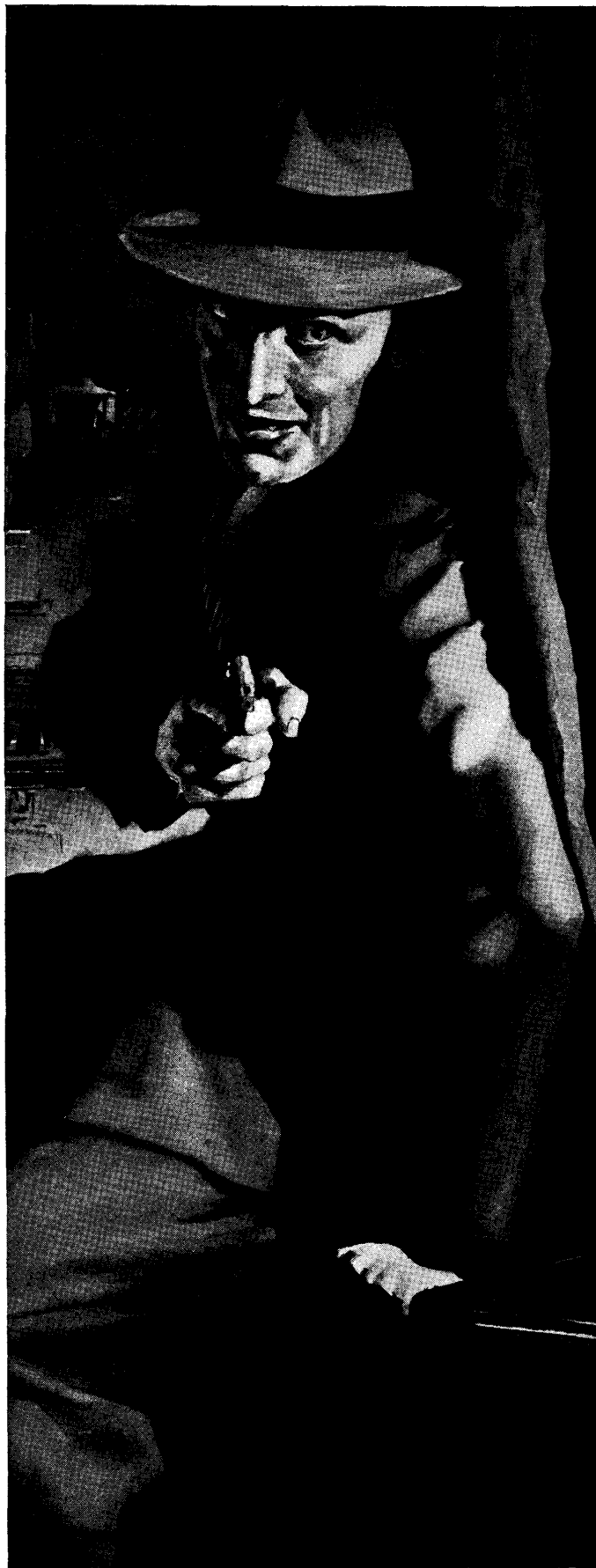




"Send them away!" he rasped. "I will wait on the balcony. Send them away or I'll shoot and take my chances!"

Midnight Visit

By Robert Arthur

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

AUSABLE did not fit any description of a secret agent Fowler had ever read. Following him down the musty corridor of the gloomy French hotel where Ausable had a room, Fowler felt let down. It was a small room, on the sixth and top floor, and scarcely a setting for a figure of romantic adventure. But Ausable, in his wrinkled business suit badly in need of cleaning, could hardly be called a romantic figure.

He was, for one thing, fat. Very fat. And then there was his accent. Though he spoke French and German passably, he had never altogether lost the New England twang he had brought to Paris from Boston twenty years before.

"You are disappointed," Ausable said wheezily over his shoulder. "You were told that I was a secret agent, a spy, dealing in espionage and danger. You wished to meet me because you are a writer, young and romantic. You envisioned mysterious figures in the night, the crack of pistols, drugs in the wine."

"Instead, you have spent a dull evening in a French music hall with a sloppy fat man who, instead of having messages slipped into his hand by dark-eyed beauties, gets only a prosaic telephone call making an appointment in his room. You have been bored!"

The fat man chuckled to himself as he unlocked the door of his room and stood aside to let his discomfited guest enter.

"You are disillusioned," Ausable told him. "But take cheer, my young friend. Presently you will see a paper, a quite important paper for which several men have risked their lives, come to me in the next-to-the-last step of its journey into official hands. Someday soon that paper may well affect the course of history. In that thought there is drama, is there not?"

As he spoke, Ausable closed the door behind him. Then he switched on the light.

And as the light came on, Fowler had his first authentic thrill of the day. For halfway across the room, a small automatic in his hand, stood a man.

Ausable blinked a few times.

"Max," he wheezed, "you gave me a start. I thought you were in Berlin. What are you doing here in my room?"

"MAX" was slender, a little less than tall, with features that suggested slightly the crafty pointed countenance of a fox. There was about him—aside from the gun—nothing especially menacing.

"The report," he murmured. "The report that is being brought you tonight on Germany's air strength. I thought it would be safer in my hands than in yours."

Ausable moved to an armchair and sat down heavily.

"I'm going to raise hell with the management this time, and you can bet on it," he said grimly. "The second time in a month somebody has gotten into my room off that confounded balcony!"

Fowler's eyes went to the single window of the room. It was an ordinary window, against which now the night was pressing blackly.

"Balcony?" Max said, with a rising inflection. "No, a passkey. I did not know about the balcony. It might have saved me some trouble."

"It's not my damned balcony," Ausable said with extreme irritation. "It belongs to the next apartment."

He glanced explanatorily at Fowler. "You see," he said, "this room used to be part of a large unit, and the next room—through that door there—used to be the living room. It had the balcony, which extends under my window now."

"You can get onto it from the empty room two doors down—and somebody did, last month. The management promised me to block it off. But they haven't."

Max glanced at Fowler, who was standing stiffly a few feet from Ausable, and waved the gun with a little peremptory gesture.

"Please sit down," he suggested. "We have a wait of half an hour at least, I think."

"Thirty-one minutes," Ausable said moodily. "The appointment was for twelve-thirty. I wish I knew how you learned about that report, Max."

The other smiled without mirth.

"And we wish we knew how it was gotten out of Germany," he replied. "However, no harm has been done. I will have it back—What is that?"

UNCONSCIOUSLY Fowler, who was still standing, had jumped at the sudden rapping on the door. Ausable yawned.

"The gendarmes," he said. "I thought that so important a paper as the one we are waiting for might well be given a little extra protection tonight."

Max bit his lip in uncertainty. The rapping was repeated.

"What will you do now, Max?" Ausable asked. "If I do not answer, they will enter anyway. The door is unlocked. And they will not hesitate to shoot."

The man's face was black as he backed swiftly toward the window; with his hand behind him he flung it up to its full height, and swung a leg over the sill.

"Send them away!" he rasped. "I will wait on the balcony. Send them away or I'll shoot and take my chances!"

The rapping on the door came louder. And a voice was raised.

"M'sieu! M'sieu Ausable!"

Keeping his body twisted so that his gun still covered the fat man and his guest, the man at the window grasped the frame with his free hand to support himself as he rested his weight on one thigh, then swung his other leg up and over the sill.

The doorknob turned. Swiftly Max pushed with his left hand to free himself from the sill and drop to the balcony outside. And then, as he dropped, he screamed once, shrilly.

The door opened and a waiter stood there with a tray, a bottle and two glasses.

"M'sieu, the cognac ou ordered for when you returned," he said, and set the tray upon the table, dftly uncorked the bottle, and retired.

White-faced, Fowler stared after him.

"But—" he stammered, "the police—"

"There were no police," Ausable sighed. "Only Henri, whom I was expecting."

"But won't that man—" Fowler began.

"No," Ausable said, "he won't return. There is no balcony."



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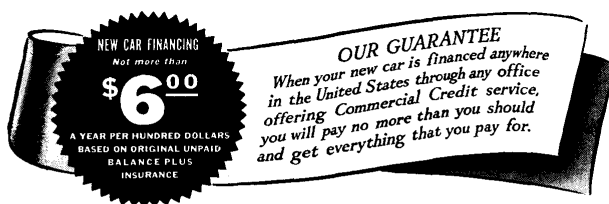
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One of a series of open letters to the American Public appearing in 427 Newspapers and in National Magazines

Bombs Don't Scare Us Now

Continued from page 11

the people wanted to surrender, how would they make their will felt? Only a small proportion of the nation would be affected at any given time. These would be particularly dependent upon the administration for aid and help. One must assume that the executive government and those in charge of national defense would have a secure headquarters somewhere or other, and one must also hope they would not be affected by panic and that they would not betray their country's honor and title deeds of freedom because of the painful events taking place in various parts of the country. The whole conduct of the war would go forward with interruptions that would hardly be apparent in so vast a process.

A Simplified Problem

Therefore, neither upon moral nor practical grounds do I see any way by which air bombing of the non-combatant population for the purposes of slaughter would be effective in making us submit to the will of those who had committed these crimes. Most people would feel it would be better to die than to be conquered by a state capable of such deeds, because what other deeds would follow when it was all-powerful?

For these reasons it seems unlikely that the attempt to use aircraft for the specific purpose of mass terror will be adopted in the early stages of a war.

Now, if we exclude this idea, the whole problem becomes clarified and simplified. It becomes a problem of selection. The country can be divided into target areas and their immediate surroundings on the one hand, and all the rest of the broad expanse of Britain on the other.

How are target areas to be defined? Clearly they are the areas upon which our war-making capacity depends. No doubt the government has already made up its mind which these areas are. No one would suggest that the government should publish this schedule or that it should not be extended as time and resources permit. But anyhow there would be quite a lot to defend—enough to tax our strength, enough to make a serious inroad upon all forms of active defense. Still no one can suppose that the task is impossible or insuperable.

Sometimes people, misusing language, speak of these target areas as "vulnerable" points. What is meant are points worth attacking. They must be made invulnerable points. By a concentration of batteries and lights, the air raiders must be kept at a great altitude, where they cannot aim with much accuracy. Effective bombproof shelters must be provided for all persons who have to stay in them. In the environs of these areas, blastproof shelters should suffice. It is no use supposing that in a target area protection against blast will be sufficient. People will not be able to live there and do their war work without numerous absolutely secure bombproof shelters.

But the first and main air-raid precaution is the Royal Air Force. This force protects us in two ways. First, it attacks munitions and war supply centers in the enemy country, thus obliging them to defend themselves and hampering their attack. The enemy will think of this too, and one may expect that on both sides the prime attack will be upon the nests from which the airplanes come. We must expect a very strong resistance from our possible antagonist, one that will occupy a large part of his strength.

The second way in which the British Air Force will protect us is by our fighting airplanes, rising lightly laden from their own ground and grappling in the high air with the invader, both when he comes and when he goes. Unless we have been deceived, the British Air Force has already reached a strength, and our technical methods have attained a sufficient quality to make daylight attack on this island a very dangerous and costly operation.

It is a fair assumption that if one fifth of the raiders are destroyed on each raid, continuous raiding will not go on for very long. We might hope that this condition is already established. Therefore, I cannot think that daylight raids—and in daylight I include moonlight—will be the main danger we should have to face, supposing war should come.

If this assumption—it is only an assumption—should prove to be true, important conclusions follow from it. It is only in daylight, or possibly moonlight, which is rare, that any accurate aiming is possible. If daylight raids go out of fashion, then no precise targets can be hit except by a fluke. If the attacker is confined to night raiding, he can only drop bombs indiscriminately upon built-up areas, protesting, of course, that there are military objectives somewhere thereabouts.

If this form of attack is adopted, it must lead to considerable slaughter of civilian noncombatants, including women and children. This, then, is the problem with which the British air defense is confronted.

Much Too Expensive

It is most unlikely that the countryside will be attacked except by accident. People talk in a silly way of thousands of tons of bombs, etc., being dropped night after night. Of course, a lot may be saved up for the first phase of a war, but no country could afford to go on very long casting explosives at random in the night on such a scale. One must remember that such a country would also have to feed with explosives great armies in full battle along all their fighting fronts. When we consider the fairly well-known resources of the German chemical industry, we cannot readily believe that they are unlimited. I am not suggesting there will not be plenty of explosives; but there will certainly not be such an abundance as to encourage any sane general staff to throw away this precious, decisive substance on the very remote chance of hitting cottages or villages, or ordinary towns in England.

Therefore, I think that we may dismiss altogether the countryside of Britain from our troubles. The "Little Peddlings" need not be worried about themselves. Their duty will be providing able and helpful people to go to the aid of the areas that will be subjected to the actual ordeal.

Now let us see how to deal with the problem of what I call "Blind Hookey" at the built-up areas. Let us next state a few basic facts and conclusions that govern the intelligent discussion of this unpleasant subject.

In the late war, one ton of bombs dropped in London killed on the average ten people and wounded thirty. These figures are apparently borne out by experience in Spain. If a bomb was dropped at random in London, there would be on the average one person within ten yards, and three others within twenty yards of the point of impact.

This seems to lead to the conclusion,

taking it by and large and making allowance for the fact that some people will be behind walls and protected in various ways, that anyone within ten yards of the place where a 200-pound bomb drops will be killed, and anyone within twenty yards will be injured. Whether these figures are exact or not, it is certain that the effect of bombing will be directly proportional to the density of population.

Poor Shooting

As the density of population in London is about thirty-five times as great as it is averaged over the countryside, excluding the fifty-one towns with over 100,000 inhabitants, bombing of the countryside would be thirty-five times less effective per ton of bombs dropped than the bombing of the large cities. As an instance of the security of the countryside, one may mention that a hundred 200-pound bombs dropped at random in Oxfordshire would probably kill only three persons and wound nine out of a population of 210,000. The normal death rate in the county is seven per day.

The simplest and probably the cheapest form of protection against high explosives is to spread out the population over a large area. If the eight million people living within about fifteen miles of Charing Cross could be spread over a circle of, say, fifty miles round Charing Cross, the casualties would be reduced to one tenth the number that would be suffered under present conditions.

If the British people choose to disperse themselves and their businesses and affairs widely throughout the island, there is not enough explosive in the world, nor can enough be made, to destroy their fighting capacity. The true division of the country is between the target areas and the rest.

One of the oldest rules of war is that to try to be strong everywhere is to be strong nowhere. To try to make everyone safe is to make nobody safe, and moreover, to endanger the state. Nothing matters so much as being beaten, and a firm, resolute stand must be made against dissipating the vital resources upon which we should rely. We must not let Air Raids Precautions business make an undue inroad upon offensive action by which alone victory will be obtained and national survival secured.

If this view is sound, one can see how very wide of the mark is much of the guidance that has been given to the vast majority of the population.

The distribution of fifty million gas masks to the whole population, which was so vaunted in the late crisis, was an unreasonable and even ludicrous measure. Also we have seen energetic schoolmasters in remote districts piling up sand outside their schools, or building shelters and dugouts for their pupils in the neighboring woods; and persons in remote villages or in the open countryside digging holes and trenches in which they would be far more likely to die of pneumonia than bombing.

It is therefore all-important to lay down sound principles, proclaim them

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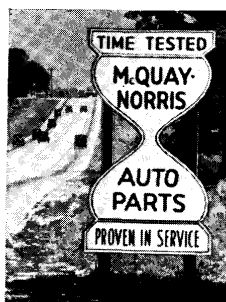


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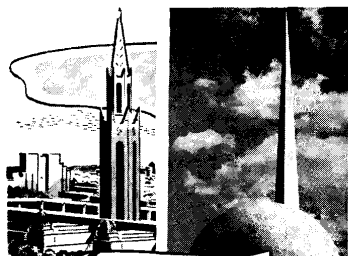
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It seems to me that while ninety-nine per cent of the island will not be troubled in any serious way, the target areas will become a battlefield, and, therefore, under sustained attack, uninhabitable, except by persons who in one way or another are actually fighting.

These people will be like soldiers, having to take the rough with the smooth, and I expect they will manage to do their jobs all right in most cases. One must expect that these target areas will be attacked continually, and that the air struggle will exhaust itself in this process.

Apart from dispersion, there are two main devices: first, the corrugated steel shelters, and, second, properly prepared basements. The steel shelter operates in all the enormous two-storied districts that lie around the great cities or the various munitions factories. I think it is a very fine protection. Properly covered with sandbags, and sometimes perhaps brought inside the house for comfort's sake, it gives an enormous measure of protection to a family. If they get hit directly by some terrific bomb, their luck is evidently out.

Take to the Cellar

Let us now look at the high buildings. Of course, many people will not be living in them after we have settled down to the job, but at the beginning many people may be there, and all through quite a lot will have to stay. Therefore, we must look to the basements.

It is discreditable that these basements were not prepared after the rape of Austria, or especially after Munich. Nothing can protect any one of us from a direct hit of a large aerial torpedo with a delayed action fuse. But how many of these are going to be carried across the long dangerous miles of sea? Enough, no doubt, to upset drainage and water supply and electric power. That is another story about which there is much to be said. But the good basement, properly shored up and provided with exits, will give very nearly as good a chance to people who are in the high houses of the target areas as the steel shelter will give in the outlying districts.

The question of evacuation presents a vast and complex problem of organization, and it was not seriously considered until the authorities came to realize that the difficulties and the expense of providing shelters for the urban population were even more formidable. The evacuation problem can only be considered in relation to the shelter problem, and vice versa.

The more people who can be evacuated, the fewer there remain for whom shelters have to be provided. The aim of the government should be, and is, to evacuate from the densely populated areas all who can be spared from the industrial life of the community.

There is nothing virtuous or courageous in persons not wanted for duty remaining in one of these congested areas. On the contrary, they are performing a futile act in compelling the provision of shelter accommodation for them, and by possibly filling unnecessarily the hospital beds available for air-raided casualties. Evacuation should be regarded by those concerned as a scheme intended not so much for the protection of those who are to be evacuated as for the easing and simplification of the task of the authorities in providing protection for those who are obliged to remain.

As far back as 1936, the government declared large-scale evacuation to be impracticable. In fact, it was not until the French government produced plans for the evacuation of some two million out of the five million inhabitants of Paris that the British government reconsidered its attitude.

The French authorities have made arrangements to evacuate, in the first place, all those residents of the capital who themselves have no need to remain and who have no close family attachments. These will be evacuated to distant parts of France. The other main category of those to be evacuated consists mainly of wives and families of men whose work necessitates their remaining in Paris. These are to be transported to country districts, within a radius of 100 kilometers of Paris, so that it will be possible for the men to visit their families from time to time. The details of the French plan are worked out in the minutest particular.

In November, 1937, when the Air Raids Precautions Bill was introduced, it contained no mention whatsoever of evacuation. But as a result of speeches made in the debate the government accepted the plan. No effective action was, however, taken until nearly a year later, when the Czechoslovak crisis arose.

Certain schemes existed on paper, but little or no attempt had been made either to classify those it was proposed to evacuate or to survey the billeting accommodations available for them in the country districts.

Will America Get Mad?

A makeshift scheme was devised in the middle of September, which was announced to the public over the wireless when the crisis reached its height. If it had been necessary to put it into operation there can be no doubt that it would have resulted in complete chaos. As it was, the Munich agreement was signed on the day on which the evacuation was planned to begin, and consequently, except for the case of a few nursery schools evacuated the day before, the scheme was never put to the test.

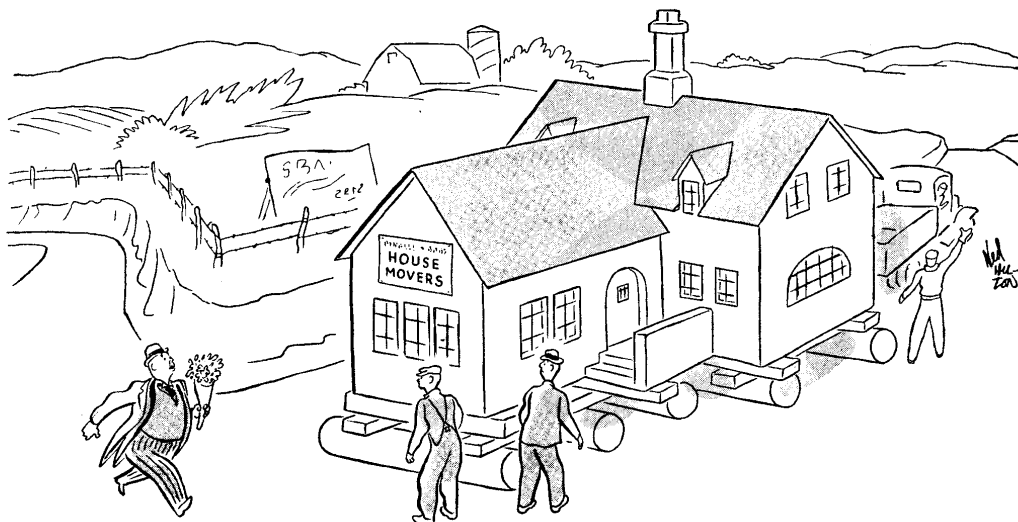
Evacuation and dispersal have now become the main measure in passive air defense. They have been elaborated in full detail, and it is believed that in a very few hours an enormous reduction in the population, and particularly the children, of London and other great cities can be effected. It must be remembered that on August Bank Holiday over three million people leave London in the morning and return in the evening.

For this purpose the country is divided into three zones: areas to be evacuated; reception areas; and areas that stay put. Survey has been made of the accommodations in the reception areas, and every house, large or small, must receive its proved quota, according to the room space available after its occupants have been accommodated.

It is a melancholy reflection that in the twentieth century of the Christian era, with all the wisdom and science that man has gathered, with all his sad experiences to teach him, we should be forced to consider these problems. But it is no exaggeration that the freedom and future of mankind depend upon the nations now menaced raising themselves above the blackmailing horrors of air warfare.

Of these grievous events, the people of the United States may soon, perhaps, be the spectators. But it sometimes happens that the audience becomes infuriated by a revolting exhibition.

In that case we might see the spectators leaving their comfortable seats and hastening to the work of rescue and of retribution. Then indeed it would be proved that indiscriminate air bombing is no road to world domination.



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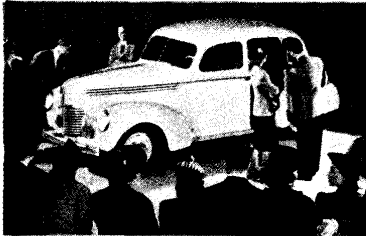
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Ty Cobb's Dream Team

Continued from page 19

the bag with big Alex and with the Babe and with the Big Train and with Wagner, the Flying Dutchman, and with Tris from Texas and Eddie Collins, and with dapper George Sisler and Cy Young and Larry Lajoie, the graceful one. Somewhere or other Christy Mathewson and Wee Willie Keeler will be listening in, hearing the boys talk about the time when Big Six was winning thirty games a season and about the year (1910) when Cobb beat the Frenchman for the batting title by .00086.

Look back over the hundred years of baseball. Let's pick a dream team of the ages, the greatest team that ever could be assembled. Let's make believe that we're managing the team and we can have our pick of all players, living or dead. But better yet, let's get the master of them all to pick this team.

We'll find Ty Cobb out in Menlo Park in California in a beautiful home secluded and guarded by tall trees. Ty is middle-aged now, but he doesn't look it. He's well off, too, and he's a substantial citizen of his community. He plays golf every day—literally every day—and he's a good golf player.

A Great Manager for a Great Team

Around Menlo they say that Ty doesn't care about baseball any more.

He doesn't like baseball? Get him started and he'll talk baseball all day. I know. I got him started. Let him pick our dream team for us. Not just nine men, we want a complete team that could play through a season.

Ty says, "Let's start with the manager. I'll pick the greatest manager who ever lived and I won't hear any dispute about it. Who?" Cobb exploded, "Connie Mack, of course. There was never anyone like him. He's smart and kind and he knows how to handle men and he can do wonders with poor material."

"Now let's pick a pitching staff. We'll pick the greatest pitching staff that was ever assembled. We want four right-handers and two left-handers. We start with Matty of course. Matty and Alexander and Walter Johnson and Ed Walsh. They're our right-handers. All great pitchers."

"That big Walter Johnson, I'll never forget the day we first faced him. It was his first major-league start. He was a rookie and we gave him a ride. We always waited out rookies. We knew they'd crack sooner or later and get wild. So we waited for this big kid to get wild. So we waited four or five innings and he hadn't thrown a dozen balls. We tried to hit him and we couldn't. Then we decided to bunt. He hadn't learned all there was to be learned about handling bunts as yet so we finally beat him 2 to 1 by bunting."

Cobb leaned back and chuckled: "With Eddie Plank and Carl Hubbell as our two left-handers, how could any team ever hit us? We want two catchers and I'll take Mickey Cochrane and Roger Bresnahan. Usually catchers are slow and cumbersome, but not these two. Did you ever know that Bresnahan used to lead off? Both he and Mike were fast and smart and great handlers of pitchers and real hitters."

"Now," Cobb enthused, "let's talk about first base. I'll take George Sisler for my team. He was only slightly below Hal Chase as a fielder and Chase was the greatest in that department. He did everything else better. Back in 1922 he broke a record of mine, when he made 257 safe hits in one season. That year he batted .420 and was voted the most valuable player in the league. George

was a fine alert ballplayer all the time. "At second base," Cobb laughed, "I suppose you think I'll pick Napoleon Lajoie? He was a fine player, but I'll take Eddie Collins. Eddie was a great mechanical ballplayer who never made a mistake, but that isn't measuring the worth of his true greatness. In addition to being a superb hitter, fielder and base runner, Eddie Collins was the greatest team player who ever lived. With him in there a team was always two runs better on the offense and thirty per cent stronger on the defense. Eddie made his whole infield look good."

"We won't even discuss shortstop," Ty said. "When you mention shortstop you immediately think of the Dutchman. There was only one Honus Wagner. I don't think anyone will quarrel with that selection."

"Now at third base I'm putting Buck



"Kennesaw built the cabin here so we'd be close to water in case of fire"

Weaver. Weaver was close to the fastest man I ever saw on a ball field. He could hit to all fields and he could run bases with anybody. His throw was like a rifle bullet. Yes, he finished baseball under unfortunate circumstances but that is neither here nor there. We're talking about ballplayers. I'm talking about what I think are the best ballplayers who ever lived. Buck Weaver was one of them. And he had just reached his peak when disaster came."

"The outfield," Cobb said, "is easy. How can we pick anyone but Joe Jackson, Tris Speaker and Babe Ruth? In many ways I think that Jackson was the best batter I ever saw. He didn't play by rules, he played instinctively. He always knew what to do even though he didn't know why it was the right thing to do. Hit? How he could hit! No outfield knew how to play him. I honestly think he'd bat .450 today."

"Speaker, of course, belongs without question. In 1916 he beat me out for the batting championship by hitting a murderous .386. That year he hit better than .400 against Walter Johnson."

Cobb drew a deep breath. "Babe Ruth? Who else? The fact that the Babe was always apt to break up a ball

game with a home run is only half the story. Think of the psychological effect of having the Babe on your team. The pitcher is afraid to walk the man who bats ahead of him for fear the Babe will drive him home. That means that pitcher has to work hard and worry about that man. Then by the time he's through pitching to the Babe he's gone through a tough few minutes and he's apt to relax when the next man comes up. When Babe batted he helped the man in front and the man behind."

Baseball Could Be Better

"Well," Cobb finished, "there's our team. Why, we'd win 150 games a season, even with the ridiculous ball they use today. Ridiculous? Sure it's ridiculous. Baseball has become a different game today than it was twenty years ago. I don't get much of a kick watching a 10 to 7 ball game. Base stealing? It's obsolete now. We never figured that we were in a scoring position until we reached second base. Once we got there a single would drive us home. But today, if a man is on first he's in scoring position. The next man up is apt to hit a home run."

"Outfielders? Today outfielders are only caddies out there to retrieve long drives. Almost all balls hit to the outfield go so far they must be relayed in. "Oh, baseball is still the best game there is but it could be better. The players are just as good and they're smarter, too. If they put the old ball back the players could adjust themselves easily enough. They could learn to steal bases and to work for one run. They could learn what we used to call inside baseball. But they don't have to."

"If I were managing a team now I'd say to the batter, 'Go up and belt one.' What good is a one- or two-run lead? Some ordinarily weak hitter is apt to catch a corner of that jack rabbit and bounce it over the wall."

"Baseball has been good to me," he said thoughtfully. "Funny thing, you know I never intended to be a ballplayer. I wanted to be a surgeon. I went up that first year hoping to make enough money to put me through medical school. I held out my second year and in those days owners were pretty strict about holdouts. I said to myself: 'I'll let this decide it. If the owner gives in, it means that I'm cut out to be a ballplayer from now on. If he doesn't it means that I'm cut out to be a surgeon and I'll quit baseball and go to medical school.' Well, he gave in and I was a ballplayer."

"Funny thing about baseball, though. I played until I was forty-two and then I was glad to be through with it all. For twenty-four years I'd led a restricted life. I hadn't seen much of my family. I had to take good care of myself. I had to be fighting every minute. For twenty-four years I couldn't relax. And then I found that although I'd been a success in my job I hadn't built anything for the future that I could pass on to my boy."

"I had saved my money, and friends of mine in Detroit had advised me how to invest it well, but that was all I had. So I discovered golf. Sure, I still love baseball, but after all I was never born to be a spectator."

"Let's go into town," I suggested, "and take a look at the Seals. I hear that young Dominick Di Maggio is almost as good as Joe."

He hesitated and then picked up the golf clubs. Cobb smiled. "Let's play a round of golf instead. I told you I wasn't born to be a spectator."

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Triumph of the Law

Continued from page 16



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While Counselor Grace conferred with her client I courteously looked out the window. Looking thus, I perceived a very promising lawsuit lying out in a field. It had lain there for years, waiting to be picked up.

"Pretty view, Counselor," I said, when Mrs. Hoburn had gone away gentled. "What's the road called that crosses that field to the railroad station?"

"Road?" she said, looking. "No, that's not a road, Mr. Boghey. That's just a short cut that we take."

"How long have people been cutting across there?"

"Oh, longer than I remember, Mr. Boghey."

"It is kind of you to let me intrude on your busy office, Counselor," I said, leaving. "I'm opening an office in town and we'll co-operate, one hand washing the other."

I must say she looked at me very kindly. I am not as young as I was, but when I lift my chest—it has slipped down a bit—I can pass for thirty or thirty-five, and that's the flower of manhood.

Refreshed by my pleasant encounters, I walked across the field to the station plaza, where were the principal stores, and entered a drugstore.

I called Lowell Hoburn.

"Mr. Hoburn," I said, "this is J. Elmira Boghey. The thought came to me, sir, that perhaps you would wish to drop into my office and discuss your pending divorce. My office in the Lodge Building—"

"Discuss my divorce? I'm not being divorced! Who the hell are you? Are you a lawyer?"

"I am a lawyer, barrister, solicitor, advocate and proctor in admiralty, Mr. Hoburn," I said. "I happen to know that Mrs. Hoburn consulted a local attorney this morning with a view to proceedings in divorce. Should you take it up with Mrs. Hoburn, keep the source of your information and grounds of your belief under the hat, kindly, won't you, sir? Drop in and talk it over."

Knowing human nature, I believed he would talk to his wife and probably come to see me. And in fact he did both in due course.

LEAVING the drugstore, I proceeded to the town hall and consulted the village land map and tax roll.

The vacant property across which people had been short-cutting to the station belonged to one Henry Windkoop.

I called Mr. Windkoop.

"Mr. Windkoop," I said graciously, having introduced myself, "I am newly come to Graceport and do not wish to trespass on anyone. Now, this morning I chanced to drive over that road that runs northwesterly from the station and it was in poor condition. May I ask if that road is a public highway for vehicular traffic or only for foot passengers? I thought you might know, Mr. Windkoop."

"What road?" he snapped crustily. "You mean that short cut that people take over my property? That's no road. And it's not a public highway of any kind!"

"No, Mr. Windkoop? Then may I tender you a bit of legal advice free and gratis? Put a barrier across that short cut at once! By using that short cut long enough the public can acquire a right of way. Better not sleep on your rights, sir. . . . The name is Boghey, J. Elmira Boghey, and my office will be in the Lodge Building, if you care to call."

After lunch I went for a walk out into the country.

Striding along a pleasant shady road,

I came upon quite a good farmhouse or suburban cottage. Beside it ran a little brook, and on the bank sat a gentleman fishing for bullheads.

"Any luck?" I asked.

"No," he muttered, ashamed of his occupation, as fishermen usually are. "Not a bite. And I could catch a string here years ago."

"More fish then, eh?"

"More water!"

"Oh, more water. Country drying up?"

"Not at all. But this brook flows out of the water company's reservoir, understand? Well, the water company dammed up the outlet."

"But the water company paid you heavy damages, no doubt."

"Damages? Well, the water was cut off in my father's time, so I couldn't be sure about—damages for what?"

"For taking your brook," I said, scenting a bill worth while. "In my legal opinion, no damages ever were paid. My name is Boghey, sir. J. Elmira Boghey, and I'm an attorney specially versed in the law of water rights. . . . My card! . . . Suppose we stop fishing for bullheads and get in your car and run out and look at that reservoir. There ought to be nice money in your little brook."

"Anyway, there are no bullheads," he accepted.

HE LED me to his garage and we drove in his car two miles deeper into the vacant lots that lay about Graceport. We followed the brook to the reservoir, and there, surely enough, we saw where the overflow to the brook had been dammed by a rapacious public utility.

"You'd see sense, Mr. Hone," I said, having his name now, "in putting up, say ten dollars, to get a thousand or so?"

"It sounds like business, Counselor!"

"There are several miles of this brook," I observed, "and all the abutting owners should get theirs. Mr. Hone, in my legal opinion, we should put the bite on the water company for twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. Speak to such owners as you know, kindly, and tell them to come in to my office."

Mr. Hone rode me back into the village, to the Prospect House, where I was putting up. As we passed Henry Windkoop's lots I was gratified to see laborers digging postholes for a fence.

I spent an interesting evening in the Prospect House lounge and bar, inquiring into social, business and political conditions in Graceport, with a view to applying legal remedies.

I uncovered lots of good stuff, when I could get around to matching the parties in interest. The place was actually an unopened gold mine, and the more I dug into it the bigger the nuggets.

While I was standing at the bar, a gentleman in corduroys and blue flannel shirt stood beside me having beer.

"This is a very lovely little village, is it not?" I said, tapping him like the others.

"You mean Grease Spot?" he inquired.

"Graceport!"

"We call it Grease Spot. So what about it?"

"It is a very lovely little village, is it not?"

"It is a very lousy little village," he replied, not caring who cared. "I'm on that big drainage project up the road, and our bunkhouses are within the village limits, and do you know what this very lousy little village did to us? They taxed the whole four hundred of us two dollars each!"

"A head tax?" I said. "I'll look into this, my friend, and see what the legal



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rights and remedies are. My card, sir."

The next morning I rented three front offices in the Lodge Building, furnishing the layout from a secondhand store on time. I was going to need a lot of room to handle all the business.

Later, I viewed Mr. Windkoop's property. The fence across the short cut was finished, beginning and ending in jungles of bull briers and beggar's-lice.

I sat on top of the fence and waited for trespassers. A test case was needed, but, if nobody took charge, these Graceporters would lie supinely on their backs and let Mr. Windkoop get away with his fence, perhaps to the irreparable damage of the public right, if any.

I was there for nearly an hour before the right man came along.

Several pedestrians viewed the fence from the highway and decided to go the long way around; but at last there trudged down the short cut on his way to the station a heavy-set old gentleman in a high-crowned felt hat. He almost crashed the fence before seeing it.

He stood back and viewed it with public indignation. I jumped down.

"Now, my man," I said gruffly, "don't stop, look or listen!"

"How's that?" he said, frowning.

"This fence," I explained, "was built by Mr. Henry Windkoop to stop you in particular from trespassing. It's here and it's going to stay here."

I don't like to be short with a nice old gentleman, or even with an ugly old gentleman, but business is business.

"I'll see about that, Mr. Man!" he cried, trudging away. "I know Henry Windkoop and he knows me, and I'll law him in every court in the state before he'll slap me in the face with his fence!"

"If you please, sir," I called, hurrying after him. "My card. I don't solicit business, but I am an attorney, and you will need one."

"You," he snarled, "go hang!"

I tucked the card into his pocket as he rushed by. On inquiry he proved to be Eli Vredenburg, the wealthy grouch of the section.

I HAD the whole Graceport bar to lunch in the Prospect House, and my good opinion of the other half increased. She was as good as she was beautiful; a bit of a rogue, though. When I put my hand tenderly on hers across the cloth and called her Molly, she laughed merrily.

"May I call on you at home, Molly?" I asked. "I'm so lonely."

"Oh, surely, J. Elmira," she said, and laughed again. She gave me directions. "Drop in any time, and if I'm not home you can talk to Reifschneider. . . . Who's Reifschneider? He works on the place."

I had occasion to be out her way shortly after lunch. I wanted to talk to my acquaintance from the big drainage project.

Molly had a delightful home. I was much impressed.

It was the old Grace place, though gone to seed because of the laziness of that abominable loafer Reifschneider. He was a graduate engineer of some sort and had flopped at it and now he pretended to do gardening on the place.

The big house was sorely in need of paint and some stuff to flatten the shingles, and the five acres of orchards, gardens, lily pools and lawns were overgrown and wild. It struck me a blow, though. With the money that I saw now I could make in Graceport as easy as rolling off a roof, this was the place I rated, the old ancestral house of the section—and Molly.

Gunning around taking inventory, I spotted this Reifschneider lying off under a red cedar tree, snoozing. I woke him up.

"Hi, my man! This the old Grace place?"

"It is, my man," he answered impudently.

I regarded him.

"You're Reifschneider, are you? . . . Ah, yes. . . . Comfortable?"

"Quite," he said. "How are you?"

"Reifschneider," I said, getting short with him, for he was as good as wasting my money, "are you paid to lie around like a bum?"

"What's that?" he said sharply.

"Gather ye bedsores while ye may, Reifschneider," I advised, "because the rollers are under you right now. I'm moving in here shortly and my first official act will be to evict, dispossess you and land you out on that road on your ear."

He got up quickly and I remembered that I had to get along to the drainage project. In a word, I ran. I could have battled him and patted him prettily, as these big rough customers were always my dish, years ago, but if I took a pasting it would be all red, as he couldn't answer in damages when I took him to court. So I made for the drainage project. A big old dog tried to beat me to the stone gates, but I won. I used to be a great runner in my day, oh, yes.

I WENT up the road to the drainage project and searched out my acquaintance of the Prospect House bar.

"My friend," I said, "can you in your opinion rally among these drainage gentlemen a band of two hundred bold fellows to march into Graceport tomorrow and drink two barrels of beer?"

"Two barrels?" he demurred. "How about fifty fellows?"

"Two barrels for two hundred men," I insisted. "A barrel of beer is two hundred and fifty-six pints or more than a quart a man. My thought," I said, "is to stage a protest against this iniquitous tax they slapped on you. The rally will be at one o'clock tomorrow afternoon, the same being Saturday, before the town hall."

I returned to my offices in the Lodge Building. That afternoon I had satisfactory conferences with Mr. Lowell Hoburn, Mr. Henry Windkoop and Mr. Hone and two of his neighbors owning land abutting on the brook that had been converted to its own use by the water company.

Molly dropped across the hall to see me late Saturday morning.

"What has come over Graceport, J. Elmira?" she asked. "Everybody's in a temper! Mrs. Hoburn wants a complaint in divorce at once, on account of the inhuman cruelty of the language Lowell used to her last night; and Mr. Vredenburg and the water company have retained me as associate counsel in some actions they are planning to bring. What is it all about, J. Elmira?"

"No right without a remedy, my dear," I said, nudging her playfully. "By the way, dear, would you mind putting a flea in Vredenburg's ear about that drainage project? If it's not a job on the township I miss my guess and somebody ought to start a taxpayer's action. . . . And let me see. . . . Oh, yes, there's a broken step on the stairs outside! Now shall you or I fall down there? Which-ever you say, but let's not sleep on it, as it is like money in the bank."

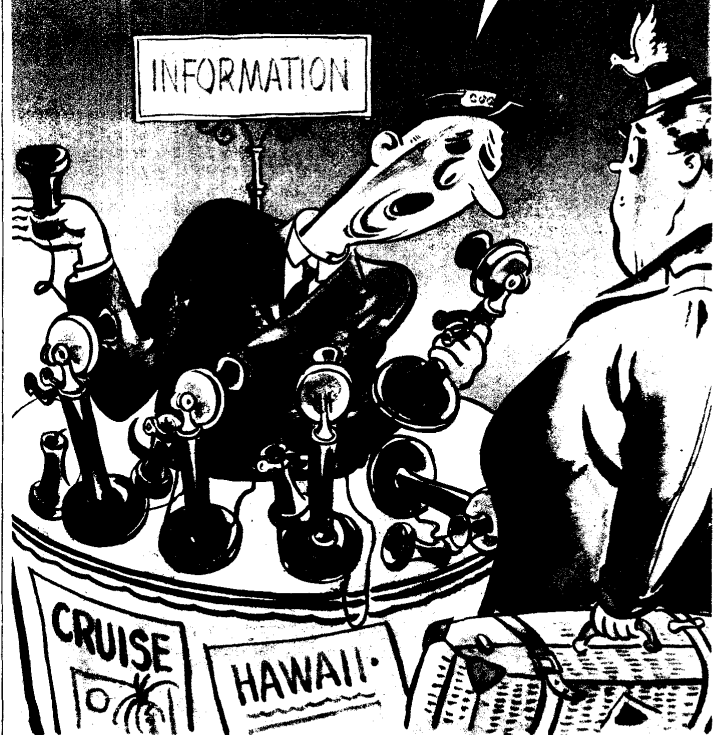
I went to the town hall toward one o'clock.

There was an election that afternoon for mayor and three trustees, but there was no excitement at the polls as there was but the one ticket in the field. The gentlemen then in office had been renominated, having been thrifty and provident and grabbed a dollar for the village anywhere they could.

But any voter might write in other names if he so desired.

I went into the trustees' room. The

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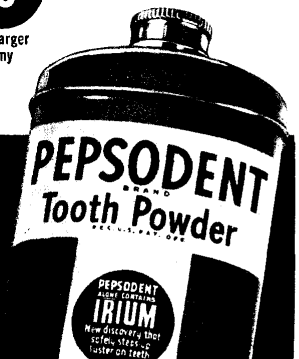
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mayor and his three coadjutors were there. They drew together and looked at me; I was already a man of mark in Graceport.

"How many votes do you think will be cast, Mr. Mayor?" I asked.

"Less than a hundred, I dare say, Counselor."

"What! Why," I said, "there will be at least two hundred votes from the drainage project alone."

It was a thought. They looked at one another.

"From where did you say, Counselor?"

"From the drainage project, gentlemen. You levied a head tax on four hundred men there, didn't you? You must be aware that any taxpayer may vote in this election and in the taxpayers' meeting to follow. What's the matter with your village counsel that he let you pull such a boner as levying that head tax? . . . Ah, here we come!"

THERE were many more than two hundred in the dense column that swung into the plaza from Grace Street, chanting: "We—want—beer!" That mercenary scoundrel of a foreman had sold tickets, it seemed, for a quarter apiece; I was mortified when I heard of it.

The column filled the plaza and its chant shook the air.

"What the devil," said the mayor, staring from the window. "What do they want? Who brought them here?"

"They have come," I said, unfolding a paper, "to do their civic duty and vote for village officers and on propositions. I brought them here, any wrong in that? And if you think you can swing the election against that vote, try it on, and before the sun sets we'll have a new mayor and trustees and a new code of ordinances."

They caved, after a little flurry. They could do nothing. The law is the law, and it said taxpayers might vote.

"Proposition One," I said, reading from my paper, "is to change the name of our village from Graceport to Grease Spot. Does that convey adequately the nature of the propositions that will be voted on today, and the sort of code of ordinances we will have by sunset?"

"Now, gentlemen," I said, folding my paper, "I am ready to talk business. Are you, or shall we proceed with the election and meeting? What this village needs, gentlemen, and is going to need worse, if you don't include me in, is sound legal advice and plenty of it. Hold a meeting of the board at once and appoint me village counsel. And appropriate four barrels of beer for the electors outside. I meant to ask for only two, but such was the civic spirit evidently—"

"What else, Boghey?" broke in the mayor.

"Nothing, sir," I said. "Give us the village counsel and the beer and no votes will be cast today by the drainage project. Gentlemen, my card—the name is J. Elmira Boghey."

"Accepted!" said the mayor sourly. "Meeting, come to order."

The drainage gentlemen knew nothing of the proposed program that I had outlined to the board; they had not come to vote and did not know they were entitled to. I stepped out, welcomed them in a few good words and informed them that the brew was on its way.

I returned to my offices, meaning to propose marriage to Molly at once, after whatever tender advances; but when I tried her office door I found her gone for the day.

I sat down and wrote her a letter, proposing to the same effect, and sent it to her home by a bellboy from the Prospect House. You know, the time to win is when you are winning.

After a good dinner that evening I sat by an open window in my room, smok-

ing a cigar and looking down Grace Street.

The jail was a pretty sight, brightly lighted; several gentlemen from the drainage project were there. And two pretty good fights were being had in the plaza. These battles were on the verge of a monster mass meeting that was being conducted with great applause. Speaker after speaker got upon the beer barrel, orated, waved, and pointed toward the Prospect House.

If they were discussing me they had a topic.

When a rank outsider gets off the train and has the community by the ears and by the tail in forty-eight hours he's meat for discussion. Good as engaged to the prettiest girl in town; going to live in the big house; a distinguished lawyer with a growing practice, village counsel—such a man ought to be sent to Congress.

Well, they were discussing me, and not planning to send me to Congress, but they were planning something for

as you visited her home yesterday.

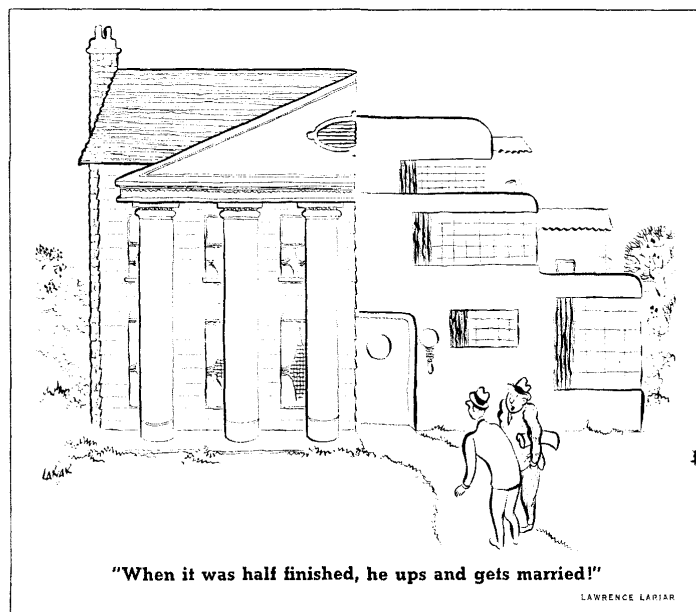
"What! Do you mean Molly?"

"What do you mean 'Molly'?" growled Reifschneider.

"Counselor," resumed the mayor, "we find that you are a public nuisance. A few at the meeting were in favor of lynching you, but the consensus was that you should be merely ridden out of town on a rail, soundly whopped, and sent on your way."

"If you would avoid that, Counselor, take our suggestion. A car is waiting at the back door and it will rush you to a station down the line. And don't ever show yourself in Graceport again or we will not be responsible for your life and limb. Will you go?"

"Do I hear you aright?" I said, unable to believe in such a piece of good luck. "You the mayor of this village, and you Vredenburg, a man of money and means, threaten to have me pilloried in public and beaten with danger to life and limb unless I lam out the back door? Why, gentlemen, this is utterly lawless!"



"When it was half finished, he ups and gets married!"

LAWRENCE LARIER

me that I really preferred. Quite a delightful surprise.

The plaza meeting dissolved, and the crowd was coming up Grace Street toward the Prospect House.

They chanted as they came, "We—want—Boghey!" It was a thrill.

The crowd halted before the hotel, and, seeing me above at the window, many raised their hands and gave me the Communist salute. I didn't quite get that, but I stood up and waved and laughed and shook hands with myself. Thereupon some loafers gave me a loud Bronx cheer.

My door opened, and in walked the mayor, and Reifschneider, and Eli Vredenburg and three other gentlemen who seemed to know me better than I knew them. I imagine the Graceport Water Company had a piece of that committee.

"**C**OUNSELOR," said the mayor to me, "we are come to make a suggestion that will be very advantageous to you."

"I dare say I don't deserve it, sir," I said.

"No," he said, "you don't. . . Counselor, we have considered your activities since you first came among us, down to that very strange letter that you wrote this afternoon to Mrs. Molly Reifschneider, wife of our good friend here and mother of his four charming children. And don't say you didn't know that Miss Grace was Mrs. Reifschneider

"You bet you," said old Vredenburg. "We've had our fill of law, dang your buttons, and we won't put up with any more of it!"

"Reifschneider," I invited, "would you like to slug me?"

I put my chin out and he swung but someone caught his arm and I was merely grazed. It was a battery, though. Meanwhile the silent committeemen had picked up my bags; I stepped before them and turned my back and they shoved me out into the hall. Nothing constructive about it; they used physical force.

You follow the trend of my legal mind, I am sure.

They were giving me a blue-white and flawless case for damages.

I'd sue the village and every one of them individually for one hundred thousand dollars damages. I did, incidentally, later on, and got judgment against every last one of them too, but it proved to be *damnum absque injuria* and all I got was six cents. At the time, however, it was delightful business.

"I leave, gentlemen, struggling and protesting," I said. "I have been evicted and ousted from my domicile and business with force and violence and am suffering great physical pain and mental anguish!"

And I tucked my legal directory under my arm and hurried toward the car, so that I would not have to laugh in their faces.

Old Ironface

Continued from page 23

assorted cadets, quartermasters and officers standing about and staring at him, sort of strained. He said never a word but everyone instantly became occupied with something close at hand. Old Ironface walked over to look at the compass and get a log reading, and I ducked into the chartroom out of the way. It looked as if it was going to be a pleasant run.

WELL, things drifted along into routine, as they always do, except that we had the usual tension that always hangs over a maiden voyage, more intense this time because of the record we were going to lift. Mr. Norman, the president of the Line, gave a dinner for Old Ironface where a lot of speeches were made. There was a special luncheon given by the directors, a special tea by the first-class ladies, another special luncheon, another special tea. Everything was special and Old Ironface was the pet.

We all knew that a set of massive silver plate and a gold watch were to be presented the night before we docked, and we all knew Maloney already had plans drawn up for redecorating the skipper's suite to his own tastes later. Probably Old Ironface knew it too. He was, in some uncanny manner, always aware of what was going on aboard any ship he commanded, but he never let on that he knew. One thing he couldn't miss, anyway. Everyone was being so obviously kind, so obviously sympathetic and considerate. Even if he hadn't caught Maloney's careless words on the bridge he must have felt the sense of them in everyone's actions. He was an old man and all washed up, and they were giving him the best send-off they knew. It got under some of our skins,

even if it didn't get under Old Ironface's. "It doesn't make sense somehow," said the navigating officer. "Him easing out so peaceful with a set of silver plate tucked under his arm. Not after what he's done and been."

And we all felt a little that way about it, even if we didn't like him much. There was something curiously wrong to think of a man like him just stepping ashore, putting away his uniform and settling down in an armchair. Something ought to happen. We ought to get an urgent SOS, or have something spectacular occur to make the windup complete. There was something pathetically futile about a finish with only the Blue Ribbon to speak of. Winning that called for no heroic effort, no feat of seamanship or daring. It was simply a matter of engine power and reasonable luck. It was something, of course; something to give a little lift to the finish. But it wasn't Old Ironface. With all the sea had done to him, and for him, it seemed only common justice it might make just one last effort, a parting salute to a sailor. And incredibly it did. We found a derelict.

IT HAPPENED early in the afternoon about a day and a half from port, and in my watch. The Prince Harry was smashing along through a greasy swell and under a cloud-shredded sky, with the wind rising a little and the smell of rain in the air; and we had the Blue Ribbon as good as snapping at the masthead. The ship was asleep, as ships usually are about that time, the passengers lolling around or taking a nap before tea, and the watch on deck barely going through the motions of working. And then the crow's-nest phoned down a

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report, and soon after I picked up the derelict through the glasses and sent a quartermaster down to get Old Ironface on the bridge.

She wasn't much of a ship, this derelict, when we came up to her. Just a battered-looking old windjammer, a barkentine from what was left of her spars. She was rolling low in the water, gear trailing alongside, and the falls of her two boats were overhauled and dragging empty. She'd apparently had some tough going, for part of her bulwarks were missing and her midship house was badly smashed and listing a little. A few rags of canvas still whipped here and there, and there was no sign of life. Her name, in white letters round her stern, was Pride of Haarlem.

"Abandoned, eh?" said Maloney, coming up with Old Ironface. I tried the siren once more but the derelict's decks remained blank. The skipper took the glasses from me without comment and stared through them. We were already under slow engine, and easing abeam, and the passengers were noisily milling about on the promenades and excitedly lining the rails. It was a little queer, when you came to think of it, the giant Prince Harry and that battered, sad wreck from another day. You might make a hundred crossings and never sight a windjammer, and it was a curious thing that we should do so.

"Well, she's in the main steamer lane," said Maloney. "We better just report her and let the Coast Guard take over."

Old Ironface said nothing for a long time, the glasses still at his eyes, and then he rasped, "Stop her! Mr. Williams, take a boat and investigate."

I STOPPED the Prince Harry automatically and we drifted about two cable lengths abeam of the derelict, but I didn't quite believe what I'd heard about investigating. The wreck was obviously abandoned, and we were in a hurry, and anyway the coast guard would look after her.

"You want me to look her over, sir?" I said, surprised, and when he nodded, the glasses still at his eyes, I looked at Maloney, who shrugged and then nodded too. So I dug up the bosun and a few men and we dropped one of our power launches. It wasn't any trouble to get aboard the wreck with all that gear trailing overside, and I got on deck and together with the bosun made a

quick inspection. She hadn't been abandoned long, for there was food in the galley still unspoiled.

Apparently she'd had a bad battering in some gale, then caught on fire. There was considerable water in her, but her hull seemed sound. I guessed they hadn't been able to put the fire out, and got scared and left her in a hurry; and then probably the fire just died of its own accord or the rain squalls blotted it. She was carrying cased goods and lumber; her lazaret was dry and was well-stocked, and when I tried her freshwater pump the stuff came up sweet, so evidently her tank wasn't damaged. I couldn't find her log or papers, and her chronometers were gone. I semaphored the gist of this back and wanted to know if I should open her sea cocks. And to my surprise the answer was no. When I got back on the Prince Harry everyone seemed petrified. Maloney looked at me and his face was quite pale.

"Captain Guthrie wants you to report in his room, Mr. Williams," he said. And he added in a whisper, "He's gone mad. He's going to take her in." He stared across the greasy swells to where the Pride of Haarlem lay.

Old Ironface was throwing some things into a bag when I found him. He wasn't moving fast, just as calmly and as methodically as ever, but Mr. Norman, the president of the Line, was hopping from one foot to another and all but screaming:

"You can't do this to us, Captain! The record! You've always wanted the record. And we've got all the publicity planned. A big reception for you. The Line will be ruined!"

Old Ironface did not answer him but looked at me, and I was wide-eyed.

"She's in good condition?" he rasped. I answered him mechanically and he nodded.

"I'll need about ten men. You might see who you can find that will volunteer," he said.

"But you're not serious, sir," I managed. "You can't leave the Prince Harry. It . . . it . . ." I had to stop. What was there to be said? Master mariners don't quit their ships on the high seas, save in the most extraordinary circumstances. If Old Ironface wanted the wreck taken in for some reason then why didn't he order someone else away?

"I'll need a good officer," said Old Ironface. He looked at me hard and I

heard myself saying, "Yes, sir. I'll be glad to go," without quite knowing just what was happening. Maloney came in, a very worried man.

"Look here, sir, this is a lot of nonsense," he started heatedly. "You're making a spectacle of yourself."

"I've served the Line fifty-odd years," said Old Ironface, going on with his packing, "I've never made a spectacle of myself before. Perhaps it's time I did." He straightened and looked at Maloney. "I'm an old man and all washed up. Does it matter so much?"

"You're holding up the ship, sir," was all Maloney could say.

"You'd better take over!" Mr. Norman shouted squeakily. "Maloney, I order you to take over and stop this nonsense. Captain Guthrie is discharged." I had to laugh at that. You don't discharge a master on the high seas. Maloney bit his lip. He was in a spot and I felt sorry for him.

"There's nothing I can do, sir," he told the president. "Unless the surgeon declares Captain Guthrie is insane. And I doubt . . ." He did not finish. Old Ironface saw me still standing around and gaping and he snapped, "Ten men, I said! What are you waiting for!" I left very quietly. And as I did I heard him add, "You'll get your command the sooner, Maloney. What do you care?"

I RAN into the navigating officer on my way to the main deck. And he was as shaken as the rest of us.

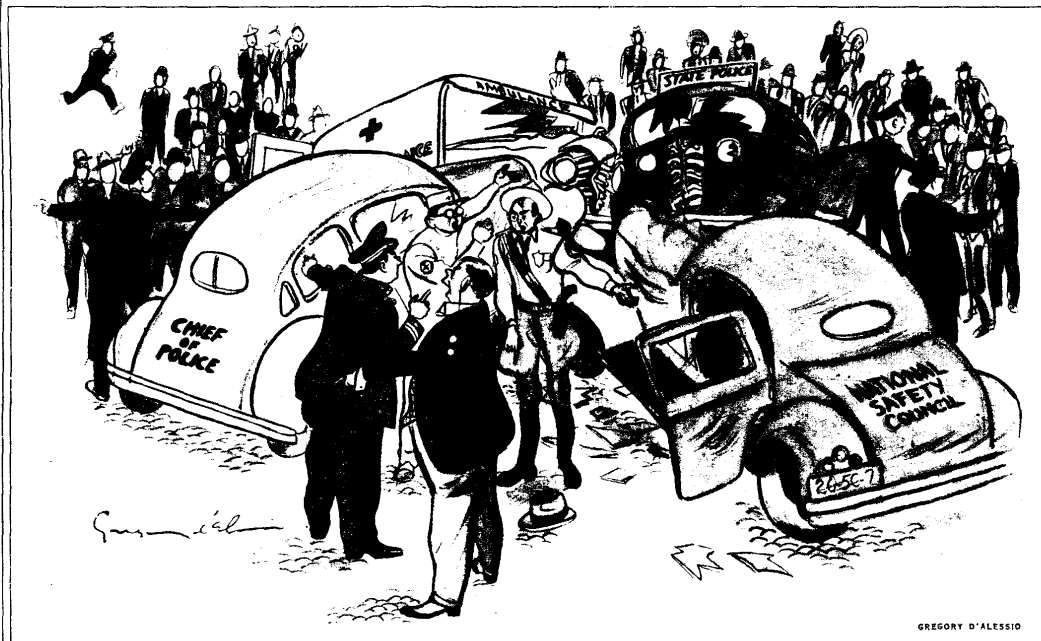
"What do you suppose has gotten into him?" he said. "Or is he really mad?"

"I don't know," I told him. "How should I? From what I gather, that crack of Maloney's about him being an old man got under his skin, and he's going to show us. I never knew he gave a damn about things before."

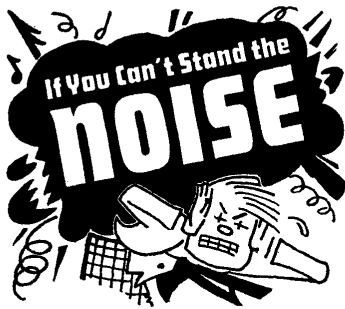
"But he was so set on the Blue Ribbon," protested the navigating officer. "Everyone knows that. The one last thing he wanted. Now he's chucking it all away to work home a lousy wreck. There'll be an inquiry over this."

"What the hell does he care?" I said wearily. "He's retiring anyway. Maybe it's just that he wants to go out in a blaze. Anyway, I'm crazy too. I've got to find ten men."

I won't detail the rest of it. There was a lot of bad language, a lot of excitement, and it was all like a dream. Old Ironface stared them all down and went ahead. He very obviously just didn't



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give a damn! And he said so. We took him over to the Pride of Haarlem with his volunteers in the power launch. One of our lifeboats, which we were to hoist aboard the barkentine since her own boats were all gone, followed. Then Old Ironface kept the Prince Harry waiting, the mails and record and all; kept that giant white hull swinging to the greasy sea obedient upon him while he checked the Pride of Haarlem, made a list of the things he needed and sent the power launch back to bring them. That done he signaled he was finished. The Prince Harry sounded her siren three times, began to move, picked up speed, and then raced off and into the horizon. She would still have the record if her luck held. And I looked at the bosun, who had come with us, and I sat down on a bitt.

"This didn't happen," I croaked. "It couldn't. You don't do things like this."

THE bosun shook his head, dazed himself. It had all occurred so fast there hadn't been time to think much. I looked at Old Ironface, standing straight and square by the fore'd aft rail, his great veined hands resting on the teak and his hard face turned as he looked first aloft at the shattered spars, and then along the worn decks. I don't know what he was thinking. What could he be thinking? He'd thrown away the Blue Ribbon he'd been set on; shattered every precedent; left his own ship on the high seas; deliberately stepped down from command of the newest and biggest to be master of a sea-swept, fire-gutted wreck in the middle of a desolate sea.

He turned and looked at us after a while. We were all grouped on the poop, talking in low voices. And then he walked to the main cabin skylight and unbuttoned his uniform jacket. He took it off, folded it carefully and laid it down by the skylight—that jacket with the four gold bands on the sleeves and the twin rows of medal ribbons across the left breast. He laid it down, and he laid his uniform cap on top of it, so the golden oak leaves of rank gleamed dully in the afternoon sun. And then he rolled up his sleeves while the wind tossed his silvery hair, and the knotty muscles of his old arms twisted and writhed beneath the heavy blue of his tattooing. He looked at me.

"I'm glad you came, Williams," he said quietly, very quietly for him. "You seem a good man even if you're not, as the port captain insisted, liner material." A ghost of a smile twitched his shark's mouth. "Maybe I'm not either."

Then he looked over the men and his face hardened. And when he spoke again his voice was lifted. It occurred to me with a shock that I'd never heard his voice lifted before. He'd never had to lift it on an immaculate, glass-enclosed bridge, where a clutter of officers and quartermasters hastened to relay his slightest whisper. But it was different now, on the tossing poop of the Pride of Haarlem, with the wind whining in the rigging, the sea slapping alongside, and the little stormy petrels skimming about.

"We'll get to work," he said. And then, as the men just stood staring stupidly at him for a moment, his voice rose and blasted, shook with a timbre none of us had heard. "I said we'll get to work! Now, jump, damn you!" And they jumped.

IF EVERYTHING that had already happened had been insane, then what followed was completely and doubly mad. We got out a sea anchor of sorts so she lifted to the swells instead of wallowing in the trough. We cut her trailing gear adrift, shifted the midship house back into alignment, patched up the bulwarks for the time being. There was a donkey boiler midships, and we cleaned it out

and got steam up, and set a portable pump to work. We got the hatches on, or spiked planks over the openings, once we were certain the hull was sound. And we did a good deal more before it became too dark.

"It looks like we're going to have a little weather," I observed to Old Ironface, as we sat in the main cabin eating biscuits and canned beef by the light of a hurricane lamp. "But I guess we can ride it all right. They'll have reported us to the Coast Guard and there should be a cutter out to pick us up. We've only to stick around."

He looked at me for a long moment, his pale, blue eyes very frosty and narrowed a little.

"We're not going to stick around," he said. "I don't care to be picked up in this condition."

"This condition?" I managed. "But surely..."

"We'll get some canvas on her and run south a little," he said. "Out of the way. We don't want to be found just yet. The ship..." He didn't finish. I started to say something, to argue, but he looked at me again and I shut up. It didn't make sense though. What did we want to go lose ourselves for? The Coast Guard would certainly locate us and pick us up if we stuck where we were or kept to the steamer lane. But he wanted to go south.

"Don't ask me what's got into him now," I told the bosun irritably when he inquired. We were rigging jury masts by moonlight and lamplight, and we were overhauling the spare suit of sails we'd dug out of the sail locker. "Only one thing I know. Everyone figured he was an iceberg. Never had any feelings. Well, everyone was wrong."

"There ain't no question there," bosun agreed. "He's crazy."

"I didn't mean that," I said. "I meant something finally got under his skin. They talked about him being an old man and through. Well, he's going to show 'em. He's got his pride. Who'd ever thought of Old Ironface doing anything just for pride?"

SO WE both marveled even as we worked, and before morning the Pride of Haarlem was running south, taking sprays all along her lee side and thrilling to the sea lift along her keel. Running away from the help that was certainly already on its way. No, it didn't make sense.

We were hove to for thirty-six hours in the teeth of a full gale soon after we got under way, and then later we boxed the compass for a week or more with light airs and baffling calms. And do you know what we did then? We cleaned up the ship. I don't mean we washed her down and straightened out little matters. We gave her the works.

We replaced the temporary patching of the bulwarks with permanent work. We cut and trimmed topmasts and a couple of yards from spare spars we found, and from the lumber below decks. We all but rebuilt the midship house, repaired the after skylights, made proper hatches for the holds. We calked, pitched, scraped and hollystoned the decks. We scraped, sanded and revarnished the bright work. We scraped and oiled the masts and spars. We rerigged her almost from stem to stern with the stores she had on board and some we had had sent over from the Prince Harry. And lastly, when it was calm enough, we slung stages over-side and painted her.

Don't tell me it was all mad. Of course it was. Instead of heading for the nearest port, as we should have with a salvage job, we just hung off and on sometimes not to more than two hundred miles from the coast, and made the Pride of Haarlem into a beauty and a joy. You could almost feel her take on

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BY THE MAKERS OF MOBIL OIL

new life as we groomed her. She seemed to sit more lightly on the water, she developed a pert flip to her bow lift, and she answered her helm like a race horse. Probably it was imagination on my part, but that's how it seemed to me. And Old Ironface was in the middle of things, working with us, his shirt sleeves up and his shirt spotted with tar and paint and the clean dirt of seamanship.

He did not seem to change, himself. He was still grim, impassive, cold and methodical. Only in the snap of his voice, in the swift, assured orders he gave did he seem different. The thing that made me wonder was how he regained so quickly all his windship lore. He couldn't have trod a sailing ship's decks for nearly forty years, but he took over as if it had only been yesterday. There were times, it was true, when he'd consult with me over some small matter on which he'd grown vague, but by and large he was sufficient unto himself. I don't know how he did it. How do you manage to ride a bicycle or to swim after a lifetime? It's just one of those matters that are ingrained in youth and are never really lost.

I'll never forget one wild, moonlight night, when we were all shipshape and shining, running before a stiff wind and under a bright yellow moon, with the glints along the sea crests and the hollows filled with shadows, while the cold spray rainbowed over the bow. We were carrying far too much canvas, in my judgment, and I said so, but Old Ironface only gripped the teak of the fore'ard taffrail and let the wind lift his silvery hair.

"I never shortened," he rasped. "Never, until the royals went!"

"We're not a clipper with special driving gear," I pointed out. "And I'm not sure . . ."

"I'll take care of that," he snapped. "Get below!"

I didn't go below. No one went below that night. Every man jack of us was scared stiff. We logged a cool fourteen knots until dawn, and every backstay and brace was shivering like a tortured thing. More than once I thought he'd drive her under, but he seemed to know. He seemed to know just what she'd do. And after dawn, when we raced by a plodding, smoke-hung tramp, and left her far astern, for the first and last time in my life I heard Old Ironface laugh.

"By gad," he said, "we're still good!" The pride of the man. The pride in the man. He hadn't any sentiment. That was probably true. But he had something. That iron pride. It was like the last thundering battle shout of a dying Viking; the last salute of an era. And so, in the end, we came to port.

EVEN that we did spectacularly. I don't suppose there'd been seen a ship such as ours for a generation. Wind-jammers, yes. Tired, worn, grimy things hesitantly fluttering in. But we came in like a queen, in glamor and in glory! We came in with our bright work shining and our canvas white as snow (we'd scrubbed it for hours and hours before bending). We came in with the hull trim with new paint and our rigging tarred down, even our anchors polished and varnished (not painted) so they shone like silver. We didn't take a tug, the wind was right and we came to the harbor buoys smart as a man-o'-war (he trained us well), and we snugged canvas down and stowed it, eased to the buoy ring and made fast; the way on her judged to a fraction. And it was Old Ironface's moment. To stand there on his poop deck, near the wheel, dressed again in his full uniform with the golden oak leaves of rank gleaming in the sun while all the shipping stared wide-eyed. He'd thrown away the Prince Harry and the Blue Ribbon, but he had gained

that; to bring his ship home in the ancient way. And the water fronts were the best judges as to which was the better job.

WELL, there isn't very much more.

Save perhaps a little revelation that came, I think, to me alone. There were perfunctory wires of congratulation from the Line and from Maloney; perfunctory until the press began to use its imagination and the story began to widen. Then Mr. Norman, president of the Line, showed up, bald head and squeaky voice and all, and he was very effusive.

"A remarkable achievement, Captain," he said. "We are all proud of you."

"So I gather," said Old Ironface dryly. We were in the main cabin of the Pride of Haarlem at the time, and Old Ironface was once again packing. He'd arranged with some society to have the ship bought and preserved as a marine museum, a permanent relic of the brave old times. For himself he had mentioned settling on a farm near the coast, and even, possibly, buying a small schooner, and trading up and down. He wasn't sure. And quite obviously he didn't care. For him the game had run out and the finish had been good.

"We . . . er . . . the Line has been considering making an exception as to the retirement age, Captain," said Mr. Norman. He was still a little uneasy and afraid of Old Ironface. "And we thought you might like to continue for a while as master of the Prince Harry. You know she took the Blue Ribbon and you can . . . er . . . always look forward to bettering the time. We all understand your motives in bringing in the Pride of Haarlem. Yes, Captain. Pride. A man hates to think he's too old to do anything any more."

Old Ironface looked at him and he wilted.

"Pride," he said grimly. "Do they think I was disturbed with their talk of my being old and finished. Pride!" He swore and bit the end from a cigar. "I think you'd better get out!" He said that to Mr. Norman, who could make or break any officer afloat. And Mr. Norman swallowed and groped for his hat. The younger and the ambitious men might defer to him but Captain Andrew

Guthrie, Old Ironface, strong still with his last triumph, didn't give a damn.

"All right," squeaked Mr. Norman. "If that's the way you feel about it. All right, Captain." And he left.

Old Ironface sat down and looked at me.

"Does everyone think I took this ship in from pride?" he asked quietly. "Because I couldn't have them think I was an old man and finished?"

There was no escape. His cold, pale blue eyes held me as a pin holds a captured beetle.

"What else, sir?" I managed. "You're a hard man. We all know that. But we figure the thing got you. If you understand."

"So I took this ship home," he said, half to himself. He stretched his great veined hands on the main cabin table and clenched them. And his face grew tight. "Not for pride, Williams," he said gently. "Not for pride. To hell with them all. But there was something else."

I STARED at him and felt a little queer. It is not good to see an iron man crack. And I was seeing it then. The man who had no feeling, who had never known sentiment.

"She looked so lonely, Williams," he said through his tight mouth, half whispering. "So lonely, you see. Just as I felt. They'd butchered her lines and her rigging, but I knew her. I'd have known her anywhere, and however she looked. There was the Blue Ribbon, but that didn't matter then. She looked so lonely. All the way across the years."

He stared at me for a long time and his hard face softened.

"All the way across the years, Williams. So lonely. And I couldn't let men see her a wreck like that. So I had to stiffen her up. All that work on her spars and deck and rigging. Don't you see? I wanted to bring her in as was proper."

He paused again and looked at his veined hands, and the sweat was standing high on his weathered face. And remember, there was no sentiment in him.

"Not for pride, Williams," he whispered. "But she was my old ship. Look her up in the record. She used to be called the Euripides . . . my first command. . . She was my youth, Williams. I had to bring her home!"



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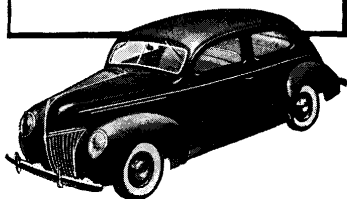
Beer... a Beverage of Moderation

The Border Trumpet

Continued from page 28



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quick and moon-luminous across the hills, Nachee pulled up the folded leggings of his moccasins and faded out of the camp.

"That," said Al Hazel, "is what an Injun loves. To crawl and prowl, soft as a snake. Nachee's been peaceful so damned long he's gettin' restless. So he's just havin' some fun. Note that look in his eyes when he left? Shiny, like the eyes of a cat switchin' its tail and thinkin' about trouble."

DEEP in the rough Pinals the following morning they came upon a fresher trail. Antone's scattered people had collected and were traveling ahead of him. A canyon struck into the northeast, deepening and darkening and growing narrower as the surrounding terrain lifted toward a prominent peak. At the canyon he stopped and sent out small scout parties; around noon, with these parties returned, he still had no complete story, and so took the detail along the southern edge of the canyon for a matter of seven or eight miles. Occasionally the print of an unshod hoof came out of the south and dipped into the canyon, this happening often enough to indicate some gathering of Apaches on the north side, in the direction of the peak. Deciding this much, he found a trail into the canyon. Nachee scouted its gravelly bottom and shook his head, speaking to Al Hazel, who interpreted: "Not this way. Up beyond, on the high land."

They spent an hour finding a narrow ledge leading them out of the canyon to the north side, and within the next hour cut a definitely fresh series of tracks. The way still was northeast toward the high peak. All the surrounding country was badly broken, rock shelter upon rock shelter, and parallel ridges separated by difficult ravines. Pines studded the land, and cactus and catclaw and thin-scattered forage grass. In the middle of the afternoon Benteen, searching for just such a location, halted the detail on a butte top that had a rocky outcrop around it, affording considerable shelter from all directions. In here he was high enough in the hills and deep enough behind the rocks to be concealed from the scouting eyes of the Apaches. The detail threw off for a rest while Benteen studied his pocket map. Nachee began to draw pictures on the ground with a sage stem, speaking to Al Hazel.

Al Hazel said: "He thinks Antone will be on that peak all right. There's a natural park up there and a lot of mesquite beans. Also a spring. But the country leading to it is pretty tough for an attack. Nachee says he lived there as a boy—sometimes hiding out from the Tontos when they came down on their raids."

Benteen showed Hazel the map. "If Antone keeps on traveling it is not apt to be east. That brings him too close to Fort Apache. As soon as this detail pulls back to Grant I'd guess Antone will do one of three things. He'll stay on that peak to rest, or go on north across the Salt and into the Mazatzal Range, or do as he has been doing before—come back this way. I think it is a decent guess. Ask Nachee."

Nachee listened to Hazel, studied on it, and answered. Hazel said: "He thinks Antone will drift back this way, to show his warriors he is not afraid. And also to dig up mesquite; they've probably got baking pits around here."

"This is what we do," decided Benteen. "McSweeney takes the detail back to Grant. Antone's scouts will see him go. But you and Nachee and I stay

here. When dark comes we'll move on and do a little scouting. The idea is to keep track of Antone's movements until Major Warren comes up with the complete command."

He took a sheet of paper from his pocket and a pencil, and wrote this note to Warren:

"Sir: By the enclosed map I indicate where we are, and where Antone probably is. If Antone comes back this way, we shall meet you when your column comes up. If Antone shifts ground we shall follow, but I shall detail Nachee as a connecting link to bring you on to our new location. Should Antone retreat farther it will quite probably be toward the Mazatzals. In this case, according to our tentative plan, I think it would be wise to send part of a troop straight north, by night march, cross the Salt and sweep around the northern base of the Mescalos to intercept any such shift, the main command meanwhile marching directly to this point. O'b'tly, T. Benteen, Lt."

He folded the note and handed it to McSweeney. McSweeney waggled a finger at the troopers, who rose from the earth and were ready to travel. But McSweeney nursed his black mustache with the back of his hand, reluctant to go. "Lieutenant," he said, "'tis a hell of a country for three men to stay in. Should ye not keep a few more here?"

"Good luck, McSweeney," said Benteen. "Ah, that," responded McSweeney. "I think I'll leave all my luck here—for 'tis you that will be needin' it."

The detail swung up and passed back through the rocky fissures of the butte, soon dropping downgrade. From his position, Benteen watched them sink deeper and deeper toward the canyon until the double file was at last lost to his restricted sight. Just before fading into the rough country McSweeney turned to look back, not waving—for that would have been a betraying gesture—but holding himself around in the saddle until he disappeared.

Nachee squatted in the center of the area, staring at Benteen; and suddenly he spoke to Hazel, asking an obvious question. Hazel answered, whereupon Nachee grunted an answer. Hazel grinned at Benteen. "He wanted to know what we were doing. I told him."

Nachee shook his head and spoke through Al Hazel: "Antone is a fox, nantan."

THIS was midafternoon with a violent sun blasting the butte top and its few scattered pines. Benteen pulled the three horses to the center of the bowl, which was its deepest part, in order to keep them well out of sight; and the three men posted themselves about the rocky outcrop, thus commanding a view of the surrounding land. There was no higher ridge within three or four miles of this spot and the rising basaltic rim that surrounded the butte concealed horses and men from the lower land.

Somewhere near five o'clock Benteen, looking northward through a crack in the rocks, thought he saw a blur of motion on the adjoining ridge, something that slipped from one cactus clump to another. He called Nachee over. Nachee laid his eyes on that far spot for a full five minutes, never turning a muscle; then he said, through Hazel: "A small deer, nantan."

Al Hazel said: "A deer now, but it will be Injun later. Antone knows the detail is on the way home. He'll be scoutin' this country." He repeated it in

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the Apache tongue; and Nachee said: "They are close by now."

Nachee had turned away from the rocks and now crouched on the earth, staring at the sky with his eyes half closed, as though keening the dead, hot air. . . .

Twilight trickled down the canyon slopes. The far ridge lines, which Benteen watched quite closely, grew vague before his eyes. Hot silence had covered this summit all day but now, in twilight, the stillness seemed greater—so great that the staccato beat of a woodpecker came in rocketing waves out of the distance. Nachee came off his haunches and walked to the far end of the bowl, crouching beside a break in the rocks.

Beyond this break the land fell sharply to the west. Al Hazel, watching Nachee with a particular interest, came from his station to the horses. He stood with his hand on the nose of his own horse. Benteen dropped back to Hazel. "He sees somethin'," said Hazel.

BENTEEN ducked over the rocks, lying against them with his head pushed against a crack. He discovered nothing, though he swept the cactus-scattered slope carefully. He looked across to Nachee, noting how taut Nachee's body was; Nachee was on one knee, the other foot pushed behind him and ready to shove. He had one hand dropped to the handle of his knife. Scanning the slope again, Benteen saw an Indian rise from a mesal clump and come up.

He walked at a low crouch, his head bent toward the earth. Once he whipped straight, staring at the summit. Then he dropped his head again, and advanced, now near enough for Benteen to hear the small abrasion of his moccasins on the gravelly soil. Twenty feet from the edge of the rocks where Nachee lay, the Indian again halted and this time seemed to smell trouble. He went to his knees, his hands propped against the earth like a runner about to rush forward; and this position he held for a long half minute without stirring. The slope was steep enough to cut the sight of the bowl; nor could he see the horses in its bottom. On all fours he crawled another two yards and flattened completely on the ground. At this moment Nachee moved.

Nachee sprang forward between the rocks with his arm whipping up over his head. The Indian on the earth came straight up and lunged at him; Nachee's knife hit him in the chest—the sound of it dull and distinct in the silence—and drove through the Indian's lungs. The Indian made one wild shout that raced cleanly clear across the hills, dropped his hands and fell at Nachee's feet. His body rolled a little way back down the hill, lodging against a boulder.

Nachee reached down and wiped the blade against a grass clump and trotted back to the bowl. Al Hazel came up, speaking to Benteen: "That's bad. They could hear that Injun four miles away." He talked to Nachee a minute and waited for Nachee's reply. Then he translated the answer for Benteen:

"Nachee says that Injun knew we were here. He knew it when he fell on his stomach. We got to pull out of here."

Nachee pointed to the dead Indian. "Chiricahua—not Arivaipa. Plenty Chiricahuas with Antone, maybe, nantan."

The three walked to their horses. Benteen took a short drink from his canteen while Nachee spoke to Hazel.

Hazel said: "He thinks we ought to go on without the horses. They make too much track. If Antone's scouts come across the tracks they'll find us before tomorrow is far along."

"How far is it to that peak where Antone is?"

"'Bout twelve-fifteen miles."

Benteen thought about it. "Too long a walk. We'd be dragging around the country all night, no telling where Antone goes meanwhile. We've got to get near him. We'll keep the horses and take the chance. Tell Nachee to aim for the peak."

Hazel gave the order to Nachee who grunted, "Enju," and climbed on his horse. They left the bowl, traveled down the slope and fell into a black trough between ridges, pointing due east at the high-coned shape of that peak where Antone seemed to be. The footing was gravelly and they made a distinct racket as they traveled; yet Nachee apparently preferred this to the softer earth, for somewhere farther on he turned into another creek bed, followed this until it dwindled out, climbed over a low ridge and took to still another gravel course, so advancing eastward by a kind of right-angled indirection that ate up considerable time. At midnight, from a high point, they sighted the tall peak again. It lay now in the south. Nachee had cut a wide circle.

He had also brought them upon a shallow trickle of water in the rocks. Stopped to drink and rest, Benteen estimated the time to elapse before the troops from Grant could come up.

"McSween will get back tomorrow noon. Major Warren will probably start out that night. By a straight march he ought to reach the meeting place day after tomorrow morning. Thirty hours. Not long."

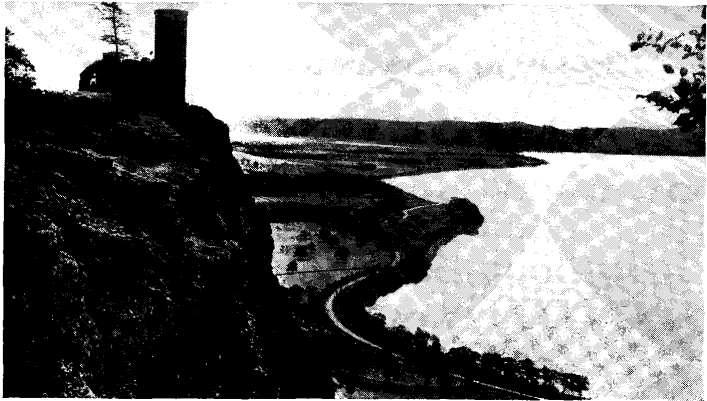
"Long enough," said Al Hazel, "if those devils get to smellin' us."

"That's why we can't try it afoot. Should Antone start back through the hills we've got to keep to his trail."

"Ain't as bad as tryin' to fill to a pair



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of deuces," said Hazel dryly, "but still it is considerable of a try. You got a level head, Lieutenant, or I sure wouldn't be out here now." He was lying on the ground. Suddenly he heaved himself erect with a quick outlet of violent profanity and began slapping his clothes. "Damnation. I been sittin' on an anthill."

He kicked around in the darkness, making considerable noise, and came back to Benteen, his tone somewhat shamed: "I'll spit in the eye of a diamond back any time, and I have shook a lot of centipedes outa my blankets. But them damned ants give me the creepin' twitters, ever since Long Jack Bell's time." "Never heard of him."

"My partner, back in '65. This was a pretty empty country then. He used to prospect clear up toward the Mokoyones. Wasn't any troops around here and the Injuns had chased all the Mexicans into Tucson. It was a bad time, for fair. We was over in the Basin, Jack and me, knowin' better than to be there but havin' a hell of a good time, just trappin' and prospectin', when up comes a band of Tontos and jumps our camp. That's pretty rough country. I got away and hid in a hole in the rocks. But they caught Long Jack and had some fun of their own. I guess I was half a mile away but I sure heard him holler till he couldn't holler no more. You understand, Lieutenant? Jack was no holerin' man, but he did then. They beat the country for me and didn't find me—and pulled out. I crawled back to where the camp had been and saw what was left of Jack. They'd cut off his eyelids and staked him over an anthill, facin' the sun. The ants sure took care of Jack. Never had much use for an ant since then. Never had much use for a Tonto, either. Which they know. I been huntin' them for seven years and they been huntin' me. So far the best o' the bargain's been mine, but I sure can figure better places for old Al Hazel to be right now than here."

"How'd you get out of that fight?"

"Crawled back to a minin' camp, which was about eighty miles away."

"Crawled?"

"The walkin' wasn't good," said Hazel. "One of those Tonto bullets busted my laig."

THEY went on in the first hours after midnight, falling into the canyons and arroyos crisscrossing these hills, and climbing back to ridge tops from which they took their bearings on the tall peak. Presently they came to the black crack of a canyon whose walls dropped sheer to an unknown depth, whereupon Nachee followed the rim until he found a thin crevice for a trail and led them to the bottom. A creek boiled against the rocks, apparently shutting off passage but Nachee, who had been aiming for this spot all night, took at once to the water and kept to it for a tedious mile or more, winding with the rocks and leading the horses breast deep through occasional pools. Later they ascended a risky trail, reached the canyon's other rim and came at last to a pine flat, beyond which the land rose again.

Nachee spoke to Al Hazel, who relayed the talk to Benteen. "Not far now. We leave the horses here."

Benteen followed Al Hazel afoot across the soft underfooting of the pine flat. Now and then Al Hazel stopped, putting back a hand to warn Benteen. In these intervals Nachee slipped away, was gone, and came back without the least sound, to lead them forward again. They crossed the flats and reached the foot of a short slope, once more halting. Al Hazel's tobacco-scented breath fanned Benteen's face. "Up there. Be a little careful whar you step."

They faded against the earth, climbing on all fours and halting to listen and

climbing again across the cacti and stony soil. Benteen eased his weight against his arms, placing each boot toe gently; he laid his palm against the scratchy body of a horned toad, and in jerking back almost lost his balance. One pine tree stood on the summit above him, vaguely traced against the star-glittering sky. At intervals he saw Al Hazel's rump rise and go on and fall. This was the way they traveled, foot by foot, along the last piece of that grade, and finally reached the crown of the hill and stopped and lay side by side, flat to the earth with their heads hooked over a roll of land.

The Indian camp lay slightly below them in a natural clearing, a hundred feet on. The remnant of a fire glowed round and red in the clearing's center. Around it were the scattered shape of sleeping figures and the outline of Indian camp utensils and horse packs. The horses were in a bunch beyond the fire, identified by the occasional sneeze and stir of their browsing. One figure slipped in from the dark, crouched over the fire a moment, and cupped his hands, as though eating something. And as he did so a voice came from all those rolled-up shapes, a white man's loud, half-desperate and half-defiant voice:



"If I had one arm free, you blasted red wolf, I'd sure take my chances on runnin' fer it."

Benteen's head jerked upward; he heard Al Hazel's sweep of surprised breathing. The Indian at the fire didn't turn, didn't pay attention. But at the same time another Indian crossed the clearing and came by the fire. He stopped and kicked one of those shapes—the white man's shape—with a full swing of his leg and walked out of the firelight again, coming straight toward this rise of ground where Benteen lay.

AS SOON as McSweeney returned to Grant with the detail, Major Warren sent for Captain Harrison.

"Both troops will prepare to leave tonight with rations for a week and a pack train to carry extra ammunition. After the column pulls out Mr. Lankerwell will split off with twenty men from K and go straight north, circling the Mesquits. I want all equipment and horses carefully inspected. Leave behind nothing but a skeleton guard. We will take all the officers. Sergeant Oldbuck will remain here in charge of the post until Mr. Ford returns from Apache. We march at dark."

Captain Harrison left and presently

the long sultry quiet of the post gave way to a brisk activity. Men overhauled their boots and belts, replenishing their canteens, drew rations for the march and, in many instances, wrote long-deferred letters home. Some of them, according to common custom, made oral wills, disposing of their belongings to this bunkmate or that friend—and arranging for certain other trinkets and valuables to be shipped home in event of death. It was all part of the routine preceding a march into Indian country; for every man knew Major Warren intended to bring on a fight if it were possible and they also knew, through the returned McSweeney, that Benteen had sighted Antone. The troopers had tremendous faith in Benteen. If he had sighted Antone and planned to keep him under observation until Warren arrived, it was pretty good proof that a fight was at hand.

COMING back from the stables in the middle of the afternoon, Harry Jackson found Van Rhyn cross-legged on the adjoining bunk, sorting out his personal effects—a few old letters, a picture cut from a magazine, some clippings from a newspaper, a tintype of a small girl, and a gold wedding ring. These he had folded into a handkerchief, and now twisted the ends of the handkerchief together. He called Harry Jackson's attention to the packet as he pushed it under the head of his straw mattress. "Harry," he said, "if I don't come back, you take that bundle and mail it away for me."

"Where's the address?"

Van Rhyn tapped the pocket of his shirt. "You will find it in here."

"You'll come back," said Harry Jackson.

"There's an end for all of us," Van Rhyn answered gently. "By one cause or another, mine is not far away."

Harry Jackson sat on the edge of his bed. He made a gesture with his hands. "Hell, Van, there's nothing to fear."

Van Rhyn smiled quietly. "I had not mentioned fear, Harry. Fear is for the young ones who love life too much. When I was younger I was afraid to die. I used to lie awake, thinking about it. I used to reach forward with my mind trying to overtake the moment death came, trying to discover how I would act and how I would feel—and it was pretty bad. But there is nothing to fear, Harry. Little by little as a man grows older he gets callous, his senses grow dull and his mistakes and his hurts slow him down and the fun of living fades away. After a while he ceases to care very much, or to fight very much, or to feel very much. After that it is a matter of waiting. I shall be glad to go."

"That's no way to talk," said Harry Jackson.

"You are young and you have everything to hope for. That makes all the difference. Never be philosophical, Harry. Never play the game safe when your heart tells you to gamble. Life is mostly a matter of damned, contemptible conventions, and hypocrisies and cheating devices and pleasant fictions hiding a brutal system. One or two, or maybe three, things ever matter to a man. Those you should live by and live for. Everything else is just so much claptrap. This world is governed by the pack. The pack sets up the rules and it punishes the man who will not live by those rules—just as the wolf pack kills or drives off the lone ones who will not bend to the rules. Never let the pack govern your life. Do what your conscience tells you is right, follow your own star and he your own master."

Harry Jackson stared at the older man, wholly understanding. Van Rhyn, ordinarily so quiet and so removed from the rough talk and horseplay of the barracks, showed him a pair of bright, bitter eyes. There was in this man, then, the



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FEBRUARY 1, 1843



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last flare of an old vitality, the final glow of a fire once very strong. Harry Jackson said:

"What two or three things matter, Van?"

"You will have to find out those things for yourself, Harry. When you do find out, you'll be an old man, as I am now. If you have played the game right the knowledge will be a comfort to you. If you have not, your last days will be in that purgatory Dante created out of whole cloth."

"How's a man to know?" murmured Harry Jackson.

Van Rhyn's smile was soft and understanding; his resentment died. "Ah, I wish I could tell you. I have read all the philosophers but they could not tell me. Make your own answers, Harry. Depend on others for nothing. For nothing at all." He tapped his breast pocket again. "There's three hundred dollars in here. When you take out the address, also take the money. It is yours."

"What for?" asked Harry Jackson, completely astonished.

Van Rhyn pressed the sweat across his forehead. His face was tight-pulled and weary; he was old. "For a drink, for a poker hand, for a woman, for the start of a career. For anything, Harry, that will squeeze one more drop of flavor from the rind of the orange, which is tasteless enough at best. Someday you will understand."

TROCPERS crossed and recrossed the parade. Men walked their horses around the corral, watching for bruised feet and bad tendons; the sound of the blacksmith's hammer rang metally through the heated day; a detail crossed the Arivaipa to bring fresh mounts from the near-by corral and Indians from Nachee's camp began to collect under the shade of the ramadas. Ray Lankerwell came to post headquarters, reporting to Major Warren.

Warren said: "As soon as we leave tonight you will break off and take your detail directly north, past the Mescals. Turn east into the Pinals, about at this point on the map. You are not to bring on a fight but rather to make a show of forces that will push Antone back should he have intentions of traveling north. If you see nothing in front of you, and no fresh sign, close in southward toward this spot." He indicated it with his thumb. "I shall be somewhere near there. Pete George will go as your guide. If you see evidence of a strong force, send a messenger through to me. If you are not held up I expect you to join me at the earliest possible moment."

The supper call was running all around Fort Grant's parade and the sun lay half down the western horizon when Lily Marr came from the Warren house and crossed to the jail. The guard was just then bringing up a tin of food from the mess hall. Lily Marr stood back while he unlocked the cell door, slid the tin plate into the cell and closed the door again. She waited until the guard had replaced the key on the high corner of the adobe wall and turned away.

Jack Bean stood with his face at the bars. He put his hands around the bars, his fingers slowly closing, tightly closing. Blond hair fell down across his forehead, almost against his eyes. He had been in this cell a week, tramping its narrow space, enduring its breathless heat. The effect of it showed on him, pulling in the centers of his cheeks and painting a dismal color in his eyes. He hadn't shaved and he hadn't slept much, and all this wore him thin and nervous, and left him like a caged wolf slowly dying for want of appetite and air. He stared at Lily Marr, too bitter to speak, while she showed him that old, unrelenting calm.

"A messenger," she said, "went up to

Summerton's and told them about the money. They have probably gone to Tucson to get it by now. The marshal won't come for another week. But when he does come he'll take you back with a party of soldiers. Bill Hanley won't help you out of this. You're at the end of the rope."

"Lily," he said, "I'll get loose. Before God, I will. And I'll pay you back—and I'll pay the captain back. I'll pay everybody back."

"No," she said, in the same rubbing, insistent calm, "you never will. This time the wheel stopped on your number and you pay off for what's been done."

His question jumped at her: "What've I done?"

"Maybe you better start thinking about that. You never had time to think about it before, but you've got a lot of time now. Better think of those burnt wagons and the Mexican yelling when the bullet hit him. You remember how he yelled, Jack? I do."

"A Mexican," said Jack Bean, "is nothin' but a Mexican."

"Maybe you better think of Bill Goff."

He answered that swiftly: "Bill knew I was after him. I never catch a man without a gun. He saw me comin' and he had his draw."

"Maybe you better think of Charley Brewerton."

"He made his remarks about me, Lily. When a man makes his remarks he's got to stand the consequences. I walked down the middle of the street at him, and I waited till he reached for his gun."

"Maybe you better think of Charley Brewerton's wife who takes in washin' to live. Or of Bill Goff's little girl, who's got no parents left now."

He pulled up his chin. "That's somethin' those fellows should have figured out before they got proud. I'll stand my mistakes; they should stand theirs."

"Then stand yours now," said Lily Marr. "You are going to die for them."

"Lily," said Jack Bean, "when a m^r calls me into question I'll see him answered, till hell freezes over. I take nothing from nobody."

"Yes," said Lily Marr. "You'll take anything they've got, cattle or money or horses. Charley Brewerton said you were a thief. That's why you shot him. But you're still a thief, Jack."

"Listen, girl," begged Jack Bean in a furious voice, "there's ways of lookin' at that—"

"Just two ways: The honest way and the thief's way."

BEAN cursed Lily Marr and swung away from the door. She heard his heels kick into the floor. She heard his fists slap against the adobe wall; she heard the in-and-out sawing of his breath. The sun dropped and twilight suddenly came and men were moving out of the mess shack. The trumpeters came across the parade to take stand by the number-one post, from which point all calls were sounded. Lily Marr's voice, as even and colorless as fate, followed Jack Bean into the jail:

"You always talked about your rights. Maybe you better think of other people's rights. You never liked the idea of any man being as quick as you were with a gun. You had to shoot him to find out if he was. You couldn't stand the thought of anybody being better. If they were better you wanted to kill them. But there are better men in Arizona than you'll ever be. You never thought there was anything strong enough to hold you in one place. Well, here you are, Jack."

He said, from the depths of the jail: "Wait till I get loose!"

"Nobody will remember you when you're dead. Nobody will remember where you're buried because in all this country you haven't got one friend who cares enough to put a board up to mark

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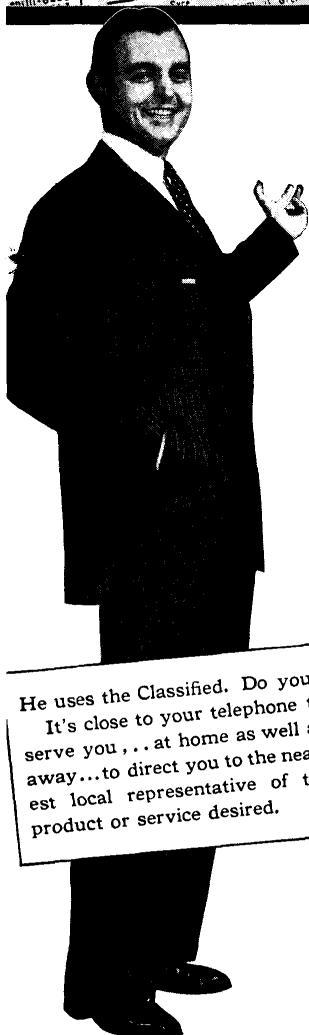
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your grave. Someday, a few years from now, somebody will say: 'Who was Jack Bean?' And somebody else will say: 'He was a small-time tinhorn who went around waving a gun making believe he was big.' I guess that's about it. Just a tinhorn who never had sense enough to stop and think. What've you got to be proud about?"

She waited for him to answer, but he didn't answer and he didn't come back to the door. Twilight rolled around the post and suddenly the trumpeters were blowing the quick, peremptory call to horse, and troopers began to form on the parade. Lily Marr went back to the Warren quarters and stood there.

A few minutes earlier Phil Castleton had come over to say goodbye to Eleanor. Now they stood in the shadows of the post bakery, turned silent by the trumpets. Eleanor watched Castleton's face come alive with its old rash eagerness; even in the shadows she observed his old temper flare up and she knew that if the chance came to him he would throw his whole future, career and friendships and life itself, into a last gamble. The thought worried her, it depressed her and made this moment unpleasant. She said, "Phil," very softly, but he had turned and was looking across the parade at the forming troops and his thoughts had gone away from her; and then she had one more cold shocking suspicion: There was so great a desire in him that nothing else could find a place, perhaps not even love, as she understood love to be.

She said: "Phil, I wish you luck."

THAT turned him. He was smiling and his whole face changed under excitement. He said in a rapid voice: "This time I think we'll catch up with Antone."

"Whether you do or don't, Phil, I'll still be here when you return."

"I'll bring you back his scalp. I'll do better. I'll count a coup on him. I'll touch him and say as Indians say, 'Now your spirit is mine and I am a great warrior.'"

"I'll still be here, Phil," she prompted him patiently.

He laughed outright and brought her against him and kissed her; there was at the moment no gentleness to him, no thoughtfulness, none of that small and faintly sad uncertainty of a man going away from something desirable, possibly forever. He kissed her and let her go and, still smiling, he walked at a fast long stride over to his troop. There was an echoing roll call in the dusk and the slap and strike of gear and stepping horses and moving feet; all this rose to a certain key that stirred the camp. George Mixler ran forward and shook her hand and looked at her quite closely.

"Some time in the future I wish you'd write Harriet a note. Say that you think she did the right thing. It will please her and make everything else a little easier for her mind."

"George, why say that?"

"I've got a feeling about this trip. It doesn't matter at all, of course. I'm glad we're going. My love to you, Eleanor, and goodbye."

He ran into the shadows. The men were counting numbers and afterward the sergeants of K and I swung exactly around on their heels, reporting troops. Eleanor saw her father shift in the saddle and listened to his steady voice sing out the commands. There was a blur of all these men, rising to saddle and the slap of legs and the grunt of the mounts; and this, to her, was part of a memory that went away back into her childhood. The same routine, the same sound and the same quick rush of excitement and eagerness—and the shock of pride running through her from seeing her father turn his horse, from hearing his voice sing out the marching order. The long

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Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

line broke and wheeled into column of twos, swung eastward through the guard gate, passed it and rattled on the stones of Arivaipa Creek; and then, a long time after, sank into the deep silence of the hills.

Presently the post was a lifeless row of buildings under the glittering Arizona sky. Eleanor stood with her shoulders to the bakery-shop wall, hearing the shuffle of the sentries, and slowly closed fear out of her mind. Waiting was always the hardest part, but this was the army and this was the whole meaning of army life—this moment when the troops swung away, outward bound on campaign.

Somewhere deep in her mind was a recurring image of Castleton; it lay back below other thoughts just now, vaguely stirring, vaguely troublesome. She let it be so, afraid to bring it forward and see it for what it was.

There had been, at that last moment, one more scene. Standing by his horse, waiting the command to mount, Harry Jackson saw Rose Smith come out from the barrack wall and stop by Canreen. She had something in her hand. She pushed it into Canreen's pocket and then said: "Be good, Ben."

Ben laughed out his assurance. "Never you mind, Rose, I'll bring you back a pair o' moccasins—"

The order to mount stilled him. Up in the saddle, Harry Jackson turned to watch Rose Smith's face. It pointed toward him, white and still in the shadows. Major Warren's order swung the troops into line and they moved out to the guard gate. Rose Smith walked quickly forward, abreast Harry Jackson's horse. She said, small-voiced: "Be good, Harry." After that Harry Jackson passed through the gate and he saw no more of her.

AT CAMP APACHE, that same night, Harriet Mixler stood by the open window of her room, staring into the southeast where Grant lay. She had arrived at the post this same morning and Major McClure's wife, looking at her pallid face and alarmed by the completely exhausted sound of her voice, had immediately taken the baby from her. So she stood now alone in this room, dressed for bed and deeply breathing the cool air of the high hills—the first refreshing breath she could remember in many months. This place was heaven compared to Fort Grant, the dreary trip was behind her, and the baby was in good care. It was beyond taps, with the post asleep.

Adjoining her room was the room of young Lieutenant Kessler and his wife; she heard them talking, she heard Kessler's laugh and the suppressed reply of the woman; and then the closing silence left her thoroughly alone and friendless and let down. She put her hand to the window sill, watching the black crooked outline of the southwestern sky line, and went down into her own empty thoughts.

BENTEN watched the restless Apache cross the camp site and slowly climb the grade. Al Hazel was beside Benteen, so near that Benteen could hear the ticking of the guide's huge stem-wind watch.

In this silence the sound seemed loud enough to warn the Indian, now about forty feet away and closing up the distance with a catlike pacing. As he advanced his stringy shape was silhouetted by the ruby glow of the fire embers behind him. He had his head down and he swung it from side to side as though scooping information out of the air, for his ears and his nose. At a distance of about twenty feet the slope lifted him until his shoulders were on a line with Benteen's eyes and his course was dead against Benteen.

Al Hazel was still motionless; Nachee had lost himself somewhere in the dark. Benteen, knowing this next moment was nothing but a gamble, laid a strong muscular strain on his arms, holding them still. There was a chance yet; and the chance presently came. The white man in the Apache camp suddenly began to howl. He didn't say anything, he didn't speak any intelligible words; he only yelled, the pure sound pouring out of his lungs and carrying all over the hills.

The Indian crouched by the fire didn't bother to move, but the one now within three paces of Benteen stopped and turned and called back to the man by the fire. That one said something, still not moving, whereupon the Indian near Benteen went rapidly down the slope.

Figures began to stir on the ground, awakened by the white man's continuous screaming. Two shapes trotted in from the far edge of the flat. The white man, Benteen realized, had gone crazy from thinking of what lay before him. The Indian who had walked down the slope now reached the white man and stood a moment over him, grunting in Apache, but the white man, apparently tied hand and foot, rolled along the ground, his crying growing thinner and higher and wilder, and abruptly the Indian turned aside, seized a gun from the ground and brought its butt twice down on the white man's head, killing him instantly.

The crushing sound of that gun butt against bone skull traveled up the slope and made Benteen dig his fingers into the dirt; it went slowly through him as a wave of sick soft feeling. The Indian stood over the white man and smashed his head once more.

He walked near the fire glow, slowly turning as if to retrace his path up the slope again, and at this moment Al Hazel's elbow dug into Benteen, and they gently backed down from the top of the ridge. They waited under the pines, missing Nachee. Al Hazel murmured: "That was Ben Stevens, Lieutenant. And he was smart."

"Crazy," suggested Benteen. "Not him," countered Hazel. "He knew what was in front of him, so he made 'em mad and got it over with quick."

When Nachee arrived it was so softly that they didn't see him until he whis-

pered at Hazel. Al Hazel murmured: "He says this is Antone's main camp. Antone is in that bunch. Nachee thinks there is another camp farther along the ridge. What's your idea now?"

Benteen whispered: "How many up there?"

"Maybe twenty-five or thirty. Which is why Nachee figures there's another camp. Antone's got a strong party in these hills."

Benteen crouched against the base of a pine tree, calculating his time. It was near three o'clock now, with a faint paleness to the starshine, and a faint change in the sky, from metal black to lesser black. In another hour or more daylight would be along.

He said, in a toneless murmur: "We'll back out of here. Tell Nachee to pick a high spot across the canyon, where we can watch the country and keep an eye on Antone if he moves."

Al Hazel's arm hit Benteen in quick warning; and Hazel faded against the pine trunk, blending with its black up-and-down shadow. Nachee was out of sight. In the nearing distance was the faint scrape of a moccasined foot. One of Antone's warriors had come to the rim surrounding the camp, and now kept advancing.

THE trees made a thin scatter along the land and rock hummocks here and there built up deeper spots of shadow; and so it was difficult to catch the outline of a moving shape. Benteen saw him first as a faint streak of motion, forty feet away. He came on, disappeared behind a rock mound, and reappeared within four paces of where Benteen stood. This was as near as he got, for he made a quarter turn and slid by the trees at a quick, almost soundless shuffle and headed westward toward the canyon. And, Benteen suddenly realized, toward the horses.

He was still a gray shape against the night when Nachee rose from the rocks and closed in. Those two shapes at once violently blended and there was a sharp scuffle, the "tunk" of a knife driving home, and the little disconnected rustle of a body loosely falling on the flinty soil. One shadow trotted back, which was Nachee. He murmured something to Hazel and thereafter all three of them walked to the horses and retraced the way into the canyon.

(To be continued next week)

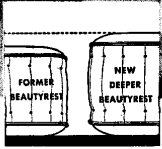
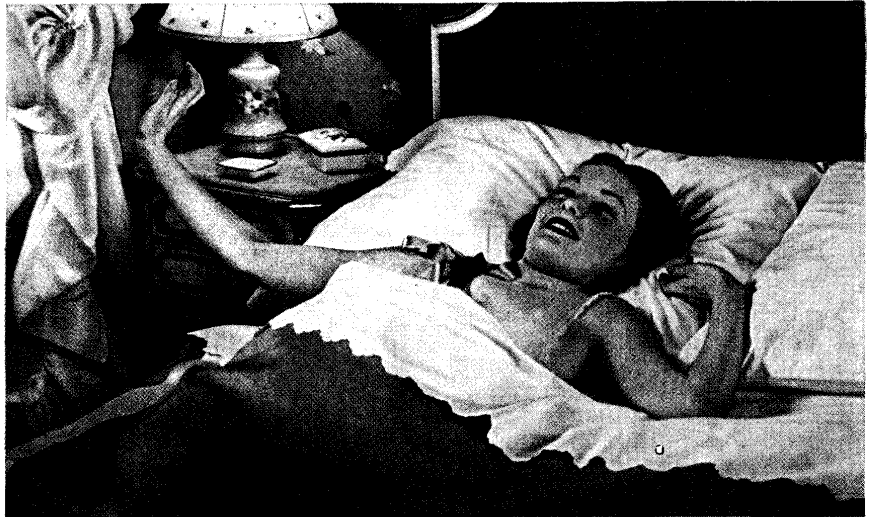


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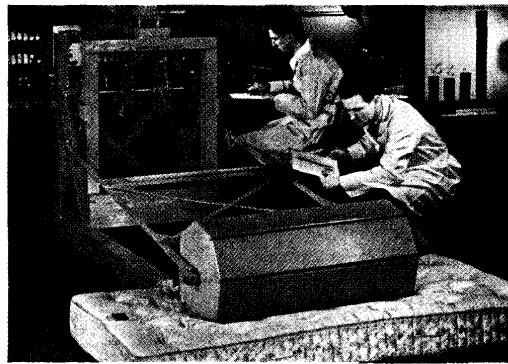
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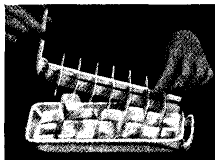
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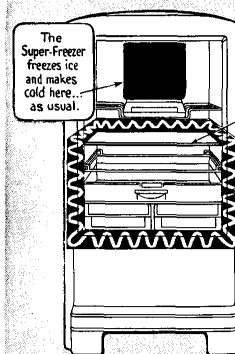
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FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER

Eight-Oared Crew

Continued from page 18

"I understand," she said quietly. "I suppose it would have been more honest for you to have resigned from the squad or stroked your—own people on the junior varsity."

"My own people," Kip said. There was an edge to his tone. "They rode me tonight. And they're apt to go haywire and fire Al Leyden after the race."

"I think not," she said. "Coming down in the train, they agreed they'd just let him know that they wanted him not to do anything like it again."

"Even if they win," Kip said.

"None of them expect you to win tomorrow," she said.

AN OLD car squeaked to a stop near them. It had Pennsylvania license plates. A head with a battered hat on it poked out one window and spoke unintelligibly to them. Kip went closer to the car and Mary stood on the curb.

"You know where this faller, Pete Kowalik, he stay at? Faller what row in front in bast crew on here?"

From the curb, Mary saw Kip straighten. "I imagine it's a bit late to see him. All the crew men are in bed."

"All day long, most last night, we drive this flivver," the voice went on in a sing-song. "Stop every garage on road, by damn. Pete Kowalik, he be worried about us. Couldn't phone him, eider, I bet."

"They wouldn't call him to the phone at this time of night," Kip said. He moved back to the curb. Mary touched his arm. "These people—" she hesitated. "They've come a long way. You could take a message to Kowalik. He's your stroke, isn't he?"

"I suppose," he said, "I'll be a snob until I die." He walked back to the old car, which was refusing to start. "I'll see

Kowalik—if not tonight, first thing in the morning. I can take a message to him."

"You just tell him that his brother Joe got here all hokay and that Malie Stefansk, he come too, and we both be there tomorrow, yalling like hell! Say, who are you, mister? Your face, it—"

"I'm one of the managers," Kip said. He turned away.

"I feel better at your having done that," Mary Adams said.

"I feel better myself." They walked a while in silence.

"Something still bothers you," Mary said.

"I know. I don't think we'll win tomorrow. I had to say it in front of the others, but the men are still green for all their power and natural ability."

"No," she said. "It's just the night that makes you think so." She turned to him in the shadow and he kissed her, feeling some old tension in him become lost in another one, renewed. He broke from her. "I have to get back," he said. At the hotel she pressed his hand. "Until after the race," she said.

The boathouse was in darkness when Kip got there. Going up the wooden stairs to the dormitory where the crews slept, the only light he could see was from the crack under the door of Al Leyden's room. Kip was a long time getting to sleep.

AFTER breakfast, Kip said to Kowalik: "I'd like to speak to you on the float." The tall boy looked his surprise but followed Kip outside.

"I ran into your brother last night in town," Kip said. "He had trouble getting here, but he wanted to let you know that he had arrived."

Kowalik looked at once grateful and

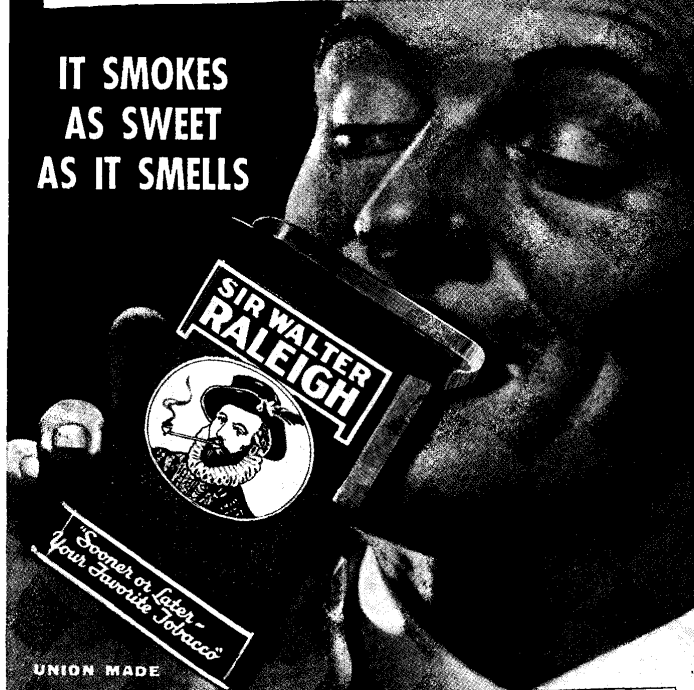


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amused. "Thanks a lot, Grant. I'm glad to hear about my brother getting here all right. But when you called me over here I thought you had something important to say about the race."

"No," Kip said. He turned away, flushing a little. Was he at fault or they? he thought. Was he a snob or were they crude? He had not wanted the others to know that he had spoken even that intimately to Kowalik. Strangely, though, he felt once more his new kinship with the crew, a relation delayed and now hastened by the attitude of his brothers and friends, by the chance meeting with Kowalik's brother, by Mary Adams' quiet words.

A MANAGER came and told Kip that Leyden would like to see him. He found the coach in his room with the crossed oars on the wall. One of them, Kip knew, had been used by Ad Grant six years ago. "Close the door," Leyden said. "Sit down."

"Guess you didn't sleep much," Kip said. "Saw your light on when I came in."

"I never do the night before a race. The crew did, though."

"They all look good," Kip said. His words fell hollowly into a silence created by Leyden's looking away. When he turned to Kip again, Leyden's face showed his weariness.

"They might win," Leyden said, "but probably they won't."

Kip nodded once. "They have stuff," Leyden said, "a lot of it. And guts. They just haven't rowed long enough. They'll try too hard and go to pieces."

"It's a touch late to substitute the jayvee for them," Kip said. "I don't mean to be a wise guy," he added quickly.

"I know," Leyden said. "I made my decision and I'm going to stand by it. About the job I don't have to worry. Your brothers and old man Calder of the crew committee phoned me last night while you were away and said that no matter what happened my job was safe. So it's not me. It's those kids. You don't like them. I can see your point even though I come from the same kind of people they do. But I let them win their place, didn't I?"

"You don't have to talk me into anything," Kip said. "I've changed some. It would be hard to tell you why. But I'll do all I can for them. And I want to win myself. It's my last chance. I'm the only one in the family that never sat in a winning boat at least once at Poughkeepsie."

Leyden nodded. "It's not their last chance," he said. "That's why I called you in here. They have two more big years. What I ask you is this. If they win, all right. If they lose, that's all right, too, in a way, although none of us like to lose. But bring them in a crew—an eight-oared varsity crew." He paused and the two men looked at each other. "You know what I mean," Leyden said. "If they go to pieces today they may never get together again, this year or any other. I don't know what you may have to do... but bring them in right—for their sake and the school's... if not for anyone else's."

THE river was like glass, the stake boats hardly moving in it. Kip's crew had the outside lane, the fastest but also the roughest if the river kicked up. Also the nearest to the line of yachts at the finish.

The referee called: "Ready all?" and the California cox raised his hand. Kowalik and Guttman cursed at the delay. "Steady," Kip said. It was the first word he had spoken outside of commands since leaving the boathouse. He looked down the line of them and pride in them and what was left of his vanity

of class fought in him. They stared at him and formed a curious foreshortened design of white on bronze: the sweatbands sharp against their dark faces, the adhesive tape strapped to their bellies, the heavy wool socks.

"Ready all?" the referee said again and no hand was raised. The little cannon boomed and Kip's "Row!" was lost in its echoes, in the sudden rush of waters as the oars bent in the swift, tremendous beat of the racing start. Something had begun to flow in Kip like his blood, but swifter and more subtle, so that he let them come out of the racing start only gradually, his hands beating out the stroke with the tiller grips at 40 before he consciously knew how high the beat was.

Already they had a quarter length on the others and the lead grew rapidly, was over a length before the mile mark.

"Bring it down! Down, you madmen!" Kip yelled. Something in their eyes dismayed him. They were trying too hard, almost as though they were trying to escape something... He felt older than they... but kept shouting at them until they dropped their beat. Still open water showed between them and Navy and California, leading the others.

"Leary—you're shooting your slide!" Kip yelled. Under the excitement, he could marvel at the power they were getting in spite of their form, worse than usual. He saw that Navy was coming up and, with the edge of his eyes, caught the flash of orange-tipped oars, Syracuse making an early bid. "We're not getting much run," he thought. "That's where the bad form counts."

"Get together!" he barked. There was blood on the lips of Lisbon and Guttman. "They're trying too hard," he thought. "If I yell too much they'll blow up."

The beat was up again, he realized, and wondered vaguely whether he was taking the stroke from Kowalik or Kowalik from him. This annoyed him as did their passing the two-mile mark without his knowing it.

"Down, down, you lugs!" he yelled. His voice had risen higher than usual. They eyed him fearfully. They still led, but in dropping the beat they lost ground and Navy's bow was almost even with them, and Syracuse and California less than a length behind.

KIP knew that this crew was in no mood for subtleties, whether of thought or action. He saw the bridge ahead and that decided him. "All right," he called. "Bring it up." He felt the thrill of their tremendous power move through the frail boat and he saw, with pride, the lead begin to grow again. They liked that, he saw, letting them go all out.

"Give it to them!" he called. "Give it to them! Break their damned hearts!" They liked to hear him talk that way. They had never heard him do it before. Some of them were even grinning. They led by open water again. Something like a coldness dropped on Kip and was gone, and the noise of many voices. They had passed the bridge and the third mile.

Kip turned a little. They had over a length on Syracuse. The others were strung out, Navy and California at Syracuse's bow.

Leary was shooting his slide again, Guttman getting his oar out of the water too fast. "Steady," Kip called, afraid to say more. Still the cedar shell fled like a thing alive, still the long oars bit deeply into the river, shoveling the water back.

Seven bombs had gone off on the bridge when they went under it to tell those at the finish that the crew in the seventh lane was leading. So they would be ready for him, Kip knew, on the yacht. And he would be ready for them. He would bring his crew aboard with

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him and see how his brothers liked that!

Exultation beat up in him. Half a mile now. The crew's bodies, sheeted in sweat, gleamed strangely in the twilight. The line of yachts was opening on either side. They were in, Kip thought. "Pick it up," he called. "Pick it up!"

They drove the blades deep, the great bodies bent. "We're in!" he kept thinking in time with the beat of his tiller grips. "We're in! We're in!" The shell trembled as it tore through the water.

Then they blew. Guttman had taken his oar out of the water too soon, had bothered the No. 6 in front of him and made him catch a crab. Leary, shooting his slide, losing power, almost caught one. What he screamed at them, Kip never knew. But when he saw that the bow oar was catching when Kowalik, the stroke, was taking his blade from the water, he knew that it was all over. What boat first slid by them, he did not know. He saw only the strained faces, the terrible confusion in the waist of the shell, and Kowalik's efforts to keep rowing, to pass the rhythm back to the others. The other shells slipped by like ghosts in the deepening twilight.

"Get together," he said, mechanically. Pathetically, they were trying to. The shell had almost lost headway.

PEOPLE were yelling on the yachts but one voice, out of a megaphone, pierced to Kip's ears. "Leave those punks by themselves," Ad Grant was yelling from the bow of the yacht. Kip turned. They were abreast his brother's yacht, Cormorant. He could see them in the bow, yelling and gesturing to him. "Jump in and swim over here," Ad said.

The full meaning of it all came to Kip in a rush. He should abandon these men before him as a last, contemptuous gesture and sign that they did not belong or deserve to belong to that long tradition of which he and his brothers were a part. In doing so, he would appease his brothers and take some of the edge off their sarcasm tonight. His anger at and scorn of the crew returned to him, strong, and Kip half rose to ease himself over the side of the shell. He remembered what Leyden had asked,

with curious foresight, of himself—to bring them in an eight-oared crew, so that they would be fully such in the coming years. To hell with them, he thought, and to hell with Leyden. All of them had humiliated him.

Pathetically, they were still rowing, their oars clashing under the sound of the whistles which were already blowing for the winning crew. From his half-crouch, Kip turned to go over the side. He saw them in the bow of the Cormorant again . . . this time saw Mary Adams, a little apart from the others as he always liked to think of her. She was shaking her head, almost sadly. When he turned she waved her hand—for him to go on.

He had sat in the shell again before he knew he had done so. Why? he thought and felt stupid. This is silly, he tried to tell himself, but he saw the years that were to come, for them, and some strong, nameless excitement passed over him and left him weak and clear-headed. Sarcasm could never hurt him as much as he had the power to hurt these men before him.

"Way enough!" he called. They looked at him, startled. "Way enough!" His voice bit. The oars came out of the water, hung poised for his command. He made his voice as casual, as even as he could. "Now get together," he said, as though they were just out for a practice paddle. "You've been going like a bunch of washwomen."

"Ready—" he said. Their faces had grown almost composed. He felt pleasantly the sense of his own power, heard Ad Grant's voice through the megaphone, but did not hear Ad's words. . . . "Row!" Kip said. The eight oars took the water like a machine.

Ahead the whistles were screaming for a Navy crew that had come up in the dusk to beat Syracuse and California. And that dusk filled the river, turning the shells into shadows. But those who happened to be looking saw a curious sight—last by almost an eighth of a mile, but moving with a rhythm precise and sure, with unbelievable power; last now, but rich with great promise, an eight-oared varsity shell come home.

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diploma?



departure?



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WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Is Hitler Crazy?

ANSWERING the above question right off the bat in the hope of making a lot of people angry enough to read on, we'll say, No, we don't think Hitler is crazy.

Judging from the recently published unpurgated and annotated translation of his book, *Mein Kampf*, we think Hitler has as brilliant and astute a mind as any politician since Prince Metternich, post-Napoleonic Central European lid-sitter whom Hitler much resembles, and that Hitler is crazy only on the subject of Jews.

We share the general abhorrence of Hitler's anti-Jewish policies. But we wish there were some way to persuade Americans in million lots to read *Mein Kampf* (My Battle). Hitler is the most powerful challenger of democracy in the world today. Believers in democracy ought to know the case against democracy, in detail, so as to know how to defend it. Here is the most slashing and damaging statement of that case that we know of—incomparably keener and more specific, we think, than the windy generalities of those other enemies of democracy, the Marxists.

For example, Hitler rings the changes on a democracy's tendency to split up into economic classes, all hating or envying one another. He urges forcible mixing of the classes when young. He is doing it in Germany by compelling all the young men to serve terms in labor battalions and the young women to do time on farms.

We can't see Americans going in for such things . . . but Hitler has said a mouthful on democracy in this aspect just the same, and Americans ought to know he has, and they ought to do some thinking about it.

The German dictator's remarks on freedom of the press, while old stuff in substance, are

put with a fierceness that ought to step up several notches the determination of every believer in a free press to fight for that principle to the death, if need be.

Then there is the familiar complaint that a democracy can't act fast enough; that there has to be too much talk before anything can be done. There is also the kick about how democracy frequently keeps the superior man from leadership and throws mediocre politicians to the top.

Our feeling is that both of these things are true, but there is more good than bad in both. The dictatorships are moving so fast that they may wreck themselves. And we'd hate to be governed by some of the unquestionably top-flight geniuses we've seen or heard of.

Nevertheless, Hitler's way of yelling these antidemocratic ideas at you is at once invigorating, illuminating and infuriating. If you have the stuff of democracy in your bones, you're a better and more informed democrat after reading *Mein Kampf* than before.

These are only the sketchiest high lights from what has been called the most important as well as the most ominous political and sociological book of our times.

Of all the enemies lying in wait for democracy these days, Hitler is the craftiest and the boldest. He was good enough to write down his plans for assassinating democracy, back in 1924 when the German democrats had slapped him into the fortress prison of Landsberg on the Lech and thought they had heard the last of the funny little toothbrush-mustached agitator.

We Americans are dumb and asking for trouble if we don't read, learn and digest, practically word for word, Mr. Hitler's detailed project for the blowing up of democracy at its roots.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

INFORMATION, PLEASE!

ELLSWORTH B. BUCK, of the New York City Board of Education, has dug up and published some rather alarming figures on illegitimate births, abortions and venereal diseases among high school and junior high school students all over the country.

For example, of the 1,347 recorded illegitimate babies born in New York City in 1938, 7% were born to girls of sixteen or less.

Mr. Buck thinks instruction in sex ought to be introduced—casually, matter-of-factly—into high and junior high school courses in biology, physical education, sociology.

The proposal has shocked a lot of people—those who fear to take the wonder and innocence out of childhood too soon; those who want this kind of teaching left to parents or family doctors or clergymen; people who think instinct is the best teacher or that maybe the curbstone isn't such a bad place to pick up this information after all.

Our feeling is that Mr. Buck is on the right track. The figures he has obtained don't indicate any national decadence so far as we can see, but they do call to mind some pretty grievous pictures of young lives dynamited through ignorance and neglect.

Americans in the last three years have begun to talk plainly about syphilis and gonorrhea and how to cut them to the irreducible minimum. Once the plunge was taken, it turned out to be not so difficult.

We'd like to see the next great reform accomplished along some such lines as those proposed by Mr. Buck—and soon.

