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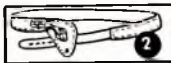
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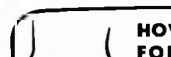
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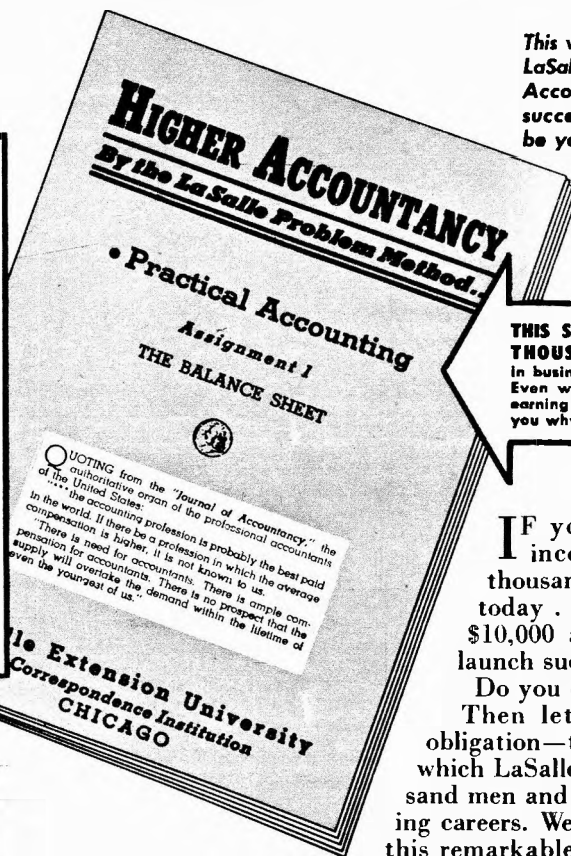
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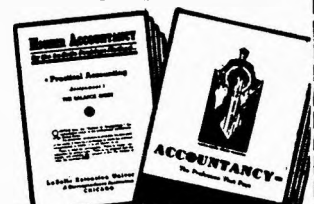
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MEN

VOL. 3, NO. 8

AUGUST, 1954

MARTIN GOODMAN, Publisher

MONROE FROELICH, JR.,
Business Manager

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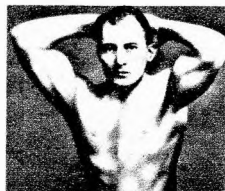
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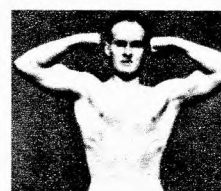
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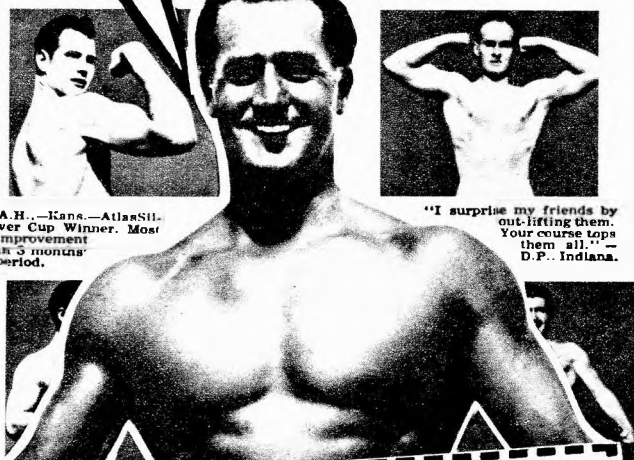
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**No night clerk ever lasted at the Mirabella Hotel
for more than a week. Not even the starving ones.**

by **ALEKO LILIUS**

●● Tangier . . . ten o'clock in the evening.

Don Fernando and I were sitting at this early hour (early in Tangier where one lunches at 3 P.M. and sits down to supper at 9:30) at an outdoor coffee table in Zocco Chico, the Little Market Place, sipping our *café solas*. My Spanish friend is the owner of a large hotel right by the beach. Tonight, he had a grievance.

"One shouldn't try doing anyone a good turn," he said, throwing a coin to a persistent beggar. "It doesn't pay and no one thanks you for the effort."

"In your case, I should consider it a rather controversial statement, Don Fernando," I protested, motioning toward the enriched beggar—and also because I had Jim Davison in mind. Now there was a clean-cut, talented young fellow, quite a good pianist, who by now needed any kind of a job. I had meant to ask Don Fernando to give him a trial, but realized that the moment was inappropriate.

"I cannot understand this place," continued my friend. "It seems that no one here wants to work even when they're hungry. I've tried to get a good night receptionist in my hotel for months. They are either no good at all, or—*caramba!*—they leave after a couple of nights. The next thing I know, the fellow is back in the Zocco Chico begging a coffee. Can't make it out at all." He shook

Tangier Madhouse

his head in bewilderment, clapped his hands for the waiter, and paid his bill.

"Well, I'm off. Have to get back to see if the hotel is still there. Wish I could get a good, reliable clerk to relieve me a bit. *Hasta luego, amigo.*"

Ten minutes later, Jim, looking worried and dispirited, dropped into the seat beside me.

"Jim, good news," I said. "I've got you a job."

"No?" His face lit up.

"Take this card to Don Fernando Lopez at the Mirabella Hotel—*right now!*"

"Thanks a lot," he flung at me as he hurried through the crowd, without even tasting the coffee the waiter had put before him.

Jim had scarcely disappeared when (Continued on page 49)

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- ☐ Machine Design-Drafting
- ☐ Machine Shop Inspection
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Tool Design ☐ Toolmaking
- RADIO, TELEVISION**
- ☐ Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio—TV Eng'ring
- ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
- ☐ Radio Operating
- ☐ Television—Technician

RAILROAD

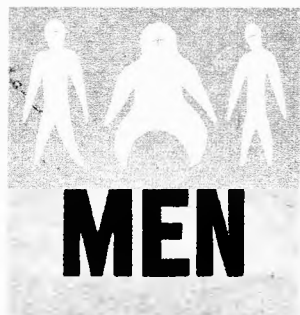
- ☐ Air Brakes ☐ Car Inspector
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive
- ☐ Locomotive Engineer
- ☐ Section Foreman
- STEAM AND DIESEL POWER**
- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Diesel—Elec. ☐ Diesel Eng's
- ☐ Electric Light and Power
- ☐ Stationary Fireman
- ☐ Stationary Steam Engineering
- TEXTILE**
- ☐ Carding and Spinning
- ☐ Cotton, Rayon, Woolen Mfg.
- ☐ Finishing and Dyeing
- ☐ Loom Fixing
- ☐ Textile Designing
- ☐ Textile Eng'g ☐ Throwing
- ☐ Warping and Weaving
- MISCELLANEOUS**
- ☐ Domestic Refrigeration
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- ☐ Telephony

Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

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Occupation _____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.



MEN

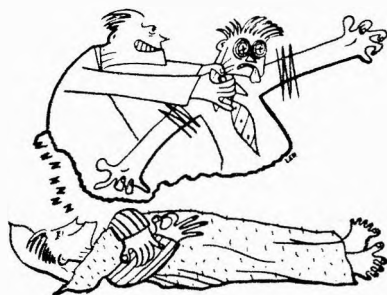
and



MEDICINE

by Ken M. Armstrong

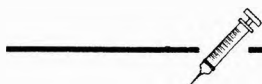
MURDEROUS DREAMS Do you ever dream of killing your boss or someone else you secretly or openly dislike? Then maybe you have high blood pressure. Studies by psychiatrists at the University



of Pennsylvania Hospital showed that men suffering from hypertension demonstrate stronger hostility in their subconscious or dream life than do people with normal blood pressure. Hostility includes actual or threatened death of persons, destruction of objects, injury or damage to people, even discomfort. The psychiatrists say that hostility is significant in other illnesses, too. Result of the study may bring deeper understanding of hypertension and may affect diagnosis, treatment and prevention in the future.



COMBAT STRESS—Among pilots and plane crews in action, men who fly bomber and reconnaissance planes are apt to suffer less from "combat stress" than fighter pilots, according to a recent Air Force investigation in the Far East. Actual fear of flying was rarely noted. But often the stresses were increased by tactless and ill-advised letters from wives and parents who saddled them with troubles from home. And frequently men experienced severe anxiety over possible ditchings in enemy territory. They dreaded inhuman treatment of prisoners by Chinese Communists.



ONE-SHOT CURE—Despite the power of the wonder drugs, each year there are still about a million cases of gonorrhea. Latest assault on the most common venereal infection in the U. S. is a "one-shot" cure announced by a Chicago doctor. It's a form of terramycin that can

be injected through the muscles. In 38 stubborn and chronic cases where it was used—after penicillin had failed—only one terramycin shot was needed for 12 of the patients, while a second injection had to be given for the remaining 22. In all cases there was a rapid and total cure.



DRUNKEN DRIVING—Adoption of chemical tests of the blood, urine and breath for arresting and convicting drunken drivers is having a remarkable effect throughout the U. S. In New Haven, Conn., for instance, introduction of the breath-testing devices led to a three-fold increase in guilty pleas, while convictions for driving while drunk rose from 55 to 93 per cent. The American Medical Association urges all communi-



ties to use the chemical tests in self-defense against automobile slaughter on the highways.



GLUTTONS & CANCER—Men who overeat run a greater risk of having cancer than those who keep their weight down, a Chicago scientist reveals. Experimenting with laboratory mice, he found that formation of cancer tumors were blocked in those who were fed a small proportion of calories and lived much longer than those who had an unrestricted diet. Even though cancer-producing agents were injected into the mice, no tumors arose over a period of two years among those who kept their calories down. Life insurance records show a definite relationship between overweight and cancer deaths. Conclusion: Once a tumor is discovered, watching the caloric diet can increase the life span.

IT'S ABOUT TIME—The fear and pain of having cavities in your teeth filled may soon be banished by a gadget that Navy scientists have developed. It will all be done with sound waves—an ultrasonic tooth drill that your dentist can use easily. What happens now is that the common drilling burr produces heat, noise, vibration and pressure that give you a fearful pain. The sound-wave drill eliminates these unpleasant factors, yet drills a nice clean hole to be filled.



COOL HELP—A newly devised electric refrigerator is being used to cool a foot or hand before surgery, thus eliminating pain and allowing infection to be controlled. Two Indiana surgeons report that when patients have used the freezing unit for two or three days before amputation, healing of the stump is made much easier.



IN SHORT—Heart patients on a salt-free diet who've had to rely on powdered milk products can now have fresh milk. A California chemist has developed a new low-salt milk which is delivered to heart patients on a doctor's prescription . . . Under war conditions or in remote areas, coconut water can be shot into veins of



men too sick to eat, when there are no supplies of the usual solutions. The coconut water provides salt, phosphate, sugars, magnesium, calcium and proteins . . . If you've become sensitized to penicillin, you can get desensitized by being treated with minute doses. You're given more and more until you can again absorb the full shot without dangerous reactions.

WHAT MORE PROOF DO YOU NEED?

Our Hair Grew Again!

THANKS TO THE BRANDENFELS HOME SYSTEM

"We are three of the nearly 20,000 people (by certified count) who have written Carl Brandenfels of benefits obtained through home use of his massage system and formulas. We've seen the files bulging with those letters telling of one or all of these results: renewed hair growth, less excessive falling hair, relief of dandruff scale, improved scalp condition. In our cases, each of us is a generation apart, and each a good example of his particular type of hair loss. Look at our "before" and "after" pictures. "Even though you're bald or losing an excessive amount of hair the hair roots may be alive and capable of producing hair after use of the Brandenfels home system. It's wonderful to get hair back! It brings new confidence, assurance and reliance."

FROM 48 STATES AND 68 FOREIGN COUNTRIES COME LETTERS LIKE THESE

**Renewed
Hair
Growth**



There was a very definite and observable renewed hair growth.
Rev. Paul E. Martin,
Holdrege, Nebraska.

**Gets
Results**



Sure glad to see new hair coming through. I lost most of my hair on top.
Sgt. Matthew Jonas
New York City

**Has New
Hair Now**



I was bald for 20 years, but now I have new and healthy hair.
Conrad J. Fels
Burbank, California

**Rid of
Dandruff
Scale**



My hair stopped falling, there's new hair growth and I'm rid of dandruff scale.
F. L. Bash
Gary, Indiana

The microscope reveals how our hair was re-grown.



Before we started using the Brandenfels system and formulas a cross section of our scalps would have looked like this microscopic sketch. It's an unproductive hair follicle (root). It is blunted and the opening plugged with sebaceous gum and scaly skin layer, doctors testified.



Now see how the use of Brandenfels applications and dilative massage has produced an improved condition of the scalp that will soon grow hair. The follicle is less distorted, scaly skin layer is disappearing and there's actually re-growth of a tiny hair in the follicle.



Now the follicle is producing hair! These sketches were made from actual biopsies on a test group of people who volunteered to participate in this, the world's first sub-dermal research project, conducted by medical doctors and technicians. Here's positive proof hair roots may still be alive in a bald head.

"My name is Eldon Beerbower of 2905 North Portland Blvd., Portland, Oregon. I'm 23 years old and I work for a bank. I was one of the earliest users of the Brandenfels system. I lost all my hair at an early age and looked like this picture I'm holding when I began to use the Brandenfels massages and formulas. Just see my head of hair today!"

"I am Oiva Witikka, employed in lumbering. My address is Route 1, Box 322, Woodland, Washington. I'm 43—just a generation older than Eldon. I lost my hair in the Air Force in World War II and though Service doctors gave me treatments I was still bald when discharged. In February 1951 I sent my first order to Carl Brandenfels... and what a difference there is now!"

"I'm Roy Smith, strawberry rancher, Route 1, Gable, Oregon. I'm 63, served in World War I. For 20 years my hair was just a "rim" around my head with a few in the middle on top. I began using the Brandenfels massages and applications in May 1952. Folks laughed then, but now I'm the one who is laughing. Even my sister who hadn't seen me for two years could hardly believe her eyes!"

ELDON BEERBOWER
Before

OIVA WITIKKA
Before

ROY SMITH
Before

**DON'T PUT IT OFF... PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME
NO EXPENSIVE OFFICE CALLS**

If you have excessively falling hair, ugly dandruff scale, a tight, itching scalp, a rapidly receding hair line, or any unhealthy scalp condition. DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions RIGHT IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME. Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to promote new hair growth, because not every user has grown new hair. He emphatically believes, however, that his formulas and unique pressure massage will bring about a more healthy

condition of the scalp that in many cases helps nature grow hair. YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF to give the Brandenfels System a thorough trial. Brandenfels' wonderful formulas are non-sticky, non-odorous and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use. Enclose \$18.00 (includes Federal tax, postage, mailing). For U. S. or APO or FPO air shipment add \$2.00 (Total \$20.00). Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Ore.

**BALDNESS MAY BEGIN TWO YEARS
BEFORE YOUR FRIENDS NOTICE... ACT NOW**

If you—or anyone in your family—have already become bald, or are losing hair rapidly, SEND TO-DAY, for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage, with complete

easy-to-follow instructions on how to use. Send the coupon below RIGHT NOW before you misplace this important message. Remember, every day you wait may make your problem more difficult. ACT NOW!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY BEFORE YOU MISPLACE IT!
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

CARL BRANDENFELS, Box 796, St. Helens, Oregon

Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

☐ I enclose \$18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.

☐ I enclose \$20.00 for RUSH air shipment.

☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman the \$18.00 plus postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid.

C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postal regulations).

MEN-84

IMPORTANT

When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information.

☐ Excessively Falling Hair

☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp

☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale

☐ Alopecia

WORLD-FAMOUS

Brandenfels

SCALP AND HAIR
APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE



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Address _____

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LET ME LIVE!

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ►

LET ME LIVE!

Produced by J. BART SWEENEY

●● A plane takes off from a desert base in Africa and cracks up on a snowy Asian peak. Another leaves placid Florida and belly-slams into an uncharted South American jungle. Somewhere over the Pacific, a pilot drifts down helplessly into the ocean after abandoning his jet. When a man travels faster than sound he gets there—but he can't always be sure where "there" is going to be if something should go wrong in flight. He can be forced down far away from home base, where the temperature either freezes or boils him and where life isn't at all like life back home in Wabash. To make sure its men know how to save themselves in unscheduled circumstances, the Air Force has set up "survival schools" for its global crews. Under this program, airmen learn certain fundamental procedures to be followed in an emergency. They learn them so well they can go through the motions even when suffering from shock. And they find out how to "go native" and beat the specific problems they'd meet in the desert, the arctic, a jungle or swamp, by on-the-spot "dry runs."



Crash-land victims first take careful inventory of all their supplies.



Parachute cloth protects the men from a murderous sun as they wait for the heat to ease up before striking out for oasis.



Polluted water is one menace of the desert. Here pilot of the downed craft purifies drinking supply with Halazone tablets.



Caught in a sudden sand storm, the stranded airmen roll over and over to keep from being buried—a "tip" they got in school.

LET ME LIVE



Rabbit roasted over primitive barbeque pit makes a jungle meal. Knowing how to live off the land is essential to survival.

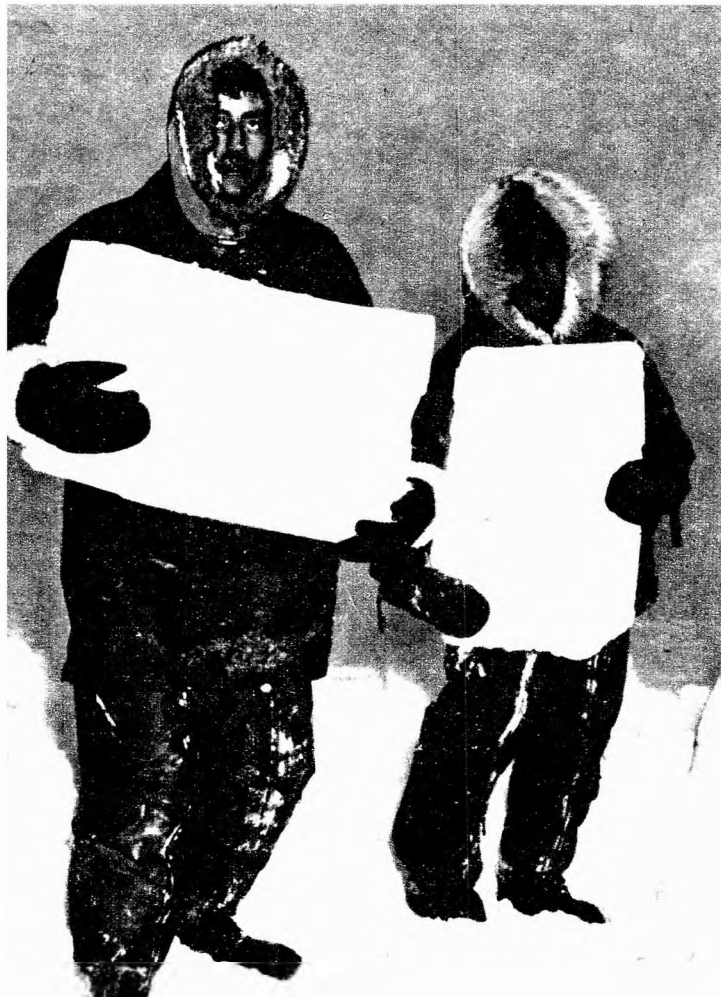
Making use of materials available to them, crew members build a raft that will float them to where they can be picked up.

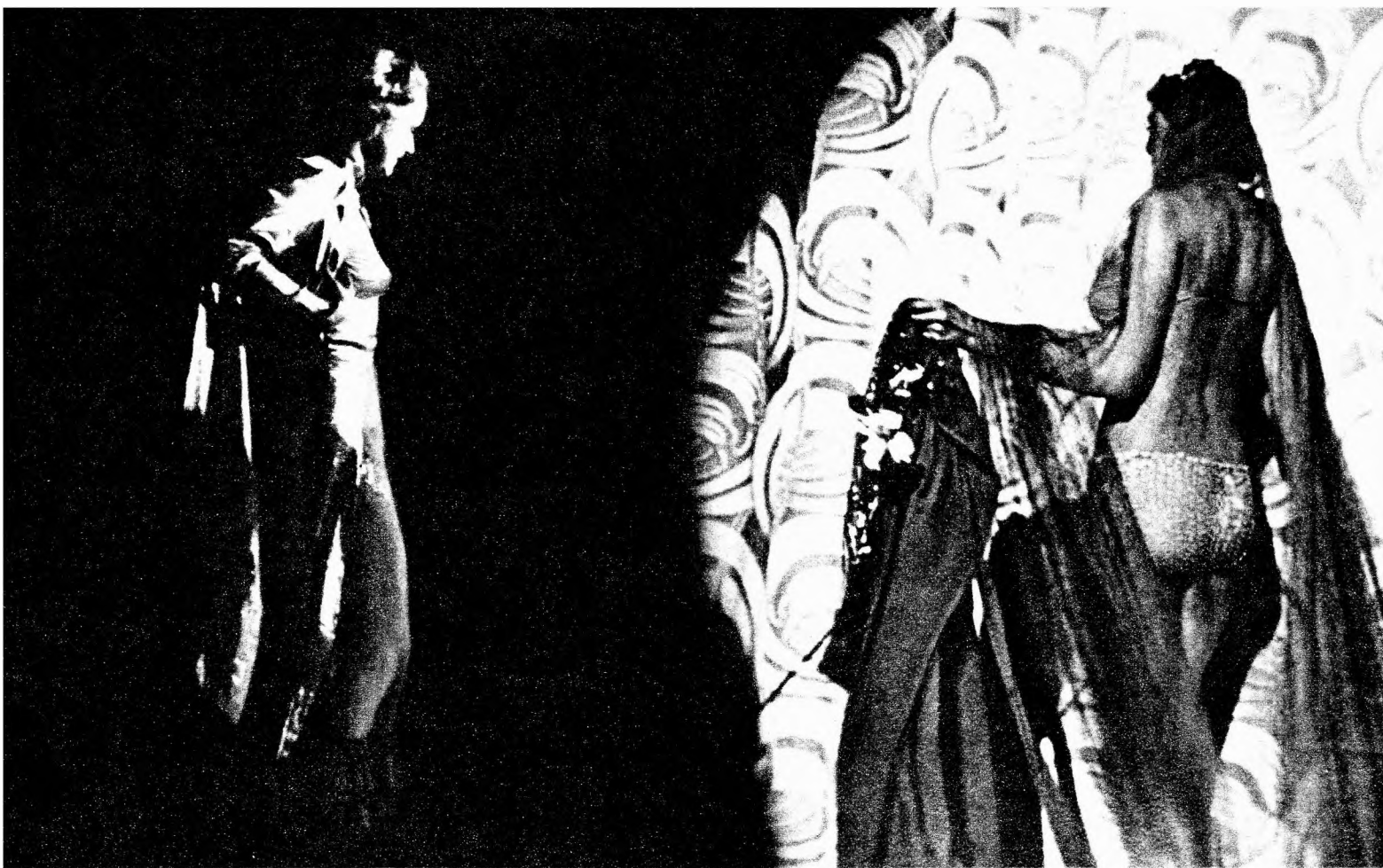




Properly constructed snow house provides a reasonably comfortable shelter from cold and wind high above the Arctic Circle,

Ice blocks are shaped into two-man billet. These men are careful not to get over-heated as they work and to avoid exhaustion.





ROUGHHOUSE on the

●● “What,” I asked the former FBI man, “are the three toughest towns in the country?”

The occasion was an all-day meeting of the Citizens of Greater Chicago, an anti-crime group, and the retired federal agent was one of the speakers. In his day he had done undercover work in every major city in the United States.

He thought for a moment. Then he said, “Well, Chicago, including Cicero and Cal City, is certainly one. And East St. Louis, Illinois, is the other two.”

He went on: “You go down there, check into the Broadview Hotel, and look around. Get a car and drive out to the taverns and night spots in Madison and St. Clair counties. Hang around the packing-house district and catch some of the saloons on Missouri Avenue. Then take a gander at the Valley, under the railroad trestles near the river. If you’ve ever seen anything tougher and more lawless than southern Illinois, I’ll buy you a new hat when you get back up here. That is,” he added, “if you’ve still got a head to put it on.”

He didn’t have to tell me about southern Illinois, be-

cause I had rashly taken part in a campaign to get local prohibition repealed in Saline County in 1951, and “I’ll kill you, you s.o.b.!” was merely one of the milder expressions I heard several times a day from the gun-toting coal miners and oil field workers of the area.

I had left southern Illinois in ’51, just two jumps ahead of a tar and feather brigade. Former Ku Kluxers were leading the “dry” fight, and while they swilled plenty of mountain dew themselves they didn’t want to give any tax money to the government, which is what they would have had to do if their local prohibition ordinance had been repealed and the sale of liquor regulated.

You can’t blame southern Illinois lawlessness on the Mafia or any other “foreign” element. It was and is a native-born section, of Kentucky and Tennessee hill-country ancestry, and its home-grown gunmen are 10 times as tough as anything that ever came out of Sicily. The district known as “Egypt,” which lies between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and runs from Cairo up to East St. Louis, is the bloodiest, most lawless ground in the entire United States. In the past 20 (*Continued on page 58*)

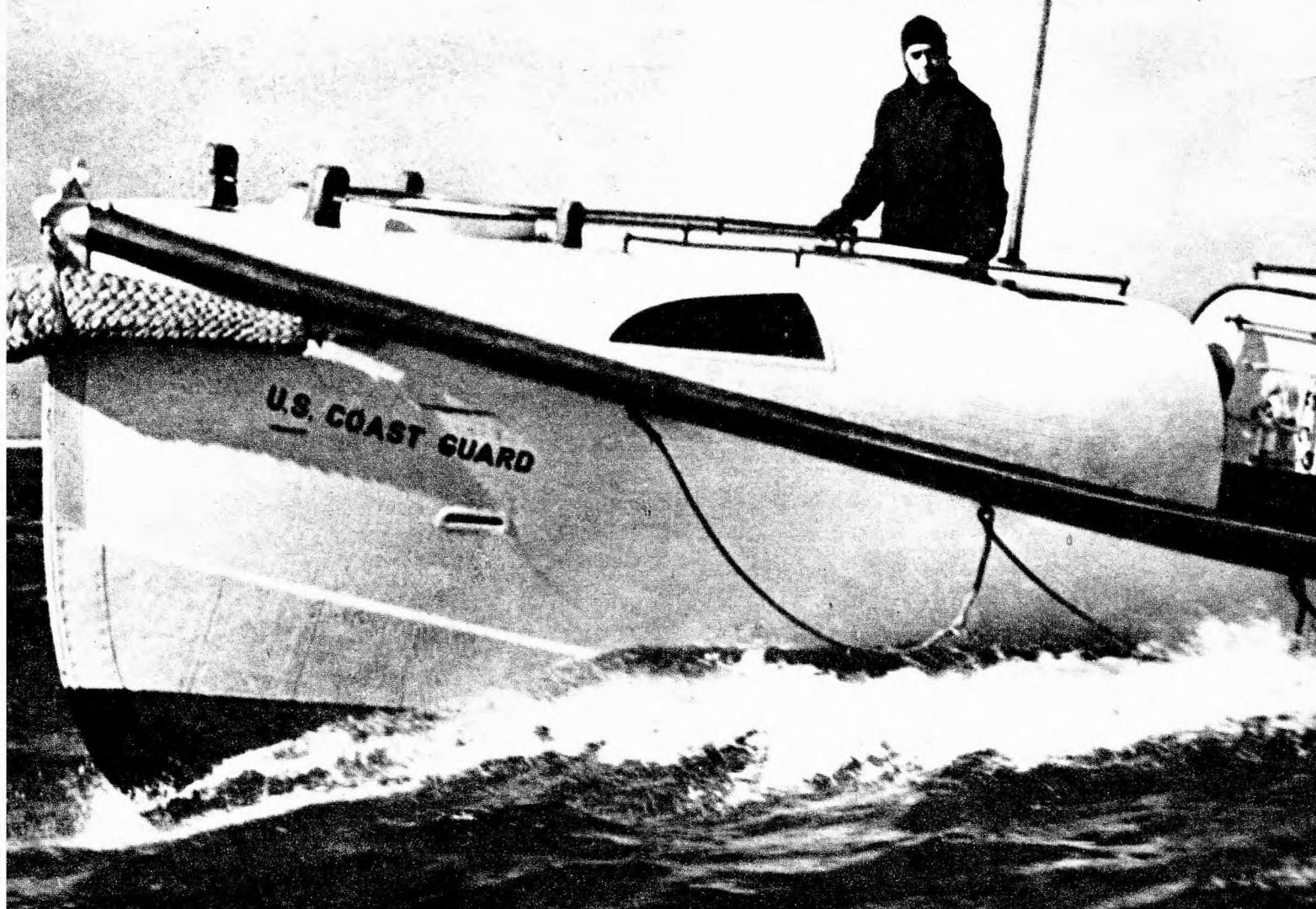


RIVER

by STEPHEN HULL

There's a regular taxi shuttle to East St. Louis' strip tease joints, tourist court brothels, gambling houses and dope dens.

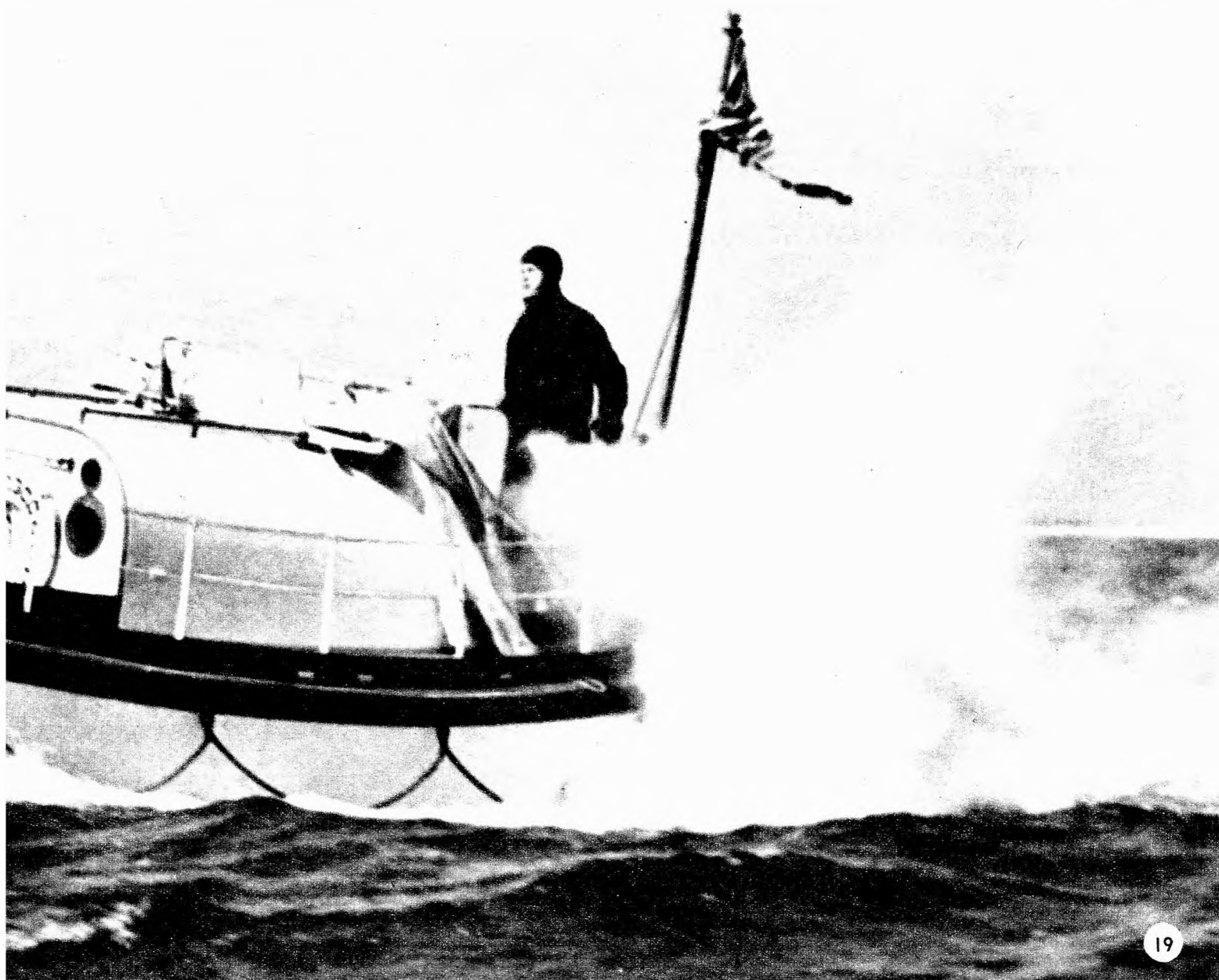
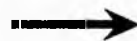
ROLL OVER



The BAR

The broken towline was wrapped tightly over our stern, firmly tangled in the boat's screw. We were adrift in the open sea!

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE





ROLL OVER the BAR

by Boatswain's Mate **THOMAS D. McADAMS, USCG**

as told to **BILL KREH**

● ● The great green mountain of water came hurtling at us. It caught our small motor lifeboat head-on. My desperate shout of warning was lost in a thunderous roar as the wall of cold sea water engulfed me.

The rampaging Pacific tossed us about like a cork. The 36-foot boat rode high in the air for a second, then it twisted, rolled over in the cascading water and went completely under. I struggled to keep my hold inside the tiny cockpit, choking and gasping for each breath.

Over we went again and again, spinning crazily in and out of the water. The angry breakers were driving us at break-neck speed toward the distant shore.

"Miller! Miller!" I shouted as I hung on desperately, straining every muscle in my body against the cruel force of the furious ocean. Its roar drowned out my cries.

Grimly, I hung on. This was it, I thought. It looked like the Coast Guard would be missing two members in the morning . . .

It had all started about four o'clock that afternoon, December 31, 1953. I'm a member of the crew at the Coast Guard's Yaquina Bay Lifeboat Station near Newport, Oregon.

We received a radio call from a fishing vessel, the *Uyak*. She and five other fishing boats were going to try to cross over the bar into the bay from the ocean. The seas were rough and there was a strong wind blowing. They wanted the Coast Guard to stand by in case they ran into trouble.

The Yaquina Bar is a shallow channel of water linking the ocean with the mouth of the bay. It's about a half-mile long and 500 feet wide. It's a treacherous stretch of water in a rough sea.

Ray Miller, engineman second class, and I shoved off from the station in one of our motor lifeboats and headed for the bar.

Our boat was one of the self-bailing, self-righting type. She had a watertight deck running throughout her length, slightly above the load waterline. The space below was a watertight compartment. The bow and stern air tanks were built in very high, and she had a heavy lead keel.

At 4:35 P.M., the first of the fishing vessels crossed in over the bar. Two more came in right behind. We were lying close to the inside of the north jetty waiting for the others to cross when, at 5:07, the *Uyak* called by radio. She'd broken an oil line and her engine had gone dead. We headed out to help her.

The bar was very rough. There were 35-foot swells racing along at between 30 and 40 miles an hour. Each swell was a huge, live mass of water, tossing and spilling with a force greater than can be realized. They came in rolls of three to five, with about five minutes between cycles.

"It's going to be rough!" I shouted at Miller above the roar of the wind and sea. "Better check the boat and see if she's ready!"

He made a quick check. Everything was okay. With one

hand on the throttle, I watched the swells come racing in over the bar, timing them carefully. As the last of the coming rush of breakers hurtled in, I jabbed the throttle and the lifeboat leaped through the water.

We headed out towards the open sea. The swells hit us head-on, and we were bucking a strong wind that had gusts up to 55 mph. The boat would climb each swell until it seemed like we'd drop off backwards into the trough. Quickly, I'd cut the engine to an idle to keep us from leaping off into space and dropping 30 to 35 feet into the base of the next swell.

It was rough going, and soon it got even rougher. We were just about across the bar when the big breakers started in again. They began breaking heavily on both the north and south reefs and behind us.

It was like riding a cold, wet roller coaster. I had to give the boat full throttle to get through the last of the big breakers so we wouldn't get caught in the curl of the breaker. I cut the speed when we hit the top, but even then we broke through the crest and dropped with a force that knocked our legs out from under us and set the compass spinning in the binnacle.

We were now on the outside of the bar and headed out into the open sea. I could see the mastlight of the *Uyak* bobbing in the distance. She was about one-and-a-half miles southwest of the bay's entrance buoy. I steered toward her.

By 5:45, we'd reached the disabled craft. A full day's catch of crabs in her hold made her ride low in the water. Her total weight was all of 35 tons. This was going to be a tough tow job for our little 10½-ton lifeboat.

Quickly, we got a hawser over to the *Uyak* and started towing her toward the entrance buoy. The sea tossed the two boats unmercifully.

Then it happened. Two rough breakers, one right after the other. The towline parted.

I swung the boat around and headed back to try and make the connection again, when the station radioed and said a cutter was on the way to take over the towing job, and for us to stay near the entrance buoy.

Minutes later, the skipper of the *Uyak* got his motor going again, and proceeded on in over the bar under his own power.

Suddenly, our engine stopped. I knew what had happened the minute I saw the broken towline tight over our stern. It'd become firmly entangled in our boat's screw. Now we were the ones who were adrift helplessly in the wild sea!

I quickly called the station and reported what had happened. They ordered another lifeboat out to our assistance. We were drifting rapidly toward the north reef, so Miller and I set out our sea anchor.

We rode the surf until the other lifeboat, skippered by Giles Vanderhoot, boatswain's mate second class, showed up. As soon as possible, they got a (Continued on page 46)



I took two, maybe three steps, then something hit me from behind. All at once, there was blood pouring down my shirt.

PRY OPEN HIS JAWS

by **GORDON DELAWDER**
as told to **JOHN HUNT** and **BILL McILWAIN**

●● I was feeling good as I headed for the timber that morning. Up early, and with breakfast comfortable in my belly, I admired the Virginia countryside as I walked along the dusty road. It was a pretty day—a good one to swing an ax or lean on a crosscut saw. I didn't dream my time was running out fast and that before the hour was gone, I'd meet a mad killer.

For all I know, he was already trailing me, for his attack was timed so perfectly that I had no warning. But let me start from the beginning so you'll have the whole picture clear.

By trade, I'm a timberman. I'm 35 years old and my stamping ground is Virginia's Shenandoah County, up against the mountains in the northwestern part of the state, right on the West Virginia line.

It's a mighty nice place to live, especially for a man

who likes to get a deer in his gunsight or a trout on his line. On the edge of the famous Shenandoah Valley, we raise turkeys by the thousands, and we've got some industry and what's more, a number of pretty, modern towns.

Shenandoah is a green place where things grow fast and strong, and even on midsummer nights, the air is always cool and clean. With most city advantages and plenty of open country, you might say it's an ideal place to raise kids.

A lot of people have asked me since, "Gordon, what were you thinking about as you walked along the road that morning?" I guess I should whip up a fancy answer, but I just tell them the truth: I wasn't thinking about much of anything. After all, I was just like you or anybody, a fellow on his way to earn a living.

Certainly trouble was the farthest thing from my thoughts.

A neighbor, Wilmer Hensberger, and I were going to cut some timber on a tract not far from where I live. We've got fine stands of timber there, and I like my work.

Timbermen, you know, are (*Continued on page 47*)


When they set aside the death sentence, the victim's mother stood



THE GIRL in the

up in court, screamed, then flung a bottle at the murderer's head.

by **WILLIAM G. KIEFER**
Assistant Chief of Police, Louisville, Ky.
as told to Don Browning



● ● Earldon Shouse leaned on the handle of the shovel he had been wielding methodically for the last half hour. A vagrant odor in the wind had brought his digging to a halt, an odor he had known long ago, but one never to be forgotten—the odor of death. Shouse had served overseas in World War II, and it had been his grim fortune to help bury the bodies of many of his buddies. The clinging, sickly sweet odor of death was a smell not to be confused with anything else, and one that he would remember as long as he lived.

Now, as this same characteristic and unique odor struck his nostrils, he not only turned his face toward the wind and stopped his digging, but he pondered two phrases which he and the police of Kentucky had been seeking to interpret for nearly two weeks: "Up the hill to the left. Slip in laundry bag."

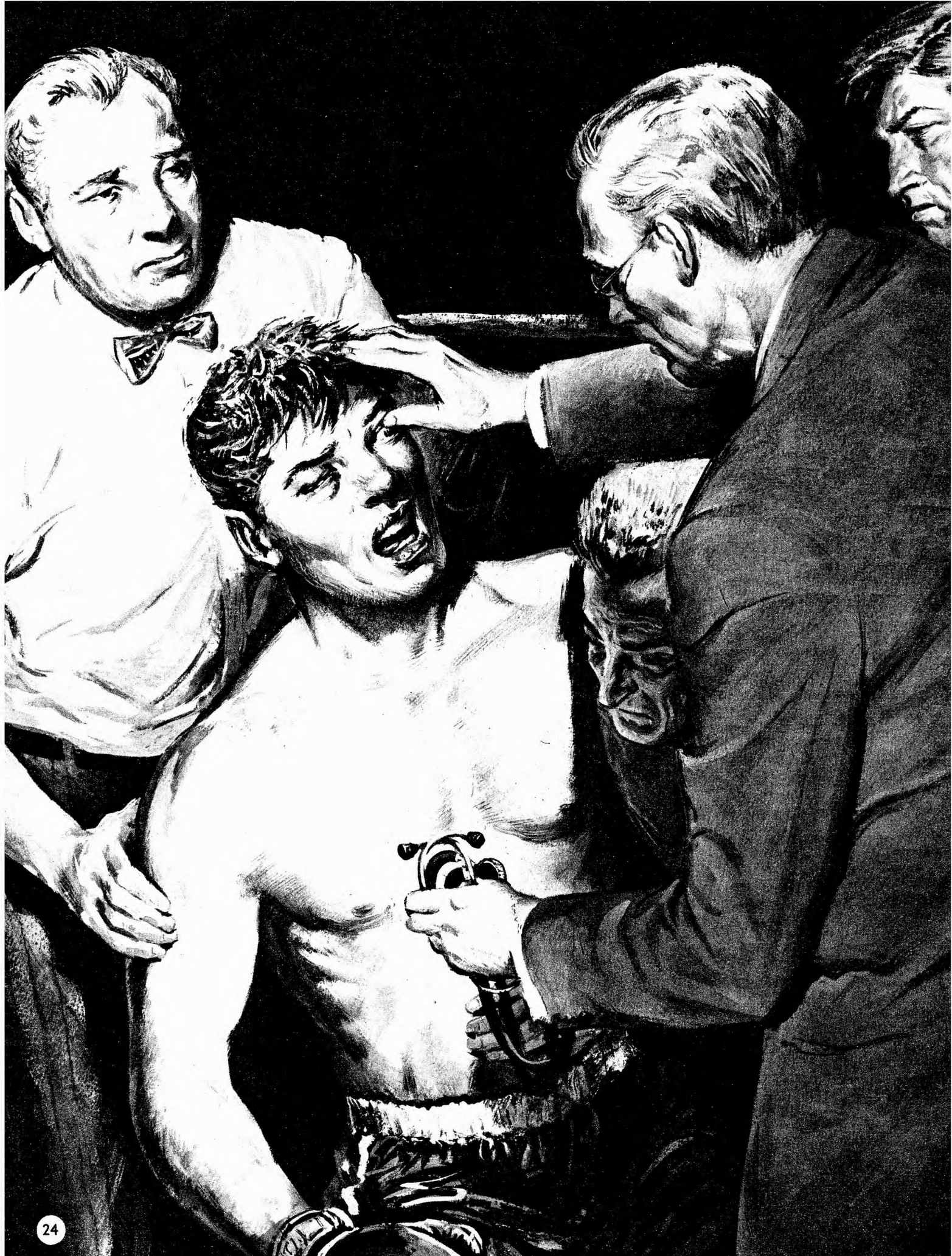
What did they mean? It didn't take Earldon Shouse long to find the answer.

There was a little hill in a heavy bush covered area some 24 feet back from a private lane leading off Love Ridge Road. It was to the left. Shouse, Arnold Robert Searcy, Morris Mahuron, Thomas Mahuron, George Shields, Ernest Richardson, Bennert Hammons and J. E. Lisby, had spent most of the morning digging on the farm of W. Carl Terrell, along Love Ridge Road, about three quarters of a mile from U. S. Highway 62. They had found nothing, but now Earldon Shouse strode to the little hill, turned over a few spadefuls of earth and uncovered the victim of one of the foulest, most wanton and despicable murders in the entire history of the State of Kentucky.

The victim was 15-year-old Wanda Hughes of Louisville. Even Shouse, with the hardening of World War II burial details, couldn't bring himself to expose the body completely. It rested in a shallow grave, but neither Shouse nor his colleagues needed confirmation of the identity of their find. For, on a mud covered finger of the left hand, Wanda still wore the black onyx ring of which she was so proud and which had figured in all descriptions furnished police, who had carried forward for two weeks one of the most intensive searches in the history of Louisville and adjoining areas.

The case first came to police (*Continued on page 51*)

LAUNDRY BAG





TAKE HIM IN 6

By JACK RICHIE

He was the best light-heavy in the business, a cinch for the title. And everybody—even his manager—prayed he'd get his head knocked off.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAL SINGER



I figured I'd been carrying the bum long enough. The big paying customers at ringside now had their money's worth.

In the clinch I looked up at the clock. Only a few seconds to go, so I'd have to wait until the next round. On the break, I threw a stiff left that buckled Burke's knees. The fans groaned and set up a clamor of boos. I strolled back to my corner, grinning, as the bell ended the third round.

Mike Watt, my manager, shoved the stool under me. He shook his head. "Why did you have to hit on the break," he said sadly. "You know you don't need to do that to win."

The referee came over to my corner. "I'm taking that round away from you. If you try it again it'll cost you that round, too."

"Take it easy, boss," I said with a broad grin. "Just limber up that forefinger. You'll need it for counting in the next round."

The ref stared at me and then walked away.

Mike handed me the bottle and I took a swig. "Take a look around," he said. "They hate your guts."

I rinsed my mouth and used the bucket. "What's the difference if they love me or hate me. As long as they pay their money. Nice house," I said, glancing around. "Nearly full."

The 10-second buzzer sounded. Mike handed me my mouthpiece and then he and the seconds got out of the ring.

Burke came out slow, his arms too low, waiting to throw the long right that might end it. I let him have a light left to his nose and danced away. He punched a big hole in the air in front of me. I laughed at him.

His face got red as he swarmed in, (Continued on page 74)

by **PETER BELLOISE**
as told to **MICHAEL DUBALL**

●● The grass—what was left of it that hadn't been burned away by the sun—was bleached yellow. The ground was caked, and when the wind came in behind our house from the south it filled the air with a fine spray of dust. It lay over the trees, in the leaves, covered the whole wooded area with a powdery gray silt. It was in the clothes that my wife hung out to dry. It got into the car engine, the tractor motor and somehow, no matter how careful we were to keep the windows and doors shut, it got into the house.

It had been that way all of July and August, 1949. And now, in the beginning of September, all of us who lived in the Continental Divide forest area were praying for rain. There had been more than a dozen brush fires and two of them, in the Helena National Forest area, had been real bad. The one at Mann Gulch where they used smoke jumpers was the worst. Thirteen men perished in the flames. Now, with the approach of an early Fall, with the drying up of the timber and the shriveling of the leaves, any fire might become a major blaze and wipe out the entire area.

We had had repeated warnings from the Forest Service Ground Patrolmen on taking necessary precautions. Three of the families had closed up their homes and gone into Helena, Montana, to live with friends or relatives until the end of the dry spell. We remained, Mac, my brother-in-law, who had been recently discharged from the Service, my wife Martha, and the two girls, Ellen, six, and Florrie, four. We had built the place ourselves, mostly with timber hacked out of our own piece of property—236 acres of good solid timberland. It was everything we had in the world.

It was on a Tuesday night, at 4 A.M., that we got the news of the fire. Maury Teller called us. He was our closest neighbor. His place was three miles south of the heavily wooded gulch that *(Continued on page 48)*

He bolted for the house, screaming like crazy. I slapped at him with a wet sheet and then tossed it over him. The smell of seared flesh filled my nostrils, and I could feel my insides coming up.

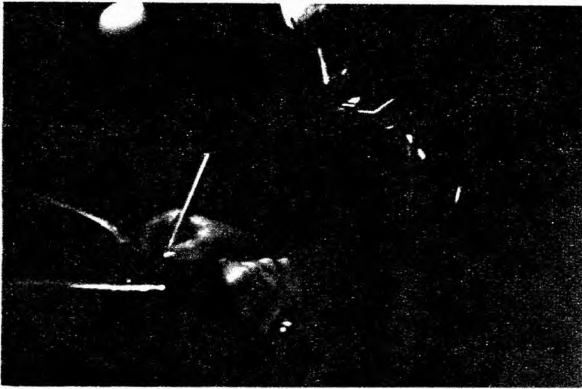
I'm being

BURNED



ALIVE!

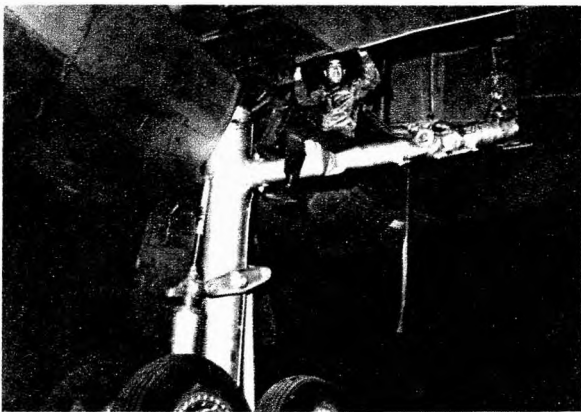
We "DROPPED" the



Prior to take-off, the navigator again goes over the course the huge B-36 is to follow to the target city.



At pre-dawn roll call, Major Steiner makes a personal inspection of each crew man's life-saving equipment.



Pre-flight checks are made of all the parts of the big bomber. Here an airman examines wheel assembly.

Final briefing is held before boarding. By 6 A.M. the men are all at their stations, and we're ready to roll.



by THOMPSON R. WATT

●● We stood in the chilly pre-dawn on the concrete apron, our equipment spread out before us. In the eerie half light of headlights from a scattering of command cars we could make out the ghostly silhouette of the huge aircraft a few paces away.

It was Walker Air Force Base, Roswell, in southern New Mexico, one of the nesting places of the Strategic Air Command's fabulous thundering sky-giant, the B-36 super-bomber. We had been granted permission—after an intensive "checkout" by meticulous security officers—to cover a SAC mission for our newspaper; a mission in which, theoretically, we were to unleash an A-bomb over Denver, our hometown, some 425 nautical miles to the north.

The 15 men lined up beside us, answering the early morning roll, were SAC men, security-bound, soft-spoken men skilled in the art of waging total war.

The story for us had begun the day before, when the plane carrying Photographer Dean Conger and myself from Denver touched at Walker. We were to be the only civilians on the mission; we had been screened and re-screened during the several weeks before by Gen. Curtis LeMay's headquarters at Offutt air force base, Omaha, capital city for the SAC network which extends from the far-flung bases of frozen Thule, in Greenland, to the hot sands of North Africa, from Puerto Rico to Japan.

Security is more than a watchword. These men play for keeps.

As the United States' "delivery men" for atomic missiles, SAC men live with the realization that they are the front line for the defense of the free world, and that in these days of earth-shattering weapons, there are no rear lines. Not to guard their operations with ironbound security would be folly.

We were to become fully aware during our three-day visit on the base of the fantastic efficiency of SAC security. Visitors are under almost constant surveillance. We could not have gotten off the base through any gate but the one leading to the strip where we landed. We didn't get into Roswell, six miles north of the main gate. We couldn't have reached the flight line except by the gate assigned us, where the sentries were well-briefed as to our descriptions and business on the base. We were driven everywhere; we were not at liberty to stroll around the constantly patrolled reservation.

At least one telephone line between each SAC base and LeMay's office in Omaha is always open. The general's theory is that SAC must be constantly ready for instant retaliation to an act of aggression.

"We can only assume the signal will come this afternoon. Only by being convincingly ready can we prevent new hundreds of Hiroshimas," LeMay has said.

When LeMay sounds the alarm, the complete SAC force can be put into the air with "minimum delay." (How

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

A-BOMB on DENVER



We were 15 miles from the target when the C.O. turned the plane over to the radar observer. It was all his now—right to the strike zone.



Gunners "fire" with cameras if plane is intercepted en route. Later, film is developed to see who won in any mock exchange.



When the Gargantuan plane levels off at 25,000 feet—the altitude it maintains throughout flight—the men begin to relax.

WE "DROPPED" THE A-BOMB ON DENVER

fast this can be accomplished is classified information.)

Crews in SAC have war emergency targets assigned. When the alert sounds the men will load aboard "fly away kits" containing some 43,900 items—from engines to medical supplies—and prepare to set up shop in the polar regions, Africa or, perhaps, on some Pacific isle. The crews of the 36s, B-47s and transports are put through these alerts often, never knowing until they are set to take off whether or not it is the real thing.

Ours was to be a routine training mission. Routine to a crew and plane that are accustomed to staying aloft at altitudes up to 40,000 feet for 40 hours at a time.

We had attended the crew briefing the afternoon before. The nature of the mission and the weather conditions to be encountered had been explained. We had been assigned our positions in the ship: Conger in the right cabin gun blister, myself across the radio operators' compartment in the left plastic bubble. We were briefed on what to do in an emergency. We were instructed on the use of the high altitude parachute that opens automatically at 17,000 feet after a free fall of up to equal that distance. We also had been shown where to tap into the great craft's oxygen network.

Maj. Irwin O. (Jack) Steiner, 35-year-old air commander, completed the before-dawn roll call and personal inspection of each man's life-saving equipment. A veteran of 12 and a half years service, the commander was the "father of the ship"; the \$3,500,000 aircraft was his responsibility. He invited us to accompany him as he made his final pre-flight checks.

The enormity of the bomber was brought home to us. Here is an airplane with a wingspan of 230 feet, almost the

distance between the two 10-yard lines of a football field. Its vertical stabilizer reaches four stories into the air.

The six pusher-type engines which drive 19-foot propellers and four J47-GE-19 jet engines, hung in "pods" below the wings, combine to produce energy equivalent to that of seven locomotives. The six wing tanks in this Consolidated-Vultee craft hold 21,116 gallons of gasoline and 1,200 gallons of oil. A passenger automobile could encircle the globe 16 times and then tour every state in the Union with this amount of gasoline and oil.

The weight of the fuel a B-36 will consume during a mission such as ours is equal to the weight of one and a half fully-loaded B-17's, of World War II vintage.

The volume of the bomb bay is approximately the same as three standard railroad freight cars. The maximum gross take-off weight is 358,000 pounds.

The B-36 is big aircraft.

The commander was shining his flashlight on the speed indicators, pressure valves, the eight 750-pound tires. When he had completed his inspection, we climbed the metal ramp to the cabin in the ship's nose.

It was 6 A.M.; each crew man was at his station. The huge props kicked sluggishly, and soon were rotating smoothly.

The major, through the intercom, asked the scanners in the tail section if the engines were rolling properly and not "pushing" oil. From the nose, the pilots have limited views to the rear and ground. The wings which support the six pusher and four jet engines are set into the craft amidships.

The take-off is to be into the northwest. It is daylight as the ship lumbers to the end of the (*Continued on page 66*)

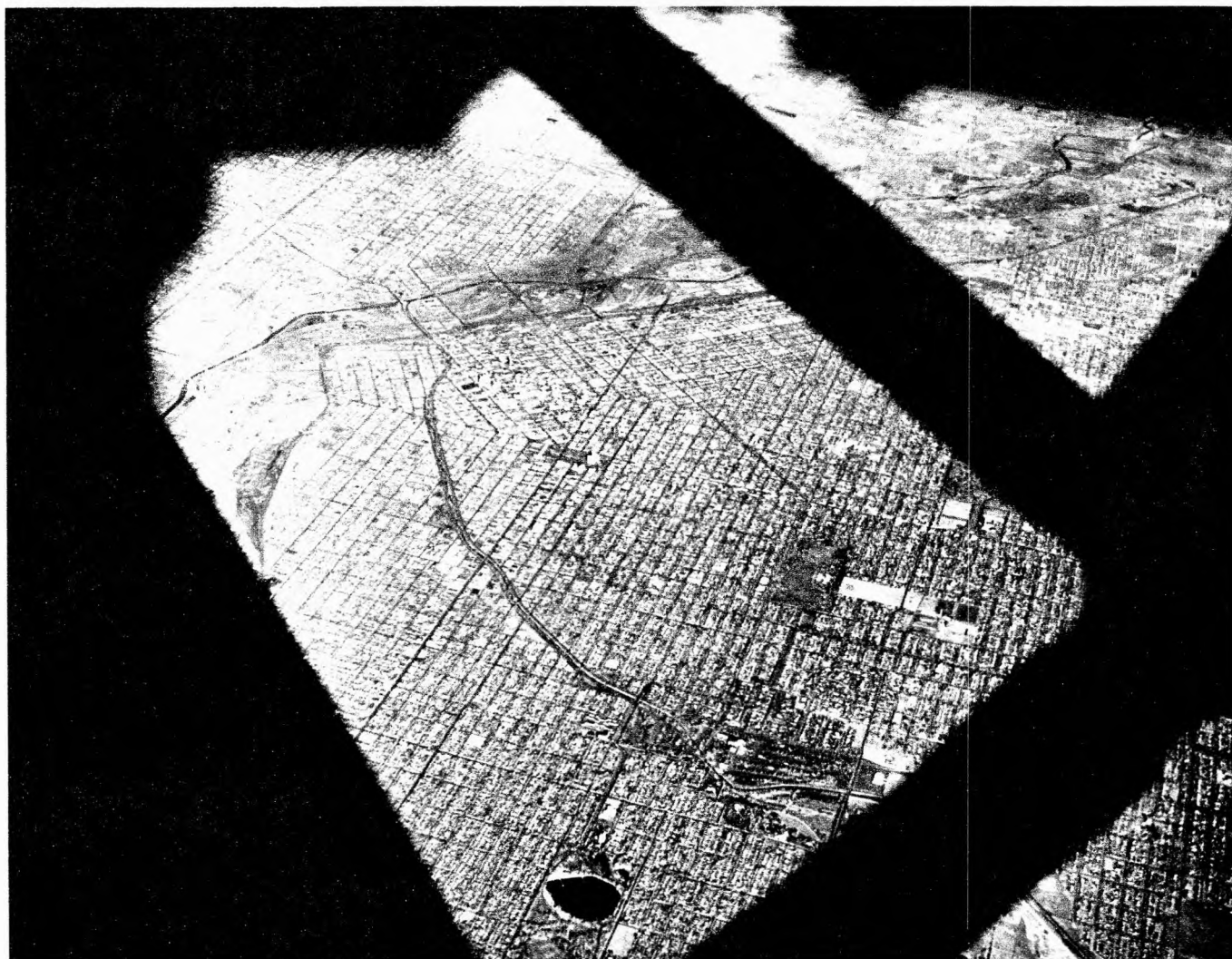


The second radar observer shoots the sun from his position on the flight deck while ship drones steadily on toward Denver.



Tension mounts as the pilot makes a 360-degree turn over the initial point—the designated spot where the bomb run begins.

On target, the chief radar observer directs release of the “bomb.” How close he came is top secret, but SAC men don’t miss.



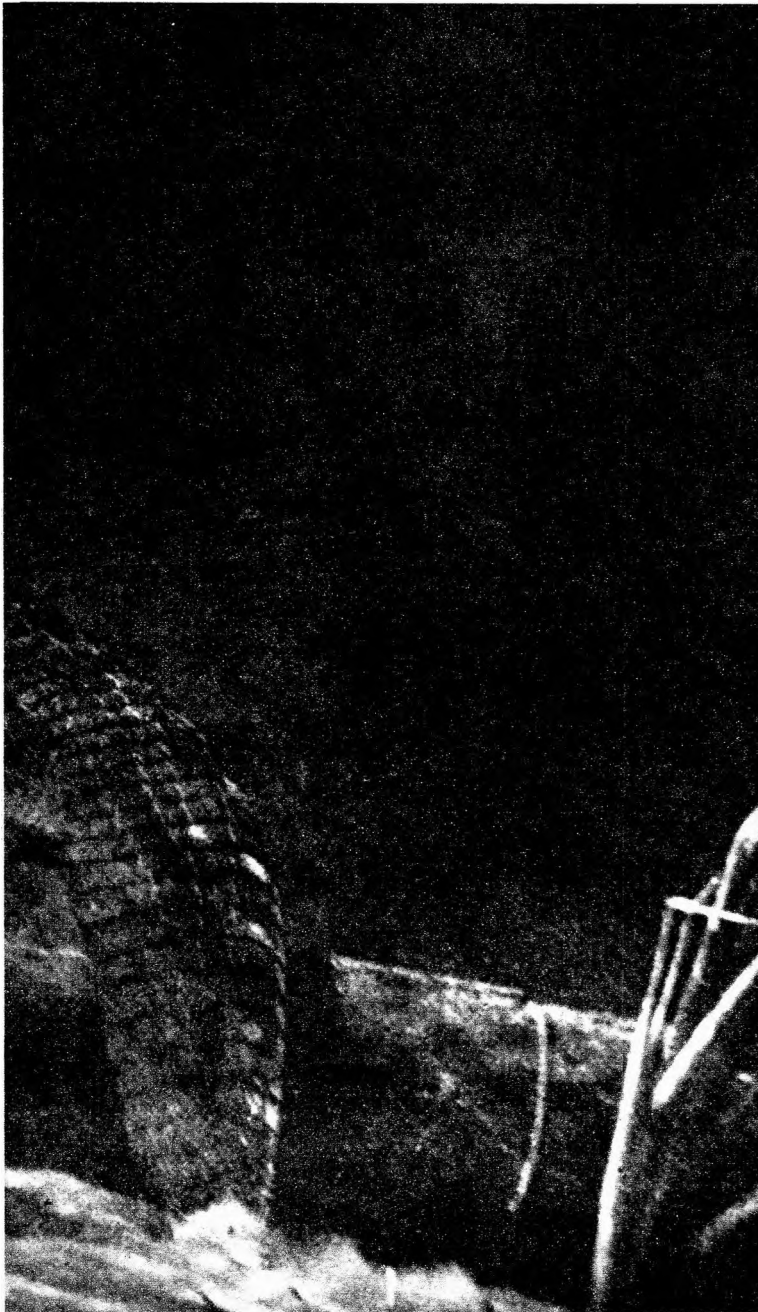
I

clawed my fingers into the mushy mass
soft as an overripe orange,



CRUSH HIM to your

that was the top of his head. It was
and it felt like my whole hand was digging into his brain.



by "CAPTAIN" BILLY WALSH

as told to Steve Perkins

●● One of the women in the audience saw my blood start spurting out of the 'gator's mouth and over my wrist and she screamed. The men didn't make a sound. They didn't move, either.

"Lady," I thought, "I may not have much of a hand left by the time I get it back, but this is a picnic compared to being in the water with him."

I wrestle 'gators every day. It's part of my job, running a sea zoo at Daytona Beach in Florida. If you don't get careless, like I did this day the 'gator got my hand, it's simple and safe enough.

In the water it's another story. Only once have I gone into the soup to fight one—that nightmare of a night on Frying Pan Lake—and I still try not to remember it.

If I do remember, it takes a little of the guts out of me when I step into the 'gator pen to give the tourists a show for their money. The idea is to demonstrate how easy it is to keep a 'gator's mouth closed once you get it shut. This time my hand slipped on the slimy underside of his jaw and that's all he was waiting for. Now he had it clamped between his teeth, and I cursed myself for a stupid fool.

For a minute I panicked, and I saw myself back in the inky blackness of Frying Pan Lake and heard the roaring thrash of the 'gator's tail as I fought him for my life.

Then my head cleared and the bright afternoon sun filled all around and I said to myself, "What the hell, Walsh. You got this one pinned to the ground. Just keep his head still so he can't tear off your fingers."

I looked up at the white-faced visitors pressing against the fence and spoke as calmly as I could.

"Would one of you men step in here and hand me my knife?" Silence reigned.

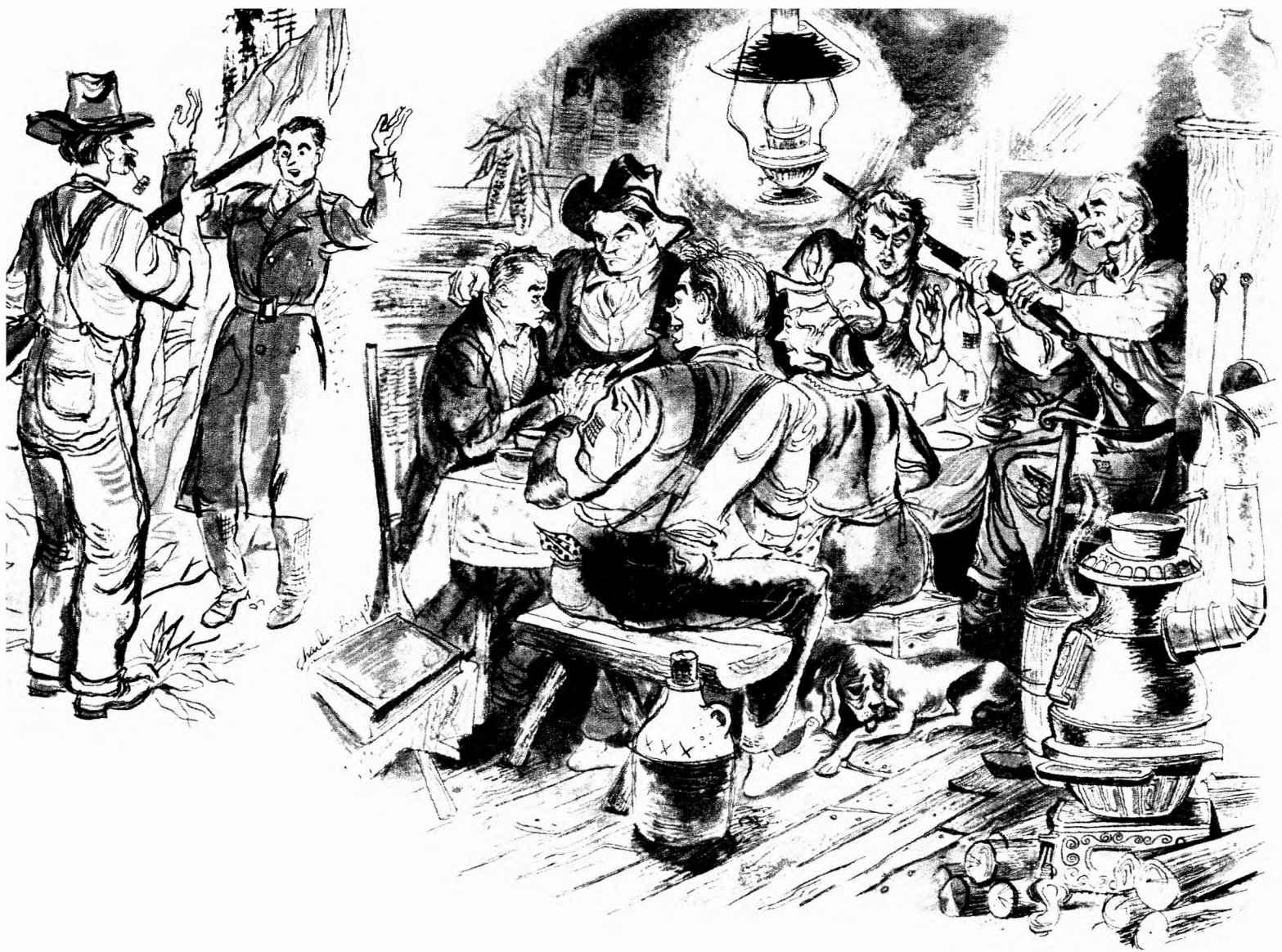
The knife was on my right hip, where I couldn't reach it with my other hand without easing the pressure I was using to straddle and pin the 'gator to the ground. He wanted to spin and twist, rip and tear. He shook his long, massive head like a bulldog, and I tried to lean harder against him.

Somebody yelled they were going to get help. Zeke, the guy who works the zoo with me, was on his lunch hour, and I told them where to find him.

I couldn't blame any of those men for staying where they were. We keep 40 to 50 'gators in the pen at all times, and when I go in there every day, though I seem to stroll through unconcerned, the truth is I'm operating with a caution born of long experience.

So I waited. And my thoughts automatically went back to that tougher time—that black night on the lake. I held tight to the 'gator that had (*Continued on page 62*)

BELLY



All I wanted was a few simple facts for the 1950 census. So first they tried to brain me, then they decided they'd like having me around—permanently.



●● In the spring of 1950 there were exactly 150,697,361 people living in the U.S.A. We took the census that spring, and as a field enumerator I met a lot of those people. Most of them were just

ordinary folks, friendly and grumpy and rich and poor and—well, you know: Plain citizens.

But there were six of them who really stand out in my memory; six that I won't forget if I live to be the oldest man in the state. They were the doggondest people! All I wanted from them was their names and a few simple facts. So first they tried to cave in my skull, and then they treated me like visiting royalty, after which they held me prisoner. And finally they came so close to murdering me that I still shake when I remember it.

Man! Talk about tough characters . . .

It was the biggest job of census-taking in history. Those

of us who took it, we walked a total of 25 million miles that spring. We checked on everybody in the country. To do that, some of us had to travel by rowboat, airplane or horseback. Up in the north, planes covered vast spaces of woodland, and wherever the pilot spotted a thread of smoke, he'd drop a census taker in a parachute.

A lot of stories could be told about the adventures we had. We uncovered a lot of illegal enterprises, walking over every square mile in the country. Some of us were shot at; others had vicious dogs set on them; some had bad falls, and some were almost drowned. But as far as I know, I was the only enumerator who suffered from an advanced case of homicidal hospitality!

My territory lay in the Arkansas Ozarks, a string of knobs and craggy peaks that's one of the oldest mountain chains in the world. The folks that live there are just as old-fashioned as their hills; by that (*Continued on page 54*)

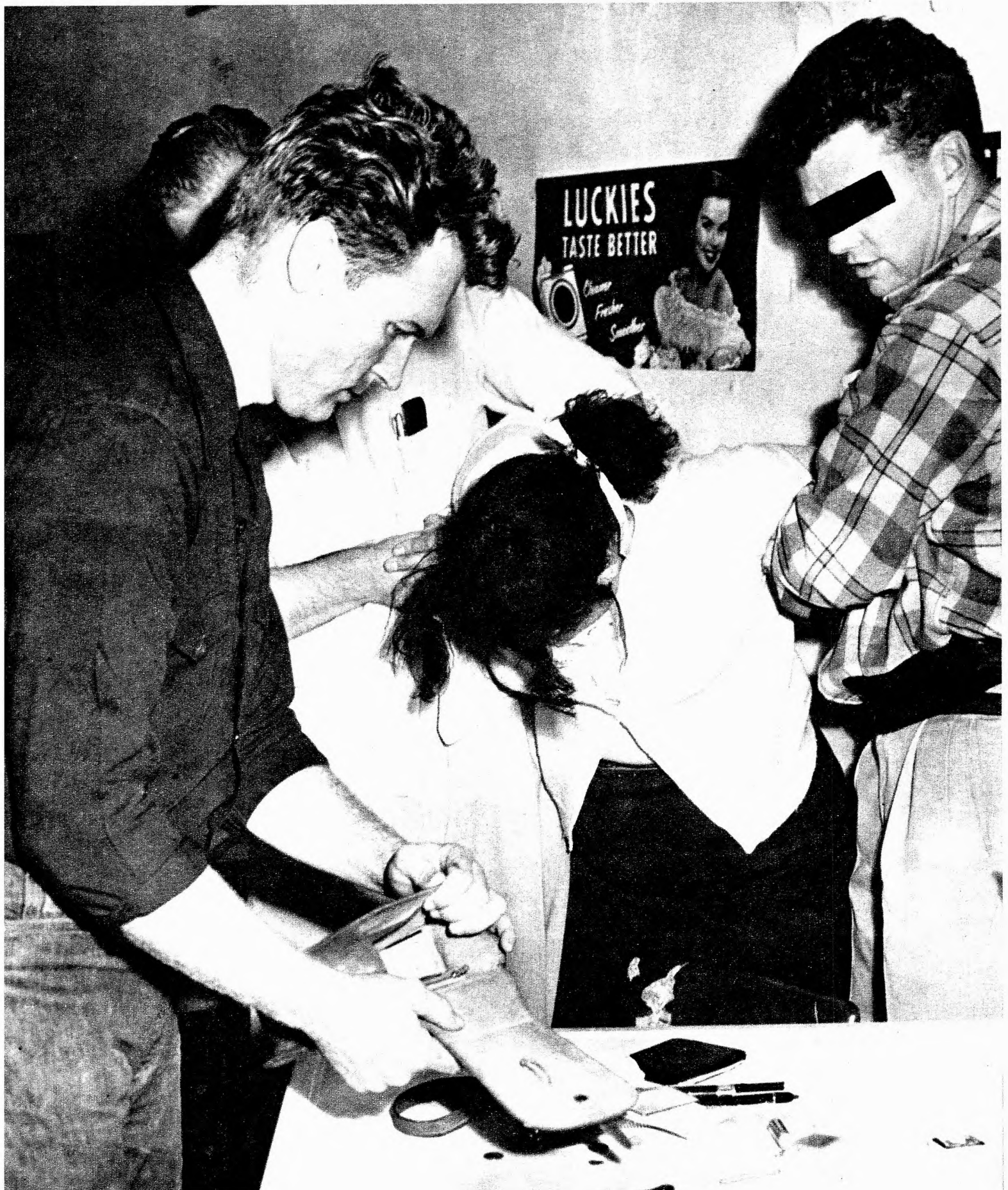


They LOVED ME in the OZARKS

by KEEB DOUGHERTY
as told to JEFF MAJOR



I WENT on a



DOPE RAID



It was obvious that the men and women who filled the joint were not there just to lap up beer.

by DON HOSTER

as told to DON DWIGGINS

● ● "You don't have to take this assignment," Aaron Dudley said flatly when he handed me a slip of paper with something scrawled on it. I took the slip. It read:

"NARCO RAID. BIGGEST YET. WHOLE COUNTY INVOLVED. MEET CAPT. FRED FIMBRES 9 P.M."

I read the memo thoughtfully. Then I looked closely at a notation in the corner. It said: "Expect trouble."

I grinned at Dudley, the city editor of the *Los Angeles Daily News*. "I'll take it," I said. I wasn't feeling particularly heroic, but I knew this was the big knockover we had been hearing rumbles about. I wouldn't miss it for the world.

The narcotic squads of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Office and the Los Angeles Police Department had been laying the ground work for this deal for months. It was an unusual effort, to merge the two agencies into a giant strike against the alarming dope traffic that was strangling Los Angeles.

Sheriff Eugene W. Biscailuz and Police Chief William H. Parker had decided to join forces on this night and blast the dirty business with everything they had. And I was offered the chance to go along!

I thought of my own kids and the thousands of other children who went to school in Los Angeles, and how the narcotics evil was creeping into the very classrooms in an unparalleled attempt by a powerful ring of narcotics peddlers to take over the whole ugly multimillion-dollar racket.

And the CE said I didn't have to take the assignment. Hell, you couldn't drive me away from this one!

It was dusk when I pulled up in front of the Sheriff Narcotic Bureau. A small group of men stood waiting on the sidewalk, and I recognized Fimbres, head of the hard-hitting unit. Fimbres was tall, dark and handsome, and looked more like a band leader than a cop. But that's

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Unsuspecting Josie passed "H" capsules to an undercover agent and was nabbed by officers.



"Peanuts" is searched for stuff he eagerly peddled to teenagers, although he'd never dream of taking "junk" himself.



A shakedown of "Green Eyes'" apartment uncovered a tin of marijuana seeds hidden behind the baseboard back of the tub.

I WENT on a DOPE RAID

the way it is with the narco men—they aren't supposed to look like cops.

"What's the pitch?" I asked Fimbres when he walked over and shook hands.

"Sorry," Fimbres grinned. "Top secret stuff tonight. You'll find out soon enough. You go with Sgt. Don Saulsbury."

I nodded to Saulsbury, a fine cop I had worked with before. I threw my camera gear into the back of his Plymouth and went back to the group. Fimbres was giving them a last-minute briefing.

"Stay on radio contact at all times," said Fimbres. "I'll be in the office coordinating our end of the deal. We're to work closely with LAPD, and there can't be any slip-up. You all know the code signals. Everything tonight depends upon timing. See to it that nobody slips up. Now give em hell."

The little knot of grim-faced men silently turned and drifted to their cars—not shiny sheriff cars with big stars on the sides, but dirty, nondescript sedans with battered fenders and worn paint jobs.

I climbed in beside Saulsbury and we swung out into traffic and headed toward the East side. I sat there, waiting for Saulsbury to tell me what was ahead. Finally he broke the silence.

"Don," he said, "this is dirty business. We're onto something hot tonight. Not just another knockover. This is big."

I nodded and didn't say anything. I knew he'd tell me what I had to know to do my job, and not much more.

"The first guy we're after," he said, "is rotten as hell. He's a guy with a record, and he's out on probation. But his morals are so twisted that he goes right on pushing junk. He's a peddler, one of the agents of the giant supply outfit that is corrupting everyone it comes into contact with.

"He preys on school kids, because they're susceptible, and once the habit is formed, it means new business for him."

I shuddered at the thought of what Saulsbury was saying, but I knew he was right. This was no television cop talking. This was for real.

Saulsbury swung across Civic Center and headed into Boyle Heights, turning and twisting through the residential area until I was lost. All the time, our radio kept up a running monotone, telling of crime in the night.

"We're going to arrest this guy and arrest him good," Saulsbury suddenly said grimly. "I only hope they'll give him a good long rap. It hurts the hell out of us to be out here working this detail and making a good arrest, only to have this guy hit the street after a short stretch. He goes right on then, laughing at the law and society."

Suddenly Saulsbury pulled to the curb and cut off the engine and the lights. I looked at him curiously, and he nodded toward the other side of the street. There were two other narcotics agents sitting there in their car, and then I saw another car parked ahead, with another pair of officers sitting in the dark.

Saulsbury picked up the mike (*Continued on page 44*)



Josie put up a hell of a fight but was finally led off to jail, where she joined 57 others rounded up in the night's raids.



Koenecke had his troubles with called third strikes all season. So the Dodgers decided to give him a permanent vacation with pay.



CASEY SAID GOODBYE

by **RAY ROBINSON**

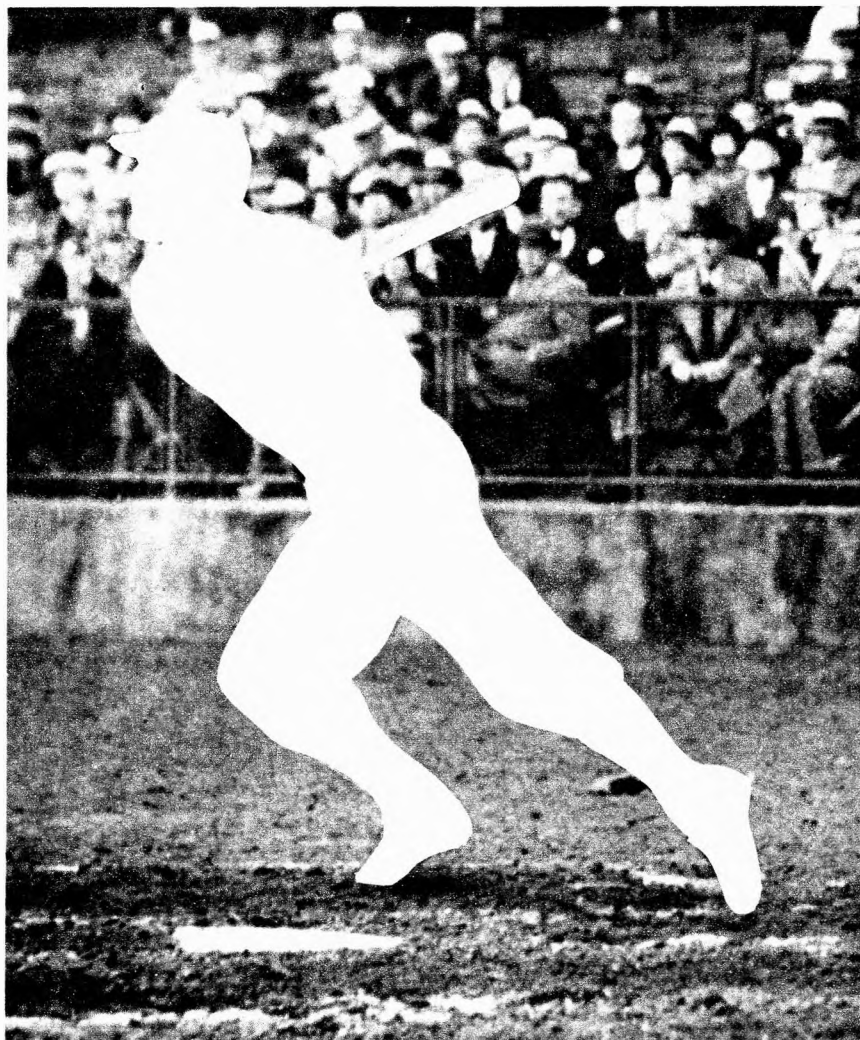
● ● Five world championships and two decades before Charles Dillon “Casey” Stengel qualified as the resident genius of the New York Yankees, he was titular head of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

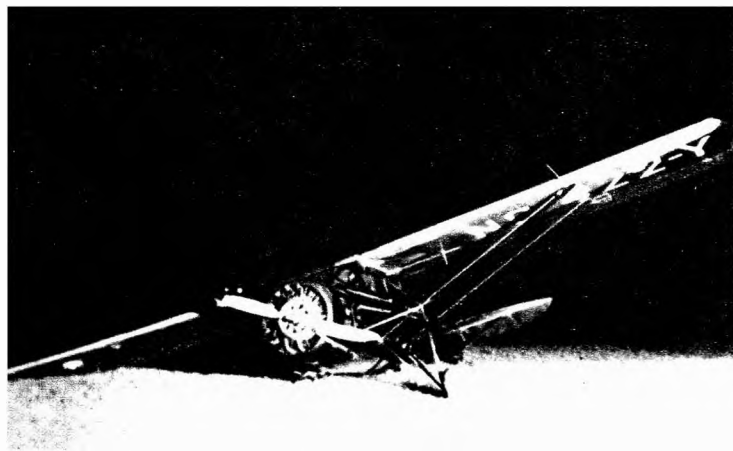
The Dodgers were “still in the league” in 1935—but not by much. By the middle of September that year they were playing stooge for the Cubs, Cards and Giants, each of whom had the notion they were going to win the National League pennant.

Casey accepted defeat with Godfrey-like humility in those days. So when the Cards plastered his team that Monday afternoon he had nothing more on his mind than saying goodbye to three of his players.

When Casey reached the Dodger clubhouse in St. Louis’ Sportsman’s Park, those players who weren’t drowning defeat under the showers were shaking hands with the three men Stengel had “excused” for the rest of the season. The three, who realized they were being cut to make way for fresh talent, were in the center of the humid room, accepting handshakes like young bridegrooms. Sports-writers of that day would have assured you that leaving the Dodgers was an equally felicitous occasion.

In the fall of 1931 John McGraw, in a last, desperate effort to rehabilitate the Giants





Mulqueeney managed to bring his monoplane down on a race track near Toronto, Canada, but by then Len Koenecke was already dead of a brain hemorrhage. Funeral services were held for the former Brooklyn outfielder in Adams City, Wisconsin.

before his death, bought Leonard Koenecke from Indianapolis of the American Association for \$75,000. That was at the height of the depression, so when Indianapolis insisted the Giants pay them in players, and not in cash, owner Charles A. Stoneham of the Giants was delighted to part with two righthanders—John Berly, and Joe Heving, and an outfielder, Harry Rosenberg.

By the end of 1932 Len Koenecke had failed dismally in the service of McGraw, and Giant fans ridiculed the outfielder as a "\$75,000 lemon"—an awfully expensive piece of fruit in those apple-selling days.

Now Stengel was saying goodbye to Koenecke, who had come to Brooklyn in 1933 in a trade that sent the popular Lefty O'Doul and southpaw Watson Clark to the

Polo Grounds. The much-publicized Koenecke, a murderous minor league batter, had failed again after one good season with the Dodgers. Stengel had directed the Brooklyn front office to make out a check for \$680—Koenecke's pay for the balance of the 1935 season—and let Len return home to his wife and three-year-old daughter.

There were new outfielders to be tested: Buster Mills, Gene Moore, Ox Eckhardt and Johnny Cooney; and Koenecke, scheduled to return to the minors in payment for Cooney, wouldn't be playing a part in Brooklyn's plans for 1936. Neither did Les Munns or Bobby Barrs figure to be around in '36. They were going home, too.

"We'll be seeing ya, Koenecke," said Stengel, who in subsequent years had trouble (*Continued on page 45*)



by **B. W. VON BLOCK**

●● Some day, some
joker will tap me on the
shoulder and ask me to

name the bravest man I ever met. The answer is going to
be a cinch.

I'll just tell him about George E. Parrish, the five-foot-six Infantry battalion commander who went three miles into a blasting, howling hell—and back—to save the lives of 36 of his men. Tossing away every rule in the book, the pint-sized lieutenant colonel knew he was risking his reputation, his career—and his life. But he took the dirty end of a million-to-one gamble and worked his miracle.

It was August, 1951, and the broiling sun had dehydrated the Korean landscape as well as the battle-weary GI's who lived and fought burrowed into the sides of the shell-torn hills. The searing summer wind blew the Korean dust into our faces and drove it into our pores. Our noses were filled with it, and when we spat, our spittle was black with the dirt of Korea that lined our dry throats and coated our aching lungs.

It was not yet 10 o'clock in the morning, but the sun already blazed down on our tin helmets, making them too hot to hold as we crowded into the wide trench that served as the Observation Post for the 2nd Battalion, 8th Cavalry Regiment.

The OP had been dug just below the crest of a high bluff overlooking the long, broad valley that separated our

lines from those of the enemy. Our MLR was in good shape, for a two-week lull in the fighting had given us a chance to put overhead cover on the foxholes and string barbed wire along the slopes.

The Chinese positions were even better. From where we stood we looked across the valley into the mouth of a deadly U formed by the great curve of the Communist-held hills. Well up inside the U was a small hill mass that jutted out from the flatland around it. Surrounding it on three sides, in the same way that a perfect ringer wraps itself around the stake in horseshoes, were the Chinese lines. The communist troops could see every inch of the hill. We could only observe its southern slope and the burned bits of wreckage that remained of what had once been the Korean village of Mago-ri at its base.

It was three miles from the foot of the mountains along which our MLR was situated to the far side of that hill, give or take a couple of hundred yards. Across the narrower portions of the valley which flanked the U less than 2,000 yards separated the opposing forces. Every inch of the ground was under direct observation by the Reds and within range of their guns.

Yet, Regimental Headquarters had ordered the 2nd Battalion to send a platoon-sized patrol across that valley, into the mouth of the U *and around the hill of Mago-ri!*

Lt. Col. George E. Parrish puffed nervously on one cigarette after another. His head bobbed up and down as

We swung around to look at the Old Man. Lieutenant Colonels

just don't do things like that. Not in any army in the world!

**“I’M GOING
TO BRING
THEM IN!”**



he looked from the map overlay in his hand out over the valley and back to the map. "It's liable to be rough," he grunted to the exec, Major George Allen.

"I'm afraid so," the junior officer replied, studying the terrain with his glasses. "Awful rough."

There was no question about the importance of the patrol. Freshly-turned earth along the enemy line gave plenty of evidence of feverish activity. Something was going on, and we had to learn what it was.

Air observation had reported much movement behind the hill. We could see nothing, of course, beyond the southern slope. A night patrol was obviously out of the question. The operation was necessary, all right, but Pfc. George Esquer, my jeep driver, summed it up when he growled, "Yeah, but why our guys?"

George Company won the assignment and the outfit's CO picked his 3rd Platoon for the job. The patrol was scheduled to shove off in a quarter of an hour, at 1000. It was a long sweat while we waited for the men to start out. If it was any help to them, out there, every man in the battalion would be watching them every foot of the way.

It was fairly quiet in our sector. A few rounds of enemy artillery came in; a few of ours went out. It seemed as though both sides sat baking in the sun—waiting. I looked over at Col. Parrish, the "Old Man," and wondered how he felt.

He was a funny guy, the battalion commander. George E. Parrish could have had his pick of jobs back where "Korea" was only a dirty word, not to be used in front of ladies in the officers' clubs.

As a matter of fact, some Personnel Officer, finding he was a lawyer by civilian trade, assigned him to the War Crimes Division of the 8th Army's legal section. This wasn't what Col. Parrish had asked to be shipped to the Far East for. Only the Lord and a harassed Pentagon know what strings he pulled to do it, but he finally wangled a transfer forward—all the way up to where people were mad enough to shoot at each other.

"Sergeant," he said to me quietly, "get George Company on the phone."

I cranked the EE-8, waited until the "G" Company CO got on the line and handed the *(Continued on page 70)*





I Went on a Dope Raid

Continued from page 38

and called Fimbres. "One-F-Three. At stakeout."

The radio crackled back, "One-F-Three. Ten-4. Proceed as planned."

Silently Saulsbury swung the car from the curb and headed down the street, turned a corner and parked again. A car pulled up behind us and two detectives slipped into the rear seat of our car. One said, "The buy is set. Joe will score at First and Evergreen."

That meant that the sheriff's undercover agent had called the peddler and said he was holding. He had enough bread for a pound of pot. In English, he said he was in a position to buy a pound of marijuana, and he had the money in cash to pay for it.

The radio crackled again: "One-F-Two . . . One-F-Two . . . Contact made, First and Evergreen . . . Should be leaving house at any minute . . . One-F-Three."

I FELT my heart pounding faster. The undercover agent had made a good contact, and the peddler was due any minute at the corner of First and Evergreen to complete the deal. That was where we'd come in!

Saulsbury swung the car around a corner, and quietly rolled to within half a block of the next corner, where we could watch the drama. Suddenly a small figure appeared, a package in his hand. He walked quickly to a new green Chevy and climbed in, then started the engine and took off.

We tailed the car with lights out, following him toward First and Evergreen. The peddler pulled to the curb, got out and dropped the package on the grass. Then he walked up to our undercover agent, and in the light of a street lamp we could see money change hands. The two men then turned and walked back toward the package, and suddenly I saw the peddler stiffen. He had been arrested!

We had been sitting to observe the buy, and to protect the undercover man, but now was the time for action. Saulsbury, the other two deputies and I dove from the car and raced to the two men. They got there first and helped the agent hold him while they recovered the package from the grass. I was busy taking pictures.

"Meet 'Green Eyes,'" Saulsbury said. "At the age of 30, he's one of the biggest dope pushers in Los Angeles. He handles half-pound buys of manicured marijuana for \$35. Enough to make 500 joints at a buck each!"

Green Eyes had unfortunately sold

marijuana to the undercover men four times in a single week, and they had him cold.

But they weren't through with him yet.

"Let's check his home—maybe he's got some more stashed there," said the agent who had made the buy. Sure enough, when we got there a thorough shakedown uncovered a tin of marijuana seeds hidden behind the baseboard in the bathroom, in back of the tub.

"Check off Number One," Saulsbury said. "That boy has been giving us lots of trouble, but we have a surprise for more people tonight."

Now the car radio was crackling fast with reports of other action in the county. Besides the sheriff's men and LAPD, this night's work tied in the police departments of Burbank, Pasadena, San Gabriel, Montebello, Whittier, Bell and Huntington Park.

"We've been lining this night up since last October," said Saulsbury. "Our agents have been working hard, getting into the confidence of the peddlers, so that we could hit them all at once. This is the biggest raid yet."

Special details of men and cars had been assigned to the job, and now the co-ordinated efforts of all law enforcement agencies involved were clicking fast.

One agent had spent months working into a heroin deal in San Gabriel. The hard stuff. He was working on a big pusher, who got his stuff from the heart of Mexico in unlimited supply. An outfit so big it hired a staff of men and women to do nothing but hang around jails and courts to run makes on narcotic agents.

This agent scored, though, after arming himself with a full set of phony credentials identifying him as a plastics worker. The heroin pushers even called the plastics company to check on his credit! The company had been alerted, so he was "in."

But now was the time to hit the pusher hard.

"Peanuts" was the suspect's nickname. A man who would loathe to use "H" himself, feeling it would be immoral, but who wouldn't hesitate to peddle the junk to a teen-ager and start him off on the terrible one-way road toward addiction.

I asked Saulsbury, "What makes an addict? Can you force someone to take up the habit?"

"No," he said slowly. "That isn't how it works. Pushers just expose people to it, and one user will brag to a non-

user how great the stuff is. So the non-user feels he has to try it to be socially accepted. Once he's made the first step, he's morally hooked."

I asked Saulsbury what he meant by that.

"Once you've crossed the line, the next step is easier," he said. "The new user, devoid of individualism or will power to say no, feels he has won group approval and immediately sets out to drag someone else across the social barrier with him."

"They're always hooked by association, never alone. That way, each pusher lines up an average of five new users, who in turn each line up five others. It's like a gigantic, terrible cancer."

By this time we had pulled to a stop before another house on the Eastside, a frame house, with all the window shades drawn. Silently the narcotics men crept to the front and rear doors, and at a signal kicked down both doors.

Inside, two men looked wide-eyed and innocent and denied any knowledge of narcotics. That is, until the sheriff's undercover man stepped in, the guy who had been making numerous buys since last October!

They knew they'd been had, so they shrugged silently and submitted to arrest. They were handcuffed while the deputies shook down the house from attic to cellar—and came up with a tin of marijuana and several capsules of heroin.

I wondered—how widespread is the narcotic traffic in Southern California, when all you have to do is shake down an average-looking home to find deadly dope hidden in secret places?

"The dope traffic is widespread," Saulsbury told me as we swung off again and headed for the next target point. "If you're in the know, you can drive clear from the Oregon border to Mexico and score in every town 25 miles apart."

The most sinister part of it, he said, was that enforcement agencies know where it comes from—deep inside Mexico, mainly in the state of Sinaloa. But so corrupt is the dope traffic that it continues to flow steadily into the United States, where it becomes the cause of more than 50 per cent of all criminal activity!

"Addicts fight, rob, steal and kill to get money to buy dope," said Saulsbury. "Directly or indirectly, narcotics is at the root of almost all the evils we have to fight."

OUR next goal was a dimly lit beer hall, far out on Brooklyn Avenue. Josie was a waitress at the beer hall, and she had sold narcotics to undercover agents on numerous occasions.

It was the kind of a joint where you saw a lot of young men and women hang out. And it was obvious that they all didn't go there to drink beer. Josie greeted the undercover agent like a friend, and when he asked to score, she complied. And then the room exploded with narcotics officers.

Josie, angered to tears, put up one hell of a fight and struggled to throw away the capsules—loaded with heroin—which she had gotten for the agent she thought was only a poor hype.

Saulsbury reached for the caps and

Josie sank her teeth into his hand. For a moment it was a small riot, and I almost slammed my camera into one bruiser's face when he tried to clip an officer from behind.

Josie finally quieted down and was led tearfully off to jail, where she joined no less than 57 other dope pushers rounded up in that wild night of slam-bang raiding.

It was close to midnight before Saulsbury and I decided we had done all we could. The whole town was "burned up"—that is, the word spread like wildfire that the narco men were striking.

The raiders had done their work, and turned their evidence over to the Los Angeles County Grand Jury, which swiftly indicted all for possession or sale of the vicious junk.

BACK at headquarters. Fimbres grinned approval as his men checked in. He knew they had stopped the traffic cold for a while.

"There'll be a lot of sick hypes over the weekend," he said.

But he knew only too well that the night's raiding would only slow up the growing tide of dope traffic that is sweeping across the country from Mexico and the Orient to become the nation's number one cause for alarm.

Fimbres took a red bandana from a drawer and laid it on the desk. "Look at this," he said grimly. He unwrapped it and displayed two tin capsules, one containing baking powder, the other tobacco and a hypodermic needle.

"You know where we got this? From a 12-year-old boy! He wants so badly to be accepted in a gang that includes narcotics users that he's already trying to imitate them."

I asked the lieutenant about the hypodermic needle. "Do you mean he actually shoots heroin into his veins?"

"Not yet," said Fimbres. "This was filled with hair oil when we found it. But if he ever does puncture his little arm, it will kill him."

I shuddered at the picture, not only of this little boy, but of a nation of school children exposed to the growing dope traffic.

I knew after this night that only an unending battle by expert narcotics men such as these could stem the menace.

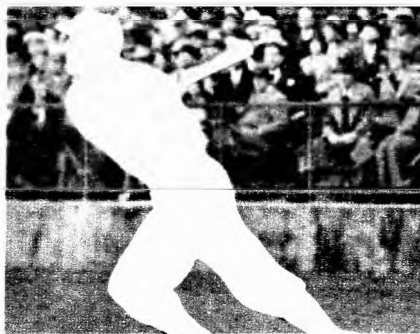
"Sheriff Biscailuz is giving us more men," said Fimbres. "Tonight, we only scratched the surface. By striking again and again at the peddlers we can cut off the supply for a while."

"But it's like trying to put out a forest fire with a wet sack. You can't stop this thing unless you can go to the source and cut the supply. And we must face facts, that the problem is psychological as well as physiological, when we're dealing with addicts."

And as I said goodbye to the narcotic agents, I overheard one say, "Captain, we just got a report that a new peddler has opened up on the southside. Who can we send down there?"

Fimbres looked at him with tired eyes. "We've used every man tonight. Any volunteers?"

A dozen tired officers looked up and nodded, ready to go out again . . .



remembering Joe DiMaggio's name. "Good luck."

Koenecke, a lantern-jawed fellow, 28 years old, possessor of a batting average of .283—that added up to 13—faced his manager, and grinned.

"Thanks," he said. Then he turned quickly to shake hands with Sambo Leslie, and blimpish Babe Phelps, and fast-ball pitcher Van Mungo, and Joe Stripp, and Jimmy Bucher, and funny guy Frenchy Bordagaray and the others—a fifth place group of players who rated first place in his heart.

"This is just like getting the last two weeks of September for a vacation," Koenecke suggested. "The best part is getting it with pay. You fellows think of me when your line drives are being pulled down. I'll be off fishing somewhere."

It must be strange to come up to the majors, an ex-locomotive fireman for the Chicago and North Western Railroad, have a club dish out 75 Gs for your services, then produce a .255 batting average that tabs you as a flop. It must be even more disheartening to develop great defensive skill, set a new major league fielding mark with only two errors in 123 games in 1934, then find that your powerful physique is worthless to you as a batter the following summer.

It happened to Koenecke, just that way. Only a couple weeks before Stengel decided Brooklyn could do without Koenecke, Sunny Jim Bottomley, the first baseman of the Cincinnati Reds, peered at Len in batting practice. "That guy's got a physique closer to being perfect than any ballplayer I know," said Sunny Jim. What Bottomley didn't add was that it wasn't doing Koenecke much good in his profession.

Late in the afternoon of September 16, 1935, Koenecke, with his pals, Munns and Barrs, was 10,000 feet in the air above the Dodgers, heading east on a big Douglas airliner. There was a stop at Chicago, and then the plane took off for Detroit.

When Len returned to his seat for the flight to the Motor City, Eleanor Woodward, an American Airlines stewardess, noticed that the ballplayer was cuddling a bottle of liquor. Maybe she was paid to notice such things. But she wasn't paid to sympathize with a "\$75,000 lemon," who had just lost his job with the Dodgers.

It wasn't long before the muscular Koenecke was lurching down the aisle of the plane, threatening and frightening the seven other passengers. Koenecke glared at one passenger. He wanted to argue with somebody, to hit somebody, and Miss Woodward's job was to stop him.

She tried. But she was no match—at 112 pounds and 5' 4"—for the 185-pound athlete. The bleary-eyed Koenecke knocked the tiny stewardess off her feet,

Casey Said Goodbye

Continued from page 41

and went back to find another fight. But the stewardess had an idea. One of the pilots, R. E. Pickering, was a big man, a 200-pounder. Maybe he could handle this fellow.

Pickering turned over the controls to his co-pilot, who kept the airliner speeding at three miles a minute. When he rushed into the passenger section, Pickering found Koenecke, flushed and unsteady, hovering over a cringing male passenger.

"Get into your seat!" Pickering commanded. Koenecke snorted. Then suddenly his mood changed to docility, and Pickering utilized that moment to strap Koenecke in his seat. Once Koenecke tried to rise. But Pickering, now with the help of Munns and Barrs, sat on the player, and prevented him from continuing his "reign of terror."

At Detroit Koenecke was thrown off the flight for his behavior, part of his fare was refunded, and Munns and Barrs were separated from their teammate.

Reason must have left Koenecke at this point. For he went over to the office of William J. Mulqueeney, and insisted on chartering Mulqueeney's cabin monoplane—a Stinson-Detroiter once owned by Libby Holman, the Broadway blues singer, and Smith Reynolds, the tobacco heir found shot to death in his Winston-Salem, North Carolina, home in 1933. But the destination of the plane was Buffalo, miles away from Koenecke's Brooklyn home.

MULQUEENEY put the monoplane in the air shortly after 10 that night. The other member of the party was Irwin Davis, a slim parachute jumper, and friend of Mulqueeney.

Through half of the trip Koenecke was quiet and subdued. He sat alongside Mulqueeney and watched the pilot handle the plane. Mulqueeney did not sense, however, that the ballplayer was becoming restless. The first alarm was when Koenecke, without a single word of warning, grabbed for the controls.

"What do you think you're doing?" asked the pilot. Koenecke seemed lost in his thoughts, even when Mulqueeney shoved him back into his seat.

But the next moment Koenecke was boiling over again. He made another abortive effort to grab the controls. This time Mulqueeney ordered him to get into the back seat.

Koenecke obeyed the order, but soon made a pass at Mulqueeney's neck. The long, calloused fingers groped for the airman's Adam's apple, and Davis leaped into the back seat, as the plane began to teeter perilously.

While Davis and Koenecke struggled, Mulqueeney, now aware that a madman had chartered his plane, sought to keep the plane on course. But as the two fought in the rear of the small aircraft

the plane pitched and dived and rolled.

Once Davis yelled for help, and Mulqueeney thought the three of them were done for. He looked back, just in time to duck a blow from Koenecke's fist. But Davis, battling with the purpose of a man who senses his life hangs by a thread, continued to thwart Koenecke's efforts to take the controls from Mulqueeney and doom the plane.

Koenecke was biting Davis' shoulder, and beating him with his fists, when Mulqueeney remembered the fire extinguisher. There it was within arm's length, and then it was in his hand, and he was flailing at the figure in the back seat. His free hand held the controls. But the plane careened madly through the skies, while 2,000 feet below men slept in the early morning hours.

The extinguisher hit Davis' arm by mistake. Then Mulqueeney improved his aim. Once, twice, three times it smashed into the head that only a day before had worn the Brooklyn baseball cap. There was a moan, and Koenecke's fingers slipped in slow motion from Davis' coat.

"He could pick you up and throw you 20 feet, if he wanted to," Sam Leslie, the Dodger first baseman, had said about Koenecke. But Leslie never dreamed that one day Koenecke would want to do that,

and fail. When a man like Davis, a bantamweight at best, struggles for his life, it's a different matter. A fire extinguisher can do the rest.

Koenecke was dead of a brain hemorrhage. But Mulqueeney, hero of a nightmare, had to bring his plane in. The interior of the cabin was smashed, and so was Mulqueeney's spirit. But there were lights below and Mulqueeney wanted to feel the ground again.

The plane's wheels broke as Mulqueeney made an emergency landing on the infield of the Long Branch Race Track in New Toronto, seven miles from Toronto. But Mulqueeney's terrifying night still had one more chapter to go.

"I guess I was in a trance," said Mulqueeney. "When I hopped out of the cockpit I thought I was about to be attacked by wolves. For a minute I thought that instead of being killed in a crash I was going to be devoured by wild animals." The "wild animals," however, were less wild than the dead passenger. They turned out to be police dogs used by the race track's caretaker as protection against trespassers.

"It was either a case of the three of us crashing, or doing something to Koenecke," Mulqueeney explained to the Canadian authorities.

The next afternoon as the Brooklyn Dodgers trotted on the field in St. Louis, they wore black bands on their left sleeves.

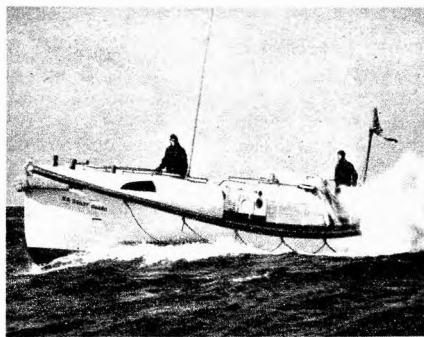
In a Brooklyn apartment Mrs. Koenecke kept looking at her husband's last letter. "He was happy at being able to come home," she repeated.

IN a Toronto law office, Edward J. Murphy, the lawyer for Mulqueeney and Davis, insisted: "Koenecke was deliberately attempting to commit suicide, and trying to do it in one grand, glorious finish."

In a University of Toronto chemistry lab Professor Joslyn Rogers pointed out there were traces of alcohol in Koenecke's organs. He said this condition would naturally cause a man, if inclined to be "quarrelsome," to become "violent."

In the Brooklyn dugout Koenecke's teammates were remembering him as a nice guy, who had had trouble all year with called third strikes, and wouldn't be having any more.

Don't miss the September issue of STAG and "Hang My Glove in Brooklyn," Joe Black's story as told to Ray Robinson.



Roll Over the Bar

Continued from page 20

towline to us and we headed in again.

The swells got bigger as we neared the bar. One large one carried us along for a few seconds and then let us go sliding down the back side. When the swell hit Vanderhooft's boat, it hurtled it up and forward.

Snap!

We heard it even above the roar of the sea. It was the hawser! The sea had snapped it like it was store string. Adrift again, we headed for the treacherous north reef, caught in the rush of the swells.

Vanderhooft swung his craft around quickly as the crew retrieved the rest of the broken hawser. I made my way forward and got into the cockpit to receive the towline as the other boat came by. They made a good pass and I got the hawser on the first try.

BUT, now the hawser was too short to risk taking us in over the bar. The boat turned and began pulling us out to sea again. We'd have to wait for another lifeboat to come to our aid.

It was a long wait. The third lifeboat had to buck her way through the sea all the way from the Depoe Bay Lifeboat Station, 16 miles away. For four rough

and rugged hours we rode the turbulent Pacific.

We rolled and pitched violently, straining at the hawser between us and Vanderhooft's boat. It was the only thing that kept us from being washed onto the reef. I hoped it wouldn't give out.

At about 10:15 P. M., the Depoe Bay lifeboat, skippered by Pat Hall, boat-swain's mate second class, arrived on the scene. There was no time wasted. Quickly, we secured the towline from Hall's boat and then let loose the hawser from Vanderhooft's craft. Now we were ready to go it again.

We started in, but didn't get more than a few yards. A swell hit us hard, rushed by and ploughed into the stern of Hall's boat.

I groaned in dismay as the hawser snapped apart with a sound like a rifle shot. The sea and wind caught us immediately and started carrying us into the reef.

Quickly, I made my way forward, struggling to keep my balance. I had to get into the bow cockpit so I could get the hawser again from Hall's boat after it swung around.

But the other boat didn't turn! The breaker had caught it with such force and

carried it along so suddenly, that Hall wasn't aware of our peril!

The sea was now spilling over us with every swell. Desperately, I peered into the darkness, trying to spot the running lights of the two boats I knew were out there somewhere. I made my way aft to where Miller was working the searchlight, sweeping it across the sea in hopes we'd be spotted. I tried the radio, but couldn't make contact.

It looked bad. I yelled to Miller to hang on and to keep the searchlight on our bow. I went forward again and got into the cockpit. There wasn't much time left!

I almost shouted with joy when I suddenly caught a glimpse of running lights twinkling through the pitch-black night. Both the other boats were bearing down on us. But would they make it in time? We were being pushed rapidly straight for the big breakers.

Vanderhooft's boat was almost to us. I got ready to receive a hawser when from out of the darkness came a huge mountain of water. It was rushing right for us—a tremendous breaker that roared death right into my face.

"Hang on, Miller. Hang on!"

He never heard me. The wall of cold sea water poured over us. The boat was hurtled upward. Then, it twisted and rolled over. I hung on desperately, gasping for breath and spitting sea water.

I don't know just how many times we rolled over, but the instant the boat righted itself on the surface, I was out of the cockpit and struggling aft.

"Miller! Miller!"

There was no answer. He was gone. The searchlight poked its beam crazily into the air. I went on back to the after well deck.

"Mac, here! Over here, Mac!"

I almost didn't hear the feeble cry.

Quickly, I glanced over the side. There was Miller, hanging desperately to the after lifeline. I braced myself, reached over and dragged him into the boat.

"My God, Mac. We rolled over!"

It was the only thing he could say.

I checked him over quickly. He was dazed, but there didn't seem to be anything seriously wrong with him. I left him there and made my way forward once again to get ready to take a towline from Vanderhoot's boat which had spotted us and was coming to our assistance.

I WAS in the cockpit when I saw another big breaker headed for us. It caught Vanderhoot's boat when it was just a few yards from us. I saw her roll over until her bottom was coming up. Then she went out of sight beneath the swell. It was the last we saw of either of the other lifeboats that night.

The break hit us hard, but we didn't roll over. I ran aft as fast as I could and told Miller to get forward into the forecabin. I grabbed his arm and helped him along.

After struggling a few minutes with the hatch, we got inside. Immediately, I got busy and began tossing out all the loose gear that might injure us as we barreled into the jetty.

I slammed the hatch shut just as we were lifted high by a swell and tossed backwards. I caught my balance just as something cracked me across the head with tremendous force.

It was the fire extinguisher. The sudden lurch of the boat had torn it from the holder. The boat was now pitching wildly, throwing us crazily around the watertight forecabin.

"Gee, Mac," Miller exclaimed as he braced himself, "your head's bleeding!"

I shot him a feeble grin as we started piling life jackets around us for padding.

"You scared, Ray?" I asked.

"Hell, no," he laughed. "I'm too damn wet and miserable to be scared!"

We were too busy hanging on to talk any more. We were rolled, pitched and tossed about. The boat was rolling over rapidly now, spinning through the sea sideways. The angry ocean had us in its deadly grasp. It was driving us madly toward the shore.

I lost all sense of time. I don't know how long it was before we crunched ashore with a sudden lurch, and then lay still. We were firmly wedged upon the beach.

Painfully, I got up off the deck. At least we'd washed ashore right side up. I swung open the hatch and climbed out. I could see our station's truck on the beach not far away.

I turned and shouted to Miller.

"Okay, Ray. C'mon out."

He made it out the hatch all right. Slowly and clumsily, we went over the boat's side and started wading ashore. We were both badly battered and bruised. Every bone in my body ached, and my head felt like it was split open. It was past midnight.

"Happy New Year," Miller mumbled.

"Yeah," I answered weakly. "Happy New Year."

"You know," I added with a painful grin, "that's sure a helluva way to spend New Year's Eve!"



more than tree choppers. They've cut back the edge of the forest so a man can walk along the road without carrying a rifle with the trigger on ready—at least, that's what I thought.

We're mountain girdled in Shenandoah County—the Blue Ridge to the east, and the Shenandoah and North mountains hard by to the west, stringing out into the Allegheny chain. Back there in the mountains are places where men seldom go; they're thick with wild animals. But down in our country, timbermen are supposed to have cleared back the danger.

As I approached Hensberger's house, a school bus passed. The driver waved, and the kids sounded noisy and happy.

Hensberger's house is a nice little place with a yard and a fence around it. I put my hand on the gate, but then I paused a moment—I don't know quite why. I wonder sometimes if there was some sort of a warning that I missed.

I swung the gate open and stepped through. I took two, maybe three steps. That was as far as I got.

Something hit me from behind and all at once there was blood running down my shirt.

It had come from nowhere and smashed onto my left shoulder with a horrible scream in my ear. Now it was ripping into my shoulder.

I twisted my head to the left to see what had attacked me. Then fangs as sharp as knives closed on my cheek, and the flesh tore.

I couldn't think clearly. I was wounded, frightened and angry—all at once.

The beast's teeth kept tearing at my face. Then I braced. A timberman's muscles are hard.

I shot my right hand across my body, the fingers poised and ready to close. My right hand is my best one, and I wanted it locked on my attacker.

The hand reached, but it never closed.

WITH a sudden motion, the fangs pulled out of my cheek. A growl thundered, there was another surge of movement, and again it seemed that I must fall.

For now the teeth came down again, this time breaking through flesh into bone. They pierced deep into my right hand, pinning my arm across my chest.

I was bound, barely able to move, by my own right arm, with the hand caught in a bloody vise. Actually only seconds had passed. But already I was weakening and I knew it. I was being torn by an assailant that had lunged from nowhere and sat on my shoulder and cut me each time I moved.

I could feel the blood. It was warm.

Suppose the beast—whatever it was—traveled with a mate? That terrifying possibility crossed my mind.

Now only my left arm was free, and I

Pry Open His Jaws

Continued from page 21

drove it upward. It touched fur, and I closed the grip.

We struggled, but the animal wouldn't budge. Straining, I gave another yank, a strong one. But I still couldn't throw it off my shoulder.

My left hand struck out again and it caught fur. I had one of the beast's legs this time and I jerked. I lunged and pulled—and pulled again. The killer's grip was loosening—now if only my own strength didn't run out first.

With a final, desperate heave I yanked the animal off my shoulder. It smashed to the ground and I fell on it, my right hand still in its teeth, my left on its throat.

My knees came down hard, and now I was on top. Only then was I sure what had attacked me.

It was a giant wildcat, snarling and savage. And it wasn't through yet.

It was fighting fiercely, concentrating on the hand still between its teeth. Its claws flailed.

But now I had the edge. I slid my knees up against its thick body, then lifted them suddenly. They crashed down on the cat's chest, holding the front paws apart and away from my belly.

Bit by bit, I tightened my left hand on its throat . . . more . . . more . . . just a little more . . .

Wilmer Hensberger had heard the noise of the struggle and he ran out of the house.

"Gordon!" he shouted.

He wheeled and dashed back to the porch, seizing an axe that was propped there.

With the glistening blade poised, ready to strike, he ran to the spot where the cat and I were locked in the dirt. Wilmer meant to bash the animal to death—and he probably would have pounded my hands and arms in the process.

But all that wasn't necessary. I had strangled the cat. It was dead.

Wilmer put his hand on my arm, to help me rise, but the cat had weapons even in death. His jaws were locked on my hand and I couldn't move.

"Pry them open," I said. It took all of Wilmer's strength, but at last I was on my feet, with the cat's body on the ground between them. Excitedly, Wilmer asked where the cat had come from—where he had been hiding. I said I didn't know—and I still don't. All I knew was that he had attacked me in just such a way as to give me the least possible chance.

I got into the truck, with Wilmer helping me, and then he went back and got the body of the wildcat. He carried it over and flung it in the back of the truck. The animal was dead—sure—but we knew we'd have to work fast. There was an even bigger worry ahead.

By the viciousness of the attack and

the locked jaws, we figured that the animal was bound to be rabid. Rabies germs move quickly. And I had those deep cuts right in my head, up close to my brain.

Rural people know about rabies—and what a killer the disease can be. It can sweep through a countryside like wildfire, and in more than a few cases in rural Virginia, people have been attacked by mad animals—chiefly dogs—and not recovered. They failed to get medical treatment in time.

Cuts would heal, but rabies is something else again. We debated for a minute, then decided to burn the road to Sheets' house. He'd know the best thing to do.

Sheets got things organized quickly. "You take Gordon to the hospital at Woodstock," he told Hensberger. "I'll head for the lab."

Hensberger and I roared the 20 miles to the Shenandoah Memorial Hospital, where the doctors took one look at me and got out their sewing kits.

THEY put 16 stitches in my face alone, and warned me that I'd better be prepared to lie in the hospital for a while. Meanwhile Sheets had reached Luray, another of those small Shenandoah towns, and the site of the district health department laboratory.

The lab started making the tests at once, and by that time the doctors already were sticking me full of needles in the anti-rabies treatment. They worked almost as fast as the cat had, because of the danger of those bites so near my brain.

It's an eerie feeling—to know that the rabies germs are in you, and the serum is in you, too. Not knowing much about medicine, you wonder which will win. You also wonder what happened to the people who were attacked back in the days before they found out how to combat rabies.

The results of the lab tests were in by this time, and the cat was rabid all right. He would surely have run wild on the countryside, sinking his teeth into livestock, dogs and other animals, and passing along the disease. We probably would have had to get a posse after him, in time.

All that would have happened if he hadn't seen me first.

The doctors' medicine was stronger, and they pulled me through, and now I'm back on the job, working over the Shenandoah timber tracts. As I said before, timbermen are supposed to be more than tree choppers—they've cut back the woods, driving the wild animals into the hills, so a man can walk along the road without looking back over his shoulder and carrying his gun with the trigger on ready. As I said, too, Shenandoah's a peaceful place where people raise turkeys and cut timber, and on the roads in the morning, it's good to hear the shouts of kids on the way to school.

I know all that's true, and if my county sounds like yours—well, then, it probably is, because there are lots of places much like it. I understand it all, and I was just a fellow picking up a friend on the way to work on a routine day.

But there was one mad killer who hadn't heard about the boundary lines. I figure I'm lucky to be alive. ●



fronted our place for about five acres. Our place was up on a slight rise that kept it cool, light and airy.

The fire had begun on a mountain slope, several miles away. No one knew how it started. The Forest Service station was prompt in dispatching a local crew of 15 fire-fighters and a tractor and mobile pumper, but the dust had sucked the woods dry and it reacted like gunpowder to the blaze.

"It's not moving too fast," Maury said, "and I guess they'll encircle it with a fire line and kill it before it gets over to our place . . ."

But I didn't like it. I didn't like it at all. We called and checked with the station and they confirmed Maury's opinion. The situation was unchanged at five, six, seven and eight o'clock. The air was still, and if they weren't putting out the blaze they were at least containing it. Then, at sometime after ten, I knew we were in for trouble. A strong northeasterly wind had come up.

By noon, with the sun high and hot, we began getting the first of the long, smoking vapor trails drifting in toward us through the woods. And by two o'clock we got the news. The fire had gotten away from them. The smoke was thick now and the sun looked like a webby, yellow ball.

We couldn't stand around and just watch and wait and hope. It had gotten beyond that. The house was set on a cleared acre. We had left a line of eight big pine trees leading right up to the house. Mac and I looked at those trees. It would be a pity to lose them, but it would be a helluva lot worse to lose the house. We got out the saw and began cutting into them, those closest to the house first. It was tough going.

By four o'clock we had cut all but three of them down. I kept praying for the wind to let up, but if anything it had picked up somewhat. The smoke formed a haze over the entire area by now. It made my eyes smart and dried my throat so that my tongue felt swollen to twice its size. Mac was coughing pretty badly. I had Martha and the kids closed up in the house.

The fire was sweeping in fast. News, by now broadcast from the local station, mentioned that an all out attempt to head off the blaze had failed. We didn't have to rely on the news to tell us that any more. The temperature had risen at least 30 degrees and it was edging up to a 100. My shirt was sweat-soaked and so was Mac's, and the bits of ash and soot carried in by the smoke left our faces and hands grimy.

I dragged out all the hose I had, about 250 feet of it. There was an attachment in the auxiliary shed no more than 50 yards from the woods in front of the

I'm Being Burned Alive

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place. The water pressure wasn't too bad because we were up fairly high. I turned up the hose. The dry-caked earth sucked the water in as fast as I poured it. I kept it up. Mac was running the tractor along the edge of the nearest stand of timber—dragging out a wide furrow—piling up dirt in a high continuous mound as a break against the approaching fire.

At six, Maury called me. Martha hollered at me from the doorway of the house. I couldn't see that far by now. Maury said he was coming with his truck to pick us up. I told him to come ahead. I wanted Martha and the kids out, but Mac and me were sticking. We had worked too darned hard to give up this place without a last ditch stand.

THE heat and smoke was getting at us now. I had to douse myself and Mac with the hose constantly. And we used damp cloths around our faces to filter the air we breathed. Maury and his family came around in his truck sometime near seven. I loaded Martha and the kids in. Maury said he'd be back with some help after he got the women and children in the clear.

I kept working away at that hose and Mac ploughed up the ground with the tractor. I dreaded looking into the woods where the smoke was thickest. At about seven-thirty, I saw the oncoming fire. The haze lit up a brightening orange—as though it was phosphorescent. Then the first lurid flame flashed through. It was like something that stabbed a vital nerve center inside me.

The fire burned in behind with gathering force. It blazed in two uneven pillars toward the gulch, one at either end. The main body of the fire in between followed several hundred yards behind.

Mac closed in with the tractor. He piled dirt on the outer fringe of the flames that burned into the timber above him. I saw a protruding limb light up like a finger of flame and drop off. I yelled for him to watch out, but I was too late. I heard him cry out. I let go of the hose and ran toward him. He was lying on the ground, dazed.

"I—I'm okay," he said. And then I saw the burn across his chest where the log had sideswiped him. The shirt and skin were burned away. I helped him up. I wanted to lead him to the house but he shook me off.

"I can't lay down now," he said. I didn't argue with him. I needed him. I kept wondering where the hell Maury was, and the guys he said he'd bring back. The flames licked at the ditched ground. The wind came on in rising gusts and the smoke poured through until we were forced to back away, gasping for air, coughing our insides out.

I heard the muffled sound of Maury's truck. It pulled up and Maury and three others leaped off. I could hardly see, my eyes smarted so much. I took to dropping a soaking sheet over my head for intermittent seconds. The men had shovels, axes, and pack tanks strapped to their backs. They made for the flames, shoveled earth into the fire to keep it back. We broke our backs pouring it on.

SUDDENLY the spearhead of the fire at the left flank tore over the furrow. The grass and brush at that end ignited like a carpet of tissue. I was on the right flank when I heard the blast and the agonized shriek. The fire had spurted under the truck, lit into the grease and then the tank went off. The spurting flames rained over one of the men. Sheathed in a coat of flames he ran for the house, screaming like crazy.

We bolted after him to try and smother the flames. He burst through the door of the house. I followed him in. I slapped at him with a wet sheet and then tossed the open sheet over him. The smell of seared flesh filled my nostrils and I felt my insides coming up. He was crying and moaning and the hair was burnt off his head and eyes. While I was smothering the last of the flames someone

burst into the house hollering at the top of his lungs.

"It's come through and we can't stop it!"

I got up and ran to the doorway. The main body of the fire flashed across the heavily wooded gulch and caught up with the spearheads. It rushed for the house. The blast of heat came at us.

We went through the house and out the back way. Mac was out on his feet and Maury and the others supported him. We carried the other man. He didn't move. We didn't know whether he was alive or dead. We started down a narrow timber road. I heard the crackling of burning timber, the collapsing trees. I looked back and the house was a mass of flame. Then the bare structure just fell away into a splash of burning embers. I felt sick—God, I felt sick.

"Keep going—" I heard Maury yell and he shoved me from behind. The blaze was sweeping across faster than we could move.

"We'll never make it!" one of the guys yelled. He lost all control and started running. Maury grabbed at him and hit him.

"Come out of it—" he screamed, "come out of it!"

We looked for the sparsest clearing.

We'd make an escape fire and after letting it burn for a minute take shelter inside the burned area. There wasn't any other way for us. I used a lighter. The grass and brush flared up.

"Let's go!" I hollered.

We broke through the flame after a minute or so and ducked low. We kept our heads down, our bodies curled up. The roaring flames sounded like an open hearth. The heat was bearing down on our backs. Then it rushed over us, a roof of flames.

Some of the guys began yelling. "We're being burned alive!" I heard my own voice but hardly recognized it. I started praying. Then the world collapsed all around us and we were inside the furnace. We lay there for I don't know how long. And then I got up. I was shaking all over. My hair was singed, my back felt like crackling parchment. But I was okay—and so were the others. Eleven hours later the rescue teams of the Forest Service came through and picked us up.

THE fire kept burning for four days before it was brought under control. The house was gone, but we came out alive—Martha, the kids, our friends. It was close. I wasn't going to complain. ●



Tangier Madhouse

Continued from page 6

Madame Trix swept into view. She is a much-painted, high-bosomed blonde, reputedly filthy with sinful lucre amassed from a chain of North African bordelloes which she either manages or owns.

"Dearie," she said as soon as she saw me. I didn't ask her to sit down. She noticed this and said pointedly, "No, thank you, I won't sit down—I'm in a terrible fix. The pianist of my Number One house quit last night, and the girls simply won't work without music. Do you know a good ivory tickler?"

I SAID that, in fact, I knew of an excellent musician, but he had just taken another job. However, I would let her know . . .

At the Zocco Chico a few nights later there were the same shoe-shine boys, the same lottery ticket sellers, the same peddlers, and the same old prostitutes dragging the same old feet and jangling the same old bangles. An Arab urchin dumped a live turkey on my table. I quickly covered my coffee to protect it from the flying dust and feathers, and protested that I hadn't the least desire to buy the bird.

Then, to my surprise, I saw Jim approaching, looking pale and tired as he shuffled wearily through the crowd. Something was wrong with him. He looked downright shellshocked, so as he

drew level, I shouted "Hi ya, Jim. How's the job?"

He stopped, turned red-rimmed eyes in my direction, and without answering sank slowly into a chair. Concerned now that he might be ill, I realized this was no time for coffee. It was a time for a stiff brandy—several stiff brandies. I called the waiter.

"What's happened?" I asked.

He gave me a long, baleful look, but still didn't answer. He gulped down three brandies, one after the other, and soon a little color crept into his cheeks. I repeated my question.

"You really want to know?"

I nodded.

"Well, prepare yourself for an all-night session."

He fortified himself with one more brandy and began:

"I took your card to Don Fernando, a nice guy, who said that anyone you recommended was all right with him. The job was mine. He even loaned me a pair of striped trousers and a black coat, and installed me behind the reception desk and introduced me to my duties. Then things began to happen. This, I thought, would be an exciting job indeed. So many interesting people pass through a hotel.

"The first to arrive was a stateless person by name of Lily Alcock. She

managed to locate the register through a heavy, blanketing haze of whisky fumes, and somehow, even to fill in the police questionnaire. Next she handed me a bulky package for safe keeping and floated upstairs. Exactly an hour later, she descended to the lobby on the arm of one of the hotel's most respected clients—a wealthy, retired British major with a double-barrelled name, cane, spats, crest and a baronial mansion in Sussex. Quick work, that!"

"Well, Jim, the world's oldest profession, you know—" I tried to interpose.

"Oh, no. This was slightly different. Two mornings later the major paid her bill, and asked me to book two passages for England on a ship already in port. I managed to arrange that. Then, as they were leaving, baggage and all, Lily shook my hand and, primping her dyed locks, leaned over toward me confidentially, flashing on her left hand a diamond as big as a walnut.

"The sweet, old boy is actually marrying me—to save my soul, so he says. See this ring? It's an heirloom," she said, sticking a nice-sized tip into my hand. I returned the package she had given me the night before. She took it, and a malicious grin spread over her face.

"What a hell of a shindy the old dowagers in their country seats are going to kick up when I turn them loose on this hashish," she guffawed. "I bet they'll be forking them out of the chandeliers, coronets and all, until well after the coronation."

Jim paused, mechanically reached for his tumbler, now empty. I gave the waiter the high sign, and a whole bottle appeared on the table.

"Let's go back to that first night," Jim continued. "Next came two giggling Portuguese girl students. They were doing Tangier on a couple of *escudes*.

They spoke only a few words of English and, as you know, my Spanish is nothing to brag about. I reached for their room key, when *pfutt*, the hotel lights went out. The girls continued to giggle as I groped for a candle stump I had seen in the desk drawer. I couldn't find it and decided to escort them to the staircase. Passing from the office to the lobby we collided. More giggles. A smooth hand slid into mine, and I felt a warm breath close to my cheek. Two arms encircled my neck, and a passionate feminine voice whispered 'Ze Breeteesh, zey iss ver' cold, no?'

"I didn't get a chance to prove to the contrary because the lights came on. In the blackness two staid English spinsters had crept into the lobby and were staring with strong disapproval at the giggling girls and an embarrassed, disheveled receptionist.

"Our room number is 22," ordered one of the dehydrated prunes in a grating, almost masculine voice. She turned to her friend. "Come on, Elsie, this place isn't quite what it was in the good old days when a woman could go into any white man's hotel without being molested." Then, looking at me, she hissed, 'I want you to know, young man, that a woman's virtue is sacred in this country. It's Mohammedan, you know.'

"I don't think you have anything to worry about, Jim," I said. "She won't complain to Don Fernando. Tangier is full of those characters."

JIM took me up on that. "Speaking of characters, next a wheezy, one-eyed Scotch sea captain tottered in. He stopped in front of me and stared with his only optic.

"Ye look like a bloody Yank t' me. If ye're the noo receptionist I hope y' havna got the *mañana* complex like the rest of the boonch—including meself, I'm sorry t' say.' He went on telling me how he had come to Tangier and this hotel 18 years ago, and had been here ever since. Every day he intended to pack up and sail home—but, *mañana*, you know. 'Tangier's a terrible place,' he cackled, baring his gray teeth. 'Ye'll soon find out, me boy . . . ye'll soon find out—'

"He sagged into a lobby chair, his chin dropped, and he closed his eye. He was apparently going to sleep.

"It was 2:30 A.M. by then.

"A dignified figure in black, tall, blond, thirtyish and very erect, approached the desk and asked if there was any mail for the c-o-u-n-t-e-s-s. Not knowing to whom she was referring, I asked for her room number.

"Number 32, of course," she replied, raising her eyebrows.

"Registered under room 32 was the name Gertrude Hohlenfelt von Hohlenbach (rent unpaid for five weeks—issue ejection notice on Friday). I handed her the key and a letter addressed to Gertrude Countess H.v.H. She hastily tore open the envelope, and walked to the staircase reading her mail. As she reached the fifth step she stumbled. Trying to regain her balance, she dropped her bag. Out fell a couple of pesetas and a cold hot-dog. Stooping down re-

gally, she collected the coins, and, picking up the frank daintily, dropped it back in her bag.

"The old sea dog in his chair grunted. I turned round and caught him staring, fixedly, after the figure disappearing upstairs. He bounded up and stumped over to the counter.

"Puir gal. Hasna any mooney. She must be hungry. Is she in trooble with her bill, lad?'

"I'm afraid she is,' I confided. 'Five weeks due and an ejection notice coming.'

"Let's see her bill.' Breaking all unwritten hotel rules, I showed it to him. 'Not a very big sum even in damn pesetas' he muttered. 'Tell ye what ye'll do. Shove it on my bill and gi' the wee lass a receipt. And I'll bring the wrath of the Clan MacDougalls on ye head if ye tell her who done it.' And then they say the Scotch are mean and stingy."

Jim took a deep breath and paused, but there was more coming.

"In the meantime, two couples had come up from the street onto the terrace. They were engaged in animated conversation and shrieks of laughter drifted in. One of the party, a faded blonde of about 40 was attempting a *pas-de-deux*, whilst the rest were busily trying to remove the cork from a mesh-covered bottle. Having succeeded with the bottle, and forcibly subdued the antics of the ballerina, they burst into the lobby.

"Producing several more bottles from pockets and handbags, as well as a sheet of newspaper filled with limp-looking shrimps, a loaf of Arab bread and four glasses clearly engraved Hotel Minzah, they emerged into the Moroccan room—a cross between a cocktail lounge and a small museum—and screamed for jugs of water. Thus supplied, they filled the glasses with brandy and proposed a toast to one of the party—a six-foot lass with a Scotch accent as heavy as a plate of badly cooked haggis.

"An 'ere's to the 'ealth of our smuggler queen.'

"Laughter and cheers followed this remark, and the drinks were downed followed by chasers of water.

"Hey, you,' called the humorous little man, obviously English but whom they kept calling *El Capitano*, 'coom an' 'ave a bloomin' drink wit' us. Don't know who yer are, but yer look like a blinkin' Yank t' me. Come in an' meet the gang.'

"Introductions were made and I had the doubtful privilege of meeting Dolly, the smuggler queen—she was a real smuggler, all right. I also met Snowshoes, a masculine looking woman with penciled eyebrows registering permanent surprise. Finally, there was Alberto, a young Spaniard with a roving eye.

"The party seated itself comfortably among the tapestries, pouffes and inviting divans. The small tumblers were filled to the brim and their contents swallowed in one gulp. I took a mouthful. It was as though hot coals were going down. My eyes watered. I drank the rest and respiration almost came to a standstill. Before I could collect my wits—and my breath—another drink was in my hand.

"Can't beat this hooch,' *El Capitano*

remarked. 'An' only ten pesetas (20 cents) a bottle, too. Yes, sir, tonight's the night.'

"Looking gingerly at my second brandy I stood there while *El Capitano* continued: 'Yes, we're sayin' *adios* t' Tangier fer a coupla days . . . an' then back agin with lots a dough an' cases o' champagne. I'll even drink it out a yer slipper,' he said to Snowshoes, slapping her soundly on the bottom.

"Bet you get Athlete's Foot if you do,' retorted Buccaneer Dolly, pulling the stub of an evil-smelling Turkish cigarette from the corner of her mouth.

"It was now 3:15. Tiredness, assisted ably by the brandy, made it hard to keep awake. The keys in the pigeonholes showed that many guests had not returned. I sat meditating on the prospect of a couple of hours sleep on a divan, when a huge, robed Arab slid silently into the Moroccan room and sat down opposite the party which, by this time, had gathered momentum. No one took the slightest notice of him, and the noise continued: All at once there was a deafening crash, followed by screams of laughter.

"Alarmed, I looked in, and saw Snowshoes lying on her back with an empty brandy glass clutched in her hand. Unable to suppress her balletomane complex, she had evidently attempted a graceful *entrechat* and fallen over one of the large brass kettles scattered about the room for atmosphere.

"The Arab stared in stony silence. As Snowshoes lay stunned, with her right leg folded neatly under her back, a shorn French poodle, black as soot, bounded down the stairs and started running around her in circles, barking madly.

"Pandemonium reigned. It was useless giving her brandy as she was loaded with it already. She was dragged by willing hands onto a divan. By this time, several people, attracted by the unholy noise, were peering over the bannisters.

"Buccaneer Dolly, thoroughly unconcerned, was in the lobby trying to pat the dog each time it ran past, and offering it Snowshoes' shrimps. Tiring of this, she wandered into the *Gran Salon* and tinkled out a few notes of the "Dying Swan" on the grand piano. *El Capitano*, with a full glass in his hand—as well as some of Snowshoes' supper—was directing operations when a drunken American staggered in. With a squeal of delight, Dolly rushed to meet him. He gallantly took her hand to kiss it, but losing his footing he crashed to the floor.

ABOVE the din of the barking dog, the commotion in the Moroccan room and the falling American, a loud banging at the backdoor could be heard. Trying to sort out the shambles before letting anyone else in took a few seconds. By this time the person trying to get in had taken to kicking the panels until the house literally shook. I hurried along the corridor, putting on the lights as I went, and drawing back the bolt was horrified at the sight that met me.

"The figure of a man, wearing one shoe and clad in a heavy English duffel jacket, stood glaring at me. His hair was matted with congealed blood, and crimson rivulets dripped from his nose and chin. He

brushed hurriedly past. I hurried after him not knowing what to do. We reached the Moroccan room.

"The apparition, in a high falsetto voice said, 'My dears, I was a very naughty boy in the *Kasbah* of the Arab quarter and, as you can see, somebody bashed me. Will you please give your poor old aunt some hot water and a sponge so that she can get some of this muck off. It's really much better than it looks right now.'

"A bucket of water and a cloth were obtained from the kitchen.

"'Thanks pet,' he addressed me with a lisp, 'and so to bed after a most exciting night.' He swept up the stairs with the parting remark, 'Dearie, see that I have breakfast a little early in the morning—with two eggs—as I want to go back to get my other shoe. Nighty-night all.'

"By this time the spectators had dispersed. Snowshoes was carried to a taxi by Alberto and Dolly. *El Capitano* collected his key and tottered off to his modest downstairs room. He came back a minute later with a small attaché case and a newspaper parcel, and asked for his bill. He paid in Spanish coin and, in parting, whispered, 'By the way, if yer want a real excitin' job on a real smugglin' ship, coom an' see me aboard the *Sphinx* when she gets in. She belongs to Dolly, you know.'

"I sat down, completely exhausted. The Arab had gone. He disappeared during the commotion. The American still lay full length on the tiled floor, with his head resting against a large hideous pot of aspidistra which flanked the marble staircase. I was trying to move him when a Spanish family of three came in. Registering no surprise, they helped to get him onto the divan. Nice, helpful people, the Spaniards.

"It was 4:15. I walked out onto the terrace for a breath of fresh air. Then the phone rang.

"A woman's voice inquired about the price of accommodations. I gave her the

information, and she said she was coming around immediately. She arrived at 4:40. A little Arab boy carried two large suitcases, and she held onto a large hatbox, two pairs of shoes and a blanket.

"'So this is Tangier!' she said angrily. 'To think I came all the way from New York to be bitten by bugs in a Moroccan doss-house. I booked accommodation in a *pension* from a travel agency in New York as I wanted some local color. This wasn't the kind of color I wanted.' She bared her arm which showed a mass of red blotches. 'I don't care what it costs. Just give me a room with a bugless bed and a bathtub.'

"I escorted her to the quarters, accompanied by the little Arab. The key was inserted in the lock but before it could be turned the door, unlocked, opened.

"A guttural voice from within enquired, 'Who's dat?'

"The bedside lamp was turned on by the owner of the voice and a fat figure, nude to the waist except for a tight-fitting black skull-cap, was sitting up in bed. In the bed alongside him, with its head resting elegantly on a pillow, was the handsome French poodle.

"**W**E hastily withdrew with a bewildered apology, and I raced down the stairs to consult the hotel register. Yes, room 31 was clearly marked as unoccupied. Hastily changing the key, I ushered the client to another room on the floor above. As the Arab boy and I came back past room 31, the voice from within was still inquiring, 'Who's dat?'

"When I got to the office I sagged down on the chair and must have dozed off. It was daylight when I awoke. Hooded and veiled women, resembling the Ku-Klux Klan, were darting through the building. Men, in even more cumbersome robes and large yellow slippers, mooched about. The women removed their robes in the telephone booth, and began wielding such mundane things as brooms and buckets. The men hung up

their garments on the nearest nail, and began attending to the furnace and the general cleaning.

"It was 8 A.M. at last. Don Fernando walked in and said 'Buenos dias, Señor Jim. Had a quiet night?' I thought he was being sarcastic. But he was quite serious.

"'Well, Davison, you can go and have some sleep now,' Don Fernando continued. 'I'll see you again this evening.'

"Too weary, even to answer, I moved towards the door. As I reached it the room telephone rang. I hesitated a moment, in case I was needed, but Don Fernando answered it. The call came from the room occupied by the two soured English spinsters.

"'Yes, yes, I'll send up a doctor as soon as I can. Don't worry, everything will be all right,' said Don Fernando unconcernedly and hung up. 'Damn those two women. Would you believe it? They have been coming here for 20 years, and never once can I remember them going away without an attack of the white chickens and pink elephants.'

"It was too much for me. I hastily said goodbye and fled."

There followed a long, significant pause. Jim's story had come to an end. And so had the bottle of brandy.

Suddenly, I remembered *Madame Trix*. "Jim" I said, "Madame Trix spoke to me the other night. She needs a pianist for . . ."

"Stop right there," he said, getting up quickly. "If you intend doing another of your good fairy acts by recommending me for a cute little job sitting on a piano stool in that old girl's bordello, you may as well shut up, as I am not interested. As a matter of fact, I'm joining Dolly on her smuggling ship next week so that I can get a little rest and quiet. Good-night."

Yes, perhaps Don Fernando was right. One shouldn't try doing good fairy acts in Tangier. It just doesn't pay and no one thanks you for your trouble. ●



The Girl in the Laundry Bag

Continued from page 23

attention shortly after midnight on a sweltering August night. Shannon and Pauline Hughes, the former nervously twisting the brim of his hat and obviously under considerable emotional tension, visited the Missing Persons Office of the Crime Prevention Bureau of the local police department. There they reported to Detective Kenneth Barrett and Policewoman Eva Stamps that their daughter, Wanda, had been missing since 3:30 o'clock the previous afternoon, which was a Wednesday.

Wanda, they said, was a happy, healthy and well-behaved girl, well-developed for her 15 years. They described her as standing five feet two inches tall, weigh-

ing 127 pounds, blue eyes and short hair cut with bangs in front. When last seen she was wearing a bright yellow T-shirt, blue jeans, shell-rimmed glasses, and a diamond-shaped onyx ring of which she was very proud. The Hughes family lived at 2319 Lexington Road, a quiet, respectable neighborhood in the vicinity of Cave Hill cemetery, and the parents impressed upon police the fact that Wanda never failed to notify them of her whereabouts or of any unusual absence from home.

Under my direction both plainclothes and uniformed local police undertook an intensive investigation in the neighborhood at first light the following morning. They turned up some rather interesting

facts. Wanda and a friend, Patricia Wells, had visited a grocery store in the neighborhood to get some empty cardboard boxes for a neighbor. As they emerged from the store, according to Patsy, Raymond O'Dell, 34, had called to them from his car which was parked at the curb near by. "Say, Wanda," he shouted, "Marvin wants to know if you will help him cut some grass this afternoon." Marvin Richardson, 14, was O'Dell's stepson. Frequently the children in the area picked up extra change cutting grass and doing odd jobs, and neither Wanda nor Patsy regarded O'Dell's invitation as unusual.

"**S**URE, I'll be glad to help Marvin," Wanda had replied. Then, after delivering the cartons, Wanda had borrowed Patsy's bicycle and pedaled off to the O'Dell home. As she rode into the driveway, Darrell Hayes and Edwin Kenney, who were hunting frogs along the Cave Hill cemetery wall, saw Wanda leave the bicycle on the lawn and enter the house through the screen door. That was the last time she was seen.

We broadcast an alert for Wanda at

10:06 A.M., on the morning of the investigation. An immediate check of the O'Dell home disclosed it to be padlocked and a neighbor, Maggie Kappesser, reported to police that O'Dell's stepson, Marvin, had been visiting his grandmother's home in Nelson County for some time and could not possibly have sent the alleged invitation to "help him cut some grass."

Our first thought, of course, was to lay our hands on Raymond O'Dell and in an effort to do that we contacted the Kentucky State Police in the area of Sparrow, Kentucky, where we had reason to believe the family was visiting. A state trooper reported that O'Dell had left the area before he could be apprehended, but we assumed that the man we wanted was headed for Louisville, and Jefferson County Sergeant Thomas Bridwell set up a road block at Floyd's Fork and Bardstown Road. Meanwhile, State Trooper Herman Driscoll, after making an investigation at Bardstown, reported that O'Dell's wife was visiting her parents at their home on U. S. Highway 62, three miles east of Chaplin, Kentucky, and furnished the information that O'Dell was headed for Louisville in a 1937 Chevrolet over highway U.S. 31-E.

At 1:15 in the afternoon Raymond O'Dell braked his car to a halt in front of the road block at Floyd's Fork and Bardstown Road; was arrested; and turned over to Captain Edwin Richardson. Upon being ordered out of the car O'Dell made a move toward the glove compartment but was sternly warned to alight with his hands in the air. Subsequent search of the glove compartment disclosed a loaded revolver and this was used as the basis for a temporary charge on which he was held in \$25,000 bail.

Under intensive questioning Raymond O'Dell not only denied any connection with the disappearance of Wanda Hughes, but even asserted that he hadn't known the child. He turned over the keys to his home to police in order that the premises might be searched, and I personally directed the search that evening with no material results whatever. However, we did find one interesting witness to O'Dell's conduct the previous evening: Huie Farmer, operator of a combination service station and grocery store at Floyd's Fork and Bardstown Road, remembered that he had sold O'Dell six gallons of gasoline at 9:30 P.M. on the evening of Wanda's disappearance. He further reported that O'Dell had parked the car in such a peculiar way that the hose from the gasoline pump barely reached the tank, and that the man controlling the gasoline couldn't see into O'Dell's automobile. In the light of subsequent developments, it seemed highly probable to us that when he stopped for gas that evening O'Dell already had the body of Wanda Hughes on the floor in the back of his car.

A CHECK with the guards at the Bernheim distillery, where O'Dell was employed, showed that some time between 9:00 and 9:40 P.M., of the evening of Wanda's disappearance, he had telephoned and announced that he would be unable to report for work.

By Friday all of the resources of the

local police department and cooperating units had swung into the search. Sergeant James Bibb and Detectives Alvin King and F. Schroeder made another visit to the O'Dell home and with neighbors conducted a thorough search of the area. Within an hour they found Patsy Wells' bicycle buried in a creek behind the O'Dell residence. The Coast Guard, under Chief Petty Officer Claude Albright, immediately was called in and dragged the creek but without further results.

Meanwhile, Detectives Finley and Kesinger made a minute search of Raymond O'Dell's automobile. Under the front seat they found an eight-foot length of rope in which a long strand of brown human hair was caught. In the trunk of the automobile they found a shovel with fresh earth adhering to the blade. All three of these exhibits immediately were sent to the laboratory of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington for examination. A vacuum cleaner was used on the floor of O'Dell's automobile, both in the front and in back, and samples of the earth thus salvaged, plus small dolomite pebbles embedded in the rubber pad on the brake pedal, also were sent to the Bureau for analysis.

In the meantime, I had worked an old police trick on O'Dell himself. Under my intensive questioning he finally admitted knowing Wanda Hughes, but steadfastly denied seeing her on the afternoon of her disappearance. In having O'Dell's statement typed for his signature, I deliberately omitted his repeated denials that he had seen the missing girl. As I expected, he noticed this omission at once upon reading the statement before signing, and actually wrote it into the statement himself, longhand, five times.

It was on Saturday that State Trooper Driscoll called from Chaplin, Kentucky, that he had new evidence which sent me and Officer Kincheloe rocketing to Bardstown as fast as our police cruiser could make the run. Trooper Driscoll informed us that four people had reported a fire on the night of the 30th of August. Among them were Donnie Morgan and Bobbie O'Neal, who had stopped to investigate but were frightened off by the legend that the area was "haunted." We proceeded immediately to the remains of the fire, which we found only a mile and a quarter from the place where O'Dell had spent that night on Highway 62, and from the ashes we salvaged parts of a pair of blue overalls, a burlap sack and a raincoat.

These items were immediately added to the exhibits which we had been submitting to the Federal Bureau of Investigation at Washington for analysis and possible interpretation. We included also samples of earth taken from around the O'Dell home; the shoes and clothing worn by O'Dell when he was apprehended; a long strand of hair found in the back seat of O'Dell's car and a lock of Wanda's hair which we secured from her mother and which had been preserved since the girl's long hair was cut in 1949.

By this time I was convinced that Wanda Hughes had been murdered and her body buried. I therefore took off in a light plane to make an air reconnaissance of the entire area, hoping to find some indication of a freshly dug grave.

Observation from the air, however, failed to yield any clues which seemed worth investigating. Meanwhile the county police had prevailed upon O'Dell to submit to questioning under sodium amytal, known as the "truth serum." That elicited from him the phrases—which he repeated several times—"Up the hill to the left," and "Slip in laundry bag," but was unsuccessful in getting him to admit any knowledge of the disappearance of Wanda Hughes.

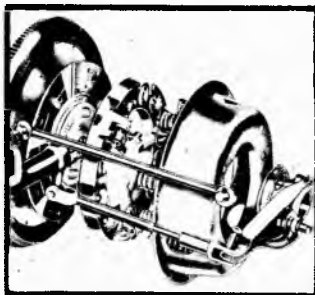
AT this point our investigation struck a serious snag and I introduced into it a factor which may be considered somewhat unusual as a police technique. As we were not able to place a definite charge against O'Dell, we were forced to release him. I was so certain, however, that we would soon have evidence justifying his rearrest that I assigned Detectives J. N. Kelly and J. P. Hughes, with Detectives Conder and Lott relieving, to maintain a 24-hour surveillance on the suspect. At the same time I called in two other detectives, entirely unconnected with the case thus far, and gave them these instructions:

"You men have, of course, heard of our investigation into the disappearance of Wanda Hughes. There would seem reasonable ground for suspicion that Raymond O'Dell played some part in this matter. On the other hand, circumstantial evidence can play strange tricks. I am assigning you to a most unusual duty. I want you to devote your entire time to the Hughes case, but I want your efforts to be directed at trying to prove that Raymond O'Dell had nothing to do with the disappearance of Wanda Hughes. All of the information available to the department will be at your disposal, but I must repeat once more: your job is to try to establish the *innocence* of Raymond O'Dell, not his guilt."

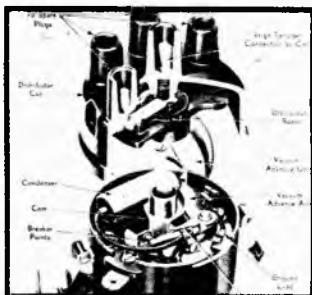
By this time, of course, the disappearance of Wanda Hughes had become a *cause célèbre*, throughout the State of Kentucky. I was receiving the usual quota of crank mail throwing suspicion on dozens of people, including the child's father, and volunteers by the score were conducting their own investigations. It was precisely 10 days from the time Wanda had disappeared that Earldon Shouse found the body. He had been a member of one of the search parties digging along both sides of the private lane which enters Love Ridge Road. The citizenry of the area were up in arms and in some instances power shovels had been employed. Shouse was a level-headed individual and he posted a guard around the grave with instructions that nothing was to be disturbed before he called me at Louisville, and I rushed to the scene.

The location of Wanda's grave immediately explained Raymond O'Dell's repeated references to "Up the hill to the left" and "Slip in laundry bag." The grave actually was up a small hill on the left side of the private lane leading off from Love Ridge Road. We were able later, through Arthur Turner, to identify as belonging to his laundry—and as similar to one delivered to the O'Dell home—

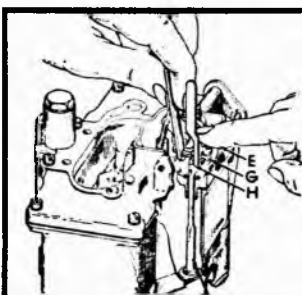
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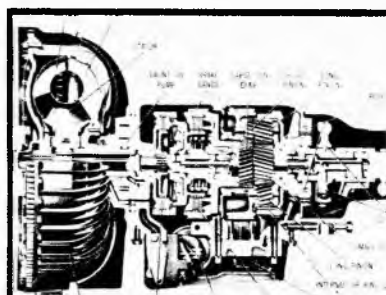
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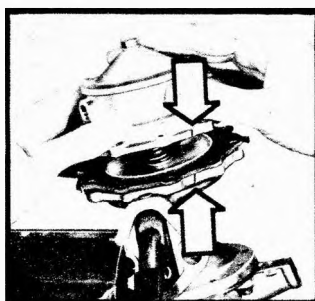


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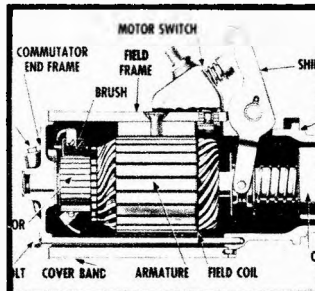


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a basket-woven laundry bag into which the body of the girl had been partly stuffed. When found, the body was badly decomposed. Wanda was wearing one shoe, both socks, her T-shirt, part of a brassiere—and the diamond-shaped onyx ring which had been her pride in life.

There were at least 2,000 people at the scene of the grave by the time authorities could get there, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we were able to get Wanda's remains out and into an ambulance.

THE body was first removed to Lawrenceburg, and then to the Louisville General Hospital where a post mortem examination was conducted by Dr. George F. Dwyer. He found that Wanda had been killed by a blow on the side of the head, but the state of decomposition of the body was such that no reliable finding could be reached with regard to whether or not she had been assaulted prior to being murdered.

Silent, impersonal witnesses from Washington really were the ones who convicted Raymond O'Dell. From the Federal Bureau of Investigation laboratory came a report that a general comparison showed that the pale yellow dirt on O'Dell's shoes, on the blade of the shovel, and on the floor of his car, were similar in characteristics to samples of soil sent from the area of the grave. This same agency proved conclusively that the dolomite and limestone pebbles on O'Dell's shoes, shovel, the floor of his car and under the operating pedals were the same as samples sent from the area of the fire where O'Dell obviously had attempted to destroy evidence which might have been used against him.

Laboriously, step by step, we prepared a case against Raymond O'Dell which admitted no other verdict than "guilty." Using special police car number 91, which is equipped with instruments for the simultaneous measuring of time and distance, Sergeant Bibb and Officers Alvin Schen and Kenneth Barrett went over every material portion of the trial, including Wanda's known movements before meeting O'Dell and his movements thereafter. Finally, when we placed Raymond O'Dell on trial for murder, we were confident not only that we had the right man but that no jury could fail to recognize the fact.

Emotional tension in the court room was at an electric, almost unimaginable peak. When O'Dell received the death sentence after the first trial the people of Kentucky felt that justice had been done. However, O'Dell's appeal for a new trial was granted, and when his sentence, after this second conviction, was imposed as life imprisonment, Wanda Hughes' mother gave way completely to hysteria. Standing up in the crowded court room she screamed and threw a bottle at the prisoner as he was being led away. ●

For another true tale of crime, taken from actual police records, see the August issue of MALE and Phantom of Kentucky.



I mean they have a set of old-time virtues and ideas. They believe in God and the Constitution of the United States. Other laws don't make much impression on them, at least on those of the Ozarkians who still live far from towns and paved roads.

There used to be plenty of feudists down there. Not so many these days. There used to be moonshiners. Well, I don't think they have thinned out so much. A fellow might run across a still on just about any hill he chose. Of course, he'd likely find some birdshot too, in painful places . . .

I'd been working about a week at the census. I'd covered some knobs I'd never seen before, and now I'd come to a section that I hadn't even heard of.

"Anybody living up on Little Bald Squaw?" I asked in the general store. The man behind the counter grinned.

"Sure thing. One family. I wouldn't suggest you going up there to check, though."

"Rough?" I asked.

"You might say so."

"Well," I told him, "it's my job. I have to go."

"Where'll I send the flowers?" he asked. A real humorist. I bought some tobacco and left for Little Bald Squaw.

Shortly, I found out that he hadn't been kidding.

I left my car at the end of a dirt road that petered out to what might have been a mule track. The day was cold, damp, and had a promise of rain. Muffling my trench coat up around my chin, I slogged up the trail, getting higher and colder all the time. Finally I struck a part of the path that went along under an almost-sheer cliff of limestone, between red gum trees and shortleaf pine. I was walking over this when I heard a rattle above me.

I looked up to see a rock about the size of a pumpkin come rolling and bouncing down toward me. I dived forward, and it missed me by a couple of feet. I wouldn't have thought much about it—but 10 yards farther, another rock came down the cliff. This one came closer, because it didn't hit the slope so often, and gave me less warning.

Coincidence? I doubted it. I kept an eye peeled upward as I followed the trail, and in a minute saw two more young boulders coming at me. I dodged behind a pine. "Hey!" I yelled.

A head stuck up over the rim of the limestone hill. Then two more showed up, far up and outlined against the gray sky. I couldn't make out whether they were kids or grown men. "You cut that out!" I shouted. Pretty soon another rock came whizzing down.

I couldn't let this stop me from doing my job. I jumped onto the path again

They Loved Me In the Ozarks

Continued from page 34

and ran like hell toward the top of the hill.

Now a rain of little rocks came down at me. One hit my hat but didn't do any damage. These weren't being rolled; they were being thrown at me. I went belting along, swearing under my breath. I wondered how many of the almost 150,000 census takers were running into trouble like this. Not many, I imagined.

I rounded a bend near the top of Little Bald Squaw. A man was standing in the center of the path, a long squirrel rifle aimed dead at my chest. "Stand, you," he said. I stopped. I wasn't arguing with a squirrel rifle. "What do you want here?" he asked.

"I'm taking the census—"

"We ain't got any. If we did, I wouldn't let you take any."

I tried to explain what a census was. It took quite a time, not because he was stupid, but because he wouldn't listen very closely. He kept jabbing that rifle at me and asking me if I worked for the government. I saw the trap in that. I talked fast.

"I'm not a revenue agent. I don't give a damn if you have the biggest still in Arkansas up here. I work for the government, but I'm only checking on how many folks live in this part of the country."

"Who says I got a still?" His eyes, squinted with 60 years of sun and wind, peered sharply at me. "Somebody down in that place been talking?" His accent was heavy, but musical, like all mountain people's. And his rifle was as efficient-looking as a M-1.

"**N**OBODY told me anything about you," I said. "Look, you're a good citizen. Do you want to help the government find out how many people it has?"

He lowered the rifle, still uncertain. "Nobody talked about me running a still? Then why'd you come up here talking about one?" He jerked the rifle. "Come and have a little to eat. I purely don't see why you mentioned a still."

I followed him up the path to a house made of old clapboards, logs, sheets of tin and other things. It looked as if it had grown up like a mushroom, instead of being built. But the inside was warm and dry. I took off my trench coat. "I have to ask you a few questions," I said.

He waved that aside. I had to eat a bite first. He introduced me to his daughter, a thick-set woman of about 40, who brought in ham and vegetables enough to feed a platoon. Her husband came in, and then three boys in their late teens, the grandsons of the old fellow. I knew darn well they were the ones who'd been roll-

(Continued on page 56)

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ing rocks at me, but I didn't say anything. They were big hulks, all with light fuzzes of beards and eyes like big light-blue marbles. We all sat down at the table.

Nobody said anything at first but the patriarch of the clan. He was called Grandad Hoey. The three boys were Bayes, Joe, and Cyril. Grandad Hoey mentioned 16 times or so that anyone who said he ran a still was a blank-blank blunker, and then asked me again what I was doing there. I tried to explain the need of a census.

"**H** E'S a go'ment man," Cyril said. "Ought to drop him in the well."

"He'd pizen us," said Bayes. The three of them whooped with laughter. Grandad Hoey reached out his rifle—he ate with it across his lap—and cracked Bayes a hell of a wallop on the side of his skull with the barrel. "Don't insult guests," he said mildly.

Bayes started to bawl like a little kid. I stared at my plate, embarrassed, but no one else paid any attention to him. "You go right ahead speaking, Mister Dougherty," said Grandad Hoey.

So I spoke. It took me over an hour to make the census clear to him, but when I had, he was all for it. He told me what I wanted to know about all six of them. Then I stood up to go. "Here, now," he said, "you can't go leaving right off. You're the first company we've had in a month."

His daughter was clearing the table. She stopped and looked at me, and she

said the only thing I heard her utter during my entire stay on Little Bald Squaw Mountain.

"First company in *nine years*," she said.

Well, I had a lot of ground to cover, but I couldn't leave, not after hearing that. I sat down again. I figured I could talk for another half hour. Nine years. My God! Besides, I kind of liked the old man.

When he started to ask questions he was a little shy. He didn't want to seem ignorant of what was going on in the outside world, and yet he just had to have some fresh news about it. I wondered if they didn't hear anything when they visited the stores down in the village, and said so.

"We don't talk any more to them idiots than we have to," said Joe.

"Roosevelt still President, I guess?" suggested Grandad Hoey. I thought for a minute he meant Teddy, because they were *really* cut off up there, but he knew about F.D.R. all right, and something of the war, too. I told him somebody else was President now.

After politics, somehow we got onto science, and I told them about the atom bomb and nylon and television, and gosh knows how much more. They all sat around me, one of the boys stoking up the fire occasionally and the woman away back in the shadows, and all six of them listened as if I'd been a prophet, talking about heaven.

Some things they liked, and others they didn't. Bayes kept saying he wanted a TV set. TV was what interested them most. I told them about Milton Berle,

and Grandad Hoey rolled in his chair and laughed till dust fell off the rafters.

Then I stood up to go. No, they couldn't let me. They had to hear more. And I started to get fidgety, because it was four o'clock in the afternoon.

"I have to take the census," I said.

"Later, Mister Dougherty, later. You tell us about this Berle feller."

Cyril brought out a jug of moon. Three swigs of that, and I was talking a mile a minute. First thing I knew, it was dark outside. Then we had supper, and I said I just had to go.

And they wouldn't let me. And I started to get scared.

What if they made me stay overnight? I had a job to do, an important job! I started firmly toward the door.

Joe was sitting beside it. He tipped his chair back against the wall and put an arm across the doorway. "You sit down and get to talking," he said coldly. I looked into his light eyes, level and murderous. I took a seat again. I was getting hoarse, but I talked.

When they started to get ready for bed, I insisted on saying goodbye, and Grandad Hoey, still treating me as if I was a messenger straight from the White House to him, insisted that I couldn't find my way down the hill in this murk. I said I was sure I could. The boys—the grandsons, that is, for Hoey's son-in-law didn't enter into the conversation much, except to spit now and then and snarl some word of disbelief—the boys ganged up around me and said I was arguing with the old man, and that wasn't nice of me. I ought to have better manners. A government man, and no manners. It was purely shameful.

I ended up in bed, a bed made of ancient slats and dry grasses, shared with Joe. Joe started to snort and gurgle after a time, and I slid out and collected my clothes and aimed for the door. On the steps outside sat Grandad Hoey, his back to me. Without looking around, he spoke.

"Not much moon tonight, Mister Dougherty. Mighty little to see out here." I started to close the door again. He chuckled. "An old man doesn't need much sleep," he said.

BLAST him! I went back to bed. In the morning, I'd be firm, even tough if I had to. I'd be in my car before the sun was an hour up . . .

Well, at breakfast I threatened them with everything from the revenue officers to the Marines, and they just smiled at me. They fed me till my guts hurt, and they had me tell them about skyscrapers and improved breeds of cattle, and Lord knows how much more. If I got sullen, the three boys got mad. I didn't get sullen often. They were big, brutal characters. Grandad Hoey talked a lot, too, very casually, about things he'd seen and done in his 60 years. It was interesting in spite of my awful situation.

I remember one tale he told, about a young scalawag who'd done his daughter wrong. Not the daughter who lived there; another one, dead these 20 years. He'd gone down to get the fellow, but he'd given himself up to the sheriff. Grandad



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(Continued from page 56)

Hoey calmly waited by the courthouse till the sheriff walked out with the culprit in tow, and then he'd shot him out of the sheriff's hands, right on the courthouse steps.

The jury, probably all relatives of Hoey, found him innocent. The judge reprimanded him severely. Grandad Hoey said, "Why, judge, you know I never kill a man without just cause!"

I had the feeling that if I went and left Little Bald Squaw without permission, it'd be just cause for him to blow my head off. I had a very cold, empty feeling in my belly. I was in a spot.

We talked and ate, and walked around the hilltop, still talking. I never felt so uncomfortable for so long a time in my life. I kept watching for opportunities to leave. They never showed up. Dusk settled down, and it started to rain. The woman lit the old lamps. Grandad Hoey asked me about England. I said I'd never been there. "That's all right, Mister Dougherty. You just tell us about it anyway."

MY GOD! I thought, this could go on for weeks! I had to get away tonight. I felt like a prisoner on Devil's Island. Except that there, I wouldn't be forced to talk all the time.

When we went to bed, I started to fake a snore. Joe joined in after while, and then the others. I'd kept an eye on the door, and nobody had gone out. Just let me make it to the yard, and I felt I could slip off that mountain and be done with this crazy family. So after a long, dismal hour, I eased out of bed and dressed in the blackness, and started for the door.

"Hey!" yelled somebody, as I collided with a table. I swore. Bayes! I abandoned a try at silence, and lunged for the place I thought the door ought to be. It wasn't

there. I swung wildly around and banged into something that was big and hard and smelled of sour mash. Cyril . . .

He shouted, "Who's that?" and immediately hit me. I might have been anyone from Joe to the old man himself, but Cyril didn't care. He let me have a fist in the ribs that all but cracked them. I shot back as if I'd been socked with a two-by-four, fell over a chair and rolled against the wall. I scrambled up and went for the door again.

"He's getting away!" roared Bayes in the darkness. "Light up, or he'll get away from us!"

I knew they'd rather break my legs than lose me and never hear any more about Milton Berle. Panicked, I suddenly felt the hinge of the door. I grabbed the latch, tried to shove out, then remembered it opened in and yanked it frantically toward me.

A man bumped into me again, but before he could grab me I was through the door. It was pouring rain. I leaped off the steps into the night . . . and into an inch of slippery, oozing muck, I landed on my tailbone, a howl of quick pain jolting out of me.

In the house, a lamp was turned up, letting a stream of yellow rays out the open door. I was on hands and toes now, trying to stand in the damned mire. I made it, ran maybe a dozen yards, flopped again. I was confused by the rain, the dark and my own fright. I found myself over by the pigsty, at right angles to the path I wanted to take away from the house. The boys were out now, hunting for me. Then I heard the old man call from the doorway.

"Don't lose him, lads! You'll never hear such a wonderful liar again!" Someone shot a rifle then; God knows at what. "I'd dearly hate to lose that liar!" roared Grandad Hoey.

Liar! He thought all my stories of the world outside were made up—the blamed old coot! It made me just mad enough to be good and damn sure I'd not be caught by his thugs of grandchildren. I aimed for the path, made it, and started running, sliding, and wobbling downhill.

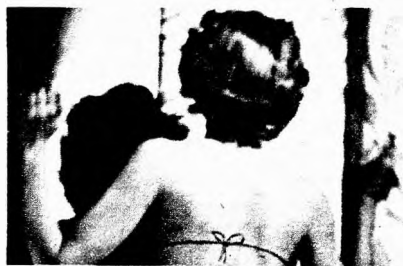
Someone was coming behind me. I could hear the slap and suck of their bare feet in the mud. I tossed caution to the rain, and ran for dear life. A rifle banged again—but this time it was aimed in my direction. "Here he is, Cyril!" *Blam!*

THERE was barely enough light to see the trail. Twice I skidded and fell, the second time smashing my face into a tree and tearing off two inches of skin. I was lucky the bark didn't take my eye out. I got up and ran on. Better to break my neck on the mountain than be toted back to the genial, homicidal hospitality of the Hoeyes.

They were behind me all the way, but I made it to my car without being caught. It took what seemed an hour to get the key into the lock. I slid in, slammed the door, pushed the lock button down, and switched on the ignition. With a prayer I went through the dear old familiar civilized motions, and the car coughed and started. I got out . . . fast!

When I had covered a half mile, I felt in the pockets of the torn, mucked-up trench coat. The precious records of the census were safe. All I'd lost was some skin, some time, and plenty of dignity. I could have laughed about the whole adventure then, except that I'd come mighty close to having my brains blown out. And also there was the fact that, after all my careful instruction of the Hoeyes concerning the state of the nation, they'd figured me for nothing but a colossal, if fascinating, liar!

That still annoys hell out of me! ●



Roughhouse on the River

Continued from page 16

years, there have been 64 unsolved gang murders in the area, 25 of them since 1940, in hoodlum warfare for control of vice, gambling, and bootlegging. In six months of open conflict between gunmen under the notorious S. Glenn Young and the Shelton gang several years back, the Williamson County coroner filed verdict of 153 cases of death from unknown causes by "person or persons unknown." In southern Illinois they argue with live ammunition, and the desolate, swampy Okaw Bottoms between Herrin (scene of the shocking "Herrin massacre" of the '20's) and East St. Loo has been the Potter's Field for many a mangled, shot-to-pieces body.

I took a train down to Granite City, grabbed a bus into East St. Louis, and

checked in at the Broadview Hotel, a first-class inn that stands out in the grimy burg (population 82,000) like the Taj Mahal would on Chicago's West Madison Street. Then I phoned a friend of mine who worked on a St. Louis newspaper and who I thought would know all the angles. He did. "Pick you up at nine," he said, "and we'll drive around. Hope you have a strong stomach."

East St. Louis, the capital of the southern Illinois badlands, runs with the lid off 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Heavily industrialized, with odorous packing houses crowding stark old factories and breweries and with most of the population living in ramshackle frame and brick slums, East St. Louis makes St. Louis, across the Mississippi in Missouri,

look like a garden spot by comparison. St. Louis cab drivers run a regular shuttle service from downtown hotels across the Eads Bridge to the strip-tease joints, tourist court brothels, gambling houses and dope dens of St. Clair and Madison counties, Illinois, and any male out for a walk by himself in downtown St. Louis is likely to have a taxi slide up and the driver call out: "Want some fun, Mac? Stag show? Woman? Crap game? Anything you want across the river. Take you there in 10 minutes."

ALL this I knew. And what I didn't know I found out as soon as my friend from the St. Louis paper picked me up in his Buick at nine o'clock that night.

"Might as well start with the dames," he said. "Town's crawling with 'em." As we drove up Missouri Avenue, past an abandoned school with all its windows broken, he explained: "The pitch down here is to pick 'em up in a tavern, or a juke joint if you like 'em young, and let them take it from there. If you look like a live one, they'll suggest a tourist camp where the management is broadminded, and mention a price. Commercial as hell, these babes. No build-up needed, but it's

(Continued on page 60)

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risky. Last week a lawyer attending a convention in St. Loo picked up a beautiful redhead in the Jefferson Hotel bar. They got real chummy after half a dozen drinks, and she let him drive her to a tourist court over on this side. While he was taking a shower she grabbed his wallet and took off in his car. Fortunately, the chump had a friend who worked on my paper and went to him instead of to the cops. My friend took the guy to a tavern in East St. Louis, and sure enough, there was the car and the beautiful redhead. He was glad to get his car and his wallet back, so he let her keep the money."

WE pulled up at a soot-stained tavern. The joint didn't look like much from the outside, but inside it was really jumping. Three-quarters of the patrons were women, and we hadn't done more than elbow up to the mahogany and mention a couple of beers before two fairly attractive brunette specimens, about 30 years old and straining their sweaters, had suggested that we buy them something to drink and retire to a booth in the back "where it's dark and we can talk." But when they found out that we had a car, they quit fooling around and came to the point. There was a motel out on Route 3, they said, where we could get a double room, a marijuana cigarette apiece, and a quart of whiskey, all for \$20. Add a lousy \$15 apiece for their "time," and for only \$50—\$25 each—we would buy ourselves one hell of a ball.

This was what we had come for, so we took it. We tooled out St. Clair Avenue towards the open country with these two hookers, who snuggled up to us and kept up a line of sexy patter. This was vice, East St. Louis style—good-looking girls, fast service, reasonable rates; no sleazy brothel, no bogus build-up. They directed us to the motel, a new ranch-type structure about a quarter of a mile down the highway from what my friend said was one of St. Clair County's leading night clubs—and apparently under the same management.

There was a bus stop in front of the motel, so we broke the bad news to the girls. We told them that we were journalists, not conventionering good-time Johns, and that the State Police would have the name of the motel by the next day and theirs, too, if they didn't beat it. What they called us would have shocked even Dr. Kinsey.

"We're not through with this prostitution riff," my friend said as we drove off. "What you've seen is just one kind. We've got plenty more."

We raced back into town and followed the railroad tracks into a slum section—decaying, unpainted houses, corner lots full of tin cans and rusty bedsprings, stockyards smell, store-front churches, dreary-looking taverns and pool rooms. On the other side of this neighborhood, almost within sight of the river, there was a place where the street went under a series of railroad trestles.

There were no street lights and the smoke from burning garbage dumps made the smog so thick you could cut it with

a knife. The only illumination came from the oil lamps and occasional naked light bulbs in the windows of the one and two-story shacks, but you could see shadowy figures moving about the sidewalks and alleys, and there would be an occasional flash of light as a door opened to let a man enter one of the mean cribs.

"The Valley," my friend said as we drove slowly through. "Red-light district. Not what it used to be. They used to turn tricks for a quarter in old piano crates out by the dumps." He stepped on the gas. "Let's get out of here." We got. "The Valley" was as sordid and depressing a "line" as I had ever seen.

"Something a little better coming up," my friend said. "Our specialty down here."

He turned up-river and soon we came to a big parking lot that sloped down the levee to the river's edge. It was filled with huge trailer-trucks, 40 or 50 of them, and we could hear the sound of music, laughter and feminine voices.

"This is a stop-over for these big rigs on the way west," my friend explained. "The drivers drop off Route 66 and spend the weekend here. Well, some of them pick up these farm girls, sleep with them in the trailer, and then bring 'em down here for the weekend. They rent the girls out to other truck drivers who are stopping over, or to anybody else who happens along. Then on Monday morning they pull out and leave the girls stranded here. I guess most of them don't mind. They end up soliciting in the taverns, like the ones we picked up, or get jobs as B-girls and waitresses in the strip-tease joints. And that reminds me," he said, "we've got to hit a couple of these dives before we call it a night."

We hit more than a couple. They were all the same—strip-tease, "exotic" dancing, smutty comedy. We dropped in on a couple of gambling casinos too, and most any kind of action was available. There weren't many slots, but outside of that this far corner of southern Illinois had everything that Nevada has.

We had nightcaps with a couple of exotic dancers at the bar of one joint, and as dawn was breaking we pulled up at the Broadview. "How about tomorrow night?" my friend said. "We're just getting started. The stuff goes all the way down the river to Cairo."

"Thanks, but no, thanks," I said. "Chicago I can take, but East St. Louis is too much."

The next day I called on my friend Jim Connors of the St. Louis Crime Commission and got a fill-in on East St. Louis and southern Illinois. It wasn't a pretty picture. Connors quoted the Kefauver Committee, which reported: "There can be little doubt in the minds of the committee that wide-open conditions flourish in Madison and St. Clair counties because of protection and pay-offs."

Two Madison County newspapers, the *Collinsville Herald* and the *Troy Tribune*, had recently put up a big beef about gambling and prostitution, and the result had been a few token raids. Gamblers are rarely arrested and fined in southern Illinois, but a man who was convicted of feeding uncooked garbage to hogs was fined \$50! The newspapers charged that

two candidates for sheriff had spent \$50,000 each to get elected to a \$4,000 a year job.

The Kefauver Committee sweated the East St. Louis Commissioner of Public Safety, who made the incredible statement that he didn't know that two of the biggest bookie operations in the country had their headquarters in East St. Louis and that his city was the center of "lay-off" betting for the entire United States. The Commissioner also blandly stated that he thought "it was all right to bet any place if they wanted to make a bet."

The sheriff of St. Clair County expressed an equal ignorance, stating that he knew nothing at all about the big bookmaking operations, while the sheriff of Madison County announced that he never interfered with gambling, since the mayors and police chiefs in his county didn't seem to object to it. The police chief of Fairmount City, Illinois, an ex-coal miner, sported a new Cadillac convertible and a \$1,200 diamond ring shortly after assuming office.

The rackets in southern Illinois are under the control of two brothers, one of whom got his start as a member of the old Shelton gang which terrorized southern Illinois from headquarters in East St. Louis for many years and did time in Alcatraz. Now he lives in a \$100,000 home and gives out \$20 tips. The two own pieces of a lot of strip-tease and gambling joints, are tied in with the Chicago Capone powerhouse and have a lot of political clout in the southern Illinois area. They're also tied in with notorious gangs across the river in St. Louis—the Hogan Gang, Egan's Rats, the Green Dagoes and the Pillow Gang. This latter outfit got its name when its leader was shot in the buttocks and thereafter carried a pillow with him to use whenever he sat down.

NARCOTICS, the meanest hustle in the world, gets a big play in southern Illinois. The stuff comes up the river from New Orleans, and in The Valley it's as easy to get as candy. Many strip-tease joints and gambling casinos also dispense heroin, or "horse," the going price being about \$5 a jolt. The customer buys the stuff from the men's room attendant, goes into a toilet booth and mainlines it into the vein. The Sheltons never pulled a big job without being hopped up, and their present-day counterparts have kept up the custom.

Next to prostitution, gambling is the biggest underworld business down on the levee. The big bookies "lay off" in East St. Louis, and before the recent temporary "heat" one establishment in East St. Louis was handling \$20,000,000 a year in bets. The net profit from this "handle" is a cool \$750,000 a year. No wonder southern Illinois politicians and public officials are so blind to gambling. The Kefauver heat caused only a temporary let-up in gambling and vice operations in Madison and St. Clair counties. By 1953 the lid was off, and it's still off today.

Southern Illinois is one of the last strongholds of the "line," as the commercialized vice district used to be called.



Plays Pieces
"Was able to play many pieces in a short time. Family and friends surprised! Play for social functions, dances." — **Peter H. Kozara, Manitoba, Canada.**



Excels Friend Who Has Teacher
"I didn't know a note. Now I play for parties. A friend (taking lessons from private teacher same length of time) is still doing simple exercises." — **Marie Van Hulle, Manitoba, Canada.**



Now Invited Out Lots
"It's been fun. Hasn't cost anywhere near as much as private teacher. Now invited to affairs, dances." — **Howard Hopkins, E. Syracuse, N.Y.**



"Didn't Know A Note"
"I didn't know a note. Now I play many selections, to the delight of friends and relatives." — **Lawrence M. Deno, West Chazy, N.Y.**



Progresses Rapidly
"How rapidly I am progressing! Lessons so simple, anyone can understand them." — **Andrew Schneider, Hanna, Wyoming.**



Family and Friends Surprised
"I, my family and friends are surprised at my rapid progress!" — **Pearl May Clay, Center, Tex.**



Learns Faster Without Teacher
"Have no special talent—but now I play guitar better than many who have had teachers for longer time." — **Myrella-Muquette Saint-Andre, Montreal.**



"Friends Were Amazed"
"Didn't know a note on piano. In a short time I could play simple hymns. Friends were amazed. Now entertain at parties, play at church." — **Samuel Moses, Mt. Vernon, Tenn.**



"How Happy I Am"
"How happy I am. I play for parties, entertainments. Never once thought I would be able to play the piano. Thanks a million!" — **Cora Franklin, Duke, Bumpass, Va.**



13-Year-Old Learns
"Never took lessons before. Now play better than friends (with private teachers) who began same time I did." — **Jean Lueck, Big Stone, S. Dak.**



"Easy as Falling Off Log"
"Easy as falling off log. Have always wanted to play. Now my dream is being fulfilled." — **Mrs. Phyllis B. Jones, Blanding, Utah.**



Wins Bet With Friends
"Bet friends I could learn piano quickly. Last night, one said, 'Why, sounds like you've been playing for years!'" — **Louise Gomez, Oakland, Cal.**



"Now Play Any Piece I Like"
"Never studied music before. Your method is easy! Now play any piece I like." — **Rose Boyer, Blackwell, Mo.**



"Never Dreamed I Would Play"
"Wouldn't have believed it possible — learning to play in such a short time. Friends can't get over it — think it's me, but it's your wonderful lessons!" — **Eileen Turner, St. Victor, Canada.**



Plays for Church
"I'm 12 years old. I have played for our church. My sister also uses the course. She can play anything — and had never taken lessons before." — **Patsy Jeffery, Sweetwater, Tex.**



Gave Famous Band Leader His Start
"Got my start with a U. S. School Course. It's easy to learn to read notes and play this 'teach-yourself' way!" — **Lawrence Welk, well-known orchestra leader.**



"Enjoyed Every Step"
"Enjoyed every step of the way. Friends can't get over the improvement made in such a short time." — **Helen Prevas, New Castle, Del.**



Never Believed It Possible
"Never dreamed I would ever play. I didn't know one note. Today I play delightful pieces." — **Mrs. Dallas B. Kerk, Lodgepole, Nebr.**

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In the smaller towns and cities along the river, particularly, the old brothel system survives with political protection. The State's Attorney for Pulaski County, commenting on vice conditions in Cairo, Illinois, told this story: The Cairo Baptists wanted to build a new church on 13th Street in that town. This street was in the heart of the red-light district. The city officials held a meeting and then told the Baptists they would have to build somewhere else, as the "girls" had a prior right to the street and could not be disturbed!

The newspapers keep after corrupt officials, but their pleas fall on deaf ears. Paul Simon, editor of the *Troy Tribune*, asked the Grand Jury to indict the sheriff of Madison County for "palpable omission of duty," and demanded that the Bar Association take action against the state's attorney. A state's attorney was seen watching a dice game in a well-known strip-tease and gambling joint. One sheriff of Madison County openly admits having banked a quarter of a million dollars during his term of office. His salary was \$4,000 a year. The best the reform has been able to do is to get a system of periodic fining of gambling joints, a system which operates like licensing and which is estimated to bring \$100,000 a year into Madison County coffers. With the opening of a new \$2,000,000 race track at Cahokia Downs in 1954, the gambling situation in southern Illinois, about as bad as it can get, will probably get worse.

Meanwhile, the gang guns are still banging away, just as they have been for 50 years. A strip-tease joint was shot up while I was in East St. Louis. Shortly before that the body of John "Buddy" Lugar was found on a lonely road near Madison, Illinois. On the day I got in town a tavern proprietor, who was also a prominent politician, pulled out a gun and shot and killed a customer, for no apparent reason. Nothing happened to him. It was "self-defense." Gun-play and violence are so common down along the levee that nobody pays much attention unless the shots are directed his way. And while police were "investigating" the Lugar killing, a reporter found a 55-gallon still operating only a block from the Federal Building in downtown East St. Louis!

GIRLS, gun-play, gangsters, gambling—they've got 'em all down there on the levee. Instead of banjos and "Old Man River," they've got jazz combos beating it out all night while the strippers strip, the ivories click merrily in the back room and the men's room attendant fixes somebody with a jolt of heroin that will keep him flying until dawn.

I didn't collect the hat from my FBI friend in Chicago. But I got out of southern Illinois with my head—which is about par for the course. ●

For an inside look at goings-on in "The City That Shocked New England," don't miss the September issue of STAG.



my hand and remembered the one that almost had my life.

I was hunting 'gators for skins then, and living the only kind of life, except for a stretch in the Army, that I've ever known. I grew up in Daytona, but I'd hunted all over the Florida wilderness before I was old enough to get out of school.

Since I was eight I'd been making money out of hunting. I'd started by catching rattlesnakes and peddling them live to reptile farms.

On the night I went back of Deland onto Frying Pan Lake, I had long since graduated to more profitable game, and I could "cut a chin" as fine as anybody. When you only get paid for 'gator skins to the even foot, it doesn't take long to learn to start your first cut as close to the edge of the mouth as you can get.

I WAS in a light skiff, just large enough to hold a nine-foot 'gator and small enough to get into every place I wanted to investigate. I had the usual equipment with me for night hunting—a hand axe, a headlight and a gaffing pole.

I would drift along close to shore and train the light on the shallows. When you spot a 'gator at night, you don't really see him at all. You just see two bright red coals glinting at you from the surface of the water. Those are the stop lights for a night 'gator hunter. When he sees them, he should be sure of getting a skin. The bright beam of the light seems to hypnotize a 'gator, and he floats motionless in the water as long as you pin him on it.

You glide the boat in, lean over the side and chop into the vulnerable spot on the flat top of his head with the blade of a short hand axe. Then you hook him with the gaff before he sinks, and haul him in.

I had two small, six-foot 'gators in the boat when I decided to give it up as a bad night and head back across the lake. But I wouldn't exactly have called it a bad night. In my book, any night's a good one when I can take off by myself and challenge the Everglades. There's something about the Florida swamps at night and the things waiting in them that give a guy a hopped-up feeling inside.

It's a happy, great-to-be-alive feeling to me, the confidence of being able to answer any question the swamp puts to you. If you're not at home there, I guess it can be a horror.

So I was feeling good and cocky coming back, even though the six-footers I'd caught wouldn't bring more than 15 bucks altogether. Skins were going at a buck twenty-five a foot then.

I was idly scanning the water with the headlight when I saw him.

It surprised me I'd find one that far from shore. All I could see was his eyes, glowing fiery red as I pinned the beam

Crush Him To Your Belly

Continued from page 33

on him and kept it there. I couldn't tell a thing about his size, but they're damn few and far between that you can't put out of commission with an axe.

The minute I chopped him, though, I could tell. He was a big one. There was a solid chunk as the blade dug into the soft spot on top of his head just back of the eyes. And I could feel the impact all the way up my arm to the shoulder, the way a baseball feels when you hit it right on the nose.

I chopped him again to make sure and almost lost him before I could get the gaff into him. I managed to drag him over the side. He nearly filled up the boat. Already counting the money for his skin, I figured him for an eight-footer at least.

I played the light over him and saw the blood oozing freely from the two deep gashes where I'd slammed him with the axe. Now I knew the hunt was really over. This was enough of a catch for any trip, and I relaxed, satisfied. As I reached back to spin the outboard motor into action, the eerie surroundings hit me full force. I had been too alert on spotting 'gators to think about it before. My headlight was still on, and it pushed a narrow pencil of brilliance through the moonless night. A faint rustle of the trees came floating over the water, and the gentle slap of the small ripples of the lake made the only other sound.

I shrugged off the shivery feeling that came over me then. But I realize now that some sixth sense was trying to warn me of what was to happen.

The motor kicked over with a roar that shattered the stillness of the lake. Perhaps it was an accident that I happened to prop my foot against the eight-footer's hide as I steered for home, but as it turned out that's actually what saved me.

I must have been in the dead center of the lake when he moved. At first I thought it was the weight of his body shifting with the movement of the boat. Then my foot told me different. It felt the first twitch of the massive tail and gave me a split-second chance to grab for the axe.

THE rest is just a blurred memory of movement, with flashes that stand out in sharp focus. The small boat seemed to explode under the blows of his thrashing tail, and I fell forward and across him as the sides were torn loose and the water rushed in. In the instant before the headlight disappeared below the surface, I saw his jaws snap together, biting at the air in frenzy, and his yellow teeth looked like a row of knives to me.

I slammed at his head as we went down. What damage it did then I don't

(Continued on page 64)

You'd Never Guess He's 76 And How the Whole Family Learned the Secret of His Pep *If You're Over 35—*

Ask yourself these five vital questions:

1. Do you eat white bread?
2. Do you eat standard brands of ready-to-eat cereals?
3. Do you eat regular white sugar?
4. Do you drink coffee, tea, carbonated beverages or beer?
5. Do you eat white rice?

If You Tire Easily—

If you answer yes, then remember that such foods are so refined that they no longer serve as potent energy builders. In most cases their original health-giving elements have been fed to pigs, cattle, and poultry, and you eat the part that would make them sick, tired, under-nourished and anemic.

Wake up! Why deprive yourself of such health factors! You are entitled to sound health—and certainly more nourishing food than farmers feed their cattle. From now on, concentrate on the "lost elements" of the food you eat. They are within easy reach.

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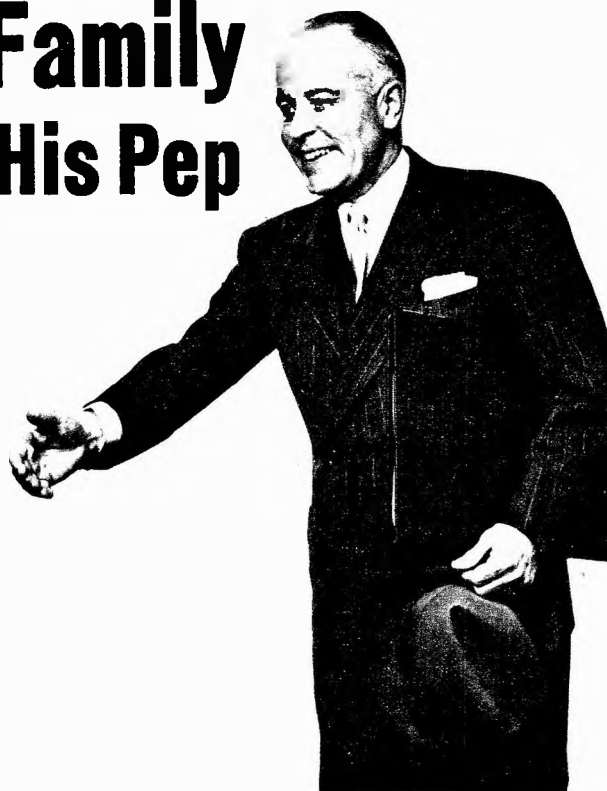
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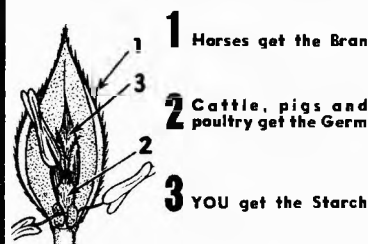
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(Continued from page 62)

know. The force of the blow shook loose my grip on the handle and the axe was gone.

The water engulfed me and I was faced with the battle of my life, unarmed, against the king of the swamps. And he was in his element.

A 'gator on dry land is relatively easy to handle because his short legs are no match for man's agility. He rarely opens his jaws at a hunter unless cornered against a fallen log. But in the water his power is unsurpassed. His tail has something to push against. Even then, when all the advantage is with him, there's only one time when he'll attack. That one time is when he is hurt.

This one was crazed with pain. I bobbed up and gulped for air, but the placid surface of the lake was churned into a foam by the flip-flop of the 'gator's body, and I strangled on a mouthful of water. The whip-like motions of his tail found me and drove me beneath the surface again with a sledge hammer blow, leaving my right shoulder numb and lifeless.

I did the only thing I could do. I grabbed for his whirling body. I felt powerless to get safely away in the water, and I had to know where those snapping jaws were. My hands found him and held on. I wrapped my legs around his body and ducked my head along the side of his neck. The talons of his forepaws scraped furiously at my chest. We were belly to belly and the pressure of my sustained breath began to pound in my ears.

I slid my arm along his back, hoping to reach his snout and press it closed against his underjaw. My hand touched the top of his head. It was as soft as an overripe orange where I'd gashed him with the axe. I clawed my fingers into

that mushy mass and it felt like my whole hand was digging into his brain.

My lungs filled my chest with one searing pain, crying for air, and I knew I couldn't hold on another second. Then I was drifting limply through the depths.

I thought, "This is what it's like, Walsh, when you're dead, dead, dead. Drowned and gone. Down the drain. They'll float bread on the water and fire guns over the lake to bring your body back again."

It took me that long to realize the 'gator was lifeless and away from me, and that I'd instinctively been fighting my way to the surface. The sweet night air rushed into my lungs and made me forget the ache in every one of my bones. It seemed three miles to shore instead of 300 yards, but I coasted in on the joy of being alive. An hour later, waiting for dawn to light my way into Deland, my only problem was where I could get a dry cigarette.

I was still smiling at the memory of how I cussed because I didn't have a smoke. Then Zeke came running into the 'gator pen. I became conscious again of the hubbub on the other side of the fence. The crowd had doubled.

ZEKE was panting hard. "My God, Bill," he said. "You like for that 'gator to gnaw on your hand. What you grinning about?"

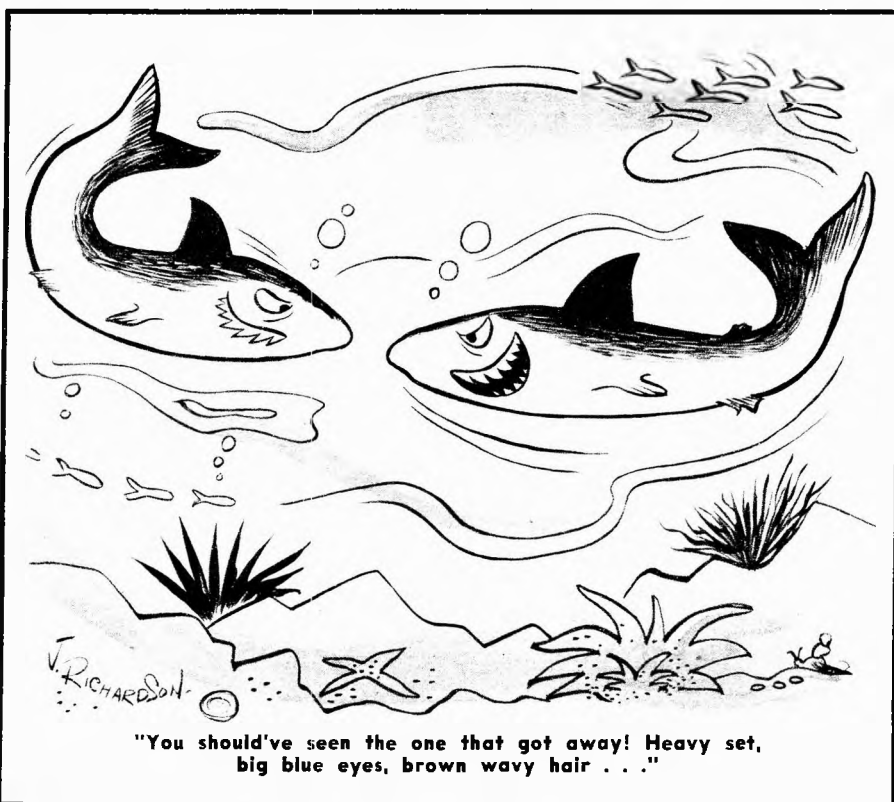
"Just get the knife, Zeke."

"Where you want me to stick him?"

"Don't stick him anywhere," I said. "Slip it sideways into his mouth, then turn the blade up."

When the sharp edge touched the tender skin of his upper mouth, the 'gator's jaws popped open like a jack-in-the-box.

My hand looked like it was in shreds, but they always look worse than they are. The doc took 16 stitches, and I'm still using it.



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We "Dropped" the A-Bomb on Denver

Continued from page 30

strip and turns into the wind. As the engines are accelerated the magnesium surfacing on the wing edges begins to ripple like the disturbed surface of a pond.

At 6:30 the Gargantua begins to move. You have been warned to get a firm grasp; the ship will pitch you to the rear as the brakes are released and the craft crashes down the runway. But it moves off with no sudden jolt. A startled jack-rabbit scampers crazily from under the wing tip.

It is the flight engineer's plane until we reach the refusal speed—the speed at which it cannot be stopped safely without take-off. The refusal speed has been calculated on the basis of total weight and engine power. It is 132 miles an hour. The motors rumble, but there is no piercing roar.

The ship is rolling gently, increasing speed. It seems it cannot have reached mid-point on the 8,500-foot strip when the air commander "pours the coal" to the engines. The jets have been at 100 per cent from the start of the roll. Now they're screaming. It's a fantastic sensation.

The nose pitches upward to an angle of 20 degrees. The rest of the cigar-shaped craft follows, and it is air-borne.

The B-36 does not level off until it is at 25,000 feet, the altitude it is to maintain throughout the mission. It requires only 23 minutes to attain that height, climbing more than 1,000 feet a minute.

After the level-off the scanners relay the information the engines are "proper"—no oil leaks visible. Steiner flashes the "clear to smoke." For the first time since your arrival, the crew seems to relax.

The jets are turned off at 25,000 feet and are not to be used again throughout the 15-hour flight. The engine noise is a drone now. Conversation is difficult, but the bulk of the mechanical noise is behind you. The giant blades seem to be moving at half-speed; the huge ship cuts gracefully through space with little effort.

Paradoxically, inside the mammoth aircraft there is little room for personnel. The front and rear compartments are jammed tight with intricate equipment. To travel between the tail and nose, one must lie on a small railed cart and slide through an 80-foot tunnel which parallels the center bomb bay section.

From the position at the left-forward gun blister, one can look over the radio operators' positions across the ship to the corresponding blister. Forward are two levels. On the flight deck above, with their backs to you, are the airplane commander—on the left—and the pilot, a captain, seated at the right. Facing the rear, before a maze of controls, are the flight engineer, a first lieutenant, and his aide, a technical sergeant.

In the nose on the deck below is the

navigator—a major. Directly behind him, surrounded by panels and view-finders, are two radar men, both captains. Nearby is the inflight radar maintenance specialist, a non-com.

The chief radar observer is the man behind the bomb. In the end, it is he who determines the success or failure of the mission.

The B-36 flies alone. Formation flying virtually is a thing of the past. The missile a single B-36 will carry is capable of creating more devastation than 1,000 bombers of World War II ilk.

At 8:04 A.M., after dropping a round of smoke bombs on the Walker range, the huge plane turns north and sweeps toward Denver, the target city.

Just north of Roswell, the aircraft penetrated the eastern sector of the Albuquerque air defense identification zone (ADIZ). Movements of all commercial and private planes within the ADIZ are transmitted to Kirtland Air Force Base near Albuquerque. The jet fighters of Kirtland are on constant vigilance, guarding Los Alamos and the other AEC installations of atom-conscious New Mexico.

SAC planes often provoke air duels with Kirtland's jets by not announcing their presence.

"It's not a real test exercise, but good practice for our gunners and the fighters," Capt. Lowell E. Watson, co-pilot on our B-36, explained. "They fire at each other with gun cameras. Later the film is developed and we see who got who."

THE crews on routine mission are graded on every phase of the operation. The competition in SAC is tough. Promotion and ungrading to higher combat ready status depend on the efficiency of every man. The crews are trained as single units. It is difficult for a flight engineer, say, to be promoted if the radio operator is dragging his feet.

The men are kept in tiptop physical condition. If one man develops a cold, the whole crew may be grounded until he recovers. Time lost may result in downgrading and demotions for the crew. To qualify for SAC, the men must undergo intensive physical training and the hardships of the rugged survival school where they must learn to exist on the barren desert, or an ice cap. (Editor's note: See pages 11-15.)

The bomber was not intercepted. It left the zone south of Pueblo and swept toward Colorado Springs, near the center of the state.

At 9:37, the SAC ship swung easily left into a 360-degree turn over the initial point. The initial point (IP) is the designated spot where the bomb run is to begin.

(Continued on page 68)



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It tells how I found the only positive way to be successful . . . how I rose from a struggling newspaperman to become the best-known salesman in America today. My whole method is built around the idea that you've got to know how to sell YOURSELF!

Whether in business or social life . . . in your dealings with friends, family or business associates . . . your success depends on how well you put yourself across, how well you bring others over to your way of thinking.

Today I am President of the Tested Selling Institute; my courses in salesmanship are used in business colleges and schools throughout the United States and Canada; I speak before a million people each year, was recently voted the most popular business speaker in America. My home is a beautiful ranch in Texas. My secret? Simple. I have learned how to sell Elmer Wheeler. I have learned how to sell my ideas and my ability.

You must do the same if you want to get ahead. How many times have you seen a man get a position or a raise

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Change "What Have I Got Coming?" to "What Can I Offer?"

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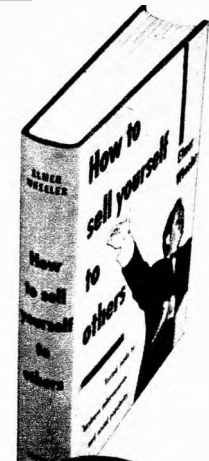
One Simple Technique That's Been Worth a Fortune to Me.

You Can't Get Along without This Short Chapter with a "Long" Lesson.

A Secret for Doubling the Power of Your Words.

"Pleasure-Pain"—The Golden Key to Influencing People.

Why not put these step-by-step directions to work in YOUR life right now? Why not use these techniques to sell the ability you have already? Because don't forget—if you bargain with life for a penny—that's just what you'll get—a penny. Don't put too cheap a price on your talents . . . don't sell yourself short. Start today to get people to recognize, accept and buy your ability. Send for a FREE-Examination copy of my book right now. It may be the most important step you take in your entire business career.



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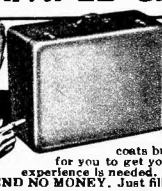
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(Continued from page 66)

It is here the navigator correlates wind deflection, speed of the craft, stabilizes the altitude and notifies the air commander over the intercom to "hold course" for Denver.

We still are at 25,000 feet. The view is spectacular. The atmosphere is clear. From the gun turret, you can look north and see the gold Colorado Capitol dome in Denver shimmering in the sunlight, and farther on the Rocky Mountains fall away in southern Wyoming and rise again as the Snowy Range. To the west, you are looking over the summit of Pike's Peak toward four distinct snow-capped ranges, the farthest sprawling off to the south-west, some 200 air miles away.

To the south, the stacks of the Pueblo steel mills are sending up a haze fanning out over the eastern plains. One can see the horizon dip to the north and to the south. It is like gazing down on a huge topographical map.

The atmosphere need not be clear for the bombardier; his radarscope will pierce any cloud cover. A SAC bombing team—including the air commander, navigator, flight engineer, radar observer and radio operator—will make routine bombing runs in any weather, and are strictly graded on their effectiveness.

On clear days you can see the white vapor trails of the SAC planes high in the heavens. Often at night and on cloudy days you can hear their incessant drone overhead.

At 9:55, the first radar observer, Capt. Kalman Heider, announces over the intercom:

"In 30 seconds, we'll be 30 miles from the target."

This is to be a radar bomb scoring (RBS) run, and Heider, who is intently peering into the radarscope as he adjusts a myriad of controls by touch, is the pitcher. It is up to him to find the strike zone.

"Target 15 miles," he says.

"It's your plane," Steiner, on the flight deck above, shouts into the intercom.

"Roger, sir. I've got it!" (At this point Heider guides the ship. He cannot lift or drop it, but he controls its movements to right or left.) He is computing the speed, the trajectory of the bomb and the wind currents. The success or failure of the mission now rests with him.

"Two minutes away." You can identify a suburban high school below, ahead and to the left.

"90 seconds . . . 60 seconds . . . 45 seconds." (A familiar power plant lies off to our left.)

"30 seconds. . ."

"The tone is on," the commander notifies Heider. The tone is from the radar unit stationed on the ground which tracks the bomb-beam's trajectory and records the accuracy of the drop.

"15 seconds . . . 10 . . . 5 . . . bomb away!"

"It looks like a good one. Kal!"

"I think it is, sir!"

They were to get the answer moments later from the ground station, where the electronic impulse's flight was being charted. The Denver target must remain unidentified, since all aiming points are regarded as classified information by SAC.

The ship made three bomb passes over Denver, then swung to the southeast on a day celestial navigation mission to Dallas and another bomb run. It then swung south again and headed out over the Gulf of Mexico where the gunners in the tail practised firing the craft's sixteen 200mm. cannons.

Our mission was 15 hours—only routine. It covered more than 3,800 miles.

"If we had straightened out this flight, we could have flown from San Francisco to Washington and back to St. Louis," Major Steiner said.

It is estimated that to put a B-36 and its highly-trained crew into the air represents the culmination of a \$12,000,000 investment. For the officers and men, the responsibility of the huge aircraft and the lives of one another results in mental, as well as physical, exertion.

There are no sissies in SAC.

AND would Denver have been annihilated had we dropped the McCoy? The answer would be "yes." For these men don't miss. The results of the Denver mission bore this out.

These specialists aren't sent aloft in America's greatest aircraft to miss a trick. Theirs is a deadly game.

Just how close in actual measurement our SAC radar observer dropped his missile on target dead-center from five miles up is restricted information. SAC radar bombing is amazingly accurate, let us say that.

"For a comparison," one SAC man said, "if we were aiming for your kitchen sink, chances are we'd at least drop it into your living room."

With what the SAC men would be delivering, it would make little difference. ●

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I'm Going to Bring Them In

Continued from page 43

phone to Col. Parrish. I watched him while he spoke. His face was lined; he looked worried.

"For God's sake, tell those guys to be careful," he said. "If it gets too bad, they've got my permission to turn back. I'll argue with Regiment afterwards." He rang off.

At 1002, we got word the patrol was moving. A few minutes later, we could see the file of men start down the slope toward the valley from the "G" Company area. The column moved slowly at first, until it was through the last of the barbed wire, then picked up speed. Once on level ground, the GI's began to spread out, leaving plenty of interval between them.

It was as though we had grandstand seats at a "Platoon Tactics" demonstration at Fort Benning, but we were sweating for the guys out there. This was no maneuver.

The enemy was playing cagey. Even the occasional artillery fire they had been throwing at us died down. There was a strange, portentous silence along the line. The patrol moved into the rice paddies below. There wasn't a round fired.

WE all sensed what was up. The Reds were waiting, poised to let loose with everything they had as soon as an opportunity presented itself.

"I think they're sucking us in on this one," Col. Parrish commented grimly.

"Jesus, oh, Jesus! If those bastards catch that patrol in a cross fire, they'll cut it to pieces," a kid corporal whispered to me. I said nothing. He was right.

1100 hours. Not a sound and the patrol was only a stone's throw from Mago-ri.

1105 . . . the platoon had veered off now, starting around the base of the hill. They had cover—on one side, anyway—now, the poor sons of bitches, I found myself thinking. I grabbed a pair of field glasses.

The 38 men of Company "G" were well up in the arms of the U at 1115. The leading man was already lost to sight, hidden by the hill.

Moments later, it seemed as though the silence increased, as if to make even more terrible the insane fury of the hellish torrent of flame and smoke that erupted around Mago-ri in one instantaneous, volcanic holocaust!

In seconds, it was impossible to see anything within 500 yards of where we had last spotted the platoon!

Artillery, mortars, automatic weapons, small arms, roared and rattled in a hellish

crescendo as the Chinese poured tons of lead and shrieking high explosive into the area. It looked exactly as if the valley had blown up in one roiling, churning gush of flame-streaked earth.

Our artillery kicked off with its counter-battery fire, pouring shells into the Red gun emplacements and observation posts in a vain effort to spoil their aim. They paid no attention to our harassing fire. They wanted that patrol! They were determined to wipe it out to the last man.

I glanced over at the Old Man. He had bitten his lower lip so hard that it bled. His knuckles were white as he tried to get a glimpse of the patrol through his binoculars. Then he banged them down hard on the earth parapet.

He grabbed at the handset of the battalion radio and yelled his lungs out into it, trying to contact the platoon leader. When he got through finally, the news was bad. At least one man had been killed, several wounded.

"Pull out! Start back!" Col. Parrish shouted over and over until he received an acknowledgement of the order. He put the handset back slowly, turned to stare into the black hell of war coiling and swirling in the valley below.

There was artillery coming in around us now. Light stuff. It came from the wicked 76-millimeter pack howitzers with which the Chinese were well-equipped. The aim was bad, nothing hit nearer than 50 yards from us, but I ducked instinctively each time a shell whined in.

The Old Man turned to Major Allen. "George! Take command of the battalion! I'm going out to get those poor bastards back in!" he shouted.

Every head in the OP swung around to look at the officer. We were amazed, unbelieving. Lieutenant colonels just don't do those things, not in any army in the world!

Battalion Commanders are supposed to stay at the CP's or OP's, according to the book. But Lieutenant Colonel George S. Parrish, Infantry, United States Army, wasn't operating by the book.

"Bridges, are you coming?" he asked the huge, powerfully-built Negro corporal who drove his jeep. He asked the question as though Cpl. Bridges' reply was a foregone conclusion.

The giant corporal shook his head slowly in a manner that reflected not only his resignation, but also his doubts as to the colonel's sanity. "Yes sir. I'm coming. I only hope we're coming back!"

George Parrish, as I say, was small.

(Continued on page 72)

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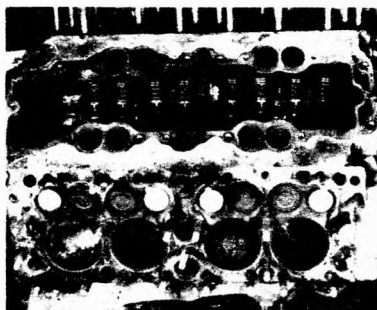


Photo (left) of Lincoln test car engine with heads and intake manifold removed clearly shows carbon deposits on pistons and burned exhaust valves (a normal condition with any car engine). Note that the "Moly" film of the



Engine Power on the valve chamber walls is clean and devoid of sludge. Photo (right) shows the pan removed to permit inspection of the lower end. Note the complete absence of gum residue, sludge or hard masses.

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(Continued from page 70)

The only way he could tip the scales at more than 130 pounds would be to weigh himself after he fell into a lake in his dress uniform. There wasn't an officer or GI in the OP who didn't top him by at least three inches. But he looked 10 feet tall as he started down the reverse slope of the bluff to his jeep.

CPL. BRIDGES stumbled along behind him. The lanky redheaded kid who carried the Old Man's SCR-300 radio gazed after them for a moment. Then he picked up his bulky set and crawled into the carrying straps. "Guess I'd better go with 'em," he said simply, climbed over the rear wall of the OP and was gone.

I turned back to the scene of carnage in the valley. The embattled patrol was still invisible, blanketed by smoke and dust. Now and then we thought we saw movement inside the holocaust of exploding shells, but we couldn't be sure.

We watched for something else now. We searched the piece of road curving out from under an overhang to our right and leading in an uncertain, twisting path across the valley.

If Col. Parrish was taking his jeep out to help the men pinned down near Mago-ri, that was the only route he could possibly follow.

It seemed hours before we saw his jeep. Cpl. Bridges bulked huge behind the wheel as the vehicle ripped around the curve. After it came a litter jeep, bouncing wildly in the rutted tracks.

And then another. Then still another!

"He's crazy! The Old Man's taking a convoy out there like it was Hollywood Boulevard," one of the officers declared. "He'll draw all the fire!"

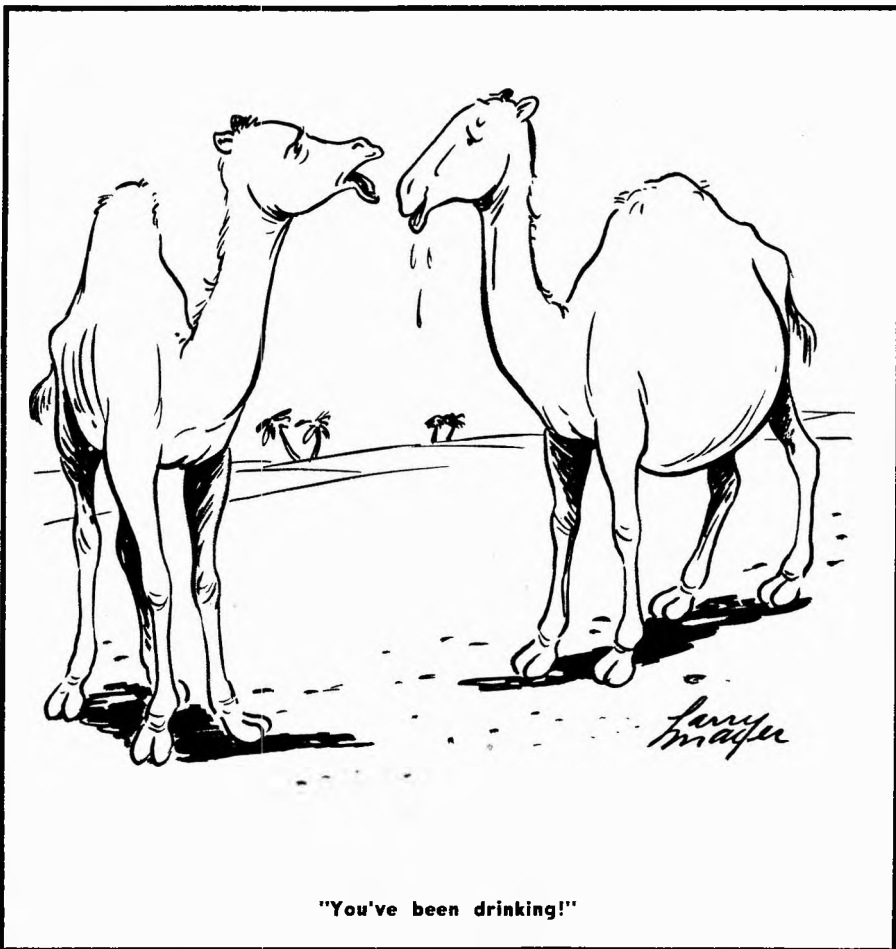
Hastily, the Chinese artillerymen swung their guns. The fast moving jeeps—all Col. Parrish could round up at the Battalion Aid Station—slewed wildly along the road. They were tough targets to hit, but the Reds tried. Fountains of dirt geysered up on all sides of the vehicles as they sped across the valley, yawning and bouncing.

With the artillery concentration, or at least a part of it, shifted the smoke cleared a little around Magi-ri. We waited, holding our breaths, praying, cursing for some sign of the men who had been swallowed up by the fearful maelstrom of the shelling.

I grabbed at the man who stood next to me and shook him hard. "Look!" I hollered. "There's one guy!" Through my glasses, I could see one figure start a crazy, zigzag run back toward the MLR. Another came into view, then everything was blanked out by another Communist barrage of high explosive.

The jeeps managed to cover in minutes the ground it took men on foot an hour to cross. The vehicles pulled behind a low mound of earth not far from Magi-ri. The mound was the best—and only—cover for hundreds of yards.

The eyepieces of my binoculars cut into my face as I watched. The Chinese now tried to set up a curtain of fire and steel to wall the patrol off from the jeeps. The Old Man was out of his jeep, run-



"You've been drinking!"

ning straight toward the bursting shells! He reached the impact area, stumbled, fell—or was hit. Then he was gone. The aid men were following after him. After an eternity, two men emerged from the raging hell in the valley. The battalion commander—the officer who could have stayed far behind the lines—stag-gered out of the flaming chaos. He was carrying a soldier twice his own size over his back!

God only knows how long he stayed out there, shoving punch-drunk men back in the direction of the MLR and roaring at them to "Re-form and get back!" God only knows how that bantam-sized figure managed to stand in the midst of the fountains of earth and steel that spewed from the ground, completely un-mindful of the fantastic peril in which he placed himself.

One of the men whose lives he saved told me about it later:

"We were what the newspapers call 'demoralized,' I guess," the soldier said. "We were all spread out and half nuts from the pounding we were taking. One guy grabbed me and screamed 'We're dead' in my ear. He was frothing a lit-tle at the mouth, so I slugged him to keep him quiet. He rolled over and started to bawl. I listened for a couple of min-utes, and I began crying, too.

"The stuff was coming in so fast and thick that it sounded like all one big ex-plosion that went on and on. All of us hugged the ground. I scraped my fin-gers raw, trying to dig in a little deeper."

Miraculously, only two men had been killed, but several were wounded. The men of the platoon had lost all hope. They lay where they were, waiting to die. The sight of their Battalion Commander coming through the curtain of steel and smoke electrified them.

"It was like the movies. The Old Man came walking down the rice paddy like he was pulling an inspection back in the States," a wounded Private related as he lay in the Battalion Aid Station. "'Get on your feet and move the hell out of here!' he was yelling at us. Then he starts carrying wounded guys. I never saw anything like it! Thank God for that guy. If he hadn't kicked our tails, we would have stayed there until every man got blown to bits!"

He got them all back—even the dead.

LT. COL. PARRISH had performed his miracle.

There was another miracle a few days later, a colonel came all the way from Division Headquarters to tell the Old Man he was getting the Silver Star for his heroism.

So help me God, when word of it got to our men on the MLR, the enemy must have thought the war was over. They crawled out of their holes, 900 tired G's, and cheered themselves hoarse.

And brother, when combat soldiers cheer a battalion commander, that is a miracle!

Out of the explosive Middle East comes another story of man's heroism. See MALE, August, and "Our Blood Ran Into Jordan."



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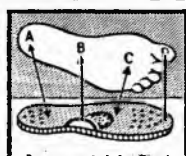
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THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS



Take Him In 6

Continued from page 25

throwing hard but slow punches. I took them all on my shoulders and elbows, but they looked good to the customers in the gallery. They set up a roar, hoping that I was in serious trouble. I let Burke have his fun a little longer, and then I went down on my heels and whipped over a straight right that went home. He hung suspended for a moment, then he dropped to the canvas.

I ambled over to a neutral corner. While the ref counted Burke out, I put my glove in front of my face and yawned.

When the ref announced the time of the knockout—32 seconds of the fourth round—the fans rumbled with disappointment. There was no applause when I marched down the aisle.

In the dressing room Mike was silent as he cut the tape off my hands.

"Be happy, Mike," I said, smiling. "Be happy you got Teddie James, the best light-heavy in the business. Don't worry about my personality."

He tossed the wrappings in the wastebasket. "There's more to this game than fighting," he said. "There's even a little room for sportsmanship."

"For the amateurs, yeah," I said. "I'm in it for the money."

The reporters came into the room dragging their feet. Their lemon expressions told me they didn't care for me either. I shrugged my shoulders. It didn't mean a thing to me.

Henley, a wise little guy from the *Post*, started the questions without enthusiasm. "Did Burke ever have you in trouble?"

"Naw," I said. "He's strictly a club fighter, if that good. He ought to get into some other racket."

"Burke took quite a beating in the second," Baldwin, from the *Graphic*, said.

"You got to admit he has plenty of courage."

"All right," I said, laying down on the rubbing table. "I admit it. He's got to have something. He can't fight." I closed my eyes and listened to the quiet.

Finally Henley said, "I hear you got a chance at the title."

I opened my eyes and looked at Mike. He nodded his head. "We sign the papers next week. I was going to tell you later and tickle your big heart."

I closed my eyes again. "I suppose we get the short end of the gate."

"Does it ever happen any other way for the challenger?" he said.

Joe, the trainer, was rubbing my shoulders near the neck. I sighed contentedly. "I'll take that old man in three rounds." I lay my cheek against the cool table. "No. I guess I'll make it the sixth. My tribute to Jim Farrell, the grand old man of boxing."

I heard Henley strike a match for his cigarette. "Farrell's lost only one bout out of 87."

"This'll make it two out of 88. He can't get around without a cane any more."

"At 36 he's still the champ and the best man around for my money," Baldwin said with emphasis.

"What comes after the title," Henley asked dryly. "You maybe thinking of the moon?"

I stretched and sat up. "I'll turn heavy. Better competition and more money."

The scribblers shuffled out of the room, and I showered and got dressed to go out. "I'm going out for a couple of drinks," I said to Mike. "I think I deserve them."

"Drink as much as you like," Mike said.

I PUT on my hat at the door. "I thought you might want to throw a celebration for me."

Mike was working his way into his top coat. "Is it in the contract?"

I adjusted my hat brim. "You break my heart, Mike. You don't like my company, but you like the dough I bring you."

Mike's cheekbones got red. "What you need is a good licking. Something that'll take the dollar sign out of your head."

I opened the door and laughed. "Who is there in this world to give it to me?"

The bar across the street was filled with the after fight crowd, but I found a small table in the rear and ordered a Manhattan. I sipped it and sat there humming and trying to estimate the gate for tonight's fight. Nobody cared to join me.

At the bar I could see Henley and Baldwin having a drink with a tall ash-blond who had a smile beautiful to watch. After a while Henley pointed in my direction.

She regarded me soberly and with a peculiar expression on her face. Then she smiled again and came walking over. "Do you mind if I sit down?" she said. "The very idea of being in the same room with the greatest fighter in the world has me dizzy."

I pulled out a chair for her. "My extreme modesty prevents me from telling you just how good I really am."

She accepted the drink I ordered. "Henley's been telling me a few things about you, but I thought they couldn't possibly be true."

I wondered what he had been saying, but I knew it wasn't good. "They're probably true," I said.

Her eyes were gray-blue. "It doesn't bother you?"

"Not a bit," I said.

She played with her glass. "To you everyone's a bum?"

"There's only one solid thing in this world," I said; "that's money. I despise anything and anyone else." I ordered another drink.

"I see," she said. "You were born on the wrong side of the tracks."

I downed the drink. What's the matter with me, I thought, all this gabbing. But I went on. "Not just on the wrong side of the tracks—under them. I never had a dime until I rolled a drunk when I was 12. The dough made me a big man in my neighborhood for a while. I like being a big man, and money makes me one."

Henley came over with a drink in his hand. "I thought I saw him paying for your drink with his own money, Claire," he said. "I had to come closer to make sure."

"Why don't you go away and write a column?" I said.

Henley sat down. "Maybe you can get him drunk and find out what makes him tick. If it's worth it. Has he got to the sad story of how his old man beat him every day of the week?"

I signaled the waiter for another Manhattan. "He was a religious man," I said. "He beat me twice on Sunday." I glared at Henley. "He's the only man who ever licked me and he's the last."

"Don't blame me," Henley said.

The waiter came over with his tray of drinks. He stumbled over somebody's legs and the tray fell on the table, spilling the liquor on my suit. It was a \$150 suit and I saw red. I jumped up and grabbed him by the shirt front. "You clumsy oaf," I snarled. I drew back my fist to let him have it and the pandemonium began.

Either the waiter had a lot of friends or I had a lot of enemies. They swarmed from bar stools and tables to get a crack at me.

A few of them wished they hadn't got the idea, but all together they were too much for me. I went down from the pressure of a dozen bodies, and a knee under my jaw was the last thing I remembered.

The patrol wagon was almost at the station before I woke up. I didn't feel very good, and from the feel of my face I didn't think I looked too good either.

The impassive desk sergeant took my name. "Teddie James," he said, looking at me. "Well, who do you want to call? Your lawyer or your manager? Or is it possible you got some friends?"

I hesitated. "My lawyer," I said.

He was down in half an hour to bail me out.

Mike came into my room early next morning. He tossed two newspapers on my bed. "Now it's drunken brawls," he said, wearily. "I hear there's talk of suspending you for a couple of months."

"Can't be nothing but talk," I said, picking up the *Graphic*. "This has nothing to do with the ring."

THE story was on the front page middle. "Teddie James In Barroom Brawl," it said. "Refuses To Pay Bar Bill. Assaults Waiter." Paragraph three interested me. "Swaying slightly, Teddie James, promising young light heavyweight, reportedly told police, 'I refuse to pay good money for bad whiskey.'"

I folded the paper. "I don't imagine it would be any good to sue them. They say 'reportedly.'"

The *Post* had it more interesting, I thought. "Light Heavy Challenger in Tavern Riot. Insults Sister of Champ And Is Slapped."

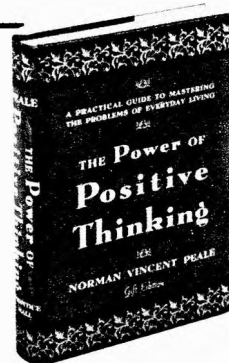
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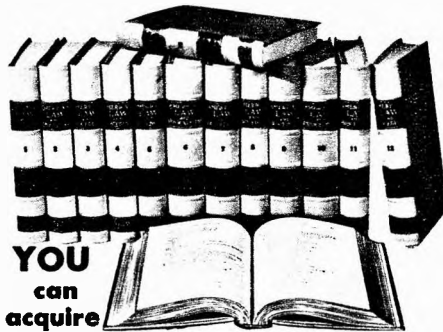
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I frowned. "Clarice Farrell, sister of Jim Farrell, present light heavyweight champion, last night struck the first blow in her brother's defense of the title."

I stopped reading and threw away the paper. "I'll bet Henley wrote that," I said. "I think he's the one who kneed me."

Mike picked up the papers while I got out of bed and went to the mirror. "So that was Farrell's sister," I said. This morning the black eye looked worse. I had a split lip and plenty of bumps and cuts.

After showering and dressing, I went downstairs to the hotel restaurant. Henley was there, big as life, eating breakfast with Clarice Farrell. I went right over.

"Did you write that story?" I said evenly.

Henley was nervous. "What do you care what I write? It'll make the fight a sell-out."

"For a little man, you got a big mouth," I said.

His eyes were looking for help. "You lay a finger on me," he said, "and I'll sue!" His voice got higher. "It'll cost you money."

Clarice said, "Please, let's not go around again."

I put my knuckles on the table. "Henley, if you bet somebody you're brave enough to come to my hotel and eat breakfast here after what happened last night, you're going to earn your money the hard way. I'm counting up to 10, and when I'm through, if your face is still in front of me, I'm going to show you how it feels to get a knee in the teeth."

He sputtered. "This is a public place." I began counting. "One, two, three. . . ." When I got to seven he was up and hurrying away.

Clarice sipped her coffee. "I suppose you couldn't resist that."

"I didn't think I should kiss him," I said and sat down. "I'd like to apologize for last night. I take a drink once every six months and even that's too much."

"Perhaps if you drank oftener, it would make you human."

The waitress brought over the menu. "I'm as human as anyone. Sometimes more so," I glanced at her. "You didn't come in to rile me, did you?"

"No," she said. "I wanted to apologize for Henley and what he wrote. And to tell you that I explained everything to my brother."

I grinned. "Afraid he might want to beat me up?"

She didn't smile. "He could, you know. He's the best."

The next week I loafed around during the days, recovering from the beating I took in the bar. The evenings I spent taking Clarice to the best night clubs and theaters.

When the time came to sign the contract for the championship fight, I showed up at the Commissioner's office.

Jim Farrell and I sparred off for the benefit of the news photographers. He had light blue eyes and a good-natured grin. "I hear you intend to hit this old man."

I looked coldly at him. "Too bad we couldn't have met when you were at your best. But now you'll have a good excuse when they carry you away."

His smile got thin. "You may be good," he said. "But you're not that good."

I turned my back on his offer to shake hands.

Five weeks before the fight I went into serious training. I took the boredom of the training camp for three weeks and then I phoned Clarice and asked if she wouldn't come up.

She drove her car into the lot the next day.

"Smell that air," I said, as we walked around the lake. "It's healthy, it's invigorating, and it's dull."

She was rather silent and preoccupied. At last she said, "I wish you two weren't fighting."

"Divided loyalties? I like that." I tossed a pebble into the lake. "Who's corner are you going to be in?"

She was thoughtful. "My brother's, I think." She watched the boats on the water. "Actually, I've never seen my brother in the ring and I don't want to."

"I could go easy with him," I said.

She stopped and looked at me.

"All right," I said. "I'll pretend I didn't say that."

We walked out on a dock. "Are you going to stay in the ring until it's too late?" she asked.

"Not me," I said. "When I start getting more than I give, I'll hang up the gloves. I should have a million by then."

"No," she said seriously. "A million won't be enough. You'll want two million by then."

In the evening she went back to the city.

THE last week of training I started getting jittery. It wasn't because of the fight, but I couldn't put my finger on what was bothering me.

I went to the little village movie late one afternoon after the day's work. I went alone because everybody seemed to have something else to do. After the first part of the double feature I got restless and left the theater. Outside I stopped at the newsstand to buy a paper from the kid operating it. He was about 15 years old and leaned on crutches. He took my nickel and handed me the paper. Then he looked closer.

"Are you the Teddie James who's training outside of town?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, smiling and expecting to sign an autograph.

His face was expressionless. He handed back the nickel. "Take the paper," he said. "I hope Farrell flattens you."

I put the paper back on the stand and walked away.

When I got back to camp it was after midnight. I stumbled up the steps of the lodge to find Mike waiting for me.

"I see you've been drinking." He said it as though it didn't make much difference.

"Sure," I said. "I been drinking and drinking and I brought more with me." I sat heavily on a chair and held the bottle on my lap. "You want a drink or don't you drink with me?"

He sat down in an easy chair and lighted a cigar. Except for the two of us the place was empty and silent; everyone had gone to bed.

I tilted the bottle for a couple of swal-

lows. "Why don't you take the bottle away from me?" I said thickly. "Liquor's bad for a fighter."

He stared at his cigar smoke.

"Where's Joe?" I said loudly. "I need a rubdown. Hey, Joe! Where are you?" I yelled.

"Joe's working," Mike said.

"Working!" I demanded. "Working at midnight! Get me Joe!"

"When he's through here he puts in eight hours at the cannery in town," Mike said.

I swigged from the bottle. "Money hungry," I said. "Isn't 75 a week enough for him?"

Mike took the cigar out of his mouth. "He needs twice that. He's got a kid in the hospital and his wife needs a lot of doctors."

I blinked at him. "Want a drink?" I asked.

Mike shook his head negatively.

"The hell with you," I said, putting the bottle to my mouth. I made my way to a davenport and lay down. "Money hungry," I mumbled as I closed my eyes.

The next day was wasted, but we got in three more days of training before we packed up and left for town.

At the weigh-in I tipped the scales at 181 even, and Farrell was a shade over 184.

Henley had his nose in the proceedings. "I heard you had a wild party at your training camp," he said, leering.

I buttoned my shirt collar. "Complete with dancing girls," I said.

"The odds are 3 to 2 in your favor," he said, sneering. "Do you think the booze will slow you up?"

"No, I don't think the booze will slow me up," I said, mimicking his prissy voice.

He colored. "As far as I'm concerned you're just another stumblebum," he snapped.

I let him have the back of my hand across his face and he sat down hard. "Sue me," I said, and walked out.

The coliseum was a sell-out to the rafters. Mike told me that when he came into the dressing room before the main go. Lying on the table, having Joe work on my muscles to loosen them, I could hear the 30,000 fans roaring at a prelim knockdown.

"Joe," I said. "You're getting 75 a week, aren't you?"

"Yeah," he said, kneading the flesh up around my neck.

"It's 150 now," I said.

His hands stopped. "What for?" he asked suspiciously.

"Because I like your beautiful face," I snarled. I opened my eyes. Mike had the cigar out of his mouth, eyes watching me.

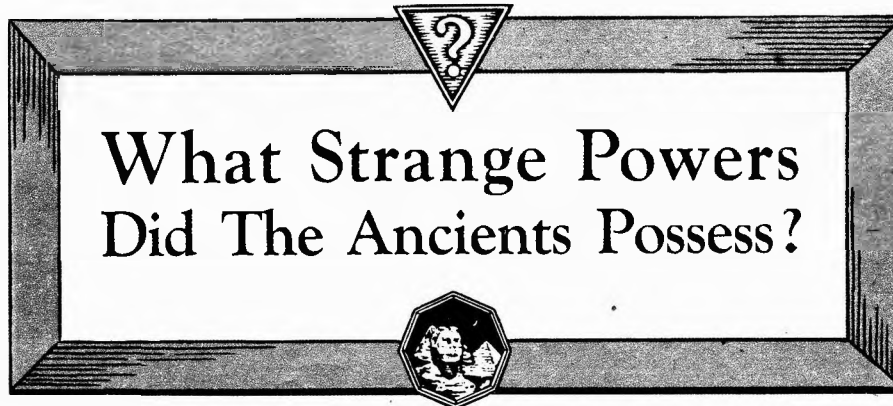
"Joe's my friend now," I said.

"I don't need the money," Joe said.

I closed my eyes. "Take the damn money," I said wearily. "You don't have to like me."

After the prelims I took the walk down the aisle to the ring. I had to wade through a solid river of boos to get there. But that was nothing to what I got when the ref announced my name, weight and home base.

Farrell and I came to the center of the ring for the instructions we knew by heart. We shook hands.



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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.

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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

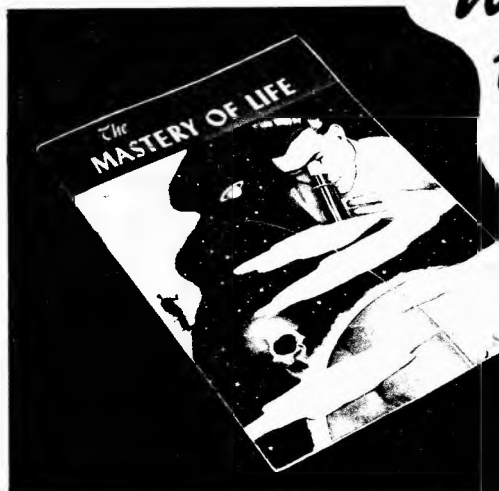
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

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.

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"I wish you luck," I said, grinning. "But not too much of it."

A grin split his face. "The sixth round you said, didn't you?"

We came out cautiously at the bell, spending the first two minutes testing each other for obvious faults.

He slipped a singing hook over my right guard. I covered my retreat with a pumping left. He came after me and slammed a right to my cheek. It staggered me because I was off balance. The crowd came to its feet for what they hoped was the beginning of the end. But Farrell knew better. He played it careful, neatly slipping the right I had waiting for him. We exchanged long lefts, and at the bell he was concentrating on my body.

In the corner, Joe wiped my face. "I didn't notice anything wrong with his style," he said. "If I see anything, I'll let you know."

At the bell Farrell came out in a crouch and I had trouble reaching him. He got in a right hand to my stomach that made me step back for a breath of air. Seeing his advantage, he came out of his shell, boring in. I took his punches on my elbows and clinched as soon as I could.

WE were separated. Farrell was a crowd-winning fighter and he swarmed all over me. Suddenly he slipped and his arms dropped to his sides as he tried to keep from falling.

I was close enough to take advantage of that and had my arm cocked. Instead I stepped back until he regained his balance. The crowd rumbled in a perplexed fashion.

We traded body punches and fell into a clinch. Farrell had his head buried on my shoulder. "Is this the dirty fighter they've been telling me about?" he mumbled.

I pushed him away. "I'm getting chicken-hearted. I hate to hit an old man when he's not ready."

The round was pretty even, I figured, when the bell sounded. But the officials would probably give it to him, and the first, too.

Mike had his mouth close to my ear. "You feeling all right?" he said. "I thought you'd never pass up a chance like that to nail him."

In the third I began to get to him. I noticed that a nerve on his cheek twitched whenever he was getting ready to throw his left.

I brought over a right hook that caught him as he was about to throw it. He winced and gave ground. I followed carefully, but, ready. The nerve twitched again, and I uncorked another right. I caught him flush and he dropped to one knee.

In a neutral corner I waited while the referee counted. Farrell was up at four, but he took the compulsory count of eight.

Farrell came on, apparently unhurt. But he covered up well, and when he had the opportunity, he hugged me in a clinch. We separated at the referee's direction.

My jab was short, and he stepped in with a looping left that had plenty of steam behind it. I felt a trickle of blood from my lips as I backed off. He went down to the body, digging in good punches

until I tied him up. Just before the bell I rocked him with a right cross.

When I sat down, Joe began treating the cut lip. "A muscle on the side of his cheek twitches whenever he's going to throw a hook."

"I all ready got it," I said. "But thanks."

The first minute of the fourth round I kept bothering him with left jabs. They added up and his right eye was beginning to close. He tried keeping his right high, but a little body punching brought it down. I put a lot of shoulder into a left hook. His eyes clouded and he went down on his side.

He shook his head, trying to clear the cobwebs, and managed to be up at the count of eight. The ringside fans began shouting the advice that he should stay in close.

I landed three booming lefts and he staggered. I set him up for the finishing right. It was too high, but he went down on his back.

I don't see how he made it, but he beat the count of nine. For a minute the referee looked like he was going to stop the slaughter, but then evidently he decided that a champion shouldn't lose on his feet.

Farrell lurched flat-footed around the ring. I came in, put everything I had into a straight right. Farrell had his head down and my punch caught him high on the head.

A lightning flash of pain darted through my hand and up my arm. I backed away trying to see through the pinwheels of light flickering before my eyes.

At the bell, Farrell's seconds rushed out and brought their man to his corner.

Mike was waiting for me in my corner. "What's the matter with your hand?"

"Nothing," I said. "He's just got a hard head."

He took my right arm and began manipulating it. I could feel the blood draining from my face.

"Let that damn hand alone," I said.

"Hell," he said. "The fans in the dollar seats know you broke something."

He tried to linger after the 10-second buzzer, but I told him to get the hell out.

Farrell came out looking much better than he had a right to be. His punches still had sting in them. The muscle in his face twitched and he swung his left. I caught it on my right forearm, and for a second I thought I'd drop as the pain danced up to my shoulder.

I tried to keep away from him, but he kept bullying in and unlimbering those lefts. There wasn't much I could do to stop them. I took a half-dozen punches without making a return. My face was becoming numb and blood was flowing from a cut near my eye.

He came in close and staggered me with a jarring right.

I dropped to one knee and the referee began counting. By the count of eight the buzzing in my head had stopped and I was on my feet.

Getting desperate, I tried long looping lefts, hoping I might catch him. But he ducked under them and worked on my midsection. When I tried to clinch, he put his weight behind a short right uppercut.

I went down heavily on my right arm.

Every cell in my body throbbed with white-hot pain. I fought my way to my feet before the ref got to 10. My eyes were swollen and I could barely make Farrell out. He cracked over another hook that sent me sprawling. I was on my knees at the count of seven and beat the count.

The bell ended the round and my seconds dragged me to my corner.

"I'll throw in the towel," Joe said.

My lips were numb. "You're back to 75 if you do."

The commission doctor came over to my corner and examined me.

"Ask me anything," I said. "I can even tell you who was vice-president in 1832."

He smiled slightly beneath his frown. "You'd better call it quits," he said.

"No," I said, looking at him as steady as I could. "I don't finish any of my fights sitting in a corner."

The buzzer sounded. The doctor stared down at my useless right arm. "All right," he said. "Your eyes are clear, but I think you're crazy."

I came out for the sixth feeling giddy with pain and tiredness. As Farrell came close I put my body behind a wild left.

He evaded it easily and then there was a bright flash and darkness as his counter winged home to my chin.

I woke up in my corner with the boys working on me. The ring was crowded with cops and reporters. The doctor was back, looking worried.

"I'm bright and brainy as ever," I mumbled.

"It's not your head I'm worried about," he said. "Let's get you back to that dressing room and take off that glove."

The walk back to the dressing room started quiet enough. But when I was a few feet down the aisle, the fans began to stand up and applaud. The roar got louder and louder as I neared the dressing room. And when Mike finally shut the door behind me, it was on one long, rocking torrent of noise.

On the table I closed my eyes while they took off the tape.

"Did you hear what Farrell told the newsboys and radio audience?" Mike said.

"I wasn't around," I muttered.

"Farrell's retiring with this bout. He says you're a cinch to be the next champ." I sighed.

"He admires your guts, what with that busted wing and all."

"That makes two of us," I said, feeling sleepy.

The doc stuck a needle in my arm and I winced. "We'll have to take him to the hospital to get this fixed," he said.

"Doc," Mike said eagerly. "After the arm is put together, do you think he'll be able to leave right away? We got a celebration planned for the coming champ."

THE doctor was dubious. "I think you'd better call it off."

"We can't," Joe said. "We just thought of it now."

"I'll be there," I said. "After I get an hour's sleep."

"Maybe we could get Farrell to show up for a while," Joe said.

"Tell him to bring his sister," I whispered, just before I fell asleep.

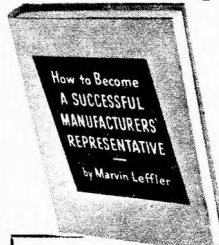
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ADVENTURE MINDED

To the Editor:

Thanks for printing my letter "Thanks To Three Yanks," (MEN, April). In return I received a great deal of correspondence from many Americans.

For a considerable time I have been circulating magazines received from friends in America to my friends here in Britain. Over this period, your magazine MEN has become a firm favorite and to meet requirements I'm forced to run my circulation on library rules. Unfortunately this has not cured the situation but only eased it, and I am in constant demand for my copies of your magazine.

We in Britain are very appreciative readers but are completely starved for light, relaxing literature of the type presented by you. In every man there is a streak of adventure and daredevilry. If we cannot participate ourselves at least we like to read of it happening to others and for a brief period, once a month, with the help of MEN, leave our own monotonous world behind.

A. Hodkinson
Lancashire, England

THE MATTA AND ME

To the Editor:

While traveling, I picked up a copy of your magazine and read a story called "Army of the Damned" (MEN, April), dictated by a Capt. Aloysio Harrado. I must say it struck me as so much "hog wash."

I was in the same locality during the war. We mapped a great part of that region. If anybody took men into the Matta without the proper protection he should have been shot. Why should men have to do without water in the wettest part of Brazil? We boiled our water and carried quinine and atabrine to guard against fever.

I'll admit it's rough in the Matta, but not the way Capt. Harrado puts it in this story.

William H. Thompson
North Arlington, N.J.

●● We think you must have read Capt. Harrado's article on the run since the answer to your question is there, in Brazil's congressional investigations of the horrifying situations he witnessed.

RE: COMMENT

To the Editor:

In "Calling All Men" (MEN, May) you published a letter from N. Jansick of Reno, Nevada, favoring legalized prostitution.

I'm completely behind Mr. Jansick's arguments and for the same basic reason: In turning these women loose without a house to work from you increase the chances of getting and spreading venereal disease.

L. E. Neal
Gallipolis, Ohio

WITH OR WITHOUT?

To the Editor:

Just happened to pick up your July issue and had my eye caught—as whose wasn't?—by that story on "Europe's Nudist Colony." Frankly, I don't get it. Is this stuff supposed to be sexy? There's nothing quite as unappealing as a woman with no clothes on. Believe me, if American women thought they could get more sex appeal by going around nude, the garment industry would go out of business overnight.

J. M. Loaner
Dallas, Texas

●● Not "sexy," healthy. They're out to soak up sunshine, not pin-up awards.

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Here is thrilling news for fat folks! You can lose up to 25 lbs. in 25 days by simply nibbling on tasty appetite satisfying candy, whenever you are tempted to overeat.

**YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU
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Thousands of people were amazed to find that this delicious candy plan actually takes off weight—without dangerous drugs, starvation diet, or hard-to-follow methods. Here's one way to reduce that you will want to continue with to keep off fat! The Kelpidine Candy Plan helps you curb your appetite for fattening foods, helps keep you from overeating. Now you reach for a delicious sweet candy instead of fattening foods—it kills the overpowering urge to overeat—to eat between meal-snacks. Your craving for rich, fattening foods is satisfied with this candy plan. Almost like magic you begin to enjoy this plan for reducing.

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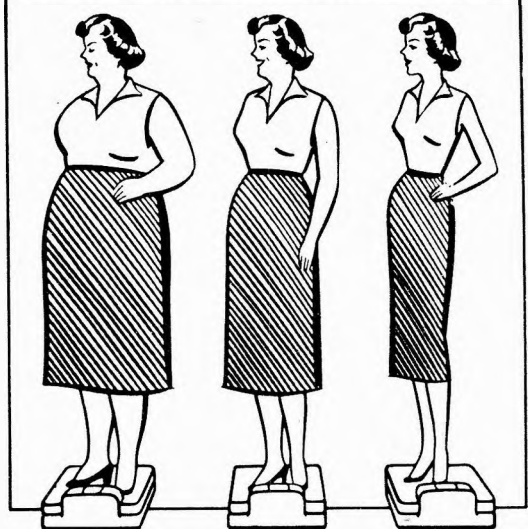
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AFRICAN

It was winter south of the Equator when the two Walker boys and I landed at Mombasa on Africa's East Coast, a little north of the island of Madagascar. We were bound inland, that June morning, on a much premeditated hunting trip. Our plan was to head for Arusha, in the Tanganyika Territory, to the edge of the vast plains country, touched on one side for a hundred miles by forest, semiswampland, and timbered mountains. Close to the plains was bush country and jungle, habitat of elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo. We were about to enter a hunter's dreamland.

For such an adventure, I was fortunate in my two exuberant companions. The Walker boys were young. Fletcher, called Cub, was twenty-two; Kenneth, twenty-one. Both were students at Leland Stanford, and big husky lads over six feet. I couldn't think of two people I would rather be with than Ken and Cub. They had wonderfully equable dispositions, and I knew would be ideal companions on a trip of this kind.

Their father owned the Red River Lumber Company. The head of the company's commissary department was a Boer, Jack Boshoff from South Africa. It was this man who offered

to engineer our hunt. He would go to Africa in advance and purchase all our equipment, plus two trucks. His cousins, Carl and Farnie Trichard, who lived in Tanganyika, would see to the hiring of natives from the sultan of the Mbugwi tribe, and also make ready our camp site. The Walkers and I had only to gather up our own equipment and get to Arusha.

A man is offered such an opportunity once in a lifetime. I was fifty-six; although a practicing physician, I had retired from the Medical School of the University of Pittsburgh, where I had been Dean, and from the city's various hospital staffs. It seemed an ideal time for such an adventure, for though I had done more than my share of hunting on the American continent, here was Africa, laid at my feet. Of course I could not resist it!

Our desire was to bring home as many specimens as possible. The purpose of the trip was simply to photograph (we took over twenty-five thousand feet of film and hundreds of still pictures) and to collect specimens of wild life; to see what we could, and to get the feel of a country that was untouched, unknown, and primeval.

Perhaps there is some way of taking Africa in small, divided doses and getting warmed up, so to speak. The

Trichard brothers, who planned our hunt, either held to no such belief, or else had never learned the formula.

At first, it seemed we might take Africa gradually, for after leaving the train at Voi, we picked up one of our trucks, drove to Arusha, and then south twenty miles to a magnificent ranch at the base of Mount Meru. It was a beautiful spot and I settled down contentedly to sleep in the grove that night, with a lemon 16½ inches in diameter dangling over my head.

However, the very next morning, I was introduced to Africa with a bang. While it was still dark, Carl and Farnie Trichard, Jack Boshoff and his twenty-seven-year-old son (young Jack), the two Walker boys, and I started off in the two trucks for a fifty-mile drive to our main camp. Before the day was two hours old, startled animals were dodging in and out of thickets, some running across our line of travel, others loping along with us. As we rounded a patch of timber we saw three giraffes, looking almost prehistoric, totally out of place in a modern landscape, necks stretched to the last notch nibbling the tops of the leafless trees.

In another hour we reached the rim of a vast lake, dry now in the winter



SAFARI

By
THOMAS S. ARBUTHNOT

season. In some places the lake bed was two miles wide. Water was visible along the shore close to the escarpment, a narrow steep-sided mountain range that runs through eastern Africa. To my surprise, as far as the eye could see the edge along the escarpment was a strange pink color. In my ignorance, I mistook this pink for some tropical flower growing in unbelievable profusion. Farnie Trichard remained silent as I asked to be driven close to see what the flower might be. As we approached, I noticed an odd movement in my flowers, as though leaves fluttered close to the ground. Near midday, with the heat shimmering from the sun-baked ground, objects only a few hundred yards distant are not clearly defined, but have a fuzzy, cottony outline. Even though I blinked, rubbed my eyes, and refocused, the flowers didn't make sense. When we approached another quarter of a mile, Farnie was highly amused when I exclaimed, "Flamingos!"

They were standing huddled wing to wing and breast to breast in soft, muddy ground as far as we could see. Extraordinary as the statement seems, this ribbon of flamingos stretched, with occasional breaks, for a distance of over twenty miles. I never imagined

that there could be so much pink in the world.

We reached camp about three o'clock in the afternoon. The Trichards and Alex Boshoff, big Jack's brother, had located the site several weeks in advance, employing some eighty natives to make the large clearing. It was a fine camp, close to water, and neatly concealed in the jungle growth, about a third of a mile from the open veldt. Even the homemade roadway wound around so that animals must come within a hundred yards to get a good look at us.

Fifty natives from the near-by Mbugwi tribe made up our camp. They were childlike in many ways and seemed willingly to misunderstand Carl Trichard's directions, sometimes bungling the simplest task. On occasion, they also showed great bravery, and stout hearts.

After our first supper in camp, as darkness had already settled, we went to see how our new light worked on the truck.

We wound down our roadway and two minutes after leaving camp we reached the open veldt, where we stopped the truck. Even with the ordinary headlights we could see animals' eyes dancing like stars. When we turned on the strong headlight and

swept it around, I could have fallen out of the truck in amazement. Eyes shone from every direction except behind us. Not one or two sets, but dozens. When we approached to within a few hundred yards, we could see hyenas, jackals, and Thomson's and Grant's gazelles. Many ran directly down the range of our beam instead of stepping aside into the darkness. One ugly spotted hyena would not take our lights seriously. It loped along in leisurely fashion and I shot it with a .22 rifle, since we were curious to make observations on this mongrel-looking animal. We took some measurements and did a little dissecting right there under the headlights.

One mixed assortment, made up principally of zebras, whose stripes gave a weird effect under artificial light, kicked up such a dust that we were glad to turn aside into the darkness ourselves. After perhaps an hour of this, we felt that we had seen enough for the first day.

Immediately after breakfast the next morning, Carl said, "Well, let's go look for lions."

Away we started, using both trucks. We were to separate when we reached the veldt. In my truck were Farnie, young Jack Boshoff, and a few natives.

We came to a little elevated plateau; Farnie exclaimed, "What luck!" and pointed out what appeared to be two lions walking single file through the filmy, tall grass. They were at some distance and fairly indistinct. "Putting after them" was nicely exciting. When we drew close enough for decent vision, they transformed themselves into wart hogs, with a rather jaunty appearance, especially on the trot. One of them turned and stood facing us. I jumped out of the truck. This was to be the "first blood" for the new rifle. I fired, and the hog wheeled, ran about thirty yards, and dropped dead. It was four feet long, had a sixteen-inch tail, with bristles on its neck over fourteen inches in length.

Soon we spotted five water buffaloes on the edge of the swamp grass. Instead of starting on foot on a big detour, taking two hours for it if necessary, we headed straight toward them with the truck. The distance was great, but they evidently caught the far-away chugging of our motor. A buffalo is smart enough to know that such noises have nothing to do with nature. The whole five began to run back and forth, stopping now and then to throw their heads up, evidently trying to get our scent. Their behavior was interesting to watch, through field glasses, for they made no effort to hunt cover, but ran to and fro as though looking for trouble. When nothing came forward to challenge them, they turned triumphantly and disappeared in the heavy swamp growth.

"Well," said Farnie, turning round from the wheel. "you at least saw buffalo."

That was his reason for bringing us over here, he told me. I thought man-crushing buffaloes pretty heavy game for the first day, but said nothing. I decided to take Africa as it flew up and hit me in the face.

Motoring slowly around, we saw a group of about twenty elands, mixed with ninety or a hundred zebras. This was a good time to start collecting our bag of specimens, so I picked a fine eland, sprang out of the truck and shot the beast twice. The eland is a tremendous animal, and is a jumper in spite of its bulk and rolls of fat. This one, when hit, put on a ponderous jumping exhibition, and melted into the pack that was now on the run. Zebras and elands were jumbled together and kicking up the dust.

The truck aids greatly in the humane and merciful treatment of wounded animals, for we could leap aboard and take after anything that had been hit.

When my wounded eland became lost in the galloping herd, we put on

as much speed as the truck would take in the rough prairie country, and watched for anything like queer behavior on the part of one of the animals. Soon it came. One of the elands began to flop its tail and throw its head backward. It sagged a little behind the bunch. I jumped from the truck and shot it. It leaped in the air, ran about thirty yards, and fell over. Then, to my surprise, I was introduced to one of Africa's religious rites—one that through the coming months played hob with our attempts to collect our specimens in as good condition as possible.

As I moved toward the eland that was kicking its last, my tent boy passed me on the dead run. A thought raced through my brain: Is he going to grab that animal and hold it still, in order to make sure that I will hit it? I had barely time to become angry when the native, bounding his last few yards, drawn knife in hand, slashed the throat of my specimen with a plunge and a draw. The pelt was ruined, as far as taxidermy was concerned. I emitted a great explosive roar of disappointment, but Farnie said, "It's a Mohammedan rite, called *chingi*. An animal, to be eaten by the faithful, must have its throat cut before it ceases to breathe." I held my fire, but I certainly stood there torn between respect for religious ceremony and the temptation to bat the boy over the head for ruining my first grand specimen.

Noon on the veldt has the soothing softness of a lullaby. You and the rest of the animal kingdom are being hypnotized. You seek the shade and spread your lunch.

During one of these noon siestas, Farnie Trichard was stretched out full length on his side, with his head in his hand, propped off the ground by an arm bent at the elbow. After a little hypnotic murmuring of the soft, June-like breeze which no doubt touched his fading sensibilities with the thought that there wasn't a thing in the world to be concerned about, he "passed out" like the rest of the tree-proppers, the Walker boys and the natives. Just when he was swinging nicely in space, he became conscious of something touching his back and slowly taking in more and more of his rear anatomy. Then it slid, apparently like a masseur's touch, up his back and across his shoulder. Farnie turned his head slightly and looked into the eyes of a green mamba, Africa's venomous and dreaded snake. One marvels at the instantaneous control mechanism for self-preservation that he exercised. A quick movement would, in all prob-

ability, have meant death or something close to it, since the snake would have struck him in the unprotected face. Surely his trouble-trained reflexes must have acted with the rapidity of light, for he did the one thing that could get him out of this jam. With the slowest possible movement, he turned his face away from the snake and rolled his body at the same time. Then he revolved over and over at lightning speed and jumped to his feet. He and the Walkers killed the mamba.

The Trichards somehow survived all the pitfalls Africa spread across their path. Why men of their experience stood for the risks that the Walkers and I took is a puzzle; but stand it they did, even lining up time and again when we decided to do the wildest of all things—charge in on a wounded lion. Our only excuse was the Walker boys' lust for close-up photography.

We had our first experience at charging a lion when we were three days in the country. It was midafternoon. The sun was hot. We were green. But nothing mattered when Cub said, "Let's shoot a zebra and bait lions with him tonight." This would mean sallying forth at daybreak and engaging lions while they were at breakfast. A truck ride of twenty minutes brought us close to a patch of forest, and after a little careful reconnoitering on foot, fifteen or twenty zebras came into view, just beyond the edge of the timber. The Walkers dropped one of them with the .30-30 rifle. Since the truck was fairly full of bedding, equipment, and riders, we elected to "drag" the zebra. We lost no time in throwing a loop around its neck and tying the other end of the rope to the back of our truck.

"We'll drop the zebra," said Farnie, "on the flat at the bottom of the little hill, and stretch our cots under the big baobab tree on that first rise. There is a swamp for water within a two-minute walk."

The zebra was dropped on the flat at the base of the little hill. Just at sundown I walked the all too short distance from camp and looked down, on the dead animal, as motionless as the rest of the landscape, but no doubt "giving off" right then. I realized I was the only one who minded the zebra's proximity; everyone else was completely oblivious.

The long night passed.

At the first suspicion of daylight, while the two Walkers and I were seated on our cots putting on our clothes, Farnie appeared on the run. "Lions are at the kill!" We finished dressing with a flourish, letting the

loose portions drag, grabbed our guns, and struck out for the bait. Daylight was so faint that we could barely see two hundred yards ahead. We glided along as rapidly and quietly as possible. From the crest of our hill we could just spot the zebra. In another twenty yards we saw the lions, six of them. They had apparently sensed Farnie a few minutes previously, as they were approaching the zebra, for they had stopped in their tracks. These were the first lions I had ever seen, outside a zoo or a circus.

My companions were not the ones to wait for something to happen; they preferred to sail in and stir it up. I was aroused from my reverie as they dashed down our bushy hill for a close-up. I fell in behind. We came to a halt at the bottom of the hill for a good look; the lions were in reverse, not in stampede, but in a dignified trot. The distance was too great for a shot so we took after them. In a couple of minutes or less they stopped and looked back at us. Then they broke into a run, a slow run, as though they were ashamed of it. Again they stopped and looked back. They did this several times, gaining distance with every little jog.

When daylight begins to spread itself at the Equator, it comes with great suddenness. We could now see our six lions quite distinctly. They were headed for the rough, timbered, dense-looking country about half a mile beyond. If they reached it, we would lose them. Cub said, between puffs, that he would go back for the truck. This was a good suggestion, since we couldn't run the lions down on foot. Cub dashed off and turned toward camp, hoping to give the lions the impression that the race was over and that they had won. We saw them, bunched together, trotting and stopping, trotting and stopping; they were balancing discretion (or us) against that dead zebra. In a few minutes the truck appeared, bouncing across the prairie country at breakneck speed. As it approached, it turned a little and cut a queer curve, coming to us for a sideways landing.

"Get in, get in," shouted Cub, "two big, maned lions are coming to the bait from the opposite direction."

Instantly we started a jabbering debate in favor of the retreating six. No time was lost on the argument, since we were scrambling into the truck with legs, arms, and guns flying in all directions. Cub's enthusiasm for the two big maned specimens was infectious. Lions in front of us; lions behind us! Cub pointed the truck in the direction of the new excitement. A wild, bumpy

ride of a few minutes brought us within eyeshot of two little humps, the color of the prairie, close together. As we rushed nearer, the mounds got bigger, took on outline, compressed themselves into shape. Two lions were standing stone-still, looking smack at us. When they started to walk toward the oncoming truck I could have tumbled out of it in surprise. At about two hundred yards, between death and discretion, Cub began to get whispered bits of advice from all the passengers. I cannot remember what I said, but I am sure the word "stop" was in it.

The attitude of the two lions, both with outstanding manes and big heads, impressed me as one of blase indifference rather than defiant determination not to give an inch. The truck came to an abrupt halt and we jumped to the ground in helter-skelter battle formation. Ken was the first to get organized. He pasted one lion. We could plainly hear the bullet "sock." With the impact, the lion leaped into the air. In almost less time than it takes to tell, certainly in less time than it took me to decide to aim and pull, Ken and Cub shot the second lion.

Suddenly the two lions wheeled and in a few bounds were enveloped by the long grass that lined the swamp. Without the slightest hesitation, with no thought of the reckless foolhardiness, we broke into a run and dashed into the swamp almost before the long grass had stopped waving from the

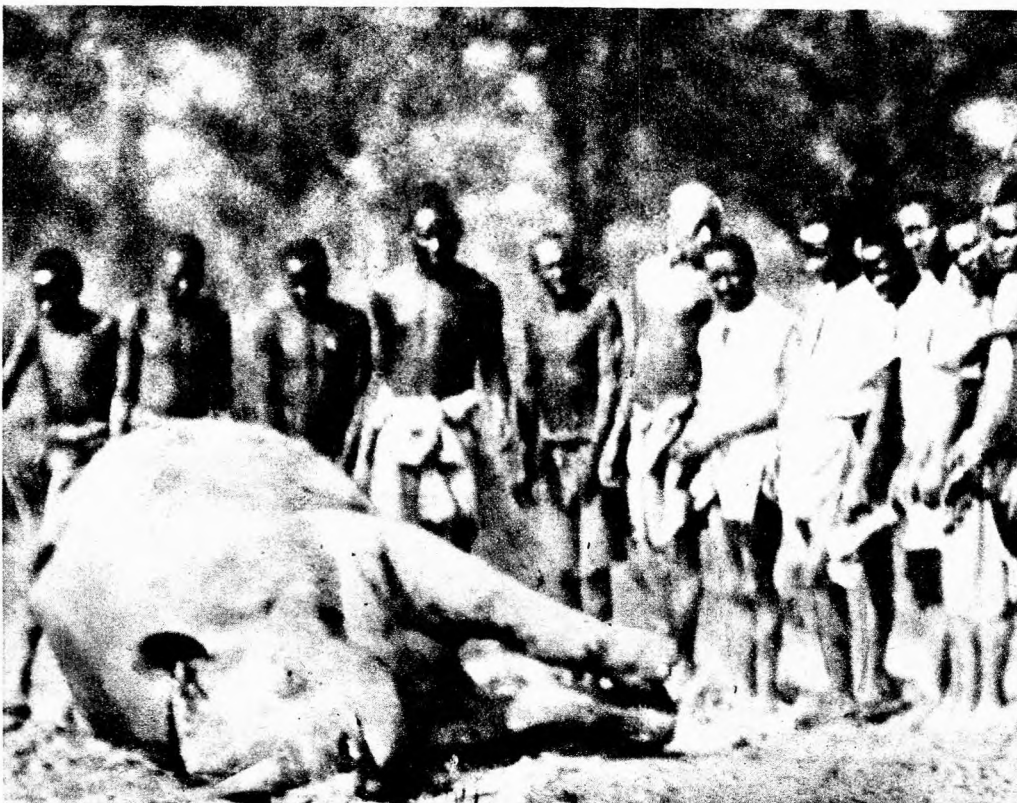
lions' plunges. We had not gone far when the tall swamp grass bogged us down. We held a hurried consultation.

The leading opinion, and it is to Farnie's credit that he did not formulate it, seemed to be to line up abreast and charge ahead. Since the lions were directly in front, we decided to leave very little space between the four of us, about eight feet, so that we all could see and take a pot shot at one and the same time. We knew both lions to be hit, and after moving forward about twenty-feet, we found blood on the green marsh grass. At this point, one of the Walker boys (bless his heart, enthusiasm, and cool nerve) suggested that we were on the brink of a "chance-in-a-lifetime" piece of motion-picture photography: as the lions were wounded, they would probably charge.

One of the Walkers, with the two natives, dashed to camp for three elephant guns and a 32 mm. motion-picture camera, a big one. The rest of us waited.

Before long, they were back, carrying the guns and camera. I was nominated photographer for, unluckily, I had had more experience in photography than the others. The "abreast" formation was assumed. Cub on the right wing, Farnie on the left, Ken and I in the middle. The swamp grass was high, some of it level with my chest. We could see only ten or twelve

The natives went into their flat-footed victory dance when they spotted our catch.





Snarling and showing his fangs, the cub put the boys to flight each time they made a pass at him with the lasso. They finally

feet, the length of a nice, lion spring. The lions had made two indistinct and parallel paths, along which we "charged." Occasional green stalks were touched with blood at a height indicating a body wound.

We moved slowly. My sensibilities and their reflex mechanisms had never been tuned to such a pitch before; they were seeing, hearing, and almost tasting lions every time the foliage became dense. Occasionally, a few strands of grass that had been trampled down by the lions would come slowly back to an upright position. I wondered why the gunners didn't shoot at it without wasting any time. I held the big camera about chin high. Twenty-five yards of our advance brought nothing. Another twenty-five yards still failed to produce lions.

Fifty yards farther on, the trail became too indistinct to follow; the swamp seemed as innocent as marsh grass. Cub announced that he would go through to the far bank to be ready if the lions came out on our advance, but we vetoed his offer. The risk was far too great for one man when it was impossible to discern any object more than fifteen feet away. We had talked Cub down scarcely five minutes when he excitedly cried, "There! Look, there! Didn't I tell you fellows?" On the far side of the swamp, emerging from short grass to higher ground, was a lion, taking his time about it and not even looking to see what we were doing. Cub let fly a long random shot out of the elephant gun. It must have splashed in the vicinity, for it started the lion on a run up the steep, cactus-covered slope. Away we charged in hot pursuit, second lion or no second lion,

sloshing over the soft ground and holding guns and camera high above the marsh weeds and grasses. We raked the near-by country pretty thoroughly, but failed to turn up our wounded friend.

It was my suggestion that we retrace our steps over the exact route that had brought us here. This we knew to have been lion-free a half-hour before. My idea met with double disapproval from the Walkers, who thought a swamp a sporting proposition of the first magnitude. But the marsh was a big one and what happened to the second lion is one of the Dark Continent's secrets.

Eight lions were in the full flight, so we all felt pretty chesty, even though we had nothing to show for it. As we approached camp, I took a long breath and relaxed.

It was fun to be on the move, even though we had struck such a fabulous hunting ground, so we tossed our things into the truck and pulled out. It was barely nine o'clock.

Following our morning's experience, we still had lions on the brain. Why leave this good country! In this frame of mind, we kept looking around for a suitable camp. A big mimosa tree a mile or so away seemed a likely spot, so we drove over and parked.

At five o'clock we went out to shoot a lion-bait, knowing full well that in the remaining hour of daylight we could knock over a zebra. For practice, I took the two-barreled elephant gun. Some zebras, startled, began to run past instead of away from us. I leveled at one of them and touched the trigger; both barrels went off at once. The recoil from one barrel alone of the heavy gun was bad enough, but when both "ganged up" on me, the

result was like the kick of a zebra. My feet went into a perfect flutter, while one hand was stretched out behind to break the fall. I rehooked my glasses behind my ears and took a look at the zebra. He hadn't dropped a stitch in his gait. Had he given a little flounce with his rump, or glanced back at me, it could easily have been a horselaugh. All right! Some of his dumb companions were coming along, following in the exact axis. I inserted one cartridge only, drew a bead on the broadside zebra, and fired. The result was the most extraordinary thing I have ever seen in "strikes." The animal left its tracks, not so much knocked as lifted off its feet and hurled with its four legs parallel to the ground, but suspended in the air like an acrobat in a sideways soaring act. It went through the air, backbone in front, with its feet pointed at me, and landed "over there" in another zone. The thing that hit it was a 500-grain soft-nosed bullet, designed for shocking purposes. My impression was that the shot must have shocked every fiber of the zebra's make-up to a standstill, for there it lay as quiverless as tar.

As I stood looking down at it I said to myself, "Bring on your elephants!" The truck drove up to the loading zone, with its little band of stevedores, guaranteed to a man to push when we pulled, or to pull when we pushed, or to render any other service and to do it willingly, but in reverse. We wanted the bait closer to camp for the following morning's exercises. Farnie gave the loading directions that he deemed essential in the Mbugwi tongue. Farnie couldn't make the bearers comprehend, no matter how he strained and



got the rope around him and walked him back on his forepaws.

yelled directions. The Walkers and I were almost hysterical at one point, but somehow, notwithstanding the primitive team play, the zebra was taken aboard.

What was my surprise, as we were sailing along, to hear one of the Walkers say, just so Farnie could hear it: "Now that the natives have developed the loading technique, let's shoot another zebra and bait these lions right." In Africa it was easier to find and to shoot a zebra than it was to have it loaded on the truck. However, within the closing half-hour of daylight, all three things were accomplished. We planted the bait in two places and still had enough light to locate the big mimosa tree which was to be home for the night.

It was barely daylight when we visited the first bait, but, strangely, it had not been touched. By the time we reached the second zebra, there was enough light for the early visitors. Some vultures were milling in circles above, taking gluttonous inventory; others had dropped and were hopping on and off the zebra. Jackals were near by, and hyenas could be seen coming to the feast, which would begin in another minute or two with a snarling, snapping, biting, free-for-all fight. We had set our caps for lions, and were disappointed that none were present. However, disappointment has short existence in Africa, as we learned in scarcely more than an hour.

We rolled up our cots and blankets, tumbled into the truck, and headed for our main camp about ten miles away. Through the field glasses we spotted several hyenas. Suddenly, Farnie, peering through strong glasses, said, "I see

lions beyond, three of them." We all saw them, sitting and standing on the far side of the hyenas. Then began one of the top experiences of my life. As we drew closer, we saw that there were four lions. At our approach, the lions started to walk away. As the distance between us decreased, one or two of them went into a slow, heavy trot. At about 225 yards they separated, going off leisurely in fan shape. At something under two hundred yards the Walkers jumped to the ground and opened up on the right-wing lion. They both hit him. At Cub's strike, he leaped into the air. When he hit the ground on his last leap, he seemed to stay down—at least the long grass absorbed and hid his struggles. We jumped onto the running board of the truck and followed another, which was jogging along at a very slow trot. These lions had killed and fed. They were heavy with meat, but undoubtedly were too blasé to make a stampede getaway.

We hopped off the truck at suitable firing distance and I took a shot at a black-fronted lion that trotted across to the left. The bullet hit the ground well behind him. Farnie said, "Too far back." I fired again; nothing happened. On the third shot, he went into the air in one magnificent spring, his paws reaching straight up past his muzzle. With this one leap he was swallowed by the grass.

Firing had been going on beside me. It was the two Walkers, operating on a lion that I had not even seen. Both apparently hit it (there was too much going on for accurate accounting), but Ken's last shot knocked the animal crosswise, and it dropped from view.

Three lions down, and one trotting away. The latter's tawny head could

be seen hopping up and down above the yellow grass. We got into the truck and took after him. He had gone a considerable distance, but when we overhauled him he didn't seem much concerned, continuing his leisurely trot.

The four of us hit the ground about the same time. Cub was the first to get organized; he shot the lion and it went down, but only to gather and spring, then it whirled in the air and faced us. Instantly we all fired, and heard the wallop of somebody's bullet.

This lion meant business. We saw him crouch in the thin grass as though gathering his forces for a rush. Someone—it was not in me to have made such a suggestion—said, "Let's walk in on him with the cameras." Ken and I made a dash for the truck and got one apiece. I wonder whether you can do a worse thing on a hunting trip in Africa; yet we did it time and again and came out whole.

The four of us line up abreast for the advance. All carried rifles. Ken and I, in addition, had cameras. As we drew close, we saw that the grass was sparse in the vicinity of the lion. This gave a better chance for clear photography and a clearer view of the first menacing movements of the lion's charge.

The beast was fury incarnate. I never knew that any animal could work itself into such a state. Its eyes fairly blazed; every hair on its body stood on end. Through its partly open mouth poured a continuous volume of deep-toned, rumbling growls that swelled almost to a roar. Its long, lashing tail stood high, practically at right angles to its back. Our intention, and we considered it legitimate in the case of lions, was to get a little action photography as we walked in to kill the animal. It is a mistake to make a guess that you see a lion in the thick grass. "Walking in" brings him to his feet, and the photography does not inhumanly retard the *coup de grace*.

We covered the distance, the length of a tennis court, without a charge. Farnie said, "You must shoot; it will come any second now."

One of the Walkers said, "We'll never get another chance like this for action photography."

It took all my courage to keep looking through the motion-picture finder. At about sixty feet, the brute decided to come. The guns cut loose, and the lion went limp. As we approached, Farnie said, "We must never go that close again." His advice seemed sound to me, but I was a mere third of the hunting party. Sound as it seemed, it didn't register for more than twenty minutes. Four lions were down. How



Rhinos are dangerous game. When angered they'll charge anything, even a truck.

The final search was to be for the lion that I had missed twice and hit once. It was hard to find. We ranged over a good deal of country. In a desire to locate the animal, we split off and became separated by as much as a quarter of a mile. The little skinner dogged my footsteps carrying the big Graflex. He touched my arm. I suddenly stopped. He pointed, saying something in a whisper in the Swahili tongue. Slightly to the right, I could see a rounded form, a little darker in shade than the yellow of the veldt. I cocked the rifle and tiptoed forward, to find that I was approaching the lion from the rear. This seemed fair enough to me, so I tiptoed a little closer. Then I did something that can only be accounted for through the influence of the equatorial sun's rays on the brain. I picked up a clod of earth and threw it at the lion. This is the procedure you use in flushing quail, when there is no African sun to make you screwy. However, I know myself well enough to feel that I must have been thoroughly convinced that the lion was dead. The clod of earth hit the ground beside him. He didn't flush. He was as lifeless as stone. When hit by the bullet, he had whirled and faced his trouble. Now he was lying on his belly, his huge front paws and dark, hairy head stretched out in the direction from which I had shot.

Each of the four carcasses was now blazed by a stand-by (to use the compound word lightly), and it would be an easy matter to find them. There was one task ahead of us that called for haste; namely, getting the pelts off the bodies. It is claimed that under the heat of the sun the hair will begin to slip in and hour, so we deemed it expedient to load the lions in the truck and whisk them to the main camp, where the skinning could be done in the shade. Handling a lion, dead or alive, is no child's play. Big, limp round things, they offer few grappling points beyond the four legs and tail. The "kill" took up most of the floor space, so the bearers sat all over the lions.

It was only noon of our fourth day in the hunting country, and we were coming home with a wagonload of the animals sometimes called man-eaters. When we arrived in camp, the natives flocked around the truck and put on an excited powwow. As each lion was dragged over the end of the truck and allowed to tumble to the ground, they did a little flat-footed dance.

The day started out quite as usual, and when it came to an end I had been through the most harrowing ex-

far down? The one that lay at our feet we knew to be dead. How about the other three? We waved to the bearers, still assembled in the truck. They failed to understand. At least they stayed "in assembly."

With a little hissing sound, hardly an expletive but rather something clucked with the teeth, Farnie set out for the truck. On his return, he delegated one of the bearers for stand-out duty, explaining that there would be difficulty in locating the dead lion later unless he stood high above the yellow grass. What the Swahili is for "putting up a holler," I do not know, but that was what the native was putting up in any man's tongue. My sympathies were with him, for there were three other lions in the vicinity, all wounded.

At that moment, Ken said, "Who is this coming; it looks like two natives?" They were tall and carried long spears. They turned out to be Mbugwi tribesmen looking for meat. According to their story, which seemed incredible, they had started out early in the morning to locate a circle of vultures, which meant a lion kill. They intended to wait at a distance until the lions had finished, whereupon they would scare away the hyenas, jackals, and vultures, and take possession of the meat.

When we learned their plan, we offered them meat—some nice, clean bullet-killed cuts—if they would stand and mark the dead lion's location. They readily accepted the offer, which put a broad grin on our native, who had shown resistance to the assignment.

We were now ready for the roundup. The four of us got in abreast formation; the bearers kept as close to our backs as possible. The little skinner carried my Graflex camera and pegged along in my footsteps.

We moved slowly in an even line, scrutinizing every dense patch of grass. After a considerable length of time, we came suddenly on a tawny form vaguely outlined through the yellow, waving grass. Up went all the rifles. We held them in place for a moment; not the slightest movement came from the object in front. We advanced, to find the lion stone-dead. Finally one of the natives consented to stand by.

We set out again, in search of number three. The four lions had scattered over a rather wide territory, and during the excitement we had lost all but a general sense of location. We stepped along for a few hundred yards when number three, without wasting any time on formalities, let out a carking roar. An instant later, a great head appeared above the grass. His fury was a magnificent thing to see and to hear.

Here was another splendid chance for photography, so Ken and I each took a camera, while Cub and Farnie covered the subject. We set our cameras and walked forward, getting a number of pictures. There came a time when Farnie said, "Boys, you are playing with fire; finish him." One of the Walkers bowled him over with a direct shot in the head. As the risk was now reduced seventy-five per cent, there was considerably less difficulty in persuading a native to stand and mark the spot where number three lay.

perience of my life. Farnie asked, "Who wants to go out in one of the trucks to look for Carl's rifle?" And so the trip began.

We had last seen the gun leaning up against the rear wheel of the truck when we'd been skinning two lions under the shade of the big tree. As the machine moved off, the rifle that had been propped against the wheel had probably dropped into the grass.

Nothing unusual happened on our way out. On a little butte, or *kopje*, we paused to marvel at the amount of game that was within eyerange, scattered over the yellow prairie land cropping their morning nourishment. While looking and commenting, someone said, "Here comes a fringe-eared oryx that has something on his mind." He was walking fast. Through the high-powered glasses, he looked like a fine specimen, one worthy of a little interruption in our trip for the rifle.

Suppose I take him," I said. "We can load him on the truck and haul him back to camp for the skinning." Farnie and I started on the run for the only patch of cover that would let us get close enough. The oryx continued to walk fast. We had a hard run to time his pace for a shot from the cover and barely made it. I raised the rifle, but was so out of breath that the gun wobbled up and down with every respiration. I had to take it from my shoulder and stand and puff. Just a few more puffs and the oryx would be gone he would walk past the cover and look back at us. As I panted away a few priceless seconds, the animal saw us and stopped.

I let fly from a heaving bosom and hit the oryx in the flank. This put him on the run. The next shot went wild, at least it did no good, so we waved for the truck. It was our custom never to let a wounded animal die miserably, if we could put him out of the way. A dash of perhaps five minutes overhauled the oryx. I jumped out of the truck and fired; he dropped in his tracks, and it looked like the end of the chapter. It is a mistake to walk up to a wounded animal without being primed for surprises. When we got quite close to the oryx, he gave a snort, and with a toss of the horns he charged us. He was too hard hit, however, so he collapsed. After watching for a moment, I threw my helmet at him to see whether that would get any response. It hit him and bounced off his neck. Quick as a wink he stabbed at it like a French fencing master; then I finished him with a heart shot. After the customary measurements of a freshly killed animal, we got him aboard the truck.

We found motor tracks in the grass and by following them carefully, came to the site of yesterday's encounter and picked up the rifle.

We were now ready for the ride back to camp. We had motored perhaps half a mile and were gliding along the rim of a dry water hole when Carl signaled by beating his fist on the cowl over the driver's head, yelling, "Stop—a lion!" I looked and saw a big, long, smooth lioness standing in the greenish grass on the far edge of the water hole. She was about sixty-five yards away. As I jumped out of the truck, she started to walk, with her entire right side visible, showing the loose, easy play of the shoulder muscles rolling slowly into her back. Almost before I could get a bead on her she moved into a trot; I fired and knocked her up in the air. Then she made a few bounding springs forward, turned abruptly away from us, and suddenly was lost to view, swallowed up by the high grass. I shot again at the tawny-colored beast just before she disappeared, but I missed. She did not vanish for long, however, and when she reappeared she was coming diagonally at us.

This time, when the bullet hit her, she went into wild contortions, front paws extended above her head making vicious jabs at the air. In the midst of these twisting leaps, she must have put two and two together and concluded that the cause of all her pain came from the neighborhood of the truck. She hit the ground, wheeled, and dropped into a crouch, head on. She was now ready and determined to fight; all she needed was just another moment in which to become organized for the rush.

The grass was thin and short where she crouched; I could see her eyes glaring. Under the circumstances, I took unusually careful aim, consuming the extra two seconds necessary for this, for it was no time to do a haphazard job of sighting or trigger pulling. Her head was slightly raised and extended; I fired just under the lower jaw—the necktie shot. As the bullet struck, she collapsed. Her tense, powerful muscles, geared up for the rush, went limp in an instant, and she uncoiled in a slow, stretching movement that rolled her on her side, lifeless. We walked forward and inspected the big, gaunt, beautiful specimen.

We stood for a moment, noting the huge paws and the powerful forelegs and shoulder muscles. Reaching for my notebook I said, "Well, let's get at the measurements."

Carl's response was, "What are you going to do about the leopard?"

"What leopard?"

"Didn't you see it standing near the

small tree? Your lion passed directly in front of it."

The two other men backed up his statement. I was a little chagrined that they had seen so much more than I, but the truth of the matter is, the lion had given my eyes about all they could take in. "Well, what *will* we do about the leopard?" I asked.

"Walk past the place where it was standing and you'll see," Carl said.

The men told me that the leopard was feeding at a kill, and the lioness had passed hardly twenty feet in front of it.

"You can go ahead with your measurements of the lion," said Carl. "The leopard will wait for us."

When the measurements had been recorded, Carl came up to me rather ceremoniously and said, "Doctor, this is very dangerous. If you ever kept your eyes open, do it now. The leopard will be close and will come with a rush."

We circled back and picked up the lion trail where the first shot had been fired. The intention was to follow this trail which would lead us past the spot where the leopard had been feeding. The country was wide open, save for thin patches of grass here and there in our line march, and a rim of heavier prairie grass fifty feet to our left and parallel to the trail. Carl went in front, followed by Farnie; then I came, and behind me the native with his spear. We were about fifteen feet apart. We walked very slowly, each one of us with his rifle pointed toward the fringe of heavier grass fifty feet to our left. Once more, I wondered out loud whether the leopard might have cleared out, but Carl Trichard emphatically answered, "No, it is lying here somewhere, close."

The ground was almost bare now for a hundred feet in front, in the direction we were headed, and covered with shale and small rocks. There were just a few patches of grass in our line of progress that might or might not cover a crouching animal. While slowly moving along, one cautious step at a time, and peering into all grass patches, we came to the leopard kill, a young Thomson's gazelle, partly eaten, lying on the ground under two thin trees.

"Be ready," Farnie warned. "The animal can be right here, any place, within fifty feet."

If it were true that the leopard was the kind of animal that would not condescend to back away from four armed men, then we certainly were flirting with trouble in standing over the meal that we had so recently interrupted. I was surprised when Carl picked up a rock and hurled it into

the rim of grass on our left. We edged slowly forward away from the carcass, each man hurling an occasional rock into the grass, the idea being to get a rise out of an animal that was in all probability set for the spring. Many men have made fools of themselves. This was a comforting thought to hide behind, for we were actually trying to flush a leopard when we were armed with rifles instead of shotguns, and only forty or fifty feet in which to get a bead on the flying target. I picked up a rock half the size of a baseball, and guessing what might be a likely spot in the long grass, let it go. Nothing happened for a few seconds; then there was a rush from the exact patch of grass, and a blur of black and yellow lightning streaked low across the open ground, uttering a deep, continuous, guttural growl. In three lightning leaps it covered two-thirds of the intervening space before the spring which carried it through the air. It leapt straight at Farnie's chest. I fired, so did Farnie. We missed and it struck, fastening its teeth in Farnie's face, grabbing his right shoulder with its left paw while it circled his neck with its right, and tore at his back between the shoulder blades, ripping both hind feet into his belly.

They went to the ground together, Farnie underneath. I had only one thought in my brain: to rush up to the writhing mass, thrust the muzzle of the rifle against the leopard's side, and pull the trigger. Any other sort of shot would have been homicidal. When I reached the spot, only fifteen feet away, there were writhing arms and legs and patches of leopard going in all directions, and I couldn't get the muzzle of the gun against what I was dead sure was the leopard. I have been everlastingly proud of my reserve; it is the greatest wonder I didn't shoot. I became vaguely conscious that Carl was going through some maneuvers on the other side of the struggle, designed, of course, to release his brother from the bloody claws and fangs of this leopard. He did not dare shoot. Suddenly Farnie, with the spirit of combat strong within him, by a writhing twist like that of a wrestler, turned himself on top of the animal. This completely covered our squirming target, for Farnie was a tall man. It was a harrowing situation, doubly so for Carl, to see Farnie squarely on top of an infuriated animal and unable to let go.

The way out came from the leopard himself. Either satisfied with the damage he had done, or not wanting to make it a "fight to the death," the animal suddenly sprang away, slid

from under Farnie and went past Carl like the wind. Then he turned left in a big circle, glancing back at us. Here I was treated to the finest running shot that it has ever been my pleasure to behold. Carl, a left-hander, took aim at the bounding thing, touched his trigger, and the leopard went over in a series of somersaults. I heard Carl say, "I got it, doctor!" Farnie was on his feet with the blood streaming down his face. I pressed two folded handkerchiefs indiscriminately into the red smear. They were so rapidly soaked that it was not possible to determine either the exact location or the extent of his wounds.

While sponging away at his face, a small red circle welled up on the front of his shirt, becoming larger and larger as the blood continued to ooze out of his belly wounds. Blood was also saturating the back of his shirt, torn in shreds where the animal had grabbed him between the shoulder blades. Thinking that the bleeding and general shock were enough to cause most men to faint, I urged Farnie to lie down. He refused, but said excitedly, "I must get back to camp—leopard cuts are bad."

Rarely does fortune smile more broadly than she did at that moment. There was the chug of a motor, and we saw the other truck approaching across the yellow veldt with the two Walker boys and young Jack Boshoff. They had left camp early in the morning for a ten-mile circle in the opposite direction. Three of us started for camp, leaving the rest to skin the leopard and lioness. I kept turning over in my mind the outcome of Farnie's wounds. Could any set-up surpass this one as a potential hotbed of infection? The leopard had been in the act of feeding on a dead gazelle. Without the shadow of a doubt, its lips, claws, and teeth were filled with infectious material. Whether he had killed the gazelle and allowed it to get "high" in the sun, or had found it, we did not know. The claws of this carrion-eating animal, while solid at the points, are grooved on the under surface farther back, and of course these grooves were filled solid with infectious material.

On reaching camp, we rigged up the dining table as an operating table, stretched Farnie on it, and proceeded to take stock, while the water was boiling and the instruments were being disinfected.

His wounds were as follows: Face—bite wounds, particularly on the left side under the eye; there were tooth marks in five places, some of them an inch in length, but all more or less superficial. Left side of chest bitten

and clawed, nipple swollen; some claw marks below nipple. Left arm showed claw wounds on shoulder, middle of biceps, and at elbow. Abdomen—wounds where the hind claws had ripped in, perhaps on the original impact. Back—wounds over and below right shoulder blade, where the animal had fastened its claws when it curled its right paw around Farnie's neck. All wounds seemed superficial, even where flaps of skin and underlying tissues were elevated.

Treatment consisted of cleansing with a solution of potassium permanganate, ten times stronger than standard.

The whole episode was like a whirlwind. I list it as one of the frightful experiences of my life. The feeling of impotence that came over me when I realized I was unable to help a companion struggling for his life was nightmarish. The gun was useless, yet I hung onto it, pointing it here and there, a veritable hazard. It would have taken a better man than I to have dropped the gun and to have gotten into the fight with bare hands. An Indian, through instinct, might have pulled his hunting knife. Damn that native with the spear! He had the implement above all others for such an occasion, but for reasons of his own he didn't wish to intrude. In reviewing the fight immediately after its occurrence, I found myself wondering about three things: the lack of warning, the suddenness and speed of the leopard's rush; the deep tone of the guttural growl, which came only with the rush, not before; why the leopard left Farnie without struggling a little longer.

The last question is unanswerable.

Farnie was incapacitated for almost two weeks. One morning after he had recovered sufficiently, we climbed into the truck before daylight. Alex Boshoff, Jack's brother, came along with us. We were cruising along with a big red sun just clearing the horizon, when suddenly Alex said, "Isn't that a lion?"

"Yes, it is—and a big one," Cub said. "I see one, two, three following."

We pointed the truck lionward. In a few minutes we were close enough to make out a lioness and her three cubs.

The country was wide open for miles, no brush patches, only an occasional tree. The grass had been eaten short by the grazers. We drew closer. The family went into a trot, the children in front, the mother in the rear.

At about four hundred yards, the lioness stopped, looked at us, and lashed her tail. She repeated this little

maneuver a number of times, adding to it, as the truck approached, little menacing charges of five or six yards, which were supposed to scare us to a standstill. When her bluff failed to work, she decided to turn on the pressure. We were then about 250 yards away. Leaving her cubs to shift for themselves, she came toward us on the dead run. Ken was at the wheel; he stopped the truck with a bang. The lioness never slackened. Instead of doing long, graceful bounds, she was streaking it. We estimated that she covered about 125 yards.

Carl yelled, "Shoot, shoot! She means business! She'll jump in the truck."

As she was coming straight at us, it wasn't particularly hard to line up the shot, but just when I was about to pull the trigger, she slowed down. So her charge had something of the bluff in it, after all. But who wants to wait for a complete record of behavior in an instance like this? We shall never know whether her intention was to "take us for a ride," or just to pretend, for at the moment she slowed down the bullet hit her in the breast and she gave a wild leap into the air. Cub and I jumped off the truck, followed by Carl. As the lioness saw us advance, she quit jumping and crouched with her head showing above the grass. Her fury was beyond description. I fired at what I thought would be the left side of her body and overshot, in all probability. At any rate, it was a miss. She raised herself high enough above the grass to show her body, and the next shot landed. Here was a lioness hit twice and still remaining the personification of fury. There was only one thing holding her back, for the spirit was more than willing; her locomotion mechanism was upset. This was our big gamble. The animal had plenty of strength to tear the three of us apart. Often animals hit not only once but several times can keep coming.

As we drew closer, the lioness made one heroic effort. Her head and shoulders were above grass, but the hind end seemed to be floundering without coordination. A shot at close range rolled her over on her side. So it took three bullets to do the trick, at least to dispatch her before our eyes.

Now for some excitement! Ken brought up the truck, and we all set out in the direction that the cubs had taken. After a time, they were sighted. Someone said, "Let's capture them!" The suggestion sounded interesting and plausible enough. We pursued one, but soon realized that it was too big to handle and that it would maul

some of our outfit during the attempt at capture. It was probably I who suggested that there might be a runt in the family.

In a few minutes we located the others; two of about the same size. We gave chase. They circled and it was decided to round them up on foot. The bearers went quite wild over this little adventure and took after the cubs with spears. Carl yelled Swahili commands that they were not to throw the spears. The two cubs were smaller than their big brother but, at that, they looked like quite a handful. We chased them around a bit, when one cub suddenly wheeled and came to bay, growling and snarling in an incredibly deep voice. It had taken all the chasing it was going to stand for. When Cub approached, it wasted no time but took after him, bent on combat. I went forward with the camera; the little brute wheeled and put me to flight. Then it sat on its haunches and looked from one to another of the men encircling it, peeling back its lips and showing fangs that in no manner resembled baby teeth. We called directions to each other but could find no takers to execute them, and concluded that our only hope was the lasso. A rope was brought from the truck, and the Walker boys took turns at throwing a nice, captivating noose. The cub was not content to make a few passes at the rope with its paw but, with a snarling twist of its whiskers, rushed at the boys after every cast. The Walkers could outrun it, but the little beast, after the satisfaction of putting them to flight, would sit on its haunches and defy our whole outfit.

During a lull in the proceedings, as I was standing at a distance with a camera in my hand—harming no one, simply standing there—the cub glanced at me out of the corner of his eye. Then he turned his head for a better look and stared intently for about a minute. With a spring, which plainly said "There's my meat," he made a bolt for me. I went into high. Holding the camera against my breast like a football, I "picked them up and set them down" with everything I had. It's hard to keep from glancing over your shoulder in a race where the stakes are high, but there was no need of it here, for I could hear the little brute gaining on me every instant. It never occurred to me to shed the camera and my helmet and field glasses; I was doing only one-track, single-purpose thinking. It was inevitable that, unless he broke a leg, we were going to come together. Just when his dream was about to be realized, or, in more practical terms, when he was

about to sink his teeth into one of my calves, Cub Walker threw a rope across his back. With an extra snarl at having the dream of a lifetime exploded, the cub reached for the rope and tried to climb to the other end of it. The Walkers could outrun him. My boast that I could have done likewise, if I had been dressed for it, didn't go over very well.

It must have taken an hour for all of us, one after the other, to keep ahead of this baby lion and get it lassoed. Even when we were able to draw a noose around its neck and body, it put up a magnificent scrap. We had a terrible job getting it to the truck, for we wanted to give it a humane capture. Dragging would have shut off its wind, and it would probably have bitten someone's arm off if we had tried to release the noose to give it more wind. The method that brought results was based on the wheelbarrow principle. We lifted its hind end from the ground by the tail and it pattered away on its front feet like an animal trained for exhibition.

It was tied *en bloc* to the side rail of the truck, and we all climbed in, ten strong.

When we arrived in camp the natives were greatly excited by our capture. Faces beaming, they went at once into their flat-footed dance.

The cub was named Sultan. We hadn't thought what to do with the little beast; in a general way, we had intended to train it. Some of our supplies had come in a large wooden box. The supplies were dumped out of this and the cub dumped in. One of the Walkers brought a nice dangle of raw meat and almost had his arm taken off. We spent days trying to tame the cub. When we looked in and spoke approachable words, like "nice puss," he banged his head against the top slats in a fury. We couldn't make him realize the fact that cooing words and raw meat indicated that we were on his side.

By all natural laws, Sultan was born to become a king of beasts. That he would kill at will any animal weaker than himself was part of natural law; it was a strange piece of interference that man should pick him off the veldt and lay the groundwork for his suicide. Sultan's passing was an unconventional accident. As a rule, it was a human footfall that made him try to tear his home to pieces, but one night, while we slept, he got an unusually wild desire to escape and to get back to the laws of nature. By jumping and butting his head against the roof of his house, he loosened one of the nailed-down boards. A little more but-

ting and the board gave way, so that he could just squeeze his head through. The opening was too narrow for the shoulders, and there poor Sultan hung, slowly getting his wind shut off. We found him in the morning, hanging dead. It was a miserable, man-made death, and we all regretted that we hadn't turned him loose when we saw that his education was doomed to failure.

When the cheetah strikes, you seldom find more than a single set of fang wounds in his kill. He never lets go the original hold that he sinks into the animal's neck. Down they go together, with the cheetah swinging his lithe body clear of the fall. This is his invariable technique. Yet he is not one of Africa's dreaded animals; the cheetah can be domesticated to a certain extent, and has been trained for hunting and racing. With his long, gaunt body and doglike feet, the cheetah is as much a speed demon as a killer. We nearly lost the race we ran with one.

The truck was rumbling easily over the veldt. It was quiet and hot. Jack was at the wheel. Cub, Ken, the Trichards, and I were in the back with three of us standing, holding the hand-rail. Ken pointed off to his side.

"Look at that!" he said, indicating an anthill.

The top of the anthill writhed into life, and not one, but three tawny cheetahs slid off the big termite mound and bounded away in the yellow grass. Ken tried a quick, long shot, firing just before the last cheetah slid into a

patch of high grass that stretched to a big thicket.

Jack jumped out from behind the wheel and came around to the back.

"Did you hit him, Ken?"

"I don't know. I think so," Ken said.

We piled out of the truck with our guns and camera. Either the cheetah was frightened and running for its life or, if Ken had hit the animal, he might attack with fury.

We were organized for the stalk the instant we hit the ground. We didn't have to rehearse any longer—we were pretty reckless by this time. I had learned long ago that Ken and Cub Walker required at least one thrill per day to keep them in good running condition. We took our positions about ten feet apart, the camera man in the middle and two men with guns on either side, walking five abreast toward the patch of grass.

I held the camera about level with my face; the Walkers, the two Trichards, our guides, pointed their guns forward with the butts almost in shooting position.

The grass was high and thick. My flannel spine pad tingled, and the sweatband of my pitch helmet felt prickly.

Fifty yards of high-stepping was uneventful: no animal came hurtling through the air to land on our heads. A few more steps and Cub Walker stopped, alert and ready for anything. Through the filmy tall grass bending quietly back and forth to the wind, I could make out a dense form less than twenty yards away.

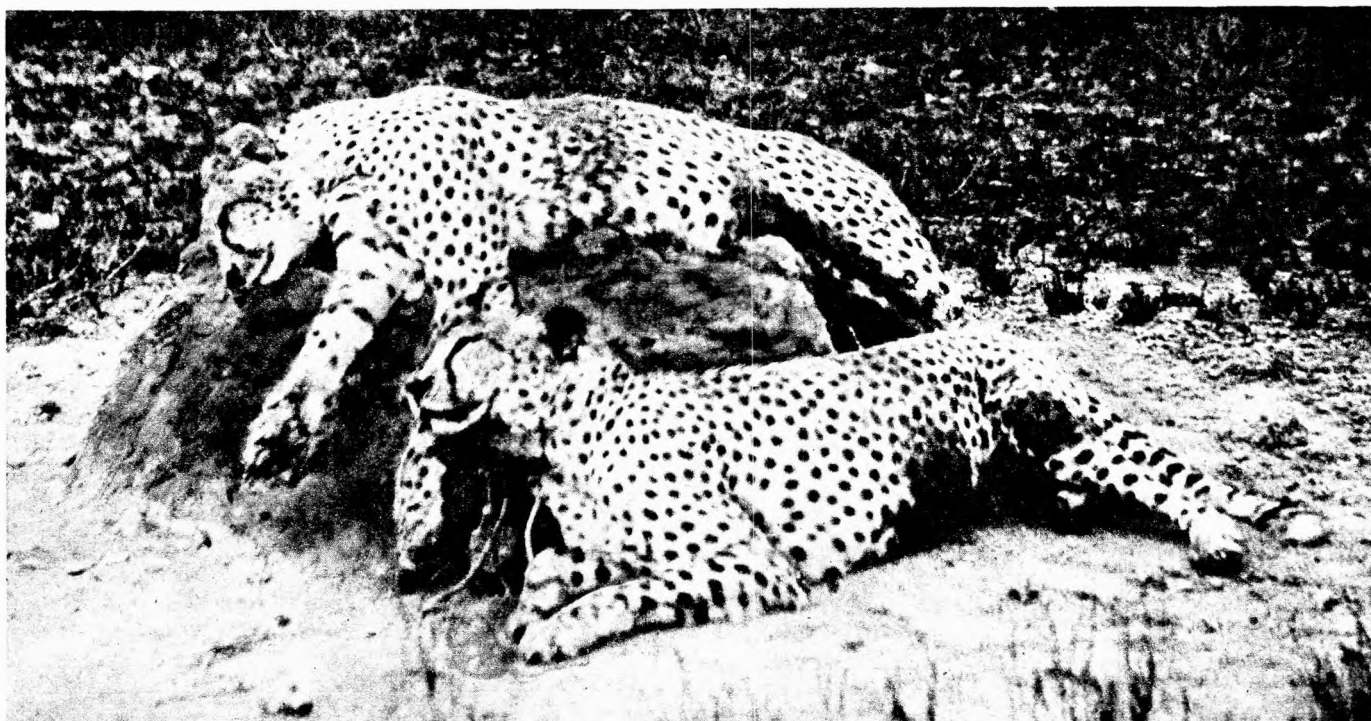
Farnie turned to look at us. "Be careful—we could be walking into a leopard."

"A leopard's got no sense," Carl said. "They'll charge anything."

With our first step, the thing in front of us rose with a twisting turn. It had been facing its enemy, as all wounded animals do; then it seemed to glide through the long grass directly away from us. Cub shot, and the movement in the grass stopped. We walked forward and stood over a dying cheetah—long and muscular, its lungs pumping hard under the yellowish hide. We found what had been expected, that Ken had wounded it with his long shot when the animal had bounded away from the anthill for the cover of the grass. Just how we might have come out with a leopard is all guesswork. The scrap that Farnie had had before with this spotted piece of feline fury was one hundred per cent unreasonable, bloody, and murderous.

Another day we had a chance to see the cheetah's beautiful speed. The experience nearly wrecked us as well as the cheetah. Although the chase was too exciting and dangerous for anyone to take the actual mileage, it was estimated that we gave him a run of something over two miles. We were bumping along in the truck when we spotted two cheetahs on the open veldt. Young Jack was at the wheel and he turned the truck in their direction. The cheetahs flattened against the earth. When we drew near, they got up and bounded off in a gallop. Ken and I jumped to the ground and took quick

We almost got wrecked, driving across the veldt at high speed, before we caught up with those two lightning-fast cheetahs.



shots. I fired at the one on the left and knew I had missed; Ken said he thought his had been hit. The cheetahs separated, and Ken ran after his cat, which loped into the grass out of sight. He called for someone to go with him and got one barefoot bearer who snatched up an empty .22 rifle.

I jumped into the truck. "Let's get the other one," I called to Jack. "Do you see him?" Jack slipped in the clutch, and I grabbed tight to the iron bar. My cheetah was now hitting it across the veldt several hundred yards away. The country was open—no trees, no rock ledges, no valleys of any size. just flat prairie covered with grass.

We could see the cheetah at almost every jump he made. The truck was soon doing thirty-five and everybody was hanging on for dear life.

The cheetah pulled away from us in the first half-mile. When he changed his direction slightly to the right, Jack cut the wheel to the right to head him off. It was a good guess, and we gained on him. The cheetah is a sprinter rather than a marathoner, and that worked in our favor.

The cheetah was tiring and we closed in on him. In another hundred yards he stopped, whirled and crouched out of sight, completely hidden by the protective coloring of the veldt. We drove to within fifty feet of where we had last seen him. Carl threw oranges at the spot (our intended luncheon) but the cheetah failed to flush. We wondered whether he might be gathering his wind for a leap into the truck. I looked hard and thought I saw spots through the dry grass. Taking careful aim, I fired. The cheetah jumped and showed a wound as he bounded away from us. I shot again and hit him in the back above the shoulders. This slowed him down. He turned, crouched head on, and glared at us from an open spot. The next shot finished him. He lay stretched out, a long, gaunt animal with a rather small head and a brown streak running down each cheek from the eye.

We were curious to know about the other cheetah, for we had left Ken and his empty-gun bearer to stalk the animal on foot. We found that they had come to a slight elevation and discovered the cheetah stone-dead.

"N'dio, n'dio!" Yes, yes! the bearers nodded their heads, telling us they understood. Nevertheless, Carl and Farnie repeated the instructions, going over the important points carefully. Thirty picked bearers were to leave camp before sunrise; they were to march fifteen miles to a particular stretch of timber, wait until "the sun

was there." By that time we would arrive and take our stand. They were then to start the drive into the woods, calling out and clapping their spears against their shields, sending the elephants toward us. "N'dio, n'dio!" They understood.

At four in the morning the bearers set out. Three hours later Carl, Farnie, the Walkers, and I, with more natives, climbed into the two trucks and were off.

On the way we rehearsed once again the elephant's most vulnerable spots.

"Don't shoot between the eyes—the brain lies higher than that."

"Above and a little behind the left shoulder is always good—it will get the heart."

"In an emergency, along the spinal column is a paralyzing shot."

We had hunted elephants through brush country and forests, tracked them high into the hills without adding one to our "specimen bag." Now we were embarked upon a carefully planned hunt; we must be as certain of our shots as possible.

After a ten-mile ride, we paused on a slight rise to get our bearings. There, about two miles in the wrong direction marched the thirty natives—single file. They were on the wrong side of the swamp and on the wrong side of the patch of forest. They had missed the vital point in the directions by a matter of two miles. I could almost see Carl and Farnie sizzle, but there was nothing to do but stand there and give off. The big swamp ruined any chance of overhauling the bearers and the distance was too great for them to hear a rifle shot.

The Walkers and I, fuming with disappointment and chagrin, decided to take advantage of our high ground to sweep the country with our field glasses. Everybody gave a little jump with Cub Walker's words, "I see an elephant!"

Five pairs of glasses were turned on the spot. There, about a mile away, above the marsh vegetation, was a round, smooth, dark rock, where rocks should not have been.

The wind was right for a direct approach, so away we went in single file, walking as fast as the country would allow. We swerved to get a favorable wind, then hit straight for the swamp. The elephant was standing about a third of a mile in front of us, and the same distance from the forest on the left. We took a last look at him from firm ground before plunging into the swamp. He stood with his rump toward us but not exactly vis-a-vis.

Part of our route took us through jointed reeds nine feet high. It was

impossible for us to see for twenty-five feet in any direction. There was something disconcerting (if that is a strong enough word) in the buffalo signs and paths that ran in all directions. Later, Jack Boshoff, who had remained with the truck on high ground, told us that he had counted eighty buffaloes as they emerged from the swamp. They had crossed our path some little time previously. I often wondered how we might have weathered their stampede when we had nothing to climb and nowhere to run.

I was having the toughest stalk of my hunting career. Both of my canvas leggings were unstrung and flapping around my ankles. Time and again one of the Walkers would reach down and yank me out of a pothole. On one occasion I actually went in as deep as my belt. I was afraid to call, for I didn't know how close the elephant might be, so I made a hissing sound. Ken Walker turned around. He said afterward he wondered how he pulled me out, as well as how I had found such a hole. I held my rifle high above my head to keep it dry; he grabbed one of my hands, but it was wet and his hold slipped. Then he really went to work on me, and I shot out of the hole like a leaping tarpon. A dried snakeskin on a low bush where I landed—a big one that may have once encased a venomous mamba—certainly added nothing to my peace of mind.

But where was the elephant? There had been no chance to see it for the past half-hour. Ken and Cub hoisted Farnie on their shoulders for a look over the high reeds.

A wiggling of Farnie's legs and a scrambling motion to get down was a hopeful sign. "He's straight in front of us and about 200 yards off!"

Before we left dry land, both Ken and Cub had generously and graciously insisted that this was my elephant. Naturally an argument took place. I wasn't going to accept Africa's largest gift on a platter unless all rights of possession had been justly earned. I offered to match them for the elephant. Their point was that they would prefer to make a side trip into special country for their elephants, if I would spare them the camp equipment and enough bearers.

For about a hundred yards the stalk was blind. We crept along with the utmost caution, parting the high vegetation and slowly replacing it by hand, instead of allowing it to swing back into place, in order to make as little noise as possible. By a strange bit of luck the swamp vegetation began to thin out, and we could see the ele-

phant a hundred yards off. He was standing blunt end to, but a little on the bias. His long, diagonal right side was perfectly huge. Another hoist was necessary for a view of the tusks. First Carl, and then Farnie was lifted for the check.

"Yes, they are good," was the verdict. "Not heavy, but very long. There's your bull."

Telling the natives to stay well back, we executed twenty more yards of this highly ticklish sneak. We were now within seventy-five yards.

The elephant flapped his huge ears occasionally. In my ignorance I thought some heroic insects were annoying him.

"No," Carl whispered, "he is suspicious and is trying to locate our noise."

We had rehearsed many times the proper shots for an elephant. This animal was standing on the bias. I elected to try a shot at a spot above and behind the right shoulder. An accurate line would catch the heart.

Leveling the double-barreled elephant gun at this biggest animal on earth sent a thrill through my body that I will never forget. Unquestionably I held the bead for what must have seemed an exasperating length of time to the Walkers. This was done not alone in the interest of accuracy, but for the ecstasy of at last having an elephant standing there under my sights. I touched the trigger. There was a tremendous explosion. The recoil of the big, fourteen-pound gun against my shoulder and cheek sent me not only back on my heels, which is a figure of speech, but into reverse, with one heel after the other alternately making frantic efforts to get back in time to establish equilibrium. If one of Ken Walker's big hands between my shoulder blades hadn't met my recoil, I would have landed on my back, hitting the back of my neck first. *Both barrels of the elephant gun had gone off at once.* I instantly broke the gun. The automatic ejectors threw out both shells, confirming the diagnosis.

For an instant the elephant stood, quivering. With all possible haste I pushed one cartridge into the left barrel. The elephant wheeled, by a rare piece of luck, not to the right where we would have been in full view, but to the left in a quarter-turn, and started for the forest. I fired broadside.

According to stipulation, after my first shot he was to be "wide open," so the Walkers opened fire. Another little piece of luck crept in. The ground became slightly harder, so we could



We clocked the ostrich at 35 miles an hour. At another time we took after a herd

run alongside the elephant, or more accurately, parallel with him, firing, then loading as we ran. The reeds and grasses were lower, enabling us to see the entire hulk of the tremendous animal.

Inserting one cartridge at a time, I fired twice more—once rather high—thinking to break his back. His gait became a little slower as the two Walkers and I peppered his left side with .470's. Presently he stopped. Was he now to wheel and come at us? Far from it! He began to rock, forward and backward, as well as sidewise. His equilibrium and apparently his strength were running out, but still he wouldn't go down. We may have done a foolish thing, but I imagine the Walkers and I were pretty sure he was fatally wounded, for none of us fired again.

I got the impression that something like a three-story building was about to topple. Following another moment of tremendous wobbling, the great animal, with a lumbering crash, fell on his right side into the soft weeds and grasses of the swamp.

Farnie rushed up to me, cordially shook my hand. I reciprocated by thanking him for the stalk and slapping the two Walkers on the back. Then we walked up to the elephant. I must say that I felt an immense satisfaction as I stood looking at this vast animal lying on his side, with two long, symmetrical ivory tusks stretched out in front.

One night Carl said to us, "This is to be a side trip—something special.

For a long time Farnie and I have wanted to have a look at this patch. To our certain knowledge it has never been hunted. Nobody could get into it. When you fellows came along, we said, 'Here's our chance.' We took in eighty natives and built four corduroy bridges to get the trucks over the river, and cut about a mile of road through the jungle. There will only be two kinds of shooting in there," pointing his thumb over his shoulder in a wide sweep, "self-defense and the big things that bump you down, tramp on you, and go about their business."

The next day we headed into thick jungle. It was necessary to use axes to cut away limbs and overhanging vines. The place was alive with pheasants and guinea fowl. Baboons were unusually plentiful. We saw one group of nearly a hundred seated on the ground in a sort of assembly; when we approached they set up a terrific chattering as they ambled along in front, jumping and turning their heads to get a look at us over the tall grass and tangled undergrowth.

At the end of a ride of several hours we emerged from the forest and came suddenly into wide-open, dry-lake country. Standing alone, far out in the flat, dried-up lake, was a rhinoceros. Watching the Walkers' truck I saw what I had fully expected, that they were making a big turn and then straightening out into a beeline for the rhino.

"This is bad, this is bad," said Alex Boshoff, the Boer rancher, who was



of giraffes and managed to push them up to an amazing speed just short of 40 mph.

standing in my truck. "The rhino won't stand for any monkey business." He then began to mutter about the advisability of dealing with rhinos in orthodox fashion only, and about the animal's ill temper, the ease with which it could upset a truck, and a lot more, the keynote of it all being the desirability of caution.

We were in for something. The rhinoceros raised and extended his head, but did not turn to face us. Perhaps that was to be the next move. We would find out in something less than a minute. The front truck, with Cub Walker at the wheel, chugged straight at the animal's big wrinkled broadside. We were behind, but a little to one side, so that I could help out with a shot or two when firing became essential.

"That truck shouldn't go a foot closer," Alex said.

It did look as though Cub had gotten himself in a fix, for he would lose time turning his truck if the rhino came straight at him.

We were surprised at what happened. The rhinoceros broke into a run, not at us, not away from us, but in the stolid straight line in which his big, dumb body had been pointed; at a right angle to the direction of Cub's approaching truck, I, for one, relaxed all over. My relief from tension had the briefest breathing spell imaginable, however, for Cub turned his truck at a right angle and ran alongside the rhinoceros.

Alex, the conservative, immediately started sputtering, "He no sooner gets

out of one jam than he gets into another. I tell you, you can't play with a rhinoceros like you would with a pup."

I may have agreed with him, but this new phase of the episode was one of the most amusing things that I had ever seen; a neck-and-neck race between a rhinoceros and a truck. There was neither a bush nor a tree on this table-flat stretch that lay for miles in front of us. A third of a mile to the right the fringe of forest paralleled the line that the rhinoceros was taking. The only obstruction to any speed that the truck might put forth was an occasional dry gutter that ran across our line of march. After hitting a few of these we realized that the man at the wheel would have to be constantly on the lookout, while we kept him posted on the rhino's movements.

There was nothing, for the moment, demanding my attention, so I got out the motion-picture camera and began to film first the rhinoceros, then the truck, the principals in this ill-matched foot race.

At times the rhino would trot in a great, lumbering gait, with his front legs and their blunt extremities executing a rather exaggerated piece of action marked by more knee work than I had supposed possible. He often alternated his trot with a lope, the speed remaining the same.

Ken was seated on a box, taking broadside pictures at close range.

The rhino caught up with a little band of twenty wildebeests who felt

the urge to join in and have their own run with the truck. They kicked up considerable dust.

In a few minutes a similarity in the make-up of these contestants in the foot race made itself clear—each could explode. I could see one of them working up to it. The rhinoceros was not making hissing noises, which often means getting too hot inside, but obviously he was riled. He began to toss his head first to one side, then to the other. Another hundred yards of such hippographics and the big brute seemed to decide this was all he intended to take from that queer-looking thing with the circular legs. He stopped suddenly, whirled his unwieldy body with incredible speed and charged the truck. I dropped the camera, picked up the elephant gun and tried to get a bead in a standing position from our jouncing truck. By that time the rhino was so close that I was afraid of knocking over one of the Walkers. For his final rush the rhino dropped his head so that his chin was almost scraping the ground, and his two big spikes were all set for the scoop and toss.

Whether the rhino closed his eyes for the crash I do not know. I would have liked to close mine. His great horned head missed the spinning rear wheels by possibly three feet, and his backbone seemed to pass under the tail gate and scrape the bottom of the truck and the bare bottoms of several natives who were seated in the rear and bracing themselves for the shock.

The rhino never paused, but plowed on into the forest.

Ken was the first to react. He took off his hat and waved it at me. I jumped out and walked up to see how Cub felt after driving the truck in this African Derby. He wore a broad grin. He said that at the last minute he had stepped on the gas. I hadn't the heart to say anything that might kill this youthful joy of life, even though it was a life that had hung by a thread a minute before; so I offered no advice about conservatism and caution in the future. The natives were hilarious; laughing and jabbering away at a great rate over the close shave they'd had.

Our engagement with the rhinoceros had brought us within fifty yards of the forest. While we were standing there talking, and before we had altogether calmed down, twenty-two giraffes walked out of the trees.

"It is exactly as though they had asked for it," said both Walkers as they jumped into their truck. "Let's give them a run!"

Nothing could have been better staged. The giraffes started on a lope

down the open lake shore, skirting the forest. When we opened the throttle they did the same. We were curious to test their speed, so by crowding we worked them up to thirty-eight miles an hour.

By that time we were ready to admit that the Trichards had opened up a country for us that was the natural haunt of wild experiences.

We were going after elephants again. It was to be a two-day safari on foot, to the lonely lake where the Trichards had seen elephants in great numbers six years before.

The second day of our march the lake came into view. It looked to be a half to three-quarters of a mile in its various diameters. Timber surrounded it. Most of the lake at this time of year was swamp, but a good-sized pond of muddy open water lay at one end. Alongside this was one big tree—a scratching post for elephants. Farnie and Cub, with a few natives, hurriedly started to build a *kitanda* (platform) in the big tree before daylight should run out on them.

It was a wobbly, narrow platform made of crooked poles bound together with grass and balanced between two crotches. At a little after five o'clock, Farnie and I were settled, ready and curious to see what nature might drop into the water beneath us.

At seven o'clock we heard a crash. "Here they come," said Farnie. This was the sound we were waiting to hear—a tree crashing to the ground. The big animals are fond of the tender branches at the top, so they ride a tree down by pushing with the forehead or by wrapping their trunks around the tree and pulling it to the earth. It was about twenty minutes before we recognized other sounds of elephants on the move. Before long we could hear the noises made by their feet being pulled out of soft, wet ground. When grunts and sucking sounds reached our ears, we knew that the elephants were close, yet we could see nothing, for they were not in the clear. In a few moments they had reached the water and the soft mud in front of our tree. It was wonderfully exciting to see these great hulks, just a little blacker than the night, circling round, sucking water, their backs hardly fifteen feet below us.

The *modus operandi* of this photography was to be different. Instead of the flashlight staked on the ground, I was to light and hold in my hand a magnesium flare that had been tied to the end of a stick. This was a big torch, like a Roman candle in principle, but giving off a continuous and brilliant flare. Farnie was to operate the motion-

picture camera. It looked like the moment; the elephants could not get closer. I struck a match, but a sudden wind blew it out. Some of the elephants let out grunts. I struck two matches held together; the wind extinguished them. The elephants responded with more grunts. Then I took a bunch of matches and held them in the protection of my hat. Farnie's remark, "An elephant is no bloody fool," didn't help my technique. He hated flashlight photography with a lust hate; added to this was his observation that I was doing a bungling job with the matches. I dropped my hat, grabbed the flare and applied the matches by mistake way back from the fuse end.

It was like a slow-going friend who keeps talking and looking at you while lighting a cigar; he is apt to apply the match an inch too far back. That is the way I touched off the magnesium flare. There was no normal little sizzle of the ignited fuse creeping quietly to meet the light-giving element in the flare; instead there was a sudden violent explosion which blew the far end off the flare and which almost tore me off the platform. I managed to hold one hand above my eyes for protection against the brilliant light and looked down. There were thirty elephants below us. I yelled at Farnie, "Let them have it." He turned on the camera. We were treated to an amazing sight, a moment of wild confusion. If the elephants were not knocked off their feet by the impact it was due solely to the fact that their great, cushiony bellies were getting most of the jolts. They rushed here and there in a swirling mass, grunting and snorting continuously. At the end of another moment of the chaotic disorder, they put on an act that was really something to behold. They went into dense formation and headed for a dark opening in the forest. The gap was the only space clear of brush growth, but it was flanked on either side by extremely large, substantial trees. It was not nearly wide enough to accommodate the herd.

To back up or to turn around in the face of that blast of light that had just exploded under their trunks was unthinkable. The oncomers butted the butts of those already plugging the opening. To jump over, crawl under, squirm through, were all out for the elephants. It was a case of butt and ram. The elephants were hell-bent on getting away from there, but doing it in one direction only. Due to this gigantic case of misfit, Farnie got fifty feet of film.

I was leaning well out in front holding the torch. It was impossible to think of such a thing as wind direction

in the excitement, but the wind was coming head on; in other words, blowing the sputtering sparks right back on us. All at once Farnie yelled, "We're on fire." The sizzling sparks from the torch had sprinkled all over our *kitanda* like hot snowflakes. The mattress was on fire in twenty or thirty spots, also Farnie's pants. He was hot and kept saying, "We must clear out." I helped him slap his pants and then began to beat the flaming spots of the mattress with my hands and kick at them with my feet, since my hat had gone overboard among the elephants at the time of the explosion. I heard Farnie say, "Throw that damn thing away." I was still holding on to the sizzling torch. I complied with his very proper command. It instantly set fire to the long, dry grass at the base of our tree. We felt that the entire surroundings adjoining the water hole would be ablaze in a few minutes. We were better off up the tree, so we sat there keeping an eye out for new outbursts of flame in our mattress.

When the flames in the grass at the base of our tree began to quiet down, we started to go below to extinguish patches that might develop into a forest fire. Before we had gotten our feet on the ladder, however, the immediate surroundings burst into flame. There was nothing to do but sit in the tree and watch it. During one increase in wind velocity, the situation looked pretty bad, but in a few minutes the active flaming ceased. At last we went below and beat out all the threatening patches that we could find.

On our return to the *kitanda*, Farnie sat down and burst out laughing. I agreed with him that photography can be accompanied by many strange twists.

"I hardly think anything more will come tonight," Farnie said. "How would you like to go back to camp and get a good sleep?"

I gladly fell in with the suggestion; but his prophecy about nothing more coming was a miss by a mile. Just as we got our feet on the ground we heard a noise, the kind that goes with the approach of a great herd of animals. Our first guess, verified by the big flashlight, was correct—buffaloes. They were directly in the path that led to camp. I was for backing up the tree. By means of the flashlight, we could see their big, widely separated eyes gleaming in the dark about a hundred yards away.

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked Farnie.

"I think we can make it by running from tree to tree."

"Do you mean trying to keep out of

sight behind each tree that is in line with them?"

"Yes."

I picked up my gun and bundle of blankets. The thought went through my head that I would hold the latter in front of my stomach when the charge came.

"Here we go; leg it," said Farnie. We dashed to a single tree about thirty feet ahead. By means of the flashlight we selected another tree that had the proper requirements, namely branches not too far from the ground. This little maneuver was repeated over and over. The buffaloes stood in their tracks, neither giving way nor taking us on. With a swamp on one side and a dense forest on the other, they held the only ground that we could cross in a line toward camp. Farnie knew that. Once a fallen tree offered the only refuge. This would have been the buffaloes' opportunity, had they had any desire to charge us. But there was little to fear for they held their ground out of curiosity. And hold it they did. At last there came a point where I simply had to speak to Farnie about making further sallies toward them.

"We might begin to holler at them," he suggested. Laying my gun and bundle of blankets on the ground and locating a good low branch for use in

case the "hollering" went into reverse, I let out a good halloo. The blast of my voice under the tension of the moment and infinitely more effect on me than it had on the buffaloes. I involuntarily reached for the branch to chin myself, but the buffaloes fixed us with the same starry stare and did not bat an eye. I tried additional shouting but it had no results.

They don't seem to be much afraid of me, Farnie."

"No," he answered, "they are really not much afraid of anything." I suggested that he join in, hoping that the added noise might have more influence, so we pooled our vocal efforts and yelled like two individuals shipwrecked on a raft. The buffaloes were unimpressed. There was one noise left in our repertoire; a rifle report. Before we could make use of it, the buffaloes suddenly wheeled and dashed off of their own accord. The crashing, thundering noise of their retreat was tremendous. It must have been a very large herd.

The campfire had burned low when Farnie and I dropped our blankets on our cots. We threw on a few logs and turned in.

For five glorious months the Walker boys and I hunted in Africa, roaming

over the veldt for hundreds of miles. Finally we closed our main camp in the grove of baobab trees and Alex and big Jack Boshoff left for Arusha. The rest of us—Ken, Cub, young Jack, the Trichards and I with Abdullah the cook, the head Skinner, extra bearers, and our two trucks, set off for new territory to hunt elephant, rhino, reed buck, and the ever elusive kudu.

The two Walkers continued to shove me up trees and pull me out of holes with all the good nature in the world. Their spirit was infectious, and I did at last throw all my former caution to the African winds. Looking back on it, I occasionally wonder if my temperament underwent some permanent change as I charged after wounded lions, plunged into buffalo-infested swamps, shouted for more speed as we pelted across the veldt after cheetahs, wild dogs, or rhinos.

As I think of the rich game fields of Tanganyika, I know they have not changed. Lions still crouch in tall obscuring grass, buffaloes stand bunched by a black water hole, flamingos settle in the moon's reflection on some far-off lake, the vast herds of zebra, wildebeest, gazelle—even the chattering honey bird—await our children's children. ●

From our *kitanda* (tree platform) we would photograph the various animals as they wandered down to the water hole to drink.



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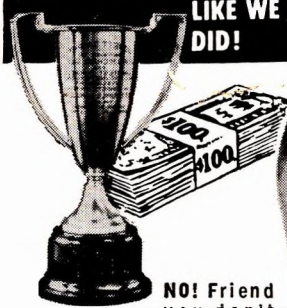
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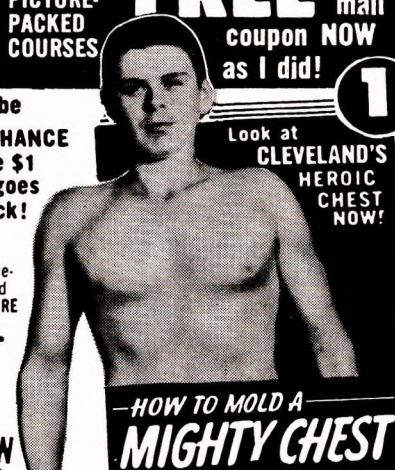
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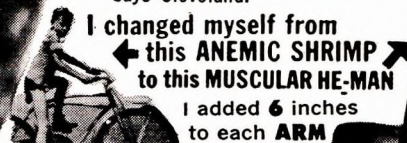


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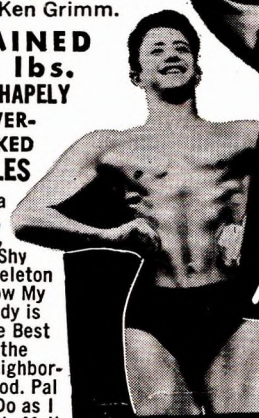
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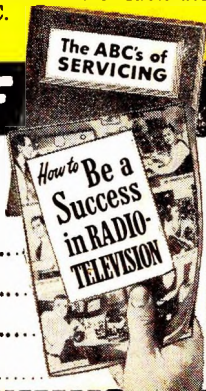
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