But look ahead!" He stopped, pointing with a shaky hand. "It goes—goes into a swag! The top's lowering to the water."

"But the water's going on through!" cried Rodney, voice shattery. "They must have tapped a big cold spring somewhere back here. Look at the current now. It—it's beginning to whistle."

"Hell whistles, too, they tell me! We've got to turn back, Rodney! I'm—I'm slipping! I—I can't hold my footing! Rodney! *Rodney!*"

He went down with a splash, the last of his voice the scream of a maniac. He went down and under, his hands instinctively up, arms trying to wrap around his head to protect it. He hit bottom, bumping old ties, hitting rusty rails. He came up, striking rock, scraping along it, keeping his eyes closed and holding his breath. A pull hurled him up and up. As a dying thing too scared to die he shot into air, gasping for quick gulps of black breath in a black world.

SUDDENLY he was crying out from a new terror. Something had come shooting up from below. He thought of monsters, of long tentacles wrapping around him, first his legs, then his body. He was screaming, trying to fight when Rodney's voice came bawling through the maddening darkness.

"Lane! *Lane!*"

"Rodney!"

They went down, hanging together as if sucked into a freezing black abyss without a bottom. Somewhere down in the depths he felt Rodney about to slip away from him. Grabbing furiously, he caught on to the foreman, holding, clinging to him. Limp and near dead for air they shot up again, going around and around on the rim of what was like a gigantic whirlpool in the belly of the earth. Crying, sobbing in one last intake of breath, they shot down again, rolling, tumbling, tossing, each hanging on to the other. They hit bottom somewhere, were sucked along it, then were going up in another wild ride.

Striking air again, blackness still around them, they clawed themselves to a rock, wet spiders hanging on to each other and the rock at the same time. Rodney was the first to slip, his voice terror in itself as his cold hand lost its grip on the rock.

"Lane! *Lane!*"

And Lane went with him, hanging on for life with one hand, pawing for something to grab with the other. He caught onto another rock, getting his forearm around it to the elbow. Rodney pulled and jerked, a fighting fish of giant size making a last battle for its life on the end of a line. Lane was torn loose from the rock. A second or two later it was Rodney grabbing, holding on, saving Lane, and Lane the struggling fish on a line as the whirling currents sawed and pulled, whipping him this way and that.

It was Rodney who helped him drag up on a rock until only their legs were in the water to just above the calves. Worn out, too cold and scared to talk, they sat there, the foreman to Lane's left, each leaning against the other—two lost souls in a cold black hell, the swift water hissing, waiting for them with fiendish glee expressed in its furious whirling.

RODNEY finally stirred long enough to find his waterproof match tube in his dripping clothes. He struck a match, shielding the flame between wet hands. Their lamps were gone along with their caps. Wet wicks would have been useless if they had still possessed the lamps.

"It must have been a side-track here." The foreman seemed to have steadied himself. "It's as big as a mule barn. We—we've got to try to go on."

"Go on?" Lane whipped his dripping head to one side to stare at him in the matchlight. "Go, hell! How—how can we go anywhere? I'll die right here on—on a rock above that damned black water!"

"Remember that smell back there." Rodney was trying to laugh, the fool! "I said it was your guts! You're proving it. We can't stay here, and die without a fight. This water's got to get outside somewhere. This is what the rats back there were trying to tell us!"

"Rats?" Butch Lane stared with bleak eyes as Rodney struck another match. "You don't believe in rats! Two weeks ago I heard you arguing out on the tipple that they don't do a damned thing to help a miner."

"I won't argue that again, Lane. I won't argue for or against the belief. Maybe they were just excited back there, intending neither harm nor help. But—but I think I'll go on believing they were trying to help us."

"You're a changed man, Rodney!" Lane's voice croaked. "Maybe you're right, though. I got scared of them several times. You got scared. But—but like you, I'll go on believing in them, remembering what the old-timers say, the tales they tell."

"One thing's certain." The foreman was trying to laugh again. "No man living will be smart enough to settle the question. Only the rats really know, and rats can't talk. Now let's push on."

"Push on?" The match was out. Lane could only try to glare in the darkness. "Back into that damned water!"

"Back in that water. I'm beginning to think I believe more in rats than an old-timer like you. Let's go."

They quarreled over it, and finally fought like two old women trying to paw and slap each other, too weak to deliver anything like real blows. Desperate at last, Rodney grabbed Lane by the arm. A quick pull, and they were off the rock, struggling, hanging on to each other. Both were cursing.

It was a fool's chance, one in a thousand for them to get anywhere except to quicker death. They went down, whirled around and around. Rodney's courage had failed him when they came up. The foreman was trying to grab for something.

Lane tore him away from a rock. At once they were spinning again, going down and down. They bumped into rocks here and there. They held their breath. One fighting to save the other, they were dying for air until they were again flung upward and into it. This time it was like a great bombshell exploding in their faces. A world of light had suddenly been thrown upon them from the glare of a lowering sun on a rocky hillside covered with scrub-timber. With one still trying to help the other, they went down a spillway, then hard against a steep bank. Like two half-drowned cats snarling and spitting, then breaking into spasms of laughter, they reached high and dry ground.

Two men below cutting a log with a cross-cut saw looked up and saw them. They yelled something as they turned to stumble and claw their way up the slope. Peaceful oblivion fell on the wet and grimy figures before willing hands were near enough to aid them.

WELL, you're maybe not so bad after all," Butch Lane said when they grinned at each other several hours later, lying side by side in a Birmingham hospital. "I guess I've seen worse. I can't think just where or when right now."

"Just what I was thinking about you, Butch." Rodney was looking up at the white ceiling. "I had something to tell you yesterday on the tipple, but you made me mad, and I decided to make you wait. I've been made general superintendent of all the company workings out there. You're going back as foreman of Sleepy Hollow—or any of the other workings you'd like to have. The company doesn't know where I'd find a better man."

Lane was silent for a long time, blinking at the ceiling, then came out with his thoughts. "I still say we'll have to have a new opening to get at those old drifts."

Rodney grinned. "That's a proven fact after today. We've had solid proof that there's just no other way to get to that damn' coal, Butch!"

—By Tom Roan

man around the house...

BY
JOHN SHARNIK

Even a postage-stamp backyard can be fixed up into a pleasant spot for outdoor living.

JUDGING BY the ads for outdoor furniture and barbecue equipment that break out annually at this season, Americans are spending as much time in their backyards nowadays as they were said to spend in speaks and rumble seats when I was a tad. A healthy social development, no doubt, but one that I thought was passing me by. As title-holder to a yard roughly the size of a check stub, I couldn't see any way to squeeze a terrace of any useful proportions into the space without knocking out my wife's chrysanthemums (Lord help me!) or our one tree (which supports the neighborhood basketball hoop).

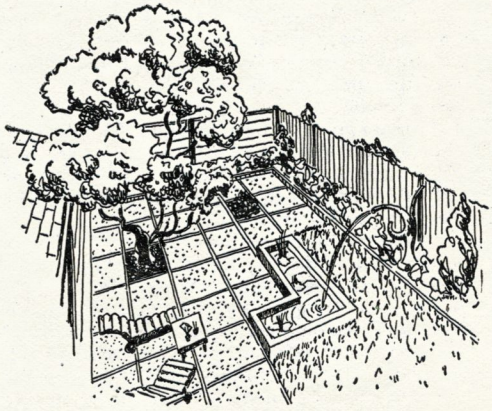
Nevertheless—can do, according to landscaping experts I've been talking to lately. The owner of today's typical small-sized backyard, they say, can get in on the outdoor-living bonanza as well as the squire with a sprawling estate. You do it by laying out a so-called "modular ground plan"—a kind of file-cabinet approach to the backyard. It not only apportions a neat, compact space for everything, but also reduces grounds-keeping to a minimum.

You start by laying out on a leveled area a gridwork of redwood or cedar headers—2″ x 4″s placed on edge—to form a pattern of squares, diamonds or oblongs. The headers should be treated beforehand with a wood preservative plus an anti-termite solution (your hardware store has both). The headers can be held in place by nailing them to stakes driven into the ground at various points in the gridwork.

The headers form the "compartments" of your "file cabinet." Most of the rectangles are filled in with one kind of terrace surfacing material or another—gravel, bricks laid in sand, or concrete (with the headers serving as a built-in form). An occasional square or double square will be filled with topsoil to serve as a neat, well defined planting area for shrubs, flowers or trees.

Besides putting your yard in order and simplifying the problem of keeping it that way, the gridwork system gives the whole area an over-all unified pattern that makes a small plot look bigger.

FENCING IN. I've logged a certain amount of time in sidewalk cafés overseas, but when it comes to outdoor eating and drinking at home, I'd just as soon keep my table manners out of the neighbors' sight. This kind of privacy, the landscapers point out, doesn't necessarily require surrounding your property with a head-high brick wall. In a good



GRIDWORK GARDEN may easily be created out of that cramped backyard of yours.

many cases, if you take a look at your yard from outside, you'll find that one or two short but strategically-placed lengths of fence will block the lines of vision into your "outdoor living room."

There are some new slants on materials too—the net effect of all of them being to screen your yard without giving it the grim, shut-in feeling of the playground at the state pen. There are, for instance, those Fiberglas-reinforced plastic panels that keep turning up in this department in one form or another. You can also use 1″ x 2″ or 1″ x 3″ wood slats, leaving an inch or so of space between them when you nail them—horizontally *or* vertically—to a framework of 2″ x 4″s.

One of the more ingenious screening devices I have lately encountered was built by a neighbor of mine, using a framework of one-inch iron pipe, with the uprights sunk in concrete. On the frame work he strung a couple of grommeted white tarpaulins that he'd picked up one day while nosing around an Army-Navy surplus store.

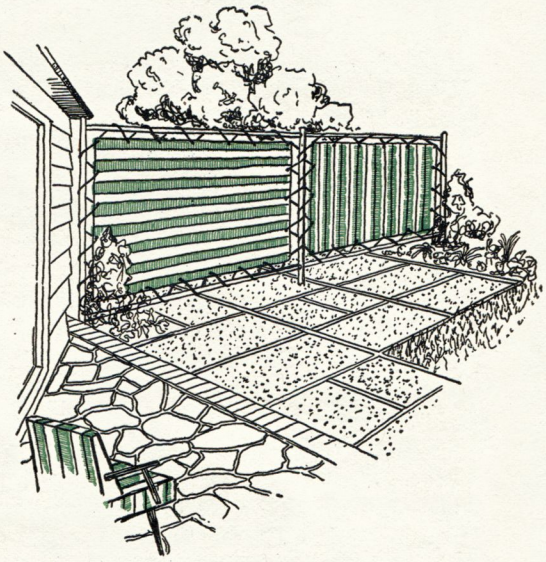
Incidentally, he made back part of his expense on the deal—the half a buck I'd bet him that he'd never find any sensible use for those surplus tarps he'd bought.

WHAT'S NEW. If your wife's pushing for some new kitchen equipment, keep an eye on the current trend in this field—built-in appliances. Built-in stoves (with burners set into counters and separate oven unit mounted in the wall at waist height) have become widely favored in the last couple of years. This year the refrigerator and freezer are also going built-in. They're mounted well off the floor to eliminate stooping, and are fitted flush to walls and floor to do away with dust traps. Also on the market now are special built-in radios, to mount flush into a kitchen wall.

Newest hardwood ply for wall paneling that I know of is also the cheapest. It's a mahogany-like wood called samara, huge new tracts of which have recently been opened up in Africa. At around 26 cents a square foot, it's only about half the price of most hardwood plywood. (Available at U.S. Plywood dealers in your locality.)

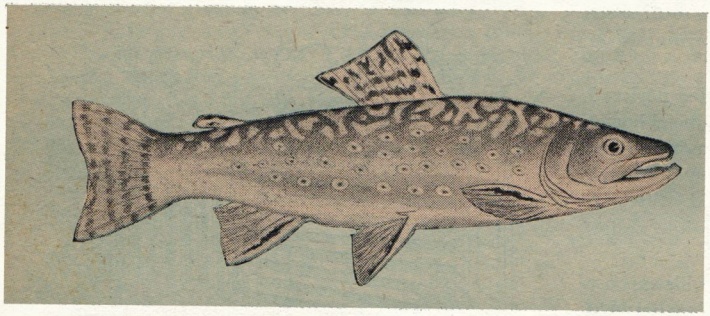
Chances are pretty good that if you buy a new house in the next couple of years, it'll be a prefabricated job. Leaders in the field, who expect to cut a huge slice out of the total housing pie this year, predict that within five years prefabs will have taken over the whole $15-17,000-and-under housing bracket. Meanwhile, the assembly-line building process, which used to be regarded as strictly for cheap housing, is also invading the luxury brackets: Prefabs are now being built carrying price tags as high as $45,000.

Uncle Sam is right in step with the do-it-yourself trend. The Government Printing Office publishes some 52 different pamphlets and handbooks intended to help the homeowner keep his home in good repair and get the most for his housing dollar. A newly released list ranges from "Selection of Lumber for Farm and Home Building" to "Simple Plumbing Repairs," "Insulation" and "Closets and Storage Spaces." Most of them will cost you no more than a quarter. You can get a copy of the new order list by writing to Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. Ask for the list of government publications entitled "Help for the Homeowner and Builder."



TERRACE PRIVACY ingeniously created with tarpaulins strung on iron pipe.

Angler's Almanac



By Robert C. McCormick

THIS MONTH'S STAR:

Brook Trout—*Also called Eastern Brook, Speckled Trout, Squaretail, Mountain Trout, Coaster, Native Trout and Red Trout.*

MARKINGS: Worm-like markings on dark background along back, plus carmine and yellow dots along sides, each surrounded by bluish halo. Easiest identification: square tail, plus white edging on lower fins. Average size in lakes: 1-2 pounds. Record: 14 pounds, 8 ounces, caught in Nipigon River, Ontario, in July, 1916.

HABITAT: Brook trout have been planted in cold waters in 40 states. In alpine lakes and streams of Pacific Coastal states, fish grow to larger size than elsewhere, except Maine. Since brook trout need much colder water than other trout to survive (70 degrees maximum), fly fishing for them in either large streams or spring-fed lakes is possible only in springtime. When water warms, fish seek deeper, cooler hangouts around underwater spring holes. Fish also thrive in small mountain brooks, in swift-running riffles leading to deep pools as well as in pools themselves. Undercut banks beneath low-hanging trees are another favored hangout. In larger lakes, fish for brookies with streamer flies along shoreline immediately after ice thaws. Switch to deep-trolled lures, deep-fished worms or live minnows in warmer weather.

HOW TO CATCH: Easiest of all trout to hook, brookies are nonetheless the aristocrats of the trout family. Dry fly purists wouldn't think a brook trout worth keeping unless he'd personally discovered his quarry in some tiny mountain stream far from civilization. Native trout spawn here in the fall, seldom grow to more than six inches in length. Yet they're regarded as a highly worthy prize.

Most conventional anglers, however, go after brookies in the more usual ways. Since brook trout have an almost instinctive ability to get hooked, worms (plus, perhaps, tiny minnows) are favored early season baits. Brookies feed avidly on nymphs, mollusks, salmon eggs (in the West), insects, flies, worms and small fish. Any artificial lure tied (or made) into even the remotest facsimile will take fish. Though their smallness makes flies (wet, dry or nymphal) or worms the best lures, brookies have been caught, both by spin and bait casting, on small plugs, spoons and spinners. Most times, brookies smash these midget offerings so hard that setting the hook isn't necessary.

If all this makes brook trouting sound easy, don't bet on it. Though brookies will take lures other trout would turn up their tails at, they'll still spook with the best trout once the angler is sighted. So, stalk these fish like an archer would a deer. To pep up fishing on dullish, warm days, switch to live grasshoppers, grubs or small red wiggler worms on tiniest possible hooks. Remember, too, once you discover location of a good spring hole in a brook trout lake, mark it well; fish will hang around all summer just waiting to be caught.

April Hotspots

Northeast: By mid-month, trout season will be open on practically every species, including brookies, in all northeastern states except Vermont. Best bet for biggest fish in early April is to go after landlocked salmon, lake trout (togue) and husky squaretails (brook trout) on Maine lakes as soon as ice melts and season opens. Earliest Maine angling comes in 10 southernmost counties, where season opens April 1 on Sebago Lake and other lakes, ponds and streams. Write Bob Elliot at Maine Development Commission, Augusta, Maine, for opening dates of other localities. Also check newspaper rod and gun columns for news of ice-out in waters like Rangeley and Moosehead Lakes, Grand Lake Stream and both the Allagash and Fish River wilderness regions farther north.

Maine's biggest rival for early lake trout and landlocked salmon fishing is its next-door neighbor, New Hampshire, where season also opens on April 1. Casting or trolling for both species is permitted after that date "through natural openings in the ice." Though brook trout season is closed for another month, good early-season hotspots for other species include New Hampshire's biggest waters, where ice-out comes first: Winnipesaukee, Winnisquam, Newfound, Ossipee, Squam and Sunapee. Latter also holds rarest and most beautiful trout that swims: the Sunapee Golden, which may be caught by trolling live smelt.

New York also may provide sensational sport on April 1—some 10 days prior to seasonal opening elsewhere. Each April Fool's Day, thousands of anglers crowd the banks of Catherine Creek near Watkins Glen to try for rainbows, weighing up to 10 pounds, as the fish race upstream for spawning grounds. Since excellence of angling depends on whether date of opening coincides with nature's own spawning urge, outcome of trip is unpredictable at best. If spring comes early, fish go up creek long before opening of season: if spring comes late, they tend to delay their trip. Another early-season New York favorite: lake trout in Lake George.

South: Angling for fresh-water species is better now than at any other season. Trout men head for mountainous areas of Tennessee, North and South Carolina and Georgia for some of the best fishing east of the Rockies. Good place to go first is Fontana Village, North Carolina, a fishing camp on Fontana Reservoir. You not only can fish the reservoir, a standout for warm-water species, but also are within easy reach of some of the best trout streams in the south, including the Tuckaseigee River system: Forney, Hazel, Noland and Eagle Creeks; and Nantahala River. Don't miss boat fishing for rainbows (5-6 pounds) in Lake Cheoah, just downstream from Fontana. Best place: below powerhouse.

Big news for trout men is that tailwaters of practically every TVA dam in Tennessee are being stocked with rainbows, brooks and browns by the thousands. Where to catch them: South Fork of Holston River below Bristol; Holston River below Cherokee Dam; Watauga River between Wilbur and Watauga Dams; French Broad and Clinch Rivers at Knoxville; Clinch River below Norris Dam; Hiawasse River below Apalachia Dam; Obey River below Celina; Little Tennessee River below Calderwood Dam. Try Doe, Laurel, Cassi for small-stream angling inside Great Smoky Park.

Georgia offers good trout streams and lakes in Blue Ridge-Cohutta Mountains. Recommended: Jacks River and Lake Burton, with its feeder streams, Wildcat, Moccasin and Dicks Creeks. Since mouth of Dicks is fed by cold, underwater springs inside lake, trout hang around there even in hottest weather. South Carolina, though limited in its trout streams to the three northwestern counties of Oconee, Pickens and Greenville, dumps more than a half million fish into the Chattooga and Whitewater Rivers, and their tributaries, every spring. For the smallmouth bass angler, these Kentucky waters should be good now: Licking River near Liberty and Salyersville, and Rock Castle River upstream from London (one of the best smallmouth bass streams for fly fishing in South).

Midwest: April trout story here is largely one of early spring migration of 8- to 10-pound Great Lakes rainbow up Michigan rivers to spawn. Though season is still closed throughout most states for at least another month, Michigan permits anglers to try for these Great Lakes "steelhead" in special streams each April. Best bets now are Betsie River below Homestead Dam; Thunder Bay River near Alpena on Lake Huron; Au Gres near town of same name on Lake Huron; Sturgeon River near Wolverine; Manistee and Muskegon, both noted trout streams. Fish rivers as close to the mouth as possible or try trolling in Great Lakes themselves near same streams.

Elsewhere, midwestern trout fishing this month is confined largely to previously-opened Missouri waters (see March BLUEBOOK) plus a score or more stocked streams in northern Illinois, where season opens April 1. Chicago anglers fish the Picasaw River near Chemung, and Rush Creek just south of Harvard. For most part, in this northern half of Midwest, April fishing is limited to bullheads, channel cats, yellow perch and panfish. Mississippi River waters along Illinois-Iowa boundary always have been a good bet for early season catfishing, and Lake Michigan can usually be depended upon for sizeable spring perch.

Farther south, most of Missouri's man-made Ozark Mountain waters offer excellent sport now, and the place to be during April is Lake of the Ozarks. Since this lake is man-made, the season is never closed on any fish that lives in it—largemouth bass, walleyes, white bass, giant crappies. Idea is to get there early in season while fish are still actively feeding. On Missouri-Arkansas border, Big Bull Shoals Reservoir and Norfolk Lakes should yield good catches throughout April. Other good Arkansas waters: Lake Hamilton near Hot Springs; Ouachita River, from its headwaters down through Lake Catherine to Remmel Dam; any of the 100-odd lakes inside White River Game Preserve near St. Charles.

Pacific Coast: It'll be pretty close to mid-May before there will be much trout fishing in Rocky Mountain states—but what there is during April should be terrific. Late in month, state of Washington opens its season on both trout and bass in its lowland lakes. Place to go on opening day is Silver Lake near Castle Rock, some 62 miles north of Portland, Oregon. There on opening day, anglers catch 3,000-4,000 rainbow trout averaging from 12-15 inches long. Nearby Kalama River usually has a fairly large migration of spring-running steelhead, but you'll need heaviest possible tackle to slow fish in fast-running waters. Other favorites of trout anglers: Kitsap and Bay Lakes in Pierce County; Hummel Lake on Lopez Island; Liberty and Amber Lakes in Spokane County; Loomis Lake in Pacific County; and Jamieson Lake in Douglas County.

In Oregon, place to be now is on Rogue River, where Chinook salmon fishing is just approaching peak, which it should reach in May. Gold Beach on coastal highway 101 is a good place to headquarter. Farther upstream, fishing camps around Grants Pass offer equipment and guides. Chinook are taken on heaviest possible tackle with most natives favoring copper or nickel spoons fished either from shore or anchored boat.

With trout season still closed, warm-water species are the story in California, too, and most good bass lakes should produce sizeable catches throughout entire month. Best bets: Shasta Lake, and Colorado River lake-dams on Arizona state-line (Mohave, Havasu, Martinez-Ferguson Lakes, and Lake Mead farther north). On salt-water front, migrating Pacific yellowtail should have swarmed all over Southern California coastal waters south of Catalina by mid-April, and any fishing dock on coast sends party boats out daily to intercept fish for sport long remembered. Striped bass angling around San Francisco Bay area should be better now, too, with most fishing just reaching its climax in delta waters of both the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers.

A BLUEBOOK NOVELETTE:

FRIDAY HILL

BY CHRISTIAN STEVENS

Buck fever, they called it back in Montana. Only there it referred to freezing on the trigger when you got a deer in your sights—not a human being. How could Larry actually kill anyone?

THE LANTERNS MOVED down the hillside like timid eyes of animals that watched a campfire from the darkness. As soon as those eyes close, Larry thought, the attack will come.

And I must kill.

The lanterns wove and bobbed down the hill, ever closer, and then the flutes began.

Larry tried to move his toes up and down in his combat boots. The cold distributed itself for a moment and then settled again in his little toes. He moved his feet back and forth faster and hit his fingers against the stock of his M-1 rifle. He tried to forget the sting of the icy night air.

It was impossible. It was the same deathly cold again. It brought the stars right down to you—not deceptive and meaningful, like the approaching lanterns, but as bright as flares. It was the same air that tightened the skin on his forehead while he was sleeping the night before—he had awakened from the pain. It felt like someone pressing on his face from two different directions with pieces of dry ice. It was the same cold that had turned Gratton's toes black on his right foot after they had run a long time. Your feet would sweat in those rubber boot-packs, and then the moisture between your toes would freeze if you were stuck in one hole like Gratton and couldn't move around.

The music from the flutes was louder now, and Larry could see dark shadows behind the lanterns. Close, he thought, but never within hand-grenade range. Dutch was right about Koreans. They drew out your rifle fire, then answered with mortars. That's what the men hated most of all—the only thing worse than the cold. The gooks were smart with the mortar, too smart for American hand grenades.

"Dutch?" Larry thought his voice sounded scared in the darkness. "You asleep?"

But Larry knew the sergeant never slept. "Yeah," was the answer.

"Tomorrow's Good Friday, isn't it?"

"Mmm. Whatsamattuh?"

Larry wondered how Dutch could lie there in the snow and be calm and relaxed without sleeping. He hadn't slept since Larry had dug in three days ago as a new replacement.

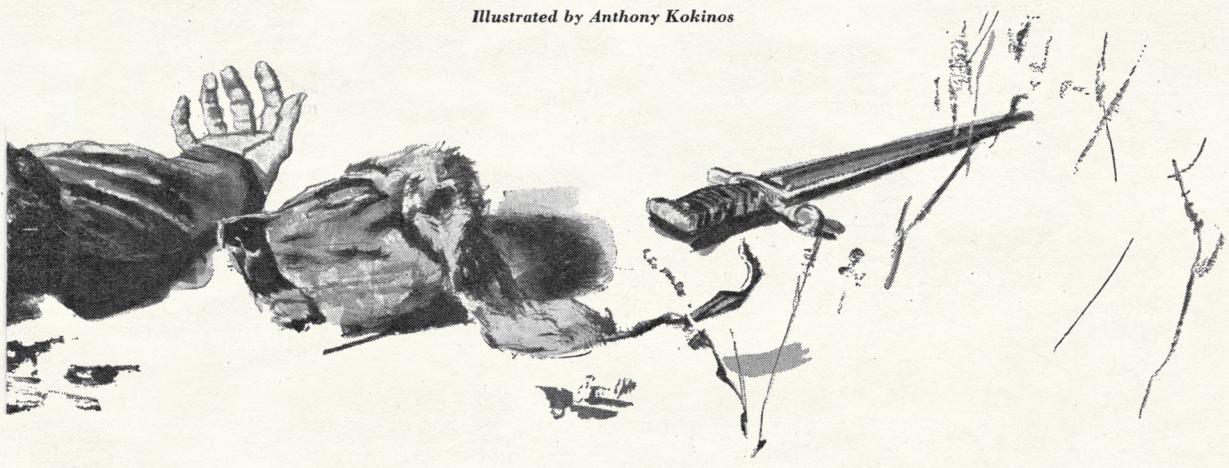
"The lanterns. What are they?"

"Gooks. Don't worry. Psy-war. They'll leave."

Larry sat in his hole and shivered. The snow had crept underneath his parka and once in a while some icy drops would trickle down his back.

. . . you'll have to dig your own hole in Korea, men, and dig it deep. Your home in war. It's your life or death. Dig it deep, soldier . . .

Illustrated by Anthony Kokinos



The rifle crack came from the left flank, not too far from their position. It had been such a wrong sound, so out of timing, like a target shot in basic. Larry recognized the .30-caliber report immediately as coming from an American rifle. He held his breath at the sound. It meant someone had lost the game of nerves and tried to hit a lantern. Then a dull *thunkk* sounded from high on the hill.

The lanterns still wove and the flutes played as Larry pictured the mortar's death arc, high, high in the air, nosing now gracefully to earth. Now! Why didn't it hit and smash and burst, destroying the night? The snow was black in the night until you smelled it and maybe tasted it with its thick, salty flavor of human blood. Now death.

But the flutes played.

The weird, hollow noises, sometimes squealing like a nest of field mice, formed some oriental melody Larry couldn't understand. It had been three days and that funny music and the lanterns, waiting for an attack.

LARRY heard the *whisch* first. It had been like that before, and he tried to think of some sound he hated more than that *whisch-whisch,* like a huge, cellophane sack being crushed with just a small opening in it to let out the air. The cellophane sound had made him shiver, but when the explosion came, it was to the left.

. . . whenever the mortars start, keep moving before someone zeroes in on you. They'll try to bracket. One in front. One in back. Third for effect. Keep moving . . .

He wanted to bug out, but Dutch just lay there in the cold. Somehow, Larry figured Dutch was right, despite the lectures in basic. Maybe basic had been right for some of them, but Larry just sat there, knowing that if he kept moving his chances wouldn't be any better. He just waited for the cellophane sounds.

Dutch cursed and turned over in his blanket, glancing at Larry. No emotion at all registered in his rugged, belligerent face, and his mouth barely moved as he said, "There ain't no sense worryin'. If it misses, it misses and gets the next guy. If it's gonna get you, it's gonna land smack in your hole, and then you can't do nothin' about it anyways." He shook his huge, grizzly head and started to climb out of the blankets. Larry looked at his watch.

"Okay, Dutch."

They traded places, and Larry winced when the snow brushed from his elbow onto the dirty, Korean blankets. They were covered with filth and there was still some straw on them from the Korean house where Dutch had stolen them. The maggots stayed with the blankets. Hazard of war, Larry thought. He'd read that somewhere in a humorous vein. Maggots weren't funny, though. They were war. They were part of Korea and cold and hunger and fatigue and injury and those mortars. How did Dutch stand them? He said you could get used to them.

The master sergeant sat like a gargoyle, wrapped in a blanket. Every muscle was still except for his square, stubbled jaw that moved slowly as he chewed. He wore his winter pile cap straight above his brows with the flaps down that made his head look even larger. He had once told Larry he never could wear a helmet.

The pile cap described Dutch, Larry thought as he settled into the temporary warmth of the blankets. He did things his way. All the tricks, including those Larry had learned in three days, had brought Dutch from Ardennes to a hill they called Friday, and he would keep going in his own way through all wars. The name Dutch fitted him. Tough and from Louisiana. A man of war. Larry believed this was how all wars were won; not by the rules, but by the men who turned wars into machines that they understood. Dutch was the kind of man who could blaze a trail of action out of his intuitive ideas of an enemy machine-gunner. He could lead a squad forward when the enemy was supposed to be zeroing in on that same forward movement, because Dutch had that instinctive, military psychological genius to know the enemy would try to out-guess him and fire behind.

According to the rules Larry had learned in basic, Dutch should have been killed the first day. He was tall enough to be the biggest man in Korea, but once when the gooks had spotted their position with a burp gun, Larry had never seen anyone become such a small target or move so fast as Dutch did.

Larry tried to picture Dutch on the outside. He couldn't see him in civilian clothes. It seemed he was born in field pants and an OD shirt. Larry thought he must have always been beady-eyed and hot-tempered and as smart as they come, because he had come all the way.

ONE time Larry had mentioned he thought the chaplains were right when they said everybody probably prayed to God when the firing started, and Dutch had chuckled to himself.

"An old fallacy, m'lad," Dutch had said, "that is strictly propaganda for the propagators. I have a theory that all chaplains should make expert on the range in all weapons before they're allowed on the front lines."

"They aren't all phonies," Larry had replied. "They're here, too, aren't they?"

"Aw, it's a crock. Lemme tell you something. I ain't prayed yet. What do you pray to?" Dutch had squirmed in his position to get a little more comfortable, his green eyes never leaving Larry's face. "Once I saw a mail clerk—as queer as a square grape this guy was—on his knees prayin' like an old woman when the Krauts were kicking our

teeth in at Ardennes. Just got down on his knees crying and prayin', and if he'd been fighting or even running, he'd probably been okay. Maybe he'd've even saved some of his buddies. Know what happened? They cut him down with a fifty so you couldn't find the pieces."

It was hard to picture Dutch as anything but an RA master sergeant. As Larry lay there, Dutch sat wide awake in his blanket, his eyes glued to the sight of the bobbing lanterns, making a wager. Dutch looked out at a mathematical enemy and bet himself the attack would come just before dawn to catch the men half-awake.

But he would be wide-awake and waiting. To Dutch there was no threat to democracy out there, no evil force, no enemy of Christianity, no ungodly infidel, no Communist warrior. To Master Sergeant Hiram (Dutch) DeRose, there was just a statistic, a strategic number. If it came within hand-grenade range, DeRose was ready to play ball. He was a soldier without fear. *He* was saving the United States and democracy and Christianity—but not from Communism. No highfalutin theories or ideas. Just plain man against man—and he was a better man. He was Christianity's warrior, this non-believer: the hero of this war. There was no other kind of hero.

He sat there and thought: "I could sure use a bottle of beer."

Larry turned over on his side and listened to the flutes. He knew it would be impossible to tell anybody about the way things went in circles. It was a game of bluff all day, where Larry avoided killing or being killed. He'd frozen twice, and Dutch had frowned harshly the second time. Buck fever, they called it in Montana. Only it came from "buck" or "deer" or even "target"—and not from "gook" or "chink" or "commie" or "red" or "human being" or . . . . Well, how could he kill anyone?

When it was all over, how would he be able to tell anybody about this nightmare? The barber who said to him on that last furlough just before coming overseas, "Take it easy, Larry, when you get across the water"—would he understand? A nice guy, the barber, but would he know how it felt to climb up and down those hills forever? How about his buddy, Steve, who went to Germany after they had split up at Camp Roberts and Larry had gotten the Far East? How about the history prof at college who knew everything about the Korean Police Action? Would they understand the flavor of assault rations or know what a man looks like without half his face?

Then there was Evvie—soft, ivory skin and dark beauty, a vivid warmth no one else could offer. Evvie on the porch when she'd said she would write all the time (he automatically felt for the small blue envelope in the upper pocket of his field jacket). What was she doing now? She had kissed him long and hard and would have done what they were both afraid they would do, but didn't. But could she know? Could she smell this stench and feel the maggots invading you from the blankets and the cold creeping in everywhere?

He thought: "You'd have been proud of me, Evvie. A lot of guys mess around in 'Frisco and Japan. Prostitution's the biggest racket there. But it's not for me, Evvie, no foolin' . . ."

From where he lay, Larry could barely see out of his hole. But a few stars glittered in the range of his sight, and he wondered if Evvie would look at those same stars and be thinking of him. He prayed about her every night. Of course, he never prayed around any soldier, but inwardly.

He started to say the Lord's Prayer, and felt himself beginning to doze in the middle of it. Funny about Dutch, he thought. Probably prays, too. Three days. They said if you made it through the first week your chances were good all the way. Yeah, sure.

He realized his thoughts had wandered, and he started the Lord's Prayer over again. This time he finished, and felt his lips hard with the cold when he asked God even to bless their enemies and . . .

. . . Come on you guys, tighten up those ranks! Now cover! I said cover, ya' dirty . . .

"What's that? Oh, dreaming . . . and bless Dutch and me and all these guys. And give us strength and . . . well . . . unity . . ."

. . . most of you ree-croots think this bayonet is something for opening C-ration cans. Well, I'll tell you what it's for. It's ten inches of cold steel for

Native Wit...

A FRENCH GIRL who was visiting this country was introduced at a party one night to an elderly minister who was about to celebrate his golden wedding anniversary.

"What is this 'golden wedding' you speak of?" she asked. "We do not have this thing in France that I know of."

"That," replied the minister, "means that this woman and I have lived together for fifty years."

"Ah, that is beautiful," breathed the French girl rapturously. "Now I understand. So now you are getting married, no?"

—Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Bluebook will pay $25 for each story of "Native Wit" that is published. Each must be original and none can be acknowledged or returned.

some gook's gut. When you guys get to Korea, you'd better know how to use it, because if you don't—the gook will . . .

It seemed like years since basic. He could almost hear the field first shouting "Stack arms!" or the noise of tables scraping on the floor beginning a lecture on tank warfare or the shouts of men at mail call. It seemed like at least a year. Larry dozed in half-sleep, remembering the names and faces and the boxes from home and personal, petty gripes. Wasn't it at least a year since they had been sent to Korea and he had watched his buddy stepping off the plank at Inchon ahead of him that first day? . . .

SHANAHAN, JOSEPH K!" the heavy-shouldered, Irish-descended kid in front of him had hollered, struggling with his pack awkwardly and trying to adjust an M-1 still in cosmoline.

"Twenty-fifth Division," a harsh voice had snapped back.

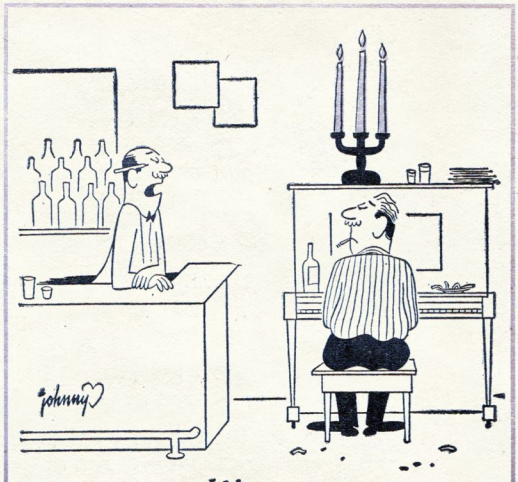
"Schubert, Lawrence R!" Larry stepped down. He was touching Korean soil. Just the day before they had looked at the hundreds of coffin boxes on the train platform in Japan. It took one day to cross the yellow waters. He and Shanahan had been together since being sworn in at Butte, Montana, only seven months before this, the dreaded FECOM. Now he and Shanny were in the same division of that same Far Eastern Command about which *Time* Magazine reported each week with a little black box on page one announcing the number of dead, injured and missing. It was good to know someone.

Going to prison was the only analogy Larry could form in his mind when he thought of those first days at Fort Lewis, Washington. But it was a prison filled with laughs. Everybody knew everyone else during induction, and the first few mornings, getting up at 3:30 was different and even amusing. Nobody took such a thing seriously. Surely, it wouldn't last.

But after that, when the men were split up and sent across the nation to camps from Fort Lee, Virginia, to Camp Roberts, California, the novelty began to taper off. Cleaning the latrine the first day was a novel experience, something Larry had joked about and referred to in his letters home as a chapter out of James Jones' *From Here to Eternity*. But it wasn't long before the men were moaning every time their names appeared on the duty roster. It wasn't long, either, before they had learned how to keep their names off that same detail list.

Then the list was read for Camp Roberts assignees, which the dark-eyed sergeant had described obligingly as a pipe-line to Korea. Larry, Shanny and Steve were on it.

They still felt like civilians as they wore their new uniforms on the train to camp. They played



"It's no use, Harry . . . You still look like a slob!"

cards and sang and stared out the window at the brown, sunburned hills of southern California. Trucks met them at the station and packed them away like cattle as mean-looking corporals and sergeants hollered at them. They joked about the whole thing, riding in the bumpy six-by's and staring at some of the new faces that had come on from different trains.

They arrived at Camp Roberts. "I heard this place has the biggest parade grounds in the world," a dark-haired, round-faced young man with red-lidded eyes said.

They stared from the trucks at the huge parade ground next to the camp street they rode on. It seemed larger than a Montana wheatfield, and when they looked from one end to the other the barracks at the far end looked more like small blocks of painted wood.

"They land planes on this thing."

"It's supposed to be about a mile and a half long, isn't it?"

"Bet it seems more'n that when you're out there marching."

THEY passed a company of men doing P-T in tee shirts and fatigue pants. Then they saw about 200 men in four groups and four abreast, double-timing in full dress with packs. They carried their weapons in front of them, diagonally across their chests as they trotted. Larry could see the sweat rolling down their faces.

"Look at that! It must be at least a hundred above."

During basic, the trio became closer friends than ever. Together, be it trouble or tough times, they learned the trials and tribulations of soldier-

ing. They had scrubbed comodes, pulled K-P, walked guard in 105 above heat, flunked inspections, missed Monday morning reveilles after goofing off in San Miguel, Paso Robles, 'Frisco and L.A., laughed, perspired and maintained personal, quiet wrath—but always together.

On their Christmas furlough in the middle of basic, they had returned to their homes with a new knowledge, seeing themselves as soldiers for the first time. Although their furloughs for the holidays had come in the middle of basic, they were viewed at home in a different light than when they had first left for the army. While they described their stories of training and preparation for combat, they detected a new respect in the eyes of their audience. The threat of Korea, about which they maintained a manful and flattering silence, suddenly brought Korea to Montana, where words were kinder, concern was more genuine, the drinks were on the house.

Returning to camp they had been snowbound in Idaho Falls, appearing on a radio show. It was Shanny's birthday, and they had won a fruitcake on the radio show and had shared it on the bus back to Roberts. When the gloomy, brown barracks loomed up on the horizon in straight even lines, their hearts sank, but at least they were together.

TRAINING was intensified in the second half of the 16-week cycle. Where they had lain before in the dust on the M-1 range, coaching each other for countless hours in the blistering heat of mid-September, now they crawled through mud and tried to learn mortar technique in freezing January rain. They ran the assault course with savage attacks on Korean-dressed dummies. They underwent tedious days and nights learning squad tactics and compass orientation. They vomited every time after running the Waterbury Course too fast during physical training.

The only feeling Larry had as the training intensified was an urgency about combat. He often thought they were not soldiers at all, except when they went home on a furlough. They seemed to him more like a pack of yelping, scattered, rebellious youngsters who had no more ideas about what war was than a boy playing commandoes in the backyard.

Their orders came down from G-1 the next to the last day in basic. Larry and Shanny were on the big levy for FECOM, and Steve was given an assignment in Europe. When the company was broken up, the commanding officer gave a short speech at their party. He praised the men for their efforts and said he was proud they had the smallest AWOL rating on the camp. He was liked by the men, and, Larry thought, the only officer they had seen who did any work or trained with the men. He was a small, be-spectacled man who had taught school in Oregon and who had been an enlisted man in World War II.

Larry looked around at the men he had grown to know. There was the colored kid with an Irish name, O'Connell, who had been the butt of a lot of jokes and had been in four fights the first week of basic. Now he was one of the most liked of all of them. There was Tabri, the Shoshone Indian from Nevada who had been stabbed by a corporal after coming back drunk and AWOL and upsetting the barracks. The corporal had received only company punishment, and Tabri had later been thrown in the stockade for coming in drunk again. If it hadn't been for the CO, Larry thought, watching the Indian across the mess hall laughing and joking with a bottle of beer in one hand and his newly-awarded expert-rifle badge in the other, Tabri would still be in the stockade.

There was Brayman, the bright, soft-spoken kid from Booker, Texas, who had rigged up a skit for the party that night at the end of basic. His wife was going to have a baby, but Larry thought his cheerfulness was a little superficial, because he was on the FECOM levy as well.

When the skit had ended, four of the men climbed up on a mess table and did a can-can. Two of them were Texans, both over six feet, named Junior Brown and Bobbie Joe Lee MacConakee. The other two were both under 5-feet-2. One was a Mexican who could only write his name and speak a few sentences of English, and the other was a Negro boy from Arkansas. They were dressed in winter underwear, combat boots, cartridge belts and helmet liners, and carried brooms at present arms. With this innovation, the party gained new momentum.

LARRY spun the bottom of his beer bottle in semi-circles on the table meditatively. He wondered about most of these men, who, for the most part, seemed essentially the same people they had been at the first of basic. Already they were forgetting as much of it as they could. Some were a few pounds heavier and had new cusswords added to their vocabulary. He wondered how long they would last in Korea. There were so many stories about combat, anyway. The first they'd heard in basic was that a machine-gunner's life lasted something like three minutes on the average. Larry looked at Shanny. He was the fastest mortar man in the company, and Larry himself had fired the third highest score on the M-1 range. But were they killers?

Larry looked around again. Were these kids —these young punks who mooned about after mail call and went down to the PX every night for a pint of ice cream and fought in the barracks over comic books—were they honest-to-goodness soldiers?

In a few days they were taking their 13-day-delays en route home before reporting to Camp

Stoneman, California. Their military occupational status numbers on bulky, mimeographed orders sheets read: 4745.

"Just think," Larry had said, "now we can legally wear blue piping and idiot sticks on our brass."

"Yeah," Shanny had replied, shaking his head. "I thought I was smarter than this. Brother. A combat rifleman in the infantry."

LARRY AND SHANAHAN had not been separated during the 22-day boat ride across the Pacific. They were on the same ship that carried them to Korea at the end of March, and both received similar regimental and company designations: 35th Regiment, Baker Company. Then they were moved up to a reserve area for orientation. All the men were talking about a place near the Han River.

The orientation was bitterly short. Larry thought about basic and remembered how they said if you didn't remember a lot of things, you would be hurting. He couldn't remember much right then. He went over the small items in his mind: 1) Keep your M-1 clean. 2) Move your feet a lot if they get cold. 3) Change your socks as often as possible. 4) Stay down low when the trouble starts. 5) Be able to tear your rifle down in the dark. Larry could still see the TI&E placard against barracks walls everywhere in Camp Roberts in bright colors, with the picture of a black-silhouetted soldier holding his weapon at his side while he knelt on a hill that was obviously in Korea. Beneath the picture was the slogan: "Take care of your weapon and it will take care of you."

Larry looked reverently at his M-1. He had fired over 180 for expert, all right, but he'd been pretty lucky and he needed glasses. . . .

" . . . and we'd like to be able to tell you more about this thing," the young, blond officer was saying. He looked nervous and scared to Larry, but then so did everyone else. The officer hesitated, digging at the hard ground where he squatted with a .30-caliber bullet in his hand. His face was pale and sunken with fatigue. He continued: "I'm sorry I can't take time now to tell you how they're operating out there. You will wait in the battalion reserve areas after we cross the river. We'll let you know when to come up. Once we've crossed, get some chow. Better eat a lot. We only feed before dawn and after dusk. You'll be assigned platoons here and squads when you get out there."

Larry's was the third boat across the Han River. He and Shanny had been sent to different platoons, but the men were still grouped together in the reserve area and Larry soon singled out his friend. Their first meal in Korea surprised them both. It was steak—better and more of it than they'd ever received in basic. Shanahan was witty in his dry, downcast aspersions on the situation as they ate and shivered in the wind that came at them from the Han.

"Well," he said, trying to get comfortable on a snow-covered rock, "we're still alive."

Several times while they were eating they heard artillery blasting somewhere to the northwest. "Sounds like we're pretty close, doesn't it?" Larry had said, finishing his steak in fast gulps.

"Guess we'll go up soon," Shanny replied.

They got up stiffly and started with a small group towards a line to wash their mess gear.

"First platoon wash up over here," a voice hollered a few hundred yards away. That was Shanny's platoon. He waved at Larry as a bunch of the men filed over a field towards the other wash-cans, while Larry stayed in the first line.

The men were jabbering and rattling mess kits as Larry moved along in the line. Shanny occasionally would look over his shoulder and once he hollered something about meeting somewhere, but Larry couldn't hear. A few moments later two, almost inaudible *thunk-thunk* sounds reported from a long way off. At first the line was quiet and then a sound that Larry grew to know too well swished by their ears. It was a cellophane sound. Two men, whose overseas uniforms were much more worn and dirty than those of the new men in the line, threw themselves to the ground. One of them hollered, "Mortar!"

Larry found himself on the ground. Someone had pushed him. His M-1 bounced against rocks at his side. He looked across the field to see Shanny and some of the others still standing, looking stunned and curious at the explosion far behind the rear area. But a second explosion followed immediately, and Larry felt his body lift off the ground as he saw Shanahan explode in three directions. It was a blinding flash and Larry lay there, his mouth dry with shock.

IT was just like that. A flash and a blinding explosion and someone he had known a long time blown to pieces. He couldn't believe it.

He saw the others rise and run to the field. Four others were injured by shrapnel and someone was saying: "How'd they get those mortars back here? Get cover!" It was the lieutenant.

Larry wanted to go into the field where Shanahan had been hit, but he couldn't move. He couldn't even get up, although he knew there hadn't been any shrapnel that had come in his direction. A sergeant kicked him in the leg.

"Get outa here!" he yelled.

Larry ran to the shelter of rocks, where other men were huddled. One was saying: "You see that one? Brother, right on him!"

"They won't be able to find his dog tags."

Larry still couldn't believe it. He remembered how good Shanny had been on the mortars. He knew the sound of mortar firing. How did it

happen? It was more than irony. It had to be. The weapon in which Shanny had excelled killed him.

Later that afternoon, when there was no more confusion, they drank coffee and some of the fellows talked to Larry.

"Too bad, buddy."

"Yeah. I remember seeing him step off the boat. His rifle wasn't even out of cosmoline. Funny how it happens. Three minutes and it's over."

Larry didn't say anything. He sipped his coffee and wondered if he should write Shanny's folks. The cup was shaking in his hand.

A few hours later the alert came in from runners who had excitedly told the rear CP that Item Company had been wiped out in a line battalion.

"Baker's just about gone, too," one had said. "Send them everyone you can who's designated to the 35th."

They had sent 20, and eight got to the line. The line, Larry thought. Line for what? Where was it? Eight had made it to a point where there was no more firing, but where were they? He was in combat now, he thought. But there was tomorrow or the next day or even Easter next Sunday. They give you steak, and if you don't get blown to pieces, three days . . .

He had been assigned to the third platoon, which was almost non-existent. The lieutenant who was one of the eight that had come through, hollered at Larry and a few others to head for the squad on the left flank. Larry didn't see any squad, but he automatically started to run when the noise began. Suddenly he realized the noise was the chatter of death that seemed to come out of nowhere. He dove to earth as though a great magnet had drawn him to the ground. Dirt and snow scattered about and he pushed his mouth into the cold earth, his heart in his throat.

Someone had been hit behind him and he could hear shouting, but he didn't look back. He waited for the staccato of the machine gun to stop. Then he waited for the silence to break again. When the third gap of silence arrived abruptly, and men began to run around him, Larry spotted a bunker and started to run for cover. Before he could reach it, something grabbed his leg and pulled him down hard into a hole. It was a big, tight-mouthed, grizzly-headed sergeant, who said: "If you wantah get your head blown off, just try that again. Keep down and shut up. Do what I tell you. I'm the boss."

Larry had two immediate impressions. This guy was big in a big sort of way, and this guy didn't wear a helmet over a red, mean-looking forehead and beady eyes.

"I'm supposed to be with the third squad," Larry said between pants. He wondered just where in Korea he was.

"Soldier," the sergeant had replied with a quiet drawl, his head down as low as his knees, "I *am* the third squad."

They had been in that hole ever since.

WHEN LARRY AWOKE, he realized he had actually slept an extra hour. He could see the first glint of dawn. Dutch was opening some assault rations. He gave Larry part of the cheese and cold hamburger out of cans numbered four and six, and they made cold cheeseburgers on crackers. They munched quietly, looking at the hillside. There were a few lanterns left. Dutch took the ammunition Larry had brought up from the rear area and piled it with his.

A haze from the east pierced the iron-colored sky so that you could see moving shadows on the hillside. The shadows still were out of hand-grenade range, and seemed to grow farther back as the sky grew brighter.

When they finished eating, Dutch rolled over on his back and peered behind him to the right. Three others who had made it to the squad position with Larry were sitting in a hole close to them. One was a BAR man, one an ammo-carrier and the third a rifleman who had been a machine-gun assistant until the gunner was killed.

The master sergeant made a motion with his hands. One of the men waved back and Dutch turned to Larry:

"Well, they're up, anyways. Figure that BAR should come in handy while we're waiting for the sign to bug out."

"Do you mean back up?"

"The lieutenant won't hold if it's a big one. And it probably will be. Gooks are funny, though. They send out a phony jump lots of times and then back it up with everything they've got after we've taken the bait. Happened a lot at Hungnam. A green commander'll fall fer it every time. I can generally smell 'em out. When they send a fake attack first it's always a lot smaller than if they were launching a real attack with a small outfit. You can smell 'em comin'."

make it easy

DOES YOUR DOG get lonesome when left alone at home? After a period of time, does he disturb the neighbors with his whining and barking? If this is true, have a neighbor "call" the dog. The ring of the telephone is a familiar sound and will quiet him.

—*Jim Hontas, Canton, O.*

"What happens if our officers fall for it?" Larry asked.

• "Them? They prob'ly will," Dutch replied coolly. "We watch a while, then hall on out."

"Retreat?"

A slow smile crossed Dutch's dark face. "You ain't been readin' your *Stripes,* lad," he said. "Ain't yah heard? We don't retreat, we advance in the other direction. But lieutenants or no lieutenants, unless we're told to hold we'll have to bug out. We're the only squad on this flank and the CP knows it."

Dutch took his M-1 out of its sheath. He always carried it in a cloth half-cover, like a fishing rod. The rifle was an exceptional piece, and if it hadn't been in constant use during the past week, would have looked brand new to Larry. Everybody in Korea, he thought, had something unique of his own. With Dutch it was that pile cap with the flaps down and an M-1 in top shape. The sergeant's face reflected an interest that excluded Korea entirely as he carefully scrutinized the sight and chamber of his weapon. He gingerly brushed away mud from the bolt and adjusted a clip as though he were tinkering with the parts of a Ford in a garage somewhere in Shreveport.

"Wish we'd get some sun around here," Larry said, distracted again by the cold. Dutch snorted. Larry could feel the cheeseburger in his stomach, hard and cold. He shivered.

"It'll be warm enough pretty soon," Dutch said finally. Then, as though he were describing the function of a fuel pump, he explained that the attack would come soon, probably in the darkest side of dawn, because the flutes had been quiet for 10 minutes. The sky had already turned a drab yellow in back of them.

Dutch had explained it without looking from his sight, but Larry felt the impact of the truth in the way he said it. He meant it—really meant it—because it was experience talking. It was a past of violence filled with waiting in cold foxholes and eating cold cheeseburgers and keeping an M-1 in good order. But the quiet. Tension, Larry thought, then battle. Out of battle by tension, quiet is born. Like that. A simple circle when you came down to it. You ran around in a circle until you, too, were quiet.

SOMETIMES he wondered where the pattern was that you read about in newspaper accounts and novels. Where did writers get their geographical data and information on locale? Where were the illustrated orders? He had heard someone say that wide river behind them was the Han. But if Dutch hadn't explained in the three days they had been in that hole that they were part of a scheme, he wouldn't have known one hill from another. And then he didn't know how Dutch knew. They were what was left of a squad in a weak, third platoon that was theoretically covering the left flank of a patrolling outpost. Dutch had said their company was supposed to be two miles ahead of the main line of resistance, but that this line had been severed shortly after Larry and the three men in the other hole had arrived. There had been no word from the battalion CP since. That meant, Dutch explained, that they were cut off.

The only thing that Larry was sure of was that there was an enemy in front of them on a hill somewhere in Korea. If they were trapped it didn't really matter at that moment, because the enemy in front was supposed to attack.

Dutch's resolve made Larry feel strangely anxious. He was convinced that Dutch was right, but he didn't know why. Perhaps it was because he knew the sergeant wasn't thinking about a girl back home or a civilian job or a new car. He didn't care if the Yankees beat the Dodgers. He was interested in a piece of metal and wood that weighed 10 pounds and was capable of issuing sudden death. It had a clean barrel and operated perfectly when kept in a cloth sheath. It was an invention of man that made Dutch's job possible: to kill. He knew it well. So Dutch was correct if anybody was correct.

LARRY'S anxiety was replaced by another feeling. The clouds were brighter now, and a gray mist hung over the hills. Like those few moments before a rain, there was a stillness in the air when everything was absolutely silent. Larry could hear his watch ticking, but he didn't dare breathe or even look away from the hill at his wrist. He felt the sweat at the back of his neck beneath his parka. Dutch's eyes scanned the hill, like a bird-dog spotting prey. There was no cold in that moment when time had stopped and silence deafened them.

And then it came.

Hundreds of small, brown bodies rose out of the hill like plants growing rapidly before Larry's eyes. Suddenly they came together as a body, storming in an endless, human wave over small slopes on the side of the hill. Larry could see more to the extreme right, and even more beyond that. There may have been shouting, but all he could hear was the immediate response of 50's and 30's hammering at the enemy. The brown forms came on, flowing over a muddy, slippery ridge like thousands of panicky, defenseless, maniacal insects. They darted in and out of each other, and now Larry definitely could hear shouts and cries and "Sha! Sha!"

The BAR began to speak from the other hole. Larry automatically turned his head in that direction, and then caught a glimpse of Dutch. The master sergeant was raising the clean, black barrel level with his eye. In that flashing glance, Larry had noted that Dutch had neatly folded the sheath and tucked it beneath his cartridge belt.

Larry started the Lord's Prayer. At the end he asked God to bless their enemies.

There were other noises. Larry realized the mass of ragged, filthy men hurling themselves down the slope were shouting in unison, but the cry was one massive shriek of death. Larry looked to his far right. A machine-gun cross-fire was spitting tracers in the half-light, forming a crazy, fire-glowing pattern that covered everything from one to 10 feet above the ground. Bodies fell like charred tree stumps, toppling against each other . . . charcoal bodies against a glowing coal sky and sparks everywhere. The sparks cut into charcoal.

The mortars began. This time they were from behind Larry, and the explosions began to show on the hillsides; first a puff of smoke among a mass of scattering brown men, and then a few moments later the sound of the explosion.

Larry gritted his teeth and unlocked his M-1. It should have been unlocked three days before this, he told himself, pretending to get into a position. He felt Dutch watching him. He didn't look back, but he knew the sergeant's eyes had left the enemy for the first time, and were focusing on him.

Still the bodies came. Yet they never really seemed to get there. It looked as if huge lines of them were being cut down. They stumbled and yelled and crawled forward. They stopped and screamed and then started towards you again. But they were always cut down again, too. They fell in illogical, comical ways, as though they were trying to deceive you, getting ready to creep towards you and infiltrate your lines. Only since the BAR had opened up had there been any fire in their direction, and then it was way off.

LARRY spotted a gook who was crouching low in the morning shadows. He was apart from the others and out of the machine-gun cross-fire. He crouched like a small boy, feet apart and heels flat on the ground. A weapon rested against his knee.

Without thinking of measuring, Larry knew he was exactly 85 yards away. The machine-guns fired to the right, but an M-1 could pick him off simply. On the button. For sure. He knew he couldn't miss, and was Dutch watching? He wasn't sure why, but he had to get it over with.

He raised the M-1. Evvie flashed into his mind, but instead of remaining, she drifted into the background of a large pasted target that they train you with in basic. A human bull's eye rested on top of his front sight.

The gook didn't move. He sat, peering in Larry's direction without seeing, like a squirrel.

Aim . . . breath . . . hold it . . . squeeze. No. Again. Aim . . . breath . . . breath again . . . now hold it . . . that's it . . . squeeze . . . squeeze . . . remember that swollen lip and the noise and kick the first time in the prone position on the range? There's the sight picture . . . perfect . . . now squeeze . . .

Larry couldn't fire. He looked at the sergeant. Maybe Dutch hadn't seen that. The noise of voices was drowned in a tremendous volley of light and heavy machine-guns setting up a central line of fire. But then a roar that seemed to drown everything else out made the ground vibrate behind them. Dutch spun around, his head low, and the straight line that was his mouth turned slightly upwards at one corner. He said in a queer, menacing tone: "Quad fifties."

The rifle shots that had deafened their ears before sounded like popguns when the quads started. Larry wanted to get up and look at the results, but he remembered Dutch had said: "Show yourself and you're dead."

Now Dutch was shouting and making a hand signal and the BAR team ran in short spurts farther to the right front. The quads kept it up from newly-established truck positions, spitting death faster than any man could really calculate. The anti-tank machine-guns, Dutch had said, were the best weapons in Korea when all four barrels were turned on personnel.

As the firing tapered, Larry could see the enemy through long streaks of mist and smoke. They were not coming in any more, but fell back in panic and disorganization. The quad 50's fired only spasmodically as gooks jutted in and out of small crevices and behind rocks. Some still tried to come forward on their flank. But it was over.

"Real thing," Dutch said, looking away from the hot barrel of his weapon at the BAR team. "Take it easy on that, y' hear? There'll be a second wave." One of the men nodded. Dutch gave Larry two bandoleers and a box of ammo. "Take this over to them," he said, "and stay low."

No one was firing on the left flank now, and the only noise was an occasional rifle report. Larry crawled with his chin hugging the snow. He didn't notice the sting of the cold on his wrists any more.

The three men looked scared to Larry. They didn't say anything when he slid into their hole.

"How many over there?" one asked. He was a young, pimply-faced kid with glasses and a high forehead. He talked like a Midwesterner.

"The sarge and me." Larry felt strangely older than these men, who had fired steadily during the attack when he hadn't fired a shot. Then it dawned on him why. They were still scared. It felt strange to see that, because Larry realized he hadn't been afraid ever since the attack began. He had buck fever and couldn't squeeze the trigger when these men fired easily from the start. But it wasn't fear. He realized it was something else, because he wasn't afraid to die.

"You guys hear the sarge about the BAR?" he asked. They nodded.

"How long you been in that hole, buddy?"

"Three days."

"Yeah," one of them said, "I remember you were the fourth one sent over with us. Is that sergeant our squad leader?"

"Yup."

"Hope he knows his stuff."

"He does. He said to clean the weapon. I gotta get back."

Funny, he thought, there were a few times in combat—and that was during the showdowns—when men forgot to talk about women.

He crawled back to his hole and saw Dutch working on his rifle again. He wondered if the sergeant had meant they would not go anywhere, no matter how many attacks there were. CP or no CP, he thought, they were meant to hold the left flank. There was a sort of picture to it after all, and Larry had seen it by crawling a few feet to another hole and looking at the fear in the faces of recruits who worried about being leaderless.

"Gooks aren't like the Germans," Dutch said. "But they'll be back for more. Bound to be a second wave."

Larry settled in the hole. He was quiet for a long time. Finally he said: "Dutch—you know my rifle barrel's cold?"

"Yeah."

"Just can't let go. You ever get like that?"

Dutch's eyes scanned the crevices of the hills where bodies lay strewn across white and mud-brown patches of terrain. He looked at the big hill and said very quietly:

"You'll let go."

THEY WAITED in the snow all morning, but the second wave didn't come. A runner told them the lieutenant had been hit, but that contact had been made with the battalion CP.

"As soon as they can check the cut-off for ambush," the runner said, "they're coming up."

"Where'd those quad fifties come from?" Dutch asked.

"They were sent up when the noise started," the runner answered. "They've started to advance in the rear."

"About time."

They kicked their toes together the rest of the morning and tried to talk away the cold. When others heard the word that the battalion was moving, there were a couple of shouts across the hills and a few wisecracks. The three other men came over to their hole and started a gas fire. They huddled around to keep warm. The master sergeant made one of them keep post all the time, but they all felt better as the afternoon wore on.

Larry was surprised once when Dutch's face broke into a big grin. "Reminds me of a broad I rondayvooed with in Germany," he said. "Heating went off in the middle of winter and we started a fire in her living room. Just me and her and the fire." The others grinned.

"I wouldn't need a fire," one of the BAR men said. His name was Kaplewski. He was from Chelsea, Massachusetts. "I wouldn't need nothin'."

"You couldn't make out with a gook camp-follower if you offered her a blanket and a fifth of Scotch," another replied.

"Sure wish I had a fifth of Scotch," Kaplewski said.

"Yeah," Dutch replied. "Any of you guys got rations?"

"I have," the pimple-faced kid said. They divided the C-rations and sat there and stared at each other as they ate. It began to snow about three o'clock, and as soon as the sun was obscured, it began to grow dark. By 7:30, the flutes were playing on the hillside and the lanterns appeared.

THAT night, Larry was half asleep in his blankets when he thought he heard Dutch moving around. He opened his eyes and looked at the seargeant, who sat in his usual position, but his head bobbed slightly. It was the first time Larry had ever seen Dutch showing any signs of fatigue. Larry thought he had been dreaming. He closed his eyes and a few moments later heard another noise. It was like the scraping of earth. He looked at Dutch again. The sergeant's chin rested against his chest. He was asleep. For a moment, Larry thought the sound was from a shovel in one of the other holes or maybe even someone walking around. Then he sat up in alarm. He realized it was the unmistakable sound of someone crawling very near-by.

Then he saw the gook. It was an obscure form, really, but it moved only a few yards from them slowly and deliberately. Larry concluded it had to be a gook. It looked flat and dark against the shadows, but Larry saw something else that the form pushed in front of it. That must be a weapon, Larry thought. He was too stunned to cry out. Suddenly the gook rose from the darkness. He held a bayonet in his hand and was bringing it back by his ear to thrust at the sergeant.

"Look out, Dutch!" Larry shouted. He leaped at the form. He hadn't thought of firing his rifle, which he had carelessly left resting on an ammo box a few feet away. He clutched a rock that had been by his face in his hole, and struck hard as he lit on the gook. Before the enemy could bring his bayonet against him, Larry had crashed the rock into his face as hard as he could. He heard the sound of smashing bone, and the gook fell backwards. A rage surged through Larry's body and he couldn't hear himself yelling as he fell on the form again. He held the rock in both hands now and smashed again and again at the side of the dark, Oriental face. The body beneath him squirmed for a few moments, and then fell limp.

Larry sat astraddle over the form, sobbing

with exhaustion. He held the blood-covered rock in his hands a moment, then thrust it away with a shudder. He stared at the pulpy mass in front of him and suddenly cried out.

Dutch grabbed him and shook him roughly. Larry stopped, looking into Dutch's eyes with a stunned expression. Then he turned and went to another edge of the hole and vomited. Dutch looked at the dead enemy. "Imagine," he muttered, "lying in the snow all day just to sneak up on you at night. Must have been playing dead since the attack."

ON SATURDAY MORNING word came that Baker Company had been reinforced and the third platoon could pull back when the word was given later that day. Although hill 705—Friday Hill—would be taken, Baker was to draw back to the reserve area as soon as reinforcements arrived.

Dutch sent the runner back and looked over at Kaplewski. "Those guys change their socks?" he asked.

"Yep," Kaplewski answered. "Last February."

"Don't get wise. You sweat in those packs a couple of times and see how funny it is when the moisture freezes. Tell those guys to find socks somewhere and put the ones they've got on under their armpits beneath their parkas, y' heah?"

"Wonder how long we'll be here?" Larry asked. He had found a C-ration pack and was opening some crackers and jelly.

"That's the trouble," Dutch said gravely. "Everybody wants to relax now." His eyes scanned the hillsides. Then he squatted down by the old communications phone that he'd had since moving into the flank position. It had been ruined long ago, but off and on he had tinkered with the wires, trying to get it to function. He jiggled the butterfly a couple of times. Then he slammed the receiver into its canvas receptacle. "This—!"

"Still dead?"

"Deader'n a blonde waitress I knew in Altoona."

"The Army," Larry said, shaking his head.

Dutch lost his temper. "What are we doing here, anyway?" he asked, avoiding Larry's amused glance. "We aren't fighting a war, we're playing games. The officers sit around getting shot or drinking up all the good whiskey, the Marines send home glory-stories, those half-wits flying planes bomb us half the time. All this telephone crap, too!"

Larry couldn't help chuckling. It was the first time Dutch had showed any sincere emotion and, issuing Louisiana oaths Larry had never heard before, the master sergeant kicked the phone across the hole. It sank into dirt and snow, and Dutch picked it up. He put it in order and started twirling the handle again.

"You've knocked the wires loose," Larry said, starting to rise. He was half standing when the shot rang clear in the morning air. It was like someone slapping his hands together a few feet away. Larry stood there a moment with an embarrassed look on his face. Suddenly his mouth sagged and he tried to say something to Dutch. Then he fell forward. He was dead.

Dutch looked up a moment, then grabbed his M-1. He spun to the left and kept his head low. Another shot rang out and the sergeant felt the force of a slug hitting the inside of his arm just above his elbow. He crouched even lower into the hole. Another shot whined as a bullet ricocheted beside him. Snow and dirt flew into his eyes.

He waited a few seconds, then spotted the sniper to the right—high on the hill at a range much farther away than he'd imagined. He propped his rifle on the edge of the hole, waiting for the sniper to fire again. When there was no firing, he tried to get a bead on the enemy. There was another shot and Dutch pulled his head in. He began to feel the pain again, but he took his time aiming. It was time acquired with the Third Army at St. Lo during the hedgerow warfare of another, smarter, cleaner, healthier war. He took his time. When he fired, he saw the gook kicked backwards by the force of the shot. Dutch thought: "Got him."

Then he turned and looked at Larry, who had fallen face down. His helmet was in the snow. The parka had slipped partly off, revealing curly, black hair. He'd never had his helmet off since he'd been in that hole.

Dutch thought to himself: "Happy Easter."

THE MEN RODE BACK in six-by's. The cold snapped at their hands and feet and faces. The trucks lurched ahead and as the men were bumped around in the back, they joked and laughed. They were going to the rear area and most of them would get R-and-R's to Japan after that.

"Five days," one of the men was saying. "Five days of whiskey and I'm going to be drunk every minute of them with a five-night woman."

"What're you gonna do, Hanson? First thing?"

"Whattaya think?"

"Okay—then what?"

"Then I'm gonna take my boots off."

They all laughed.

. . . Wonder what that Evvie was like. He sure talked about her a lot.

"Yep," another shouted as the truck motor roared with the changing of gears going up a slope, "some Jap broad and no more honeybuckets. No more chow. Think I'll go AWOL just for kicks. How 'bout it, sarge?"

A few of the men looked at Dutch. He grunted. Some of the men said they wouldn't go back to Korea for anything, and others started to sing.

. . . can't figure what happened to Kaplewski and those guys. Never saw them . . .

"Hey," someone shouted, trying to read a *Stars & Stripes* as the truck jogged along, "it says here the First Cav has crossed the Han."

"Big deal!"

"Sure. They'll be just in time for the photographers."

"Didn't see any photographers with the 25th."

"I dunno—my brother's in the First Cav and they had it pretty rough at—"

"Can it, you guys," someone shouted. "Can't we forget the Eighth Army for the next five days?"

"It's a cinch I'm going to forget the Lightning Division," someone replied.

Dutch held his sheathed rifle between his knees because his left arm was in a temporary sling. His head bobbed and he couldn't think clearly as the truck jerked. The truck didn't really matter to Dutch. It was just like the one that had pulled him out of northern France. The motor may have been of a newer design, but the color and smell and cargo it hauled were the same. He could be looking out of that horseshoe space in the back at the Korean hills, or again at the muddy, rolling terrain of the garden country around Valenciennes. Or it could be the outskirts of the destroyed, concrete-ridden Siegfried Line, and that river might as well be the Rhine. He knew it too well—all of it. He was tired of climbing hills.

"Hey, Pignotti," someone shouted, "remember. No seconds."

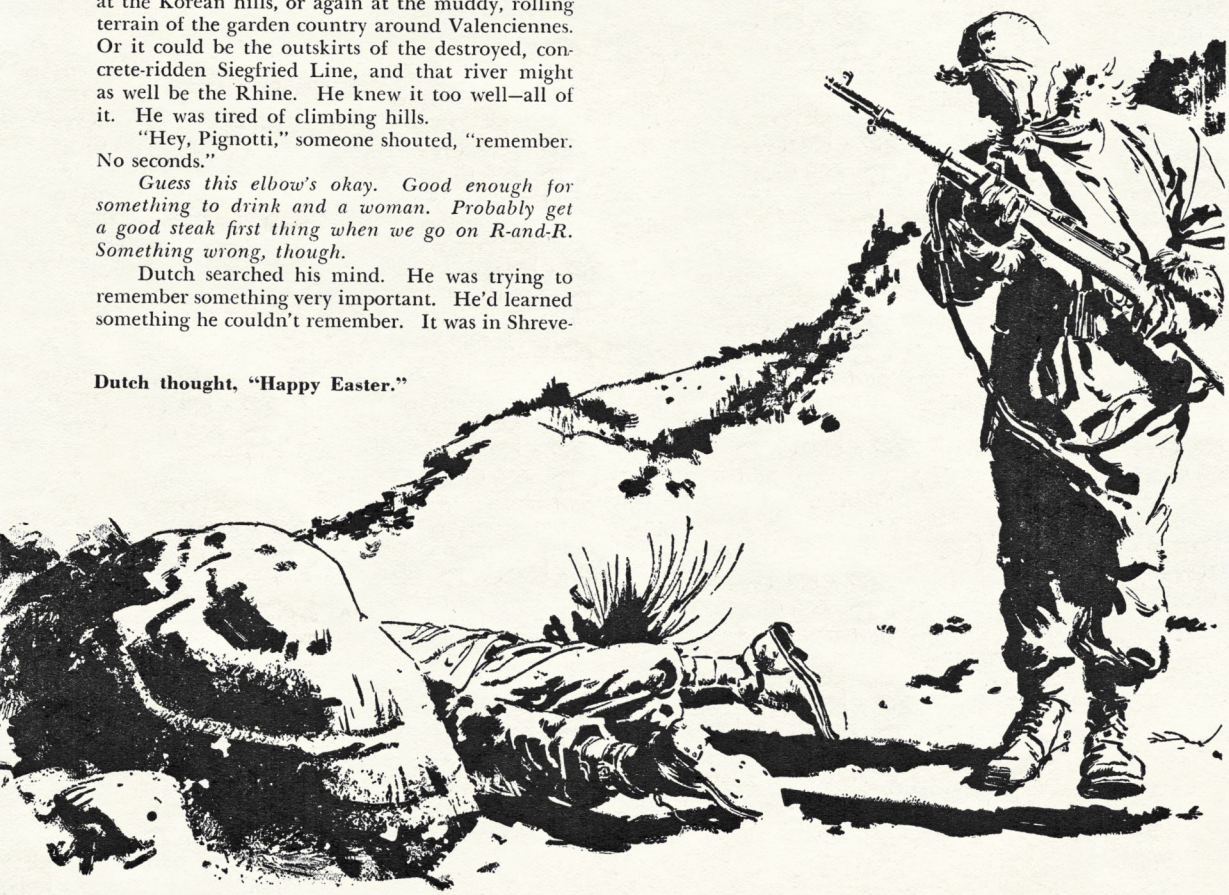
Guess this elbow's okay. Good enough for something to drink and a woman. Probably get a good steak first thing when we go on R-and-R. Something wrong, though.

Dutch searched his mind. He was trying to remember something very important. He'd learned something he couldn't remember. It was in Shreveport a long time ago. That was before he had ever known what a rifle was. Nobody called him Dutch or DeRose or even Sarge. That was before the Ardennes Forest or Hungnam or the Han Crossing or Friday Hill. That was when his name was Hiram. He was very young, but he had learned something.

He didn't notice his M-1 slipping to the floor of the truck, quiet and cold forever in its sheath. The laughter of the men faded as his thoughts repeated themselves in half-slumber. The vision of something finally done flashed across his eyes and he relaxed. There was a sort of clicking in the back of his mind, and he realized, as he drifted to sleep, that he remembered. He had remembered all the time, when Larry had argued with him in that hole; when Larry had saved his life; when Larry had lain face down in the snow, his helmet finally off. Now he remembered. It repeated itself in his mind to the rhythm of the six-by.

. . . forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those . . .

—By Christian Stevens



Dutch thought, "Happy Easter."

How to Walk

Think you already know how? Read this and see.

Most of us walk with legs bent, toes out and when we return from some activity that requires a lot of walking we blame our sore feet and weary legs on the passing years, the weather, new shoes—anything but the real villain: an unnatural and tiresome gait.

We can learn a lot from veteran walkers. Before walking faded out as a popular sport, walking athletes set records of endurance that have stood unchallenged for 50 years. In 1902, for example, Edward Payton Weston walked from Los Angeles to New York—3,483 miles—in 77 days. In 1907, Dan O'Leary walked from Boston to Washington, D. C.—1,000 miles—in 1,000 hours.

Virtually all trained walkers use the straight-leg or heel-and-toe gait. With it, you can cover four to 12 inches more ground per stride, walk faster and farther with less effort. Try it and see for yourself:

As you move one leg forward, keep it practically straight, allowing the heel to strike first. As the leg comes back, lock the knee and hold the leg as straight as possible. Shift the balance to the ball of the foot, then the toe. Dig the toes in at the end of the stride and just before you lift the foot, give an added shove-off—forward, not upward—with the toes.

Swing the hips as each leg comes forward. This automatically forces a longer, smoother stride.

Walk with feet pointed straight ahead, and each foot will be planted firmly on the ground in proper balance. Toeing-out is caused by walking with hips rigid. When you toe out, you're bound to heel in. This involves extra effort to keep your heels clear of one another. Toeing out also hinders the propelling power of the big toe, which is important to good walking, and gradually breaks down the arches.

A toe-outer's pants show wear and scuff marks at the ankles. If the soles of your shoes show wear under the big toe, you're avoiding toe-out.

As you walk, bend arms a little at the elbows and swing vigorously but naturally. Hold the upper body erect though not so stiff that you'll waste energy. The "leaning tower" walker not only wastes energy but is continually off balance and will soon develop a backache.

With a little practice, the straight-leg gait will take you through miles of the roughest country with ease. Only on steep hills should you use a bent-leg walk. On moderate inclines keep knees even straighter than usual, letting your powerful hip muscles do most of the lifting.

After you've gone through a few straight-legged capers, pace yourself. Although the Army is satisfied with a 106-step-per-minute pace that moves a marching column three miles an hour, you can and should do better. A good goal to shoot for is a steady five-mile-an-hour clip—about 180 steps per minute. That's the pace James Hocking maintained for 55 miles in 1945—on his 89th birthday.

Rare is the walker with a fatty heart, jumpy nerves or double chin. Regular walks also stimulate circulation, a good guarantee against leg and foot troubles now or in old age. And walkers are seldom troubled with cold feet. Dominican monks are frequently seen crossing Alpine passes in midwinter in open sandals.

Unlike many other sports, walking as a pastime never lets you down. You can be a better walker at 60 than at 20. John Ennis was nearly 70 when he walked from Coney Island to San Francisco—4,000 miles—in 80 days. And Jim Hocking celebrated his 91st birthday by walking 32 miles in eight hours.

Some tips for walkers:

On long hikes, bathe feet three times daily.

White wool socks are best for long walks. They give good ventilation, and there's less chance of athlete's foot, dye infections.

Dash of talcum powder in shoes cuts friction, helps prevent blisters.

Put adhesive tape on a sore spot before it becomes a blister. Tape reduces friction.

Take short rests, leaning back, feet propped up. If you rest too long, you'll get stiff.

Shoes for long walks should be size larger than regular shoes, should fit snugly over heavy socks. Thick leather soles and rubber heels are best. Rubber soles get too hot.

—By Robert Eret

MEDICAL REPORT

By Lawrence Galton

Away with Dandruff: If you belong to the order of the white-flecked shoulder, and you want out, an orange-colored liquid called Selsun (Abbott) may be your ticket. For dandruff, sulphur ointments have long been medical standbys—but almost always messy and only sometimes helpful. The new preparation combines sulphur with selenium, a chemical element that somewhat resembles sulphur. This combination is far more effective than sulphur alone, pleasant to use as well.

You put on Selsun once a week as an extra shampoo when washing your hair, rinse it out right away. It doesn't stain or smell afterwards, leaves hair clean and manageable. Early trials show it usually gets rid of dandurff in one to four weeks. In the latest trial, reports the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (156:1246), it worked for nine out of every 10 people who tried it. It's available only on prescription from a doctor.

Red Light Means Cancer: Short of a simple and certain drug cure for cancer, the big hope is for a simple, practical test to detect it in its early stages when it still can be cured by surgery or radiation. A new technique used at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore looks doubly useful as a test, and may help treatment as well.

When porphyrin, a chemical from human blood, was injected into the veins of cancer patients, it tracked down, then concentrated in, cancerous tissue. Under ultraviolet rays, it made this tissue shine with a bright red light. The light not only revealed the presence of cancer, but also its extent, outlining the operation that might be needed. What's more, porphyrin may work as a carrier for radioactive substances, concentrating them in cancerous tissues which they can destroy without damage to the rest of the body.

Yearly Check-up: What should be included in a good annual physical examination for men over 45? Doctors as well as patients have wondered what's both necessary and practical (from the standpoint of the patient's time and pocketbook). A specialist, in the *A.M.A. Journal* (156:1218), suggests: a physical inspection for signs of skin cancer and obesity; a blood-pressure check; a test of reaction to exercise (pulse should return to normal or lower within two minutes after exercise); a manual check of the abdomen for tumors; a rectal exam; an eye check including test for tension within the eye; blood and urine tests; chest X-rays; and an electrocardiogram. If the patient's history or physical exam suggests further tests, such as for basal metabolism, these can also be done.

Scratch Stopper: Drugs to stop itching are a dime a dozen. The best one? Aspirin, reports the *New England Journal of Medicine* (14:251). Actually, itching is now recognized to be a weak pain—much like mild headache or toothache. When you scratch, you spread the itch out from the initial site in waves, turning it into a stronger pain. Aspirin, by reducing the pain below the annoyance level, keeps you from scratching.

Cortisone Cleared: As long as the patient continues to take it, cortisone relieves rheumatoid arthritis. But the big worry has been: What does it do to you after years of taking it? Cortisone is an adrenal-gland hormone. Supply it from the outside and the body stops producing it inside. After a while, in fact, the adrenal glands actually shrink up. If the shrunken glands become useless, what happens when the patient suffers shock and stress? In burns, accidents and surgery, for example, the working of the adrenals may determine whether the patient pulls through.

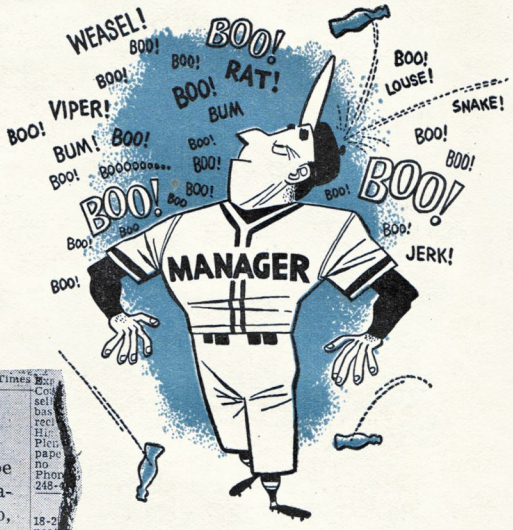
In the veterans' hospital in San Francisco, California, 19 patients have been taking cortisone for four-and-a-half years—probably the longest continuous use of the drug on record. Sure enough, their adrenal glands had shriveled and seemed useless. But tests have shown that they aren't useless at all. Doctors have been able to stimulate them into full functioning again within 48 to 96 hours.

Briefs: "Worst pain in the world" may well be that produced by tic douloureux, a facial nerve disorder. Of 16 persons who had it, 15 got quick relief from a new drug, stilbamidin, says Dr. George W. Smith of Johns Hopkins Hospital . . . Let a diabetic get his doctor to shoot a little hydrocortisone into two spots on each thigh and for a year thereafter there'll be virtually no pain when taking daily insulin injections in those areas. The hydrocortisone injections themselves are painless (*A.M.A. Journal,* 156:1274) . . . Newest anti-ulcer drug, Pathilon, promotes healing but doesn't produce Sahara Desert mouth, eyesight disturbances and urinary troubles that sometimes are side effects with other anti-ulcer drugs reports Dr. Julian M. Ruffin of Duke University Medical School . . . Some epileptic patients unhelped by other drugs have been kept from getting seizures for as long as eight months by a new drug, Diamox (*Neurology* 4:863).

Like all medical advances, those reported here are not 100 percent cure-all. Only your doctor is qualified to judge whether a new development may help in your own particular case. For further advice, see him.

The Toughest Job in Baseball

By GEORGE (Specs) TOPORCER



Manager Wanted

Baseball manager for major league team. Must be top tactician, psychologist, diplomat, public relations expert, with flair for inspirational leadership, infinite patience, hide of a rhinoceros, ability always to choose right decision from dozen possibilities. Position offers no security, little chance for advancement, small gratitude. TV acting experience helpful.

ADMINISTRATOR, business man, 35, EXECUTIVE★ Assistant, MBA, BA, 7

IN THE CYNICAL VIEW of most baseball fans, the manager of a major-league club has a pretty soft touch. To them he seems a fortunate bum who takes a fat salary for calling a few plays daily. They have been told, and believe, that "the players make the manager." The man in the stands just doesn't recognize the fact that the manager has a job of staggering complexity.

But then, the manager is also underestimated by people who should know better. The other day I heard a top baseball executive say he saw little difference in the talents of the 16 major-league managers. He held that in a given situation on the field, each would use the same strategy. In other words, the manager has a mechanical job, with a long-established standard answer for every problem that comes up, and he really doesn't need a brain.

Nonsense! Not only is there a wide variance in managerial skills, but a situation in a game will suggest several different moves to any experienced pilot.

Let's look at some examples of how managers' strategic decisions can vary. Take the one made by Bucky Harris in the fourth game of the 1947 Yankee-Dodger World Series, when Harris was managing the Yanks. They were leading by one run going into the last of the ninth at Ebbets Field. The margin seemed safe enough—Floyd Bevens, big Yankee right-hander, had held the Dodgers hitless so far.

Bevens got Edwards for the first out, then walked Furillo, after which he retired Jorgensen. At this point Gionfriddo was sent in to run for Furillo, and the disabled Pete Reiser batted for Hugh Casey.

Gionfriddo promptly stole second, and Harris ordered an intentional pass to Reiser, a left-hand batter. Unfortunately for the Yankees the strategy failed when Cookie Lavagetto, batting for Eddie Stanky, swung late at one of Bevens' blazing fast balls, driving the ball down the right field line for the only Dodger hit of the afternoon—enough to drive in both runners for a Dodger victory.

Most of the experts were amazed that Harris had ordered the intentional walk to Reiser. They reasoned it was bad judgment to deliberately put the potential winning run on base. One rival manager, whom I met as I left the park, insisted there could never be an excuse for placing the winning run on base, regardless of the circumstances.

Now, Harris is a shrewd manager who has proved his ability over the years. He figured that the light-hitting Stanky, or his only possible replace-

ment, Lavagetto, would have little chance of hitting Bevens safely the way Bevens had been mowing down the right-hand-hitting Dodgers.

Which shows how easy it is for two sound managers to hold entirely contrary views in a given situation. Harris refused to make a decision based on conventional lines and had the courage to gamble. That same trait has helped spell success for managers like Leo Durocher and Casey Stengel, both of whom flout convention and achieve success by daring and unusual moves which sometimes appear foolish, but are nevertheless the result of coldly calculated risks which pay off more often than not.

Now let's turn to another decision which few other managers would have dared to make. It wasn't until shortly before game time for the first contest of the 1929 World Series that Connie Mack announced he had chosen Howard Ehmke as the Athletics' starting pitcher. Other managers shook their heads. What was he thinking of, using Ehmke when he had two of the game's best strong-arm hurlers in Lefty Grove and George Earnshaw? And besides Ehmke, plagued with a sore arm, hadn't appeared in a game for weeks.

But Mack knew his man. He reasoned that if Ehmke had enough rest, he would be able to make one all-out effort. He further reasoned that Ehmke was exactly the type of pitcher who would give the most trouble to Rogers Hornsby, Hack Wilson, Kiki Cuyler, Riggs Stephenson, and the other right-hand Chicago sluggers. None of them had ever faced the peculiar side-arm, hesitation delivery for which Ehmke was noted. So two or three weeks before the close of the regular season, as soon as it became evident the Cubs were to be the Athletics' World Series opponents, Mack made his decision.

And Ehmke not only baffled the vaunted Cubs completely, but in the process set a World Series strike-out record by whiffing 13 batters—a mark which stood until 1953, when Carl Erskine of the Dodgers broke it by fanning 14 Yankees. It was a psychological blow from which the Cubs never recovered, and the Athletics rolled on to a fairly easy triumph in the Series.

On the basis of the drama and the startling results which often follow such decisions as these two by Harris and Mack, a casual observer might think that unorthodox decisions by managers are fairly rare. Yet actually there is no such thing as a routine way of doing anything strategic on a ball field. Anything that calls for a choice from two or more decisions cannot be routine. There are always too many if's and intangibles involved.

For example, in deciding whether to have a batter attempt a sacrifice bunt, or to hit and run, or to bat straightaway, there are actually more than a dozen factors to be considered. Here's what a manager must ask himself:

1. Is the runner on first fast enough so that he is unlikely to be forced even if the bunt isn't perfect?

2. Is the batter a good bunter?

3. Who are the next *three* batters coming up?

4. Just how good at fielding bunts are the opposing third baseman, first baseman and pitcher?

5. Will these players rush in so fast as to make it almost impossible to advance the runner, even if the batter bunts perfectly?

6. What strategy is the opposing manager likely to use? Will he walk the next batter intentionally and bring up a weaker batter, thus setting up another double-play situation? Foreseeing such a move, will it be necessary to insert a pinch hitter, and if so, is the right man available? If the next batter is a weak-hitting pitcher, would it be good policy to insert a pinch hitter, especially if the pitcher has been going well?

7. Assuming that the sacrifice bunt is going to be successful, is the opposing manager likely to bring in a relief pitcher who is usually effective against the next few hitters scheduled to bat?

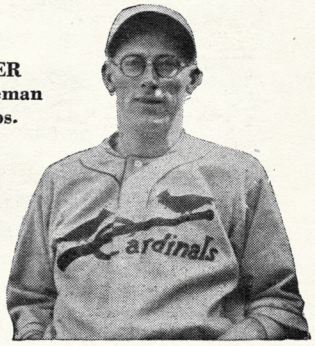
8. Is the batter a good hit-and-run performer, or adept at hitting the ball back of the runner into right field?

9. What type of batter is at the plate? Is he a player who hits the ball on the ground consistently, making him a good potential double-play victim, or is he a fly-ball, long-ball hitter?

10. Is the game being played in a bandbox park where homers and runs are cheap?

11. How many innings remain to be played? What's the score? Is it worthwhile sacrificing on the chance that the runner will be driven in only to tie the score, or is it advisable to play to win at that stage?

12. Is the pitcher, or a contemplated relief hurler, reasonably sure to hold the opposition during the remainder of the game?



SPECS TOPORCER
when second baseman of the 1926 champs.

Some pitchers choke up if tapped for big games.

13. Is there a strong wind blowing out, making it far easier for an ordinary fly ball to sail out of the park for a round-tripper?

14. Even if a pinch runner and pinch hitter are available, how much will it affect the team's defense and offense during the rest of the game as a result of substitutions?

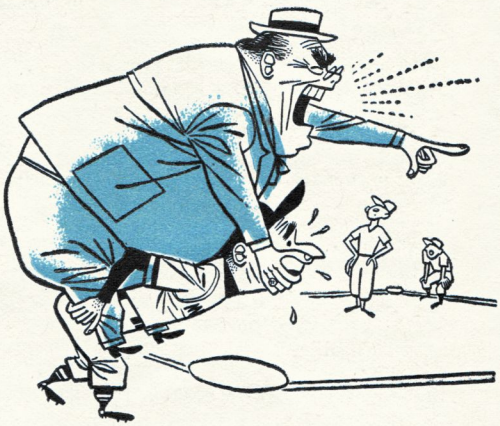
Is it any wonder that the sacrifice-bunt situation always arouses differences of opinion and brings on more second-guessing than any other phase of the game? The seemingly simple question as to whether the batter should attempt a sacrifice bunt or not, is indeed a complex problem on most occasions. And many managers make no real effort to figure out the best answer either because they lack complete knowledge of the elements involved, or—more often—because they fear criticism if they do not order their players to lay down a sacrifice bunt.

For some reason or other, most observers think that a manager can never be wrong if he orders a sacrifice attempt. The managers know this and some of them lean towards ultra-conservatism to stay out of trouble. And they salve their consciences by telling themselves that with a bunt they can't go too far wrong.

Probably the most important strategic decisions a manager has to make lie in the manipulation of his pitching staff. Of course the problems are simplified if a manager has three fine hurlers who are work horses such as Cleveland's Lemon, Garcia, and Wynn, all of whom double in starting and relief roles. However, most managers aren't so lucky. The average pitching staff consists of one or two pitchers who work better against certain clubs. Some pitchers are at their best when used often, others require an extra day or two of rest between assignments. Some hurlers tend to fade in the late innings and must be relieved at the first sign of trouble. Others are at their best when the chips are down and can be left in with reasonable certainty they will work out of jams, or do at least as well or better than any relief hurler. Some pitchers "choke up" whenever called upon to pitch an important game, and must be given the benefit of soft spots for their assignments. The manager has to analyze the quirks and idiosyncrasies of every member of his pitching staff in order to achieve maximum results. Like the problem of the sacrifice bunt, the manipulation of a pitching staff is far from being a simple matter.

Important as the manager's strategic maneuvers are, they're secondary compared to his handling of individual players, both on and off the field. It's in this phase of their work that many managers fall far short of being good leaders. Players who are inspired and imbued with a winning complex are hard to beat.

Make no mistake about it, the success of the Yankees in both seasonal and World Series play in recent years can be largely attributed to the master psychologist, Professor Casey Stengel. So well has he done his job that his successes assume magical proportions. For surely some of his clubs were not, at least on paper, always the best in the league, and certainly not as good man for man as the Brooklyn Dodgers of 1952 and 1953.



Front-office domination, managers do not enjoy.

Even his daily batting-order changes, which puzzle many of the experts and are criticized by the fans because some seem without rhyme or reason, are made to keep his players on their toes, to stimulate competition between them. For instance, is there any logical reason why he'd install Joe Collins at first base in one game, and Eddie Robinson in another, when both bat from the left side and both

are called on to face right-hand pitchers? The man is a genius and rarely makes the wrong move.

While some managers can afford to ignore fan criticism, a much more delicate situation develops when the criticism comes from writers. And fully realizing the power of the press, most managers do their utmost to maintain friendly, diplomatic relations with its members. Ordinarily this is not hard, but sometimes they run across a writer who is never satisfied with receiving an even break in the dissemination of news. This type will badger the manager on the bench, in the club house, at the office, and at his home, regardless of whether something special is brewing or not.

Can't Satisfy a Snooper

Of course, writers are entitled to individual and collective interviews, particularly when they have something specific to discuss. But the snooper is never satisfied with that. The result is he forces the manager to be distrustful and guarded whenever he, the snooper, is within earshot.

A manager is sometimes put in the position of being wrong no matter what course of action he takes. If he remains aloof and clams up when the snooper is around, he will be accused of being high hat and become the victim of sniping and second guessing. On the other hand, if he relents and divulges anything which the writer is able to twist into a juicy tidbit, the other writers will be resentful that it was not made available to them.

Obviously, the best course for the manager is to ignore the unethical writer completely. That is just what most of them do. But in some cases, as for instance, with Joe McCarthy when he managed the Yankees, and also later when he piloted the Red Sox, a manager will turn sour on the entire writing fraternity and crawl into a shell because of the actions of one or two of these scriveners.

A short time ago McCarthy told me of an incident which happened while he was managing the Yankees. Joe Sewell, the former Cleveland star, was finishing his career as a Yankee third baseman when a writer suggested that McCarthy should bench Sewell in favor of a younger player. McCarthy gave the writer a noncommittal reply, even though he seethed inwardly at the writer who, in effect, was telling him how to run his ball club.

"You know," he told me with a grin, "the funny part of it is that the guy was right. Joe was at the end of his string and I actually had planned to bench him that very afternoon. But I couldn't let that smart-aleck writer dictate such a move or I'd never be able to do anything without having him tell me how it ought to be done. And as sure as I'm sitting here he would have told the world I made the move at his suggestion. The public sure would have accused me of losing my grip.

"So I was forced to keep Sewell in the lineup for a few more days against my better judgment, as I figured it was the lesser of two evils. As it turned out, the situation adjusted itself when Sewell injured himself slightly. That gave me an excuse to make the change and everything worked out fine."

Of course, managers know that sports writers have difficulty in contacting them while not at the ball park, so most of them are resigned to the fact that they must make themselves available for interviews before a game, privately hoping none will be necessary, or that the writers will come out early enough so as not to interfere with their pre-game work. However, every manager resents having anyone, sports writers included, insist on coming into the clubhouse immediately after a game, and particularly after a losing battle when tensions are high and managers and players are inclined to let their hair down. Certainly they are entitled to at least a chance to cool off, take their showers, and dress. There is a lot of emotional steam let off after every game. If a writer is in earshot he is in a position to cause serious trouble if he publishes

The press sometimes just won't leave you alone.

remarks which are likely to be forgotten ten minutes later by the players and manager, but the public may believe it is the real McCoy. Why writers cannot see the justice of this stand, but choose to make an issue of it, is hard to understand. Yet this situation caused almost a full-scale battle in three major-league towns in the past few years, simply because the writers insisted on having the privilege of entering the clubhouses after the games. It is happenings such as this which strain the relationships of writers and managers.

The bitterest pill any manager has to swallow, however, is when he fails to receive the full co-operation of his front office. It has become almost routine to fire the manager whenever the team fails to win regularly, regardless of whether he has any worthwhile material to work with or not. This makes almost any managerial job a precarious one at best. Naturally, changes are sometimes justified, but too often they are made to satisfy the whims of the general manager or the owner, in an effort to stir up fan interest. At any rate it seems that few managers can count on more than three or four years in one town, regardless of their capabilities.

Firing the Hero

How often have you seen managers who have won pennants, or finished well up in the race, get all kinds of praise from club officials—and then abruptly be fired a year or two later when the club bogged down?

Bill McKechnie, for instance, was fired after winning a pennant for the Cardinals in 1928 because the Yankees walloped his team four straight games in the World Series. His exile was brief, for after serving a half season as manager of St. Louis' Rochester, New York, farm club, he was restored as Cardinal manager. Such moves don't make sense.

The Yankees, after inducing Bucky Harris to manage the club against his will, fired him after he won a World Championship in 1947 and finished only two-and-a-half games out of first place in 1948. Even Joe McCarthy, one of the all-time greats as manager, almost lost his job when he finished second in four of his first five years as Yankee pilot. Had he been fired as rumored, it is more than likely the Yankees would not have compiled some of the greatest feats in the game's annals by winning eight pennants and seven World Championships, with 13 successive World Series games victories under Joe's guidance. Here was a genius who came close to losing out because his bosses were almost persuaded he was nothing more than a second-place manager.

Last summer the Phillies dropped Steve O'Neill after less than two seasons at the helm. Maybe it was justifiable. But what has always puzzled me is why a club will install a manager who has been a pilot for years, and then drop him like a hot potato in a short time if the club fails to do well. In O'Neill's case, the club had every opportunity to find out exactly what kind of a pilot Steve had been at Cleveland, and at Boston. By observation, questions, analysis of his former ball clubs and how they had fared under his guidance, the Phillies could have found out all that was necessary about his abilities, and probably did. On that basis the Phillies organization must admit at least one mistake. If they were right in signing him, they were not justified in firing him in such a short time. And incidentally, the man Steve succeeded, Eddie Sawyer, was bounced only a little over two years after he led the Whiz Kids to a National League pennant.

The job of managing usually assumes one of three patterns or classifications: 1) having an absolutely free hand in running the club on all matters pertaining to team personnel; 2) having the complete co-operation, confidence and support of the executive head of the ball club—that is, the general manager or the owner; 3) being a mere figurehead, with the front office dictating the policies of the club, its trades, deals and purchases. This front-office interference has been known to go so far as to dictate the make-up of the team roster and to force the manager to fielding a line-up against his better judgment. Obviously, no self-respecting manager who has confidence in his own ability can be happy, or successful, if dominated by the front office.

What moves will be made by the other manager?

It is significant that the most successful organizations over the years have been those which were headed by managers who were czars, or which had a combination of outstanding general managers and managers who co-operated with each other perfectly. The histories of the Yankees, Giants and Athletics, the teams which won the most pennants in the last half century, offer conclusive proof of this.

It Takes Two

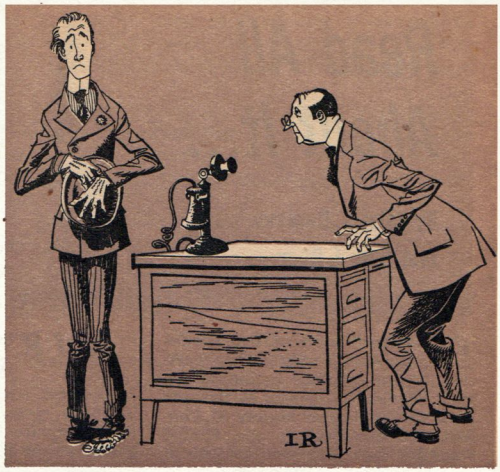
At Philadelphia it was Connie Mack who was a one-man show. At the Polo Grounds in New York it was first John McGraw, then Bill Terry, and now Leo Durocher who were given a free hand in running their clubs. All achieved excellent results. At Yankee Stadium the team work of Ed Barrow with Miller Huggins and then Joe McCarthy, followed by the same type of co-operation between George Weiss and Joe McCarthy and now Casey Stengel, has been responsible for the great Yankee successes.

It has become increasingly evident over the years that it takes two outstanding personalities in the office and on the field in order to achieve success consistently. In the old days it was possible for Mack and McGraw to carry on alone and still do well, but the growth of farm systems and their increased problems have doomed one-man shows. The Giants are still plowing along under this system, with Leo Durocher in complete charge, and without even having a general manager, or business manager, in the front office. The Giants are the only team in the majors working under such a handicap. Which explains in part, at least, why the club has not paralleled the records of the Dodgers and Cardinals in recent years, or been nearly as consistent as those teams. Durocher's genius has brought them two pennants and a World Championship and may bring them another this year, but if the Giants had had a Branch Rickey, a George Weiss, or a man of similar stature handling the front-office duties and co-operating with Durocher, there isn't the slightest question in my mind but that the Giants would have been a much more smoothly working organization.

Because hindsight is always better than foresight, especially in a game as uncertain as baseball, and because indulging in the good old "second guess" is one of the most enjoyable indoor sports, the front office will continue to grumble at the manager and the fans will boo him when his strategy goes wrong. But whatever your reactions may be, don't make the mistake of believing that handling a large squad of men and making thousands of decisions over a season is child's play. It calls for intelligence, imagination, force of character, and a large, firm grasp of multiple complexities.

Which is why there have been so few really great leaders in baseball history.

—By George (Specs) Toporcer



Whimsical Wills . . .

An old fruit peddler in New York directed that a legacy of $500 be left to his young wife. The lawyer who was to draw up the will asked him if this was to be altered in case the widow married again. "In that event," the old man said, "I'll leave her a *thousand* dollars."

The lawyer blinked. "To leave your wife more if she remarries is the exact opposite of the general custom," he said.

"That's true," replied the peddler, "but he who gets my wife will deserve the extra five hundred."

Conrad Cantzen, a 78-year-old actor who died in a rooming house recently, left his entire estate of $226,894 as a trust fund, the income from which was solely to provide shoes for jobless actors. As he explained in his will: "Many times I have been on my uppers and the thinner the soles of my shoes were, the less courage I had to face a manager in looking for a job."

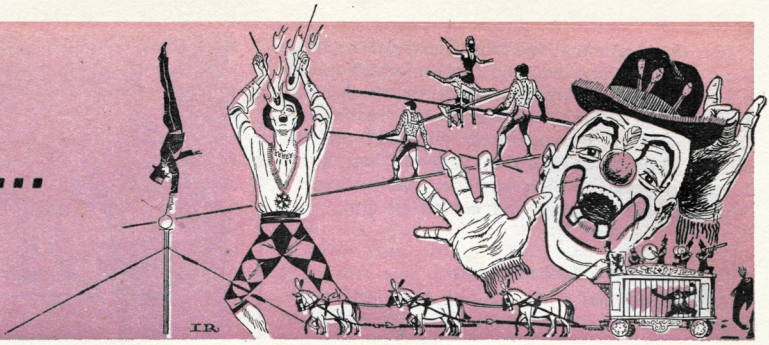
A Chicago golfer asked that his ashes be scattered under a tree which he had managed to hit almost every time he went round his favorite links.

A man from Columbus, Ohio, left a fat sum for a cats' home. Moreover, he attached to his will the plans for it. These provided for a building, constructed carefully to cat-scale, including dormitories, a refectory, an area for "conversation" and grounds for exercise. The instructions also specified that there was to be an auditorium, wherein the homeless cats should be assembled daily to listen to an accordion, "which instrument," the man wrote, "most nearly approaches their natural voices."

—By Irv Leiberman

Read All About It...

By John T. Dunlavy
and John J. Ryan



CIRCUSES

P. T. BARNUM'S CIRCUS had 60 elephants, the greatest number carried before or since. Jumbo, the giant elephant purchased by Barnum from the Zoological Society of London and exhibited in the United States for three years, was an African bull elephant who stood 10 feet 10 inches high and weighed eight tons. The largest gorilla ever exhibited was Gargantua, who stood 5-feet-6, weighed 510 pounds and had an arm span of nine feet.

THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS in ancient Rome under the rule of Pompey seated 150,000 spectators free. It featured boxing, wrestling, lions, fighting elephants; men without weapons fighting lions; bareback riding; camel and elephant races; and as many as 15 chariot races, each with from four to six chariots. Pompey's successors enlarged the Circus Maximus until it reached three stories high, 1,875 feet long and 625 feet wide, and accommodated 250,000 spectators.

A TRIPLE SOMERSAULT from a springboard is one of the most dangerous circus tricks and one rarely performed successfully. It is believed that after the third revolution a person loses sense of direction and location and thus is unable to land correctly. Dozens of performers have been killed in attempts at the triple somersault with or without the springboard, and trapeze artists shun this stunt. An American performer in the mid-19th century, Billy Dutton, frequently did a double somersault over 18 horses, but after one attempt at the triple refused to try it again. The only man known to have successfully and consistently performed a triple somersault was an Englishman, John Warland, in 1874 to 1884.

THERE ARE about 30 circuses in the United States today and 200 carnivals. The largest circus is the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus, which carries 1,000 performers and help. It travels eight months of the year, covering 20,000 miles, in a 70-car special train. Its tent is 38,560 square yards, and some 70 miles of rope are used in the rigging. The standard circus ring is 40 feet in diameter. P. T. Barnum invented the three-ring circus—previously circuses used one or two rings. Each act in a circus takes sole responsibility for checking its own wires, props and rigging. The heat at the dome of a circus tent in summer sometimes reaches 130 degrees.

CIRCUS ANIMAL TRAINERS prefer beasts fresh from the jungle. Best age to train wild animals is between two and two-and-a-half years. Trainers believe that an animal whose eyes are wide apart is less vicious than one whose eyes are close set; that a long nose and narrow head is a sign of inbreeding, and such animals are vicious and should be avoided; that no cat, no matter how friendly or well trained, can ever be trusted. In a wild-animal act lions generally start the fights, tigers avoid them. Females are easier to train. Smartest and easiest to train is the bear. Hardest to train is the black leopard. Few trainers ever put their heads in a lion's mouth. The stunt is actually done by holding the lion's jaws open and putting the face just barely inside. Main reason why trainers avoid this act is that the public is apathetic toward it and, in addition, lions have foul breath. . . . Clyde Beatty was the first American trainer to mix lions and tigers, both male and female, in the same cage. At one time he had a total of 40 lions, tigers and bears all performing together within a 32-foot arena.

WIRE-WALKING, or tightrope walking, was a popular pastime in Rome 2,000 years ago. One of the most famous wire-walkers was Blondin, born in 1820, who walked rope until he was 70. He first crossed Niagara Falls on a wire, two inches in diameter, in 1869. He repeated the stunt many times, crossing on stilts, blindfolded on a wire 160 feet above the water, pushing a man in a wheelbarrow and once in a gorilla costume. At the age of 55 Blondin walked a tightrope stretched between the masts of a ship doing 13 knots.

MOST PERFORMERS who do the "human cannonball" act are eventually killed through malfunctions in the giant spring of the cannons they use, or through falling short of the net, which was the fate of Zachini.

HIGH-WIRE ACCIDENTS are common and many of the greatest performers have been killed. Some tragedies have been narrowly avoided by quick thinking. An example of this occurred in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1932. A high-wire balancing company, consisting of a group walking across the wire supporting a chair on a pole, with a man in the chair and a girl on his shoulders, just reached their safety platform when it collapsed. As they fell, each man managed to grab and hold onto the wire except the girl, who had fainted. As she fell, one man caught her with his legs and held. The group inched their way to the guide poles and all landed safely—the entire troupe coming back to take their bows.

CIRCUS PEOPLE become greatly attached to elephants. Some elephants, because of their 80- to 120-year lifespan, are handed down from one generation to another within a circus family. In a tent show, elephants are the greatest potential troublemakers—they often become terrified and stampede during thunder and lightning . . . Animal trainers use kitchen chairs because they are easy to maneuver, provide a shield and offer four points to poke at angry animals . . . Bears are considered the most dangerous of animals. In mixed acts, they have been known to kill lions and tigers . . . Most animals cannot be trained to go over a solid hurdle—they prefer one they can see through.

TYPECASTING

A Short Short Story

BY WILLIAM BRANDON

AN ELDERLY MAN in waders and a fly-decked hat stood knee-deep in the water of the brook, impatiently listening to the state trooper on the bank.

Carlyle, lying flat in the willows along the opposite bank of the stream, was near enough to hear their conversation.

The trooper said: "His name's Carlyle. He's an actor, and last year he married a rich woman—older than him. She was killed in a burglary a week ago. But there's evidence the burglary was faked and Carlyle murdered her. He got away before they could nab him. Last night in town he shot an officer who recognized him—don't know yet if the guy'll recover. Carlyle's dangerous and clever. He's no ordinary criminal."

Mentally, Carlyle took a bow.

At a sunlit ripple, a trout leaped at a fly. The elderly fisherman breathed: "Look at that." It was clear he was only interested in catching fish, not murderers. He said: "Fellow couldn't very well be along here. This is a private club."

"We know we've got him bottled up some place in here," the trooper said. "He's an actor, like I said, so he might be able to disguise himself some way and get through us. He'd sure feel more at home around your fly-fishing club than up in the woods. And if he could make it to your clubhouse and steal a car, he might get clear away."

"Nonsense! Any member would recognize him instantly for an intruder if he's not an angler. Is he a fisherman?"

"Not the type," the trooper said.

"Then I may say one doesn't learn the tricks of that particular trade in ten minutes, expert actor or whatever he may be." Another trout jumped, and the old gentleman in the stream could stand no more. He said: "They're not going to feed like

Illustrated by Wesley McKeown

this forever, young man. Can I prevail on you to go away and let me fish?"

The trooper said: "Well, we've tried to warn everyone we've seen. We'll be around, if you want us."

"Yes, of course," the old man said absently. "Thank you. Good day, sir." He stripped off line from his reel, and after a certain amount of preliminary sighting and ponderous preparation of stance, he worked out his line and made a cast.

Carlyle, watching, almost chuckled aloud. He thought he could make a more creditable cast than that, standing on his head. Carlyle had never fished, but he had had a part once that called for him to cast a fly line across the stage. In preparation for the rôle, he had taken lessons from a fly-casting champion. They had been extremely boring at the time, but they might now, Carlyle thought suddenly, support him in the performance of his life—if he could get his hands on a rod and waders. The trooper himself had said there was a chance of escape if he made it to the clubhouse.

THE trooper disappeared downstream. The elderly fisherman profanely snarled himself in a backlash on his next cast. Carlyle crawled away.

Above a bend in the brook, he took a place behind a growth of poplar shoots, and tossed pebbles in the stream. They didn't make enough splash. He found a chunk of wood and tossed it in the water, and it splashed like a porpoise. He waited, and was ready to follow it with another when the old man appeared around the bend. He walked clumsily in the heavy waders, leaning against the bubbling current. At times he stopped and assumed a ludicrous stalking position, bent over from the waist, peering upstream under a shading hand. He wore a baggy fishing coat of many pockets, hung about with a creel and a landing net.

He made a cast for a pool across the stream, and by some lucky accident his fly swirled in and danced on the exact spot he wanted; and a trout, flinging silver, struck and took it.

The elderly gentleman went to playing the fish in great agitation, swearing delightedly between gasps for breath. Carlyle waded into the stream behind him and clubbed him over the head with the barrel of his pistol. The old man flung out his arms, but kept his footing and tried to turn. Carlyle hit him again and he broke at the knees and sprawled in the water.

Carlyle saved the rod first. He cut the line and let the hooked trout have the leader. The old man was still alive when he dragged him to the bank, but choking spasmodically from the water that had run down his throat. His white-haired head, under the fishing hat, was gashed and bleeding. The old boy looked as though he might be a judge, Carlyle thought, and he rather hoped he was. It would be fitting for the law itself to take some lumps for a change. Carlyle felt he had had a rough time of it in the woods in the long night just past.

The fishing coat and hat were reversible, and Carlyle turned them inside out, and rehooked the oiled flies in the hat. The waders were too large in the feet and too short in the legs, but they would do. He hooked the landing net and creel to his harness. There was one trout in the creel, a puny-looking specimen. He attached a new leader and fly to the line. The old man was coughing now as he breathed. Carlyle grabbed him by his shirttails and rolled him into the brush, knotted his handkerchief between his teeth for a gag and tied his hands behind his back with fly line.

Boldly, Carlyle waded out into the water and turned downstream. He stripped off line as he went along to let the sun dry it. He stopped once to practice a cast. It was a much better cast than the old man's.

Where the stream joined a fork, another fisherman was working, a tall, bony man in black-rimmed spectacles. Carlyle came upon him suddenly, and for an instant his nerve failed and he wanted to run. He considered for the first time the fact that this was a private club, and the members would know each other, and they'd recognize him for a stranger. But such clubs had guests—why couldn't he be someone's guest?

The tall man was working his way up the other fork. He saw Carlyle and called: "Luck?"

"Not much," Carlyle said, and waded on downstream. He could keep walking and be out of sight in seconds, but he felt the tall man watching him. He stopped and worked out line and, with his heart in his throat, made a beautiful cast, straight down the stream, 60 or 70 feet. The belly of the line fell exactly as it should. Carlyle walked on as he took in line, not too fast, for the fly was bucking and plunging against the current. He was certain his performance had been perfect. He glanced back at the tall man and saw that he was watching in what could only be admiration. Carlyle went on, more confident. He made another cast before he was out of sight.

HE played his big second-act curtain when he saw a state trooper standing on the bank, looking up and down the stream. Carlyle passed directly before his eyes, reeling in from another long cast, and the man only glanced at him and moved away. Why should anyone be suspicious? They would scarcely expect to see Carlyle, the fugitive, innocently fishing.

He passed two other fishermen below the next bend, and another, a little later, sitting on the bank pouring stream water out of his waders. They all spoke to him. They all watched the magnificent casts he made for their benefit. By now Carlyle

felt easy in the part he was playing. By keeping his casts straight downstream, he could hurry along in the direction he wanted to go but without seeming to hurry, looking like any other fisherman, nothing about him at all to attract attention, except, perhaps, that his casts were more expert. He began to feel a little offended that he didn't get a strike, but he was lucky there too, he knew, since a strike would only delay him.

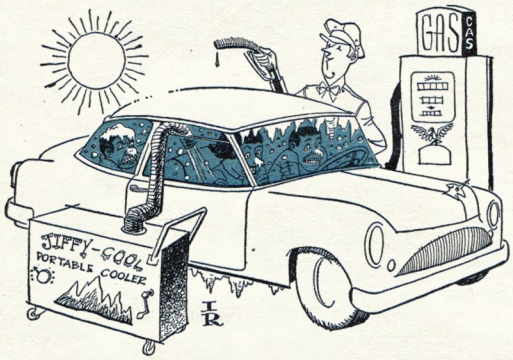
The stream widened out, and there was a glitter of parked cars through the trees. The clubhouse, then, should be just below. Carlyle left the stream and moved casually into the cover of a point of woods, threw down the rod and net and creel, and was pulling himself out of the waders when the troopers spoke behind him and told him to put up his hands.

There were two of them. Another, the one that he had seen talking to the old man, walked out of the brush beside him and took handcuffs from his belt and clamped them over Carlyle's wrists.

Carlyle found his voice and said: "You've got the wrong man. I'm a guest of this club. I've been fishing here, you can see."

The trooper shook his head and almost smiled. He said: "You might have made it if you hadn't overacted by casting while you came along. Any fisherman knows you cast dry flies upstream, not downstream. No guest of this club would work straight downstream with dry flies, but you did, because that was the way you wanted to go. Every man you passed reported you to us."

—By William Brandon



It's Ideas that Sell . . .

A sales executive who travels a lot by air buys life insurance policies at airport vending machines before each flight, names his customers as beneficaries and sends them the policies. It's hard to forget a guy whose life is insured in your name.

An auto dealer in Birmingham, Michigan, will send a snowplow to clear a customer's driveway after a snowstorm or furnish a car for Mother to take the kids to the doctor when Dad is away in the family jalopy.

Two brothers who run a drugstore in Scotsboro, Alabama, serve free coffee each morning until 8, advertising it as the "world's worst"—a spoofing motto designed to break down any scruples that customers might have about getting coffee on the house. Early guests, while doing their free sipping, usually spot something they've been intending to buy.

When a gymnasium in Des Moines, Iowa, changed its sign from "Young Men's Noon Gym Class" to "Young Executives' Noon Gym Class," business quadrupled.

To get people to read his handbills, an independent grocer inserts his wife's favorite recipes between ads for food bargains.

An appliance dealer gets the birth dates of his customers' children, and when a birthday arrives sends a pony to the home for two hours of free riding.

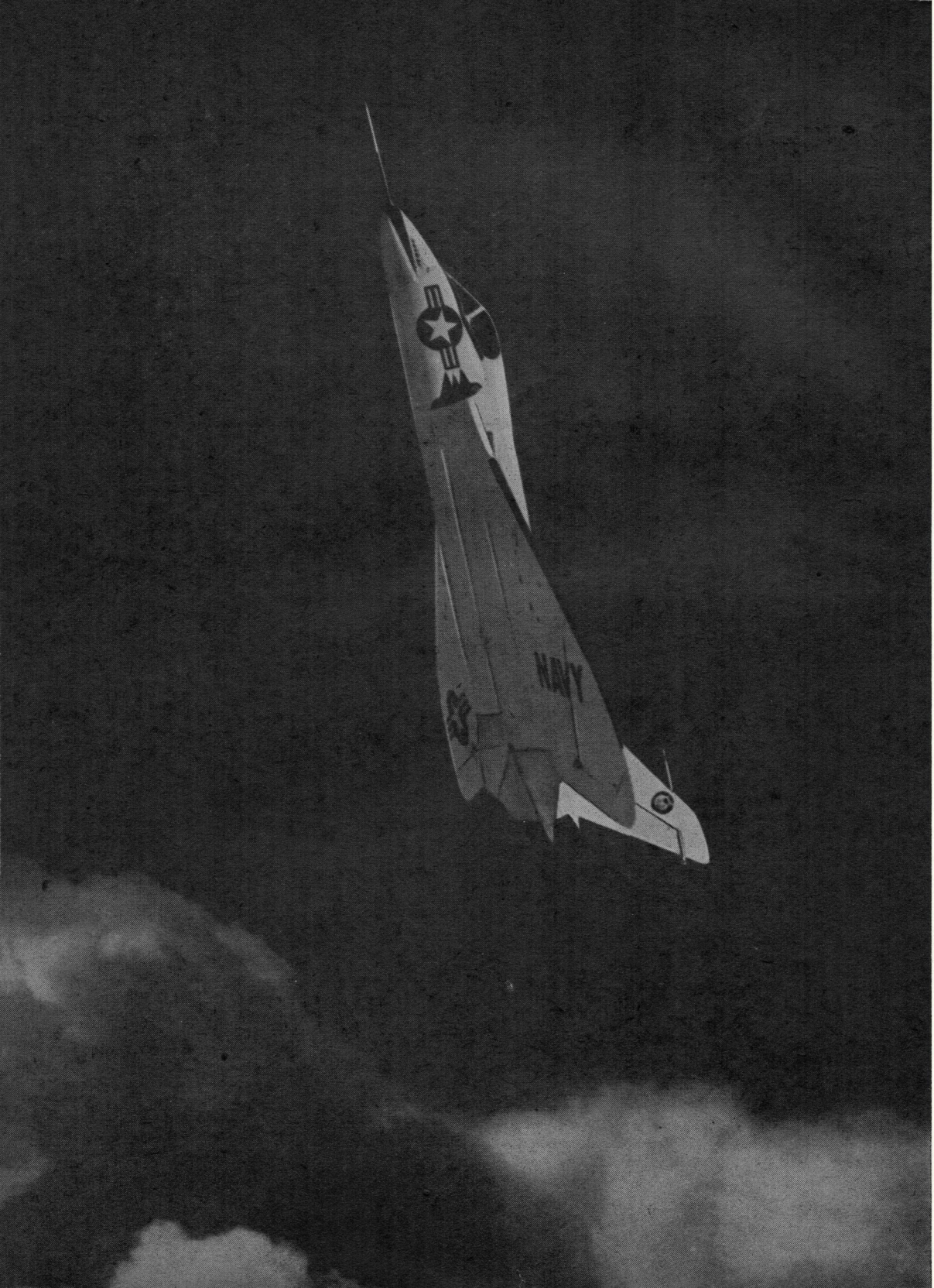
Last summer a gas-station operator in Houston, Texas, bought a mobile air-conditioning unit which is wheeled beside a car being serviced to quickly cool off its interior and passengers.

To revive its foot-sore and weary customers, a store in Akron, Ohio, has installed a number of mechanical massagers that range from a simple foot-massager to a chair that gives an overall body-massage.

A drugstore in Tyler, Texas, has a self-service payment counter where customers can make their own change from a pile of coins. Those who want to charge their purchases note them in a ledger and on payday add up their own accounts and settle up. No one has ever failed to pay, and the plan, besides eliminating expensive bookkeeping, monthly statements and postage, is a big goodwill builder.

As a service to young men who buy a diamond ring and then find the engagement broken off, one jeweler will reset the diamond in a ring for the man himself, with a guarantee of resetting the stone in a lady's ring when and if he gets engaged again.

—By Lawrence Galton


NAVY

a fighter is born

BY VICTOR BOESEN

When the Navy's bat-winged Skyray was first conceived a decade ago, it was impossible to build. But they went ahead with it anyway, and a few months ago the impossible broke the world speed record.

THE MOJAVE DESERT lay hot and brown under the October sun. The Salton Sea, cradled in the basin left behind when the waters of the Gulf of California withdrew eons ago, was a glimmering blue mirror under the hogback ridge of the Chocolate Mountains. No sound disturbed the ageless scene save the gentle rustling of the wind in the sagebrush.

In this incongruous setting, a group of men were intently devoting themselves to an array of recording apparatus, set up in the sand and aboard trucks. Wearing long-visored caps against the broiling sun, they kept turning their eyes toward the south. Then someone cried, "Here he comes!"

A small white speck appeared in the distance, low over the plain. It grew rapidly larger, like a toy balloon being inflated, but driving toward the watchers in eerie stillness.

The speck formed into a strange, dart-shaped aircraft with a spear sticking from its snout. Then it exploded past the onlookers with an ear-shattering thunderclap, and was gone like an anguished ghost.

Four times the ship flashed past the spectators, and when the speeds had been averaged, it was found that the official world speed record was back in the United States. The ship had scorched out a mark of 753.4 miles an hour. The previous British mark had been 737.3.

Eight years before, when this plane was first conceived by the Douglas Aircraft Company, El Segundo, California, it was impossible to build. In 1945 the U.S. Navy approached Douglas with a set of specifications that were unheard of: They wanted a fighter that in five minutes from take-off could intercept an enemy plane coming in at 500 miles an hour, 40,000 feet up—and presumably with a nuclear bomb aboard. Not only that, but the plane also would have to be slow enough to land on the short, pitching deck of an aircraft carrier.

No combat plane ever built—even a land-based one—had been able to come close to climbing 40,000 feet, or nearly eight miles, in five minutes. To do that would take tremendous power—maybe as much as 20,000 horsepower— and 10 years ago such power in an aircraft was not remotely attainable. Nor was power the only problem. To build the plane would require advances not yet made in chemistry, metallurgy, ceramics, electricity, aerodynamics, thermodynamics, dynamics of structures, hydraulics, electronics, acoustics, ballistics, physiology, aero-medicine and many other fields.

Impossible in 1945. But Douglas went ahead anyway, the advances came, and by 1953 the Navy's order had been filled by the Skyray, first carrier plane in history to hold a world's speed record.

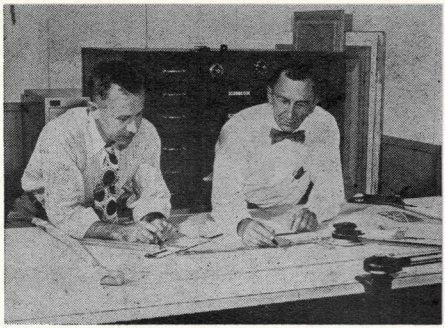
Tracing the Skyray's development, which is typical of today's combat planes, will answer a lot of questions for the taxpayer who foots the bill. It will tell him why these planes cost what they do—as much for a single component as for a whole plane a few years ago; why it takes five years or more to turn out a single model; and why combat ships can't be stockpiled like canteens.

The first problem was that of design. By 1945, experience had shown that near the speed of sound —about 760 miles an hour, varying with temperature—an airplane mysteriously flew apart. Was this "sonic barrier" impossible to penetrate? Leading design men like Edward H. Heinemann, the lanky, low-spoken chief engineer at Douglas' El Segundo plant, said no. They contended that a plane with the right lines would go through the barrier like a needle through a curtain.

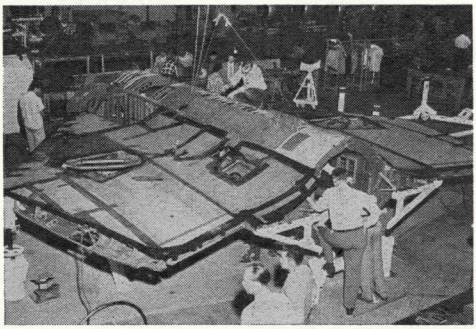
What were the right lines? Heinemann sent two of his long-time associates, Gene Root and "Amo" (for his initials) Smith, to Germany in the spring of 1945 to see what the Germans had been doing in supersonic design. Root and Smith brought back a triangle design of Dr. Alexander

Douglas Aircraft Photos

Chief engineer Edward H. Heinemann *(right)* of Douglas' El Segundo plant goes over plans at the desk of R. G. Smith, a preliminary design engineer.

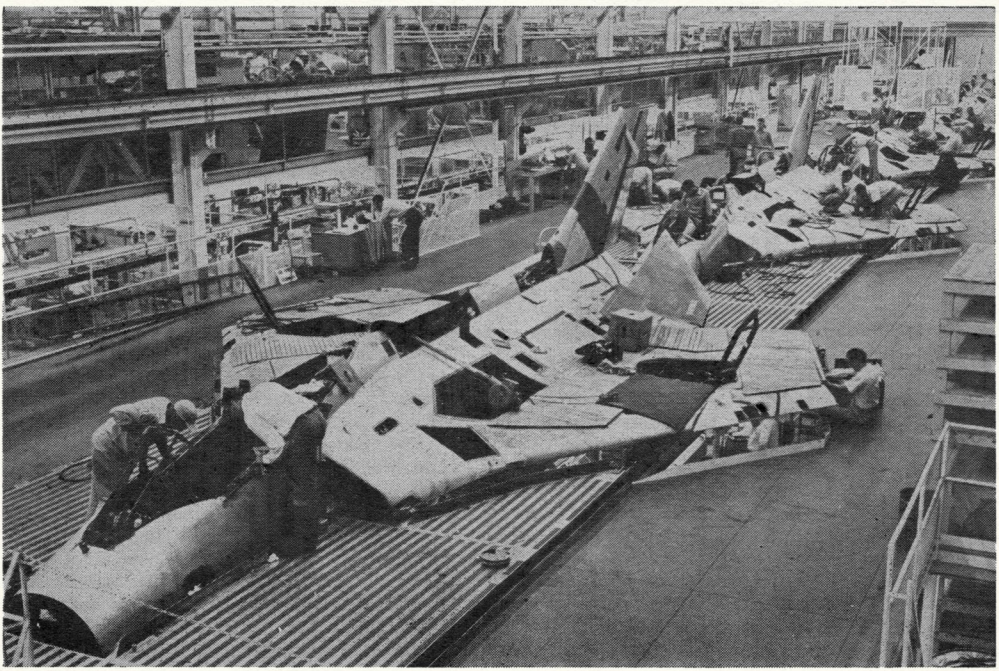


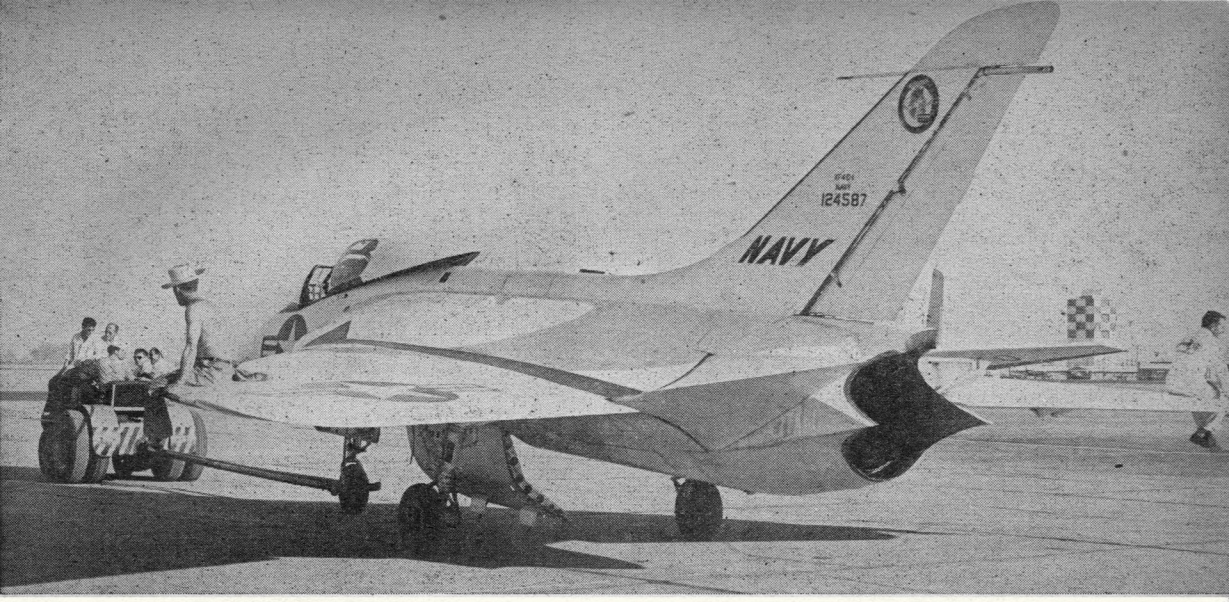
The wings are attached to the fuselage of a Skyray. Scores of separate operations are involved.



Two versions of an ejection seat—the lightweight type developed for the Skyray is on the right.

View of the El Segundo assembly line on which Skyray jet fighters are being mass produced for the Navy.





An experimental model of the Skyray is towed from the hangar for a trial flight.

Lippisch, known for his interest in aircraft without a tail. Cursory wind-tunnel tests showed that the tri-corner design had less drag than the ordinary design, and the Navy agreed to back further research on it.

The first model Heinemann built had no fuselage whatever—all housing was in the wing. He thought this might cut drag even further. And it did—but only at lower speeds. Up around 700 miles an hour, the all-wing had more drag than the old-style design. It seems that the gain from leaving out the fuselage was more than offset by the extra drag of the thickened wing.

Less confident men than Heinemann and his chief designer, Leo J. Devlin, might have lost heart from this setback. In fact, two competitors who got the same results dropped the delta wing as unworkable. But Heinemann and Devlin went doggedly ahead. They thinned the wing, and put in some fuselage. With this design they won a contract from the Navy to build a full-scale model.

By 1947 the Skyray was not quite the fantasy it had been two years before. This was largely because of two ships Douglas meanwhile had been building to explore the unknown frontiers of speed. The first ship, the Skystreak, pushed by the most powerful jet engine to be had, would probe the speed regions up to the threshold of sound. The second ship, the Skyrocket, was intended to fly at the threshold. To give it this extra reach, the Skyrocket rode on sharply backswept wings, and was driven by rocket motors as well as a jet engine.

Both exploration ships were made as sensitive as a living thing to the fierce pressures and vibrations of the super-hurricane speeds they were to travel at. They were made so by a ganglion of hair-thin wires and tubing which led, from hundreds of points about the ship's skin and guts, to banks of pressure gauges back of the cockpit. The reactions of the pressure gauges to the impulses flowing to them over the wire-and-tube nervous system were translated into scrigglings on graph paper by the needles of oscillographs.

In August, 1947, the Skystreak reached a world mark of 650 miles an hour. Six years later, the Skyrocket became the first airplane in history to fly more than 1,000 miles an hour. Her best was 1,327 m.p.h., more than twice the speed of a 45-caliber pistol bullet.

The late Lt.-Comdr. James Verdin gets some pointers from Douglas test pilot Bob Rahn before flying the Skyray to a straightaway record of 753.4 m.p.h.

The facts gathered from the flights of the two pathfinder ships filled nearly 10,000 separate reports. More chapters in the book of high-speed flight information were added by the exploits of Bell's X-1, which was first to outspeed sound. The man who turned the trick, proving that there were no barriers in the sky, was the legendary Major Charles "Chuck" Yeager, on October 14, 1947.

But since the "X" ships were more or less conventional in design, there still were some unanswered questions about the delta wing to be used for the Skyray. Approximations of these answers came from a pair of wind tunnels at the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena. One of these tunnels, which cost $10 million and taps the city of Pasadena for 13,000 horsepower, is able to blow up a wind of 900 miles an hour. To hold together in this blast, the test model had to be built of metal.

And so the mysteries of design were finally solved. But another major problem was that of power. After an airplane reaches 500 miles an hour there is a vast upturn in the power needed to make it go faster. An airplane that will do, say, 600 miles an hour on 11,000 horsepower could need 67,000 horsepower to do 1,000 miles an hour—a six-fold increase in power for less than twice the speed.

Where was the extra kick to come from? Rockets could have supplied it, but at too much cost in fuel. The rocket engines of the Skyrocket gulped a ton and a half a minute, holding the ship's all-out endurance to a couple of minutes. Clearly that wouldn't do for a ship with fighting to do.

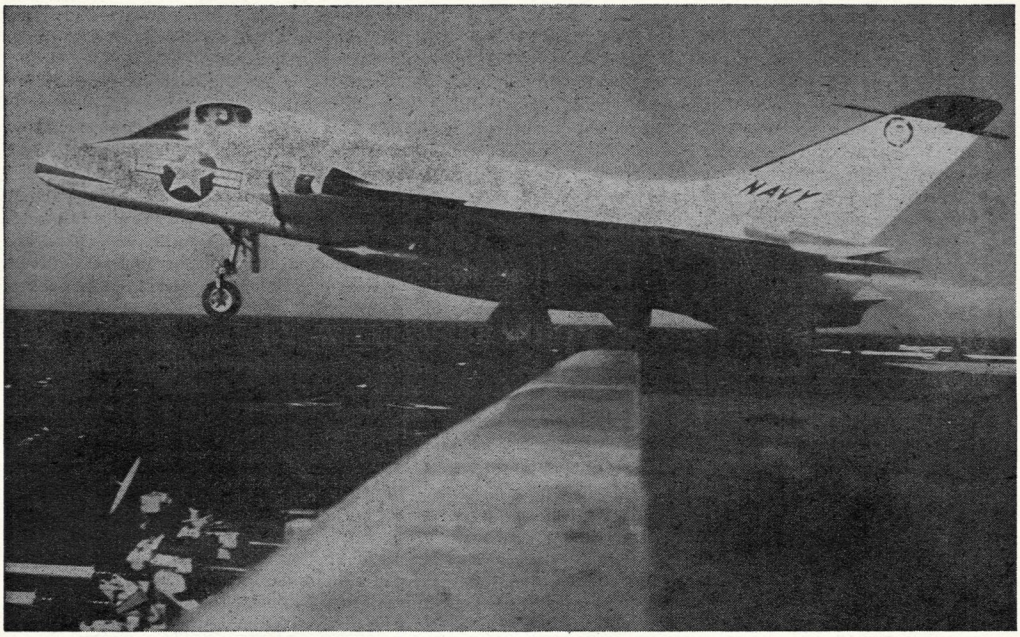
In the absence of more powerful engines, a good stopgap was found in an afterburner. Attached to the back of an engine, this device can add from 40 to 100 percent more boost, but only in spurts. Between them, the engine and the afterburner developed for the Skyray can put out the equal of 22,000 horsepower. This is the same as for the 628-foot passenger-cargo ocean liner Mariposa! Ten Skyrays, weighing 100 tons all told, have more horsepower than an aircraft carrier weighing 35,000 tons!

But this power also comes at a fabulous cost in fuel. At top speed, the Skyray puts it through at the rate of 6,000 gallons an hour. That is as much as an automobile burns in a lifetime of 100,000 miles, at 15 miles to the gallon.

The afterburner accounts for most of this consumption. That's why it may be used for bursts only—or the ship would be able to stay up mere minutes instead of hours—and why the afterburner is only a stopgap answer to the power problem.

But solving the problems of design and power weren't enough to get and keep the Skyray in the air. Heinemann and his staff had other nuts to crack. These weren't necessarily nuts that hadn't

A dramatic view of the Skyray flashing over the Mojave Desert.



The Skyray is catapulted from a carrier in final Navy tests.

been cracked before, but for each new kind of plane the nuts must be cracked in a special way—just as a tailor has to cut his cloth differently for each customer.

There was the matter of creating an atmosphere in the cockpit reasonably close to the pressure of 14.7 pounds per square inch found at sea level. Otherwise, at 40,000 feet, where the Skyray would operate, a man would die in minutes.

Experience with the Skystreak and Skyrocket told Heinemann that the best way to pressurize the cockpit was to pipe air into it from the engine, where the air was already compressed. Unfortunately, though, the engine air was also hot—about 800 degrees. This would turn the cockpit into a pressure cooker. But by an ingenious arrangement, the engine air was cooled from 800 degrees to below zero during the seconds it took to pass from the engine to the cockpit.

This solution, however, characteristically bred another problem. With near sea level pressure inside the cockpit, and much less outside—or even a vacuum outside, at top speed—the usual plexiglas canopy was likely to blow out. This danger was further increased by frictional heat, which is taking the place of the old "sonic wall" as the next big hurdle to be overcome. At sea level, at 1,000 miles an hour, an airplane would pick up 150 degrees on its skin from friction alone.

"At the speed the Skyray was to travel," Ed Heinemann pointed out, "heat from the air brushing past it could have become very troublesome in 10 or 15 minutes."

So, even with all other problems out of the way, like the mythical kingdom lost for want of a nail, the Skyray project stood to end in defeat unless the glassmakers came up with an answer for the cockpit cover. They did: the curved tempered glass used in the ship today.

Another vital matter was the controls. As speeds increase, the passing air clamps the ship in an ever-tightening grip. This force may be 100 times the strength of a strong man. Therefore, unless he has help, he is unable to deflect the control surfaces into the passing airstream to guide the ship; he is no longer in charge.

Under the expert guidance of John Barter, controls-section engineer, a mechanical helping hand for the pilot was devised. It was important that this, while aiding the pilot, also would allow him to keep the "feel" of the ship. Otherwise he might deflect the control surfaces too far into the passing super-hurricane, possibly causing them to be damaged or torn off. It was important too that, if the power failed, the pilot could disconnect the mechanical helper. Then he could keep the airplane under some measure of control at lower speeds.

A way had to be found for the pilot to bail out safely. Otherwise, at high speeds, he might be

plastered against the edge of the cockpit by the force of the wind. Or, clearing the cockpit, he could be decapitated on the tail.

Al Mayo, the plump, genial extrovert who heads Douglas' interiors-design section, came up with an ejection seat that weighed less than half as much as any ever devised. Among other advantages, a light seat is more easily ejected. This means that the pilot riding the seat is more certain to be thrown high enough to clear the tail.

Want to try a bailout? Here's how it goes: Stowed in a container overhead is a curtain. All you have to do is reach up and pull this down in front of your face, the curtain unrolling like a window blind. Pulling the curtain down automatically fires a small charge that blows open the canopy. The canopy is hinged behind you, and the wind snatches it off, the curtain meanwhile protecting your face from wind blast. The opening of the canopy in turn pulls a pin that sets off a 40-millimeter powder charge under your seat, which rides up and out on a pair of steel rails set against the back of the cockpit. It all works like a jack-in-the-box.

While work went forward on all sides to transform the impossible into the possible, a mock-up or dummy model of the ship was built. The Navy was invited to come out from Washington for a look at it. The night before the official board of 50 critical officers arrived, a serious fault showed.

The calamity came to light when the mock-up was hoisted into a position simulating a landing approach to a carrier painted on a 20 by 20 foot canvas which was tacked to a wall. Signal men, six inches high, were stuck on the painted carrier with pins. Also included, as a final incentive to the pilot to use his eyes, was a babe in a bikini. But he could see nothing; the nose of the plane was too high.

To correct the defect, Structural Design Engineer Harry Gustafson led a crew of structural engineers and skilled cabinet men in an all-night operation. They hacked the nose off with axes and saws—mock-ups are built of plywood and two-by-four's—and by morning they had a new nose in place. For an idea of how fast this was, it takes two weeks to build a complete mock-up. The Navy never knew the difference.

Almost a Turkey

Later, when the ship was half-engineered, a more elusive fault appeared. From a carrier the Skyray was to be launched by catapult, a carrier deck being too short for the take-off run. Tests with miniature models showed that the ship tended to drop several feet just after leaving the catapult. This could mean going into the drink. And that one thing alone, said Johnny Gorgenson, assistant project engineer, "could have made the ship a turkey." With 25,000 new tools already made, 10,000 drawings turned out, and 2,000 subcontractors given their assignments, it would have been an expensive turkey—and an awkward time to have had to start all over again.

The trouble lay in the fact that the plane didn't leave the catapult with the nose high enough; it needed to be tilted up about 20 degrees. How to make the nose go up at the right instant? Other delta designers had given it up as hopeless.

At Douglas, two groups of specialists ganged up on the problem: the carrier suitability boys, led by Harry Cornish; and the aerodynamics—or air flow—experts, headed by quietly efficient Kermit Van Every. Using small-scale models, they experimented by patiently moving the launching hooks in the belly to different positions up and down the fuselage, and then catapulting the models into a cheesecloth curtain. Hundreds of times they repeated this, making countless intricate calculations on an electronic computer. Then they found it—a spot that brought exactly the results wanted. At precisely the instant the ship was on its own the nose flipped up to the desired angle.

Into the Blue at Last

On January 23, 1951, six years from the time the ship first had been a glint in the eye of its progenitors, Test Pilot Larry Peyton took the Skyray into the air for the first time. "But the game was still on the table," Ed Heinemann recalls. "We were sure it would fly, but we didn't know how it would handle."

The ship handled fine, but like all new ships she was full of bugs—only more so because of her advanced nature.

The job of ferreting out the bugs, in the only place where it can be done—the sky, fell to Bob Rahn, a big, blond fighter pilot of World War II who has flown over 60 different planes. On one of his first speed runs in the Skyray, 100 feet up, the patch of skin that shuts away the retracted tail wheel peeled open into the slipstream. The ship yawed viciously, and for a few moments it looked as if the product of many years' work and an investment of $10 million was going to be lost. Rahn saved the situation by quickly cutting the power and slowing down.

During another flight, before the power control system was perfected, the nose tried to tuck under. Rahn hauled back on the stick to keep the ship from diving into the ground. The job took both hands, so that he was unable to call the field and ask the ground crew for instructions. On the other hand, neither could he go on as he was.

He finally took one hand off the stick momentarily, hanging on mightily with the other, and pantingly called the field. He had time for only a few syllables, then had to grab the stick with both hands again. After a while he got off a few more syllables. In this piecemeal fashion he eventually conveyed a report of the trouble. "What do I do?" he called.

"Pull the circuit breaker back of you!" came the answer. This cut out the power control system, allowing Rahn to take over alone and make a normal landing. The trouble: A wire had been hooked up wrong. It was a year before all the bugs were banished from the controls.

Persistent Mystery

Probably the most persistent bug was a mysterious buffeting at the tail at high speed. This grew in violence when a more powerful engine was added. The villain was something in the contours of the metal around the tail cone that disturbed the air as it flowed past.

"We knew how to stop the buffeting but at the cost of speed," Johnny Gorgenson said. "The problem was to stop it without cutting down speed."

Bob Rahn shook his head as he remembered this trouble. "That took a year too," he said. "I'll bet I made 150 flights just on that one thing."

After one flight, he received a delayed-action thrill. He'd been trying to push the Skyray across the sonic threshold, to become one of the few who had flown faster than sound, but without apparent success. As he landed, disappointed, the ground crew rushed up and congratulated him. He shrugged off the congratulations. His speed indicator, he told them, registered a speed just under that of sound. But the speed indicator was wrong—it hadn't been calibrated yet. The ground crew knew it was wrong because the "sonic boom"—the shock wave sent crashing earthward as a pilot pulls out of a supersonic dive—had nearly knocked them off their feet.

Rahn crossed the Rubicon of speed many more times, and when he had made some 250 flights all told in the new ship, the time had come to try for the world speed record. This the Navy chose to do itself. The man picked for the job was the late Lieutenant Commander James B. Verdin, 35, dark, handsome hero of World War II and Korea—who, tragically, was killed last January while test flying a jet bomber.

There was no time to lose. It was late September, and cooler weather would be setting in soon, cutting the chances of success. The higher the temperature the better, because as the temperature rises the speed of sound moves back, delaying the onset of the extreme drag found there. The Skyray gets up to a half mile an hour more speed for each degree upward on the thermometer.

The man to beat was Britain's Mike Lithgow, who had punched out 737.3 miles an hour in a Vickers Supermarine Swift over the Libyan Desert the day before the Skyray crew moved to the Salton Sea for the speed test. To beat Lithgow, it was necessary to better his speed by at least one percent, or to hit 744.6.

Verdin almost exactly hit that mark on his first try, but it was quickly decided not to stop there but to try to put the mark up where it was likely to be out of reach for a while. All he needed was more temperature. It had been only 82 on his first effort, while Lithgow in Libya had had 120 degrees.

A week later, on October 3, 1953, with the mercury at 98.5, Verdin tried again. He headed into his first pass at 620 miles an hour. Forty seconds before he reached the measured stretch, he cut in his afterburner. Instantly this slammed him forward by another 130 miles an hour. He was through the stretch, nearly two miles, in nine seconds, sending a peel of thunder rolling across the desert. He wangled the ship around in a long arc that took him 20 miles out and put three G's on his body, and then was spearing into his second run.

It all came off without a bobble. Twenty-two minutes after he had taken off, Verdin was back on the flight strip, a new world mark of 753.4 miles an hour under his wing.

A few days later, on the 62.1-mile course at Edwards Air Force Base, the Skyray also broke the closed-course record by whipping around at 728.11 miles an hour.

The Big Answer

Although the ship had now shown that it could go faster in a straight line and around a circle than anything else in the air, still unanswered was the $10 million question: Could it operate from a carrier deck and climb fast enough to destroy an enemy plane coming in from 100 miles away at 500 miles an hour, 40,000 feet up?

To get this critical answer, the Skyray was flown cross-country to the Navy's Air Test Center, Patuxent River, Maryland. There it was put through a tough workout of landings and take-offs from the carrier Coral Sea off Norfolk, Virginia.

With a crowd of skeptical admirals looking on, and with the deck pitching in rain squalls, Commander Marshall Beebe made some three dozen trips off the deck and return. He imitated every bad landing known. He sideslipped in; he came in too fast, too high, off center. He did all the things a hastily-trained wartime pilot might do. Landing the Skyray on a carrier was no problem.

Then came the pay-off test. For this Commander Jim Verdin was back in the cockpit. As observers watched in disbelief, he rode the ship almost straight up on a shaft of flame (from the afterburner) and quickly vanished from sight. The Skyray proved it could climb 40,000 feet in *less* than five minutes.

What was impossible in 1945 had now become possible. A new fighter had been born.

If an enemy strikes today, he'll have to deal with ships like the Skyray. If he strikes tomorrow, he'll meet ships that are still coming along on the drawing board. What these will be able to do is a secret—except that, as of today, it is impossible.

—By Victor Boesen

WAIT for the KILLER

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

Plainclothesman Sam Buchanan had his neck on the chopping block for one mistake. Should he risk making another, or let a suspected cop-shooter escape?

THEY WERE PARKED on a dark side street, sitting there, listening to the cold rain pelt the hood of the car. Ahead of them the pavement climbed and dropped to make a sort of camel's hump in the middle of the long block. The house they were interested in was on the crest, on a bank above the sidewalk, hidden by the trees. Beyond the hump, a couple of arc lights burned steadily, keeping them company.

"They might come on foot," Paul Cook said.

Sam Buchanan said, "Just so they come."

They were using Sam's car. On a stake-out, a police vehicle was a big, fat yell of warning. Sam's sedan was eight years old—a hundred thousand on the speedometer, a fender that needed ironing out—all in all, a beat-up piece of transportation that could sit all night on any street in this neighborhood, no questions asked. Sam was leaning on the wheel, chin on crossed forearms. After hours of staring through the rain-smeared windshield, his eyes felt as if someone had dumped sand in them.

"How will you know?" Cook asked quietly.

Sam Buchanan said, "The lights will blink."

The steady shining of the arc lights barely cleared the crest. Movement up there would blot out one light and then the other, briefly, and Sam would know it was time to go to work. He would, if he hadn't picked just that instant to rub his eyes, or yawn, or look away.

"Another customer," he said.

Headlights came up the street behind them. Sam leaned into his corner, sliding down so his head would not be outlined by the flare spilling through the rear window. Paul Cook bent forward, cradling his bad arm against his middle, his head touching the dash. Sam saw his face clearly—dark eyes behind glasses with heavy rims, thin nose, gray mustache, a mouth as tight as a miser's purse. He wondered how a man so small could carry a hate so big. Then the car passed and the dark came back. Sam got his notebook from his overcoat pocket and opened it on his knee.

"A cab," Cook said. "Why take his license?"

Percentage, Sam told him. On a stake-out like this—no two-way radio, no telephone handy—they were out of touch. You had to think of everything, or try. Anybody with a dollar could hire a cab. Ben Green, the man they wanted, could be in that one, making a pass, checking before he hopped out a couple of blocks down the street. Lacking the dollar, Green could have stolen the cab. They weren't hard to steal.

"You never know what a thief'll do," Sam said.

"Ben Green has a crippled hand," Cook said. "That might make him suspect; it doesn't make him a thief."

"He's the right size. He could be our boy."

"So could I," Cook said. "And so, conceivably, could you." He used his left hand to shift his bad arm. "The descriptions you have of the hold-up men are sketchy. The witness was looking down into a dark alley, excited by gunfire and admittedly half asleep."

"Green's got a record," Sam said.

"Petit larceny, one offense." Cook made it sound like an award for valor. "In this matter, he's presumed to be innocent, but you'll ignore that. You'll take him downtown for questioning.


EVERETT RAYMOND KINSTLER

If you can beat a confession out of him, fine. If you can't, you'll write it off as justified error. Green has no influence, no money. You can third-degree him without fear of reprisal."

Sam said, "We don't beat prisoners."

"You don't expect me to believe that?"

"I've never seen a third degree, not the kind you mean." Sam's voice was mild, but he was angry. "Don't take my word for it. Sit in on the questioning, if and when. Be my guest."

Cook said, "So you can wear your halo?"

"Sure," Sam said. "And my full-dress wings."

THE pretty little plan was a bust, a washout. Sam had said it would be, early in the afternoon, in the headquarter's office of Lieutenant John O'Donald, commanding officer, detectives, first night relief. "With that guy I can't be right," he'd said, "no matter what I do. He doesn't like me; he hates my ugly face. He wants muck, Johnny—to smear me and to smear the department. If he can't find it, he'll make it."

"He rides with you," O'Donald said. "That's final."

He looked at Sam Buchanan, thinking Sam was right: Cook hated Sam's ugly face. And at first look most people did. Not that it really was an ugly face; it was a tough face—thick, dark brows, not too much forehead, flattened nose and a big jaw. It was a face with a built-in mean look, but that look was a lie. Sam Buchanan was rough in a fight, but he fought clean and he worked clean. He had a conscience, he had a good head—he was a good cop. So he looked like a thug.

"He rides with you," O'Donald said again. "You don't like a Joe-citizen on your neck at a time like this. I don't either. But that's the order. Cook goes where you go—tonight, tomorrow, as long as he wants to."

"Johnny, whose idea was this?"

"Somebody's." Johnny O'Donald was an understanding guy, a good friend, but he was a cop and he obeyed orders. "The way we see it, this's your chance to correct the mistake you made. You'll be alone with Cook. Talk to him like a brother, Sam. The old buddy-buddy pitch. Get him on your side."

"What if he won't play?"

"He's an important man. He's got important friends."

That was plain enough. One of Cook's important friends had called the mayor, the mayor had called the chief, the chief had called Johnny O'Donald. Correction, Lieutenant O'Donald. The lieutenant was passing the word along, spelling it out. Sam Buchanan had got himself and the department into trouble. Sam Buchanan would get himself and the department out of trouble, or find himself a new line of work.

"Where do I meet Cook?" Sam asked.

"He's in the squad room." Now that he'd done what he had to do, Johnny shed his rank. "It's rough, Sam. I'd like to buy you a beer to square it. Today I haven't got time."

"I know," Sam said.

"You got a beer coming." Two of Johnny's phones were ringing; he let them ring. He was a tired man—black stubble on his face, a dirty shirt. Twenty hours at his desk and no relief in sight. His eyes looked like they'd been burned in his head with a soldering iron. "These things happen," he said. He picked up one of the telephones. "No hard feelings, Sam?"

"No hard feelings," Sam said.

He went down the hall to the squad room. Paul Cook was standing before a window, his arm in a neat, black sling. Deputy Chief Hill was beside him, red-faced and sweating, patting the air with his big hands. Hill handled personnel and promotions. He was a proud man. He didn't like anyone who brought discredit to the force. He didn't like Sam Buchanan.

"You gentlemen have met?" he said.

"Twice," Cook said. "When he split my lip and broke my arm. When he came to the hospital to apologize."

Hill said, "All of us regret—"

"Do you?" Paul Cook said.

He was small, 130 pounds of pure carbolic acid, done up in a dark, expensive suit, a tailored overcoat. He wore glasses with heavy rims, a Homburg hat. His face was thin, tightly fleshed. His sharp profile might have been lifted from a coin. One pocket of his overcoat bulged unmistakably; the little guy was armed again.

"Let's get the show on the road," Sam said.

Paul Cook smiled thinly. "It will be a pleasure."

They left the building for the police parking lot. Paul Cook had a hitch in his stride, a stiff-kneed, toe-scraping hesitancy—curious, but not unique. Sam Buchanan knew at least one other man who walked that way; a slender thief, who was wanted for armed robbery in a dozen states and who shared Cook's liking for dark Homburg hats.

Cook said, "What's our program?"

"We cruise," Sam said.

HE enlarged on that as they waited for a light. A pair of burglars had crashed a tavern late last night. They'd been stowing loot in their car when Chris Mulvey, the uniformed beat man happened along. "They shot Chris twice," Sam said. "He's on the critical list. May make it, may not." There'd been one witness, a woman, who lived in a walk-up apartment across the alley from the tavern. She'd seen two men. Both were young—one tall, one chunky. One of them had a crippled hand, maybe. She'd seen the hand on the door of a car—thumb and forefinger only.

"Hardly an elaborate description," Cook said.

Sam said, "That's why we're hunting the car."

The thieves' car was a '45 or '46 coupe, small, make unknown. The woman thought it was gray, or perhaps green. The first three numbers of the license were eight-one-five, but the five might be a seven or a three. The luggage compartment was

make it easy

TRY THIS TRICK for keeping matches dry on a hunting, fishing or camping trip: Dip the match tips in lukewarm melted paraffin wax. When you are ready to use one of these matches you will find that it strikes easily and produces a strong flame.

—Mrs. Milton F. Russell, N. Sacramento, Calif.

closed, but there was a piece of dark rag hanging over the left rear fender, caught in the trunk lid. "She could be wrong about any or all of the rest of it. But the rag she's sure about. It wasn't neat."

"Not a very helpful witness," Cook said.

Sam said, "About average."

A vagrant, half-formed image was nudging at the edge of his mind. Something—a name? a face? —slippery and elusive and gone almost instantly. Sam frowned and rubbed his jaw.

Cook said, "How do you like my mustache?"

"It looks all right," Sam said.

"It hides the scar, partially." Cook's voice was edged. The little man with the big hate was getting out his knives. "I did a lot of thinking in the hospital," he said. "I've some questions to ask about the night at my garage."

"Hop to it," Sam said.

"You saw me walking along the street," Cook said. "You thought I was a wanted man, one Clyde Brogan, alias this and that, a dangerous criminal, who specializes in the armed robbery of homes in the better districts. My manner was furtive and suspicious, or so you later said. You followed me to the garage attached to my house." He used his left hand to move his bad arm. "Is that the picture?"

"Yes," Sam said.

A picture Sam would carry with him till the day he died. Tall hedges and black shadows. A man who wore a Homburg set at a jaunty angle and walked with a hitch-scrape stride. No doubt of his identity in Sam's mind: Clyde Brogan, wanted in a dozen states. Clyde worked neighborhoods where the wealthy lived, this time of night. He was an old pro. He walked past elaborate front doors that would resist a tank, knowing the back door would be equipped with a lock from the five and dime.

The rest was all of a piece in Sam's memory. He'd gone after this Clyde Brogan, this armed and dangerous thief, and he'd gone fast. Cornered, the man had spun, dragging at his pocket, and light had gleamed on a gun. What more did a cop need? What could a cop do but his best? Sam had broken the gun arm and had slugged the man in the face. But it wasn't Clyde Brogan, an armed and dangerous thief, who lay unconscious. It was Paul Cook, manufacturing jeweler, owner of two successful retail stores, attacked in front of his own home —a man with a permit to carry a gun, a man with important friends.

"I often carry precious stones and large sums of cash," Cook said. "It's not improbable to me that a certain kind of cop, knowing it, would use a mistaken identity excuse as a reason for attacking me. I still wonder what might have happened to my wallet if my neighbor hadn't come by a moment after you hit me."

Sam said, "Go right ahead and wonder."

He turned left. This was Portsmouth, a street of taverns and pawnshops and shabby hotels and dance joints and movie houses that never closed. Garish neon flamed in the dusk, juke boxes bawled from every other doorway, but the bars were doing little business, the corner crowds were thin. This was thieves' country, but the faces of the men who had done time, the ex-cons, were nowhere to be seen. Sixteen hours ago, two holdup men had shot a cop. Tonight, only the innocent and the uniformed were abroad on the avenue.

THEY met and passed a squad car—Don Thompson and Babe Lane, Loft Squad, dayside men. Midway up the block, a pair of uniformed officers were making a tavern check. A lot of wives would be sitting alone tonight; half the cops in town were in the hunt.

"You're married," Cook said. "Any children?"

"Three—two boys and a girl."

"Can you get by on your salary?"

"I could. But my wife and kids like to eat too."

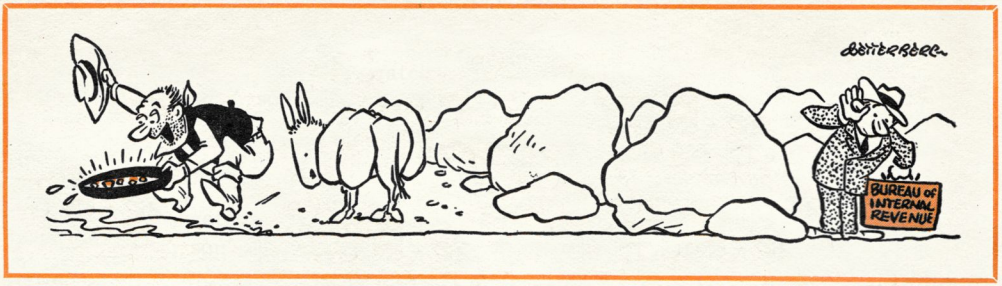
Sam could see where this was leading. A minute ago, the important man had all but called him a thief. Cook was satisfied Sam had been after his wallet. He was hunting motive now—an urgent need for money. He was trying to build a case he could take to his influential friends. Sam was sourly amused. If being broke made a cop a thief, there were a thousand on the force.

"How do you make ends meet?" Cook asked.

"Some months I don't," Sam said. "I've a spare time job that helps a little. I sell insurance on the side. All kinds."

"All kinds?—you've a broker's license?"

"My wife has. I'm a salesman."



"I see," Cook said. "You're also slippery as an eel. Having the license in her name evades the letter and the purpose of the civil-service regulations." He pinched his chin. "Do you sell policies to those you deal with as a policeman? People in trouble, I mean."

"No," Sam said.

"Commendable, if true." Cook's smile sharpened all the lines of his face. "If I were engaged in a shady enterprise, I think I'd rush to buy all my insurance from a policeman as—well, as insurance against possible arrest."

Sam said, "It's been tried."

He turned west on Dock Street, eye cocked for a coupe—any year, any color, any make—with a tail of dark rag hanging over the left rear fender. A bitter anger worked in him. Paul Cook was after Sam Buchanan's hide. Never mind what he and the lawyers and the jury would presently do to Buchanan in a civil court—a judgment was only money and Cook was a wealthy man. Paul Cook had suffered pain and indignity; he wouldn't rest till he was paid in kind. He wanted Sam Buchanan bounced off the force. He'd read the law, the procedure manual, the civil-service regulations. He'd make a thief of Buchanan if he could. Failing that, he'd run to his important friends and tell them how Sam Buchanan, the brutal and greedy cop, used a loophole in the regulations to complete with the taxpayers who supplied his bread and butter.

"Hey!" Sam Buchanan said softly.

His memory had just been nudged again. Sometimes it worked that way. Think about something else and—boom!—the thing you'd been trying to recall came sailing back, big as life. The crippled hand!—that was it. Thumb and forefinger, the other fingers gone—no, the fingers weren't missing, they were deformed. Months back, Sam had seen a burly lad with such a hand, thumb and forefinger normal, the other fingers tiny as a baby's curled tightly against his palm. Sam had stopped him on the street—loitering, after hours—and held him while Records checked and reported by radio.

"Grab on!" Sam said.

He made a fast U-turn, tires yelling. Cook braced himself in a corner, swearing, his injured arm cradled in his lap. His glasses bounced off his nose.

"Why the insane rush?" he said. "Where are we going?"

"My house," Sam said.

The kids met him in the hall. Sam Jr. and Don, the wrecking crew, had built a train of a blanket and kitchen chairs and wanted him to decide who'd be engineer. Janie, three, gave him a moist kiss and started to close the front door.

"No, honey," Sam said. "Leave it open."

Paul Cook could come in or stay out, Sam didn't care. Sam yelled hello at the kitchen and opened his desk. Martha, blonde and pretty, appeared in the doorway to eye him soberly.

"Hi, husband," she said. "Aren't you early?"

"I forgot my brains," he said.

He was digging through a stack of pocket-worn notebooks. She didn't ask what he was hunting. She came to kiss the top of his head, gently, not interrupting, just telling him she was here if he needed her. A kiss like that was a treasure, Sam thought. Too bad it couldn't be put away in a vault and saved.

"A dish like you, how come you married an ugly cop?"

"I'm nuts about cops," she said. "You're the best I could do."

Sam was five minutes finding the notebook he wanted. Paul Cook was in the room when he closed the desk and stood up. Cook was looking around, smiling like a cat turned loose on a canary farm. Sam could almost see the wheels turning in Cook's head. "Expensive furniture and a new TV . . . on a cop's salary?" This room was Martha's pride and joy. If a woman had one room she could be proud of, it didn't matter that the rest of the house was nothing much. "Who'll see the holes in your pants," Martha'd said, "when you're sitting in a chair so fine?" Her dressing table was made of orange crates, skirted with yellow cloth she'd found on a bargain counter. And that TV—six months' lunch money had gone into the down payment, but try and tell Paul Cook that.

"Sam," Martha said. "How's Chris Mulvey?"

"No change," he said. "Not that I've heard."

Her smile faded. "Be careful, Sam."

Paul Cook said, "Are we about ready to go?"

"As soon as we swap cars," Sam said.

BACK on the street, heading east, it started again. Cook had to know everything about everything. Where were they going now? Who were they hunting? And why had they left the department vehicle at Sam's house? Kellwood district, Sam told him. They had a lead—maybe good, maybe not. The witness had seen a man with a crippled hand. Okay. Sam had finally remembered stopping a man with such a hand. That's why they'd gone to the house, to dig the guy's name and address out of the file of old notebooks.

"You found it?" Cook said. "That was a piece of luck."

A piece of routine, Sam told him. Every cop carries a notebook and pencil. Write it down—name, age, description—one day you may want the guy. So they had a name: Ben Green. They had an address 10 months old. This Green had lived with friends of his, an old couple, foster parents, or so he'd said. Right now, they were going to do what all cops did: play the percentage. Hunt for the car with the tail of rag hanging over the fender. Check the street in front of the house, check the neighborhood. If Green was there, he'd be sweating and jumpy, peering around the edge of a window blind at every car that passed, looking for a buggy whip aerial.

"So we use my car," Sam said. He halted before a service station. "Stand fast. I've got a phone call to make."

"Why here? You have a phone in your house."

"And a wife," Sam said. "She worries."

He closed the phone-booth door. He dropped a dime and dialed headquarters and asked for Johnny's desk. "O'Donald here." Johnny's voice was old and tired; jobs like Johnny's, nights like this, made old men out of boys. Sam could hear the ringing of another phone and the flat voice of the radio speaker on Johnny's desk. He didn't waste Johnny's time. "Ben Green," he said. "We've got his card in the file. He's no big-time boy, but his hand fits the description."

"We could use a break," Johnny said. "I'll put him on the air, all points." He paused. "How's your little friend? How're you two getting along?"

"It was a bad idea. I told you that."

"Deputy Chief Hill was up to see me. He's on Cook's side. He thinks you need another job. Digging ditches. You're not polite."

Sam said. "You want me on my knees?"

"I want you on the force . . . that's all," Johnny said. "Get it through your head, Sam. This guy knows some big people. He can get your job; he really can." Lieutenant O'Donald's voice turned harsh. "I just talked to the hospital, Sam. It doesn't look good for Chris."

"He's a tough old bird. He'll make it."

"Peritonitis—there was garlic on the slugs he stopped."

"Nice boys we're hunting," Sam said. "Real nice."

He went back to his car, back to the important man who had important friends. West on Lombard, south on Valley Drive. Kellwood was the shabby end of town. The wind had stiffened, booming the sidewalk awnings, throwing gusts of cold rain against the laboring windshield swipes. Sam turned the heater on. The dash light glowed but the fan was stuck again—one more thing he was going to have fixed the day he got a dime to spare.

"Should be in the next block," he said.

There was a hump in the middle of the next block. The house where Ben Green had lived 10 months ago was on the crest, half-hidden in the wind-whipped trees. Sam had his look as they passed. Not much of a place: old, needing paint, needing repairs. Somebody was home. Lights burned behind drawn blinds. There was no garage, nothing at the curb. Sam took the sedan straight on.

"You struck out," Cook said.

Sam searched the neighborhood, checking every street and alley, every parking lot within a half mile of the house on the crest. He found dark coupes, but none with an eight-one-five license, none with a tail of dark rag hanging over the left rear fender. He went back toward the house where Ben Green had lived 10 months ago. He killed his lights on a side street and pulled around the corner to park short of the hump.

Cook said, "Now what?"

"We wait," Sam said.

THE lights in the house on the crest went out at one o'clock. Ten cars passed between one and two, six between two and four. Paul Cook, tired, turned peevish. How long were they going to sit here like a couple of spies in a cheap movie? Until Ben Green was found or relief came, Sam told him. This was one of the ways it was done. Cops spent a lot of time watching rat holes. Sooner or later the rat showed up.

"Next month . . . next year," Cook said.

Sam said, "Sometimes it takes a while."

"Why not knock on the door and talk to the people?"

"If they know we're hunting him, he'll know it."

"So what?" Cook said. "He's not involved, not yet. Having a crippled hand doesn't mean he's one of the pair who shot your friend. Or does it? Have you already tried and convicted him?"

"Hardly."

"I had to ask," Cook said. "I know a man who was savagely beaten because he limped and wore a Homburg hat."

"No," Sam said. His patience was gone. "I followed you because you looked like a known thief. And you acted like one. You pulled a gun on me."

"I thought you were a thief."

"So we both made a mistake."

"You had no right—"

"I had no right on your property unless I knew a felony had been done or was being done—sure, I know. As a cop, I've got two rights, just two: I can carry a gun and serve a warrant." He rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand. "You're a taxpayer. You're my boss, one of 'em. You want a big job done, but you don't give me any tools. You want safe streets, but when you get a traffic ticket you break your back to get it fixed."

"I have never—"

"Then you're the exception," Sam said. "You want protection around the clock, but if I go off the sidewalk trying to give it to you I'm in trouble. If I step on important toes, I got to get down on my knees to save my job. Well, the hell with that, mister. And the hell with you!"

"You can't talk to me like—"

"Shut up!" Sam said. "Down!—here's a car!"

An old car. The headlights coming toward them were out of adjustment, over-bright. Sam slid down in the seat. His knees bumped Cook's legs. The important man swore; let him swear. Sam was up again as soon as the lights passed. Two men in the car, two silhouettes. The taillight was dim. The license plate was bent and smeared. Sam caught the first two numbers: eight-one. "Let it be them!" The thought was a silent shouting in Sam's mind, as close to a prayer as he could come. "Let it be the garlic-bullet boys who put two slugs in Chris Mulvey! Let it be them!"

"Stay down," he said. "They're coming back."

Now Sam was almost certain. Honest men don't make a pass to have a look and then U-turn. Sam ducked. Headlight glare hit the rear window, filled the car. Sam watched the taillight climb the hump. He held his breath. A coupe, the witness had said. Gray or green. This was a two-door sedan, light blue. There was no tail of rag hanging over the left rear fender. The headlights topped the crest, tipped down.

"Another false alarm," Cook said.

Brakes squealed up there. The lights beyond the crest swung in against the curb, went out. Footsteps rang on the walk. A porch light gleamed briefly through the trees. A door opened and closed. Sam let his hard-held breath escape.

"The rat came home," he said.

"What are you going to do?"

Sam sat a moment, his face dark and hard, thinking. He was thinking about the odds—the facts he had, the things he guessed and the things he felt instinctively. He thought about what could happen. And he thought about Chris Mulvey.

"Here's what I'm going to do," he said. "I'm going to give you what you're looking for. I'm going to break two laws. I'm going to check that car—illegal search. If it looks right, I'm going to disable it—destruction of property."

"Why disable it?"

"If they get past me, they'll walk, not ride."

"You're going in—"

"That's right. So it's three laws I'm breaking. No search warrant. No time to get one. Maybe they just stopped for a shirt or some money. I've got no radio here, no phone. I can't get a warrant unless I leave. And I can't leave."

"You don't know they're guilty of anything."

"It's an odds-on bet, and good enough for me." He got out of the car. "Sit tight. Take notes, if you want to."

"Buchanan! Those men are citizens, innocent until proven guilty. You've sworn to protect—"

"I've got a lot of citizens to protect." Sam's black-browed face was dark and angry. "What about the rest? Nothing'll happen to these punks if they're clean. If they're not and they get away, they can shoot up a lot more citizens. I've got no legal right—okay, the hell with it. But I've got a job to do. And I'll do it!"

"There's two of them. If they're armed—"

"Get on the floor. You'll be safe."

Sam Buchanan went up the hill, walking on the grass of the parking strip. The blue two-door was locked. Sam opened it. He knew how; he'd spent enough time talking to car thieves. There was a brittle snap, not loud. He searched the seats, nothing. He opened the glove compartment. A sheathed hunting knife, a roll of coins, a jimmy, a punchboard with a strap watch still affixed to it—nothing big, nothing sure. But— Sam was a moment, but a moment only. Then he used the hunting knife to slash the switch wiring under the dash. When you're right, you know it—it crawls up and down your back, it prickles your scalp. And Sam knew he was right.

He drew his gun and climbed the steps toward the house, lonely as a shooting gallery duck, thinking he could use four or five of the lads from headquarters on a job like this. The porch floor creaked faintly under his weight and there was another sound—the soft fall of a padded foot beside the house, or the thud of one wind-whipped branch against another? He didn't know. He froze beside the door, feeling the heartbeat in his throat, listening hard. Wind and rain, a hundred storm-born sounds, and deep inside the house the wordless run of voices. It must have been a wind-whipped branch, then, or they wouldn't be talking inside.

Sam put his hand on the knob and turned it carefully. Locked. That didn't matter much, the

door was a flimsy thing, leaking light on every side. One well-placed kick and it would let go like the head of a dime-store drum. But what about the two inside? They knew every cop in town was hunting them; they'd be a jumpy pair. What would they do when they heard the door cave in?

"Time to find out," Sam said.

He wiped one sweating hand on his coat; a night this cold and his hands were sweating. He was moving away from the wall when a wild, high screech ripped the quiet. The hair lifted on Sam's neck. He couldn't position the sound; with that kind of hell breaking loose he didn't try. He put a foot beside the lock and above the splintering wood he heard the slam of a gun, once, then again.

He was inside, bent over and moving fast. The sound of his coming was lost in the frantic yelling that went on and on. An old woman was huddled in a chair beside a stove. A man squirted out of an inner doorway, looking back. He wasn't the man with the crippled hand, but he had a gun in his fist. Sam kicked his legs from under him and slammed the barrel of his revolver solidly against his jaw. Then he went through the inner door into a small bedroom where Ben Green, the man with the crippled hand, was struggling to get his foot into the leg of a pair of pants.

"Police," Sam said.

"Don't—don't shoot!" Ben Green's face seemed to crumple and wilt. "In the alley, I was only tryin' to scare him, mister. I didn't mean to shoot a cop. I wouldn't—"

Sam said, "Get dressed. We're going downtown."

LIEUTENANT JOHNNY O'DONALD said, "Yes sir," and put the telephone back in its cradle. He looked at Sam Buchanan out of tired, bloodshot eyes. Sam was standing by the window looking out at the rain. A stenographer came in and dropped some papers on O'Donald's desk and went quietly away. Johnny O'Donald shook his head. "They signed confessions, both of them," he said. "And Chris Mulvey's going to make it. He's over the hump."

Sam said, "That's good news."

"This is not," Johnny said. "Cook's on his way down from the Chief's office." He poked at the sheaf of papers. "Hill got these up for Cook. Complaints against you for Cook's signature—trespass, illegal search, breaking and entering. You don't break laws, you break the Constitution." Anger came into his tired voice. "So now you'll be selling insurance full time. With a face like yours you'll starve to death."

"There's worse things than starving."

"You'll find 'em if there are." Johnny shook his head again. "Finding Green was good. I call it police work. And I'd have done the same as you did—but not with Cook there! That was a sucker play. You put your neck on the block and told him how to swing the ax. All I can do now is kiss you good-by."

The door opened then and Paul Cook limped into the office. He needed a shave and his eyes were smudged with the shadows of fatigue, but he was still pure carbolic acid done up in an expensive suit. He looked at Sam Buchanan, looked away.

O'Donald picked up the papers on his desk. "Deputy Chief Hill had these typed up for your signature," he said. "Complaints charging Detective Buchanan with illegal search—"

"And wanton destruction of property," Cook said bitingly. "He broke into a parked car and ripped out the wiring. I saw him do it." His lips tightened. "He also entered a house without a warrant."

"I had a right to," Sam said, without real hope. "The law says I can, if I believe a felony has been or is being committed. I heard a scream and a couple of shots before I kicked in the door."

"Sure," O'Donald said. "But can you prove it?"

"He can." Cook's voice was still bitter and cold. "He has a witness—I did the screaming, I fired the shots."

O'Donald said, "You . . .? You had a reason?"

"Certainly," Cook said. "To create a diversion. To prevent him from getting killed. To prevent him from breaking another law that would allow a certain spiteful, narrow-headed citizen to sign a complaint that would cost him his job." He used his left hand to shift the arm he carried in a satin sling, wincing angrily. "He is a stubborn blockhead, who has yet to learn to apologize. But he's a man I've learned to admire." He turned and left them, then, walking with that hitch-scrape stride, his back as stiff and as angry as ever.

"Well, I'll be a sonofagun!" O'Donald said.

Sam said, "I'll take that beer you owe me now."

—BY JOHN AND WARD HAWKINS

make it easy

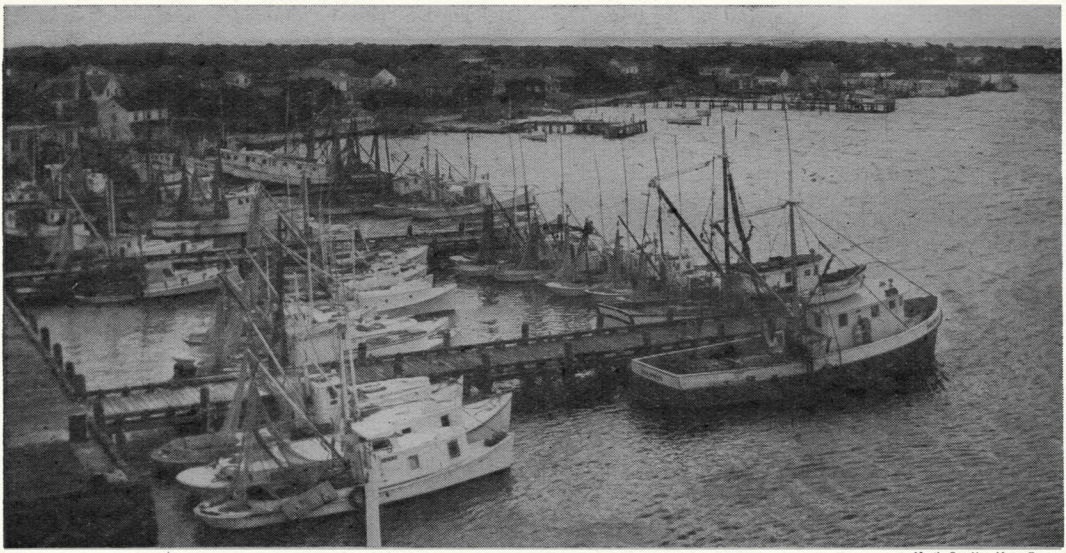
TO HELP yourself find your way around when you're looking for paint in your collection of partly-filled cans, try this idea: Whenever you finish a paint job, take your brush and make a line on the outside of the can with the same color paint as is in the can *and* at the same level as the paint inside the can. This way you will always know the exact color and amount of paint in the can.

Thomas P. Ramirez, Fond du Lac, Wis.

BLUEBOOK *will pay $5 for each "Make It Easy" published. But none can be acknowledged or returned.*

North Carolina's Outer Banks, the nation's newest national park—and only seashore one—offers about everything a vacationing sportsman could want—and color besides.

Hunting, Fishing, and Buried Treasure



North Carolina News Bureau

BY GEORGE S. WELLS

You don't just hold your breath the first time you cross Oregon Inlet; once started, you don't have any to hold. For this water link to the Outer Banks of North Carolina is a likely candidate for the wildest ferry crossing yet devised by man and it takes you to one of the most unusual places on the continent.

When you've survived the crossing, through a wilderness of underwater shoals and a sea that never seems to know its place, there is another shock in store. The ferry doesn't land you again, but casually abandons you on a spit of shifting sand far out at sea. They put a larger ferry in service recently, and built a road down those shifting sands. But there is still some justification for the saying that only madmen, fishermen and people who live there would take a car to the Outer Banks.

Nevertheless, this spring a goodly number of people have gone booming the 70-odd miles down the new sand-and-tar road to the point where it meets the sea again at the village of Hatteras.

They go down there for an assortment of reasons, ranging from the finest fishing this side of Heaven, to digging for buried treasure in the sands. The seven tiny villages of the Banks are loaded with history, strange customs and places for tourists to stay. And there's some life in the raw for the visitors, too. For now and then the weather hauls off and socks it to this impertinent necklace of sand flung thirty miles out into the

Atlantic Ocean. And when it blows on Hatteras, take cover!

But the real adventure begins when you board the ferry *Governor Umstead* in the protected cove below Bodie Lighthouse. This craft is a curious, tilted contraption with the bow riding high above the waves and the stern practically awash. She is a converted World War II landing craft, her pilot house is perched on one corner, as if in afterthought, and when you drive your car onto the rippled steel deck, your stomach will think you're already at sea.

If you haven't scraped your auto's tail pipe getting on, you will getting off; there's no grade invented that's as steep as the loading ramp. The ship has another little trick, too. It crosses one way and heads straight into dock like a respectable ferry but on the way back it has to turn around and back-in to unload.

The Boat Goes Crazy

Its diesel thumping like a hammer in a tub, the *Governor Umstead* heads out into glass-smooth water then rounds a headland and you begin to feel the roll of the sea. Then the vessel goes crazy, following a course as erratic as a kitten chasing a ball of string. For the channel is devious, and forever changing. Islands today are gone tomorrow, and the only way you can tell where to steer a vessel is by the color of the water which varies from near-white to beige to brown to blue to steel gray.

You pass a line of men with long surf-casting poles in their hands standing in the middle of the ocean, a good quarter of a mile from the nearest visible land. Eventually your common sense tells you they're standing on a submerged sand bar.

Then you forget about the fishermen because the ferry suddenly begins to pitch and roll and waves heave up like a wall in front of you. A whistling wind bears down from the cloudless northeast sky, tears off the top of the water and hurls it in your face. You're in the main channel now, where the tide is either rushing into Pamlico Sound or pouring out again and the wind is never absent.

Don't look to Capt. Luther Midgett for sympathy. He'll pull his black leather cap down over deep-sunken, seafaring eyes and tell you, "You should see the Inlet in a storm."

Rain or shine, wind or calm, Midgett and his ferry make the crossing on a schedule that is the only regulation the Bankers have ever known. As you drive southward along the narrow ridge which is Hatteras Island you'll look in vain in the villages of Rodanthe and Salvo and Waves (99.9 per cent populated by Midgetts) for a courthouse or a jail or a policeman's uniform. For Bankers there are no laws, no taxes, no policemen, no jails, no government organization of any kind. They don't need any of these. They've lived for three centuries in peace with one another, and there is no man who does not own his own home and garden plot and one of those Banker boats with such magical qualities that the fish rush up to it to be caught.

It won't take you long to get acquainted with these people, for they are the friendliest you'll ever find. Bankers talk with an accent straight out of Limehouse London and use words you can trace back to Shakespeare. Their names are usually Gray or Scarborough or Midgett or Jennette or Burrus. Nobody can tell you why, but there aren't many more names than that to be found among the 2,500 villagers. Somehow, the populace has become divided into a few distinctive family clans. Not that there's any interbreeding. There are, for instance, three different clans named Gray, none related to the other. So, though Gray marries Gray, and their children are Grays, the marriage is a perfectly normal one.

Bankers make their living in two ways—by commercial fishing and by "Coast Guarding." But the latter occupation is beginning to fade as radar keeps the sands of Hatteras free from wrecks, and as modern mechanical aids replace men at the stations. Even the famed Hatteras Lighthouse, tallest in the nation, is completely automatic now. And down the Outer Banks, abandoned Coast Guard stations dot the beaches.

There's an attitude here that makes many a visitor want to stay on forever. Take, for example, the crews of the lumber mill in Buxton Woods. Some days, not a Banker will show up. Once, the manager was so foolish as to ask why. The answer was: "Because it's Tuesday."

And that's reason enough for the Banker, who sees no need to work hard, because he has no need for money. The sea runs so thick with bluefish, trout, flounder, spots, and practically every other fish known to the Atlantic that it is news when a boat comes in less than full.

Besides the fish, there are boundless oyster beds, clams, crabs, lobsters and even fresh-water bass up in Currituck Sound. And on shore there are few homes without grapefruit or lemon or orange trees.

Waterfront and Midget Deer

As if this bounty of land and sea were not enough, the Banks are loaded with waterfowl—everything from Canada geese to mallards and teal and black ducks. It used to be that all a Banker had to do was point his gun above the horizon and he'd have meat on the table for a week. And in Buxton Woods, the tiny patch of forest which graces the wide part of Hatteras Island behind the tip of the Cape, midget deer managed to get themselves shot in goodly numbers with fat rabbits substituting now and then.

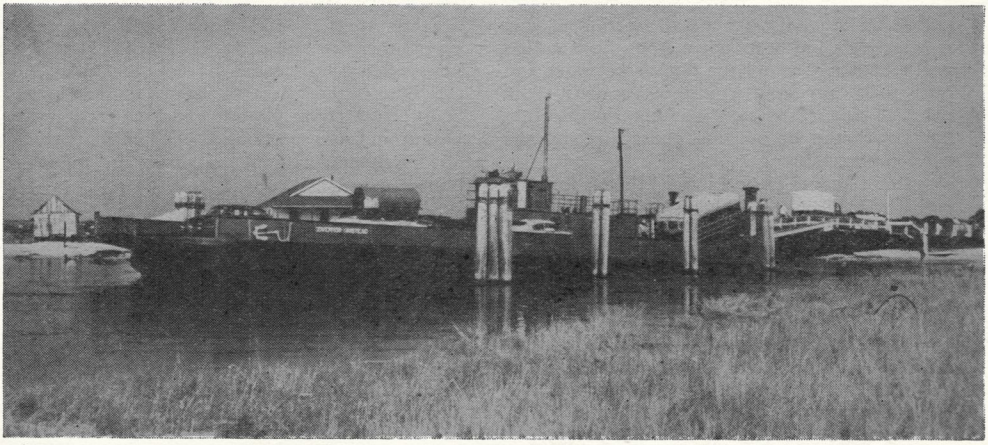
Ferry Skipper Luther Midgett is a typical Outer Banker, friendly and independent.

If you go there, ask as unobtrusively as possible about the fresh-water bass lake. Don't be too direct or you'll get blank looks that will make you feel you've committed the blunder of the age. But find the right man, and he'll take you down the faint, rutted trail along the edge of the Woods, down into the wildest spot on Hatteras. There he'll part the bushes and you'll find an ancient rowboat with an old piece of board serving as a paddle. And beyond it you'll see a finger-shaped lake with bass so thick you can stir them with your hand. Don't be greedy. Leave some for me when I return. Because those fish just don't know any better.

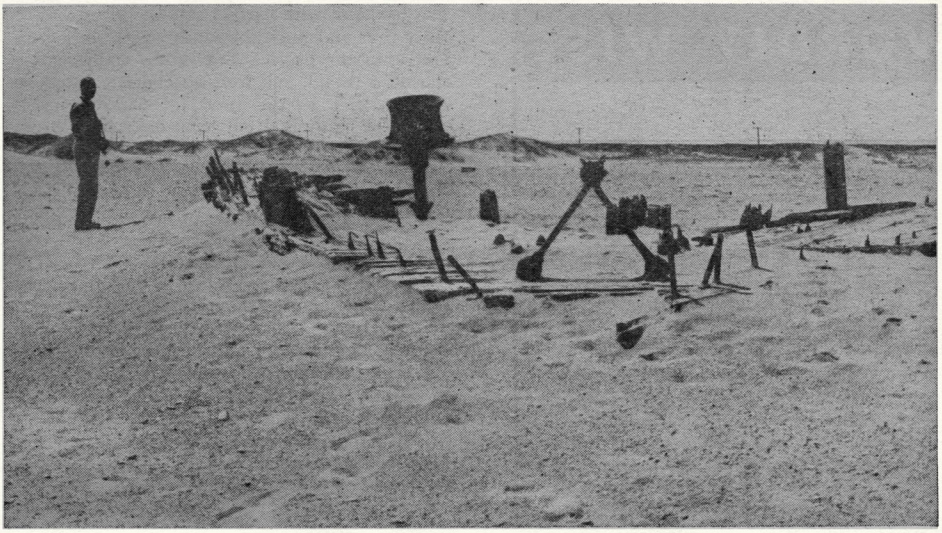
Like pirate lore? Then beg, borrow or rent, a four-wheel-drive jeep and ride up the beach from Hatteras village to Rodanthe. You may find buried treasure, uncovered by the wind and waves; certainly you will find scores of blackened ribs of sailing ships that smashed up on the reefs.

One of the finest trips is that to the village of Ocracoke. You get there by special arrangement with the mailman, who takes you on his truck across Hatteras Inlet and grinds endless miles down the roadless sands of the island. You can't get back until the next day, but there's a good hotel, and no end of lore. William Teach, better known as Blackbeard the Pirate, lived here with his many wives, and died when they caught up with him in the bay called Teach's Hole. And still farther down the Banks, on the tip of uninhabited Core Bank, is the near ghost village of Portsmouth, once the leading seaport of America.

All this chain of golden sand and lashing sea has been made accessible by the road which North Carolina built to the lower end of Hatteras. And with the road came the U. S. Park



The sea-going ferry *Governor Umstead* carries just about everything from tractor-trailer rigs to baby buggies across the wild ocean-stretch between Oregon Inlet and Hatteras Island.



Skeleton of the *Carol A. Deering*, which was washed high up on the sandy shores of Ocracoke 20 years ago, is regularly buried and disinterred by Cape Hatteras storms.

Service, buying up the whole 70 miles of ocean front, determined to preserve this beautiful and historic land as our first national seashore park.

Three rangers already are on full-time duty, and a museum has been built at the foot of Hatteras Lighthouse, next to the headquarters building. A fisherman worth his salt can camp anywhere along the beach. But for the softies or those who take their families, there are already enough housekeeping cabins in the seven villages to take care of a thousand visitors a night.

Rates are $50 to $60 a week per family cabin, or $10 a day. You might prefer to pay $6 a day double in the small but clean clapboard hotels in Avon, Hatteras and Ocracoke. Motels on the Banks invariably have kitchens attached and fish-cleaning blocks outside. You will also find an occasional tourist home, where you may board or not, as you please. And there are restaurants now in Buxton, Hatteras, Avon, Rodanthe, and Ocracoke.

Fish for Three Cents a Pound

Reservations in advance might be a good idea, so it would be wise to drop a line to Aycock Brown, manager of the Dare County Tourist Bureau, Manteo, N.C., and ask for his list of accommodations on the Outer Banks.

You'll find grocery stores selling everything from snuff to diapers, and if you can't catch your own fish, you can go down to the docks and buy bluefish for fifteen cents a pound as they heave them out of the boats. You might like pigfish, a local delicacy which sometimes sells for three cents a pound, or oysters at something like sixty cents a bushel.

But when the blues are running or the channel bass are bending rods all along the beaches with their forty to fifty pounds of fighting fury, you can reverse the tables and sell your catch, instead of buying it, at the docks.

Lazy Man's Paradise?

The Park Service is breaking precedent by permitting bona fide residents of the Banks to continue their commercial fishing forevermore. It is breaking another, and more astounding precedent, by permitting hunting in 2,000 acres of park land. Which means that if you go there in season, you can bag a limit of the waterfowl which blacken even the spacious skies of Hatteras and practically aim themselves at your gun.

Sounds like a lazy man's paradise, doesn't it? Don't be too sure about that. There's plenty of spunk left in the Banks for the man who goes down there without foreknowledge and preparation.

The road itself will fool you. You could drive down its straight course with your foot on the floorboard, but stop your car on a hot day and you may sink to the axles in the tar. I once saw a truck so deep in the stuff its owner had to jack up the rear in order to move.

The sand is worse. Drive off into it and you'll be all day making the next three inches.

WORDLY WISE

CINCH

CITY-BRED adventurers who flocked out to the gold fields in 1849 encountered many odd customs. Not the least of these was use of a novel saddle-girth. Instead of using English-style belly-bands with straps and buckles, Indians and Mexicans of the Southwest employed twisted horse-hair ropes running between two rings.

Such a piece of gear, which the Spanish had called *cincha,* was far more adjustable than any equipment familiar in the East. A rider who knew how to fasten a cinch could lace a saddle so it would stay in position all day. Clumsy buckles, on the other hand, had to be adjusted at frequent intervals. Such was the holding power of the cinch that its name entered common speech to stand for any sure thing.

—By Webb Garrison

Hardier souls with hardier cars let the air out of their tires and buck the sands across the ramps and onto the beach. But unless you've got a shovel, a friend, and four-wheel-drive, you'd be wise to stick to the gravel-fill parking spaces which the highway department has spotted every five miles along the road.

On the other hand, the climate here is something worth every mile you traveled to get here. The Gulf Stream and the ocean winds keep it cool in summer and warm in winter and—most of the time—clear of mosquitoes.

But don't relax too much in the sun-washed sands, either, because the storms can hit Hatteras and hit it hard. I have watched the sea pile up before the winds and spill over across the Cape and into the marshes, sweeping everything before it, killing every plant it touched with salt-encrusted fingers.

Ask the people in picturesque Avon what happened to them in the storm of '44. Seymour Gray will tell you how he watched a wall of water eight feet high sweep through his village, and then another wall sweep back across from Pamlico Sound as the eye of the storm reversed the winds. The people of Avon claim they watched one house float over a convertible that someone had left parked near the docks and then float back again to its foundation.

Seymour, when he was asked what people do to fight such ghastly storms, said simply, "We go upstairs, until the water goes down. Then we put Avon back together again."

You can see the evidence as you drive down the highway—places where the ocean has washed out its barrier dune and sent fingers of water to the very edge of the paving. And on the other side, Pamlico Sound has sent another finger of water to join it. Only the roadbed keeps the two from meeting and forming a new island.

Mysterious Markers

Even the dead can't rest in peace on Hatteras. For the sea comes boiling up to probe into the graveyards, stir up old bones and wash them into the sea which had fed their owners. Now and then the children of the Bankers find a remnant of a headstone in the sands and take it to their parents. "What is this?" they ask, and parents tell them: "That is known as stone; something you have never seen before. People used to bring it here from the mainland to mark the graves of our ancestors."

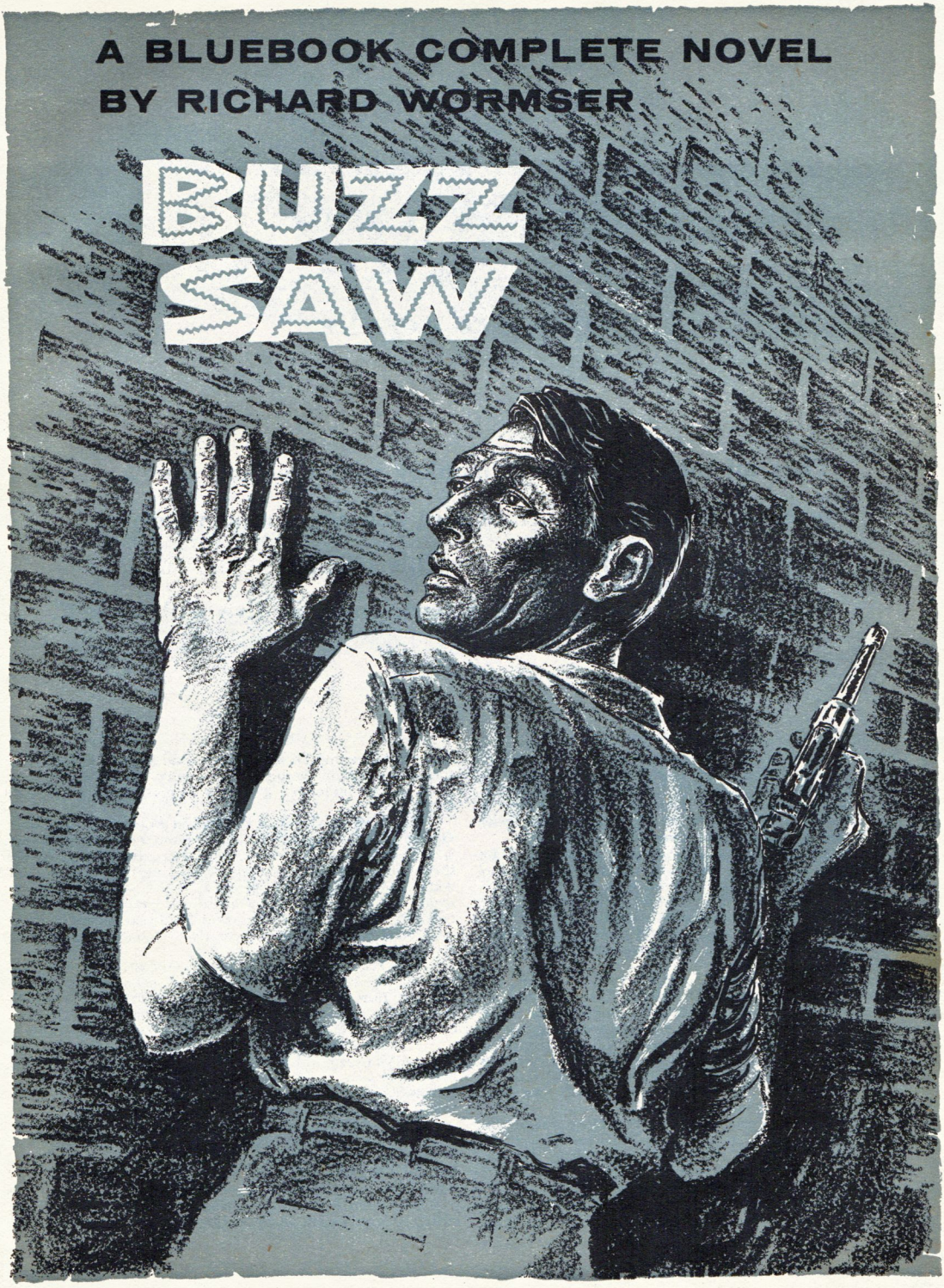
Today, there is still no stone on the sands of Hatteras. But there is plenty of treasure being brought in daily by the mainlanders. And they soon will come in even larger swarms to charter boats, to hire the perennial "guide and jeep" and to set up their tents in competition with the sand crabs—in this sportsman's paradise.

—By George S. Wells

A BLUEBOOK COMPLETE NOVEL

BY RICHARD WORMSER

BUZZ SAW



BUZZ SAW

BY RICHARD WORMSER

They all told him, "Don't monkey with the buzz saw"—meaning that dim empire of vice and corruption where moved the men who had killed his brother. But Sandoval could not turn back and still live with himself.

DRIVING OVER to the east side, coming off the freeway into the narrow, odorous streets of the Old City, I began to hate myself. Mamacita had sent for me, and that was a shame; it was four months since Lynn and I had been over to see her; she shouldn't have sent for me, I should have gone over to the big old house a long time ago.

I was an educated man, a college professor, no less. The youngest in the department. Brilliant. Or I thought so, and so did my wife. I should have known what was wrong with me, and I did. I was scared of the Old City. Scared of the cops, the Anglo cops and the Mexican cops, with their hard eyes; scared a red light and a siren would push me to the curb, and that hard cop voice they all have would ask me what I was doing, driving that big car.

Over in the Hills, around the University, I was just another professor, a little darker-skinned than most, maybe, but a full professor, a big shot. Down here, where I came from, I was just another something else: A Mex, a grown-up *pachuco.*

We'd asked Mamacita to come live with us, and she'd wrinkled up the skin around her black eyes, and said everyone knows that two women is one too many for any house. I'd had to translate that to Lynn; her Spanish is strictly classroom stuff. Mamacita's is largely Otomi Indian.

We'd asked her to sell the house, and move out of the Old City, take a place near us; and she'd said she'd lived in the big house with Pedro, and been happy there, and she thought she'd die there. Pedro was my father, Peter Sandoval. Mexican Pete, the papers used to call him.

So here I was, driving home, driving back into my memories—bad memories, street and gutter memories. Thirty years old, and still scared I'd turned into a kid again, a kid scared of the cops, scared of the big *pachuco* gangs, scared all the time. Even if your father has money, a Mex is a Mex in the Old City.

Kids were playing Kick the Can in front of the big house. *Opone la Lata,* we used to call it. Now they'd probably call it *Quique la Lata,* or maybe *la Canna;* street language was slowly changing to a mixture of Hispanicized English, and Anglicized Spanish; Tom Bigelow, in the Ethnology Department, had dropped into my office and given a long speech about it. I'd wondered why, until I realized he was studying me. Scott Sandoval, the missing link between the University and the gutter.

I parked the car and locked the doors. I went up the steps to the front door. I opened it with my own key. Mamacita had insisted I keep it when I got married. I guess she thought the marriage would never last; an Anglo girl, beautiful and blonde and educated, and a Mex from the Old City.

There was the hall, with the Guadalupe in her niche, and the candles in front of it. Pop used to blow those candles out every time he went by; like a lot of the old soldiers from the Revolution, he hated the Church. Mamacita'd never say anything, she'd just light up the Madre de Mexico again.

The front room was so full of plants it was a jungle; out of it canaries sang, and Mamacita had added something new: five parakeets were walking around loose. It was hot in there, hot and damp like the jungles around Tamazinchale, where I'd never been, where Mamacita came from.

I went on back to the kitchen. There she was, in her rocker, the only chair in the house that wasn't for show, that

was really something to sit in. She had her arms folded, and her black *rebozo* pulled over her head like she was in church. She wasn't crying, because Indians don't cry, and, Lord, she was all Indian; 50, maybe, and already shriveled up into a little Aztec mummy.

She hurt me, right in my heart. I put my arms around her, and kissed her hard, the mouth and both cheeks. "It's all right, Mamacita. I am here, your son Scott, I am here."

She said, "Escott!" She never could say my first name; Pop named me after a big-shot politician friend of his. "So you came, Escott."

"I'll always come, Mamacita. Have no fear, I'll always come when you need me. Lynn's at home, she's waiting to hear if there is anything she can do."

"Your beautiful wife," Mamacita said. "Your blonde." The word in Spanish is *rubia*. "She mustn't know about this, Escottito."

Outside, the noises of Old City were coming in through the window. Somebody playing a mambo on an old-fashioned, too loud phonograph. A woman screeching to her children to come home and feed themselves. Church bells in the background, and—maybe this was my imagination—the whole thing timed to the pat-pat-patting of women beating out tortillas, like the rhythm section of a band, always underneath, never intruding.

"Mamacita," I said, "I don't know what the trouble is myself; so how can I tell Lynn?"

"Lynn," she said, "it is a very rare name."

"Very rare," I agreed, "but you've heard it before. What's the trouble?"

Suddenly she moved. She put her scrawny hands up and beat herself on the chest. *"Ay de mi!"* she shrieked. But her Indian eyes stayed dry. Me, I can cry; Pop had a lot of Spanish blood in him, he was very light-skinned. *"Ay de mi,* my son! They have your brother in jail."

I let out a sigh. So, after all, it was nothing; in the Old City going to jail is something that happened to everybody sooner or later. You went because all the kids on the block went—for questioning—or because you were wearing the wrong kind of clothes that day, or because some cop had a hangover.

"All right," I said. "Where is he? In the Dovecote?" We call the jail the Palomar because it was built on the site of an old pigeon farm. The prisoners, male and female, are *Las Palomas.* Maybe Bigelow would get a kick out of that. I'd have to remember to tell him.

"Yes," she said. "There is no bail, Escott."

I whistled. "All right," I said. "I'll go over there. I'll have Enrique home for supper. You better start beating out the tortillas."

"Maybe so," she said. "Maybe so. You are smart, Escott. Maybe so. But if not," Mamacita said, "you come back here. And you and I talk."

I patted her cheek, and started out. She called me back. "I was wrong, son. I should have moved when you and your blonde wanted me to. The Old City, it is not good for Enrique."

"Oke, Ma," I said in English. "Don't worry, Hank's nearly twenty years old."

And I went on out.

2

THE DESK COP over at Palomar gave me a funny look. "Henry Sandoval? I don't think we got him."

I was very Anglo, very clipped. Sort of a broad-A accent. "I'm connected with the University," I said. I flipped my wallet open and showed him my identification.

He wasn't impressed. "Okay, I'll ask." He had a voice-dampener on his phone. He talked into it a while, and then hung up. "Okay," he said. "He's been taken over to headquarters for questioning. You can see him there."

There wasn't anything else to do. When that look comes down over their faces, you know you've had it. That cop look.

Headquarters was on top of a big office building; a lot prettier than the old Dovecote. There was a civilian girl on the desk, and a uniformed officer behind her; opposite him sat a policewoman. She was very pretty, which kind of surprised me; I don't know why a pretty girl would want to be a cop.

At once the cop behind the desk got up. "Over here," he said, and opened the gate. I stepped through it. "Turn around, Scott," he said. It is psychologically sound to call you by your first name. I was so surprised I turned around. He stood back from me, scientifically, and his hands went over me before I knew what was happening. He came up with my wallet and my little pocketknife.

The civilian girl and the policewoman were both watching us. The civilian woman got out a big envelope. The cop said, "Not worth checking in, May." He turned to me. "Open the wallet, so I can see your identification."

I did, and he nodded. "Scott Sandoval, all right. Professor of sociology at the University." The girl was writing all this down. "Turn it over, please." He dictated my name and address and the number of my driver's license. "Let's just see the others." He said nothing as he passed my library cards, but the next one made him chuckle. "Member of the Society of American Criminologists, May . . . Member of the Lastima Beach Club. Didn't know they took Mexicans, Scott. You can sit over here."

I was blushing as he let me put the wallet and the little knife away. I was ashamed, in front of the desk girl and the pretty policewoman. I said, "I want to see my brother, Henry Sandoval."

The cop said, "Hank's doing fine, you'll see him later."

"All right," I said, standing up. "I'll be back later. In the meantime, I'm on my way to see a lawyer."

The officer was no taller than I, and fat. But he stood and faced me and I sat down, blushing again. But neither of the girls looked at me. We all sat.

The elevator opened and a girl got out. She looked around uncertainly, and then walked towards us. Nice-looking girl, not pretty like the policewoman—whose looks depended on health and youth and regular features—but more than attractive because of her eyes and their size and depth of feeling in them. She came towards us and I was sorry to see a girl who looked like that up here on the Headquarters floor—she was the sort of girl who should be protected and—I broke all that off. I was a married man.

She said, "My name is Jean Inness."

The girl called May half-turned her head, and the policewoman got up. She was as tall as I, about five-ten. Very neat. Her Wave-type uniform was beautifully fitted. "You're expected, Miss Inness."

Miss Inness said, "It's about—" and came through the gate as she said it. Then her voice broke off in surprise, as the policewoman gave her a rapid and expert frisk: bag out of Joan Inness' hand, blue cuffs running over her body; as the policewoman shoved her hand hard against Jean Inness' skirt to see if a gun hung between her legs, she moved dexterously so her uniformed body hid the girl from us men.

It was done with the greatest decorousness and respect for the taxpayer's modesty. But it was done. The policewoman let Jean Inness go and opened the bag.

She used a pencil to poke at the various objects she had dumped on May's desk. There must later be no charge that she could have palmed anything valuable. Then Jean Inness was told to open her wallet, as I had done, but the policewoman dictated to May in a very low voice, presumably because of my presence.

When the tall blue body stepped away, Jean Inness was blushing as I had blushed.

I said, "When do I get to see my—"

Hardly moving, the cop next to me dug me in the ribs,

and my wind rushed out before I could finish the sentence. But Jean Inness looked at me differently, and I guess that is why I spoke; I didn't want her to think I was one of the police.

The policewoman took her down the hall, and out of sight, and we sat there.

Then the tall, uniformed girl came back, sat down, yawned, and took a lipstick and compact out of her neat over-the-shoulder bag. I got a glimpse of her .38 as she did so. She started making up her face.

The cop said, "You can smoke if you want to, Scott."

I got out cigarettes and offered him one. He said, "Not on duty," and started humming under his breath.

I smoked, and hoped Jean Inness would come back. She was no great beauty, really; but up here, she was worth looking at; and it was funny, because if you'd wanted to illustrate a calendar, say, or hire a girl to demonstrate something in a store window, you would have picked the policewoman.

But she didn't come back, and a tired kind of sunlight crept across the tired linoleum. Finally May's phone buzzed and she picked it up and said, "Reception, eighteenth floor. . . . Yes." Then she turned and nodded at the cop.

He said, "Let's go, Scott." He opened the next gate for me, and nodded me through. With good-humored indifference he said, "That's a funny first name you got, for a Mexican," and went ahead of me down the hall.

He was fat-hipped, and the gun on his right side switched back and forth when he walked. But there was nothing effeminate about him.

He unlocked a couple of iron gates with a key; ceiling-high iron gates set across the corridor of what was otherwise an ordinary office building.

Then he opened a door, and said, "This is Scott Sandoval," and went away, leaving me to face three guys in plain clothes. They ran all the way from my age up to about 50, and they could have been detectives or inspectors or district attorneys. None of them bothered to introduce themselves, but the oldest one said, "So you're Scott Sandoval?"

I nodded.

The youngest one got up. He yawned. "Got anything to prove it?"

I said, "I'm here to bail my brother out. Henry Sandoval."

The oldest one said, "Make a note of that, Hughes. He admits he's Henry Sandoval's brother."

"Why shouldn't I? Listen, you're not pushing around some little fruit-tramp. I'm a full professor out at the University! Call the chief of the campus police if you want—"

The young one they called Hughes put his hand out. Just the finger tips caught me in the solar plexus, and I sat down, quickly. I didn't know I'd been backed up till there was a chair behind me.

Hughes said, "Let's get pleasant about all this. First, some identification."

I got my wallet out again. I held it out, and Hughes said, "Take the money out of it first." They didn't even trust themselves not to pick a wallet. Then he looked over the cards in their little cellophane envelopes. "Professor of Criminology, huh?" Hughes started to laugh. "How do you like that, Mr. Cranley?"

Cranley was the 50-year-old one. He laughed too. "You are about to get a chance to do some first-hand study, Prof," he said. "So you're one of the fellows who studies us lowly cops, and tells us how to do our job better? Yeah, you're about to run into some stuff that isn't down in a textbook," he said.

The third man stood up. He said, "I'm from the District Attorney's office," he said. "My name is Elmore, Professor Sandoval." He held out his hand, and I took it, and it seemed he was trying to tell me that he didn't approve of the police methods any more than I did. "Your brother Henry is being held, Sandoval. No bail. You're welcome to get a lawyer—in fact, you should. But as a lawyer myself, I can tell you now your chances of bailing him are mighty slim."

I swallowed. All the police horseplay hadn't scared me; I'd been through it when I was a six-year-old guttersnipe, before Pop got rich. But Elmore's manner was a little different; and for the first time I knew Hank was really in trouble. "What's the charge?" I asked.

"Murder and possession of narcotics," Elmore said. "It couldn't be much worse."

"Aw, he already knew all that," Hughes said, "they got a grapevine over in Old City that's better than Western Union. All these Mexes know everything five minutes before it happens."

I swung at Hughes' face, and then I was on the floor, and Hughes was kicking me in the ribs. It was the old man, Mr. Cranley, that had hit me. With his blackjack.

3

WHEN I GOT BACK on the street, I didn't know any more about the case than I knew why I'd been fool enough to throw a punch at a policeman. I was too old to care about proving how tough I was; that was kid stuff. I walked down to the corner, past the bail-bond offices and the license-photograph offices, and there was a white-tiled lunchroom, and I got myself a cup of coffee.

Finally the anger died down, and the tears for Mamacita, and all that was left was the common sense I should have had all along. I wasn't here to prove anything; I was here to get Hank out of jail.

All right. I was a sociologist. I lectured on criminology, and penology, and the way the system ran. It ran by influence. Bail bondsmen had influence, and lawyers had influence, and college professors had no influence at all.

So I went next door to the Rossini Bail-Bonding Company. I gave my card to the girl at the desk and said, "I want to arrange bail for my brother."

She looked at the card, and said, "I'll call Mr. Garcia."

"I don't want Mr. Garcia," I said, "I want Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones."

She frowned, a little afraid I was being funny; she was very young; she had a lot of dignity to preserve. "We don't have any gentlemen by that name."

I said, "I'm sorry. What I mean to say is, I want somebody with a good American name. When a Sandoval is in trouble, he doesn't need a Garcia."

She smiled at that. "I'll call Mr. McJoseph out."

Mr. McJoseph looked like an old-time vaudeville hoofer. He had on a tweed suit cut tight into his waist, and he had male perfume on, and a network of small veins in his nose. He had a carnation in his button-hole that matched his nose, and he talked out of one corner of a mouth that seemed cut in his tough face with a razor. "This way, Mr. Sandoval."

His office was just a cubbyhole, with glass above the wainscoting. The glass was frosted, so you couldn't see into the next cubbyhole, but I could hear a woman crying in there. "What can I do for you?" he asked. He reached into his desk and took out a little red-leather notebook, with his firm's name and phone number on it. "Put this in your pocket, Mr. Sandoval. Our compliments." It was a nice touch; if I was ever picked up for anything, every cop in the station would see it on the property clerk's desk, and some friend would call Rossini: "You got a client in."

I said, "It's my brother, Henry Sandoval, also called Hank or Enrique. He's being held over at headquarters."

"Oh?" Mr. McJoseph was writing all this down. "Who's got him? City or County?"

Illustrated by WILLIAM BRYANT

"A cop named Cranley and one named Hughes seem to be in charge."

Mr. McJoseph whistled. "That's homicide," he said. In his hard and tough way, he was sympathetic. "I'll make a call or two, but I think you may need a lawyer." He looked up at the ceiling, and then reached for his phone. He dialed and asked for Charley. "Henry Sandoval, Charley. I think homicide has him." He listened; making little marks on his writing pad, and then said, "Thanks a lot, Charley. Your kid feel better? Well, it wasn't much; something to play with when they're sick makes it a lot easier on the missus."

He hung up, stared at me, and said, "It's too early to tell anything," and dialed another number. His friend at this number was called Ralph. Ralph didn't have a sick kid; he had an out-of-town sister who'd gotten tickets for a broadcast show. Whatever Mr. McJoseph was going to cost me, he was worth it.

Ralph talked longer than Charley had. Mr. McJoseph made quite a few marks before he hung up. Then he turned his swivel chair towards me, and held out a cigar case. He said, "I'll tell you, now, Mr. Sandoval. The kid's being held for murder, and that's not bailable. If I were you I'd get me a good lawyer, and I think maybe you could get the charge reduced. The police always start with the highest charge, and work their way down. Cranley hasn't taken Henry before a judge yet. Your lawyers can get a writ, and we'll see some action."

He reached into his top desk drawer and pulled out a long form. "You fill this out," he said. "It authorizes us to post bail for you. It'll cost you ten percent of whatever bond is, and you don't get it back. . . . Now, if you have the cash, and you own your own house, you can bond yourself and save that ten percent; you'll get your money back when he appears for trial."

I said, "I think maybe you earn your ten percent, Mr. McJoseph."

He lit the cigar I'd refused, and held the match for my cigarette. "Maybe we do. Yeah . . . Henry's accused of killing this girl." He handed over a slip of paper with a name and address on it. "Give that to your lawyer."

"Who would be a good lawyer for a case like this?"

"The state law doesn't let us recommend lawyers. . . . Oh, any good criminal man, like you read about in the papers . . . Larry Barker, or Monty Owen, or Larry Barker . . . I said him before, didn't I? Or . . . I can't remember all their names. You could look in the phone book."

Behind the partition, a door was opened and then shut, and chairs creaked. Somebody else to cry for Mr. Garcia or Mr. Rossini or whoever had the next office. I finished filling out the form: my name, address, occupation, where I had a bank account, what property I owned. Mr. McJoseph took it from me, and something about it made him smile. "I didn't look at your card good," he said. "I got a kid out at the University. She's taking Physical Ed."

I said, "Tell her to look me up."

Mr. McJoseph stood up. "Yeah. I'll do that. She'll be real pleased I met you; she thinks my friends-'n-associates"—he made it all one word—"are a bunch of lowlifes and roughnecks. . . . Yeah, find a lawyer, and just call us up and Henry'll be eating home cooking in no time at all."

I shook hands with him. I said, "Mr. McJoseph, one thing. Cranley and Hughes were mighty tough with me. They knocked me down, in fact."

Mr. McJoseph held the cigar four inches in front of his mouth, and looked up at the ceiling. He said, "Professor, take it this way. We got a big city, and a big city means a big police force; an' a big police force means you get all kinds of cops. Some of 'em's liable to be fellows that it's no pleasure to work with. . . . You get a lawyer. Time'll be hanging heavy on your kid brother's hands."

Across from the lunchroom there was a drugstore. I looked up Larry Barker in the Classified, under Lawyers; there was a law department at the University, and I could have gotten all sorts of names from them; but I was no fool. It turned out the man I wanted was Lawrence Barker, of Barker, Tuttle & Grostead. His office was right opposite the Civic Center, one minute walk from Headquarters.

Mr. Barker's receptionist was much prettier than Mr. McJoseph's, as she had been than the Civil Service girl at Headquarters. I was moving up in the world. It was going to cost me money, but Henry was my kid brother, and anyway, we had money. My father had left quite a bit.

I told the girl, "My name is Sandoval," and she nodded. "Mr. Barker's waiting for you, Professor Sandoval." So I hadn't misunderstood Mr. McJoseph. It made me feel good, as though I were being accepted into this tough and cynical world.

Larry Barker was tall and burly, with a full head of thick white hair, combed back and coming out in ducktails over his ears. There was an old-fashioned reliable look about him. He said, "Sit down, Scott, and let's just chat. I've got one of my juniors over seeing Elmore—he's the prosecutor on the case. Fine young man."

"I've met him."

Larry Barker laughed. "They're very different when you meet them at Headquarters—the official personality, as it were. I've got my eye on Dick Elmore for the office here. . . . So you're Mexican Pete's son."

That surprised me. There are an awful lot of Sandovals in the Old City. I nodded.

Larry Barker sat down behind his beautiful desk. He ran his hand across the burnished wood surface as though he liked the feel. "I knew your dad. Lord, you were about ten or twelve then, I'd say. I was in the Attorney General's office—a young punk running errands. I had to talk to Peter Sandoval about an alleged election fraud. Mexican Pete." He laughed, suddenly. "Have you ever been to Mexico?"

I shook my head. "Just to the border, for the bull fights, and so on."

Larry Barker said, "I go down there every vacation I can get. Which isn't often enough, Lord knows. The wood for this desk came from Yucatan. I brought it back in planks and had an old craftsman on the East Side make it up. Another Mexican. *La lengua castellana me gusta mucho.*"

"Soy Americano, yo."

He laughed and laughed. "So you are, Scott, so you are. . . . Mexican Pete was an old soldier, a real fighting man. How he could bring those votes in!" He took out a silver cigarette case with the Aztec calendar on it. "Smoke?"

"What do we do about getting Hank out, Mr. Barker?"

"Call me Larry. After all, you're Mexican Pete's son. Why, Scott, Hank's been a pretty bad boy, one way or the other. . . . Your mother's still alive?"

"Yes; she's pretty worried."

He nodded; his hand caressed the wood again. Mexican wood. "We kill them," he said. "Our mothers. Every day, we murder them. The whole race of mankind." His phone rang, and he gave me a funny sort of old-fashioned bow, apologizing for interrupting our conversation. "Yes. . . . That's fine."

Larry Barker hung up and bowed to me again. "That was the boy I sent over to the D.A.'s office. Hank'll be up here in a little while. Released on five thousand bail. It's pretty high."

I reached in my pocket and got out my checkbook. "I owe Rossini five hundred."

Larry Barker waved a hand. "There's no hurry, I imagine. Mr. McJoseph didn't know who your father was."

It was restful, almost dreamy, up there in this high office, above the Municipal Plaza. While I'd been chasing around, from the jail to Headquarters, to the bonding company to here, I hadn't had time to really worry about Hank. The word murder had been a word, and reality was getting Hank out of jail, but this was only temporary. Now it was sinking

in, like when you cut your finger, and hardly feel it till the air hits into the cut.

"I was supposed to give you this slip, Larry," I said, "with the name of the girl on it."

"Her name was Lita Larrimer," Larry Barker said, not taking the slip. He smoothed the hair over his ears with the palms of his hands. "It doesn't sound quite right. Stage name, perhaps. Or maybe something else again." He chuckled, softly. "When they're picked up they are always unemployed actresses."

"Hank wouldn't kill anyone," I said.

Larry Barker went to look out the window at his expensive view. "Ah, the times I've heard that. My son, my husband, my brother wouldn't. He wouldn't kill, steal, drive when drunk. But, Scott, somebody has to do these things. People are killed, robbed, and hit by drunken drivers every day; and it is a safe bet that the person who commits the felony has a relative or lover some place who is ready to swear that that person couldn't do a thing like that."

I was drowning in a sea of words. My head was beginning to ache. I leaned back in my comfortable chair and stared at the ceiling, and over by the window the lawyer continued to talk: roundly, beautifully, smoothly, but I didn't hear him. . . .

Then someone was shaking my shoulder. I woke up, and there was my kid brother standing over me in Larry Barker's office. I was dazed. I said, "I must have slept."

Hank laughed. He'd inherited all the good looks in the family: curly hair and white teeth and a smooth complexion, the healthy red showing through his tan skin over the cheekbones. He was only 20. "You were sleeping two in a row," he said. "You must have been really worried about me."

"I've seen it often," Larry Barker said. "The human body can stand just so much worry. Then it goes to sleep, turns it off. . . . Professor Sandoval, meet Stacy Wilken, he's a coming young lawyer with this firm, and Carl Bandelere, who heads up our investigating department."

I was on my feet, then shaking hands. Stacy Wilken was young and pink-cheeked, with horn-rimmed glasses; Bandelere was so blond his hair looked white, under the heavy grease that held it in place. He had on a black suit, with broad chalk stripes; I wouldn't have trusted him with the change from a nickel.

Hank said, "Scott, I'm sorry about this. I don't like to worry Mamacita."

Larry Barker's voice was a rich boom. "Nothing to worry about. After all, you're innocent."

"All the boss' clients are innocent," Bandelere said. Larry Barker gave him a dirty look. Bandelere laughed, and said, "Both you fellows are supposed to sign some more papers in Rossini's office. They bailed Henry out."

I said, "The important thing is to get Hank home to our mother. She doesn't trust telephones too much; she won't be easy till she sees him at her kitchen table, eating food she's cooked."

"All right," Bandelere said. "I'll give the boss the fill-in."

Stacy Wilken said, "I had a conference with Elmore. The state has a good case, I believe, but there are some loopholes in it. We'll want a conference with you tomorrow, Mr. Sandoval." He meant Hank.

I took my brother's young arm in my hand, and we left.

4

So, after a while, we were driving back to Old City. I hadn't called Lynn yet. I didn't know what to tell her. I was waiting—waiting for Hank to talk.

But he didn't, and finally I said, "All right, Hank. You've got to tell me some time. It's better now, not in front of Mamacita."

We weren't far from the house now; the streets were getting narrower, the traffic all jammed up. "Did you kill Lita Larrimer?" I said.

He let out a huge sigh. I saw an empty space at the curb, and pulled over and parked. He looked at me, and finally he said, "I don't know, big brother. I don't know. Like I said, she could dance good, she liked to split a bottle with a guy, she liked to go to the beach, and she looked good in a bathing suit. Like the kids say, a slick chick. I date a dozen of them."

This was it. I could tell from his voice, from the tired lines on his 20-year old face, that Hank was leveling. I could always tell with our father, and for the first time, Hank looked like Peter Sandoval, Mexican Pete the politician, who could be sincere if he had to. Hank was being sincere now.

"So last night," Hank said, "I took her home. I'm not pushing her hard, just enough to be polite, when she folds up; asks me in, says her roommate's away; she's got a bottle; we'll tie one on. What am I, a saint? I go on in; I'm taking it easy, coat off, feet on a chair while she fetches the jug. I'm saying to myself, gonna have a good time—I'm very *macho*, the chicks can't resist me."

He stopped. Behind him, on the sidewalk, the people shuffled along, coming from shops and to shops, and from work and to work. Hank didn't say anything for a long time.

"That's all," he said, finally. "The cops woke me up. I'm still in the same chair, shoes on, socks on, pants and shirt. Inside one sock they find a pack of reefers. It's morning, and I've been there all night, and Lita's dead on the floor. Choked to death. I don't know from the letter A, big brother."

"Somebody doped you and framed you?" I asked.

His laugh was nasty. "I'm going to look good telling that on the stand." I put my hands on the wheel of the car, my head forward.

"You'd had a drink."

"One, that she'd brought me. We'd been to a dance hall, had a couple of Tom Collinses each. You couldn't make a mouse dizzy with the liquor in a dance-hall Collins. What you think, big brother? I had a drink and it drove me nuts? But maybe here was heroin or one of those things in that glass—maybe it drove me crazy. How do I know? I'm not used to those things."

I said, "You're loco, *manito*. You didn't do it." I started the car and threaded through the last two blocks of Old City to the house where Mamacita was waiting for me to bring her baby home. I said, "Don't give me that junk, Hank. If you'd gone and gotten yourself an education, you'd know a man can't do anything under narcotics that isn't in him to begin with."

There was the house, and no space to park on the street. I turned into our driveway and turned the motor off. Hank got out, and said, "Hey, you're not such a bad brother after all."

I locked the car, as he ambled down the driveway, and around the corner of the house, out of my sight. It was the rush hour by now and traffic boomed down the street.

I followed Hank, and there he was. He was lying over the stoop of Mamacita's house, lying on his belly; one hand was up on the stoop, and his finger just touched the front door. His legs were sprawled out, all funny.

He'd almost gotten home to his mother; he'd touched the door. But that was all. There was a knife between his shoulder blades and blood soaked the neat back of his coat.

I looked up and down the block. Nobody was walking around. Here and there a window was closing; the people would be sneaking out their back doors, going down alleys, getting away from there. In the Old City, it doesn't pay to be a witness.

So now I had to go into the house and tell Mamacita. I'd brought her baby home to her—almost.

5

THE POLICE GOT THERE in a hurry; first, two uniformed men who stood over the body, and then detectives. I sat in the kitchen with Mamacita, and she still didn't cry.

There had been three of us: my father and me and Hank, and that was all the life she'd had. Just a little Indian woman from down in the Tierra Caliente—a tortilla slapper. Her family was her life, and Pete was dead, and Hank was dead, and I was living clear across town with my blonde wife. But Mamacita couldn't cry.

Thirty-odd years ago a big soldier of the Revolution had come into her little jungle town and she'd fallen in love with him and gone off, following the camp, the way Mexican wives did. And then they'd come to the States, first El Paso and then here to Old City, and Mexican Pete had gotten rich in politics. Now she had nothing left.

Out in the front room with its plants and its canaries and its parakeets, there were new voices. I heard a police voice say, "They're in the back room, in the kitchen," and heavy feet tramped toward us.

Cranley and Hughes and another detective came in. The third man was as dark as I. Hughes said, "Hello, Professor. Hello, Mrs. Sandoval. This is Inspector Cranley, Mrs. Sandoval, and this is Detective Lieutenant Romero."

"My mother doesn't speak much English, Hughes."

Inspector Cranley said, "That's why we brought Lieutenant Romero along, Professor. Well, now, this case has rather changed its aspects, hasn't it?"

I didn't say anything. My mother looked from one to the other of the police and her eyes were cold and black as a bird's. Finally she said, "Is one of you he who killed my boy Enrique?"

Romero said quickly, "We are of the police, Señora."

"That I know. It does not answer my question."

Cranley and Hughes looked at Romero and then down at Mamacita, and I saw something in their faces that I hadn't seen before. They were scared. They were plain terrified, those big policemen.

Cranley said, "Professor, tell your mother how sorry we are for her. It's only about eight years since your father died, isn't it?"

"I've got to make a phone call," I said, and walked past them. As I went out into the hall where the phone was, I could hear Romero translating Cranley's condolences. I called my home number. I knew what they were scared of, now. They had found out that it was Mexican Pete's sons they'd been pushing around, and they didn't know what influence was left, eight years after Mexican Pete's death. . . . Or maybe that wasn't it at all. . . . Classroom sociology didn't seem to be much help in dealing with a living murder case.

And there was Lynn, on the other end of the phone. Her sweet, cool voice made me feel a lot better. I said, "Oh, honey, get a cab and come over here, will you?" Outside, the ambulance pulled away from the curb with a little touch of the siren, and my brother was on his way.

Lynn said, "To your mother's, Scott?"

"Yes, to Mamacita's."

She said, "I could buy a cab for what the fare will be. And we were playing bridge with the O'Fallon's tonight."

I said, "I guess it isn't in the papers yet. Couldn't be. There's bad trouble, Lynn. Hank's been killed."

She said, "Oh, you poor darling, I'm so sorry!" all in one breath. "I'll be there as soon as ever I can. And I love you, Scott." Which shouldn't have helped, but it did. The rest of the conversation was just for the two of us—it wouldn't matter to anyone else. I hung up.

Hughes was out of the kitchen when I went back; he was waiting in the front room, poking a big finger at a canary in a cage. He turned, and held out his hand to me. "I wanted to tell you, Professor, I'm sorry about that up in the office. Well, Inspector Cranley and me, we don't have all the education maybe we should have; in this kind of work, now, you don't meet the best element in the world—if you get me."

"All right." I said, "you've got your work to do. Just at the moment, catching whoever killed my brother seems to be it."

He nodded. "The Inspector's head of Homicide. It's pretty unusual when he comes out on a case himself. So you see, we're bending our best efforts."

I said, "Well, who killed Hank?"

"*Quien savvy,* like you fellas say."

I said, "Unless you think my mother or I did the murder, it doesn't seem to me you're getting anywhere here. Couldn't you spend your time better out working?"

Inspector Cranley turned his old head to look at me, and for just one, unguarded moment, his eyes showed me how much he hated me. Then he turned and jerked his chin at his two men, and started out. In the door, Hughes turned and said, "You'll have to come to the morgue for an identification, Professor. Just a technicality." They marched out.

Mamacita said, "Those police, I do not think they care about Enrique."

I had that thought too. But I didn't say anything, because she was working up to something. "Escott, perhaps you should do something yourself. It is that way with the race, when a brother is killed." She waited, but what could I say? "You know, your poor father Pedro, he was a man with influence in this city."

"He got out the vote," I said.

"He was *politico,* yes." The word does not exactly translate. "He knew many things, You know, Escott, I still have his papers, his little books he wrote every night—his diaries."

I never actually saw anybody's jaw hang open. But I felt that mine was. She sat there, a little old Indian woman, with her black *rebozo* and her rocking chair, and she never missed a thing. It made me feel funny—how much she knew.

"Mamacita, I am sure I would be a better man for the reading of these diaries."

She sat up straighter and dropped her *rebozo* off her head. She stared at me angrily. "Do not talk to your mother as though she was a fool! I know you are much, much superior to my Pedro, who was a *politico.* These are not the diaries of empty wind! They tell who is what in this city, and how they got to be something from nothing! To let the *politicos* know that you, a so-white professor, has these books—they would kill you!"

I jumped up. "Mamacita, you think that it is because of these books that Hank was killed?"

She took her *rebozo* in both hands and wrapped her head in it again. She rocked a couple of times. Then she shook the *rebozo.* No. I do not think Enrique even knew the books were here. Enrique, he was a great one for laughing and dancing and girls and beer. He was not like you, my serious son."

"Then—"

"*Pues, pues, pues,*" she said. "You are so clever, so scientific, so learned. These books, they give—in this city—the man who owns them anything he asks for. If he has courage. If he is smart. That is what Pedro would do, if he was still here."

I said, "It wouldn't work, Mamacita."

She shrugged. "Those police will not revenge your brother. So what, then, is to be done?" She rocked forward and looked at her shriveled hands. Even when Mexican Pete was riding high, she would never have a servant in the house.

I said, "Mamacita, the police get very angry when outsiders intrude in their affairs."

She stood up and looked up at me, her eyes hot. "Your father, he was a foreigner, and a man without education; and he was never afraid of the police. When he first came to the Old City they beat him—twice. For talking to them like a man; and you, you are an American, with education, with

books in your head. But you are afraid. What good are all the books in your head, when they do not give you courage?"

I said, "I have not said I will not try and find Enrique's killer. But not with your diaries. With my own brains and the books in my head. And the legs and hands that the good God gave me."

She looked at me—she grabbed my forearms in her shriveled hands. "You *are* my son, my good son—my Mexican son. Go then."

Lynn, in the doorway, said, "Go where?" I turned: I hadn't heard her come.

I said, "It's an awful long story. Hank was arrested for murdering a girl. I got him bailed out, and then someone killed him. The police have been here, but now that they're gone, the neighbors will be coming in."

"How do you say wake in Spanish?"

"*Velorio*," I said. "My cousin Rosy, the one you like, will be over. "I'll be back after awhile."

"Where are you going, Scott?"

I said, "I've got some errands to run."

Lynn went with me to the front door. I ran down the steps and around the corner to my car. I could still see her eyes when I was around that corner; and when I backed into the street and drove away, I knew she was still on the steps, though I didn't look back.

6

THE LAWYER. Larry Barker, had not taken the slip I'd gotten from McJoseph in the bail-bond office; it was in my pocket, with the dead girl's name and address on it. I headed west, because Hank would have been going with a girl who didn't live in Old City; Hank had class.

At a traffic light I got the slip out and read it. The address didn't mean anything to me, just a West Side address; I couldn't picture the street. But it was not far off the Freeway; I went to the Civic Center, past the building that housed Headquarters and passed the building where Larry Barker's law firm was, and passed the store that had been converted into the Rossini Bonding Company.

Then I slipped into the Freeway and was rolling, and the smooth car smoothed my nerves some. It was after the rush hour and quite dark now, and the Freeway wasn't crowded. It was easy driving, and I had time to think, but I didn't want to think. So I just drove.

Then the time came to slip off the Freeway again, and I did that and followed the drive until I had crossed under the Freeway, and drove another block and a half, and there was the address; a brick apartment building with a very small amount of white imitation marble decorating its front; a walk-up, 50-buck-a-month, bed-in-closet dump.

I parked and locked my car, and I went into the lobby of the apartment house, and there was the usual row of brass mail slots and buzzers and a mouthpiece to talk into. I pressed the button marked "Larrimer" and waited.

Nothing happened. Then there were steps inside the building, and a little guy came out, carrying three empty ginger-ale bottles. The inside door was slow closing, and I caught it and went up. Larrimer had 2-C written under it.

Upstairs I knocked on the metal-painted-wood door of 2-C. It was as unrewarding as pressing the buzzer downstairs. So I knocked again, and I would have gone away, maybe, but I heard something move behind the door.

There was someone in there, and I took hold of the knob and twisted, hard. The door was locked. I started to pound on the door.

A voice inside said, "Please go away."

It was a girl's voice. I said, "This is Scott Sandoval, Henry's brother."

After a moment, I heard the lock turn and then the noise of a chain being taken down, and then the door opened.

It was Jean Inness that looked out at me; the girl I'd seen searched up at Headquarters. I said, "Oh!"

She held the door open and I went in, and then she locked the door again and slid the chain-bolt into its slot, and even turned the dime-store key in the keyhole lock. She was shorter than I remembered and I looked down and saw she had taken her shoes off. She half smiled and said, "I've been running my feet off. They hurt." She sort of half waved at a chair. I went and sat down and she went through a door and I could see her shadow; she was standing first on one foot and then on the other, putting her shoes back on.

She came back out and said, "Mr. Sandoval. I'm sorry. I ought to offer you a drink or something."

"This isn't a social call, Miss Inness. That is your name, isn't it?" She said, "Yes. I was Lita's roommate."

I looked at her. A man is a sucker, looking at a pretty girl; anybody ought to know that. A good hair-do or a nice dress or the right make-up, and they look like what they want us to think they are: angels or devils, or what not. A man looks like what he's made of himself, by living, but a girl does it by tricks and cosmetics.

So, having thought all those up-town thoughts, I decided that a girl who looked like Jean Inness could be trusted, all the way down the line. I said, "My brother is dead. I got him bailed out, got him home, and he was knifed on my mother's doorstep."

She drew in her breath sharply. Her eyes got even deeper and bigger than they had been up at Headquarters. She sat perfectly still and only her lips moved as she said, "Then there isn't any hope for me, not in this world." It was not a complaint, it was not a question; it was a dead-pan statement; an end-of-the-line statement.

I said, "Miss Inness, I'm your friend. I don't know why, and if I did know why, I wouldn't know how to convince you of it, but I am."

She said, "What good does that do? How many million people are there in this city? One friend isn't going to help. It was me they meant to kill, not Lita. You can see that, can't you?"

I didn't major in psychology, but I could see that the thing to do was to just keep saying yes. I said it. But no stream of consciousness started flowing. Jean Inness just sat.

I said, "Let's go back a little ways. Then your name wasn't on the mail box because you were hiding from someone?"

She looked surprised. "Why no. What a silly idea! My name wasn't on it because there wasn't anybody going to write me, and because I'd only been here a week."

"And how did you meet Lita Larrimer?"

That hit the jackpot. She said, "Oh, didn't you know? I couldn't find a room, and the rent here was too high for her, and we both had the same probation investigator."

I must have blinked. "You're on probation?"

"Why, you don't know anything, do you?" she asked. "Well— I took the wrong job. Receptionist, answering the phone, and the pay was good. I'm a photographer, and the ad said it was in my line, and I thought it would be a chance to work up. Of course, it was just a nudie-parlor."

"A what?"

She laughed. "You know—they persuade girls to stand around with their clothes off. That's called giving them free modeling training, and then they let men in with cameras. You know."

I didn't, but it seemed the wisest thing to keep my mouth shut. She went on, and the only word for the way she talked was prattling. I had never heard anyone prattle before. "You know," she said gaily, "the sort of man who would pay to walk around looking at naked girls, he's not the highest type. When the men came out, it seems, there were taxis to take them to where—well, you might say, where they wanted to go. Of course, the men who owned the studio would try

and get some of the girls to go along, but I don't know about this."

"Of course not," I said. I seemed to be swallowing quite often.

"Well, you see, I was only there daytimes, and the nudie-parlor was closed then. But the girls would come up in answer to the ads and I would arrange for interviews. You know, there are lots of girls who are willing to pose in the nude, who don't come back the second time when they find there really aren't any artists involved. So we kept having to get new girls. But I was never there when the nudie-parlor was."

Something broke inside me. I yelled. "Stop calling it that playful name!"

"But that's what they're called," she said. "It wouldn't do to be a square, would it?"

"The joint was raided, and you were arrested and put on probation?"

"Sure. I pleaded guilty, and got a suspended sentence and probation, and the bosses pleaded not guilty, and they're bound over for trial. Oh, I've picked up a lot of new words, haven't I?"

I took a deep breath. A drink would have gone awfully well. "What was Lita Larrimer? One of the models?"

"No, I just met her when I reported to my probation officer. Lita had been in trouble, you see." She gave another yard of thin metal out in the form of a laugh. "She just couldn't add—and all of a sudden, she had bad checks out all over town."

There were steps outside, and then a knock on the door, a short knock and then a long knock and then a short one. Jean Inness said, "That's my boy friend—I'm expecting him," and walked to the door.

She had the chain off and the dime-store key turned and was twisting the big combination bolt before it occurred to me that maybe I oughtn't to be here. I jumped up too, but before I could do anything, she had the door open.

Her boy friend walked in. He was a fairly big fellow, about my age, but bigger, more muscular. His name was Hughes. He was on the Homicide Squad.

7

HUGHES TOOK one look at me, and then he turned, always watching me, but using his hands to fasten the door up again; buttoning it up tight, to keep out all harm and disturbance. It seemed to me that I could see his gun bulking up on his hip, but maybe that was my imagination.

He said, "This *cholo* been bothering you, Jean?" *Cholo* is not a nice word to use to a Mexican. It is an Old City word the cops like to use.

The door was all fastened now. And what I liked to think of as my mind was working again. Of course, the police don't just go away from a place where there has been a murder. Of course, they don't just call up a girl who is a murder victim's roommate and ask her down for a talk, and then let her walk out.

I had been working with chili beans where my brains should have been. Jean Inness said, "He's been trying to find out who killed his brother. Did someone kill his brother?"

"Yeah. *Guinzo* job. Knife between the shoulder blades. Dead on arrival," Hughes said. "Just like that. Too bad, isn't it?"

I still didn't get it. "This man's a policeman, Jean," I said.

"I didn't think he sold peanuts for a living," Jean said. She smiled archly and went over and rubbed Hughes' biceps, affectionately. "Isn't he cute?"

"Well, I'd use another word," I said. "Detective Hughes and I have met before."

Hughes said, "If I find you fooling around my girl again, you'll wish they'd made you into tamales when you were a kid."

"Why do you hate Mexicans so, Hughes?"

He started towards me. I backed away; he was used to fighting, and I was used to lecturing. Then my back hit the locked door and I had to stop. I came forward again.

Hughes was walking up to me, flatfooted, his big hands swinging at his sides. He swung, and I ducked my head, and he didn't hit me. But he had two hands, and the other one got me with that same straight-fingered jab he'd used at Headquarters.

Only this time I was ready for it. I'd been a street fighter in my time and I knew about rolling with the punch. I backed away just at the right time, and instead of getting my wind knocked out, I just got stung a little. Then I slipped away from between him and the door, and he had to turn and when he was doing it, the girl Jean came at me with a candlestick. I saw her coming and I dodged again, and she missed me.

I put my foot out between her legs and she tripped; then I gave her a shove in the shoulder, hard, and she went into Hughes, tangling him up, nearly sending him to the floor. I reached into the middle of the mess and grabbed the candlestick myself. It was round and made of brass and good and heavy; there was a nice grip to it.

I swung and got Hughes in the head, and he went down on top of the girl. He was a big man; he hit her with force and clumsiness and pinned her underneath him. I wanted to sock her too, but I didn't. Instead I reached down and flipped Hughes' coat up. There was no gun on his hip; I had to reach under his coat, in front, to get it out of his shoulder holster, and the girl tried to bite me when I did it. I took the gun into the bathroom.

"His gun's in the toilet," I told Jean Inness.

The locks didn't give me any trouble, and I got in my car and went home. Home to the old house—that is, the old house in the Old City where I belonged.

Lynn was in the pantry off the kitchen, with my cousin Rosie, who goes to City College, and is a real *pocho,* a real discolored Mexican. You wouldn't know she was anything but a sunburned kid, studying to be a teacher; she doesn't wear her hair piled high with flowers, she doesn't use bright lipstick; just a nice, studious kid. She and Lynn were sipping glasses of red wine.

Lynn ran to me and threw her arms around me. "Oh, Scott, I've been so worried—I was afraid you'd get into trouble . . . You're such a reckless fool."

"Who, me?" I grinned over Lynn's shoulder at Rosie. "I'm just a professor. Never worry about me, Lynn."

I let her go and said, "I'm going to get Rosie to drive you home in her car and spend the night."

Lynn said, "You're a man. My man, to be a little more sentimental than is very fashionable, just now. If you've got to do something about Hank, go do it."

"You've got a right to know what it is. Your whole life depends on it. I believe a policeman killed him, or had him killed."

I could see her shudder, once. Then she bent her head and rested her cheek on my chest. I put my arms around her again. She said, "All right, Scott," but she said it so low I could hardly hear her.

I went in to my mother and then said to her, "Mamacita, the man who killed Henry is still alive."

She looked up at me, "You know who he is, Escott?"

"I am nearly certain, my little mother. He is of the police."

"La jura!" She sighed it out, using the Old City word for police instead of the Spanish. "You have done your duty, my son."

"Mamacita, now is the time. The time for the books of my father."

She looked up at me. It seemed she grew smaller each

year. "You say this? You, with your fine job at the University, your fine house in the Hills, your fine blonde wife?"

"Mamacita, what else? And my wife—I told Lynn, and she knows and does not stop me."

My little mother stared and stared. And then I saw what I had never expected to see. There was a tear in one corner of each eye. She blinked and dashed quickly at her eyes with her bony knuckles and said, "That is a good woman you have, a good Mexican woman. But me—I sent you out, Escott, and now I call you back. Your father is gone and your brother is gone, and I cannot lose you."

"Mamacita, the diaries."

She looked, and whatever she saw made her nod. "Yes," she said. "You are the son of Pedro Sandoval. I could wish it otherwise." She never said anything more, but started marching for the stairs that led to the bedrooms.

There were four of them—the one in which she had lived with Mexican Pete and in which he had died; my old room, Hank's, and a guest room. I hadn't been in my room in years, and I didn't want to go there now.

But in Mamacita's room there was the heavy old brass bed, the high bureau, the straight chairs and the rag rugs and nothing more except the over-bright religious pictures. She took down the one of Juan Diego, with his serape, and there was Pop's old wall safe. She started turning the dials.

I could remember the combination if I wanted to, I thought. We'd all known it; Pop used to send me upstairs to get his insurance policy or his naturalization papers when he wanted them. The safe was open now. Mamacita put her hand in, and then her sharp cry was on my ears. *"Ay de mi!"* she cried. "The diaries are gone!"

8

IT WAS CLOSE to midnight when Larry Barker came down the marble corridor and unlocked the door into his office suite. He was in a dinner jacket, and he looked as if he'd been dining late and well. There was still an amused expression around his eyes.

He said, "I hope this is as important as you gave me to understand, Scott," and marched on past the reception desk to his own office, switching on lights as he went. He waved me to a chair, got behind his beautiful tropical wood desk and opened a humidor, all without stopping.

I watched him clip his cigar and start to light it. "I have found out who killed Hank," I said. "I presume he killed Lita Larrimer too."

Larry Barker looked at me over the cigar. He blew out the first puff of smoke against his match and dropped the match into a huge ashtray. He nodded, thoughtfully. "I've sent for my staff," he said. "We try not to work nights, but when a man sets up in criminal law—well, it's like hanging out a doctor's sign." He waved his hand at the humidor. "You ought to take up cigars, Scott. More restful than cigarettes. This is a nerve-wracking age, we should do everything in our power to slow down." He smiled suddenly, a smile full of charm. "I'm stalling purposely, of course. I want Bandelere and Stacy Wilken to hear this with me."

I said, "I trust you, Mr. Barker . . . I know, I know—Larry. I don't know why, exactly . . . or, yes I do. You have got yours: wealth, position, satisfaction. I'm not too sure I trust Stacy Wilken—or Bandelere."

Larry Barker laughed. "Bandelere's appearance is against him," he said. "But that's his chief advantage. We don't send him out to deal with wealthy widows, you know. . . . Come in, Carl, we were just talking about you."

Bandelere came in, greasier, more villainous looking than ever. Young Stacy Wilken, the college-type lawyer, followed him. Bandelere said, "Discussing me, gentlemen? I'm flattered."

"Scott Sandoval here, doesn't think you look the type for a Sunday-school teacher."

Bandelere said, "I bet I spend more on my clothes than anybody on the staff."

I brought my hand down on the hardwood arm of my chair, sharply. Larry Barker nodded, cleared his throat. If the state didn't make him a supreme-court judge, they were foolish; he looked better than any I have ever seen. But maybe he wouldn't work for a judge's salary. Now he said, "Scott's turned up a suspect."

They all looked at me. I said. "More than suspect. But I don't have any real evidence."

Larry Barker smiled, nicely, and nodded at Bandelere. "That's Carl's province. You tell him what to dig for, and I'll tell him where to dig, and man, he is the very terrier of a digger. Get on with it, Scott."

I looked at the two young men again. Wilken looked hungry and Bandelere like the very incarnation of evil. But you have to trust someone, sometime. I said, "My brother was a blackmailer. He and that detective, Hughes, the Homicide Squad man, were running a blackmail racket. Whether the girls—Lita Larrimer and her roommate, a girl named Inness that goes with Hughes—were in on it or not I don't know. But there's no doubt in my mind that Hughes killed Hank."

There was a lot of silence in that fancy office. Then Larry Barker said, "To prove murder, you've got to show accessibility, connection with the weapon, and motive. All you have is a suspicion."

"It's more than a suspicion."

Stacy Wilken said, "Well. I'm afraid accessibility is out. At the time Henry Sandoval was killed I was back in Dick Elmore's office discussing the charges against Sandoval. Elmore talked to Hughes on the phone at that time."

"Listen," I said, "I don't claim that Hughes threw the knife himself. But he wouldn't be working alone."

Larry Barker looked at his two staff men. Then he cleared his throat. "Scott may have something. It sounds wild to me, but—perhaps—not so wild as it did when he first said it. Carl, I want you to look into the possibility of Hughes being the culprit. You have your—connections, I know."

"Call 'em stool pigeons," Bandelere said. "So I'll know what you're talking about . . . Yeah, I could look into it. Give me a lifetime contract and insure my life for a hundred thousand bucks, and I'll look into it."

I said, "That means you believe me. Or you wouldn't be afraid."

Bandelere said, "Hell, no. I don't believe you. But a guy who'll stool for me, would stool for the cops more easily. It'd be like a promotion for him. So I tell my pigeons I think a Homicide Squad cop can be booked for murder, and I don't last long enough to drink a cup of coffee."

I said, "I see. You are men of the world. And you're telling me there isn't a chance in that world of convicting a man in Hughes' position, of murdering my brother. Even though you know he did it."

Larry Barker said, "Scott, we don't know that. We don't even know what you think your brother and Hughes were doing."

I said, "Oh, didn't I tell you? My father kept diaries. They were about the machine in this city, the machine that made him rich, getting out the vote for them. Tonight, my mother and I went to look for those diaries, and they were gone. Nobody but Hank could have taken them. I went up to the murdered girl's apartment. Both girls were on probation."

Larry Barker passed a white hand across his massive face. Then he took both hands and smoothed the ducktails over his ears, the silver ducktails. They sprang out again like little brushes as his palms passed over them. He said, "You put that beautifully, Scott. Succinctly, and with relevance. Yes, there is no other conclusion that can be reached, granting that only Henry Sandoval could have taken those books. Mexican

Pete has been dead only eight years. Many of the men he worked with would still be in power."

Stacy Wilken said, "But, sir, the statute of limitations—"

Larry Barker waved him silent. "There is no statute on scandal, on public disgrace. As campaign material alone, those diaries are priceless . . . priceless." He stood up. "Scott, I want you to continue to think of me as your friend. And if you need a lawyer—we are here. But in this matter—no, no. My advice as your friend and as your counsel—forget it. Wipe it from your memory, erase it from the lobes of your brain."

I said, "You're scared."

"Young man, yes. Terrified. If there were a stronger word, I'd use it. Go home, Scott. All that can come of this is the blackening of a dead man's name. Mexican Pete—Peter Sandoval—was known as the most regular man in the Old City, a wheelhorse of the machine. It seems that the machine can err."

He came around the desk and reached down and took my elbow. His grip was firm and warm on my arm as he walked me to the door. "The case of your brother's death is in the hands of the Homicide Squad. There is a strong possibility, almost a probability, that he was killed by one of the men he and Hughes were blackmailing. In which case, Hughes will surely exact revenge."

He had me at the door, he was walking me past the empty reception desk.

"I hadn't thought of that," I said.

"Start forgetting it," Larry Barker said. He pushed me out the front door of his suite of offices, and the door closed behind me, and then I heard the lock click. There was no place to go but home.

9

DAWN WAS BREAKING as I came off the boulevard into the curving streets of the Hills. There'd been dew in the night, and the lawns sparkled. All the streets in the Hills are curved, to give each house a pleasant view. I saw my white-and-red Georgian house four or five blocks before I got there. The lights were on, the only ones I had passed in the Hills.

I put the car under its port, and went across to the front door. My mouth was dry from the three packages of cigarettes I'd smoked since I got out of bed some time yesterday; I was giddy with hunger. My key turned silently in the front door, and I went in. The lights I had seen were in the kitchen, and I went there.

Lynn and my cousin Rosie were huddled on either side of the kitchen table, in kimonos or wrappers or negligees or housecoats, or whatever women call them. I said, "Hello, girls."

Both their heads snapped up at once; I think they'd been asleep, sitting there. Rosie grinned, and Lynn jumped up and ran towards me. It was good to hold her in my arms again, good to hear her whispering my name, and nothing more, into my ears. I hung on tight.

Rosie got up and ostentatiously turned her back on us as she lighted the gas under the pot of coffee. Lynn was whispering, "You see? I knew nothing would happen to you. I knew you would take care of yourself."

That brought it all back, worse than it had ever been before, and I let go of her. I took out another cigarette, lit it, and then snubbed it out in the tray on the kitchen table. "Yeah," I said, "nothing happened to me. . . . That coffee ready, *primilla*?"

Rosie turned around. She looked annoyed. "Little cousin, my eye. If I don't start reducing soon, I'll have to buy all new clothes."

"Don't be ashamed of being a Mexican, Rosie. It's a pretty language."

She shook her head. Then she picked up the coffeepot and came towards the table. "I'm not ashamed of anything," Rosie said, slowly. The coffee poured into the cups in a shiny brown line. "Only, I'm not a Mexican. I was born right here in the county, on my grandfather's little farm. I've never been to Mexico, so how can I be a Mexican?"

"All right," I said, "Latin-American, then."

Something thudded on the front door, and we all jumped. Then we heard a car purring away, down the hill, and Lynn said, "The newspaper. I didn't think it was that late."

Rosie got up to get the paper. As she passed the light switch she turned it off; the light outside was stronger than that from the bulbs.

"Rosie's sweet," Lynn said. "What'll I buy her, Scott?"

"Girls never have too many clothes," I said. "At least, that's what I've heard. Get her a nice suit." Mexican Pete had left us all plenty of money.

Rosie's feet came down the hall, running. She stumbled into the kitchen, her hands held up to her face. Blood was running down between her fingers. "The paper," she said. I could hardly understand the word. "I started to unwrap the paper, and it blew up!"

Lynn was already grabbing for the phone extension to call a doctor. . . .

The doctor came and did a lot of work on Rosie's face. I think it was he that called the police, or maybe I did. Or maybe it was Lynn. I don't know. The doctor was a neighbor of mine, just one block away, and he just pulled on pants and grabbed his bag, and he said that was the reason why Rosie wouldn't lose her eyesight. There was a little piece of metal just a half inch from one eye, he said, and infection might have spread from it to the eye in a matter of minutes.

Mostly the damage was to her hands, which would never be very pretty again. . . . An ambulance came up the hill and took her away, heavily bandaged, heavily doped.

There was some blood on the front doorknob, and I went and got a rag and cleaned it up. Lynn came down from upstairs; she'd changed into slacks and a jersey, standard gear for a girl doing housework.

She said, "I would have been glad to take care of Rosie. I'm crazy about that kid."

"You're not going to be here to take care of anyone. You're going on a trip."

"Oh?"

I pulled out one more cigarette and lit it. "That bomb was meant for you, or for me," I said. "Don't you know that? My crazy brother's got us into something up over our ears—something slimy and awful from the Old City."

"We're cutting out," Lynn said. She smiled at her own language. "We're going on the lam. We're ditching, Scott."

"No," I said. "*You're* going away." I managed to get one hand up in a professorial air of command. "I couldn't think straight if you were in danger. I'd be imagining you in Rosie's place."

The air cleared. She said, "O.K., Scott." Then she went back upstairs and started to pack.

Like almost everyone else in this day and age, I had been in the service, and I had brought home a gun. Mine was a Japanese imitation of a German Luger, and there was a box of ammunition to go with it. I got it from the desk, loaded it, and put it in my pocket.

At that instant the front doorbell rang. I jumped.

I took a deep breath. Then I walked to the door and opened it with my left hand; the right was in my coat pocket with my fingers on the small Japanese grip.

Two men stood there: big men, and unmistakably police.

They were Lieutenants Knowles and Garvey from the Hills station; detective squad. And they said just what their radio counterparts would have said, "We hear you've had a little trouble here." We were all moving towards the living room.

I said, "Yes. Somebody had put a bomb inside our newspaper. When my cousin unfolded it, it blew up. She's in the

Infirmary at the University. Her hands will never be the same."

Knowles said, "She'll live?" He watched me nod, carefully, and turned to Garvey, "Go see if the other papers on the block have been delivered." We both watched Garvey go out, and Knowles took out a blank and a fountain pen. "For the time being," he said, "we'll call it Suspicion to Commit Mayhem. Just to give the case a classification . . . routine, you might say. What's your cousin's name?"

"Rose Aguirre," I said.

He wrote it while I spelled it, and then he wrote my name down.

"The bomb wasn't meant for Rose," I said. "My wife or I would ordinarily—"

He'd stopped listening to me, and was looking over my shoulder. "How about it, Garvey?"

"The kid's just throwing the papers now," Garvey said. "He has one for here; says the other wasn't his. I'm having Levine pick up the pieces of stuff on the lawn; there's a lot of paper and scrap metal. This is Lieutenant Hughes.

I turned then and there was Hughes.

I said, "You got here awful fast, Hughes."

Hughes laughed. "I was already out here, Prof. Knowles, this fellow's brother was knifed yesterday; maybe you read about it."

Knowles nodded.

"Now," Hughes said, "the way I figure it, his brother yesterday—and his brother's girl friend—and his cousin this morning—this is what you might call a vendetta, like, a sort of family feud. Like the Martins and the Coys, only Mexicans, if you follow me, Lieutenant."

Knowles and Garvey nodded. Knowles, apparently the senior, said, "Why, yes, Lieutenant, that would appear logical."

"The hell it would!" I said. "You know that isn't anywhere near anything. Ask Jean Inness!"

If I'd expected him to wince or look guilty when I mentioned his lady friend, I was living in a world too innocent for grown-ups. Hughes, Lieutenant Hughes of Homicide, a big man around Headquarters—looked at me and said, "Jean Inness? I don't think I've heard that name in connection with this case. Tell us about her, Professor."

What was there to say?

There were no witnesses to my meeting Hughes in the murdered girl's apartment except Jean Inness, and Hughes himself. I wasn't going to be childish enough to call him a liar; the three lieutenants were all members of the same club, and I was the outsider—a civilian, and a Mexican civilian at that.

I said, "Jean Inness?" because I had to get their eyes off me. "She was engaged to my brother," I said. "Then he threw her over in favor of her roommate, Lita Larrimer, who was killed yesterday."

Knowles said, "Yeah, I remember that on the teletype too." Hughes didn't say anything. He just waited. The way he did it made me feel the tremendous power behind him; the power of the police. Simple men, unimaginative men, and like all men every place, accustomed to the accustomed: police arrested and accused citizens, not the other way around.

I said, "You ought to pick up Jean Inness."

Hughes shrugged. "If she was the murdered girl's roommate, she's undoubtedly been picked up, questioned. You can count on us to do our business, Professor. We aren't brilliant, now, but we follow our routine."

"I thought you were the officer in charge of the case," I said.

Hughes laughed. "Me, Prof? I'm a pair of legs for Inspector Cranley. Just one of a lot of pairs of legs Mr. Cranley uses. It'll be a big day when he takes me into his confidence."

The other two lieutenants laughed. Outside, cars were starting up, garage doors were banging up. Most of my neighbors worked at the University, and there were a lot of eight-o'clock classes. Today was the only day in the week I didn't have one myself. But it was beginning to look dubious if I would make my ten-o'clock class. Or any of the later ones.

Hughes put it into words. "You know, Professor, you'd be a lot better off in protective custody. For your own good. Man, there's no doubt somebody's out to wipe out your whole family."

Knowles cleared his throat. "Only part of this we care about is the bombing," he said. "Lieutenant, we'd better get on with it."

"You can count on full cooperation from downtown," Hughes told him. "Inspector Cranley told me to tell you. He's pretty certain it's all one case."

Knowles and Garvey reached for their hats. I tried desperately to think of some reason to go with them, or to have them stay here. I didn't want to be alone with Hughes. And then I remembered the Luger in my coat pocket.

The two Hills detectives left, and Hughes and I stood staring at each other, listening to their car join the thin stream of traffic down the slope to the University. When the car was gone Hughes said, sadly, "You shouldn't have done that, Prof. Bringing up Jean in front of those officers. I'm trying to keep her out of this. She's on probation, you know."

I began to laugh. "Keep her out of this? She was up at Headquarters yesterday, being questioned. Unless you and your Mr. Cranley have torn up the records on it, she's in this right down the line." I was beginning to talk like them. "Anyway, don't you look silly, asking me for favors? You've poked me in the belly both times we've met."

"It's an idea," he said. "I don't like college professors and I don't like Mexes, and I don't particular like you. You won the last round, Prof. Come on, take a pass at me." He went into the traditional fighting stance, his elbow over his belly, his fists over his chin. "Okay, swing, Prof."

I stepped back and said, "It won't be necessary." I took the gun out.

He looked at it, unbelieving. Then he stepped back. I was pretty sure he could draw and shoot before I could squeeze the trigger; also I remembered that my ammunition had been around a long time, and was probably no good.

When he spoke, his voice was mild. "You're on the wrong track, Prof. Jean is a bum steer for a suspect. Just ask yourself, could she throw a knife from a moving car, and then ask yourself again, a girl like that, where would she get a bomb to put in your newspaper?"

"You and she are working together," I said.

He shook his head. "Correction," he said. "You think we are. You know, Prof, you sound to me like a fellow who's been reading these detective stories. You think every cop's got his hand out, raking it in." He plucked at the sleeve of his coat. "Twenty-nine fifty," he said. "The hat has to last three years. The shoes, now, I spend as much as I can on shoes. They gotta have a special built-in arch." He shook his head again, a wounded bull facing a novice matador. "You'd think, what with radio cars and all, cops would get over having bad feet. But I got them. I used to walk a beat on Main Street, along Skid Row."

"You fill me with pity, Lieutenant."

He shrugged, and turned away. "Be a wise guy. You got the education. Only, don't carry that gun without a permit."

He put the old hat on his head, and tramped out the front door on his specially built arches.

10

AFTER LYNN HAD GONE, I was alone in the house. After awhile, I would go down to Larry Barker's office and, surely, that sophisticated and wise man would have some scheme for me to follow. His earlier disbeliefs would be wiped away by what had happened to Rosie.

The thought of Carl Bandelere, tough and sleek and cynical, of Larry Barker himself, with his fine judicial air, comforted me. I was not without friends. I had money, and

I had the name; I was Mexican Pete's son. I would be all right. . . .

I woke up when the front doorbell rang. I didn't remember falling asleep at all. As I staggered for the front door, coming awake inch by inch, I passed the electric clock; it was almost noon. I'd slept three hours.

Trouble loomed ahead of me, through endless corridors of time. I must be careful to get sleep regularly, eat regularly, relax.

Then I was full awake, and at the front door. I peered through the side glass, and saw a cab out in front, one of our regular Hills taxicabs, and that reassured me. Anyone coming to kill me would not bring a cab driver for a witness.

I opened the door and Jean Inness stood there. When she saw me, she turned and gave a little wave to the cab driver, and he shifted into low and started a U turn. Jean Inness came in.

She had on a suit and a tomato-red blouse, and a little hat with a shiny dark green feather on it. The effect was jaunty, all except her face, which was gaunt under her make-up. She said, "I have to see you. I'm in bad trouble."

I said, stupidly, "I know," and led her into the living room. She waved her hand impatiently when I suggested coffee, but she took a cigarette.

She blew the first puff of smoke out with a graceful air that must have been habit; her eyes were bright and hard on mine. "What would you pay me to get your father's diaries back? The ones Hank was using?"

"Wait a moment," I said. "Pay you? You're the one who came here saying you were in trouble."

"Don't be a fool," she said. "If you don't know that your life is in danger, you're a fool. I need money. I need it badly. I want to get out of this town."

"I see." I stood up and walked up and down. "How much do you need?"

She hesitated. "I may be some time getting a job. Would a thousand be too much?" I didn't answer at once, and she said, quickly, "I could get by on seven-fifty, it might be hard, but I could."

I began to believe her. If she had blackmail in mind, she would have asked for much more. If she had been working with Hughes he would have told her to ask for more.

"That much money might not be hard to get," I said. "But I'd want something for it. Information."

Now she was wily and alert and sullen. "You know as much as I do about everything. You're the prof."

"All right," I said. I stood up, bowed towards the door. "Then no money."

She jumped up, and grabbed hold of my lapels. She might be scared, she might be terrified—I knew she was—but she had not forgotten to put on perfume. She pressed herself against me. "What do you want, mister? I don't know enough to do you any good. Do you want to see me killed? Joe Hughes showed me,"—she began to cry—"all kinds of pictures. Of stool pigeons. They—they slice their faces open. One girl—you could see her teeth through the hole they made in her face!"

I'd be a liar if I said I didn't enjoy her pressing against me. But I took her wrists and pulled them down, and levered her far enough away so I could keep on thinking. I could still smell the perfume.

"Jean, that story of the photographic studio was made up."

She twisted away from me. "I'm sorry for your wife," she said. "You're a cold kind of fish. All right, so the story was made up. I was a model. There's a whole chain of places like that around town. We work one for a night and then the others. The old goats get tired of the same girl."

"And Lita?"

"Lita worked them too. The rest of it's true. Our goody-goody probation officer introduced us, and we moved in together. She was going with Hank and I have been going with Joe Hughes for a year. He got the cops to drop some of the evidence on me, is how I got probation."

"Go on, I said. "Go on."

She twisted her wrists out of my hands. "That's all. Anybody but a dumb-bunny of an ice-cold professor could figure out the rest."

"All right," I said. "I'll make it fifteen hundred. Who were Hughes and Hank blackmailing?"

She sat down again. "You're more like Hank now," she said. "You can get tough if you want to, can't you, Scott?" I was glad to hear the end of the professor routine. "All right. They had a simple little milk route. They were working bar owners. They were taking in a couple of hundred a week, plenty for a good time, what with Hughes' salary and the allowance Hank got from your old lady."

I winced at that. But this was no time for fancy feelings. "How do you take a bar owner?"

She said, "How simple can you get? A few years ago, when your father was alive, there was a big election fraud. Remember? A couple of hundred people in town got hauled into court. They were convicted and fined, and their jail sentences were suspended. Naturally, a lot of them were bartenders—voting drifting bums, buying votes over the bar and so on. And naturally, too, a lot of guys who were bartenders then own their own bars now. You can't own a bar if you've got a criminal record, the state won't let you."

"You say a lot," I said, "and then you say the whole take was two hundred a week. Two people don't get killed over a thing like that."

She nodded. "The boys got into gambling," she said. "Or maybe just Hank did, and he had to yell for Joe—Hughes—to come pull him out. Anyway, they tried something big, and some big-shot—I'd guess Joe Hughes' boss, or one of them—got onto their racket."

"Cranley," I said. "Inspector Cranley is Hughes' boss."

"I've heard him mentioned," she said. "I don't know if it was him. I don't think so. That's when the going got tough. Joe Hughes wanted Lita to go to work. Frame this big-shot for him. You know, something new and up to date. I was Joe's girl, you know, he wouldn't ask me to do something like that. Joe and Hank and Lita all had a fight over it. I went out. I didn't want any part of it."

"Morals?" I asked. "Scruples?"

"Scared," she said simply. "I was beginning to be sorry I'd ever gotten into it. Taking off your clothes for a bunch of dopes is one thing. You'll never see them again, and you can think about something else. But—getting a man into a frame—I mean, going to a hotel room with him, or to his apartment or maybe having him at mine—" She broke off and looked at me.

"All this sounds like a lot of stuff to get me off the main track. The point is, who was Hughes going to frame?" I shook my head. "That would be our killer—probably."

Her voice was a long moan of pain. "I don't care about any of that," she cried. "Get out of your own troubles. All I want is getaway money."

"You know the price," I said.

"I don't know any more," she said. "I swear it. I swear it, I swear it."

I said, "All right. Hand over my father's diaries."

"Where's my money?"

It was a point. Nothing that had happened to her in the last year or so had taught her to trust anyone. I said, "Wait till I get a shower and some clean clothes on. We'll go down to my bank."

11

WE RODE CABS. We phoned for them, and when they came—to the house and to the bank—I looked them over carefully to make sure they were genuine and from the company I'd phoned. In that way we got to the downtown railroad

station, and Jean Inness got a package from the checkroom. Inside was a big manila envelope; and in that were a dozen small books. I opened one, and recognized my father's scrabbly handwriting in the little books; cheap ones at first, and, finally, genuine pinseal ones, the best that money could buy. Mexican Pete could deliver the vote, and he was paid for it.

I checked the years, and the books were complete. Jean Inness held out her hand for the money. "Wait a minute," I said, "one thing more."

We were standing in front of the check stand in the busy station. Her wail, "What now?" made people turn their heads. But not many. A railroad station is a place of sorrows and parting; people leave from there for funerals and weddings and sickbeds.

"Do you know any close friend of Joe Hughes' who is a Latin?" I asked. "A Mexican, maybe, or an Italian or Sicilian?"

"Oh, Lord, Hughes knows a lot of people. He's a cop; he gets around."

"I'm thinking of who could throw a knife from a moving car. And hit a small target." I should have thought of it before. That kind of knife work is not Anglo.

She shook her head. "He brought a friend up once who was dark-skinned. Romona. Or Romano."

I grabbed her arm. "Could it be Romero?" I asked. I remembered the detective that Cranley and Hughes had brought along to translate to Mamacita. "A cop."

"I don't know?" she said, making it a question. "Yes. He could be. The way they look at you. Cops, I mean."

I knew what she meant. I gave her the money, and left her there, turning her head from one ticket window to another, trying to decide in which direction to go.

Larry Barker's office was not far from the station. I took a chance on walking; Hughes—and whoever was behind Hughes—would think I was still in the Hills. There's nothing safer than a good thick crowd. I'd read that some place.

The entrance to Larry Barker's office building was lined with shops. I went into one to buy cigarettes and, looking out at the street through the plate glass, I could see the tall tower whose top floor was Headquarters. If my guess was right, one of the top men on that top floor was going to be unhappy very soon: Inspector Cranley.

Then I took the elevator to Larry Barker's suite, and riding up in the bronze cage, I felt my courage coming back into my veins like a transfusion. Now I had something definite for Larry Barker, and he would take me back into the fold, and I would have all the protection of his experience—his wonderful presence and knowledge, and of his staff—his tough, competent, cynical staff.

I had changed my clothes. I looked wealthy, suave, and sleepless; a perfect combination for a criminal lawyer's client. Larry Barker's secretary said, "Come right with me, Mr. Sandoval," and led me down the corridor I'd last been in at midnight. The door she opened for me was one I hadn't been through before; there was a small desk, two easy chairs for visitors, a pretty good Mexican painting on the wall. Larry Barker had said he was crazy about Mexico, and went there every vacation he could get.

Then the door behind me opened, and I turned. Stacy Wilken was standing there. He held out his hand, and I took it.

He was young, and bookish looking, but he knew how to exude the old confidence. I wondered if they gave a course in that at law school, or whether he stood before a mirror at night, imitating Larry Barker. "Sing your sad song, Mr. Sandoval," he said. "The Chief said I was to be at your limitless disposal."

I said, "I'm here because I've got something real, and I need help in using it. The diaries of my father's that Hank was using in his blackmail racket. And I know now that he—and Joe Hughes, for that matter—had a blackmail racket; a small one, but good."

His eyebrows went up his forehead and down again, and he sat down behind the desk. I laid the manila envelope on the desk, slid one of the books out.

Three minutes later, Stacy Wilken bowed me into Larry Barker's office, and closed the door behind us. His whole manner was a dead giveaway: conspiratorial.

Behind the Mexican desk, Larry Barker looked at us coldly, forbiddingly. He said, "Wilken, as you know, this is my heavy day. I have to be in court in an hour."

Stacy Wilken was so excited he forgot to call Larry Barker "Chief." He blurted, "Scott here has located his father's diaries," and dumped the whole mess on Larry Barker's desk. I thought I heard him give a sigh when he did so.

Larry Barker frowned, and picked up the one loose book. He opened it at random, and turned a page or two. Then he hastily slammed the book shut again. "Good Lord!" he said. "Mexican Pete must have been out of his mind! Why—I just came on a name that's—why—" He shook his head as though his best friend had just sloughed him. "You were right to bring these to me, boy," he said. "We'd best burn them."

"They're the only clue to Hank's death," I said.

Silence descended on that fine office. Larry Barker sat stroking the smooth wood of his desk. After a very long time, he moved his head at Stacy Wilken. The young lawyer got up and started for the door. When he got there, he stopped and shot me a brilliant smile; then it faded, and so did he.

I turned back in time to catch Larry Barker glowering at the closing door. He turned to me. "You young men," he said, "you think this is funny. Why, some of our leading citizens, men with positions of stature in the community, could be wiped out by this—this—" he slapped the manila envelope—"accumulation of venom."

"If they got to where they are by crooked means," I said, "it can't be much of a community."

Larry Barker brought his hands down on his desk. He shook himself, and now he was in full control of the situation. He said, "You are a young man. Sometime the young confuse the world of what is with the world of what ought to be."

12

Larry Barker went to a cupboard in the corner of the room. I'm no expert on wood, but this one looked like oak to me; and the carving looked more Spanish than Mexican. But no doubt he had picked it up in some little corner of his beloved Mexico. He opened the cupboard and took out a bottle and two glasses and, without asking me, he poured two drinks, straight shots. He brought one over and handed it to me, and I took it and put it on the edge of the smoking stand next to my chair. I didn't know whether I wanted it or not, but I didn't want to interrupt him. He swallowed a little of the whiskey himself, and sighed.

"The view of life," he said, "depends on the individual. The very young and the very foolish see the broadest possible scope in front of them. And it is true that a young man, starting at the bottom, can progress in only one direction—upwards. But as we grow older, we see that scope narrow. We know that a blow to the right or a blow to the left is a wasted blow. You must hit the bull's eye, or your blow will not score.

"So, . . . take this situation. A city is in the hands of an administration that is wasteful, inefficient, and undoubtedly corrupt. You wish to replace that administration with another one that you—in the personal judgment which is all a man has to go on—thinks will be better. What do you do?"

He paused, and stared out his high window, and smiled. "If you are a young man, you strike to the right and to the left. You stand on ladders at the corners and make speeches—if the police of the incumbent government let you. You ring doorbells. You hold protest meetings in people's parlors." He turned to me, and his smile was truly engaging now. "I've

done all that. As a young man. And do you know what happened?"

"You lost the election," I said.

He nodded, as though I had said the wisest thing since Solomon. "We lost the election," he said, his head going up and down with each word. He took up his whiskey glass again, and swallowed, and so did I. I had never tasted liquor like that before. It rubbed on my throat like $40-a-yard velvet.

"Every man with an interest in politics ought to lose a few elections," Larry Barker said. "After awhile, I began to see—as every politician sooner or later sees—that we were not even aiming at the bull's eye. The press was with us, and I never seemed to talk to a citizen who didn't agree with me. But at the polls—we lost. And by wide margins. So—we—my associates in politics and I—started to look into this paradox, this contradictory situation where everyone felt the same way, but a majority voted the other way. And what did we find?"

I don't think he wanted me to answer, but I did. "You found that the opposition was buying votes."

He nodded, "Exactly. They were voting repeaters, they were voting names out of the cemetery—and they were buying election watchers to pass them. They were voting floaters, people who hadn't been in the city long enough to vote, bums out of the flophouses. But most of all, they were buying the poor. The poor who had accounts with little neighborhood grocers. And the poor who—against the law—owed money to bartenders. Especially the latter. Bartenders, by their very nature, are a cynical race, and one that unavoidably, breaks the law every day. They cannot help it. Our liquor laws are ridiculous. Do you know, up to a few years ago, a man could lose his license and go to prison for selling a drink to an Indian?"

I couldn't help but laugh. Larry Barker looked at me and didn't return the laugh. "An Indian's a man who's part native and part white," he said. "In most cases. I don't suppose there are many full-bloods left. What are you, Scott?"

I said, "I see."

He chuckled. "It was one of Mexican Pete's favorite tricks. He'd take three, four boys into a saloon. One of them would be an Indian, the others Mexes—Mexicans. When the complaint came in, Mexican Pete would be Johnny-on-the-Spot, ready to kill the charge. Another trick of his was to find some fellow he knew was broke, on relief, out of work a long time."

"It isn't always easy for a Mexican to get a job in this town," I said. "Unless he's strong enough to do the heaviest kind of day labor."

Larry Barker waved a hand. "I'm not defending our local morals," he said. "I'm just telling you what happens. Well, your father would take this poor man and buy him a lot of drinks. After awhile—your people are proud, Scott—the poor man would want to buy back. But not at that place—at another. And in that way, we got a line on bartenders giving credit, which is against the law, too. There are a lot of other laws covering bars. Most of them were written by people who were never in a bar in their lives. The temperance people's price for letting Prohibition be repealed—I imagine that was before you were born."

I was drowning in the sea of words. I got up and went to the window. There was the city below me. The beautiful city in which I had been born. Puny cars flowed down the Freeway and across the Civic Center, and even from here, the bright colors of the women's dresses were dots in the sea of men's dark suits. Across the little park, the tall building loomed; the one that was capped with Headquarters.

"We've come a long way from the point," I said.

"We're right on the issue," Larry Barker said. "We're arguing to the issue and no place else. The party that was in then was buying votes, I said. All right. We organized a reform group, and we took in your father. He was much admired among the Mexicans. And we grew up, fast, after our first two or three unsuccessful runs. To reform the city, we had to get into power. To do that we had to do what was necessary, fight fire with fire, as it were. We did it. Mexican Pete did yeoman duty in that fight."

I turned from the window. "And the net result is the city the way it is now."

"You didn't know it before—it was a lot worse. I drop my eyes from no man's when I say I'm proud of the distance we've come. And aware of the distance yet to go." Larry Barker came over to the window with me. He pointed down. "Take a walk around Civic Center. Look at the cornerstones. Each has a date. The fire-traps, the echo chambers date before our time. The tall buildings, the fine buildings, the ones that are written up in every architectural magazine in the country—those are ours."

Any professor of sociology could ask questions at that point. Such as, how much money was made on those buildings? Such as, where did a young group of reformers get the money with which my father bought all those votes? Such—

"What's all this got to do with the trouble I'm in now? Someone killed my brother."

"For doing a low, despicable thing," Larry Barker said. "I'm sorry, Scott, but that's the truth." He went back to his desk, and slapped the manila envelope sharply. "You say that the men in this book built their successes on graft and corruption, and that they deserve to be pulled down. And I say that they acted from the highest possible motives, from love of their city and a desire for reform, and that Mexican Pete would sooner see your brother in his grave than to see the government he helped build, pulled down."

He stood there at the desk, his eyes bright and hard and his jaw thrust out at me. He'd made his speech; he'd gone to the jury—me.

There was a long silence. I coud hear Larry Barker breathing.

Finally I said, "Then you think we ought to let Hank's death go?"

"Good Lord, no!" Larry Barker said. "I think only that we ought not to use these diaries indiscriminately." He reached out and pressed a button. "You and I, Scott, we're in this together. . . . I asked Carl Bandelere to stay around the office."

When Larry Barker asked one of his staff to do something, it was done. Bandelere was there in less than a minute, flowing into the room in his catlike walk. Today he had on a pinch-waist tweed suit like Mr. McJoseph, at the bonding company. It seemed to be the fashion among the Civic Center group to buy tweed and then have it mistreated in a way that would have started a wailing in all the Harris Islands and adjacent areas of Scotland.

Carl Bandelere said, "Yes, Chief?"

Larry Barker sat down. "If I had some coded material that I wanted decoded, and the significance of it was valuable, dangerous and obvious—names of local dignitaries, for instance—to whom could I resort for that decoding?"

That was a wonderful staff he had. Bandelere never hesitated. "There's a minister out in the suburbs," he said. "He was an ace with Navy decoding during the war."

"Get him in here," Larry Barker said, and nodded his head. Carl Bandelere stood up at once, gave me a friendly smile, and went out.

"You see," Larry Barker said, "it's impossible to be a lone wolf in this world. How long do you think it would have taken you to get that information yourself?"

"I don't get it," I said. "Pop didn't use a code."

"Your father didn't," Larry Barker said, "but Hank did. Little marks made, I imagine, with the point of a common pin. They are opposite several names, but not others. Come back this afternoon, and we'll have something to go on."

He was going too fast for me. I sat there, letting a lot of stuff wash around in my head, and Larry Barker, whose time must have been worth dollars per minute, was very good to me; he let me sit there.

"Yes, I see. When we come on a name that isn't a

common bartender. we've got our man. Then we tip him off to the police. But supposing it is Inspector Cranley? He's my prime suspect."

"He is not the most important man in the Police Department. There are several men over him. Men whose loyalty has been tested in my years of their acquaintance. Now run along. Shall we say five this afternoon?"

I nodded, and left. It was not till I hit the street below that I realized that I had left the diaries with Larry Barker. I began to see why he had gotten as rich and successful as he had.

13

SO I WENT BACK upstairs again. A mouse in a circular cage was all I was; a mouse chasing his own tail, and hoping he was killing a cat by doing it. "I just came from Mr. Barker's office," I said. "There's something I forgot to tell him."

The girl said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Sandoval. Mr. Barker has left the office."

I said, "I'd like to see Mr. Bandelere, then." It would really be easier with Larry Barker out; all I'd have to do was tell Carl Bandelere I wanted to stick with him, for protection. That way I could stick with the diaries, too.

"Mr. Bandelere's gone out," she said. She looked at a metal in-out board on her desk and anticipated my question. "He didn't say where."

So down again, little mouse, down in the bronze cage to the marble lobby, out into the Civic Center that Larry Barker and my father helped build. Stand on the curb, with your shoulders already itching for the knife, and let the first two taxis go; take the third. I gave my mother's address, because I had to see her sooner or later.

I let myself into the old house. The smells of chile and *oregano* and *comino* fought for my nose against the smell of the flowers in the front room, with a little touch of birdcage coming in third. As I went down the hall to the kitchen, the spices won out.

Mamacita was busy; she was chopping onions and avocados into a *guacamole*. Another woman was helping her, a *rebozo* over her head, standing with her back to me; what I could see of her black hair was dull and lusterless, but her figure looked young. Then she turned, and it was Lynn.

I said the only thing possible, "What are you doing here?"

Mamacita answered, turning and waving her long spoon at me. "Why should she not be in the home of her mother-in-law? She is learning the good Mexican cooking, so your stomach will find ease in its home." The answer was in Spanish, of course, but the fact that it was made showed this was one of the times Mamacita understood English. "That's right," Lynn said. She took a step towards me, and then stopped, as though afraid of my anger.

Mamacita said, "But, *ay de mi*, what she has done with her lovely blonde hair! It was the very pride of the Sandoval family, and now it is black as any Indian's!"

I laughed. I couldn't help it. Apparently this point hadn't been brought up before; and Lynn's face showed as clearly as a bulletin board that she had thought the dye job would please her mother-in-law.

Mamacita said, "And have you disposed of the matter of your brother, Escott?"

It wasn't in the nature of a question; it took for granted that I had found out Hank's killer and, in turn, had killed him. Life must have been very simple in Tamazunchale.

I said, "No. I haven't found who the man is yet, Mamacita. I have taken steps; I have been to the very best lawyer I know: Larry Barker."

He was apparently well known to Mamacita, too. She said, "He was in my house once, this Larry Barker, this great lawyer. When my Pedro had achieved fifty years of age he invited his big friends from City Hall, from the capital of the State, even from Washington. He was very famous, my Pedro."

Yeah, I thought. Very famous. And a lot of good it has done his sons. I said, "Lynn, you promised me you would go away."

"You should have known I wasn't going when I didn't argue more," she said.

"But—"

"I've changed my appearance," she said. "And my background. I'm a simple little Mexican girl now."

"I hope nobody asks you a question."

"A simple little Mexican girl who can't speak Spanish."

I shrugged. I had figured out how to get the danger off our necks. Larry Barker had been very clever in getting the diaries from me. He had announced that he didn't think they ought to be published. All right, all I had to do was to let the gang know that their pal Larry Barker had the books, that they were safe, and there would be no further trouble.

I couldn't tell my mother any of this. A man can't tell his mother he's been a fool, and I had been one when I let Larry Barker get those diaries from me so easily . . . Or maybe I'd wanted to clean my hands of them; maybe I had not been a fool, but a coward.

Though, after all, as Larry Barker had said, Hank got only what was coming to him. A blackmailer. But my brother.

I moved towards the phone in the hall. I would call Hughes or Inspector Cranley—whom I suspected of being Hank's blackmail victim—and tell them I had put the diaries in the hands of my lawyer. I'd go right on playing it stupid, and they would know it was all right, because everyone in the city, apparently, knew that Larry Barker was regular.

Hughes—not Cranley. Let Hughes tell his boss it was taken care of. Let him get a gold star on his report card.

As I reached for the phone, it rang. Before I picked it up, I was sure it was going to be Hughes, but I was wrong. I had never heard the voice before, a man's voice, and tougher than any voice could be naturally; he was building it up.

All I said was, "Hello." He did the rest. "Scott Sandoval? You know a town called Mesa?" I didn't answer, and it went on, "If you don't, pal, look it up on a map. They give them free at filling stations. A girl jumped—get it, fell or jumped—off a train there. She's dead."

"Who is this?"

"Too bad, ain't it, Scott Sandoval? Nice lookin' dame, too. Useta stand around wit' no clothes on, havin' her pitcher taken. Maybe you could get a pitcher to remember her by. Hot stuff, huh? She ain't pretty no longer."

"Who—" but he had rung off, and after a moment all I got was dial tone.

Hank, Rosie, and now Jean Inness. Whatever she'd done, she'd been young and pretty, and she'd taken a lot of joy in life. She'd been running away, she was no threat to them. . . .

Them? Who? Not Hughes, not Cranley. They were the police, the all-powerful cops. They might have someone throw a knife at Hank, it would be easy for them to put a bomb in a newspaper, but I couldn't, somehow, see them pushing a girl off a train.

But that was nonsense. I couldn't see any part of it. I was a professor, a learned man from the Hills, a long way from the Old City and the Civic Center. A good man to judge a foreign movie or a Drama Group play. What did I know about murderers and cops and robbers?

Hank had known, somehow. There had been something in my kid brother that kept him tied to the Old City. Mamacita knew, because my mother had never risen from the people. My father had known, because Mexican Pete had done just the reverse; he'd risen from the people, and, standing on their

necks, he had never forgotten how he got there or what kept him there.

From the kitchen Lynn called, "Who was that?" I said it was somebody selling hospital insurance, and that seemed to satisfy her. Then I went upstairs. My old room, the guest room, the room where my mother now was lonely for her husband. The fourth room was Hank's.

In his closet there was a blue poplin work shirt and a pair of khaki pants. I put them on, hunted on the floor for his oldest shoes. Hank had probably kept work clothes around to do odd jobs for Mamacita; he'd never worked a day in his life.

Probably I should have felt queer, putting on my dead brother's clothes. I didn't. I felt good. I was going back to my people, the *gente, la Raza.*

Hank's worst hat wasn't bad enough. I put it on the floor and walked on it a couple of times. Then I looked in the mirror, and I was a Mexican working man. A *bracero,* which means—sort of—a pair of arms, hired for its strength, and nothing more.

Such a man can sneak out to the corner saloon without his wife knowing it. I sneaked.

14

MEMORY, MY COLLEAGUES in the psychology department tell us, is most easily stimulated by smell. Music comes second, and sight is way behind. The smell and the music were all there in the first bar I went into. Smell of chile, sound of a *ranchero* being played on the juke box; sound of men talking in the sing-song of Old Mexico and of the English of the Old City; smell of beer and of the long red peppers that are a Mexican's vitamin pill, his condiment and his link with the Aztec ancestors of the race.

I stepped to that bar and said, *"Cerveza, hombre. Tengo sueños,"* which is Mexican slang for being tired—having dreams, literally.

The bartender grunted, and said, "One beer, sure," and put it in front of me. He took my money and went away.

I had a role to play and I pushed my mind at it. I was a wetback, an illegal immigrant. That was why I did not have a job; to have one would be to risk running into someone who worked at the place I would have to say I worked. I gulped my beer, and wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, and sighed; I would have liked to belch, but it didn't come.

The two men next to me were talking about big-league baseball, of all things. I couldn't join in that: in the first place, it didn't fit my role, and in the second place, spectator sports have always bored me. So I sighed, again, and said, "The beer of this country is expensive and lacks delicacy." Of course, in Spanish.

The conversation on my left stopped, and so did the one on my right. The exponent of the Dodgers said, softly, "Walk easy, brother, walk easy." He had been talking pretty good English, but he dropped into country Spanish now. "Your surprise betrays your late arrival north of the border. Walk easy."

"Why easy?" I asked. "Here I am far from the border. Here all are of the race."

"All are of the race," he said, still keeping his voice down, "but not all of the race are good Mexicans. Some are stool pigeons." He used the English word.

"This I do not understand," I said. I rattled my glass. "Two more beers. For me and for my friend here."

The bartender brought them, and took my money. I saw my new friend squint at the coins. I said, "Do not worry. Now that I am in North America, I will make money like the mill owner in Tamazunchale. But please, what is this stool pigeon?"

My friend laughed. "You have much to learn, Tamazunchale boy."

I said, "But I have a friend here in this city. The politician, Pedro Sandoval."

The bartender squinted through the smoke at me. He leaned over the bar, and looked down at my shoes, my khaki pants, my work shirt. He looked at my battered hat. It occurred to me that my clothes were American made, but I couldn't do anything about that. Finally the bartender said. "Pedro Sandoval has been dead these eight years. Your great friend the politician: he must have forgotten to tell you!"

He'd gone dead on me. His voice was dead, his eyes were dead. I couldn't understand it, but I made the try, because now I had nothing to lose. I said, "Surely he left sons, who carry on in his name?"

"Who knows?" asked the bartender and grinned a malicious grin and went away.

I left there too.

One of the cops—Hughes or Cranley—had said it: there was a grapevine in the Old City that knew everything before it happened. The grapevine was saying to keep quiet about the death of Hank Sandoval. Otherwise—you might be picked up by the police, held, questioned, lose your good job. . . .

Maybe it was only that one bar. I wandered down the broad boulevard; I wandered up a side street. Here there was a cocktail lounge, much more elegant than the beer joint I had been in. Here the music was not a *ranchero,* but the record of the Trio Los Panchos, much more sophisticated; and you put no nickels in a machine, but listened free. . . .

I batted my hat out smooth and recreased it as best I could before I went in there. The cocktail-lounge trade did not ordinarily welcome day laborers. This was where the politicians and the patrons and the lawyers drank.

I stood at the bar and ordered brandy and soda. No one was at the bar, but in the little booths groups of three and four men drank, in a leisurely way, and listened to the soft music. The barman was a sleek young fellow, Hank's age, in a tailored white jacket. There were two pretty, dark-eyed girls to carry drinks to the booths. There were no other women present. I was the only person at the bar.

The front door opened and a single man came in. Young man, in a checked sport coat and open-collar shirt, light-blue slacks, two-toned shoes. He came to the bar. There was something collegiate and familiar about him—a man I could talk to.

When the light from behind the bar hit his face, I saw that he was familiar, indeed. It was Lieutenant Romero.

He ordered a whiskey and water and settled down on a bar-stool, a man at ease, taking a drink after a hard morning's work. I asked for another brandy and soda, and he turned to me. He said, "I can't drink brandy; it gives me heartburn."

It was a conventional opening. I said, "It agrees with me better than whiskey."

"One man's meat," he said. He paid for his drink and I paid for mine. There was a big gap. He said, "You follow baseball?"

"Some," I said. I dug back in my memory for a half hour or so. The man at the other bar had told his neighbor that the Brooklyns were having pitching trouble. I repeated it.

"That's right," Romero said. But his voice was idle, dreamy. "I don't much care for baseball," he said. "You're Scott Sandoval," he said.

"Yes, Lieutenant."

He laughed. "I'm a hell of a cop. You recognized me first, huh? The change in clothes threw me off. If you want to hang out in a place like this, don't dress like a *bracero.*"

"You know what I'm doing, then?"

He said, "Yeah, sure. You're trying to pick up word on who threw the knife into your brother's back."

"And put a bomb in my newspaper that has my little cousin in a hospital," I said. "And pushed Jean Inness off a train."

"She was Lita Larrimer's roommate," Romero said. "Look, let me buy a drink. I'm on an expense account. I played you in high school once. Doubles, tennis."

"I don't remember. Romero's as common a name as Sandoval. . . Look, I don't need another drink. But I could use something to eat."

He nodded, shoved away from the bar. We went out into the hot sun of the Old City. The raggedy palm trees that somebody had sold the city for adornment were thrashing in a breeze. Romero looked up and said, "Wind's shifting. It's going to come off the desert before night. Means work for the Department; a wind like that drives the people nuts, a little crazy."

We walked back to the boulevard. There was a chance that he had been following me all along. There was a chance that my friend from the beer joint had phoned him. Somehow, I didn't think so. If the Department was really puzzled, it would have him out in the same places that I would choose myself.

He turned into a Mexican restaurant. "The best *menudo* in town here," he said.

We took a booth. A girl came over and he said. "*Menudo* and *enchiladas* for two, sweetheart." She swayed off.

"Who killed my brother, Romero?"

He put his hands flat on the table and stared at me. "If I knew, do you think I'd be down here? I'm supposed to find out. You tell me."

"I don't know," I said. "I have a pretty good idea who ordered him killed, but I don't know who threw the knife."

Lieutenant Romero chewed his lower lip a moment, then let it pop out at me, belligerently. "Okay, Prof, who gave the orders?"

"Inspector Cranley," I said.

Romero stared at me. Red came from down under his sport shirt and spread up across his throat and his neck. But the hands that held the edge of the table got white across the knuckles. "Well," he said, "I'll be a son." Then he didn't say anything while the girl put our *menudo* in front of us. The smell of it came up to me: tripe soup with hominy and flavored with *oregano*. The saliva sprang into my mouth. "You got the education," Romero said finally, "but you're sure dumb."

I shrugged, and spooned some hot *salsa verde* into my *menudo*, stirred and started to eat. It tasted wonderful. "I don't think the Department had Hank killed," I said. "Just Inspector Cranley. Acting on his own."

The white knuckles got some color back, and Romero relaxed. But when he picked up the *salsa verde* spoon, his hand shook a little. He stirred and tasted. "Sure good," he said. "You're nuts, Sandoval. You're not as nuts as I thought you were a minute ago, but you're not too bright. There's no cop who is a saint, or close to it, but if there was, I'd pick Mr. Cranley as coming up for a candidate."

I shrugged again, and went on eating. The *salsa verde* was hot: made out of the best green chiles. I said, "Is Hughes your partner?"

He shook his head. "Naw. We don't always work partners on homicide."

"You don't?" I asked. "I guess I've been listening to the wrong radio programs."

He smiled a tight, hard, cop's grin. "It's Inspector Cranley's squad," he said. "We work the way he tells us to. He's only an acting inspector, by the way. His permanent rank is captain. He's a good man."

Somebody put a nickel in the juke box. A song called "La Ultima Noche" came blaring out. The man who was singing it wasn't bad, but there was too much brass in the accompaniment. We finished our *menudo*, and the girl took our plates away and brought the *enchiladas*. Cheese and onions and chile and lettuce. The chile was red this time, and hot enough to bring tears to my eyes. I felt good.

We washed the meal down with a couple of cold beers, and went out on the street. Romero said, "Well, friend, I enjoyed it. Now I gotta shove along. *Adios*." He walked back toward the Old City. He seemed to have all the time in the world.

15

THERE WAS NO USE my going back to Old City. Later, when more liquor had been drunk in more bars, maybe. Not now.

I was adrift in the city now, at loose ends, a lost guy. Everyone has read lots of mystery stories; I have too. The thing to do was to get a lot of clues, and run them down, one by one, check them out, as they say on the radio. The trouble was, I didn't have any clues. No fingerprints, no bits of blond hair, no scrapings from under fingernails.

I could go out to the suburbs, and ask to see Jean Inness' corpse in the suburban morgue, and a lot of good that would do me; when I got through I would know that I had looked at a corpse.

But thinking about Jean Inness gave me an idea. I caught a bus from the plaza over to a nicer part of town, and bought myself a ready-made suit and a sports shirt like Romero's, and a reasonably good pair of shoes. I put my *bracero* clothes and the battered hat in a bus-terminal locker, and pocketed the key.

Then I went and bought a camera, and I still had plenty of money left. I'd drawn plenty from the bank; I was a rich man.

I took another bus to the address in the ad. The photo studio, life classes, fine models, afternoon sessions and evening sessions. I was just in time for the afternoon session.

There was a girl at the front desk, just as Jean had said, and maybe her story was part true; maybe she had started as a receptionist. This one was a straw-blonde job, not as white as a dairy lunch, but light enough. Her nails were a little brighter than her hair, and long.

She took my five dollars, and put it in a drawer and locked the drawer. Then she slid an application blank towards me.

I wrote "Joseph Gnocchi," and an address.

The blonde spoke for the first time. She said, "You've never been here before, Mr. Gnocchi."

I said, "No." I managed to get a little excitement into my voice. "Are you one of the models, I hope?"

"Fa-resh." She attempted to dimple her cheeks, but the make-up was too thick. "I'll bet you hope."

"A man can dream, can't he?" I was aware that my dialogue was as stale as she was.

She said, "The afternoon session lasts two hours. The evening session doesn't start till eight. If you want both, there's a special rate."

I took out my wallet, and let her see the size of my roll. That freshened her, where a long vacation on the beach wouldn't have done any good. Deep down in the marbles she used for eyes a little interest showed. Then I put the wallet away.

"You'll be here when I get out?" I asked. "Why not wait and see how I like it?"

"Oh, you'll like it," she said. The marbles rolled suggestively. She looked at my camera. "Any films in that thing?"

"Sure," I said, "for my scrap book."

This was screamingly funny; she screamed. "Oh, you!" she said. Then she reached under the desk and she must have pushed a button, because a buzzer sounded on the door behind her. "Go on in," the bleached blonde said.

"All right," I said. "I'll try not to get too excited." I rolled my own eyes—they felt like marble, too—to show what I meant.

16

SHE WAS STILL giggling when I went through the door and found myself facing a black velvet curtain. There were voices behind that curtain, there were people moving around.

Then I was out in the so-called studio room. Seven or eight other men were milling around, each clutching a camera, each with his eyes gleaming.

There were no girls present, but there were three little stands, each covered in some more of the black velvet. Overhead there were glaring yellow lights that beamed down relentlessly.

Then a door in the back of the room opened, and three girls filed in. They were followed by a guy who had his face carved out of cheap granite by an apprentice sculptor. He took up a position by the back door with his arms folded, and each of the girls walked to a small platform and stood on it, still wrapped in a dressing gown.

We were all licking our lips, I found. Including me. Then the girls let their cloaks fall down to their feet, and they took a pose vaguely reminiscent of some well-known painting; one with her hands on her head and the other on her hip; one, more or less like September Morn, but not too carefully; and the third one, the redhead, with both hands behind her neck, one hip shoved forward.

They came in three colors, of course, redhead, brunette and blonde.

The lads started pushing around the room, kneeling to squint at the models, holding up their cameras, clicking and winding film. I just stood there. Granite-mug came over and tapped me on the shoulder not too gently. "You came here to take pictures," he said. "Start snapping. No rubbernecking allowed."

I had film in my camera; I photographed. The mystery and excitement had gone when the robes dropped; the girls just stood there, the brunette and the redhead chewing gum, the blonde humming under her breath. I watched the others, and photographed what they did; parts of anatomy. Except for one of the old-timers, nobody seemed to be specializing; he kept kneeling down and shooting up angles, presumably to make the legs as long as possible.

Granite-face seemed satisfied that everything was going along smoothly; he relaxed against the door. I managed to get a shot of his face. His eyes snapped open, and he turned his bull neck towards me, but I was focusing on the redhead by then. I got a dandy close-up of her torso. I wondered where I was going to get my film developed; it was not exactly the sort to drop at the corner drug store.

Of course, I could get a Junior Lenshound Little Dandy Darkroom, develop and print my art works, and give Lynn an album for Christmas.

The thought made me grin, and Granite-face looked at me with as much surprise as stone can show. Humor was not at home in that place. Then he looked at a watch on his wrist, and said, "That's an hour, gents."

The gents took one last look, and the girls reached down and got their robes and pulled them around their shoulders. Granite-face opened the back door and the three models marched out, and the door closed.

Nobody looked at anybody. One by one the customers slipped through the black velvet and were gone. I was the last to go. Outside, the marble-eyed blonde was putting on a hat with a long brown feather sticking out from it. She said, "There's a bar almost across the street: the Happy Hour." The words came out from the corner of her mouth and slipped across her shoulder; I wondered if Granite-face was her lover, and she was holding out on him.

The air on the boulevard was cool and fresh and even a little moist. The things people do to make a living! Wages were decent, and there wasn't much unemployment around. Granite-face and three models and Blondie, and undoubtedly somebody over them, had to eat out of what that studio made. Eight men, at five dollars apiece, twice a day. Or maybe the evening occasion was larger.

Rent to pay, cops like Hughes to pay off, light bills, telephone. There wouldn't be more than a decent salary left. But—

"Martini," I told the bartender. He looked at me, and I felt uneasy. I half expected him to say something about not serving Mexicans. I used my professional accent, "Very dry, with lemon peel."

He said, "Yes, sir," and went to fill my order.

I watched him swirling the gin and vermouth and ice in the bar glass. I could already taste the cool, almost medicinal, martini. It wasn't my regular drink—too strong—but I needed something sharp and cold to rinse the taste of that studio away.

"I'd just gotten my fingers on the stem of the glass, when somebody else's fingers were on my knee, and the blonde was there. I forgot my college-acquired manners and gulped the drink anyway.

"Well," she said. "Well! You must have needed that."

"I'm shy," I said. "I was building up my courage, for you."

"That's kind of cute," she decided. "Order me one, too."

The bartender nodded. He looked relieved to see me with a blonde, a seal of approval of my un-Mexicanness, or maybe, again, that was my over-sensitive imagination. I said, "My name's Scott."

She said, "Hi," and watched me strip money out of my fat wallet for the drinks. "I'm named Doris, but my friends all call me Dodo."

We drank, and she said, "You're nice, Scott."

I made my voice as casual as I could, and said, "The boss doesn't like you going out with the customers, from the way you said you'd meet me here."

She said, "Well, no. We just got the order this morning: no more dates with guys that show up. But, heck, no one ever asked me out, anyway."

I said, "It's quite a coincidence, isn't it? Yesterday, dates okay, but no dates; today dates not okay, and I show up. Why do you think they made the rule?"

She wasn't much help. She gulped a second drink and I had to order her a third. I had no way of knowing how she'd hold her liquor. Maybe she'd pass out and be no good to me, and maybe she'd get talkative. and be a little blessing.

"O-o-o-h." The martinis were beginning to show, and not just around the edges. "I shouldn't be out with you," she told me.

"I know. You already said that. I wonder why. Your boss—what's his name?—isn't jealous, is he?"

"I don't even know who the boss is," she said. "Harry, the fella who watches in the studio, he just works there, like me." She rattled her glass—and suddenly her eyes got a little glassy, if a marble can be described as getting glassy. She swayed on the stool, and would have fallen off if I hadn't grabbed her. "Get me a taxi!" I said, and the bartender hopped to it.

Outside, a cab pulled up and the driver blew his horn. Charley or whatever his name was, used his expressive eyebrows to ask me if I wanted help; I shook my head, got my arms around Dodo's waist, and we progressed erratically to the door, across the sidewalk, and into the cab.

17

THE MINUTE WE hit the back seat, my blonde threw her arms around my neck, smeared lipstick down my cheek until she found my mouth, took a healthy nibble at my upper lip, and passed out.

The hackdriver had been watching this with normal in-

terest. Now that the show was over, he asked for a destination. I considered. Finally I opened Dodo's handbag. I held it wide, my hand arched, so the driver wouldn't think I was taking her money. I doubt if he cared.

Compact, lipstick, crumpled handkerchief, change purse. A little brown-covered notebook. It was not the same bonding company that had given me mine; mine was red, and marked: Rossini Bail-Bonding Company. This one was brown and marked: Fellows Bond and Assurance Co., Inc.

There was a page opposite the flyleaf that had blank forms to be filled out. Doris Hattan was 26; hght. 5′5″; wght. 132; single; hr. blonde; eyes, green; scars, appendix. She also had an address, and I gave it to the cabbie.

It was only 65 cents away. It was maybe a mile from where Jean Inness and Lita Larrimer had lived, but it was the same sort of place; there was a time when people put them up for investments, and tried to retire on them. Now they were mostly owned by insurance and loan companies.

The cab was stopped, and I shook Dodo. "Let's go, Dodo."

She looked around, and seemed to get some idea where she was. She said, "Good idea. Can't have half as much in a taxi."

I don't know where they came from, but little boys arrived, maybe out of the cracks in the pavement. The University had never been like this; I disentangled myself and got her into the vestibule of the apartment house. Doris Hattan lived—oh, Lord—on the third floor. She had written DODO in big black letters across the cheap calling card she'd shoved in the slot.

The little boys flattened their noses against the glass door while I fished her purse for the key. She kept her eyes wide open, a major triumph, but she didn't make any protest about her purse.

There were three keys on the ring, and one of these opened the door. We started upstairs.

Half a flight up, sleep claimed her again. I tried dragging her, I tried pushing her. Finally I resorted to what I believe is called the fireman's lift; not dignified, and not modest when the subject is wearing a skirt, but effective.

The same key opened her apartment door, which is the usual arrangement, I believe. It was a two-room flat, with a bath; but they were tiny rooms. I put her on the bed in the back room and went to do my panting and my sweating in an easy chair in the front room.

Just about the time I began to feel better, Dodo began to feel worse. Her groans could undoubtedly be heard on the street. I really thought she might be dying; one of the bartender's lifted eyebrows might have been asking me if I wanted him to slip her knockout drops.

I went into the bedroom. She had twisted around on the bed till her skirt had hiked up higher than when I carried her; but the effect wasn't sexy, due to her green face and her eyes, which were half open, with only the whites showing. I said, "Dodo. Listen to me, Dodo. Do you want a doctor?"

She shuddered and let out another groan. She said something, but I couldn't make out what it was. Finally I got the little brown book out again, and looked under D. But there was no doctor listed under that letter. I thumbed through the book.

There were no doctors, but Jean Inness was under I and Lita Larrimer was under L and Joseph Hughes was under H. My brother was not listed.

Nothing could have gotten me out of there then. I went and got a cold washcloth and put it on her forehead. She lay still for a moment, and said something that was distinctly the word, "Good." Then she said something unintelligible.

I leaned over and said, "What?"

She said, "All over. Run me a cold bath, and let me get in, all over."

There was to be no end to my ministrations. I went to the bathroom and plugged the tub and started the cold water running. Then I went back and found a robe in the closet, and put it in her right hand. "Undress yourself, Dodo." She nodded, and reached down for her shoes. I took those off, and went out, shutting the door.

I checked on the water, which wasn't full up yet. Then I had a horrible thought. If she had heart trouble, a cold bath would sure fix me. And I was an easy one to trace; the little boys, the cab driver, the bartender. . . .

But nothing in the medicine chest indicated any sickness, and there had been no doctor in the notebook. It looked reasonably safe.

The bathtub was full enough. I turned the water off and rapped on the bedroom door. Nobody answered me. I finally went in. Dodo had managed to unsnap one stocking and roll it down as far as her knee. Then she'd gone back into the moaning and eye-rolling act.

So I undressed her. This made the fourth naked girl I'd had to do with that afternoon; my professorial mind went back through the past, and that about doubled the score for my lifetime, not counting oil paintings and children under five.

I took off my coat, and lifted her in my arms for the short carry to the tub. The notebook had been accurate about the appendix scar, by the way.

She let out a perfect dandy of a whoop when she hit the cold water, and then settled back, her blonde hair darkening as it floated on the water. A shudder or two went up and down her frame, and then she sighed, and blood started pinkening her skin. Her eyes opened, and this time the pupils showed, too.

She looked up at me, and then down at herself, and to my amazement, she blushed. She covered the more crucial parts of herself with a couple of washcloths, and said, "I'll be all right, now."

I looked pointedly at the ceiling, and said, "I'm sorry. You passed out."

"I've been reducing," she said. "I hadn't eaten since breakfast yesterday."

"Anything else I can do?"

"You've done enough," she said. "But if you'd be a pal—there's rum and egg and milk in the kitchenette. Make me an eggnog, will you?"

I hesitated. She splashed water around, and said, "I know, I know—black coffee would be better. But it's my stomach, isn't it?"

You can't argue with a girl in a bathtub unless you know her pretty well. I left the bathroom, and went into the kitchenette, and broke an egg in some rum before I remembered what I was here for. Keeping her drunk enough to talk but not drunk enough to go to sleep was my job; her health and future well-being were hardly my concern. I concentrated on how she had looked when I first saw her in the office of the peep-show; on her marble-eyes and bleached hair, and put another slug of rum on top of the egg before I added the milk and started to shake.

After awhile I heard her leave the bathroom and go padding towards the little bedroom where I had left her robe. Water gurgled out of the tub, and the noises from the bedroom indicated that she had not closed the door. I went into the living room with the eggnog, and after a minute she joined me, the robe belted around her, a towel in her hand. She stood in the doorway, vigorously drying her hair, and grinned at me. "Thanks for everything, pal, but you could have pinned my hair up first."

"I wasn't sure you'd ever need your hair again. You had me scared. What in the world were you reducing for?"

"Because all women are crazy," she said, sipping her eggnog. With her hair still darkened by water, with her make-up off, she looked a lot more attractive. She laughed. "I'm getting stenographer's spread," she said. She rolled a little in her chair and patted one hip. "I'm not used to an office job. I used to be a dancer. . . . Maybe I'll go back to my career—instead of the rotten little job I have. Pay a girl

half enough to live on, and then try and run her life for her!"

"How's that?"

"The rule the boss—whoever he is—made about not going out with fellows we meet at the studio."

It was quiet on that side street. Some kids—probably the little boys our arrival had so delighted—were playing some kind of bouncing ball game down on the street. Plumbing gurgled in one of the other apartments. I snuffed out my cigarette and considered smoking another, and decided against it. "Why'd he make the rule?" I asked.

Dodo smoothed her robe and hoisted her feet up to sit on. In the most casual voice in the world she said, "Oh, the two girls—a model and the gal that had my job in the other studio—were killed. The boss got the idea that maybe fellows—you know, like perverts—followed them home from the studio."

I fought not to let my breath out in a long, revealing sigh. For a moment I wished my father had been a Barrymore instead of Mexican Pete, the politician. I needed acting ability. Finally I said, "You don't believe that?"

But she said, "Oh, it could be. But a girl can always tell a real fellow from one of those—you know—I hate to say the word. Diversionist, is that what they call them?"

"I don't know," I said. "Something like that. Dodo, you sound like you know who really did kill those kirls."

"They were a couple of stuck-up twists," she said. "Yeah, I might know, but little Dodo is too smart to stick her neck out. Not with the kind of coppers they have in this town." She yawned, letting the wide sleeves of her robe slide up her arms. "I'm hungry. If I send you out to get something, will you come back?"

I stood up, I hoped not too eagerly, and patted my hip; my wallet was there. "I'll leave my coat," I said. "It's warm out."

"Get some cheese or something, too. If I eat a little, we can have a couple of drinks before supper." She stood up and followed me to the door, stood there, her neck bent back. It would have been unwise to disregard the invitation; I didn't. She was a very cooperative kisser.

18

A STREET PARALLELING the boulevard had some shops on it. One of them was a small supermarket. I bought two T-bones in the meat department, a bottle of bonded in the liquor department, stuff for a salad and some rolls in the other departments, and headed back.

It must have been suppertime when I started out; now the little boys were back in front of the apartment house, playing their hand-ball variation in defiance of the heat. They looked at me, and one of them squealed, "How's your drunken girl friend?" and then they all ran away. I pressed the button marked Doris Hattan, DODO.

The door buzzed and I climbed the two flights. She had the door opened before I got there. She'd brushed her hair dry, finally, and fastened it back with some kind of copper clasp; she'd put on makeup too, and some lipstick smeared off on me when she greeted me.

The marble eyes were back, and the manner that went with them. She grabbed the packages from me and carried them to the kitchenette, the robe trailing behind her. "O-o-h, let's see what you bought—steaks, and whiskey—and hard rolls, and salad. I'll bet you don't think I can cook, but I can."

"I'll cook them."

"O-o-h, I wouldn't let a man like you mess around in my old kitchenette. It wouldn't be right."

She'd turned into a new girl; about the fourth she had been since I met her at the reception desk. I said, "Let's have a drink." It seemed like a safe thing to say.

But she answered, "Do you really think I ought to?"

There wasn't much I could say to that. I said, "I'm going to, if you don't," and went towards the kitchenette to mix one.

She grabbed my arm. "I'll get it for you," she said. "And maybe I'll have just a teensy-eensy one with you." She was talking very loud; I began to feel a little scared. Something was going on, and whatever it was, it was a safe bet not to be favorable to Scott Sandoval.

Dodo ran her hand up and down my bicep a couple of times, and then let go and went into the kitchenette. I hope I didn't stare after her with my mouth open. I heard her open the ice-box door and slam it again, and then water was running over ice cubes, and I went in after her.

She had out glasses and the whiskey I'd bought and soda, and she was breaking the ice cubes out of the tray. There was absolutely nothing in the tiny room that shouldn't be there, but something was wrong, even so.

Dodo turned from mixing the drinks, and pointed at the steaks. "Those are certainly beauties," she said. "I can't remember when I've had a steak."

"Oh? Shortage in the money department?"

She nodded, and the marble look was in her eyes. But even so, two tears formed there, and hovered. She put the drinking stuff down, and came over to me. "I don't make much, and I had to go to the dentist last month. I can't even pay my rent."

"That's mighty tough luck," I said.

"I could be awfully nice to someone who'd help me out," Dodo said.

"That could be arranged," I said. I reached for my hip and peeled off 10 twenties. "There," I said, "That's to make you friendly. Like you were before."

She snatched the money, suddenly, and ran out of the room, into the bedroom. I suppose she hid it some place, because she came back again. "You're the funniest guy I ever run into," she said. "You give away money."

"That was a free gift," I said. "There's more for doing what I want you to."

"What?" This was cold, without even suspicion; just caution.

"Talking," I said. "Just talking." I waited, and she waited. It was up to me. "My name isn't Joseph—whatever-I-wrote-down in that book. It's Scott Sandoval."

She was a lady who has found a rattlesnake in her bathtub, a spider in her pillowslip. And then she was a siren screaming on a fire engine, only what she screamed was "Harry!"

The door from the service hall slammed and the kitchenette was full of noise. Harry, the granite-faced order-keeper from the art studio, came plunging in.

And then I knew why the kitchenette and her changes of mood and the way she had kept me from mixing my own drinks had made me suspicious. Harry had been hiding there, and she had had to stall to get him out on the service landing.

A hunk of plump, ornamentally stamped leather hung from Harry's big hand. I had never seen one before, but I knew it was a blackjack. Maybe I'd seen one in a movie. It crossed my mind that most of what I knew about crime came out of movies, and not very good ones.

In movies, people hit on the head by blackjacks were all right in a few minutes. From the look of the thing in Harry's hand I doubted if life was about to follow art.

19

GRANITE-FACE TURNED from Dodo to me and back again. All the time the heavy blackjack—they call them saps, don't they?—swung slowly in Harry's bony hand. I watched it, and his hand. The knuckles were broken and scarred.

Harry had either been a fighter once, or he had amused himself trying to knock down cement walls with his fists.

Finally he said, "What's the rumble, babe?"

She gulped, and said, "Harry, what was Lita's boy friend's name?"

Harry nodded, as though she'd made a statement, instead of asking a question. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah. There's a resemblance, all right." He walked over to me, taking his time. "You know what happened to your brother, mister. Why don't you mind your own business?"

I swallowed a couple of times. I wasn't ashamed of being scared.

Dodo said, "Throw him out, Harry. Please throw him out."

"All in good time," he said. He turned me and looked me over. "When the time comes, it won't be much trouble. You got that bail-bond notebook when you pulled your brother out. Huh?"

"Yes. Is that what gave me away?"

Harry went and sat on the arm of the sofa. He continued to swing his little playtoy like a pendulum. "Yeah. The babe went through your coat when you went out to get the groceries. When she found Rossini's business card, she called me. I live right around the corner. She thought it meant you'd been up on some kind of sex charge. Them guys are dangerous sometimes." He shook his head.

"Where I come from, when your brother's killed, you've got to do something."

Harry nodded three times. He seemed very gloomy. Somehow or other, I began to have hope that he wasn't going to beat me up. I looked him over. I said, "I'm on the up-and-up, Harry. I gave Dodo two hundred dollars—"

She let out a squeal. We both looked at her. Harry got up slowly, and started walking towards her. She put her hands over her face and retreated. Between her fingers she said, "I was going to give it to you—honest I was."

He didn't use the blackjack on her. He slapped her across the stomach with his open left hand, and when she dropped her hands to her belly, he slapped her across the face, twice. She yelled, "Don't break my nose, Harry!" and went running into the bedroom. He walked after her, slowly, and then they came back, with Harry holding the money, and Dodo holding her face and crying.

Harry put the money in his pocket when he had counted it. He put the blackjack away too, and motioned me to the sofa; he took the straight chair. He said, "This makes you a very different sort of guy, mister," and patted the pocket where he'd put the money.

"The two hundred was just to listen," I said. "There's more money for talking."

Harry nodded. "A real gentleman," he said. "And this dumb twist here woulda let me sap you." He turned a look on the girl that would have withered a California geranium. "Ask me a sixty-four-dollar question."

"Who killed my brother?"

Harry shook his head. He bent over, and rested his chin on his hands; a picture of a man thinking. Finally he raised up again. "Try me with a two-dollar question first."

"Did you know my brother?"

"Hank?" He smiled. "Sure. A right guy. He usta call for Lita. Sometimes we'd have a short beer while she was puttin' her clothes on."

I got out my wallet and peeled off two ones. He took them.

"Now for four dollars," I said, going along with the act. "Do you know a detective named Joe Hughes?"

Again Harry nodded. "Sure. I'll throw in something. He was going with Lita's roommate, a babe we had acting as receptionist."

Of course, I already knew this. But I handed over my four dollars gravely, and got a five and three one's ready. "Does Joe Hughes own the peep-shows?"

"Peep—oh, you mean the art studios." Harry shook his head. "Naw. He shakes them down, though. He was on the vice squad before he got on homicide."

Holding out a 10, a five and a one, I asked. "For sixteen bucks: who is your boss?"

"A bunch of guys downtown own the racket," Harry said. "A guy named Corle hands out the orders. I think he's a cop. A real nifty dresser. Mr. Corle, I don't know his first name."

His hands were full of money now. I gave him time to put it away, and held out three 10's and a brace of one's. I said, "I know Hank—my brother—was blackmailing people. Do you think your boss, this Mr. Corle, was one of them?"

Harry hesitated before taking the money. Then he said, "I don't know. But I'd say, like, Hank wasn't tough enough for a deal like that. I'd say, if he'd tried it I'd know, because the boss would have me handle him."

"Then, you don't think that Hank's death had anything to do with the art studio?"

"I'm sure it didn't," Harry said. "Anything like that, I'd know about." I gave him his money.

"We're back to the sixty-four dollars." I said, and showed him that much money. "Who killed my brother?"

Harry licked his lips. I guess that was more money than he was used to looking at. I didn't think that, once having it, he would buy a small stationery store and settle down. His hand reached out for the 64, and then he pulled it back. "I don't know," he said.

"How much would make you know?"

He looked at me, and there was almost an expression on his granite puss. "I could trick you up," he said. "I could tell you someone, and not the right guy, and you'd never know." He shrugged. "I don't know why I don't. You're a nice fellow, and a real gentleman, but money is money. I don't know why I don't."

Those little eyes watched while I put the money away. He had not done badly; over $275 of my money was now in his pocket, and no doubt he would give five of those to Dodo to get her hair done. He stood up.

"I guess that's all then," he said.

"I guess it is," I said. "You don't know where I could find out, do you? I'd pay a lot more than sixty-four dollars."

"I guess you would. I guess you would." But he shook his head. He turned to Dodo. "You don't know anything, do you? You talk to the twists, and some of them might have heard something, Lita working with them, and all."

She said, "You always spoil everything, Harry. This gent was really going for me, and now you've spoiled everything." Then she turned and ran into the bedroom, and shut the door. He grinned at me, two gentlemen at their club, and said, "Dames. Well, it's been a pleasure to meet you. Any time you need anything. . . ." He got up, went over to where I'd left my coat on a table, and picked it up. He took Rossini's cheap leather notebook out of one pocket, got a mechanical pencil out of his own coat, and wrote in my little book.

"Under H," he said. "H for Harry. I put my phone number. Any time you need anything."

Then he held the coat for me to put on. I held the book out to him again. "Put down the number you call for Mr. Corle," I said.

Harry said, "I couldn't do that." He cleared his throat. "I'd like to, but I couldn't. You know? Anyways, he wouldn't know anything. The two things don't tie up. I mean the studios, and your brother. It's just that Lita worked for us."

"I'd like to call Mr. Corle. Whoever bumped Lita off put the whole studio set-up in jeopardy. Maybe he'd like to do something about it."

"The cops won't, and that's a fact," Harry said gloomily. Then he brightened. "Yeah, they put us in jeopardy, didn't they? An' cost us a lot of money. Mr. Corle, he probably

had to pay off heavy to keep the cops from sayin' where Lita worked, makin' it a sex case."

He handed me the pencil. "Me, I'd just as soon this wasn't in my handwriting." He read off a number to me and I wrote it down, under C for Corle. Call it my peasant thrift; I wanted something to show for all the money I'd spent on Harry and Dodo. Me, I would like to think that my fine, educated brain was working; that it was no blind blundering that made me collect that phone number.

I put the notebook away and held out my hand. Harry shook it cordially, and went to open the door for me. He said, "It's been a pleasure to meet a fine man like you, Professor. Any boy I run into that wants to go to college. I'll sure send them to you. . . . Hey. Let me wrap that bottle up, and those steaks, for you."

"They're all yours, Harry. You and Dodo have them."

"Thanks again."

And I left.

20

THE MORE I SAW of things as they really were, the more it began to look as if Hank had gotten just what was coming coming to him.

I wandered up the boulevard, and caught a bus for the Civic Center. Night was coming down, the street lights were on, the bright neons of the boulevard. . . . Where had we gotten so different, Hank and I? I knew all the psychology necessary to a man who had never taken a degree in it; all the stuff about sibling rivalry, Oedipus complexes, rebellion neuroses.

Nothing applied, and everything applied. The psychologist's jargon remained just jargon, and yet there was an element of reality underlying the cant, as there always is. We had competed for Mamacita's love, say. All right: I, the elder brother, had made such a mark in the world of respectability and erudition that my kid brother was stopped there; so he went in the opposite direction, into the world of tough stupidity, of brutality and corruption—and made a success of it.

So, you could say, my success as a faculty member and a scholar had ruined my brother, and the responsibility was mine.

It sounded like a lot of hogwash to me. It probably was.

Taken from the geneticists' point of view, had one of us inherited the genes for study, and the other the genes for crime? The geneticists themselves didn't believe there were such genes. . . .

The bus driver snapped me out of my vaporings. He was a man who knew his world, and how to orient himself in it; he was at the end of his run, and never doubted it. "Civic Center, mister. We're there."

I got out and strolled into the little park. I could see Larry Barker's office building.

I could expect a big bill from him; I might as well cause him a little trouble. So I got up and strolled towards his office. I knew what he'd say; that the diaries of my father had shown nothing, and that he thought he ought to keep them awhile.

Larry Barker, the non-upsetter of applecarts.

The building was closed for the night, of course. But there was a night bell, and a uniformed man who asked me to sign a register, and then ran me up to Larry Barker's floor.

There was a single light on in the reception room; but no beautiful girl. Instead a young man in shirt sleeves was lounging at the girl's desk. He looked at me. I told him my name. He nodded and glanced at the electric clock on his desk. "You're to make yourself comfortable, Mr. Sandoval. Mr. Barker himself wanted to be called if you phoned or showed up." He stood up, shoving a law book aside. "This way."

He took me down the hall to one of the little interview offices. Light showed through the ground glass of three or four of the cubicles; I heard a man's voice droning something, as if he were dictating into a machine.

My guide switched on the light, pointed to a pile of magazines. "Make yourself at home, and I'll call Mr. Barker. He ought to be here in less than a half hour. Need some coffee?"

"No thanks. You're a lawyer?"

"Law student. I can do my studying and watch the desk at the same time. Mr. Barker likes to help guys like me through school. If you change your mind about the coffee, I've got some going on a hotplate in the law library."

He shut the door and I heard him going back towards the front door. A phone rang some place, and was immediately answered. I took off my coat, and stretched out on an old-fashioned leather couch. I could use some sleep.

But it refused to visit me. So I got up and took a magazine and sat at the desk, propping my head up on my hands.

What was I doing here? The real reason I had come up here was because I had no place else to go, except home to Mamacita and to beg her to let me forget my brother's death.

Another phone rang, down the hall. A door slammed. I looked at the phone on the desk. It had the firm's regular phone number on it, and Ext. 27; then underneath, it said: Nght. Ph.: and there was another number.

I stared awhile, and then I took out the little Rossini notebook and looked under C. I read off the number I had written for Mr. Corle, and tentatively dialed the prefix. I hesitated, and then finished dialing the whole number, and sat listening to the ring in my ear.

A man answered. All he said was, "Yeah."

"Mr. Corle there?"

"No, he ain't." His voice couldn't have been more undistinguished; I'd never have been able to identify it. "Gimme your number, and he'll call you right back."

I gave him the night number written on the phone, and he hung up. I sat again, and after a couple of minutes the phone rang. "Corle speaking."

"Mr. Corle, two of your girls have been killed very recently. Lita Larrimer and Jean Inness. Are you doing anything to stop it?"

Mr. Corle said, "I don't like jokes. Who is this?"

"A friend, Mr. Corle. A friend who's interested in seeing the murderer caught. I'd like your cooperation. Or do you want your girls wiped out, one by one?"

All the answer I got was dial tone. Mr. Corle had hung up on me.

I rehooked the phone. I had accomplished exactly nothing, but I was pleased with myself. Forty-eight hours ago I wouldn't have been able to talk that way. Eight hours, even. But I was getting on to the Civic Center—and outlying branches—method of conversation. The slightly gaudy veiled threat was the mode of the day.

I listened to the noises of Larry Barker's night staff—a phone rang, the law clerk answering; footsteps in the hall—once they stopped at my door and then they went on again.

Then Larry Barker opened the door to my little chamber and said, "I'm glad to see you can smile, Scott." He took off a topcoat and a hat and hung them up.

I said, "Why not? I live in a fine city. Big railroad station, large police force, and the most beautiful Civic Center in the world, or one of them. My attorney is prosperous, well-fed, well-clothed, and respected by all. I'm happy."

He stared at me. He swallowed a couple of times. His face got a little red. Finally he said, "Scott, have you had any sleep since this started?"

I said, "No. But who needs sleep?"

He shook his head. "Son, you ought to take better care of yourself. . . . Could I use the desk, please?"

I had been lounging behind it. I got up and bowed to him, and found myself a spot on the couch. He sat down and looked more at home. He picked up the phone. "Send Inspector Cranley in as soon as he gets here." He hung up the phone. "I have asked Mr. Cranley over here to fill you in, Scott; to brief you. I think you will be delighted with the progress he has made."

"Yep," I said. "Sure of it. I can hear him now. He'll call me Son. He'll tell me I'm a valuable man in the community, an educator of the young, a scholar. He'll beg me—for the good of the community—to stay out of things I don't understand, to leave them to roughnecks like him."

"What's gotten into you, Scott?"

"What did you learn out of my father's diaries?"

Larry Barker had taken some papers out of his pocket, spread them on the desk. He was studying them diligently now. The silver ducktails over each ear caught the light and built a little nimbus around his head. He looked up. "Oh, those diaries?" His laugh was a beautiful thing. "Nothing there, Scott. I'm afraid Mexican Pete had a trivial kind of mind."

I found myself getting off the couch, standing. "Then give them back."

Again the massive head came up from its preoccupying papers. "They weren't worth much. I had them destroyed."

"I think you're lying!"

The papers were forgotten now. "You cannot talk to me like that, young man! You do not hire a lawyer—any more than you do a doctor—in the sense that you hire a carpenter. I am an officer of the courts; you must be aware of that, with your education. What I do, I do because it is right—because there is only one way an attorney can—"

The door to the cubicle opened, and the law clerk said, "Mr. Cranley, Mr. Barker."

Larry Barker broke off, still staring at me. Then his glare turned into a charming frown, and he said, "Whenever an attorney gets angry, Scott, you can be sure it's a calculated effect. Come in, Arthur, come in. You know Professor Sandoval, Inspector Cranley?"

I didn't get up. The inspector and I both nodded, and he went and put his top coat next to Larry Barker's, his hat on top of the clothes rack. He rubbed his hands together as though he had been cold—which seemed unlikely—and said, "Well, young man, I think the University is going to be able to avail itself of your valuable brain from now on," which was close enough to what I had predicted for me to shoot a grin at Larry Barker. Larry Barker remained charming and benign.

"Yes, gentlemen," Inspector Cranley said, "you can say the case is broken."

"All very jolly," I said. "Who killed Hank?"

"We don't know the culprit's name," Inspector Cranley said, "but that's a matter of hours. We do know his area of activity." He cleared his throat. "The simple truth is, your brother Henry tried to imitate his father. He tried to be the big Mexican politician of the city—to corner the vote, to be a big patron. In all frankness, Professor, and knowing you must have loved him—your only brother!—he wasn't the man that Mexican Pete was. A rival gang bumped him off."

It was an ignoble finish to a good start. I stared at him. I felt like laughing, but not from amusement. "I don't believe it."

Inspector Cranley raised both hands. He looked at Larry Barker, tolerantly, and they both shrugged. "We have the facts—the cold dope, the evidence." Inspector Cranley said. "We don't have the specific name of the killer, but that we'll get. These sp—these lads all crack when the going gets rough."

I went to the door. "The word you were trying for was spicks," I said. "There is also: greaser, *cholo, pachuco.* Use them all if you want to. I won't be here."

Larry Barker jumped up. "Scott! Come back here!"

I said, "Why?" and slammed the cubicle door behind me.

21

I WENT PAST THE law clerk on the front desk; he never looked up from his book. I went to the elevator, and pressed a button, and a voice said, "I already rang. He'll be along." It was Carl Bandelere.

For the evening, he had dressed in a wide-lapeled number of midnight blue, with a faint red stripe. A carnation in his buttonhole repeated the red.

He said, "*Buenos noches, amigo.*" His accent was only a little terrible.

I said, "Good evening, *gabacho*"—A *pachuco* term of contempt for Americans.

Carl Bandelere grinned. "Feeling tough, Professor? Had a busy day?"

"Busy day getting nowhere," I said. I was growling like a dog with acting ambitions. "I've just been told our lovable friend Cranley had solved our case."

Bandelere laughed. "Cranley," he said, but just then the elevator arrived. Carl Bandelere gave me a cautioning look, and stepped in. I have forgotten to mention that he had on a dark-blue Homburg of extreme elegance.

Downstairs Bandelere said, "I'd buy a drink, if you don't want to get back to your wife."

I nodded.

I said, "Listen. I'd like a drink with you. But don't lecture me about monkeying with buzz saws. Everyone in town's done that."

"Cranley," he said again. "He's not my favorite character. When I was operating my own agency, before I went with Larry Barker, Cranley tried to get my license. No, I won't lecture you. Lots of people, as a matter of fact, have monkeyed with the buzz saw and come out rich."

I looked at him. There never was a time when he didn't give the definite impression of being crooked—of being ready to hold his hand out for money. But now it was more than an impression. One of his eyebrows was up, and his mouth carried a cockeyed grin that was mocking and, at the same time, sympathetic.

"Let's have that drink," I said.

So we walked across the park. Men—and an occasional paunchy, middle-aged woman as well—were sprawling on the grass, covering their bodies with newspapers, their eyes with their hands against the municipal glare. Carl Bandelere flipped a manicured thumb at them. "Ever stop to think about bums?" he asked. "How they got there? It isn't liquor, with all of them. A step in the wrong direction, the wrong job, the wrong woman—" he laughed. "Me, I don't marry, and every job I take on, I think first: do I get as much out of it as the other guy? Not more, but as much. And I haven't slept on any park benches in a long, long time. And don't intend to, not ever again."

His simple pride was magnificent. He had not slept on a park bench in quite a while! Over at the University, a man had committed suicide last year because he had not received a promotion from assistant to associate professor. But any morning Carl Bandelere woke up in a bed, he knew he was doing all right—making a success.

We'd crossed the square. He opened the combed-wood door of a bar, and politely stood aside for me to go in. Inside there was an angle, and a hatcheck girl in an off-the-shoulder blouse and velvet shorts. Carl Bandelere gave her his homburg and a pat on the shoulder, and she obligingly bent forward so we could look down the front of the blouse. Her apparent reason was to call the headwaiter, maitre de, captain, or whatever he was, "Here's Mr. Bandelere with a friend."

The music of a piano got louder as we went around the angle and into the main room. It was very nice; low lights and a thick carpet in the aisles, booths and little tables. The piano was up on a dais, with a spotlight shining on the pale young man who was playing it very well. As we were led to

our table, he snaked a microphone towards him and began singing, softly.

Carl Bandelere gave our guide a dollar bill for the pain and travail of our 50-foot journey, and settled down in a booth. He nodded at the waiter, who had come to stand by our table. "Try a whiskey sour, Sandoval. Good for the stomach, isn't it, Mario?" The waiter nodded and went away. Bandelere stretched lazily. "Fine place. The mayor comes here, the district attorney, the police commissioners. Everybody who amounts to something in this man's town. And Carl Bandelere."

"This doesn't go on your expense account, does it?"

Carl Bandelere laughed. "Sure," he said. "That's the joke. Larry Barker's paying for our drinks—while we sit here selling him out. Down the river with Uncle Larry, Scott." He stayed silent, smiling, while the waiter put the drinks in front of us. They were beautiful in Bohemian glass, foamy on top.

"Are we selling him out? Is he really going down the river?"

"Like this drink's going down my throat." He demonstrated. "Larry Barker's foot finally slipped. Old Larry-the-Fox Barker! God, how I hate that silver-toned old crook, Scott! Any kid he hires with a law degree ranks me around the place. They're gentlemen! And finally his foot slipped."

"How's that?"

Carl Bandelere laughed. He said, "Do you think I took your old man's diaries to that code guy? Do you think I'm crazy? Do you think they're worth less than a million?"

I said, "Oh!"

"Yeah. Oh, sure. I don't know what your brother was shaking down every week, but there's no limit to it. They're dynamite: great big, rich, greasy, golden dynamite. They'll make us rich. Never no more park benches for us."

I shook myself into a semblance of alertness. "Why me? Why not you—alone? You're tough enough, Carl."

He laughed. "'Tough enough? I'm too tough. Larry Barker's got too much on me; and I haven't got anything on him but what's in Mexican Pete's diaries. Naw, you are the boy for this. Listen. Keep your job at the college. It's the greatest front in the world! Don't your job have something to do with crime?"

"Yes, I'm a sociologist; and a member of the Society of Criminologists."

"All right," Carl Bandelere said. He leaned forward, picking up the ashtray from the middle of the table, putting it to one side. "You're writing a book! A college-professor-type book. So you can call on all these big shots. You're going to put them in the book: their beginnings, an' how high they got. You don't ask for dough. Golly, no. The bagman does that."

I said, "A bagman?"

"The guy with the bag who picks up the money. Sure. I got just the guy. An old short con man who's wanted in a couple of states, and I happen to know it. He'll lay down when I say lay down, and roll over when I say roll over. How's it listen?"

I became very canny. What I wanted was those books back; they were the only thing that gave me strength in a world of strong men. I said, "It listens fine. Let me have the diaries, and I'll start blocking out the book tomorrow."

"Blocking out—yeah, it's gotta look convincing. I haven't got the diaries."

But he needed me; I was in a bargaining position again. So I sat back and sipped the highball. It was very good whiskey; they knew Carl Bandelere at that place.

He waited for me to say something, then said, "You know where they're extending the Freeway? Well, there's a bunch of old houses there. The city's bought them and moved the people out, but they haven't started tearing down yet. I stashed the books in an old kitchen cupboard there." He leaned forward and whispered an address, down to the southeast, below the Old City. "Don't go too close to there with a cab; there's watchmen around, old dopes, but they could spot a cab."

I said, "Why me? Why don't we both go?"

Carl Bandelere took up his glass. "I want you to see I trust you. I know people, see? There's money in this, and you're too much of a gentleman to get it by yourself. You need me. So. I want you to get the books, take them home with you. If you're on the level, burn them, put them in your safe, do anything you want with them. If you're a crook, like everybody else I ever met, call me tomorrow. At Larry Barker's office. You'll call. You're a crook. Everyone is."

"You say I'm a crook, and then you say I'm a gentleman."

He looked at me with surprise. "Sure you're a gentleman. I could pay three hundred bucks, and not look as good as you did when you came into Larry's office today. Anybody who can buy and wear clothes like that is a gentleman."

22

He was ordering another drink when I left him. He was being very specific to the waiter about the bottle he wanted the liquor to come out of. The first step to being a gentleman is to learn how to be firm with waiters, no doubt.

I rode southeast in a cab. We left the Freeway where it broke for an unfinished section. Big road equipment—cranes bulldozers, dirt-carryalls—sat around, festooned with the red lanterns, and the street was rough with rubble. But people were still living in these houses, which would be alongside the Freeway, not in its path.

The cab stopped, and I paid off and watched the driver get out of there; when his red tail-light went around a center, I started walking. I came to the corner of the street Bandelere had mentioned. Here was the house. Bandelere had said second floor, rear. Four apartments to a side, two sides to a house—now, food for the wreckers.

The flour in the doorway was disturbed. I could see that, though a passing car wouldn't be able to, and a passing watchman might overlook it. The flour had been walked on, and then fresh white dust sprinkled. I should have brought my own little sack of flour. But I'd be in and out before the watchman came.

I didn't want to go up. But I went. Padlocks had been put on the apartment doors, but this one had had its screws removed, they fitted loosely in the splintery wood. I pushed the door open and was in the living room, and then I struck a match, because no street light penetrated here. That swinging door could only go to the kitchen.

The floor creaked under my feet, and I stumbled on a torn-up section of a cheap linoleum carpet. The swinging door was silent, until I passed into the kitchen; then the closet hissed gently at me, and I jumped. I lit another match, and there was the kitchen cupboard; three doors swinging open and one shut. I crossed over and pulled the door open.

My match showed me that the books weren't there, and then somebody punched me hard, in the kidneys. I turned and an open hand flailed across my face. I went backward into the living room and sat down hard as the door from the hall opened and two more men came in.

One of them trailed a blackjack from his hand: a big, leather-covered sap.

They went to work. They hit me in the belly, and then they knocked me upright again with their hands against my chin. I tried to hit back, and they knocked my fists aside, and then I must have gone crazy. I don't remember hitting any of them, but I do remember going to the floor under that rain of blows; going to the floor and tightening up, into a ball, with my hands over my face and my elbows desperately trying to cover my belly.

I don't remember hitting them, but when I came to, my knuckles were bloody, and that's one place they couldn't very well have socked me. I came to, and they were still there and standing over me.

They had handkerchiefs over their faces, and that should have told me they did not intend to kill me; if they'd wanted to, they certainly could have, in which case it didn't matter a bit if I saw their faces. But I didn't think of that at the time; I doubt if anyone would have.

The tallest of them said, "Had enough, pal?"

I said, "I've had enough."

Big Man said, "You got it smart in the head at last. Next time you call Mr. Corle, think twice and don't do it. Have a nice walk home, pal." Then I was lying there alone, and their heavy feet marched down the creaking stairs of the condemned house. After there was no more noise, I got to my feet. Parts of one of the toes on my left foot didn't hurt; the rest of me did. I promptly fainted.

When I came to, I groaned. Two men were bending over me, and somehow I was sure that one of them was one of the thugs who had beaten me. I was right. It was old Granite Face Harry, and now he didn't have a handkerchief over his face. There was another man with him.

Squirming without dignity on the floor, I got in Sandoval's favorite fighting stance; lying on one side with my hands over my face and my elbows trying to cover as much of my belly as they could.

Harry said, "He's come to, Doc. Can we move him?"

Whoever Doc was, he said, "Yes. There's nothing wrong with his spine. That's the only thing you have to worry about in these cases." Doc pulled me to my feet, gently. He got an arm around my chest, high up, where it wouldn't press on my broken ribs. "Come on, old boy."

The old boy, which was me, came on. Some way or other we got to the back kitchen. Harry took a flashlight out of his pocket, and held me. The man named Doc whistled. "You boys play rough." Harry's voice was mournful. "Some of them kicks are mine," he said. "I wish I'd been born with a brain. But if I hadn't gone along with them, I'd lost my job, an' maybe gotten the boots too. You see that, don't you, Doc?"

Doc said, "I'm a physician, not a court of law, Harry. Get his coat off."

I swayed on the cupboard counter while they took my coat and shirt away from me. Then the doctor's hands were gentle on my ribs; finally he said, "Some pretty bad bruises. And two ribs are snapped. He's damned lucky they didn't penetrate the lungs. You're a tough man, brother."

Brother was me. I boasted: "I play a lot of tennis," I said.

The doctor chuckled. "Now you know how a tennis ball feels." He began spreading salve on my chest. It felt wonderful: cool and soothing. I guess there was some sort of local anesthetic in it; certainly there were enough openings in my skin to let any kind of medicine penetrate.

I was able to stand up while he ran a couple of hundred feet of gauze around me. Then he started with the adhesive tape. He said, "You're lucky this didn't happen a few years ago, when we had to stick the tape to the body. This comes off without pain."

"I'm a very lucky man."

"Harry, our patient will live. In fact, I'd say he was getting right perky." The doctor snapped his bag shut, and again I was in that kitchen listening to the stairs creak under a man's weight.

Harry said, "Professor, we gotta get outa here. I got my car about five blocks away; you're gonna have to walk it."

"A cinch, boy. That is a very good doctor."

Harry said, "I'm glad you think so. Him and me met when he was riding an ambulance. A good joe. I got him out of a jam once. . . . Professor, I'm awful sorry about this."

In two days I'd come a long way. Down. I understood him, which would have been impossible a little while ago. I said, "We all have to do things once in a while. I know how it is. . . . Let's go, Harry. Five blocks, I think you said."

"Maybe it's six, Professor. Yeah, let's go."

23

THE CAR WAS ONLY four-and-a-half blocks away, off to one side of the future Freeway, where life was still going on. It wasn't much of a car; 200 bucks would have taken it off any used-car lot in town. I got into the right-hand seat, and Harry slid behind the wheel and took the key from his pocket and started the motor. "Listen to that," he said. "Starts on the first whirl."

I said, "Yeah. Harry, I know why they beat me up."

"Jeff told you. The way I got it, you called up Mr. Corle an' threatened him."

This time, when he said Corle, I heard it differently. I heard it: Carl. In the Southwest, a confusion of vowels is common. Jerdan for Jordan. Bar for bear. Darway for doorway. . . . Corle for Carl.

I said, "I know who Mr. Corle is."

Harry said quickly, "Keep it to yourself, Professor. I'm not on your side. But you're a nice guy, and you treated me right this afternoon. I don't mean just the money. I mean, you talk to a guy like he's as good as you are."

I hadn't known about the terrific respect for education in the half-world. This was the second or third time it had come up. Mr. McJoseph, the bondsman, had been first. . . .

This was no time for generalizing. I knew who was running the art-studio racket—and undoubtedly several others. Carl Bandelere. Nobody else knew where to send the hoodlums. I almost laughed. When I called the number Harry had given me and gave them the night phone at Larry Barker's office, Carl must have gotten a shock. Vaguely I remembered other phones ringing, somebody almost opening the door to my cubicle.

Harry said, "Where to?"

"Any place in the Old City," I said. "One more beaten up Mexican won't stand out there. I don't look very professorial at the moment."

Harry muttered, "I'm awful sorry," and turned the car north along a side street. "But you're smart, Professor Sandoval. You oughta know you can't beat the system."

"Don't fight City Hall," I said. "Don't monkey with the buzz saw. Don't tilt at windmills. Little man—big city."

I leaned back against the lumpy cushions of his car. Outside, Old City was showing up; most of the signs were still in English, but here and there one said: *Tortilleria,* or *Legumbres,* or *Farmacia.* . . .

A siren screamed behind us, and Harry said, "Gawd." But he pulled over to the curb and looked back. I couldn't; turning was not in my repertory just then. He said, "Right on top of us." And the rearview mirror reflected red light on his granite face.

But the police car went by us and squealed around the next corner, and before we could pull out from the curb, another followed it. We could hear sirens on other streets too.

"Riot in Old City," Harry said. "You better go some place else."

"I'll take my chances," I said. "It's probably just a saloon fight."

"Yeah. They have 'em all the time down in Chili Villa." So he started the car up again.

When there wasn't an English sign on the street—except the soft drink ads—I said, "Here," and he pulled over again. I got out, and turned, carefully, favoring my bandages, and held out my hand. "Thanks, Harry."

"That's all right," he said seriously. "But, you know, I couldn't do it again."

"Sure." I stood and watched him drive off. If a second-hand car can express relief at getting rid of a passenger, that one did. I started walking.

Abarrotes. Ropas de Damas. Abogado. Florde Guadalupe. Wait a minute. That was a saloon. I must have been out longer than I thought, for the saloons to close. I looked around for a clock. *Relojes y Joyas.* Watches and jewels should have a clock in the window. It was not yet 11.

The street shouldn't have been deserted. . . . There was another beer joint, and a cocktail lounge and—an all-night lunch. *Servicio a Todas Horas,* which could be translated as We Never Close—but they had.

No kid of the Old City could get to be 10 years old without knowing what that meant. It had a lot of names, Spanish, English and halfway in between. *Albado,* round-up, *quintado,* dragnet, *rodeo.* They all meant the same thing: a general picking up, by the police, of everybody who had dark skin, rolled his r's, or had brown eyes and ate chile. Purpose: to give the cops some information that they might or might not use.

I turned, and started walking back where I'd come from, away from the Old City, back to where the paddies live. Almost at once a spotlight came on and hit me in the face; a guy sitting in a parked car said, "Other way, *cholo.* This street's one-way traffic."

He never got out of the car. He didn't have to; he knew I'd do what he told me. The technique is perfect. They station plainclothes men all through the Old City, and they see that everybody walks towards the center, where there are many more stores than homes, and with the stores closed, there is no place to duck into. So all the people come together, like fish being driven into a seine, and the police have an easy time picking up what they want.

So I walked toward the center of Old City, and my feet dragged. I had a lot of money on my right hip, they couldn't hold me for vagrancy. When I was a kid I used to think if you were rich everything went your way, but then my father got rich, and I found it just made the police mad; why should a *cholo* have money, and a good hardworking cop have none?

Ahead of me there was a buzz of a lot of people, no one of them talking very loud. Another corner, and I'd be in the dragnet—in the haul. So I walked on, but slowly, slowly; there was no other place to go. And then, suddenly, I remembered. There was a gun on my right hip. My Luger. Of course, I had a permit for it, but that wasn't likely to do me any good. Especially since I didn't want to give my right address. Just S. Sandoval, a name as common in the Old City as Jones uptown.

I looked around, slowly, easy, so if the cops were watching me they wouldn't think anything funny was going on. Then I slipped the gun out of my pocket and wiped it quickly on my cattail, getting prints off it. There was a little alley between two frame stores, just barely wide enough for a person to get through; I heaved the gun there.

A soft voice said, *"Ese, hombre, ese."* Somebody was hiding in there. I slipped in with him. He said, "What you throw at us, huh?"

"Una pistola, hombre," I said. *"Lo siento mucho,"* I said, telling him I was sorry.

"No molestese, chamaco," my invisible friend said. "We'll give it the good kick to the back. Pass it along, Chucha, Luisa."

There were giggles from somewhere behind him, and the sound of the gun being pushed way to the back of the alley. "It's all right now," my friend said. "Everything is cosy, like mice in a cheese box. What you call yourself, *'migo?"*

"Sandoval," I said. But I had to give a first name too. "Nacho Sandoval."

"A strong Mexican name. Me, I go as Chuy Cruz. Chucha, she is my girl. It's neat, huh, Chuy and Chucha?"

"And Luisa?"

"My sister," Chuy said, with contempt. "We'd been to the movies. Comin' home, we run right into the dragnet." He laughed. "Stupid me. I shoulda known."

"How's that?"

"A fella was knife', yesterday. One of the race, same name as you. Enrique Sandoval. Maybe was your cousin, huh?"

"And maybe the chief of police is my uncle," I said, in Spanish. The girls giggled at that. "I heard he was a rich man. Who threw the knife, then?"

"Eddie Delgado," Chuy said, casually. "Who else?"

It was as simple as that. I had torn all over the city, Old City, the Hills, the middle section where Lita and Jean and Dodo lived—and I'd made the mistake of talking to the wise guys, the hard ones, the smart ones. Down here the people were simple—four Mexicans hiding in an alley—the gossip was all on top.

"That Delgado," one of the girls said. I figured it was Luisa, because she sounded older than Chuy—he was about 18. "The other night, two of the girls where I work, they are waiting for the streetcar, waiting, waiting. A car comes along; it is Eddie Delgado, and two of his men. Oh, but they are fresh to those girls! It is a shame. Eddie even threatened them with his knife, that he will cut off their skirts, right there where they wait for the streetcar."

Chuy laughed. "Those men, they do not last long. Today they are all pals with the cops, tomorrow they are in the palomar with the rest of us. . . . Slide back, Nacho. I'll see if the coast is open."

Now I knew who Eddie Delgado was. The successor to my father—to Mexican Pete. The man who was getting the vote out for the administration. Such men have their trademarks, an ability to bend horseshoes—that was my father's—to drink out of a beer barrel, to take more women than any other man. The legend is necessary to success in that field. Eddie Delgado distinguished himself with a knife, apparently.

Chuy slid by me, and I went back up the alley, with the girls. A soft hand fastened on my wrist, a body was close to me. The voice I heard before said, "I am frightened. I am a jar filled with fear."

"Sh, Luisa. Take it easy." I put my arm around her, and she rested against me. She wasn't making advances; she was just being simple and natural. A girl is afraid, so she needs a man to rest on; men are stronger. I was happy, for a moment, holding her, lending her my masculine strength.

Chuy said, "I think it is all right. I think they have gone away." He laughed. "But still, I would not come back for your gun till tomorrow. Too bad."

I started to say that if I never saw that gun again, it was soon enough. It had been of absolutely no use to me; I'd had it in my pocket when I was beaten up; I'd had it when Harry came running into Dodo's flat with his blackjack, and I'd never thought of it till I'd run into the dragnet down here. I simply wasn't the gun-carrying type.

But a gun is property, and the people of the Old City are poor; to say that I was willing to throw something like that away would have been to alienate them.

I said, "No one is likely to look back in this alley. Anyway, what can't be helped, can't."

"Let's go," Chuy said. "This alley no longer pleases me."

He went first, and then Chucha, and then I pushed Luisa ahead of me and followed her out to the street. It had been dark in the alley; the light of a street lamp half a block away blinded me for a moment, and Chuy and the two girls were just dark blurs. Then my eyes focused, and I looked first, of course, at Luisa. She was amazingly ugly, thin and long-faced.

Chuy had turned left, away from the *rodeo,* and Chucha clung to his arm, and I took Luisa's arm, and turned after him. We went 10 feet, 15 feet, and the tight band around my chest was melting when the spotlight hit us in the face.

"The other way, folks," the heavy, self-assured voice called. "Just walk the other way, *cholos."*

So we turned. He kept the light on us, and there was no chance to duck back into our nice little alley. Two minutes later we were in the roundup.

24

THE RED LIGHTS on the tops of the police cars, and the white spotlights on the sides, had all been turned on and focused on the center of the little square made where two minor boulevards crossed. There were over two dozen police cars there, besides the paddy wagons in the middle of the square, and the detective cars blocking off the surrounding streets. A big deal.

The cops who were grabbing us were rookies, from the look: young guys. From one of the cars an older, higher-ranking officer was using a P.A. system, giving orders: "Break it up there. Just the men, we aren't taking women."

A rookie grabbed my arm and spun me away from Luisa. One of those beautiful policewomen appeared from the outer shadows, and grabbed Luisa's purse, opened it, felt in it, and then went over Luisa. "No gun," she said, over her shoulder. The P.A. man said, "All right, *pachuca,* run home now," and that was the last I saw of Luisa. Chucha was being pushed after her, and I hoped they stayed together and got home all right.

The rookie pushed me towards a paddy wagon. "All right, boy, hands high on the car, weight on your hands. Hurry it up, you've done this before."

When I stood that way, facing the car, he took his booted foot and shoved mine further back, till my weight was on my hands; it is impossible to recover safely from that position. Next to me Chuy was being lined up. Heavy, trained hands went over us; out of the corner of my eye I saw a blue sleeve in Chuy's pocket, then it came out with a little pocketknife. An older voice behind me said, "See, that's a folder, not a springer. Put it back, we only take the springknives from them."

A hand hit my shoulder, jarring down under the bandages to my sprung ribs. "Back up, boy, and turn right. Next man turn left." In that way we were marched into the Black Marias, odd men to the right, and even men to the other car, so that the chances of your riding with the man you had been picked up with were as small as possible. So Chuy went off, and I never saw him again either. But for a little while we had been friends in that dark alley.

They took our wagon to the old Central Station. A sign over the door said so, but the sign alongside the door was newer, and said: "Third Precinct." The city had grown away from its old core.

They lined up the 20 of us in front of the lieutenant's desk, and he stared down at us, red-faced and well fed, and flanked by a secretary sergeant and a telephone switchboard sergeant. We were flanked by the rookies who had brought us in, and looking at them, I could see now that some of them wore Auxiliary Police shoulder patches; volunteer cops, taking out their pay in pushing us around.

From the back of the station came the animal-like yelling of men shoved into a cage. Some of it was in English and some in Spanish. I looked at the boys who had come with me—in the wagon I'd kept my eyes on the floor—and of the 20, one was Japanese and two were Negroes, and the rest of us were Mexican. But I didn't hear any Japanese yelling in the tank.

That lieutenant took his time; he was being paid by the watch. He stared at us reproachfully, up and down our line. "You look like a nice bunch of boys," he said, finally. "What do you want to make trouble for us for?" This should have gotten a laugh, but it didn't, not even from the rookies and the auxiliaries.

"All right." That seemed to be the favorite police phrase. "All right. This is a murder rumble. Boy named Enrique Sandoval, also known as Hank Sandoval, also known as Henry Sandoval." He made it sound like a pretty criminal thing, to have those three names. "The killer threw a knife, from a moving car, and you know what that means, and I know what that means. No. I'm not going to have any gang wars in my district. Not if I have to lock you all up and throw the key away. Now. Any *cholos* here want to give me information about this killing?"

Nobody said anything. The lieutenant shrugged. "All right. You're being held for conspiring to riot, and unlawful assembly. Each of you line up and give your property to the sergeant here—" he poked a heavy thumb towards the secretary sergeant—"and he'll take your name. It may be twenty-four hours before we can get you in front of a judge. When you get back to the tank, keep your mouths shut or we'll have to turn the fire-hose on you."

So we lined up. The sergeant did not seem thrilled. Each man emptied his pockets and said a name, and the sergeant wrote the name on an envelope and sealed up the little pile of objects: wallets, pocketknives, wristwatches, a few coins, in each one.

When he came to me, I dumped my wallet and my coins and then I laid down the little Rossini notebook. The sergeant didn't look at it, or act surprised at how much was in my wallet; he shoved my cigarettes back to me, and said, "You can keep those. Name?"

"S. Sandoval." But S in Spanish is pronounced like the English S.A., and that is the way he wrote it. I was marched away.

The tank was a steel cage with four tiers of bunks in it. Twenty-four men could lie down, but they shoved 30-odd of us in there. I tried to count, but we were a restless crew. A guy would sit on the edge of a bunk awhile, and then he'd get up and roam around. Nobody said much; there was certain to be a stool pigeon in with us.

After awhile a very old officer came to the tank, and he had a couple of boys with him from the other cages in back, the ones that had been singing and howling when we came in. He opened the gate, and said, "Louis Garcia. The detectives want to talk to you." Louis got up from a bunk and joined the two boys in the aisle, and they all went away, the turnkey swinging his big wire hoop. We heard him unlock the front gate and then clang it shut, and then steps marching across the big muster room.

One of the boys in our tank began to sing a *corrido,* one of the Mexican songs the people make up, when they are in jail, or somebody dies or somebody gets married or is born; spontaneous songs that last a day, and then are forgotten. Hunched over, as though in pain, he began to sing, in Spanish, of course:

> It was a black night in the Old City
> No woman had her man.
> The men, strong-armed and warm of heart
> Were behind the iron.
>
> Hard as a policeman's heart is the iron,
> Strong as a Mexican's faith is the iron,
> Cold as a life without flowers is the iron.
>
> I walked a street in the Old City
> Going to see my Maria
> But the police they said no, no Maria
> You must go behind iron.
>
> Hard as a policeman's heart is the iron. . . .

Two or three of the boys near him began to sing along in the chorus, and the *corridero's* head lifted; he sang a little louder. He sang of how he had worked for his money, but now it would all go, because the lawyers want gold to get you out from behind the iron. Now we were all singing:

Duro como corazon de jura es el hierro,
Fuerte como fe de Mexicano es el hierro,
Y frio como la vida sin flores es—el—hierro.

I had never been away. Professor Scott Sandoval had never existed. I was Pedro Sandoval's son; Pedro, who had taken up his rifle for the freedom of all Mexico, though he was ignorant and uneducated. Pedro, who had come to a new country and done the best he could, in his alien world, for his family. I was the son of Pedro Sandoval and his little Indian wife, who sat dry-eyed and rocked, and had lost one son to death and the other to that alien world she had never understood.

I sang, backing up the *corridero,* rolling my r's with the best of them; joining in the sadness of my plight, and the constant plight of the race, and I grew happy in the singing, and in the oneness of our misery.

The turnkey broke it up, rattling his iron hoop on the bars. We were all silent, looking at him; the boys hadn't come back from the detectives yet.

"Sandoval," he said. "S.A. Sandoval."

I stood up, and now I was alone again. The other men pulled a little aside from me as I went to the door; it was not lucky to be singled out this way. Even Louis Garcia had had the luck to go upstairs with two boys from the other tanks.

The turnkey let me out, and I followed him down the aisle between the cells. These cells had been empty when we came in; now there were six to eight men in each one. I said to the turnkey, "What's going to happen if anybody really breaks a law and has to be arrested tonight?"

He didn't even wiggle an ear to show that he'd heard me.

After he opened the front gate into the muster room he twisted a tired head on a fat neck. "See the desk sergeant, Sandoval." Then he stepped back and slammed the gate after me, leaving me on my own. I stood there, breathing hard, the cold fear of the unknown immobilizing me.

I'd been braced for the detectives, and ready to take whatever they could hand out; questioning, beating, lights in the eyes—anything. What I had feared when I drove into the Old City to answer Mamacita's call had come about: I was a *pachuco* kid again. It can happen to anyone; something—some sound, some smell, some experience comes along, and all the assurance, the mask that maturity has taught you to wear, is destroyed.

Then I stopped dead, standing stock still in the corridor of the precinct house, and it was a hard thing to do. Maybe the hardest I'd done up till then, in my life.

Back there in the cell, I'd been a man among men. Singing our *corrido,* sharing our common misery, we had been ready—I as ready as the next boy—to take a pushing around from the cops, to be stoic and tough and too proud to let them know when they hurt us.

Then they'd switched on me, left me alone, not offered to push me around. Left me with uncertainty, which is the hardest thing of all to bear.

But I could bear it. I knew where I was going. I could take everything the world dished out, and keep moving. I could be beaten—that was easy—or be ignored—that was hard—or sympathized with. And nothing anybody could do to me could stop me now.

I had the finest of American educations and I had my Indian mother's toughness, and they couldn't stop me moving, and they couldn't stop me thinking, and it was not going to be very long before the man who ordered my brother killed would pay for it.

So I walked ahead, around the corner, into the muster room.

A man came forward to meet me. He was dark, but not a Mexican; Italian, probably. "Mr. Sandoval?"

I nodded. He smiled. "What's your first name, Mr. Sandoval?"

I didn't give him an answer. I hadn't covered that up to uncover it again for the first detective with a smile. He laughed. "It's all right. I'm from the Rossini Company. Our Mr. McJoseph had a hunch that you were Scott Sandoval."

The band around my chest broke. I nodded. He said, "Don't say anything to anybody, and come with me."

I did. With joy and gladness and the return of my manhood, I followed him to the desk of the sergeant who had taken my property. The envelope was produced; I signed this and that and the other thing, and Rossini's man signed some other things, and I was out.

On the street, under the blue lights, I said, "Wait a minute." I've got a friend in there."

The bond runner shook his head. "Not now. Let's get out of this precinct. I'll come back later if you want me to." He was shoving me into a little business coupe parked in the No-Parking-Police-Car strip in front of the station. "For now, let's go."

He was nervous; I didn't know why. He got his car going fast, and we went four or five blocks; no more, and then police cars were parked on both sides of the street, turned at right angles so he had to go into low to get between them; they had barely left one-car room, and policemen stood in that.

My guide took a case out of his breast pocket, shook it open, and showed the officers a big star, gold and blue enamel. They waved us on.

"Phew! Honorary deputy sheriff. They don't have to honor them if they don't want to. Tonight, I didn't think they would."

I still had my cigarettes. I lit one, and inhaled a lovely mixture of cigarette smoke and the sweet air of freedom. "Are you always this nervous when you bail a man out?"

He said, "We don't pull one like that often. Orders are out; the city's hot as a horse playing ping-pong. You can't get a judge on the phone tonight, no matter who you are. And you can't spring anyone without a writ signed by a judge." He laughed, took his right hand off the wheel and wiped his palm on his pants leg. "But I guess you know that, a big shot like you?"

"I'm not a big shot."

He laughed, stopped for a red light, and looked all around. But he was getting less nervous. "You're tellin' me? Mr. McJoseph said to get you out, no matter what. Said he'd be in the office by the time I could get down here and back, and to have you there, or else. Mr. McJoseph ain't been in the office at night three times in the year I've worked for Rossini. And you say you aren't a big man!"

It seemed best to keep my mouth shut about myself. I said, "I didn't get your name."

He took his right hand off the wheel again, and fumbled in his pocket. "Kegian," he said. "Jimmy Kegian." He got a card out of his pocket and gave it to me. I put it away, carefully. You can't, I was learning, know too many bail bondsmen.

25

AT NIGHT THEY had a man instead of a girl on the reception desk at Rossini's. He looked up, said, "Hi, Jimmy," and Kegian said, "Mr. McJoseph's client," and we went on back to Mr. McJoseph's cubicle.

The natty man was lounging behind his desk. Tonight he had a cornflower in his lapel. It brought out blue lights in his slick gray hair. He said, "Thanks, Jimmy," and motioned me to my old chair; I sat down.

"Mr. McJoseph, I owe you some more money."

McJoseph chuckled. "I can't hardly charge you what it's

worth. You understand, we keep a few blank writs here. Strictly illegal. I don't imagine you'll turn us in. How in the world did you get picked up in the *pachuco*-net, Professor?" He looked me over. "And what are you doing in those clothes?"

"I've been on the move," I said. "Trying to find out who killed my brother."

He opened his eyes wide for a second, the first time I had ever seen those tired and wrinkled lids all the way up. "Hank," he said, "the boy we bailed out yesterday—" he glanced at the clock—"day before yesterday. I was sorry to hear about that, Mr. Sandoval. He was a nice-looking kid."

"For a Mexican."

Suddenly I knew what I had to do. Only one thing, and that the hardest I had ever been called on. I said, "Mr. McJoseph, I want to go back to the Third Precinct."

He shook his head, not understanding me. "They'll put you back in the tank." He raised his cigar to eye level, and studied it lovingly. "And I don't think you'll find out there who killed Hank."

"I know who killed Hank," I said.

It got a good effect. He coughed on the smoke. "You do?"

"Eddie Delgado," I said.

I got no reaction on that; Mr. McJoseph calmed down again. "A name," he said. "They're hanging everything in town on him. Rumors."

"The way I heard it, I believe it. Who is Eddie Delgado, Mr. McJoseph?"

The bondsman considered. "I dunno. Last year he wasn't here. This year he is. A big shot. From Old Mexico, and I believe that one. I suppose they brought him up to do the rough work."

"And who is they?"

"The machine," he said vaguely. "The big shots. City Hall."

"Well—will you have your man Kegian drive me back to the Third Precinct." I guess, in his business, he saw as many acts put on as a night-club booker; he could tell sincerity when he ran into it. I meant what I said, and he could tell I meant it. He said, "Why?"

"My people are in jail tonight," I said. "*La noche dolorosa*. I've learned something. Where my people are, I ought to be."

He leaned back, wheezing, holding his cigar in front of his red face. He puffed on it, tenderly, thoughtfully. "I'm concerned, you see," he said, after awhile. "I've got a daughter at the University—you teach there."

"Your daughter means a lot to you," I said.

"She's my whole life," he said.

"Listen," I said. "Are you leaving your daughter a city worth living in?"

He laughed. The benevolent friend of the troubled was gone. "Peddle your papers, mister. I've seen reformers come and go. They get smart and join the machine, or they get tired of spending their dough and quit."

For a minute I didn't say anything. This was my last chance. I was going back to jail because I wanted to. But if I didn't explain to Mr. McJoseph why, it was very probable that I could never explain to anyone.

"My father was a very poor man," I said. "In Mexico. An ignorant man. The government of that day kept the peons ignorant. But when the time came, he took up his gun and he marched in the Revolution, with Zapata. For his country. Then he came here, and this wasn't his country, and they didn't spread any flowers under his feet—they gave him a shovel, and said, 'Here, Mexican, dig. It's what you're good for.' "

"I don't follow you, Professor. A shoveler's wage here was better than a man could make in Mexico. It's why they came here."

"*Si*. But I'm not a foreigner. All my life I've thought of myself, the poor alien, discriminated against. But I was born here. It's my country, as much as Mexico was my father's. If it's to be any good, I've got to fight for it. Not with a rifle, the way my father fought for his country, but with my education. The education that was partly paid for by the people, out of their taxes. As your daughter's is."

He thought that over. Then he said, "I live out west, towards the Hills. My family live there too. What happens down here doesn't touch them."

"Doesn't it?"

He didn't answer me. He knew the answer a lot better than I did. Between the Hills and here stretched the land of the Dodos and the Jeans, the Litas and the Joe Hugheses. Joe Hughes had the right to carry his badge into my home by the campus, and he'd done it. Mr. McJoseph knew all this; I didn't have to tell him.

I said, "So I'm going back to the Old City, where the corruption starts. I'm going to live with my race. I'm going to make them proud of a Mexican with an education. If they'll follow an Eddie Delgado—and I never heard his name till tonight—maybe they'll follow me."

He stared at the floor between his knees.

"Eddie Delgado doesn't matter," he said, after a long silence. "Larry Barker's your man. He paid Eddie—or somebody—to kill your brother. And the girl, that Larrimer girl."

"Larry Barker!" My beautiful lawyer. With the dignified ducktails and the philosophic discourse. . . . But it began to add up.

"Sure." McJoseph leaned forward till his cigar breath was in my ear. "The word was out. To all the bail-bond companies. Anybody tried to bail out Henry Sandoval, send him to Larry Barker. It's your neck if you don't—is the way I got it."

Still, I couldn't believe it. To be sure, Larry Barker employed Carl Bandelere, who was a vice operator, and worse. But that was to be expected. When a criminal lawyer needs an investigator, he doesn't look for a modern Galahad.

Also, to be sure, Larry Barker was a friend of—a cofounder of—the machine. But it was in the open. He was proud of it! He made speeches about it. He openly said he would fight to defend the machine, because it was so much better than the machine it had destroyed, whose place it had taken.

But Larry Barker had never held any political office—never been mayor nor governor, never run for the United States Senate. I said, "What does he get out of it?"

Mr. McJoseph sat back, away from my ear. "Money," he said. "We pay off to him. The bonding companies. The bars pay off to him, though maybe they don't know it. A cop who wants to be raised to detective and get a little of the tenderloin—a few bucks of his pay gets to Larry Barker's hands every month. Yeah—money. And power. To some of those guys it's worth more than dough. I never could see it. He can name the candidate for mayor, for governor, sometimes; for district attorney."

I stood up again. "Thanks. Thanks a lot."

"You don't wanta go back to the Third Precinct—to the tank?"

"Not just yet."

He came and got my arm. "Listen, Professor. Let it go. Go back an' teach the kids to be good law-abidin', decent kids. Or whatever you teach."

"Don't monkey with the buzz saw?"

"Right. Look what it got Hank. And he was a tough, hard kid, from the Old City." He laughed. "You don't even have a gun."

"I had one. When I needed it I forgot to use it. I threw it away before the round-up picked me up."

"Sure. Let it go, Professor."

I nodded and left him. I stood outside his cubicle a minute. He wasn't phoning anybody. He'd broken the machine rule, and it didn't worry him at all. I wasn't important enough. I was just a professor—nothing to scare anybody.

26

THE LUMP OF intellectual dirt that couldn't scare anybody went back across the Civic Center park, towards the office building. Again I signed the book and again the night man took me up to Larry Barker's floor; if he remembered me, it didn't seem to mean much to him.

The law clerk looked up. His eyes were red-rimmed; I remembered in college the way we all looked a night or so before exams. I said, "Can you give me a place to phone, and call Mr. Barker? Tell him I've really turned up some evidence."

He got up, put both hands on his back, and stretched. "I'll put you where you were before. I'll phone Mr. Barker."

It was one o'clock. The bar across the park would still be open. The bar where they knew and loved Carl Bandelere. But I didn't know the name or the number, and there wasn't a phone book in the cubicle; I looked. The desk, the phone, two chairs, a couch, a calendar.

No one was moving in the corridor. Only one glass door showed light. Back at the reception gate I could hear the click and whir as the student dialed. I waited. If Larry Barker wanted to talk to me, I ought to be at my phone. This wasn't the time to act suspicious.

I heard the law student say Larry Barker's name, and then something else that I could barely make out. Then I heard the chair slide back, and I slipped back into my cubicle. I was flat on my back when the young man opened the door.

"Mr. Barker'll be down here in twenty minutes."

I nodded, and waited till he was gone to get to my feet again. I crossed the little room. The calendar had a good, stiff cardboard back; this was nothing I had learned by boning, cramming or the scholarly perusing of textbooks, journals or annals. This was right from my childhood and the Old City, and the condemned houses we little delinquents used to play in.

The double doors leading to Larry Barker's office were a cinch. Double doors never hang exactly right; there is always a little space between them. My cardboard slid into the space, and the lock clicked back.

The desk drawers were a little harder; but there was a dandy paperknife on Larry Barker's desk. Men like that always have a paperknife, though I have never seen anyone use one.

One lock held all the drawers shut, and when it went, they were all open. I found the book in the back of the upper right-hand drawer; a pin-seal leather book, full of phone numbers and first names, and no last names at all. I took it, and the regular city phone book, and started back for my cubicle. I was hurrying now.

Just as I made it inside, the door of the other lighted office opened. I closed mine, all but a crack, and saw young Stacy Wilken, shirt-sleeved, go towards the men's room. Larry Barker's juniors apparently worked for their money.

There was only one Eddie in the book. I dialed the number, and the voice that answered was a girl's; she answered in English, but there was an accent. I said, "Eddie Delgado?"

There was music in the background; fast, modern music, for dancing. Over it I could hear her voice yelling for Eddie. Then a man's voice, "Yes?"

"Eddie, get into the office. Fast."

"Who's this? That is not L.B.'s voice."

"I'm calling for L.B. Get into his office, but fast—hell's breaking loose."

"I'm on my way."

With Eddie, I didn't have to disguise my voice; he'd never heard it. There were two numbers for Carl, and this time I was ready to bounce my words off any part of my throat except the one I usually used; Carl Bandelere knew my voice, and Carl Bandelere was certainly no fool.

The first number didn't answer at all. The second one did, and I thought—I couldn't be sure—that I recognized the voice of the headwaiter who had shown Bandelere and me to a table.

I asked for Carl. The flunky never hesitated; and it occurred to me that Carl Bandelere probably owned the place. I waited a moment.

"Carl speaking."

"L.B. wants you in his office right away."

"Check." Why should he be suspicious? He was coming to the safest place in the city.

There was Joe in the book too; in fact, there were three Joes. But there were no initials after any of them, apparently Larry Barker knew which was which from memory; no prodigious feat for such a smart man. So I called Headquarters. Everyone has heard enough radio programs to go on from there; in two minutes I had a gruff voice saying, "Homicide."

"I want to get a message to Detective Joe Hughes."

"He ain't on now."

"All right. Just tell him if he gets to Attorney Barker's office in fifteen minutes, he can break that case he's been working on. The Sandoval case."

"Yeah?" All the cop-weariness in the world. "Attorney Barker? Where's' at?"

"Larry Barker," I said.

The voice was still cop, but no longer weary. "Oh. I'll leave him know."

I was sure he would. My last call was more difficult. I couldn't remember the name, and time was running out . . . Elworth—Eltinge ran through my head.

Finally I got smart, and looked in the phone book. When I saw it, it clicked. Elmore. Dick Elmore. There weren't many in the book, and only one Richard. I dialed. Again, a girl. Everyone had a girl to listen to, to look at, even to sleep with, except poor Scott Sandoval. He'd checked his lovely blonde wife in the Old City.

"Mrs. Elmore, I'm sorry to bother you, but I have to talk to Dick. Official."

She said, "That's quite all right," and they must have been side by side, because at once young Elmore's voice said, "This is Elmore."

"Scott Sandoval, Mr. Elmore. I met you at Headquarters, yesterday."

He sounded not as old as the law student out front. "Oh, yes?"

"Mr. Elmore, I've discovered who killed my brother. I'm making a citizen's arrest in fifteen minutes."

He said, "Now, Mr. Sandoval, you had better call the police. Citizens' arrests are mighty tricky things for a layman to monkey with."

"So are buzz saws," I said. I heard his puzzled noise of surprise. "But I'm making one," I went on. "In Lawrence Barker's office. I thought you ought to be here."

"But I'm not on that case. I had the Larrimer case, and then they took the whole thing away from me and gave it to—"

"If you ever want to be district attorney, you'd better be here." I hung up. Outside people were in the corridor; my time was used up.

Don Quixote also had a Spanish point of view; but I never heard of him phoning any windmills to come get him. But then, they didn't have telephones in his day.

27

LARRY BARKER got there first; I had expected that. He was in dinner clothes. His white ducktails stuck out over his ears in the most reassuring way. "Good Lord, Scott, don't you ever rest? I was over at night court; young George Aldrich

is being installed as magistrate, and a bunch of us, his father's old friends, were putting on a sort of ceremony for him." He looked around the cubicle with distaste. "Come down to my office."

I went. I wasn't happy, but I went. There was a chance that he wouldn't notice the jimmied lock on his desk; the door had nothing done to it that would show.

He went behind the desk, and almost reached for the middle drawer; then he changed his mind, took a silver cigar case out of his breast pocket, and helped himself to a cigar. "Fifty cents," he said, chuckling. "Johnny Aldrich was giving them away, in his boy's honor."

"It must be nice to have a son who's a judge," I said. "Do you have any children, Larry?"

"Daughter," he said. "Married to an Army Officer. Three grandchildren. One of them's named Lawrence Barker Elliott."

"Too bad," I said, "but he can always change it."

Larry Barker almost agreed with me, like a funny man doing a double take in the movies. Then he said pleasantly, "How's that?"

I just grinned. I made the grin as insolent as I could, considering my lack of training in being insolent. He stared at me, and the phone rang. He snatched it up. Of course, I only heard his end, but I could fill in the rest. "Yes?. . . . They are?. . . . No, I didn't, but send them in, anyway."

He hung up and looked at me. I thought I saw both relief and puzzlement in his look; his heavies were there, but who had sent for them? But it takes a better man than I to read the face of a practiced criminal lawyer.

The door opened, and Carl Bandelere came in. He said, "What's up, boss?" and then saw me, and there was a distinct click as his teeth came together. Carl Bandelere looked at his employer, and then at me, and then he quietly went and sat down on a chair that had nothing between it and me to deflect a bullet.

To the other man who came in, I said, "Hello, Eddie."

Eddie Delgado looked at me, and said, "I am afraid I do not know you, friend."

His English was very good. Everything about him was very good. He had height and breadth to his shoulders; his brown eyes were very bright; his teeth were very white.

"My name is Scott Sandoval, Eddie. I'm the brother of the man you knifed."

That bought nothing. Eddie Delgado shrugged. He took an armless chair, because his weapon was the knife, and the good knife men carry their weapon hung down the back, between the shoulder blades, so they need free arm movement. There was also nothing between him and me but air.

Carl Bandelere spoke first. He kept his eyes on me, but he spoke to Larry Barker. "What's up, boss? The punk outside said you didn't send for us."

I said, "No. I did, Carl. I wanted your boss to hear how you tried to sell him out."

Carl Bandelere said, "You've puffed your stack, Sandoval. Let's see. Eddie killed your brother, and I'm selling Mr. Barker out. And what did he do? Steal a dozen white mice from a government laboratory?"

"No," I said. "Not quite. Of course, he paid Eddie Delgado to throw the knife that got Hank. But we'll take that up later. First I want to tell him how you bought me a drink, and told me where you'd stashed my father's diaries, and offered to go in with me on a deal to blackmail the whole city, starting with Larry Barker."

I was getting somewhere. I'd slipped in a wedge that was a lot sharper than any knife of Eddie Delgado's. There was the faintest shadow of uncertainty over Carl Bandelere's tough face; he was beginning to wonder whom his men had beaten up down in the condemned house. I said, "I didn't go after the books, Carl. I'm not in the blackmail business, or about to go into it. Instead, I called your friend Lieutenant Romero. He was going down there to get the books." I turned to Eddie, "*Un compatriota de nosotros, hombre.*"

Eddie said quietly, "I understand English, man."

Carl Bandelere was sweating. His orders to the boys would have said that nobody would be going into the house but me, and if there was any doubt he would have given them a description of me; and that description would have said that I was a Mexican of middle height. Which also fitted Detective Romero.

In a voice, without any conviction at all, Carl Bandelere said, "There ain't a word of truth in it, chief."

But I had gotten a break. While his story to me had been a lie, it had been his own lie, and not that of Larry Barker. Carl Bandelere had sold out, a little bit; he had never returned the books to Larry Barker. I don't know what his orders were, whether to burn them or bring them back; but somehow, I'd split the combine.

I said, "Also, Bandelere was running a vice racket on the side, but I think maybe you know that, Mr. Barker. Or do you still want me to call you Larry?"

He said, "Keep talking, Sandoval."

But the time had come to stall. I said, "You're in bad trouble, all of you. The cops are not always honest, but they're unpredictable. Threaten one of them, and the whole force may suddenly be on your neck. I hope that offer you made me was on the level, Carl, because if it wasn't, Lieutenant Romero—"

The phone rang and got me off the stalling-hook. I stopped talking while Larry Barker answered. From here, two roads opened up. One road—if that was young Dick Elmore coming in, and the other if it was Joe Hughes. It was Joe Hughes.

Larry Barker sent word for him to come in, and he did, and we were all quiet as his heavy footsteps pounded towards us. Then he was in the room, chunky build, truculent face, ill-fitting suit. He said, "What can I do for you, Mr. Barker?"

I said, "It's me, Hughes. I sent for you. I thought you might like to pick up the guy who shoved your girl off the train this afternoon. Eddie Delgado, Lieutenant Hughes."

Joe Hughes turned slowly. He kept the rest of us in view, but he put the center of his eyes on Eddie Delgado.

I kept up my song, "Eddie's a foreigner, Mr. Hughes. He didn't understand how a man's whole professional standing in the police business depends on him not letting some punk dewoman him and get away with it." I'd never talked like this in my life. "Besides, it never crossed his mind that you loved Jean Inness."

Really, I'd said nothing. But the doublecross was so common in their world, they kept expecting it. Eddie Delgado leaned forward in his chair, and his brown hand flicked to the back of his coat collar.

Joe Hughes went down into a frog crouch, and then straightened, and he went sideways faster than possible. He landed somewhere near Carl Bandelere's chair, and Carl Bandelere—no fool—tilted the chair over and fell behind it.

Cops are not like other people. Other people buy a gun and put it away; a policeman goes out to a target range once a month and learns how to use his weapon.

Crouched over, walking towards Eddie Delgado, Joe Hughes started firing. The first bullet got Eddie Delgado in the belly and the second one got him in the shoulder.

But Eddie Delgado was one tough Mexican. With two Police Special 38's in him he still threw his knife. It stuck half a blade deep in the bottom of the chair behind which Carl Bandelere was crouching.

Feet ran in the hall, and bodies hit the double doors into Larry Barker's office. Three men tumbled in: Dick Elmore and Stacy Wilken and the law student who acted as night receptionist. That gun must have made a lot of noise.

Larry Barker said, "Get out of here!"

Dick Elmore looked at the body of Eddie Delgado and said, "I'm afraid not, Mr. Barker." He turned to Joe Hughes, who was still holding his gun. "What happened, officer?"

Hughes looked calmly at Larry Barker. They were coming together again and it was up to me to keep them separate. I said, "Detective Lieutenant Hughes and I came up here on the

matter I spoke to you about and Barker ordered this other man—I don't know his name—to protect him."

Joe Hughes took a deep breath and a big step. He said, "Yeah, Sandoval uncovered Barker as behind a vice ring. Know the dead man, Mr. Prosecutor?"

Dick Elmore went over and looked down. "Eddie Delgado," he said. "We've had him in a dozen times, but there are never any witnesses."

Hughes said, "Right."

I said, "If there's any doubt in anybody's mind, just take Carl Bandelere, Larry Barker's legman there, in. I think he'll talk. Get Lieutenant Romero to question him."

Carl Bandelere was getting up. He picked up the chair with the knife still sticking in it, and set it upright. "I don't think so," he said. I knew what he meant. I would not like to be questioned at Headquarters after having a detective lieutenant beaten up. "Stacy," he said, "you're my lawyer." He grinned, suddenly. "Hughes, if it won't make you nervous, I'm getting my wallet out."

Hughes said, "Go ahead."

Carl Bandelere slipped a beautiful morocco case out of his inside breast pocket. He slipped bills out of that; I caught a glimpse of a hundred. "Here's your retainer, Stacy."

Stacy Wilken looked blank. But no lawyer with Larry Barker training could resist money. "I'm representing you, Carl."

"All right. Tell the police I want to go in with them, and—in the presence of my attorney—make a complete and frank statement; then be taken before a magistrate for bail."

Stacy Wilken looked at Dick Elmore. The young prosecutor frowned. "Our office would never turn down an offer like that, Mr. Wilken," he said. "However, you should remind your client that if his confession—"

"Statement," Carl Bandelere said. The look he gave Larry Barker was diabolic. "Statement. Not confession."

"If his *statement* includes a *confession* of murder, that is not ordinarily a bailable offense."

Stacy Wilken bowed to Dick Elmore. I've visited in law-school classes where they have mock trials; it was like that. I don't think either kid was out of law school a full two years. "I so remind you, Mr. Bandelere," Wilken said. I believe this is called keeping the record straight, though there was no stenographer present, of course.

I said, "In the meantime, Delgado there is ruining Mr. Barker's nice carpet, with his blood."

Larry Barker was no punk. He said, "I have absolutely no statement to make at this time. Apparently I made a mistake in my choice of both client and investigator. In the future I'll know better than to employ guttersnipes like Mr. Bandelere, whose word—"

"Listen," Carl Bandelere said. "Listen to me, Frosty-dome—you're cooked—" He shot past Stacy Wilken and swung a left from somewhere down near the floor. Hughes moved to block him, and I accidentally got in Hughes' way. The punch landed beautifully accurate—on Barker's glib mouth.

The attorney staggered back from it and landed sitting on the open windowsill. I think it was that open window that gave me my cue.

I said, "Bandelere's statement is nice, Mr. Elmore, but not entirely necessary. The state attorney general has had a microphone in this room for forty-eight hours."

Larry Barker turned his tortured head to me. I have seen the same gesture in the bull ring—from the bull, just before the sword comes over his horns.

But I'd given Joe Hughes his cue. I was not very old in that world, only as old as a man can grow in the time since I'd found my destiny in the Third Precinct tank, but I had brought a professor's trained mind into that world with me.

Hughes took his tip from me. Left to himself it might have taken him a half hour to figure it out. He whipped out his gun again—I had not noticed him put it away—and he said: "Lawrence Barker, you are under arrest," and moved forward. He had to get that on the dictaphone, and he believed me when I said there was a dictaphone, because that was the way things were in this world that was so new to me.

He moved in on Larry Barker, and his chunky, broad-shouldered body hid Barker from us for a moment. Then Hughes yelled: "No you don't," and his body jerked, and Larry Barker yelled, shrilly, unbearably.

Hughes moved aside then, and for a moment I saw Larry Barker, outside the window, horribly upside down, his well-shined shoes above his well-brushed hair. He seemed to hang there in the air for a moment, but that can't be so.

Then there was nothing, and finally the most awful noise I have ever heard as Larry Barker landed, way below us, on the pavement of the Civic Center he and my father helped build.

Stacy Wilken said, dully: "He fell."

"Or was pushed," Dick Elmore said.

Joe Hughes did not look like a man who had just killed a confederate. But then I never saw a fresh-made murderer before. He said: "What's the meaning of that, Prosecutor?"

"He was trying to get away from Hughes," I said. "I saw him. He just forgot the window was so close." I had to do that. I had stripped the teeth off the buzz saw; I would need police cooperation to keep them stripped off. Hughes was my in for that, and anyway, the new me couldn't see killing Larry Barker as a crime. Maybe later I would, but not now.

Elmore said, dubiously: "Well, if you'd testify to that—"

Hughes said, gruffly: "There's a body down on the street. We'd better do something about it."

And that was the end of that.

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IT WAS TWO in the morning when I left the Civic Center and headed for the Old City. I walked awhile, looking for a taxi.

The sprinkling wagons had been by, and the pavement had the peculiarly pleasant smell of wet concrete. Not very many people were about, but the lights were still on at Headquarters, and a few other floors of the building were lit up.

I walked—down toward the Old City. Spanish signs began to come up on the stores: *Ultramarinos. Pescaderia. Cantina. Zapateria.*

Not my language. I was an American.

Tomorrow I would put on my neat black suit, and stand between my beautiful wife and my little Indian mother, while they buried my brother.

Next day I would put my fine house in the Hills on the market; I was moving back to the Old City. Oh, I would go on teaching. Night classes in Civics and in English. Any other classes that would fit in. But mostly, I was going in for politics.

The people—my people, the Americans of Mexican origin—would come to know me. I would eat in the little restaurants and drink in the little bars, shoot pool in the Old City pool halls. They needed to know me, because I was their future leader. A man of money and education, and also of the race—*de la raza.*

We were coming out of the Old City, proud of our Spanish names and our race, but proud too, of our American citizenship.

There was a cab. But as I headed for it, so did some others. Dark-skinned men, like me. I looked up.

I was in front of the Third Precinct Station.

The case was closed, and the police were emptying the tanks.

"All right," I said, "who's going to the Old City? I'll treat to a ride, as many as can get in." —BY RICHARD WORMSER

Next Month: Two short novels—"TOO SOON DEAD," a thriller by Donald Hamilton, and "SEALED ORDERS," a Caleb Pettengill action yarn by George Fielding Eliot.

Pro and Con

. . . cont'd from p. 4.

Referee in the Balcony

After reading "Read All About It: Basketball" in December BLUEBOOK, I decided to straighten you out on one point. In Nova Scotia, the referee does *not* watch the game from a balcony. I'm pretty sure of this since I've watched and played plenty of basketball here.

Bill Ryan, Jr., *Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia*

Says Author John Dunlavy: "In The New Encyclopedia of Sports *(1947 edition), Barney Ain, author of* Basketball Oddities, *is quoted: 'In Nova Scotia, the referee watches the play from a balcony vantage point, and presses a button which operates a whistle, while an assistant on the floor . . . executes his boss' command.' Apparently this was an experiment that didn't last. There have been several such experiments aimed at increasing the referee's efficiency. The National Basketball Association once tried elevating the referee on the sidelines in Baltimore, but abandoned the effort. At any rate, there's nothing in the rules that requires the referee to be on the playing floor."*

Softball, not basketball, is the leading spectator sport, according to *Sports Illustrated.*

William G. Fawcett, *Orlando, Fla.*

Comments John Dunlavy: "That's pretty much a matter of opinion. I go along with authorities like Frank G. Menke, author of The New Encyclopedia of Sports, *who terms basketball the number-one spectator game. But it all depends on just where you draw the line on the word 'spectator.' The* New York Herald Tribune, *for example, which only counts paid admissions, rates horse racing, with its 30 million paying customers a year, number one. The estimates for softball probably came from the Amateur Softball Association. These figures are compiled annually by taking average attendance figures at league games and multiplying them by all known softball parks in the country. This leaves a wide margin for error. You'd have a tough time* proving *that* any *sport was the number-one spectator sport, so don't take any heavy bets on the question."*

...AND YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM

"Good gosh, Ella, hang up and let me have the phone."

Next Question, Please!

I have read BLUEBOOK for many years. Bought the December issue between trains the other day. It *was* a better magazine than it *is*. Does it really sell better now?

J. Grant, *Lake Forest, Ill.*

Yes.—ED.

Change of Heart

I have just read W. R. Kaufman's criticism of "Death Rides the Dondrino" in January "Pro & Con." Who cares about the caliber of a gun when reading an exciting story? It must be a terrible thing to be a perfectionist like Mr. Kaufman.

E. L. Templeton, *Springfield, Vt.*

After reading my letter and Roe Richmond's answer in "Pro & Con," I finished reading "Death Rides the Dondrino," and must admit it's really good. Also, I admit that the points I criticized did not constitute any earth-shaking catastrophe, and were not a reason to warrant chucking a good story.

W. R. Kaufman, *Evanston, Ill.*

You're in good company, Mr. Kaufman. When "Dondrino" later came out as a book, it got a Grade-A rating from The New York Times' *Western critic.*—ED.

Fine-print Department

While your magazine is directed at men, I want you to know that I, a woman, enjoyed reading your very interesting and instructive article called, "How to Save Thousands on a New House," in the November issue.

Have you ever published anything on legal guides for new and old house buying, and on legal rights of tenants and landlords? If not, I hope you'll consider them in the future.

Mrs. Maryland Manger, *Baltimore, Md.*

Thanks for your suggestions. We'll see what can be done.—ED.

He Never Had It So Good!

While reclining on my canvas cot in a squad tent, I happened to read a letter from a stateside fly boy in your October issue.

After reading his tale of woe concerning marching, making up bunks and inspection, I detected a dripping noise in the tent. It wasn't the plumbing, because our water comes in the economy-size five-gallon cans. So, I deduced that it was my *heart,* bleeding for our suffering airman.

I'm not the hardest working GI in Korea, but that letter gave me the notion that I *have* been working awful hard, *if* the boys back in the states have it so tough.

If A/3c Roberts thought that life was rough in the Air Force at Chanute Field, Illinois (which, by the way, is in the U.S.A.—passes every night, furloughs once in a while!), I hope that he never receives the opportunity to come over here.

Honestly, stateside commando, you never had it so good!

Cpl. Edward Fabian, *Korea*

P.S. Some of the boys here decided to get into the act:

Pfc. Donald L. Brunner
Sgt. Malcon Datson
Cpl. Billy H. Huckaby

BLUEBOOK'S CONTEST MOVIE:

"Battle Cry"

What would YOU do?...

by Paul Faron

WHAT WOULD you do in battle if your commanding officer were wounded and you wanted to save his life—but he ordered you back to the command post? Your answer may win you a prize.

In *Battle Cry* (Warners), Van Heflin *(right)* is a wiry Marine major who whips soft recruits into leathernecks—but helps them when they're up against personal problems.

Aldo Ray, Tab Hunter and William Campbell *(below)* all hit hard bumps on the road to becoming gyrenes and being shipped to the Pacific to fight. Bill Campbell receives a "Dear John" letter from his girl and goes off on a tear with a tomato who tries to roll him. Tab Hunter gets mixed up with a rich married dame, but Van Heflin straightens this out by sending him home on leave where he marries Mona Freeman, his old school chum.

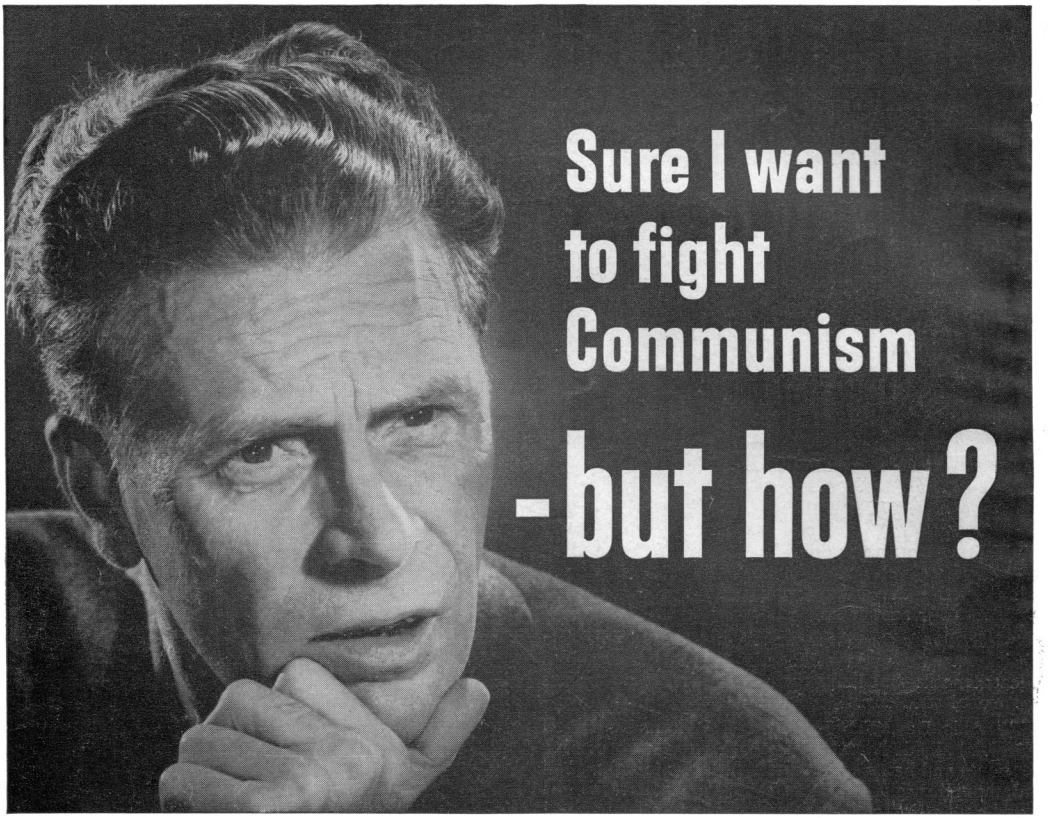
Aldo Ray keeps narrowing his eyes and exclaiming, "Women! No good, dirty, rotten women!" But when in New Zealand he runs into Nancy Olson—*well!* He not only marries her, he decides to desert so he won't have to leave her.

But Van Heflin wisely intercedes with Nancy—off the record—and says to her: "I can have the boy taken back in irons, but I want him to come back to his ship on his own two feet!" Nancy realizes how right Van Heflin is. He leaves, saying: "I often wish I had the courage of a woman."

Aldo goes back, and embarks for Tarawa with his buddies. Later at Saipan he gets a chance to show his devotion to Van Heflin when the major is wounded by mortar fire. Aldo drags him into brush at the side of a creek but there the major orders him back to the post to inform the new command.

What would you do if you were in Aldo Ray's shoes? If your commanding officer were wounded and you wanted to save his life—would you take his orders to go back to the command post? Your reply may win you $10 if you write it in 25 words or less on a postcard and mail it before April 30 to Paul Faron, BLUEBOOK, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

January movie contest winner:
Mr. Byron C. Anderson,
415 Winston Drive, San Francisco, Calif.



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