

CLIMAX

EXCITING STORIES FOR MEN

MARCH

**LOST: AMERICA'S
\$100,000 GOLD MINE**

**THE WORLD'S MOST
CONTROVERSIAL COP**

Stephen Kennedy's Explosive
Problems in New York City

**THE BEST DAMNED
SOLDIER IN KOREA**

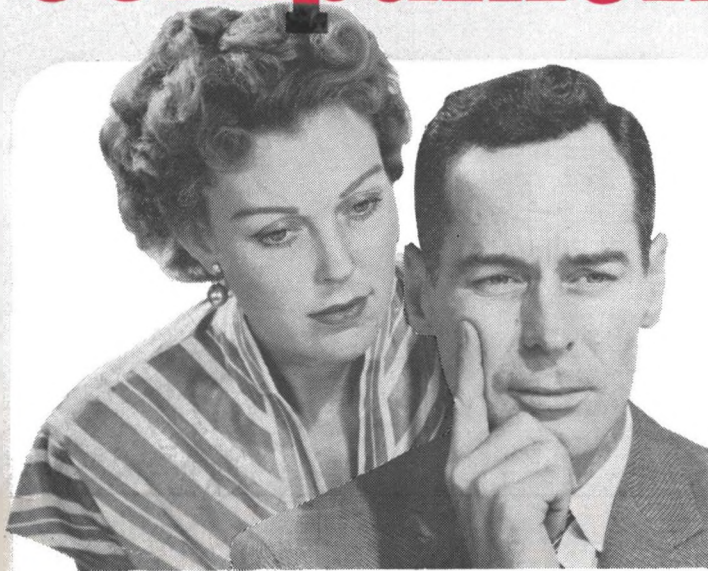
**INSIDE THE
TV QUIZ SCANDAL**

**What the "Brains"
Tried to Hide**

**ONLY
25¢**



Are You Giving Your Companionship She



Posed by professional models.

YOU may be giving your wife all the loving attention she needs. You may have given her a good home, security, many of the conveniences all women yearn for. But is she completely happy? Are you still the active, energetic and joyous man she married? Are you giving her and your children the true companionship of the man they love?

Or are you always "too tired" at the end of a day's work? Do you come home at night too worn out to visit friends, go dancing, have fun with the kids? Is time catching up with you too fast — at work, at play?

If so, your condition may simply be due to an easily corrected vitamin and mineral deficiency in your diet. You owe it to yourself, if you are otherwise normally healthy, to find out whether a high-potency nutritional supplement such as VITASAFE capsules can help increase your pep and energy. And you can find out at absolutely no cost by taking advantage of this sensational no-risk offer!

10¢ just to help cover shipping expenses of this **FREE 30 Days Supply of High-Potency Capsules**

VITAMINS, MINERALS, LIPOTROPIC FACTORS AND AMINO ACIDS

Safe, Nutritional Formula Containing 25 Proven Ingredients: 11 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B12 and Folic Acid), 9 Minerals, Sodium Caseinate, Choline, Inositol, Rutin and Citrus Bioflavonoid

To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitasafe Plan . . . we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high-potency VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much stronger, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over *twice* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamins A, C, and D — *five times* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1, and the *full* concentration recommended by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12, a remarkable nutrient that helps nourish your body. Vitasafe Capsules also contain Sodium Caseinate, an important Amino Acid Complex containing 8 essential amino acids. And to top off this exclusive formula, each capsule also brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid. This formula is so complete it is available nowhere else at this price!

POTENCY AND PURITY GUARANTEED

You can use these Capsules confidently because U. S. Government regulations de-

mand that you get exactly what the label states — pure, safe ingredients. The beneficial effects of these ingredients have been proven time and time again.

WHY WE WANT YOU TO TRY A 30-DAY SUPPLY — FREE!

So many otherwise normally healthy people have already tried VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES with such outstanding results . . . so many people have written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial . . . that we are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of improved well-being after a similar trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. You don't spend a penny for the vitamins! All the cost and all the risk are *ours*.

AMAZING PLAN SLASHES VITAMIN PRICES

With your free 30-day supply of Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of an amazing new Plan that provides you regularly with all the factory-fresh vitamins and min-

erals you will need. By participating in the Vitasafe Plan now you are never under any obligation! When you have received your first 30-day trial supply, simply take one VITASAFE Capsule every day to prove that this formula can help you as it is helping so many others. But you remain the sole judge. If you are not completely satisfied, and do not wish to receive any additional vitamins, simply let us know by writing us before the next monthly shipment — or you can use the handy instruction card we will provide — and no future shipments will be sent. Yes, you are under no purchase obligation ever; you may cancel future shipments at any time!

But if you are delighted — as so many people already are — you don't do a thing and you will continue to receive fresh, additional shipments regularly every month — for just as long as you wish, automatically and on time — at the low Plan rate of only \$2.78 plus a few cents shipping for each monthly supply. You take no risk whatsoever — you may drop out of this Plan any time you wish without spending an extra penny, by simply notifying us of your decision a few days before your next monthly shipment. Take advantage of our generous offer! Mail certificate NOW.

Mail Certificate to **VITASAFE CORPORATION, 23 West 61st Street, New York 23, N.Y.**

IN CANADA: 394 Symington Avenue, Toronto 9, Ontario

Wife The Craves?

MEN RECEIVE IN EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE:

Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units	Rutin	10 mg.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Sodium Caseinate	
Vitamin C	75 mg.	(18 Amino Acids)	100 mg.
Vitamin B ₁	5 mg.	Lemon Bioflavonoid	
Vitamin B ₂	2.5 mg.	Complex	5 mg.
Vitamin B ₆	0.5 mg.	Calcium	75 mg.
Vitamin B ₁₂	2 mcg.	Phosphorus	58 mg.
Niacinamide	40 mg.	Iron	30 mg.
Calcium		Copper	0.45 mg.
Pantothenate	4 mg.	Manganese	0.5 mg.
Vitamin E	2 I.U.	Potassium	2 mg.
Folic Acid	0.4 mg.	Zinc	0.5 mg.
Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.	Magnesium	3 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.	Sulfur	22 mg.

We invite you to compare the richness of this formula with any other vitamin and mineral preparation

ALSO AVAILABLE, A VITASAFE PLAN WITH A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FORMULA FOR WOMEN. CHECK CERTIFICATE IF DESIRED.

© "VITASAFE" REG. T. M. (C) 1957 VITASAFE CORP.

DETACH HERE

PLACE THIS CERTIFICATE IN AN ENVELOPE AND MAIL TODAY

FREE TRIAL CERTIFICATE

VITASAFE CORPORATION
23 West 61st Street, N. Y. 23, N. Y.

20-R

Yes, I accept your generous no-risk offer under the Vitasafe Plan as advertised.

Send me my FREE 30-day supply of high-potency Vitasafe Capsules as checked below:

☐ **MEN'S PLAN** ☐ **WOMEN'S PLAN**

I enclose 10¢ per plan checked above for packing and postage

Name (Please Print)

Address

City Zone State

This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply under each plan per family.

In Canada: Vitasafe Plan (Canada) Ltd.
394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.

[Canadian formula adjusted to local conditions]

\$2.78
VALUE

\$2.78
VALUE

V-136-3

THIS VALUABLE
CERTIFICATE
will bring you
A FREE 30-DAY
SUPPLY OF
VITASAFE
HIGH-POTENCY
CAPSULES

JUST FILL IN YOUR NAME
AND ADDRESS ON REVERSE SIDE

AND MAIL TODAY!

Do You Wonder What Makes You SO DARN TIRED?

I used to feel weak and run-down all day long — from morning 'til bedtime. Taking care of a home and family is a hard enough job even when you feel good. But trying to be a good mother and wife when you barely have the strength to move would make any woman a nervous wreck! I was so cross and irritable I finally decided to see our family doctor.

After examining me, the doctor explained that my condition was due to a lack of important vitamins and minerals in my diet. He recommended that I take a good food supplement daily.

I sent away for a trial supply of High-Potency Capsules that I had seen advertised. Soon my energy came back, and now I feel like a new woman! If you are otherwise normally healthy but feel tired, nervous and miserable, why not send for your trial supply by mailing the certificate today!

A dramatization posed by professional model



REPLY CERTIFICATE MISSING?

If so, just write us a letter saying, "I accept your no-risk offer as advertised," and mail it with your name and address to: Vitasafe Corp., Dept. 20-R, 23 W. 61st St., New York 23, N. Y. Be sure to indicate whether you want the formula for the men's plan or the women's plan, and your Vitasafe capsules will be shipped promptly. Please enclose 10¢ per package desired to help cover shipping expenses.

DETACH CERTIFICATE,
PLACE IN ENVELOPE
AND MAIL TODAY

What keeps YOU from making more MONEY?

Just what is the matter—why aren't you making more money? Look around—probably many of the people you know are doing a lot better than you. What is the reason?

Your own native ability is probably just as good as theirs—your personality and appearance are prob-ably just as good.

But—they have something you lack—the fact that they have a better job and earn more money proves that. Success today is measured by the dollar sign.

The secret is this—the man or woman who prepares and trains for the job ahead is the one who gets the advancement and more money. The person who really has something on the ball doesn't need "Pull" —"Push" is the thing that enables him to get what he or she wants.

Ambitious men and women have found the proved and tested way to get ahead in life—through LaSalle training. Hundreds of thousands of students have enrolled—our files are full of grateful letters from people who have bettered their earnings and posi-



tion through LaSalle training.

Perhaps we can help you. You should at least get all the facts to judge. The coupon will bring full information **FREE**. Just check the field of your choice and we'll send you, without obligation, full information on that field—the money making possibilities and how you can prepare in your spare time at moderate cost.

So—if you are interested in a brighter, more profitable future, send the coupon **TODAY**—you may forget tomorrow.

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LaSalle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution, 417 South Dearborn, Dept. 3306XB, Chicago 5, Illinois

Please send me, without cost or obligation, **FREE** catalog and full information on the field I have checked below:

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- ☐ Drafting

- ☐ Welding

- ☐ Motor Tuneup

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- ☐ Machine Shorthand

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

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

**CHECK THIS COUPON AND MAIL
TODAY...SURE!**

NEXT ISSUE

Rich, famous and irresistibly beautiful, actress Ava Gardner has discarded three husbands and countless swains in the course of her international amorous adventures. Yet she never seems to tire of Spain's bullfighters. First there was Mario Cabré, then Luis Miguel Dominguín and, since Ava maintains two homes in Spain, it's hard to tell who'll be next. For the uncensored answer to "What's With Ava Gardner and the Bullfighters?"—the first in CLIMAX' great new series, "What's Wrong With the Glamour Goddesses?"—don't miss the April issue.

NEXT ISSUE

TOP SECRET, SECRET and CONFIDENTIAL — these are the security stamps that threaten to lose the cold war for America. Government red tape is concealing from Americans military and scientific advances that even the Russians know by heart. In fact, so enormous are the files of ridiculously classified material that the Pentagon is currently trying to declassify documents dating back to the Civil War. Your very life may depend on awareness of "America's Incredible Military Snafu"; don't miss it in the April issue of CLIMAX.

NEXT ISSUE

James T. Farrell has been one of America's great writers since his explosive *Studs Lonigan* rocked the country in the '30s. Now, exclusively for CLIMAX, Mr. Farrell has imagined Studs living in 1961, caught in the moral, sexual and political chaos of Chicago's South Side, where the tough teenager battles today's strife-torn, fear-crazed society, meeting and conquering the local girls and hoods while discovering just how raw life can be. Don't miss the unforgettable story of "Studs Lonigan Today" in the April issue.

At your newsstands
Feb. 28th

CLIMAX

EXCITING STORIES FOR MEN

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"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, *HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH*, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. E-333, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SKIPPED ME AGAIN!

POOR BURT! HE MISSED OUT ON THAT PROMOTION AGAIN!



I WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE GOOD IN MY JOB...BUT DETERMINATION, I FOUND, WAS NOT ENOUGH!

I HAD PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE. AND THE BOSS SEEMED TO LIKE ME. I LACKED JUST ONE THING - TRAINING!

SORRY, BURT! I KNOW YOU'VE WORKED HERE LONGER. BUT TED HAS THE SPECIAL TRAINING WE NEED. YOUR CHANCE WILL COME ...SOMEDAY!



I.C.S. IS THE OLDEST AND LARGEST CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL IN THE WORLD. 256 COURSES. PERSONALIZED INSTRUCTION. CAREER GUIDANCE. EASY-PAY PLAN. DIPLOMA TO GRADUATES.

SIX MONTHS LATER.. I.C.S. SENT MY BOSS REGULAR REPORTS OF MY PROGRESS. THEN ONE MORNING...

BURT, I'VE JUST MADE YOU THE ASSISTANT MANAGER OF YOUR DIVISION...AT \$15 MORE A WEEK. AND THE WAY YOU'RE GOING NOW, THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING.

GOSH! THANKS MR. TAYLOR!



I GOT IT, HONEY! I GOT THE PROMOTION! OUR MONEY WORRIES ARE OVER! TODAY'S OUR LUCKY DAY!

TODAY AND THE DAY YOU MAILED THAT I.C.S. COUPON!



WHY NOT MAKE THIS YOUR LUCKY DAY? LET I.C.S. PUT YOU ON THE ROAD TO MORE PAY, RAPID ADVANCEMENT, REAL JOB SECURITY. HERE'S THE FAMOUS COUPON. MAIL IT NOW!

I WAS TIRED OF WAITING FOR "SOMEDAY."
I MADE UP MY MIND TO ACT! I'D GET THE
TRAINING I NEEDED...SOMEHOW!
JANE HAD A SUGGESTION...

I CAN'T QUIT MY
JOB AND GO BACK TO
SCHOOL! AND I SURE
DON'T WANT THAT
NIGHT CLASS
ROUTINE IN
THE CITY!

WHY NOT STUDY
AT HOME?...THE
WAY DAD DID...
WITH I.C.S.



JANE SHOWED ME AN I.C.S.
ADVERTISEMENT IN A POPULAR
MAGAZINE. THERE WAS THE
FAMOUS COUPON. AND THERE WAS
EXACTLY THE COURSE I WANTED...

SAY, THEY'LL SEND ME
A CAREER KIT FREE... HE NEVER
THREE BIG SUCCESS WOULD
BOOKS. HAVE BEEN
MANAGER IF IT
WEREN'T
FOR I.C.S.



FREE!

I. C. S. CAREER KIT CONSISTING OF...

- 1 "HOW TO SUCCEED"
32-PAGE GOLD MINE
- 2 CAREER CATALOG...
OPPORTUNITIES IN YOUR
FIELD.
- 3 SAMPLE LESSON (MATH)
SHOWS I. C. S. METHOD.

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(In Hawaii, reply P.O. Box 418, Honolulu)

(Partial list of courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing and Designing
- ☐ Building Contractor
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- ☐ Carpentry and Millwork
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART

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- ☐ Magazine Illustration
- ☐ Sign Painting and Designing
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE

- ☐ Automobile
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- ☐ Auto Engine Turnover
- ☐ Auto Electrical Technician
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- ☐ Aviation Engine Mech.
- ☐ Reading Aircraft Blueprints

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- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Bookkeeping and Cost Accounting
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Clerk Typist
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Public Accounting
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- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
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- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ General Chemistry

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- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struct. Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineer
- ☐ Sewage Plant Operator
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Water Works Operator

DRAFTING

- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting & Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Engineer Drafting
- ☐ Industrial Pipe Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting

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- ☐ Electrical Engineering

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- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
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- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Professional Engineer
- ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Diploma
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- ☐ High School Science
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- ☐ Supervision

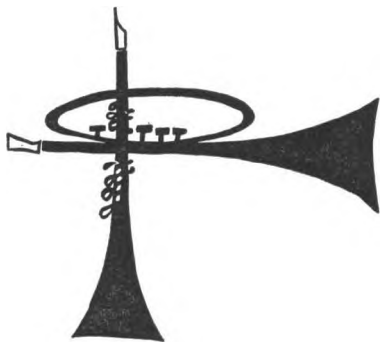
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The New Records

By AL GOVONI

Rhythm, Blues & Boogie Woogie:

Another in Decca's collections of original hit sessions, and a real swinger, neatly paced with assorted instrumentals and vocals. Basie, Lionel Hampton, Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday and Louis Jordan with his Tympany Five are just a few of the gilt-edge performers.

Kingston Trio: String Along. With a score of six fabulously successful Capitol albums behind them, this remarkable vocal group continues to ride high. Everything they do spells class, and No. 7 is no exception. They have two standout tracks here, "Bad Man Blunder" and "Tattooed Lady."

Gershwin Goes Latin: Slick big-band arrangements in south-of-the-border tempos tastefully played by Stanley Black and his crew. Black's sparkling piano paces the session, cha cha cha, and does wonderful things with the Gershwin melodies. London.

The Three Sounds: Moods. The most remarkable thing about this combo is how they make so much jazz with only three instruments. They're cookin' every minute, but always with control and direction. Every jazz group in the world plays "Love for Sale," but we doubt that anyone does it like The Three Sounds. Blue Note.

Tenderloin: Collectors should go for this robust, unusual score. We enjoyed the original cast album more than the show itself, which drew mixed notices from the Broadway critics. "Artificial

Flowers" is the top tune, of course, but star Ron Husman's version differs interestingly from Bobby Darin's jukebox hit. Capitol.

String Along with Basie: Fans of the Count will find this Roulette album a unique addition to his wax works. This time a big string section provides a subtle counterpoint to the Basie piano and the Basie beat, at its best on "Stringing the Blues." As a special bonus, dig the molten tenor sax work of Ben Webster on "Blue & Sentimental."

Patti Page follows her revivalist-songstress role in the *Elmer Gantry* film with an LP of inspirational tunes delivered with singular warmth and sin-



cerity. *Just a Closer Walk with Thee* is the title, and her best track is "Motherless Child." Mercury.

Bunny Berigan & His Boys: Swing buffs should have this Epic LP if only to round out their library, for Berigan's free-swinging band must be noted in any history of that era. His "I Can't Get Started" leads the disc, with Bunny's own vocal, and his beautiful low-register trumpet is heard on several other swingers.

Brandenburg Concertos: Recorded in Europe by the Stuttgart Chamber orchestra, this Richmond 2-disc album contains all six of the Bach works. It's a fine waxing under the baton of Karl Munchinger, and at a bargain price.

Terry Snyder & the All Stars: One of the releases in United Artists new

Ultra Audio line, Mister Percussion is a stereo tour de force. Snyder's arrangements are crisp, imaginative and unusual in a wide variety of tempos. Highly recommended.

Here Comes the Mighty 48th: For those who love a parade, Columbia has a real rouser featuring the pipes and drums of Canada's 48th Highlanders. On stereo, especially, the wild music of the massed pipes comes on like the wail of a thousand banshees.

Doug Harrell, M.D.: According to the liner notes, Harrell is a doctor-turned-comic who pens his own material. Side One struck us as fairly routine, if offbeat humor. But "The Clinical Years" on the flipside is a very funny bit. It's not exactly "sick," but don't play it for your maiden aunt. ABC-Paramount.

Ernestine Anderson: Moanin'. Don't be misled by the title, because this is anything but a wailer. With some fine instrumental backgrounds, Ernestine gives her usual sterling performance on a choice set of ballads, torch, blues, and occasional swinging items. Her "More Than You Know" is right from Endsville. Mercury.

Paulena Carter: 97 Keys, the title of this Hi-fi record LP, refers to Miss Carter's instrument, a Bechstein piano with 97 instead of the conventional 88 keyboard. A sensitive, accomplished musician, she gives a fascinating performance on a set of classics which include "Clair de Lune" and "Ritual Dance of Fire."

The Inventive Mr. Edison of the title is Harry "Sweets" Edison, whose imaginative trumpet was for 14 years a bulwark of Count Basie's orchestra. Since 1950 he has been one of the pace-makers in West Coast jazz, where his ingenious solo breaks are widely imitated. This Pacific Jazz LP is a live-performance waxing with a quartet and Harry's horn blows brightest, to these ears, on "Tea for Two."

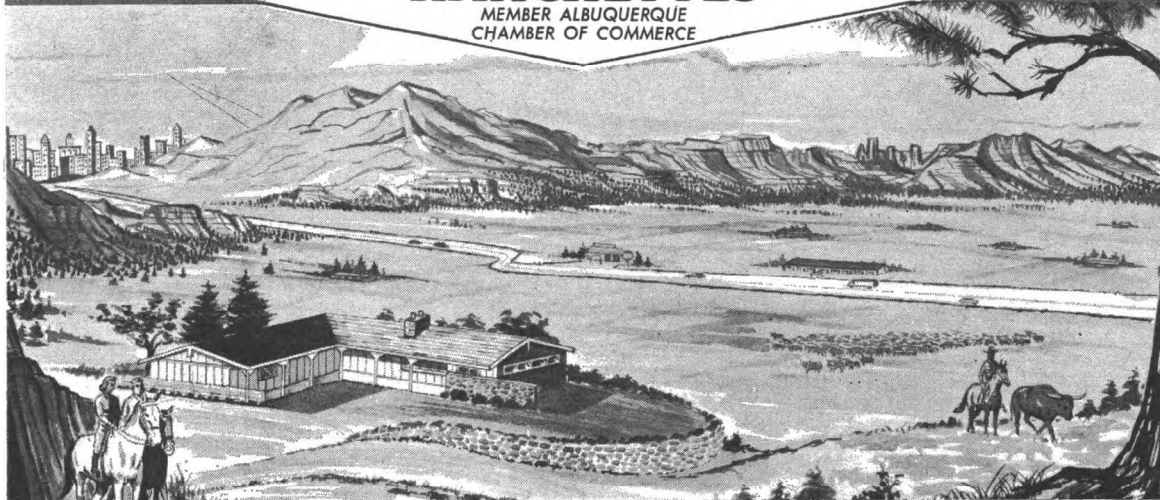
Freddie Hubbard: Open Sesame. Though only a youngster, trumpet man Hubbard is one of the brightest new talents on the jazz scene, as this Blue Note package will attest. His brilliant horn sets the pace here for an exciting session by the quintet, in which Sam Jones' bass work is outstanding. Hubbard fans will call this his best.

On U.S. Route 66 — Only 39 Miles from America's 7th Fastest Growing City

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO . . .

An Acre of Your Own in THE VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES

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FULL ACRE \$395
FULL PRICE

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A MONTH

Suddenly — almost without warning — the land boom is on in New Mexico. All at once Americans have discovered the "Land of Enchantment" . . . and homes and ranchettes are springing up on lush verdant tracts which until now were enormous ranches.

And especially is this true of the lovely valleys surrounding Albuquerque, the queen of New Mexico. This exciting city is bursting at the seams and homes are spilling out in all directions. Albuquerque has become America's "7th fastest growing city" — and is picking up speed at an astounding tempo.

ASTOUNDING? Please consider: In 1940 Albuquerque had less than 36,000 people. By 1950 it had soared to 97,000. And in the last 10 years it has rocketed to more than 260,000!

There are so many reasons for this fantastic rate of growth. Nowhere in America is there land more beautiful than the rich valleys that rim Albuquerque. The climate is possibly without equal in all of America — a summertime of balmy sunny days* and bracing nights — blanket sleeping nights; and in the winter equally sunny days* — shirt-sleeve weather. Health? This is a region whose mildness and purity of climate have given new life to people from all parts of our land — where, in respiratory ailments alone, thousands of cures have been miraculously achieved by the mild weather, the dry air, the abundant sunshine, the low humidity. In the words of the Encyclopedia Britannica the Albuquerque region is "a health resort"! And what about sports, entertainment, activities, opportunity? In the lofty close-by mountains are fishing, swimming, hunting. Skiers wear shops. Golf is played the year 'round. Albuquerque itself is crammed with magnificent shops, theatres, churches, schools — including the University of New Mexico with 7000 enrolled students, bright new college buildings and modern football stadium. Albuquerque has the 5th busiest airport in the United States. Its industry and employment potential are boundless. Its 3 television channels and 9 radio stations, its opportunities in land ownership, jobs, small business; its sunniness, its freshness and sparkle — all of these mark the personality of a great city.

The wonder is not that Albuquerque is growing so rapidly. The wonder is that one can still buy a lovely piece of land close to the city at so low a price as \$395 an acre! All you have to do is to take a look at the six cities which in all of America have grown even faster than Albuquerque. What would you have to pay for an acre of comparable land only 39 miles from their shops and theaters?

	Population	Rate of Rise 1950-1960	Cost Per Acre of Comparable Land 39 Miles from Downtown
1. San Jose, Calif.	639,615	120.1%	\$2,500 — \$ 5,000
2. Phoenix, Arizona	652,032	96.5	\$3,500 — \$ 7,000
3. Tucson, Arizona	262,139	85.6	\$1,500 — \$ 3,000
4. Miami, Florida	917,851	85.4	\$5,000 — \$10,000
5. Sacramento, Cal.	500,719	80.7	\$2,000
6. San Diego, Cal.	1,003,522	80.2	\$4,000 — \$ 8,000
7. Albuquerque, N. M.	260,318	78.7	\$395 (Valley of The Estancia Ranchettes)

These statistics are eye-openers, aren't they? Yet real estate men are saying that the prices you have just read will soon apply to the Albuquerque region!

And as lovely and luxuriant an area as Albuquerque can boast is The Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes. Rimmed by mountains, lying flush alongside the most important highway in the West, Route 66, and only 39 miles from Albuquerque, The Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes is the essence of the enchanting Southwest. Please read this carefully! The Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes are not barren desert tracts. They are lush and green! Water waits to be tapped. The soil is so fertile as to bear fruit trees and truck gardens. Our Route 66 neighbors frame the landscape with their low modern ranchettes, homes, motels. Our next door neighbor is the famed \$200,000 Longhorn Museum of the Old West . . . On yes, this is a very lovely land.

As our headline says, an acre in our beautiful VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES costs \$395 complete! And the terms are \$10 down and \$10 a month per acre. That's it — no extras, no hidden additional costs. You may reserve as many acres as you wish AND YOU TAKE NO RISK IN SENDING YOUR \$10 TO RESERVE YOUR ONE ACRE RANCHETTE SITE. Your \$10 reserves an acre for you, but you have the unqualified right to change your mind. As soon as we receive your reservation we will send you your Purchase Agreement and Property Owner's Kit. The package will show you exactly where your property is and will include full maps, photographs and complete information about your property. Other maps will show you nearby Arizona — even old Mexico itself, 250 miles away. You may have a full 30 day period to go through this fascinating portfolio, check our references, talk it over with your family. If during that time you should wish to change your mind (and you don't have to give a reason either) your reservation deposit will be instantly refunded. (ALBUQUERQUE BANK REFERENCES).

Experienced realtors think that the Albuquerque area presents the most exciting acreage buy in America. On the outskirts of the city, land is now going for \$5000 to \$6000 an acre. One day soon the Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes could be a suburb of Albuquerque. Act now. You'll be forever grateful that you did.

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* Last year for example, there were only 8 days that were not sunny.

THE MAILBOX



TRUTHFUL FICTION

I thought Robert Fuller's short story "Home Is the Hero" in your December issue was excellent. Although it was fiction, it had a personal and truthful ring for me. I was in a heavy weapons company in Korea and had a fellow in my squad very much like Benny McDermott. This fellow never should have been in Korea in the first place, and especially not up on line. I won't go into the details of his personality, but it was obvious to most of us that he wasn't fit for combat. We had our 75 mm recoilless rifle dug in on a hill during our first real battle. The gooks came at us by the hundreds and no matter what we threw at them and how many casualties they piled up, it looked like they were going to overrun us. Well, this fellow suddenly couldn't stand it anymore: He turned and ran—but right into our backblast area. We'd already loaded and locked the 75, as we were firing as fast as we could. We held our fire as long as we dared, trying to give him a chance to get out of range. Then we couldn't wait any longer. Luckily, he'd reached the periphery of our backblast by that time and only suffered from shock and burns. If we'd fired a few seconds earlier he'd have been a charred corpse.

Tom Reynolds
New York City

CLUBBING THE NEWPORT POLICE



Your story "The Great Newport Jazz Riot" (December CLIMAX) was easily the best I've read on what really happened there. However, I think a more appropriate title would have been achieved if you'd substituted the word Massacre for Riot. I was there and be-

lieve me that's exactly what it was. The police went into the crowds swinging their clubs and chopped us down as if we were prisoners in a concentration camp. My arms were so swollen from protecting my head that I couldn't lift them the next day. I just wish I'd had a billy that night. Things might have been a little different.

J. J. Parker
Richmond, Virginia

EARL WILSON STRUCK OUT?



If Broadway columnist Earl Wilson was serious in listing the ten girls he selected as his "favorites" (January CLIMAX), then I'd sure hate to see those gals he feels are not so nice. Of his ten choices, I only saw one who could qualify as a real beauty—Kim Novak, a gal any man would have to rate at the top of his list of lovelies. But those other dames—oh, brother. They're unbelievable. When "an unquestioned expert on beauty" is batting .100—which is his average this time up—then we've got to wonder about his taste in women.

Leroy Frans
San Francisco, California

THE FACE ON THE BARROOM FLOOR

Just a few lines to let you know I really enjoy reading CLIMAX a lot. I especially liked "The Face on the Barroom Floor" in November. Where can I get a copy of that poem?

James MacKenzie
Worcester, Massachusetts

Fawcett World Books published an excellent paperback version of *AMERICAN BALLADS* a few years ago containing more than 150 songs and poems ranging from "The Face on the Barroom Floor" by H. Antoine D'Arcy to a ballad by Abraham Lincoln. If you can't obtain the book locally, we suggest you write to Fawcett World Library, 67 W. 44th St., New York City 36. *AMERICAN BALLADS* is a Premier Book, number S32.

A YEN FOR SOME OF THAT YEN

I am stationed in Japan and I enjoy your magazine very much. But I would like to set some of your readers straight on the value of yen. Richard McKenna wrote "The Sailor and the Japanese Playgirl" in the November issue of CLIMAX and in it he says that Tubs McNatha got a hundred yen bill from Will Rogers. Okay to that point, but the author goes on to say that "six guys got drunk on it the next night in the New Hatsu." Now everyone who has ever been in Japan knows that the rate of exchange is 360 yen to one dollar. Even in Japan, six guys can't get drunk on the equivalent of 28 cents!

Dave Miller
Kami Seya, Japan



You're right about the rate of yen in Japan today, Dave. However, in 1936, the year in which McKenna's story is set, the value of the yen was fixed at \$4985. Therefore, 100 yen at that time equaled \$49.85. Six of us editors could sure tie on a good one with that kind of money. In fact, we've got a yen for those good old days in Japan right now.

"I call it a bad day if I don't make \$25 before noon"

(This chair alone brought \$4.50 with twenty-five minutes work and 32¢ in cleaning materials.)

by Harold Holmes

"Just a few months ago I made the big move. I gave up my job and started spending all my time in the little business I had been running on the side. It wasn't an easy decision, but, now I'm tickled to death I made it. Not just because I'm my own boss or because I have an excellent chance of making over \$10,000 this year. It goes deeper than that.

"You see, this idea has caught on like wildfire in my town. Not a day goes by without my phone ringing with women calling for appointments. The beauty of it is that once a woman becomes my customer, she calls back year after year. Not only that, she tells her friends, too, and they call me. Before I know it I'm swamped with work. (And at \$7.50 an hour net profit it doesn't take long before my bank account is really mushrooming.)

"Funny thing, but back last year before I started, I never realized the money there was in this business waiting for someone to come along and collect it.

Concentrates On Better Homes

"Just think: every house in town has furniture and most have rugs or carpeting. I concentrate on just the better homes and have more work than I can handle. You know why? Because women are fussy about their furnishings. Can't stand to see them dirty. That's why they call me over every year.

"The average job is worth \$25.00 to me and takes a little over 2 hours. Out of this, after paying for materials, advertising and other expenses I net about \$15.00 clear profit. This means I need just 3 jobs a day to clear \$11,250.00 in a year. Frankly, since this will be my first full-time year I'll be glad to hit the \$10,000 mark. But after that this business should grow larger each year until I have to hire men to help me handle the business.

Personally Trained

"Believe me there's nothing magic about it. I didn't know a thing about cleaning home furnishings before I became a Duraclean dealer. But after my application was accepted I was trained at their factory-training school and by a dealer in a nearby city.

"I was astonished by the short time it took me to become an expert. Actually, much of the credit must go to the Duraclean process, which is so safe it has earned the Parents' Magazine Seal.

"The portable machine you see is just one of the electrical machines I use. It manufactures a light aerated

foam with a peculiar action chemists call 'peptizing'. It means that instead of being scrubbed deep into the fabric, dirt is gently ABSORBED by the foam, leaving the fabric clean all the way down.

"Women can't believe their eyes when they see how it works. Colors appear bright again, and rug pile un-mats and rises like new.

"I don't have to soak rugs or upholstery to get them clean, which ends the problem of shrinkage, and means the furnishings can be used again the very same day. This alone has brought me a lot of customers.

Offers Five Different Services

"As a Duraclean dealer I make money with four other services, too: **Duraproof** . . . which makes furnishings immune to moth and carpet beetle damage (it's backed by a six year warranty). **Durashield**, a brand new dirt-de laying treatment. It coats fabrics with an invisible film that keeps dirt out. **Duraguard**, another new service, flame-proofs draperies, upholstery and carpets to reduce charring and the tendency of fires to flame up. And **Spotcraft**, which consists of special chemical products for removing stubborn spots and stains. On jobs where I perform all five services, I multiply profits!

"One of the nicest things about being a Duraclean dealer is that whenever I need help—whether it concerns advertising, lining up local retailers as agents, keeping business records, almost anything at all—I can write or phone Headquarters and I get prompt, expert guidance. They maintain a staff of experts who are going "all out" to make my business a success. My services are nationally-advertised in famous magazines like McCall's, House

Beautiful and many others. I also get a complete advertising kit prepared by experts. (There's even a musical commercial!) I get a monthly magazine full of methods to build business and I can meet with other dealers at Duraclean conventions. I'm also backed by insurance. In fact there are over 25 regular services I get under their unique System.

Operates From Home

"Maybe you too would like to break away from your job and make a fresh start in a business of your own. Do you need a shop? Certainly not. I operate from home. Need a lot of money to start? Not at all. Duraclean finances reliable men, after a moderate down payment, and furnishes enough supplies to return your TOTAL investment.

"You get everything you need: equipment, supplies, advertising matter, personal training, and regular help from Headquarters. To get all the details, just fill out the coupon. There's no obligation and you can decide for yourself. I'll say one thing: if you DO become a Duraclean dealer, you'll be glad for the rest of your life that you took time today to write."

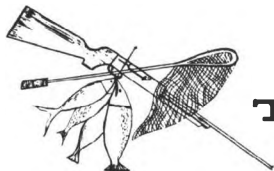
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THE OUTDOORSMAN

TOO MANY TROUT IN THE STREAM

by Edmund Gilligan

MANY YEARS ago, while crossing Canada on my way to North China, I stopped at Lake Louise for a whirl at the wild trout that flourish in that glacial water. I had little knowledge of trout because the wild breed had lost its hold in the streams of Massachusetts, my old home state, and the tame fish were not known. I had not fished the Adirondack and Catskill streams or the waters of Wyoming. This means that I had coming to me an extraordinary experience: the first whack of a trout against a wet fly and a bamboo tip.

Wild asters of a delicate blue color crowded the shore of the lake, and images of them nodded along the water's edge. Farther out, clearly pictured in the quiet, green water, the images of the cliffs and evergreens lay unruffled. It was a windless day. There were no birds singing or calling. The only music came out of the glacier in its shadowed ravine, beyond the western shore. It belled now and then in its eternal glide. In the gullies and glens near the glacier, a strange bird, a kind of snipe, lives its strange life. It feeds under water; that is, it wades into the pools and streams until water actually covers it. Down below it finds something good to eat. It stays there for rather a surprising number of minutes at a time. There is also a field mouse along those broken shores that cuts sweet hay, lays it out in rows on sheltered rocks to dry, then bundles it up and lugs it off to store it in the winter quarters. I don't dare say the mouse ties a string around its tiny bundle. Maybe it has learned to do that by now.

On the northern shore, there are immense ledges and below them, in depths that are rarely reached by sunlight, the trout lie.

"They'll be on the feed soon," the guide said at the oars. "It won't last long this time of year."

I could tell he had little faith in my skill with the rod. He knew a greenhorn when he met one. In fact, I didn't know one fly from another, and, in those years, I wasn't smart enough to say so. All I can remember is that each of the three flies on the leader had bright red in the patterns.

When he gave me the rod, I cast the flies. A curious action took place below the surface when the flies alighted: Beams of reddish gold flashed hither and yon, faster than the eye could follow.

"See that?"

He nodded grimly. He set his mouth into the patient expression and said in a mean calmness: "Those were trout. Try again, please."

I cast again, not smoothly at all; and, when the darting began, I brought up the rod briskly.

"Oh!" I believe that was the remark I made. The violence and spirit of the

hooked trout sprang down the rod and down my arm and into my heart, never stirred until then by anything faster than a bass. The trout ran away, turned, sounded into the depths, and tugged with ten times the fury of a brown trout. I was so delighted that my guide became delighted, too. All was forgiven. You might have thought he had invented trout, he was so proud of them.

Very gay—all of it. Now that I recall it, I resolve to return to Banff when our new summer is full. That was my first wild trout.

I'll shift scenery now, either to the High Sierras, the Sweetwater, the Rogue or to the sea-run trout of Nova Scotia, my favorite part of earth. No, the Beaverkill of the Catskills is a better choice because it was there, in magnificent pools and runs, I took my next wild trout—and worse luck, it was there I took the first tame one, too.

When my real education began, the limestone streams of New York State were the nearest. Far up the famous Beaverkill (in the summer after my return from China), I put out a Fan-wing Royal Coachman more deftly than I had cast the Canadian flies.

"Oh!" Yes, my vocabulary was still limited to that expression. Perhaps I used two "Oh's!" for I now employed a 2½ ounce rod, a 12-foot 3-X leader, and I wore my first pair of waders and my first brogues from Scotland to hold me against the brawl of water. And what else? Well, that's the story. On the business end of the leader, I had a wild trout, beautiful as the sun that colored him and kept him bold and strong.

This is how I came to know the wild trout and to prize it. Against the frowns of other fly fishermen (not all), we maintain that we can tell the wild fish by this evidence: his violent response to the hook; (Continued on page 76)

MEN PAST 40

Who are Troubled with *Getting Up Nights* Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness-Tiredness, Loss of Physical Vigor *The Cause may be* **Glandular Inflammation**

Men as they grow older too often become negligent and take for granted unusual aches and pains. They mistakenly think that these indications of Ill Health are the USUAL signs of older age.

This negligence can prove Tragical resulting in a condition where expensive and painful surgery is the only chance.

If you, a relative or a friend have the symptoms of Ill Health indicated above the trouble may be due to Glandular Inflammation.

GLANDULAR INFLAMMATION very commonly occurs in men of middle age or past and is accompanied by such physical changes as Frequent Lapses of Memory, Early Graying of the Hair and Excess Increase in weight . . . signs that the Glands are not functioning properly.

Neglect of such conditions or a false conception of inadequate treatments cause men to grow old before their time . . . leading to premature senility, loss of vigor in life and possibly incurable conditions.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The non-surgical treatments of Glandular Inflammation and other diseases of older men afforded at the Excelsior Medical Clinic have been the result of over 20 years scientific research on the part of a group of Doctors who were not satisfied with painful surgical treatment methods.

The War brought many new

techniques and many new wonder working drugs. These new discoveries were added to the research development already accomplished. The result has been a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to men suffering from Glandular Inflammation or Rectal and Colon trouble or Reducible Hernia.

COMPLETE EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

When you arrive here we first make a complete examination. You are examined by Doctors who are experienced specialists. You are frankly told your condition and cost of treatments you need. YOU THEN decide if you will take the treatments recommended.

Select Your Own Hotel Accommodations

Treatments are so mild that hospitalization is not necessary so the saving in your expense is considerable. You are free to select any type of hotel accommodation you may desire.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS OF Rectal-Colon Reducible Hernia

Rectal and Colon disorders are often associated with Glandular Inflammation. These disorders if not corrected will gradually grow worse and often require painful and expensive surgery.

We have all of the modern facilities to treat both of these disorders either with or without Glandular Inflammation treatments.

Our Non-Surgical Hernia treatments require no hospitalization, anesthesia or a long expensive period of convalescence. They are so certain, that every patient accepted for treatment is given a Lifetime Certificate of Assurance.



The Excelsior Medical Clinic is completely equipped to give the latest and most modern scientific Diagnostic and treatment services.

The highly trained Staff of Doctors and Technicians is so extensive that your physical condition may be thoroughly checked during the day you arrive here.

Treatments Are Particularly For Men

The Excelsior Medical Clinic is an institution devoted particularly to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. If you were to visit here you would find men of all walks of life. Here for one purpose—improving their health, finding new health in life and adding years of happiness to their lives.

During the past few years men from over 1,000 cities and towns from all parts of the United States have been successfully treated here at Excelsior Springs. Undoubtedly one or more of these men are from your locality or close by . . . we will gladly send you their names for reference.

Reservations Not Necessary

If your condition is acute and painful you may come here at once without reservation. Complete examination will be made promptly.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK GIVES YOU FULL INFORMATION

This new FREE Book published by the Excelsior Medical Clinic is fully illustrated and deals with diseases peculiar to men. It gives factual knowledge and tells Why and How Non-Surgical methods are proving so successful. It could prove of utmost importance to your future life. Write for a FREE copy today.

DO SOMETHING TODAY

Taking a few minutes right now in filling out the coupon below may enable you to better enjoy the future years of your life and prove to be one of the most rewarding acts you ever made.



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STEPHEN P. KENNEDY

The World's Most Controversial Cop

By JACK ZANGER

Called everything from "the finest Police Commissioner in New York City's history" to "Simon Legree with a badge," the top cop stubbornly battles crime and his own men with equal vigor

FLANKED by his aides, Stephen P. Kennedy, New York City's embattled Police Commissioner, sat at a long table in the public hearing room, his hands clasped in front of him, the knuckles white. He had been his usual impassive and aloof self through most of the hearing, but now a tiny lawyer named Maxwell T. Cohen was making things hot for him.

Kennedy's face suddenly flushed and he spoke out vehemently. "You question my honesty, kid, and you've got a fight on your hands."

The sudden outburst was not characteristic of the iron-willed Police Commissioner, who habitually expresses himself in cultured, well-chosen words. But Stephen Kennedy, who bosses the country's largest police force—24,000 men—is a man who has long been the target of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Whether or not the slings and arrows are deserved depends on your point of view. Kennedy has been described as everything from the finest police commissioner New York City has had since Teddy Roosevelt to a real-life Simon Legree with a badge. As one veteran cop recently put it, "He's never done a thing to hurt me personally, but I never hated a man more."

To those who criticize and oppose him, Kennedy has one terse reply: "I am not going to be swerved from my duty by anybody," he says. "I'm not in a popularity contest."

This is the man who called the public hearing last November after charges of corruption had been made against the police department in the

The ticket-conscious commissioner was snapped checking identification on an illegally parked diplomatic car.



Kennedy sped to the scene and examined the wreckage after Manhattan's "Sunday bomber" planted an explosive which hurt 27 people in a Broadway subway car.



Kennedy smilingly tore up his card when the Policemen's Benevolent Association moved to oust him from its organization.

issuing of permits to cabaret entertainers. A regulation has been in effect in New York City since 1941 which requires all cabaret employees to have identification cards, issued by the police, which bear the employees' fingerprints and photographs, and for which they pay a two dollar fee. Without a card, which must be renewed every two years, an entertainer can't work in a Gotham night club.

The corruption charges were touched off when 54-year-old nightclub comic Richard M. "Lord" Buckley, died three weeks after his card was revoked by the police. The police said that Buckley had falsified information concerning his past. In 1941 he had been convicted of drunkenness in Las Vegas. A couple of years later he was present on raided premises where marijuana was found, though none was found on Buckley. This time there was no conviction.

A group of Buckley's friends, consisting of some prominent writers and editors, hastily banded together as the Citizens Emergency Committee in an effort to redeem his card. But the attempt was shortlived when the comic died suddenly in Columbus hospital. Officially his death was laid to a kidney condition, but his friends shouted "police harassment."

Maxwell Cohen, who had volunteered to act as Buckley's lawyer, petitioned police to return the card so that the comedian could be buried with it. The hearing followed, with Kennedy presiding, and decorum rapidly gave way to personal insults.

Cohen, who it turned out is also a student of psychology, referred to Kennedy's behavior as "psychopathic." Looking at Cohen with an icy stare, Kennedy sarcastically said: "I see you are a licensed psychiatrist as well as a licensed lawyer. Upon what do you base your diagnosis?"

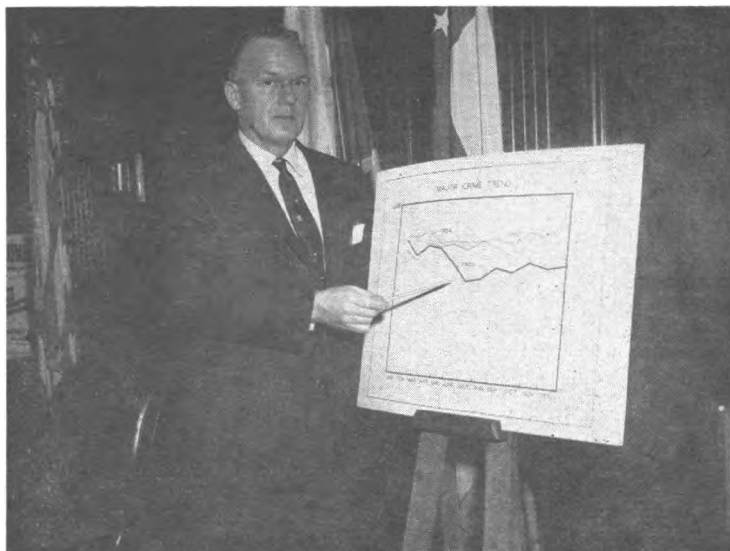
Things cooled down for a while, until Kennedy said that if Buckley had been starving as a result of not being able to work as an entertainer, why hadn't he gone on relief.

Cohen lashed back at the Commissioner, "You are a disgrace to the City of New York and this department! I think your resignation at this time would be appropriate."

"And I find your behavior as a member of the bar highly objectionable," retorted Kennedy, who is himself a member of the bar.

Then, when Kennedy swapped insults with novelist Harold Humes Jr., chairman of the Citizens Emergency Committee, the hearing almost turned into a slugging match. Humes had barely entered the hearing room some two hours after it began ("I didn't know they were going to have a hearing since Buckley was already dead by that time," Humes said later) when Kennedy put him under oath. Humes testified that he was with Buckley when a proposition was made which would allow him to buy back his card. Humes also accused the police of contributing to Buckley's death by depriving him of the means of his livelihood.

"Baloney," said Kennedy.



Kennedy has conscientiously fought the city's rising crime rate for five years.

Humes stared back hotly, inching toward Kennedy. "Sir," he said, "if you weren't the Police Commissioner we'd have this out here man to man." As the saying goes, cooler heads intervened before any fists could fly.

After the hot meeting finally broke up, fresh disclosures were made about the loose enforcement of the cabaret card system. Frank Sinatra admitted singing without a card at the Copacabana in 1955 and 1957, and Sophie Tucker also was "guilty" of this infraction of the law. Sweeping police investigations into the operations of New York's night spots showed that aside from the big names there were waiters, chorus girls, and even a rabbi—the kitchen supervisor at one bistro—who did not have police identity cards. Shutdowns of clubs guilty of these violations quickly followed. And an official check on committee head Humes unearthed a number of unanswered traffic tickets issued him. Humes was jailed until his friends bailed him out.

These incidents are part of the daily life of 53-year-old Stephen Kennedy. A veteran of 31 years on the police force, he fought his way up through the ranks to become Commissioner more than five years ago. He has never quite got over being a cop on the beat, though later evidence will claim he never really liked walking a beat. He still walks like a cop, still wears a pearl-handled .38 caliber pistol strapped under his coat, and he is still the ever-vigilant law enforcement officer. He is a tall, square-shouldered, humorless man, with gray hair and green eyes.

Whether or not Kennedy invites difficulties, he encounters them with remarkable regularity. Coming to grips with the cabaret situation was just one crisis in a series. In recent months Kennedy has been battling his own department over "moonlighting" practices, tracking down New York's latest "mad bomber," and guarding Nikita Khrushchev's life when he attended the United Nations session. Add to this his day-to-day struggle with the city's crime rate, which in 1959 yielded 101,430 major crimes—including 390 murders, 1,247 rapes, 6,200 rob-

beries, 11,168 cases of felonious assault, 32,949 burglaries and 42,621 cases of grand larceny—and you have a partial picture of the magnitude of his job.

The hunt for a “mad bomber” in a city of 8,000,000 people would be enough to tax any man’s endurance. New York’s original “mad bomber” was George P. Metesky, who terrorized the city for 16 years before the police finally caught him in 1957. From 1940 to 1957 Metesky, a deranged former employee of Con Edison, planted

a total of 30 homemade bombs in public places. Fortunately, no one ever got killed, though there were several close calls. After Metesky was captured there was a lull in bombing for three years.

Then, on Sunday, October 2, 1960, a crude bomb exploded in the Times Square area, injuring six persons, one seriously. The following Sunday, at almost the same time, another bomb went off near the New York Public Library. This time nobody was injured.

The new terrorist quickly became known as the “Sunday bomber,” but just to confound things, he set off his next one on Columbus Day—a Wednesday—in a Times Square subway car, causing a near-riot and injuring 27 people. He got back on schedule on Sunday, October 23, by detonating a bomb, which injured no one, on a Staten Island ferryboat. The bomber miraculously slipped through a police dragnet.

A week later, Kennedy, attired in evening clothes, stepped into his black chauffeur-driven sedan and headed for the horse show at Madison Square Garden. En route his car radio carried the news that a bomb had wrecked a subway train in Harlem. Kennedy sped to the scene, arriving an hour later.

When he appeared on the station platform, swarms of bomb squad police, subway police, firemen, regular cops, reporters, photographers and television cameramen were milling around in utter chaos. Kennedy examined the shattered train in which a teen-aged girl had died and 18 other passengers had been injured. The force of the explosion had completely demolished one car, smashing every window and gouging a two-foot hole in its side.

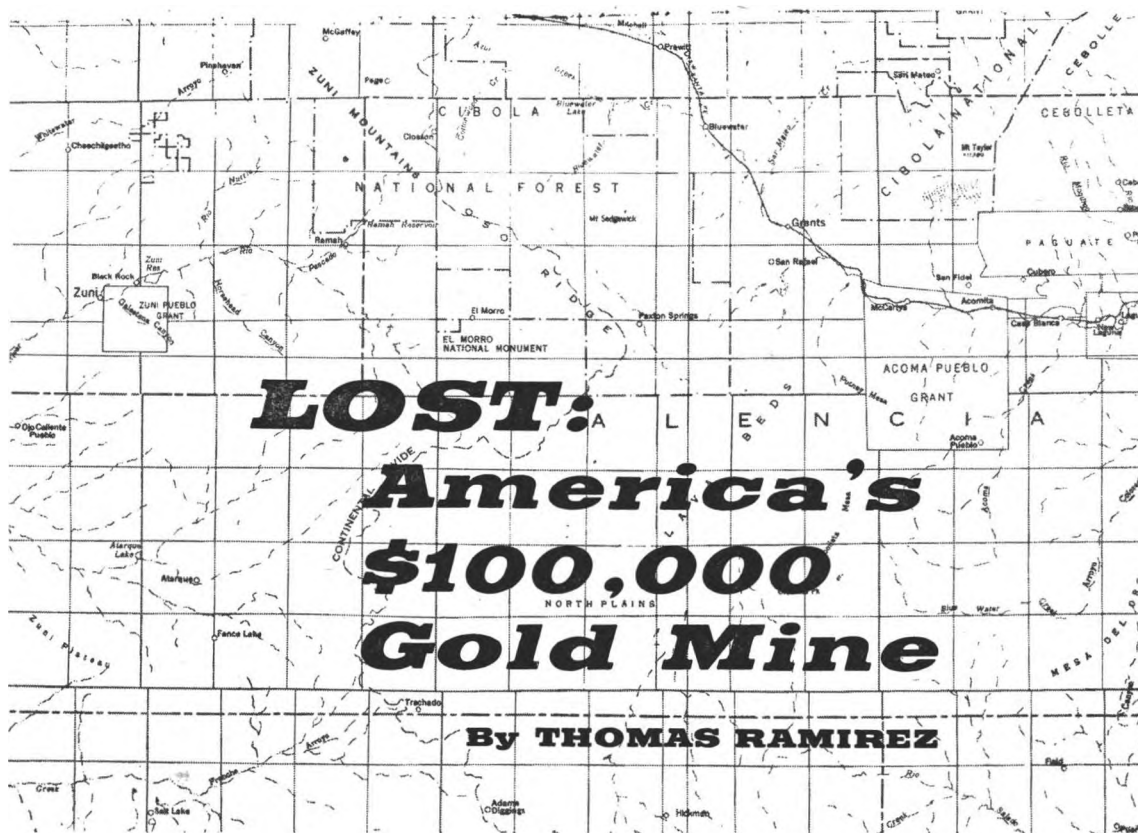
As assistants came up to the Commissioner to report their findings, he rocked back and forth on his heels, listening intently, his face grim in the bleak light. Then the reporters crushed around him and he answered their questions quickly, precisely. No, he didn’t think this was the work of the “Sunday bomber.” Yes, the explosive used was dynamite. Yes, it was the most violent of the recent explosions. Finally, his lips set and his green eyes blazing, he said, “The perpetrator is a dangerous person and must be apprehended as quickly as possible. I appeal to anyone who could throw light on the identity of the perpetrator to come forward.”

As great a problem as the bomber is, the most severe trial of Kennedy’s tenure as Commissioner came late last September when Nikita Khrushchev arrived here to do his celebrated act at (Continued on page 84)



Singer Connie Francis objected to being fingerprinted when the commissioner enforced an unpopular law which required cabaret employees to obtain police permits. Mayor Wagner (below) also has questioned some of Kennedy’s actions.





*Two men escaped the Apache massacre to bring back proof
of the fabulous strike. And after a century of
searching, treasure hunters still seek the stream of gold*

THE EIGHTH day passed and the supply party still hadn't returned from Fort Wingate. "Damn," Adams muttered, "they should be back by now. And we ain't seen a sign of them Apaches for two days . . ."

The next morning Adams could wait no longer. Provisions for the 15 men working the stream in the box canyon were dangerously low. Appointing a man to guard the hoard of gold collected thus far, Adams and a man named Davidson went to look for the overdue contingent.

Alert for Indians, they drove their horses up the steep, Z-shaped trail. At the top of the pass they reached the secret door of the forbidden canyon, a natural opening through solid stone, invisible from the outside except to those who knew its exact location. It was at this opening that they found what had happened to the supply party.

Lying on the ground just within the passage, with pools of blood discoloring the sand beneath them, were five men, their scalped heads half severed, their bodies

pin-cushioned with arrows. The horses were dead or run off, the supplies scattered in every direction.

There was no time for further investigation—even now the Apaches could be sighting arrows on their exposed backs. They quickly pulled their comrades off the trail and buried them beneath stones and saddles.

The time the two men spent tending to the bodies saved their lives, for as they were half-way back down the trail, they heard shouts and screams from below. Through a break in the trees they saw they were too late. "Quick," ordered Adams, "off'n that horse. Get these critters back in the brush." Hidden in the dense vegetation a good distance from the trail, they watched the savage orgy on the canyon floor.

Three hundred Apaches swarmed over the area, whooping ecstatically in their blood lust, waving scalps, and going about the grisly business of dismembering the dead white men. Adams saw that the cabin was ablaze, and he groaned at the loss—over \$100,000 worth of raw gold.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY JOHNSON





Adams and Davidson were walking skeletons when the U.S. cavalry spotted them wandering in the desert.

"C'mon," he said finally, "they'll be countin' heads soon. Then they'll come looking for us. Let's ske-daddle."

With grim precision, knowing that one overturned boulder would bring the Apaches upon them, they backtracked, entering a narrow arroyo. Here they scared off their horses, a terrible decision in desert country, hoping they would lead the redmen astray. Then they passed the remainder of the afternoon huddled beneath a camouflaged outcropping, watching and listening as the searching Apaches came within scant yards of them.

Throughout the seemingly endless afternoon, Adams was positive the Apaches would eventually find them, and he pondered the circumstances that had brought him to such a fate.

The time was 1864, the place the Gila Bend region of Arizona. The 35-year-old Adams (whose first name has been lost to time) was engaged in the freight business between Los Angeles and Tucson. Returning from Tucson in August, he barely escaped a band of horse-thieving Apaches. They captured his wagon and supplies, but he managed to salvage his rifle, saddle and 12 horses.

So Adams turned northward, his remuda in tow, hoping to receive aid in a friendly Pima village, 15 miles off. Instead of curious Indians, he was greeted by 20 prospectors who were frantic to buy his horses.

"Hold off, hold off," Adams shouted, noticing a tall Mexican dressed in Apache garb, standing quietly behind the group. "What'n hell's this all about, anyways?"

The hubbub was instantly explained in two words: Gold fever. The Mexican, captured as a child by the

Apaches, had recently escaped and was attempting to cross the desert to Mexico. In return for two horses, a rifle and ammunition, and two 50-dollar gold pieces, he would lead them to a place deep in Apache country where they would find gold nuggets littering the ground.

But most of the miners' horses had also been stolen by Apaches. If Adams would throw in with them, and give two horses to the Mexican, they would make him leader of the expedition.

"I ain't never been much for prospecting," Adams agreed, "but I can't see's I have much to lose." The story the Mexican told, his promise that the men could kill him if they didn't find gold, and his refusal of advance payment, soon had Adams as fired up as the rest.

On August 20, the party of 22 men rode off on what was to become one of the great adventures of the Southwest.

For eight days they traveled through deserts hitherto uncrossed by white man, following the Gila River at times, passing south of the White Mountains, finally entering New Mexico. The Mexican was wise in desert lore and they never lacked water.

On the seventh day they crossed a road recently used by wagons and horses. "Remember this trail," their guide said. "It leads to a fort in the Malpais, four sleeps away. There you can get supplies." He was referring to Fort Wingate, then located where Grants, New Mex., now stands. Thus a general location was established—four days from Fort Wingate—a location that was to haunt and elude Adams for the rest of his life.

The next morning the Mexican announced they were nearing their goal as he pointed out two mountain peaks

(shaped like rounded haystacks, Adams later reported) that would lead them to the valley. Then he spurred directly for a sheer stone wall, where he showed the men a secret opening in the bluff, an entrance cunningly concealed by nature.

For two hours the expedition picked its way into the canyon on one of the steepest passes Adams had ever seen. Finally, an hour before sunset, they reached the canyon's bottom, where the men drank and then watered their horses from a clear, swift-flowing stream.

"In the gravel of the stream," the Mexican said, impatient with the men who were blind to the wealth staring them in the face. "There is the gold."

The miners hurriedly unstrapped their pans, picks and shovels and fell to. Those who came unequipped poked into the gravel with sticks, bringing up nuggets at will. Their excitement grew more frenzied every moment. This was the bonanza of their dreams! They would all be fabulously wealthy.

THE MEXICAN, warning his charges that Apaches were lurking in the vicinity, was anxious to be off. After being paid and thanked, he slipped out of the canyon that night. He was never seen again, though legend has it that Apaches killed him for betraying their treasure house.

The men happily found themselves in a perfect box canyon. As far as they knew, the only entrance was the secret door. The stream upon whose banks they camped came from a waterfall at the head of the canyon. The night passed slowly, all too slowly for men feverish to pan gold, and few of them could sleep.

The entire camp was up before daybreak. Though they watched for Indians while they worked, none of them saw the way Chief Nana and his 30 warriors entered the canyon.

Fortunately for the greedy miners, the braves weren't in a warlike mood. Chief Nana granted them permission to work the stream, but warned them against going above the falls, saying that was sacred ground. Satisfied for the present, the men agreed to the terms and the Indians retreated. But from then on the men were aware that they were constantly being watched.

Those members of the party inexperienced at mining were put to work building a cabin. It was generally agreed that all the gold would be pooled, to be divided equally before they returned to civilization. Adams found a huge earthen bowl which was buried beneath flat stones in the floor of the cabin, and the day's accumulation of gold was placed in it nightly.

One of the miners was a surly German named Emil Schaeffer, derisively called "The Dutchman." He is not to be confused with Jacob Walz, about whom the "Lost Dutchman Mine" story centers. Schaeffer, hard-headed and suspicious, refused to join the community storage plan, preferring to cache his findings himself. Adams allowed this, with the others' consent, happy to be rid of Schaeffer's grumbling and complaints.

Ten days after the group entered the canyon, their supplies were nearly exhausted and new mining equipment was needed.

Under the command of a man named John Brewer, six men left the diggings for Fort Wingate, figuring to be back in eight days. At the last minute another man joined the supply train. The Dutchman, uneasy about the Indians, wanted out. He said he'd take his \$10,000 worth of gold and leave. Again permission was granted,

and Emil Schaeffer packed his gear and left for good.

While the Brewer party was gone, some of the men ignored Adams' commands and went above the falls. One man returned with a coffee pot half full of nuggets he'd picked out of the stream bed. Another found an acorn-sized nugget which he gave Adams, who carelessly concealed it in the crack of a tree stump. After these finds the men became increasingly difficult to keep in line . . .

A sudden noise broke Adams' thoughts and made him fearfully aware of his present predicament again. But the noise wasn't an Apache approaching—his partner, Davidson, had coughed. Adams shuddered as he remembered how the story had come full circle this morning when he'd gone to find the tardy supply train.

As dusk approached, Adams noticed the Apaches were stringing off one by one, apparently abandoning the search. For good, he hoped. Now came the agonizing wait for total darkness when they could stealthily climb the trail and escape the accursed canyon.

When all was quiet in the Apache camp above the falls, they moved down to the stream to fill their canteens before embarking on the desert crossing, and to perhaps recover some of the gold beneath the cabin floor.

Fear dogging their every step, Adams and Davidson reached the stream and with quaking stomachs passed the mutilated remains of their companions. After filling two canteens, they crouched in the shadows, waiting for the smoldering cabin to cool so they could enter it and unearth the precious gold.

It would have been an easy matter to throw water on the fire, but they knew full well the sound of hissing timbers would betray their presence. So they waited, visions of the gold driving them wild, until at last, with dawn sending out faint feelers, they realized their vigil was hopeless.

Just before starting up the trail, Adams recovered the nugget he'd hidden in the stump. Small recompense, he mused bitterly, for the risk and suffering—and for the lives of 17 men. It was the only souvenir he would ever have from the Lost Adams Diggings.

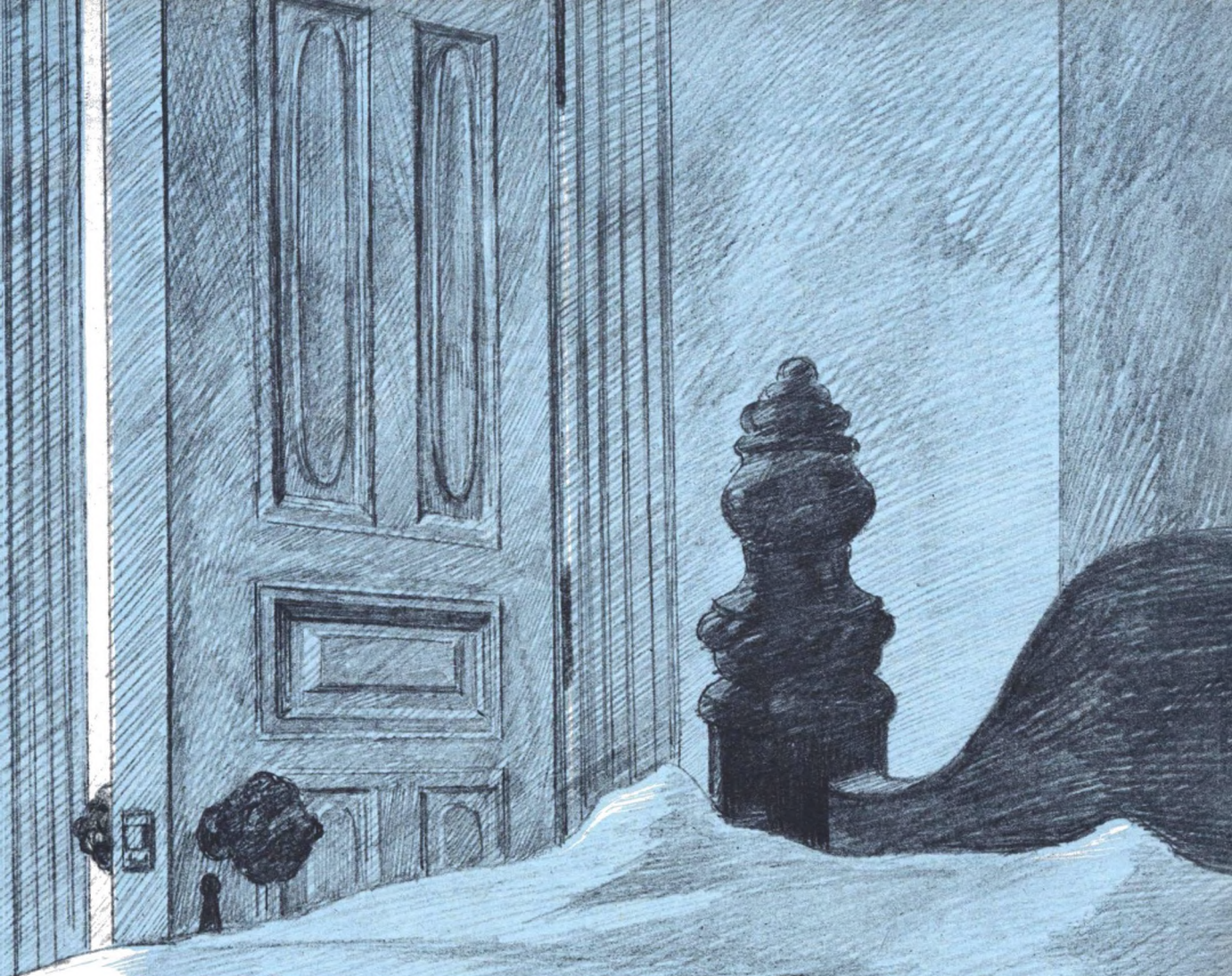
That day was spent within the confines of the canyon Chief Nana had called Sno-ta-hay, with the two men hiding in brush a short distance from the secret door. That night, after studying the exit for hours to be sure no Apache ambush awaited them, they broke out of the canyon and began the desert trek. Their only food was acorns and piñon nuts, and a rabbit they risked their lives to shoot.

FOR 13 DAYS they wandered the wastelands, lost often, traveling only at night, their mental and physical conditions growing worse by the hour. Then they sighted a dust cloud in the distance. Fearing that Apache horsemen had finally caught up with them, they hid. When they recognized the blue coats of the U.S. calvary, they stumbled into the open, screaming hysterically. The two walking skeletons were not expected to live by the time they arrived at Fort Apache, Ariz.

But under the care of the post surgeon, Dr. Spurgeon, they recovered. Davidson, the older of the two men, died a year later after telling the story of the desert canyon to every listener he could find. A map in his effects purported to show where the gold-laden stream was, but a number of expeditions followed these directions and found nothing.

Before fading into temporary (Continued on page 78)





THE DEVIL'S MISTRESS

Enforced childhood prostitution twisted Ann Smith into a man-hater who murdered 10 herself and led her gang in the slaughter of 30 more before she reached the end of her bloody trail

By MURRAY T. PRINGLE

ANNABELLE Smith was destined for a life of crime even before her birth in a crude cabin near Montreal, Canada, in 1812. Her mother was a harlot and her father a thief and smuggler who climaxed his career with murder, for which he was hanged when Ann was 14. Her mother, more upset over the loss of income than her husband's death, forced

Ann, youngest of four children, to become a prostitute.

The child spent a nightmarish year as the plaything of lust-crazed men, from which she developed a pathological hatred of all males.

"I hate them!" she screamed at her mother one night after having been subjected to a particularly

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WALKER

Walker

brutal assault by a backwoods trapper. "The filthy animals. I hate the ground they crawl over. I'd like to kill every man in the world!"

While she did not succeed in this bloody ambition, Ann Smith made a good try at it.

Her earnings and those of her two older sisters, who were also hustling, went into a pool which Mamma Smith used to outfit her girls and send them to Quebec. The family was unknown there and Mamma hoped the full-bosomed, attractive girls would find wealthy husbands.

Eighteen months later, at the Winter Carnival in Quebec, Mamma's plan paid off for Ann when she captured the eye and the heart of a young gentleman named Frederick Walters. Ann did a masterful job of concealing her true feelings toward men, and they were married a month later. The couple moved to the bridegroom's home in Delaware where, still playing her innocent role, Ann immediately won over her husband's family, who considered her almost too shy and gentle!

IN 1830 a son was born, and shortly thereafter Frederick Walters came into a sizable inheritance. This was the opportunity Ann had been waiting for. She persuaded Walters to purchase a rambling old inn at Johnson's Corners near Laurel, Del. Her husband's family, aghast at the thought, strove to change Ann's mind.

"But, my dear," Mrs. Walters said, "you cannot be serious! It's unthinkable that a child like you and your lovely baby should live in a—a public house!"

The 18-year-old Canadian girl suppressed a smile as she imagined her mother-in-law's reaction if she only knew a few of her childhood experiences!

The family finally gave up trying to influence their daughter-in-law. Her husband hadn't even tried; Frederick had learned that, in the interests of peace and quiet, it was best to go along with whatever his wife desired. They bought the inn.

Ann Walters had an all-important reason for getting away from her in-laws. She had decided to sever the bonds of matrimony in a less than legal fashion and wanted no witnesses.

Shortly after moving to the Flying Mare Inn, Ann's husband became sick. A doctor diagnosed the illness as typhoid fever. Mrs. Walters came immediately and was shocked and indignant to find that he had been moved to one of the slave cabins. She demanded an explanation.

"I had no choice," Ann said in a care-filled voice. "We need the money, and it wouldn't be good business to have a sick person around. It would keep guests away. But rest assured, Mother Walters, I'm doing everything for Frederick. I'll make him well again if it is humanly possible."

Mrs. Walters departed and Ann resumed her tender ministrations to her husband. She fed him chicken broth, milk, pudding and gruel, but he continued to grow steadily worse. Of course, his ever-loving was adding an unusual spice to his meals—arsenic.

When Walters decided arsenic-flavored food was too much of a good thing and died to escape it, his widow cried up a storm. Everyone felt sorry for poor Ann and after Frederick was buried, his family again begged her to give up the inn. They argued that operating such a place with a husband was bad enough, but to try it alone was sheer madness. Ann explained that she wanted to succeed for the sake of her dead husband's memory. Actually she had big plans in mind that would have set Frederick's corpse to spinning.

Two days after the funeral, grief-stricken Ann temporarily closed the inn and went to visit her mother. It was a combined business and pleasure trip, with emphasis on the business. Mamma brought her up to date on the family doings. Sister Peg was also married to an American and doing nicely. The youngest sister was still with Mamma, working the night shift. Brother Jimmy was hooked up with a band of smugglers running beaver skins and other items past customs. Mamma was proud: her family was a success.

"And how've you been doing, girl?" Mamma asked. "You haven't writ me a line since you left."

"I've been busy," Ann replied, and proceeded to tell all. All, that is, except what had killed her husband. Ann didn't trust anyone.

Finally, Ann got down to business. "Mother, I can make good money out of that inn, but I need a couple of men around the place. You say Johnny is working with a gang. Maybe some of them would be interested."

"I don't know," Mamma said dubiously. "They're all making good money. But Jenkins might be interested. He's always had an eye for you."

"That's enough of that!" Ann sprang to her feet, her dark eyes blazing. "I'll never let another man paw me as long as I live. And that Jenkins . . ." she placed her hands on her hips and spat into the fireplace, ". . . I'll never forget what he did to me. If I ever see him again I'll kill him."

"Now, now," Mamma soothed, "that's all in the past. If it hadn't been for men like Jenkins you'd never have got the money what put you where you are now." Mrs. Smith lapsed into silence and frowned thoughtfully. "Well, I guess I do know a few good men for you . . ."

Several days later Ann returned to Delaware by stage, stopping at Dover to pick up her son. She reopened the Flying Mare and, one by one, a trio of Canadian cutthroats arrived to find employment in her stable or taproom. Ann left no doubt as to what she wanted, and the gang readily agreed.

In about a month a stranger named Will Griffin showed up and asked for work. A tall, lean man with cold gray eyes and a scarred face, he walked with a peculiar shuffling gait.

Ann studied him coldly. "What makes you think I might have work for the likes of you?"

"Oh, I think you might," he drawled, leaning across the bar confidently.

ANN WALTERS found his assured manner irritating and disturbing. How had Griffin heard of her? Why had he asked for work with such assurance? She stared at the knife wound on his cheek.

Griffin fingered the scar and said, "Horse threw me and I landed on a rock. Sharp one, it was."

Ann nodded. "Uh huh. And that long scar across your forehead. Got that walking into a door, I suppose."

Griffin grinned. "That's right. Believe it or not."

"I don't."

"Didn't think you would. You're a right smart wench, you are."

"Smart enough. That walk told me all I need to know about you, Griffin. A man walks like that from wearing leg irons. All right, who are you and where are you from?"

"Name's Will Griffin. Been most everywhere, but just lately I've been in Mexico. In prison."

"That's what I thought. Go out to the stable and tell

Joe Sharp you're working with him."

Ann watched Griffin shuffle into the darkness. He was a cool one and she could use him in her business of robbing slave traders who brought Negroes from Africa in violation of the international agreement against such traffic.

The cellars of the Flying Mare were large and deep and no one except Ann and her crew knew when a group of slaves was locked in one of its rooms awaiting sale.

Although no one at the inn ever talked about the private goings-on there or its pretty mistress who wore men's clothes and carried a heavily weighted riding crop which she readily used on anyone who displeased her, the Flying Mare began to acquire a bad local reputation. Travelers still patronized it, but inhabitants of nearby Laurel stayed away. Gossip began to spread about the pretty innkeeper and the rough company she kept.

When Ann's mother-in-law heard this talk and came to take her grandson away to more fit surroundings, Ann flew into a rage and would have none of it.

"But you don't have time for Freddy," Mrs. Walters pleaded. "He's getting no education here. Remember, Ann, the fourteen thousand dollars in the boy's trust fund will have doubled by the time he's grown. He should have training."

"He can visit you next year," Ann promised.

That night she went up to the little attic room where her son slept and studied him thoughtfully. For three years she had been too busy to bother with him. Now, she suddenly noticed—with disgust—how much he looked like his father.

"Yes, a proper little gentleman you'll be," she said bitterly to the sleeping child. "Grow up to be like your father and the rest of them."

Back in her own room, she sat before the fireplace and stared moodily into the flames. She had almost forgotten about that \$14,000 trust fund. If the child died, all that money would be hers. And if he lived he'd be just another man, as rotten as the rest of them. Anger surged through her and she cried out, "The filthy scum. I'd as soon kill a man as I would a rat!"

It took only one dose of arsenic to murder her son. She gave it to him in a cake which the youngster ate eagerly, grateful for his usually inattentive mother's kindness. Summer cholera was common among children in the 1830s so the youngster's death aroused no suspicion. Even the Walters family sorrowfully accepted it as an act of God.

To her surprise, Ann found herself nervous and shaken following the murder. And she was inexplicably annoyed at the attentions Will Griffin paid Rosa, the plump little mulatto chambermaid. Rosa responded to Griffin and in time there was a fat little quadroon baby with Irish gray eyes. Rosa was happy as a meadowlark. But Ann had no time for such nonsense; she was think-



"You say one word about my killing
your brat, Rosa, and I'll kill you,"

Ann said. She tossed several coins onto
the infant's body lying in his mother's lap.

ing of other ways to swell her already large bankroll.

In November, 1835, she gathered the gang in her private bar and bolted the door. "You sell that last batch to Parker?" she asked Ben Sharp.

Sharp nodded. "And he tipped me off that Dabney's landing a cargo tomorrow night."

"Good." Clad in boots, riding breeches and a sheer silk blouse, Ann stalked across the room with panther-like grace, slapping her riding crop against one shapely thigh. "We'll be on hand. How much is Parker paying us?"

"Seventy dollars a head."

Ann studied her whip thoughtfully. "We could get seventy-one from Sears. And we don't need Parker to tip us off to landings."

Will Griffin glared at the riding crop in the girl's hand and fingered a freshly healed scar across his right temple. A few days before he had made advances to her in her room and she had slashed him with it.

"You didn't bring us here to talk about the price of slaves," Griffin said. "What's up?"

"Parker's going to New York after the auctions to make arrangements with his Yankee slave-runner," Ann said. "He'll be carrying five thousand dollars cash. We've got to run plenty of risks and hold a lot of blacks to make that kind of money. Do I make myself clear?"

"Is that smart, Annie?" Sharp said. "Ain't someone likely to ask questions if Parker don't show up?"

Ann put a stop to all complaints by saying, "About as much as they would if you was to turn up missing."

When their victim arrived at the inn, he began grumbling about business difficulties. "Money is a tight thing in Richmond these days," (Continued on page 99)



Robert Strom



Elfrida Von Nardroff

INSIDE THE TV QUIZ SCANDAL

Gino Prato



Capt. Richard S. McCutchen



Dr. Joyce Brothers



Myrtle Power

Hank Bloomgarden



*Video viewers stayed glued to their sets
while a parade of "geniuses" sweated their
way to fame and fortune with memorized
answers. Here's how the riggers
made suckers of over 50 million Americans*

By MARTIN SOL

IN THE beginning was the word:

"I received a call from a gentleman who identified himself as Mister Daniel Enright and said he had to see me in his office upon a very urgent matter," Herb Stempel told the congressional committee investigating the rigging of television quiz shows. "I told him that my wife had gone to the theater and I was baby-sitting that evening. He said he had to see me desperately and he would come out."

Stempel had already been selected to appear on Enright's top-rated quiz show "Twenty-One" and he couldn't understand what all the urgency was about.

Half an hour later, Enright rushed into Stempel's apartment, plumped down on the couch, snapped open a stylish attaché case and pulled out a pack of cards.

Neatly typed on the cards were a lot of questions and answers.

"I managed to answer the bulk of the questions," Stempel went on, "and to those which I did not know he supplied the answers. After having done this he sat back with a smile and said bluntly, 'How would you like to win twenty-five thousand dollars?' I was sort of taken aback, and I said, 'Who wouldn't?' . . . He said something to the equivalent of 'Play ball with me, kid, and you will do it.'"

Stempel played ball and won almost twice the amount offered him, \$49,500. Then along came another fellow who decided to play ball. His name was Charles Van Doren and he won \$129,000.

Now these are the generations of the sons of "Twenty-One": Charles Van Doren begat Vivienne Nearing, who took home \$5,500.

And Vivienne Nearing begat Hank Bloomgarden, who returned to the land of Greenwich Village richer by \$98,500.

And Hank Bloomgarden begat Harold Craig, a mighty farmer in the land of Hebron, N.Y., and his dwelling was for 18 weeks in an isolation booth, and thereat did he come away with \$106,000.

And the producers said: Come, let us build us a great tower, the wondrous picture of which may reach into every home in America. Let us make ourselves a name and a high Hooper rating.

But when New York District Attorney Frank S. Hogan learned that the producers were producing false gods for the children of America to worship, he sent forth a bolt of lightning unto Mount Madison Avenue and the inhabitants thereof trembled at his wrath. Yet the contestants did time and again deny before the grand jury that they were false gods, saying they were without sin in the tower, which came to be called the Tower of Babel.

Then, before the congressional investigating committee, Charles Van Doren finally broke down and brought the Tower of Babel crashing down with him.

And now, as we go to press nearly two years later, more than a dozen contestants of the rigged quiz shows "Twenty-One" and "Tic Tac Dough"—including such well known names as Charles Van Doren, Elfrida Von Nardroff, Vivienne Nearing and Hank Bloomgarden—are under arrest in New York City. They are accused of lying before a grand jury when they testified under



Charles Van Doren and Herb Stempel brought "method" acting to a new peak with their stellar performances on the highly rated show "Twenty-One."

Van Doren wore a \$129,000 smile after he lost to Vivienne Nearing, a new star for Jack Barry.



oath that they had never received questions and answers in advance of their television appearances. They face a possible year in jail and a \$500 fine if convicted of second-degree perjury.

Lawyers for some of the defendants are not even going to attempt to plead "not guilty," but will attack the legality of the charges. As Charles Van Doren's attorney, Carl J. Rubino, commented: "We've said time and again that Mister Van Doren lied before the grand jury. For that reason I'd never like to go into court and plead not guilty."

It was fun while it lasted. The contestants made money, the networks and the producers made considerably more money, unknown college instructors and shoemakers became national celebrities, and Joe Sucker sat at his television set week after week, mouth agape. *All that knowledge! All that brilliance!*

When Charles Van Doren perspired, we all sat back and sweated with him. *Come on, Charlie, think! You know the answer.*

We watched them build the tower, brick by brick, and we thought it was marvelous. Then we discovered that all that brilliance was in the script, nothing more than words memorized, and the Tower of Babel was actually the tower of babble. For a while, we got very angry. Our scribes reviled it in bold type and our pharisees spoke of doom from every street corner, warning us to return to moral ways.

At a news conference on November 4, 1959, President Eisenhower said, "It is like the old story, you know, of Joe Jackson in 1919 when they said, 'Say it ain't so, Joe.'"

In 1919, "Shoeless" Joe Jackson hung his head in shame and said nothing. In 1959, "Shameless" Charlie Van Doren had this comment to make: "From an unknown college instructor I became a national celebrity. To a certain extent," he admitted demurely, "this went to my head."

With this, he more or less dismissed his participation in the sordid business, and astonishingly enough, many of us seemed willing to accept a modest amount of regret as a mark of his regeneration. It was almost as if the goal of becoming a national celebrity is in itself such a worthy one that we should excuse any means used to get there.

The gentlemen of Congress before whom Van Doren boyishly repented issued such a concordance of "God Bless You's" that you might have thought Van Doren had sneezed himself to fame.

Representative Steven Derounian, however, kept his head while all those about him were losing theirs. "I don't think a grown man ought to be congratulated for telling the truth," he said, and with that one tart sentence won himself the thanks and votes of all those who wished they could have been there to say it themselves.

But thinking back on the quiz scandal investigations and the testimony of its star performers, one all-important question comes to mind that not only has never been answered, it has never even been asked! And that is, what were the accused contestants *really* trying to hide?

Certainly no one truly believes that such an intelligent person as college instructor Van Doren was trying to conceal the fact that he cheated. For with so many people being questioned and with so much pressure on them from the district attorney's office, from the press,



Revlon President Charles Revson told House investigators he was "flabbergasted" to hear Revlon-sponsored quiz programs were rigged.

Steve Carlin, producer of "The \$64,000 Question" and "The \$64,000 Challenge," testified that some of the contestants were given answers.





The Biggest Winner title went to child prodigy Robert Strom, who earned \$242,500 on "The \$64,000 Question," MC'ed by Hal March.

Mike (\$64,000) Della Rocca and Gino (\$32,000) Prato (r.) became well-heeled cobblers on TV.



Alice Morgan "lost her shirt" in the crash of '29, but cashed in on her knowledge of stocks and bonds in 1956.



from the public and—perhaps greatest of all—from their own troubled consciences, he had to know that somebody would crack under the strain. As it turned out, he was the one.

So we may safely assume—using Van Doren as our example—that cheating was not what they were trying to cover up, since it would inevitably come out. No, what they could not reveal at any cost was the fact that they were false gods, deceivers of their flock, phonies. For they were certain that such a revelation would bring not merely excommunication but public crucifixion and its uncertain and very likely unendurable agonies.

And so, as the mental giants went before the New York County grand jury, they knew they were on the road to Calvary, but they saw no other road to take. When they lifted their right hands and swore to tell “the whole truth and nothing but the truth” they felt the first nail driven as they themselves wielded the inexorable hammer.

What else can we do? they had to ask themselves. What does a fake deity do if his deceit is announced to the world? Will someone give us a job? Is there a community that will accept us, someplace in which our children will not suffer the sins of their fathers, or mothers, as the case may be?

Therefore, faced with this dilemma, they did what they thought they had to and now face up to a year in jail and a \$500 fine because of it. It appears doubtful that the quiz kids ever expected the grand jury to return criminal informations against them. But a spokesman for District Attorney Hogan said recently that the panel would continue its investigation to determine if perjury, subornation of perjury (a situation in which one person urges another to lie under oath) and conspiracy to obstruct justice in connection with the sworn testimony of witnesses was committed by others. In other words, additional quiz show contestants may be subject to charges before long.

Now that nearly two years have passed since the scandal first hit the front pages of every newspaper in the country, the bewilderment, anger and compassion that tore at us for our fallen idols has died. Only an emotionless curiosity prevails as we await the disposition of the cases by Special Sessions Justice John M. Murtagh.

IN FACT, for many of us, memory of the contestants has grown dim. Just to experiment, I asked an assortment of passersby in the street if they knew who Myrtle Power, Robert Strom and Alice Morgan were. One teenage girl decided that Alice Morgan was “an old-time singer who went ‘boop-boop-a-do’ in her songs.” A balding, middle-aged man thought Myrtle Power was “that dame they chased out of town; right?” A woman advised me to try the phone book, and another man thought I was a private eye and wouldn’t say a word. Not one person could identify the trio.

And yet, between them, these three people won more than a quarter of a million dollars and were watched week after week by millions of avid television fans; their names were on everyone’s lips. Now most people don’t know who they are, let alone what’s happened to them, or to any of the other quiz contestants.

Seventy-six-year-old Myrtle Power of Buford, Ga., appeared on “The \$64,000 Question” and won \$32,000. A baby nurse at the time, Mrs. Power’s specialty was

baseball. As a result of her appearance, she traveled throughout the United States and Canada to throw out the first pitch for opening day ball games, and lectured at a variety of civic clubs. Mrs. Power enjoyed the spotlight very much.

“It was the greatest experience I have ever had,” she said. “Not from a financial standpoint but from meeting people and making personal friends of such people as Jack Dempsey and Ted Williams. I considered it an honor when Jack Dempsey advised me to stop at thirty-two thousand dollars. The biggest thrill I ever received was being kissed by Ted Williams.”

WILLIAMS, of course, is not always this friendly with his fans. Evidently Mrs. Power, a spritely grandmother, exerted as much charm on him as she did on the television audience. She recently was in an automobile accident which hospitalized her for 17 days.

“They only took the cast off my leg last Saturday,” Mrs. Power said last fall, “so I’m still confined to a wheel chair part of the time. I had phlebitis in one leg and the other ankle was broken. I’m having to learn to walk all over.” Mrs. Power, however, is undaunted. “I’ll be seventy-seven years old next October third,” she said wryly. “My occupation is trying to live.”

At the other extreme, chronologically, is Robert Strom, just turned 14. A child prodigy who could read, write, add and subtract by the time he was three, Master Strom put his knowledge to good use on “The \$64,000 Question” at just about the time he was getting used to wearing long pants, when he was ten. While his personality seems to have been unchanged as a result, the same is decidedly not true of his economic status, since \$242,500, minus taxes, has been placed in a trust fund for him.

“The money is for his research,” his mother said. “He’s very interested in computers. He wants to be a research physicist in computer work.”

I asked whether he’s doing anything about it now, and Mrs. Strom modestly admitted that he was.

“He’s in his junior year in the Bronx High School of Science, specializing in math. He also does independent research at I.B.M. He’s the assistant instructor to the man who teaches computers there.”

As if this weren’t enough, Robert also puts together some remarkable problem-solving machines, to which he applies such affectionate nicknames as RAT and OLGA. I asked Mrs. Strom what OLGA was.

“It solves geometry problems. I won’t explain it, you wouldn’t understand it,” she said with a smile, adding hastily, “but don’t feel badly, neither do we.” She did, however, explain RAT, which won Robert a prize at the National Science Fair in Indianapolis.

“RAT is a random access translator. It’s a storage device which translates English into French. You speak English into the machine, and it speaks the French equivalent back to you.”

How did Robert come by his special talents? Mrs. Strom takes no special credit either for herself or her husband. They both feel the boy’s gifts are God-given and let it go at that.

As for Mrs. Alice Morgan, who appeared on “The \$64,000 Challenge” as a stocks and bonds expert, a letter addressed to her Bristol, R. I., home was returned with the terse written comment, “Deceased over a year ago.”

Many people who appeared (*Continued on page 95*)



The Enemies

*... just a man and a boy in the middle of
war, yet they were fighting for more
than their lives. At stake were
pride and glory and honesty—and something
beyond war, something no words can describe*

By J. A. KELLSTROM

**ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY SCOTT PIKE**

Jay Scott Pike

HO, YANK." The words, dry and hollow, reached up out of the dank bushes crowding the edge of the Virginia wood, floated across and faded in the emptiness of the open field. As if in answer to the call, a large jay, winging its early morning way along the yellow horizon, screeched in a high thin voice, then dropped from view.

"Yank," repeated the voice from the tangle of foul-smelling undergrowth.

"What?" came the reply.

"Jus' checkin'."

Out in the open field, spotted with thin clumps of tall parched grass, crouched a ruddy-cheeked youth in fresh blue denim. With a fallen tree affording him his only protection, the boy squinted along the long barrel of his musket. Then, tensely sucking in his lower lip, he squeezed the trigger.

It was not long before the rasping voice again rose out of the bushes: "'Twas bad, Yank."

Frowning, and with his lower lip completely covered by his front teeth, the youth raised his head above the log. Almost simultaneously came a warning, "Yank!" and the sharp report of an Enfield. The ball plowed into the log with a dull thud, sending soft splinters of rotten wood into the youth's face. He ducked down behind his natural fortification, his face pale.

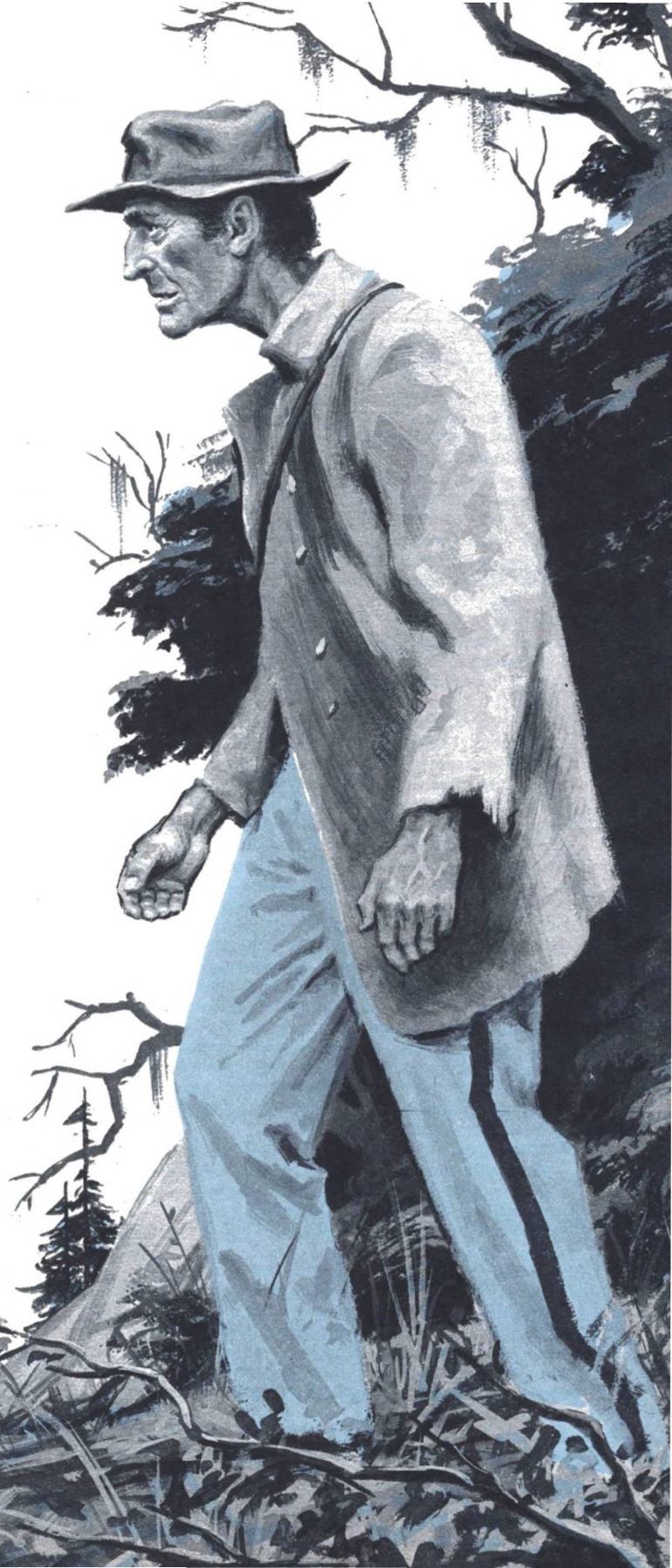
"Reckon you Rebels ain't the sharpshooters they say you are," he shouted through cupped hands, moments later, in an effort to rise above his fright.

"'Tis cawse Ah ain' real mad yit," came the quick high-pitched retort.

"What's it take to make a Rebel real mad?" The youth laughed nervously.

"Reckon yuh'll be too late findin' out, Yank."

With that, there followed an occasional exchange of shots, then a lull—long and straining to the youth—as the morning gave way to afternoon. The sun, as if tired of its timeless task, reluctantly climbed higher in the placid, brightening sky, and the thick fingers of mist that had clung to the ground in the early morning hours began to lift. The breeze, faint and lazy, gradually dwindled and the air became almost suffocatingly stagnant. Few birds appeared, but



gnats, in large droves, came swarming out of the damp woods.

"Hey, yuh," rasped the Rebel in the midst of fighting off the insects diving and buzzing about him. "Yank. Yuh heah me?"

"I hear you."

"Ah'm a-willin' fer yuh surrenderin' ta me, Yank."

"Reckin I ain't for surrendering to you," the youth yelled, a tight and strong expression, an attempt to muster confidence in himself, set on his face.

"Ah'm gittin' damn tard of jus' settin' heah wastin' time on yuh."

"That ain't none of my fault."

"Reckon 'tis, Yank."

The youth, flat on the ground, felt his breath coming in short, rapid gasps, and he gripped his musket tighter. He arched his head back and, peering over the top of his meager shelter, saw what he believed to be his enemy's hiding place. Placing the musket at an angle on the log, he squeezed on the trigger and winced when the heavy stock came crunching back into his shoulder. Then he hastily went through the long procedure of reloading, counting to himself the nine steps involved.

"Mah Gawd, Yank," came the Rebel's voice from the brambles. "Surrenderin' be yore only chance."

The youth, hatefully aware of his inexperience with a musket, could not summon his voice to reply.

"What say, Yank? . . . Yank?"

"No." The youth's voice was thin.

"What?"

"I ain't giving up." His voice was heavier.

"Ah gotta kill yuh then, Yank."

The youth was silent as he studied his musket intently.

"Give up, Yank. Be best fer yuh," the Rebel coaxed harshly. "Ah got what's called a mean Confederate temper an' hit's a-flarin'. Ah reckon yuh heahed of Confederate tempers."

The youth shook his head to rid himself of the image of death. He said, "Can't rightly say I have."

"Don't sass me, Yank. Ah'll come oveh thar an' put a hole through yore head. Ah ain' one fer holin' onta tempers nohow."

The youth crouched lower, demanding courage and comfort from his musket by pressing it close to his body. He turned his head slightly to the left and stared off into the field, seeing nothing but a dull green void. Then the green turned to gray, and he saw the enemy, hundreds of them, rushing at him, yelling and screaming, menacing him with their fierce, blood-tipped bayonets . . . His eyes snapped shut and there was only quiet blackness.

"Yuh givin' up?" the Rebel snarled.

The youth opened his eyes and looked again to the left, seeing nothing but the dull green ugliness of a dying countryside. "Don't see why I should."

"'Twon't be long now 'fore mah temper jus' gits the best of me."

"Hang your temper!"

"Take keer, Yank." The words came slowly, smoothly, as if part of a song. Then the voice became dark and sinister as it vowed, "Ah'm gonna git yuh 'fore the sun sets. Hit's a promise, damn yuh, Yank!"

And the enemies held their ground and a profound silence enveloped the field. Nothing moved, no sound broke the stillness.

Careful to keep below the log, the youth wiggled and squirmed, but he could not make himself comfortable

on the cold, hard ground. He finally gave up trying and lay still, staring at the rotting pulp of the dead tree. The small stones half buried in the earth still bit through the coarse, heavy cloth of his uniform and into his flesh, and his sore, tightening muscles ached. Yet inwardly he felt relaxed and steady. A strong feeling of self-confidence, even daring, was sweeping over him, intoxicating him until, at last, he was no longer afraid of that boastful man out there in the bushes. Impassioned with this new-found courage, he was determined to stay and fight it out and not to run. Even if he wanted to run there was no place to run to, for the ground to the woods behind him was as flat and vacant as the ground in front of him. No, with this new and wonderful surge of courage rallying him he did not want to run. He'd stand and fight and not surrender, either! Why, he was handy enough with a musket to put up a darned good fight; it was just the odd, pesty way he had to lay that spoiled his aim. Anyway, he was better equipped and better trained than over half the Rebel army. Besides, he was God-fearing, and Rebels were known to be skittish about religion. Besides, just about everybody knew that the mighty Northern army was on this sacred mission of restoring the Union to its proper way. Surrender? Why, it was his duty not to surrender . . . and there also were those things he had heard about Rebel

The boy fingered the rough edge where the eagle's wing had broken off. Then he said hotly, "This was like America before you heathen started the war!"



prisoner-of-war camps. He sure wanted no part of them.

The youth moved a stiff arm and cupped his chin in his hand, his thoughts turning to the stillness that enveloped them. Everything was so quiet it was as if they were the only things alive here. But the Rebel—the Rebel was up to something. Rebels were known to be shrewd and tricky. If only he knew what the Rebel was doing; if only he could see over the log without exposing himself. Perhaps the Rebel was gone, had tired of the contest and withdrawn into the woods. But, somehow, that seemed unlikely now that he recalled the stories of Rebel boldness and daredevilry told to him by some of the men who had been fighting over two years.

PERSPIRATION moistened his brow now, and he gazed vacantly at the soggy wood. He had to know, had to see what the Rebel was doing and where he was and—The boy jerked his head around and looked nervously behind him, fearfully expecting to find the gray savage creeping up on him, ready to plunge his bloodied bayonet into him and twist it round and round while he screamed in agony. When he had reassured himself that the enemy was not behind him, when the sharp picture of himself pinned to the ground by the cold, relentless bayonet faded out of his thinking, he brought his gaze back to the log and while staring at it blankly, suddenly became conscious of the quickened thumping of his heart and the severe tightness in his chest. His throat had gone dry, too, and there was a heavy pounding in his ears that was all but deafening. The hot blood racing through the veins in his neck was throbbing painfully, and his head ached as if it had been unmercifully clubbed. His trembling, moist hands snatched out and violently clamped on his musket and brought it to his shoulder.

"Yank."

The word split the air, and the youth's stomach convulsed and his breath came in short gasps.

"Yuh still got yore chance. Cain't say fer long, reckon. Reckon yuh be a mite too stubborn fer yore own good, Yank."

The Rebel chuckled to himself, toying with new threats to hurl at his opposition. The vexing gnats had finally left him, and except for the prickling and pinching brambles all around and under him, he lounged quite comfortably in his shelter. He popped a fresh wad of tobacco into his mouth and removed his shapeless hat to run his fingers through thick, matted hair. Then, leaning on his elbow, chaw stuffed in cheek, he began to whistle. After a slow, shortened version of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" he stopped and peered mutely out of the bushes. A thought had come to him: it was crazy, two men all alone fighting it out to the death in a backwoods somewhere in the north of Virginia and for almost no reason at all. Except one was sporting gray, the other blue.

He chewed on a plug of tobacco. Battles, even small battles and skirmishes, are usually fought in some woods or in somebody's wheatfield, true; but the armies that do the fighting, and the generals that do the planning, have a purpose in the winning of that wheatfield or whatever the battleground happened to be. But this two-man battle here . . . he shook his head . . . it had no purpose. The only thing to be won was your life, and it seemed so small a winning when thousands of lives were even now being quickly and recklessly

spent. One man would die here, the other would walk away. His mind dwelt on his last thought and although he was certain which one of the two would walk away, it was all very disturbing.

The rebel twisted and turned and settled himself deeper in the brambles. He began chewing more vigorously as he thought of the soldier across from him, coming down here to the South, coming with his ideals, and his full knapsack, and women and children in his army. Suddenly, with an abrupt turn of his head, he spat out his chaw as if he had just discovered it had an inferior taste.

That damn Yankee! That fool and his big army! Reckon this two-man battle's got reason enough.

The crash of a musket broke his thought, and the Rebel frowned. "Reckon thet skulkin' Yank thinks he's gonna kill me," he said aloud. Then he snickered. "Now, bet he does!" He slapped his knee and his body shook with laughter, the hollow sounds drifting across the field.

"What's at you, Johnny?" the youth called in his loudest voice.

The Rebel's laugh fell. He sat up, his thin frame barely concealed by the undergrowth. He thought of the soldier behind the log as a child and he once again erupted in hearty laughter.

The sharp explosion of the youth's musket cut off the laugh; then all was silent.

It was a long silence during which the sun's heat began to wane, and the bright orange orb started a slow descent. When it had finally reached the tops of the trees and shadows were flung out on the barren field, a cool swift breeze stirred out of the woods and cleared the stagnant, heated air. Birds darted along the blue-gray horizon.

"Yank. Ho, Yank!"

"What?" The youth's voice was timid.

"Yank, what say yuh ta a truce?"

"What for?"

"Hell, Ah don' know . . . Ta talk, Yank."

"What about?"

"Nothin' special."

The youth was silent.

"What d'yuh say, Yank?"

"No."

"Don' yuh trus' me, Yank?"

"Reckon not."

"Bet yuh Yanks don't even trus' yore maws."

"Not if they was graybacks like you."

THE REBEL'S gnarled hand crawled over his beard and sharp nose. "Yank, Ah'll come oveh thar, an' we could build us a fiah by thet log thar, an' yuh won't have ta come a step."

There was no reply and the Rebel tugged at his beard. "Yank, Ah'll come out firs'. Ah'll come up rat outta these bushes an' come across thar. Yuh give me yore word yuh won' fiah."

The youth was silent.

"Yank. Whatta yuh say?"

"No."

"Hit be gittin' cold soon. A fiah'd be good. Ah'll leave mah musket heah, but yuh hafta give me yore word."

"I said, no!"

"Reckon yuh soun' scairt, Yank."

"I ain't scared of you, Rebel."

"Ho-oo, Yank!"

(Continued on page 80)

PRESENTING



FATS WALLER

Life was one big ball of babes, booze and food to the lovable music man who spent money like water and played piano with the same irrepressible zest. He lived just 39 years, but what a swinging time he had

By AL SILVERMAN

IT IS doing Fats Waller a disservice to kick off his story by comparing him with Louis Armstrong; but a point has to be made. The fact is, both men had much in common. Both have to be called artists of their instruments—Waller on piano and Armstrong on trumpet. Both are unforgettable for a bruising, nasal baritone, although Fats had less gravel in his voice and more melodic impudence. And both top the list of showmen, quite possibly the two most dynamic personalities jazz has ever produced. But Louis is alive today and his reputation still bubbles around him; his place is secure. Fats is dead some 17 years, gone before his time, with full recognition of his large talents yet to come.

Satchmo himself would be the first to step aside and leave room for Tom Waller. "I've seen Fats enter a place," Armstrong has said, "and all the people in the joint would just rave and you could see a sort of gladness in their faces . . . honest . . . and Fats wouldn't be in the place a hot minute before he would tell them a fine joke and have everybody holding his sides from laughing. Right now, every time somebody mentions Fats Waller's name, why you can read all the grins on all the faces as if they're sayin', 'Yea, yea, yea, yea, Fats is a solid sender, ain't he?'"

It should be stated at the outset that the memory of the Waller name is not altogether blighted by the 17 years he has been off the scene. There is in existence an organization called the "Friends of Fats Society," which supposedly numbers some 65,000 music lovers. The organization is run by people who are interested in selling Fats Waller records, and every year there is a Fats Waller Memorial Week in which the disc jockeys of the country are urged to play Waller music. Despite the starkly commercial aspect of the undertaking, here at least is a hint that Fats is remembered today.

The people who remember him most are the ones most

concerned with American jazz. They understand Fats's massive contributions as a pianist, organist and composer of such durable pieces as "Ain't Misbehavin'," and "Honeysuckle Rose." Hugues Panassie, a much respected French jazz critic, has written with glowing admiration of the Waller genius: "I really believe he is the most perfect orchestral pianist jazz has ever known. Fats is also a great soloist, quite the equal of any other. No other musician has been able to reveal as he has that music is not a complicated and methodical art, but on the contrary a simple cry of love and of the relaxation coming from the heart of man. Fats is a power."

Other tributes, though more simply phrased, have said much the same thing. Jack Chrystal, conductor of weekly jam sessions in New York for many years, says "Fats played what appeared to be casual piano, but no one has ever been able to equal it." About his composing genius, Fats's one-time collaborator, Andy Razaf, said it best: "Fats," Razaf exclaimed, "could set the telephone book to music!"

In his time Fats wrote the melodies to over 360 songs. Yet not many bear his name today, unfortunately, because when money was needed he would write the music and sell all rights to unscrupulous Tin Pan Alley characters. But his name sticks out on such tunes as "I've Got A Feelin' I'm Fallin'," "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," "Rhythm Man," "Blue Turning Gray Over You," "John Henry," "Ain'tcha Glad" and "If It Ain't Love." He made hundreds of recordings. His discs sold well when he was alive and they are selling well today, especially in Europe where his artistry has been most keenly appreciated. A cousin of Queen Elizabeth is said to possess the world's largest collection of Fats Waller recordings.

When he sang, even the most banal of lyrics took on magical qualities. The words to "Your Feet's Too Big,"

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY KOKINOS

for instance, are said to be one of the most direct and funniest declarations of non-love in popular music. The way Fats sang it, there was no doubt about it. He'd sit at the piano, all 285 pounds of him, his hamlike hands running with surprising delicacy over the keys. Then he'd turn his head, cock his derby, smile, wink and leer at the audience, and give out with phrases like this:

"My goodness, gun the gun boats. Your pedal extremities are colossal, to me you look like a fossil . . . your pedal extremities really are obnoxious." Then the final ad-libbed Waller touch, "One never knows, do one?"

Some of his vocal improvisations are a constant source of embarrassment to record companies today. He didn't care what he said. Once an exasperated recording executive said to Fats's business manager, Ed Kirkeby, "Can't you muzzle Fats?"

"Nobody can muzzle Fats," Kirkeby replied.

How could you muzzle a man whose whole life was one big ball, "one rising crescendo," as someone put it? Everything Thomas Wright Waller did he did on a grand scale. He was an enormous man with enormous appetites, and he had an enormous amount of love in his heart for his fellow man. He had a sardonic sense of humor, and he would kid everyone and everything, including himself, but deep inside was a man of compassion. Money meant nothing to him. At his peak he was earning \$72,000 a year, but he left only \$20,000 when he died. He was a soft touch for everyone. Having a good time and looking out for his family were his only interests.

Fats stood five feet 11, weighed anywhere from 265 pounds to 300 and wore a Size 15 shoe. He could eat, drink and make love with the best of them. For breakfast he might have six pork chops or a couple of slugs of Scotch, four fingers on awakening and four fingers after shaving, an elixir he referred to as his liquid ham and eggs. His capacity for liquor was simply overwhelming. When he was on a music date, he would have a quart of whiskey on top of the piano so that when he was playing treble he could reach up with his left hand, and another quart at his foot, so that while he beat out the bass he could reach down and grab the jug with his right hand. Other times his brother-in-law, Tom Rutherford, might bring in a tray of glasses and Fats would look up from the piano and cry, "Ah, here's the man with the dream wagon. I want it to hit me around my edges and get to every pound."

BUT FATS never really got drunk. Liquor merely heightened his already frightening zest for life. Although he was a devoted family man—he would often jump dates just to get back to his St. Albans, Long Island, home to see his wife and sons—he loved to have women around. Just two days before his death, after he had finished a grueling set at the Florentine Gardens in Hollywood, someone asked Fats how he felt. "Man, I feel awful," he said. "I need a long rest." Just then, a beautiful girl came bouncing up to Fats and said, "Hello, Fatsy-Watsy, remember me from Cleveland?"

Fats looked up, gaped and hollered to a waiter, "Boy, order up some champagne!"

He worked the way he lived, with the throttle full out. "He was the most prolific and fastest writer I ever knew," Andy Razaf once said. During one session at Razaf's home in Asbury Park, N. J. (Fats had been lured there by the promise of Razaf's mother's cooking),

the two turned out "Zonky," "My Fate Is In Your Hands" and "Honeysuckle Rose" in two hours. In 1929 Fats wrote "Ain't Misbehavin'" in 45 minutes. Fats composed his London Suite, in six movements, in less than an hour, with his manager, Ed Kirkeby, describing places and locales and Fats picking up the situation on the piano.

Once, when Waller was playing in Sheffield, England, he called Kirkeby at six in the morning. "Mister Kirkeby, are you up?" Fats said.

"I'm up now," Kirkeby replied groggily.

"You know, Tiny (Waller's chauffeur) and I have been walkin' in the botanical gardens and the dawn flamed in the sky and the birds played me a song. Come on down." Kirkeby roused himself and went to Fats's room. Fats was in his bathrobe, playing the piano and drinking sherry. When he wasn't on whiskey, he drank sherry. Kirkeby said, "Let's hear what you got."

FATS SAID, "Let's have a libation of sherry first." Then he started playing a catchy melody, Kirkeby listened a while and said, "I got it. You remember when we came over on the Queen Mary and you were talking to a gushy woman and you said, 'Honey, hush.' That's it, 'Honey Hush.'" Two hours and two bottles of sherry later, the song, "Honey Hush," was finished.

Fats often got inspirations like that. One time in Providence, R. I., after he had played a date, he was having a late supper in a chop suey joint. Ed Kirkeby was with him. Fats began humming a tune and Kirkeby remarked that it sounded like a military march. Waller and Kirkeby went back to the darkened night club, brushed aside some chairs and charwomen who were cleaning up, broke out a bottle of whiskey and started composing. Before daybreak the song was finished. Fats called it "Swing Out to Victory."

His recording sessions were even more abrupt and inspired. Eddie Condon, in his book, *We Called It Rhythm*, described in detail the results of one session in which he participated with Waller. It seems that Condon had been hired by a record company to see to it that Waller was delivered to the recording studio on a certain date with his band. (Fats was never much at keeping appointments.) Condon, who had never met Waller, thought it would be an easy way to make some extra change.

"I introduced myself to Fats. 'Earl Hines told me to look you up,' I explained.

"'Ol' Earl,' Fats said. 'Well, that's fine. How's Ol' Earl? I'm glad to hear about him. Sit down and let me get a little gin for you. We'll have to talk about Earl.'"

"He was amiable, so agreeable, so good-natured, that I felt almost ashamed of my mission; but I performed it. I asked Fats about making a record. A record? A recording date? He'd be delighted, he'd be proud; just any time. In four days? Fine. At Liederkrantz Hall? Wonderful. At noon? Perfect."

At 10:30 A.M. on the morning of the recording date, as Condon tells it, he and Fats were stretched out on cushions at Connie's Inn, where Fats had been playing, sleeping off the effects of an all-night battle with gin. Until then nothing had been done about getting a band together. 'It's half past ten,' Condon croaked to Fats. 'We're due at the studio at noon.'

"Fats sat up, stretched and yawned. 'That's fine! That's wonderful! That's perfect!' he said. 'Now, we got



As Fats walked down the gangplank at Glasgow, a Scottish jazz band greeted him with "Honeysuckle Rose."

to see about that band. Look around for some nickels so I can make the telephone go.'

"He went to the phone booth and made three calls. By the time we finished washing and straightening our clothes, three musicians had arrived! Charlie Gains, a trumpet-player; Charlie Irvis, a trombonist; and Arville Harris, who played clarinet and alto sax." (Condon was also to play banjo with the group.)

"We piled into a taxi and headed down Seventh Avenue. 'Now, here's what we're going to play,' Fats said suddenly. He hummed a simple basic pattern of rhythm and melody, a blues in a minor key. When we had it memorized, he explained what each of us was to do."

At ten minutes before 12, the group walked into Liederkrantz Hall at 58th Street and Lexington Avenue. Condon was congratulated by the record executive for being so punctual and then he asked Fats, "Well, Mister Waller, what's it to be this morning?"

"Well," Fats said, "this morning I think we'll start with a little thing we call 'The Minor Drag.' It's a slow number. Then we got a little ol' thing for the other side we call"—he hesitated for a scant second—"Harlem Fuss."

The recording session went off perfectly, except that when the record was released the titles were reversed. "Harlem Fuss" was called "The Minor Drag" and "The Minor Drag" was called "Harlem Fuss." It didn't matter, though. *Time* Magazine later referred to the sides as one of the greatest jazz records of all time.

That's the way Fats Waller was, and there wasn't anything anybody could do about it. Fats worked almost completely by instinct. Once a young lady stopped him and asked, "Mister Waller, what is swing?"

"Lady," he replied, "if you got to ask you ain't got it." Fats always had it, no doubt from the moment of his birth on May 21, 1904. There is no proof, of course, but that day must have been filled with sunshine and laughter and happiness, at least in the Waller household. You can almost picture Fats making his entrance into this world, that big mocking smile already fixed on his round face, saying, if he could talk, "Well, well, lookie here. A baby. My! My! My! Ain't that a killer diller from Manila!"

The Waller family came originally from Virginia and there was always music. Fats's grandfather, Adolph, was a noted violinist who had toured the South after the Civil War. His mother, Adeline Lockett Waller, played the piano and organ and had a pleasant soprano voice. Fats's father, the Rev. Edward Waller, was minister of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem, which now has one of the largest Protestant congregations in the country. The good Reverend wasn't much of a jazz buff. He wanted his son Tom to be a minister.

"Jazz," the Rev. Waller always said, "comes from the devil's workshop."

Adeline Waller bore 11 other children and Fats never had a very cool time of it growing up around 134th Street, but he managed to get a musical education early. He played the harmonium when he was five years old. When he was six his brother, Robert, bought him a piano. He also mastered the bass viol and by the time he was ten he was playing the organ in his father's church. He was also a member of the orchestra of his grade and high school. Playing with them was more important to him than studying and when he got low marks, as he was apt to, especially in mathematics, he had a ready alibi. "There's not enough rhythm for me in algebra." He ran errands for a grocery store and pig's feet stand to earn his spending money of 75 cents a week and help pay for his musical lessons. And in his leisure moments he read Nick Carter novels as well as books on musical theory.

One day in 1918, when he was 14 and attending DeWitt Clinton High (and had already earned the nickname of Fats), Tom was asked to fill in at the organ at the Lincoln Theater in Harlem. The regular organist was ill. One of the great early thrills of his life, as he remembered it, was sitting down at the console of that \$10,000 Wurlitzer Grand organ. In a short while he wearied completely of a formal education and he quit school to become regular organist at the Lincoln Theater for \$23 a week.

The next year he turned up at an amateur pianist concert at the Roosevelt Theater in Harlem. He won first prize playing one of James P. Johnson's tunes, "Carolina Shout." That same year he wrote his first song. He was in Boston at the time, on tour with a vaudeville act, and he called the song "Boston Blues." Later he changed the title to "Squeeze Me," and it has since become a regular in the jazz repertoire.

It was while working at the Lincoln Theater that Fats made friends with Andy Razaf. ("I used to listen to him there often," Razaf said, "and eventually because everyone knew him and everyone was his friend, I somehow came to meet him.") Andreamentana Razafinkeriefio was the son of a grand duke of Madagascar who had been killed when the French took over the island. He and Fats formed an enduring song-writing partnership. "One of the first things we did as a team," Razaf said, "was cash in on the vogue on West Indian songs. As soon as we got broke all we had (Continued on page 101)



“My Favorite Girl” Photo Contest

Sweetheart, wife, or the girl next door . . . Who's the gal who brings a gleam to your eye? Here's your chance to show her off and win some cash at the same time. Just send us a simple black-and-white snapshot of your favorite girl. All you have to do is mail it to CLIMAX Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, accompanied by the girl's written permission to publish the picture. If your picture wins 1st Prize, CLIMAX will send you a check for \$25. For every other photo we use each month, we pay \$10. On the back of your entry, please print your name and address and explain in a single sentence what the lady of your choice means to you. Do not enclose return postage. None of the photos submitted will be returned. Color pictures will not be eligible, and please do not send irreplaceable photos. No picture can be considered unless accompanied by the girl's written permission to publish it.

Tall and shapely Carol Drew is the “peachy beach beauty” of First Prize winner A.C. Patterson, Eau Gallie, Fla.



"Merry Marie makes me marriage-minded," raves Phil Gualillo of Rome, N.Y. "She's a real hummmm-dinger."

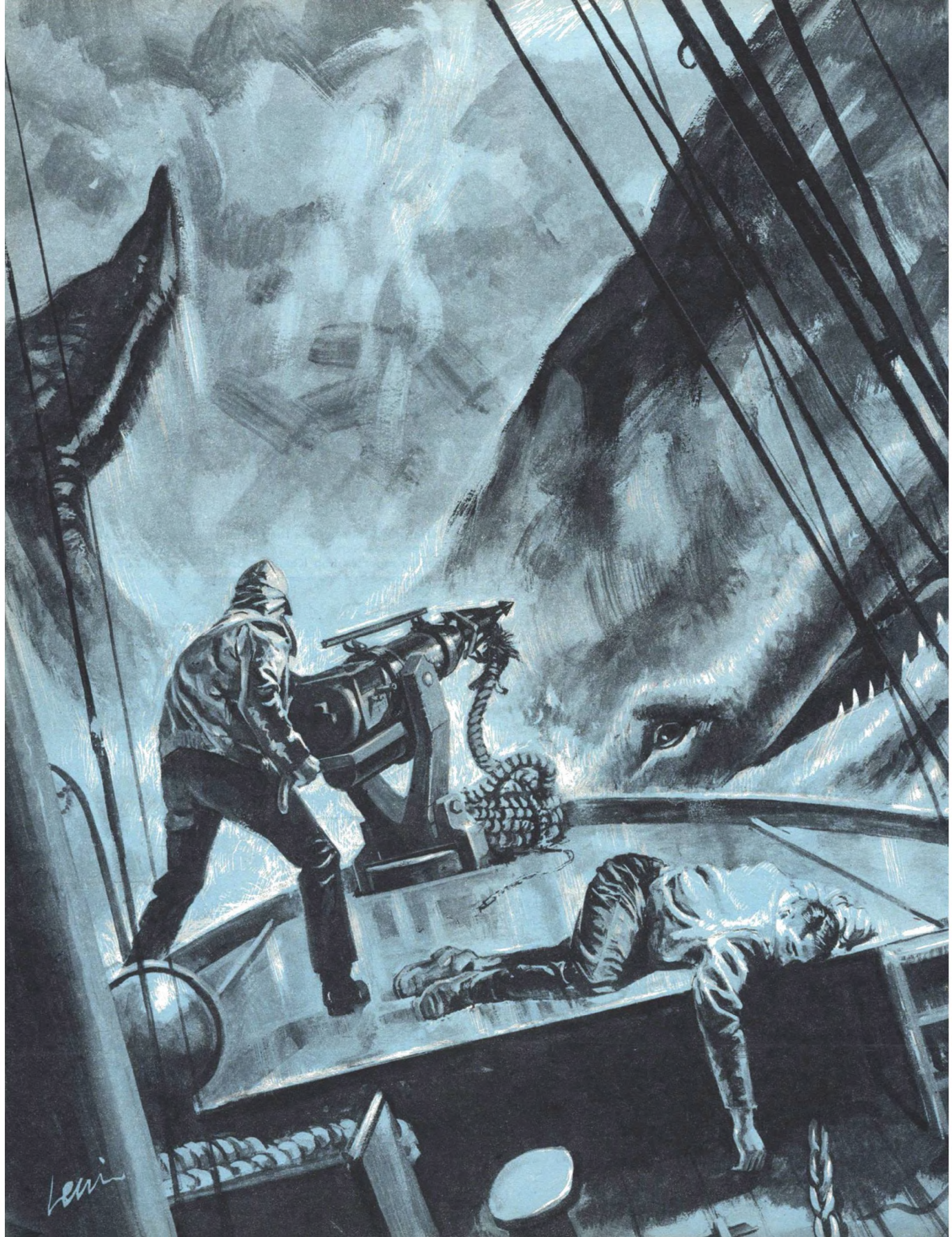


"The dimpled darling of Florence, Alabama, that's how I describe Patsy," says Jerry Oldham, Jr. "She's a doll!"

Dorothy Hansen does the obituary column for the Deseret News-Salt Lake City Telegram in Utah. "But," insists reporter Bob Koenig, "Dotty has plenty of life."

From Harrisburg, Pa., Dave Strickler writes that Marilyn is always the belle of the ball.







harpoon!

*The ship was wrecked, my brother was dead
and the life of every man aboard hung on
my stopping the killer-whale with one shot*

By **ARTURO REALES** as told to **MICHAEL DUBALL**

OUR TRAWLER left her Falkland Islands home base and set off on a course south by southwest along the coast of Antarctica toward the whaling waters near the Bay of Whales. Our ship, the *Kisera*, was running at her top speed of 14 knots into a sharp wind that whipped the black smoke out of the stack across the decks and into the faces of the 11-man crew.

My older brother Carlos was the master and gunner of the *Kisera*. He was a hard and exacting man who treated me just as he did the other men. I didn't mind because I was bent on becoming what my brother was, the master of a whale catcher. Ever since I was a green kid I had absorbed every scrap of news about his trips, played with his sea instruments and pretended to fire harpoons from the old Sven Foyn gun. Carlos didn't give a tinker's damn for my ambitions. His one concern was to prove to me that living at sea was a rough grind. This was only my second whaling trip; my other one had lasted six months. It was no bed of roses, but any other job I could think of seemed dull by comparison.

Now I stood on the high bow where the gun was set and oiled it until the grease ate under my skin. I got a terrific kick out of the idea of swiveling the gun into position, aiming it and ramming a hundred pounds of steel harpoon into a bloated, gray mass of flesh. The explosive head, timed to go off three seconds after firing, bursts inside the whale and the four 12-inch barbs spring open. To my brother, the gun was nothing more than a tool. To fire it was his job, and he was one of the best gunners who ever sailed.

We were farther from our mother ship than any of the other six catchers. My brother had a reputation for being the first to spot the catch and the first to make the kill. He never returned from a trip without a catch. He was known across the Falkland Islands and his name was well known as far

ILLUSTRATED BY TED LEWIN

away as the Argentine. He had his glasses in hand now, scanning the horizon. He would be doing this for a lot of hours and days to come. The waiting was the part I hated.

The days went by. The skies became leaden gray as they do at the Poles, and the winds ripped right through our clothes and chapped our faces. The waters were strewn with ice floes, and blue-white bergs stuck up out of the water like crooked teeth. The catchers operated best in between the narrow water lanes among the ice floes where the whale rose to breathe and could be attacked quickly and easily. But it took steel nerves and the eye of an old seaman to snake in and out of the narrow channels. One mistake and the jagged razor-sharp edges of the bergs would tear a gaping hole in a metal hull.

Whaling is always a sweating-it-out process—watching, waiting, everybody constantly ready because when the alarm is sounded you have to move fast. Mistakes can be rough when you're dealing with a whale that equals the 90 gross tons of the catcher!

THE CATCHER dodged bergs for several days before a lone sperm broke the water several hundred yards off our port bow. My brother made a break for the Sven Foyn gun. The boat was brought into position and it closed the gap, coming in behind the whale, only to watch it submerge when we were about 50 yards off. We stood on deck scanning the waters until we spotted it again. It had come into the ice lane. The Kiserá was swung around with Carlos deftly steering through the maze. The idea was to pick the spot where the sperm would next break through. Twice the water foamed and heaved and gun sights were lined up ready for the kill. But the whale disappeared before a shot could be fired. We had to give up after that.

There were two more false alarms later. In the graying mists the fallen chunks of floating ice were easily mistaken for whale. The men were tense, and my brother was tougher on them than usual. I knew he was depending a lot on this trip, and from early signs it didn't look too good.

Then one Sunday morning, after I had gone down to the galley for some coffee, the catcher began tossing and suddenly a sharp wind ripped open the two loosened ports. I pulled my hood down and went up on deck. The wind tore at my face, the pebbles of flying ice stinging like needle points. It was a bad storm. Everybody was "turned to" as the wind and current kept driving the catcher close along the bergs.

The Kiserá fought her way out into the open and headed for the bay. Just as I figured we were in the clear, there was a harsh scraping sound below the waterline and the catcher trembled, then stuck fast. My blood froze when I heard Carlos screaming orders as he looked over the side. Up forward, the underwater profile of the trawler was designed much shallower than the stern to make turning easier and this part of the vessel had driven up on a submerged ice reef. We poured on steam and more steam. It held fast. Carlos jerked the wheel hard and poured on steam again. He had to hold the vessel or push through the ice because if she plunged back off the reef we would ram the wall of ice astern.

Then the ship swiveled and edged off. There was a jagged wrench of steel and momentarily no one moved.

"Decor! Arturo!" Carlos roared. "Man the pumps!"

We followed my brother below to inspect the extent of damage. A hull plate had been ripped loose amidships and the water gushed in.

"Orlando and Gonzales," he snapped, "break out the acetylene torches."

The vessel was shipping water fast and we bent our backs over the pumps. Carlos came in for a closer look, then he, Orlando and Gonzales began working to staunch the flow of water and seal off the hole. The rest of us stood by, watching and praying. I knew what it meant if we had to abandon ship during a storm amid the icebergs. We would never see the Falkland Islands again.

For four hours they welded and reinforced the metal plate until the gash was sealed up. But the confidence of the men in the ship would never be the same. They were afloat on a cripple in waters where only the hardest of vessels could survive. Three hours later, the storm let up somewhat and I knew my brother was about to return to the mother ship. Then a whale school was sighted about a quarter mile off our port bow in open waters. That made up his mind.

"Full steam!" he cried.

"Sperm!" hollered Surlos from the crows' nest. "And look at the size of them!"

Carlos took his place at the gun as we closed in on a big cow that was slower than the rest. The catcher came in sharply from behind and Carlos fired. Four feet of metal shaft shot out and ripped into the whale's back, then there was a muffled explosion. The old cow never knew what hit her. The men lined the side to look at a whale that was 70 feet if she was an inch. The crew gave a cheer for the kill but it was cut short.

"Get her buoyed for towing," my brother commanded.

The men assigned the job went into action. A pointed, perforated steel tube was shoved into the cow's stomach and the carcass was pumped full of steam and air. Clouds of hot spray misted the deck as the stomach of the whale swelled larger and larger. Then Carlos gave the signal to stop: over-inflating could burst the whale and ruin a catch worth thousands of dollars in valuable oils, blubber, whalebone, edible meat and fertilizer.

All was going well when someone screamed above the sound of hissing steam. "The bull—he's coming right at us!"

WE LOOKED up to see a huge mountain of flesh bearing down on us. My brother jumped to the gun as the bull came on at his full speed course amidships.

"He's going to ram us!" yelled Orlando, the engineer.

My brother waited, took a bead. Fifty yards . . . 40 yards . . . closer and closer it came, gathering more speed than I thought possible as it sought to save its mate. Carlos hunched forward and the gun went off just before the whale struck.

I was flung backwards and my head thudded on the deck. I staggered to my feet and heard someone shouting: "It smashed into the plate! We got bad trouble."

"Where's the gunner?"

I looked up and saw that my brother was gone from the gun mount. The jarring impact had tossed him over the side into the churning water. The huge, gray lumbering mass of the whale overshadowed everything else. I immediately cut the harpoon cable and the whale moved away. Then I caught sight of Carlos and tossed him a heaving line. I got it close to him but he



I thought Carlos was gone until his head bobbed up. Then I grabbed the thick hair and swam hard for the *Kisera*.

hardly made an effort to reach for it. He was hurt bad. "Carlos! Grab it, Carlos!"

He went under. I yanked off my pea coat and plunged over the side into the numbing water. For one panicky moment I thought he was gone, then I saw his head bob up. I grabbed for his thick black hair and clung to it, working my way to the line. Then I waited, expecting to be hauled aboard, but we were left to flounder.

I shouted, cursed the crew. There was no response. When I realized they must have figured we were both goners, I managed to swim closer and strained with my free hand to get us up and over the side. It was the greatest effort of my life; every muscle inside me screamed in agony but somehow—how I'll never know—I made it. When I got on board I put my brother down and collapsed, gasping and vomiting salt water.

Then I heard voices screaming at me to get up. I struggled to my feet and fell back several steps. The catcher was listing. I turned in the direction of the voices to find the men lowering themselves in a lifeboat. They were abandoning ship. The vessel was in danger of sinking. I was freezing and snatched up a hooded jacket and threw it on.

"Come on, Arturo! Step on it!"

They pointed in the direction of the bow and amidships where the whale had struck. I turned that way and saw the whale was coming on again. I whirled, ran up to the gun, rammed in a harpoon, and moved it

into position. I had to be ready this time, for if that whale smashed the *Kisera* again we were all finished.

The bull was about 40 yards away, just about the maximum range of the gun. It would be a wild shot, but maybe I could hit it. I couldn't chance letting it come in for a closer shot. I held back for a second, blinked my eyes clear of the brine and squeezed off that deadly shaft.

It was wide and the harpoon struck near the tail flukes. But it was a hit! Not fatal, yet it deflected the whale from his course. I ran back for Carlos. The men were holding the lifeboat's painter fast, calling: "Come on, we can't take any more chances. We've got to get away from here fast."

"I'm coming," I hollered. But when I knelt to lift my brother I saw that he was dead. All at once nothing existed but me and that whale. I looked over and saw it coming again. I knew I had to kill that beast, blow it into bloody pieces! The men called out but I headed straight for the gun. Just before I grabbed another harpoon, I saw them shove off, realizing it wouldn't do them any good, that the whale would go after them once he finished the trawler.

My hands shook as I loaded the weapon. I was crying all the time and cursing the whale under my breath: "Come on! Come on! Don't turn now, you goddam slimy killer!"

I waited with my hands frozen to the metal, my knuckles white and straining. How I wanted to fire, but I held back. *This one was for the kill*. I couldn't afford to miss. Another head-on ram and the ship would be a goner with me on board.

Thirty yards . . . 20 yards. I was about to let go when the blasted bull down under. There was nothing I could do except scan the waters, waiting for him to surface. Then he came up, surging out of the water in front of the catcher, his powerful leap seeming to suspend him in midair for several seconds.

I got a look flush into the side of that ugly face, the eye rolling crazily. My hands moved automatically and the gun exploded. The harpoon tore high into the snout just as the huge body plummeted back into the sea. It struck the water, then I heard the muffled boom and saw the lumps of bloody flesh burst outward like the fragments strewn by an underground mine. It was finished.

I collapsed on the deck like a dead man. It seemed like hours before my head cleared and my breath came back. For a minute I forgot that Carlos was dead. Then I remembered and my thoughts turned to the ship. Was it really going to go under?

I stood up. The inflated whale tied to the trawler had kept us from listing any further. It was ironic that the cow we had killed and which had resulted in all our troubles—my brother's death, the catcher's floundering and the crew's being adrift in an open lifeboat in treacherous waters—was actually going to save us in the end.

The *Kisera*, Carlos' ship, would not go under. I looked out across the water and spotted the crew heading back. They'd seen the bull die and now were returning to get us back to the Falkland Islands. It would be no easy voyage. The hull had to be repaired, the pumps might even have to be kept going all the way back. But the *Kisera* was going home with a catch—just as it always had when Carlos Reales was her brave and determined master.

★ THE END



THE LOVER WHO WOULDN'T SAY YES

By ROBERT CHRISTIE

Byron felt like a soap opera hero who faced the question: Can a compulsive ladies' man from the big city restrain his amorous ways for a whole year to win back his millions? A warm-blooded Eskimo girl had the answer

BYRON D. Brewster opened one wary eye and squinted at the mid-afternoon sun. The glare plus the blacksmith's gonging in his skull was too much. Byron groaned and eased his head away from the light.

He lay still a few minutes longer while his tongue made a brief reconnaissance of his mouth. The cheeks were dry and dusty, the tongue quilled and sandy. Then he gradually became aware of the taste of duck. *Duck?* He was horrified.

"Braised duck with tangerine slices," he mumbled. "Oh, Lord, did I do it again?"

Byron pulled a pillow over his head, squirmed farther away from the sun, and asked himself, "What was her name?"

A familiar dread stirred in his brain as he waited for an answer, and he shook his head, trying not to recall drinking champagne as a chaser for martinis. It also was better, he reflected after a slight delay, to avoid completely the thought of duck à la chinois. A treacherous fowl, a depraved bird that, in the hands of Byron D. Brewster, released wondrous

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY SCOTT PIKE



Joy
Scott
Pike

feminine emotions. Achilles had his heel—Byron had his blasted duck. How did it happen that duck, prepared just so, led to affairs which were always brief, unsatisfactory and shockingly expensive?

"You are astonishingly like your Grandfather Brewster," his mother often observed in her controlled Boston voice. "Money and women." Her smile at this point invariably withered. "Except, Byron, that you've never earned a dime in your life."

Byron wondered, as the *gonging* faded to a quiet tinkle, why it was always the same with him. Why couldn't he be more impersonal with girls? At last he gave up trying to think it out, never wrestling for long with anything more abstract than those lovely creatures who, for reasons he couldn't fathom, felt it necessary to repay his duck *à la chinois* with something of themselves.

"Oh, well," he said groggily, "a chap must have a hobby."

He closed his eyes, but his nose refused to stop functioning. What was that burning? Cigarette smoke was seeping under his pillow, its dryness tickling his nostrils. Then his ears came to life as a voice said brightly, "Hi."

That accent—intimate, warm and possessive—was unfamiliar. "By-ron . . ."

It sounded like a woman; the affectionate kind; even knew his name. He shrank, pulling down his head as he drew up his knees to meet it. Maybe she wouldn't notice he was there.

"Feeling rough, baby?" the voice asked, coming closer.

His bed tipped as a body followed the voice. The point of her finger, starting at his elbow, lightly slid upward along his arm, squiggled a question when it reached his shoulder, rested there insinuatingly, and then made its run back down again. The touch was pleasantly disturbing, and somehow very familiar.

Byron thoughtfully wriggled one toe. Action of some sort was necessary, indeed, inevitable. With the air of a man who expects the worst, he surfaced and peeked over the barricade of his pillow.

A girl sat on the edge of his bed in clear, natural detail. Her smile was bright and charming. He saw that she was expertly crafted. Out of a vast mental photo gallery, Byron could not recall a girl whose charms had been either as extensive or fetching. Quite a panorama, really.

His mind made an effort at recollection, for such a girl must surely have a name. Memory would have been easier had she been wearing something other than that damned cigarette.

The twin bed across from his own showed signs of recent occupancy. He tried to think of something to say. "Did you sleep well?" he finally asked courteously.

She laughed, got up, stubbed out her cigarette, and then kissed him. "Do I have to answer that?"

His head inexplicably felt better, though improvement was brief.

The girl wrinkled her nose prettily. "Funny, isn't it? I used to loathe duck. But now . . ." Her gaze was tender and adoring. "I'll try to be a good wife, Byron."

Numbness clutched Byron D. Brewster. His mind darkened. What wild promises had he made this time?

"But it's the only thing I can cook," he said miserably. "Have you ever tried it for breakfast?" It seemed to him that such a prospect should cool any girl's most honorable intentions. "Have you . . . er . . .?" His voice



Byron quaked, fought temptation and sweated despite the sub-zero temperature as Lily smiled and stripped enticingly.

faded weakly as her name still failed to come to him.

The girl, putting on a robe of his, said, "What you need, darling, is coffee. You look simply mangled."

She was about to leave for the kitchen when they heard the sound of a key being turned in the apartment's outside lock. She drew back, questioning him with a glance.

"Just my cleaning woman," he said. "Nothing to worry about."

The girl's expression, gently tropical a moment before, now iced up. "You mean I'm not the first one you've had up here like . . . like this?"

Byron was aware that his smile was rather fatuous. "You know how it is. I . . . well, I get lonely."

Before there could be further discussion of his need for companionship, the door into the foyer opened and closed. He wondered why his cleaning woman did not go directly to the kitchen. Instead, footsteps purposefully clacked down the hall toward his bedroom. A caustic, extraordinarily well-known voice preceded them.

"I'm at the end of my patience!" it declared in outrage. "Why, in heaven's name, Byron Brewster, don't you take a vow of chastity? Or join the Salvation Army?"

Byron was aware his mother's indignation was not false. The girl knew it too. "Don't worry, honey," Byron whispered. "Mother's warlike cries don't mean a thing." Then he added, "Of course, she's bound to notice you're here."

Byron could have sworn he heard the whistle of air as Mrs. Brewster hit the breaks and skidded to a halt in the doorway. Her breathing seemed to trouble her for a second, but her composure returned with a rush, her gaze picking up the scene's details with the efficiency of a vacuum cleaner going after lint. The girl began to weep.

"Mother," Byron began, "I wish to introduce . . . to introduce . . ."

But his mother had swept the girl into her arms and was emitting coos and croons of comfort and sympathy. "Why, Nancy Hill! What on earth are you doing in this den of iniquity?"

Nancy, Byron thought with resentment, sobbed too damned convincingly. She made it look as though he'd forced her here when, in fact, she had pleaded, almost with the first taste of duck, for overnight shelter.

"Now, cheer up, dear," he heard his mother say, "and get your things on." Her tone changed from the maternal to the speculative. "I've often wondered, Nancy, what you volunteer social workers do. I believe now I'm getting at it."

AFTER PUSHING Nancy and her clothes toward the bathroom, Mrs. Brewster confronted her son with a metallic glare. "I take it you were expecting me. Thoughtful of you to leave your key in the door." Her eyes flicked about the room.

Byron, wondering what had brought his mother to his apartment, said, "You sounded upset when you came in."

"Oh, I am. I am." Plunging into her handbag, she withdrew several menacing-looking documents. Even to Byron's muffled senses they gave off an unpleasantly legal smell.

Mrs. Brewster handed the papers to her son. "I've just come from my lawyer's. I left Mister Frame more impressed than he's ever been in his life. He doubts that in the history of Boston there has ever been such a ripe collection of paternity suits and breach of promise actions." She coughed. "Mister Frame feels your rare talents must be curbed."

The documents were terrifyingly clear, linking Byron's extensive escapades with huge sums of money. The value attached to collaboration stunned him, for none of the ladies demanding compensation was the least familiar.

He looked up helplessly. "Oh, my. They want a fortune."

"Roughly two hundred thousand dollars," Mrs. Brewster said. "Quite, quite roughly."

"What're we going to do about it?"

"I'm coming to that, Byron. Mister Frame wishes to see you at three tomorrow afternoon. Can you be operational by then?"

He mumbled that he would do his best. His mother nodded and solicitously shooed Nancy out of the apartment ahead of her.

Byron's interview the following afternoon with Mr. Frame was frosty. The lawyer, despite his fragility, was no softer than Plymouth Rock and hardly more talkative. He was, moreover, a moral man whose code permitted no mercy.

Before Byron could take a chair, Frame said, "Your behavior has been inexcusable. However, your good mother has agreed to pay these indefensible actions in full."

Byron smiled for the first time that day.

Distaste tightened Frame's features. "Permit me to finish, Brewster. Upon my advice, and effective at once, your allowance ceases."

It was some time before Byron was able to utter a word. "I—you mean I'm cut off?" Frame nodded stiffly. "But what'm I to do? I haven't a penny."

"You might raise ducks," the lawyer said coldly as

he came around his desk. "I understand you're rather adroit with the birds." He held the door open. "Good afternoon."

Byron learned step by bitter step that few creatures are more pitiful than a beached playboy. His telephone ceased to ring, he ate alone; even his duck tasted bad. The monkish life was a horror, but his mother was adamant when he tried to persuade her to restore his allowance.

"No, Byron. I won't even consider it."

Byron's temper rose. "What'd you raise me to do?"

"Not what you *have* done!"

June was scarcely a day old when Byron could endure the torture no longer. Life was impossible, what with temptation everywhere and not the means to invite it in.

His morale was nearly non-existent the morning he spotted the advertisement in *The Globe*. The U.S. Government was hiring assistant cooks to work at Distant Early Warning Line installations in the Arctic. He wondered why. His own Distant Early Warning Line had never done him the slightest good. Just as he was about to toss the paper away, the solution to his painful predicament suddenly clouted him right in the eye. The Arctic? Why, that was perfect! There were no women there and—if his past meant anything—he wasn't a bad cook. He threw on his clothes and hurried to the government employment offices.

Byron soon discovered that Site 23 of the DEW Line was as nearly ideal for a retired rake as could be imagined. It was as masculine as a goat, as singularly dedicated as a monastery. Its handful of exiles were grave young men who perpetually listened for what at any moment might come thundering high across the polar wastes. Site 23 was situated on Ayotuk, a barren finger of land pointing into Melville Sound toward Bathurst Island. It was as near the end of the world as one could get. Though by no means a beatnik, even Byron termed it "way out."

By the time Arctic summer passed and the September winds lashed down laden with snow, Byron was experiencing a pleasing sense of worthiness. He was useful for the first time in his life. He knew how every man on the station liked his eggs and he felt the glow that comes with being able to prepare an edible hash.

"Yust the boy, Booster," the Swedish head cook praised him a dozen times a day. "Yust the boy!"

WHAT GAVE him his greatest satisfaction, however, was his chastity. And it wasn't long before he became critical of the other men with their pin-ups and sex-loaded talk. "What's wrong with you guys? What's so special about dames?"

"You don't know, Brewster? That banned in Boston, too?"

He had sworn to his mother to live in the singular and that was what he was doing. Of course, he'd given his oath only after mater had promised to restore him to financial grace if he could control himself for a year. Well, his contract provided that as an assistant cook he must remain at Ayotuk for precisely that length of time. He had it made—for a while.

The Eskimo band blew in with the first blizzard. Their grinning leader, Enak, was a short, merry man with a Mongolian mustache and a daughter named Lily. There were nine others in the party. Enak, bowing and smiling, said they would leave as soon as the storm was over.

"How we feed these eleven (Continued on page 90)

THE JEEP was bumping over the side of a stone-strewn Korean hill when Lieutenant Colonel Mike Michaelis ordered the sergeant driving to pull up. The colonel said something to the driver, who grabbed his carbine and moved off down the hill. Michaelis then motioned the two officers in the back seat to follow. He pointed to the winding road 200 yards below where a refugee caravan was shuffling along. They walked in a column of fours on the narrow dirt road, an endless line of humanity fleeing from the battle areas, from the shell-broken towns and gutted farmland. They were South Korean civilians.

Or were they?

"There's something phony about them," Michaelis said. "I smell soldier. Commie soldier."

"They look like civilians," a captain said.

"So would we if we took off our uniforms, hid our weapons and wore civilian clothes."

"They've done it before," said the third officer, a large, gloomy major. "Masquerade as refugees until they're behind our lines. Then they fan out over the countryside, and before we know it we've got them on our backs while their buddies are attacking from the front." The major turned at a sudden sound, then relaxed. "Colonel, here comes the driver."

Michaelis went forward to meet the enlisted man

go in the Jeep." Then he said to the major, "Wait here and don't lose sight of us. Just in case."

The Jeep scooted to the road and stopped some 50 yards in advance of the oncoming Koreans. Michaelis and the captain got out. They approached the slow-moving column. The colonel held up his hand, motioning the Koreans to stop. Instead, one of their leaders ran forward, smiling. "How do, Colonel?" he said in fairly good English. He grasped the American's hand, shook it vigorously, then, still shaking it, walked him to the side of the road. Once he smiled at the captain, but otherwise his attention was only for the superior officer. Meanwhile the column moved inexorably forward. Now they were 30 yards from the two Americans.

"I want you to halt them," Michaelis said.

"Oh, that very difficult. Yes indeed." The Korean beamed. He was young, athletic-looking, with very alert eyes.

The column was 25 yards away.

"I order you to stop them," the colonel said.

"Not soldiers, you know, Colonel. It not so easy to stop not-soldier-people. No discipline." He smiled broadly.

"That the word, yes?"

Michaelis drew his .45.

"Colonel, I tell you whatever you want to know. We stand here beside the road and I tell you."

THE BEST DAMNED SOLDIER

Only gutsy Mike Michaelis could whip the raw regiment into the force that drove the

climbing toward them. "What do you think, Sergeant?"

"Damned if I know, sir. Maybe they're all right, maybe not."

"Did you see any weapons?"

"No, sir, but they could have them hidden. They're wearing those loose pajama outfits, and they've all got big bundles."

The colonel studied the figures on the road for a few moments, then turned back to the sergeant. "Who did you talk to?"

"The only one who spoke English."

"Was he up front with the leaders, or did they have to call him from behind?"

"He was right up there. Sounded like he was the boss of the whole outfit."

"If he speaks English, the chances are he's an educated man. And these farmers usually pick another peasant to lead them."

The men stared uneasily at the slow-moving caravan. Finally the colonel asked, "Did they have any women with them?"

"No . . . come to think of it, they didn't."

"And no children either?"

The sergeant shook his head.

"Some refugees," Michaelis said. "Hell, I'm going down there myself. You come along, Captain. We'll

Michaelis fired into the road a few feet in front of the leaders.

They stopped.

The Korean shook his head sadly. "You frighten them. They simple peasants."

"I hope they are. But I'm going to have a look anyway."

"I go with you," the Korean said hurriedly.

Michaelis looked back at the Jeep, then uphill where he could see the major watching through binoculars. He waved reassuringly, then he and the captain approached the column. Stopping before the leaders, the colonel saw they were all young.

"Don't you have any old farmers in this country?" he asked one of them.

"Old ones all dead. Enemy shoot."

"Who is the enemy?"

"The Reds," said the Korean without blinking.

"Are any of you armed?"

"Oh no. We simple peasants."

Michaelis stepped forward suddenly and patted the Korean's sides. He felt an ammunition belt, a revolver.

"I'm the leader," the Korean explained smoothly. "Leader go armed. Natural."

Michaelis glanced at the captain who quickly checked the three men nearest him. All were armed.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT SULLIVAN

By JACK
SANDERS

IN KOREA

"unstoppable" Reds back to the Yalu





"All leaders," explained the Korean.

The colonel decided to make a spot check of the rank-and-file. He strode several paces into the column, picked out a young man and frisked him. There were no weapons under his clothes.

Michaelis wasn't satisfied. "Let's see what's in that bundle on your back."

The man looked at him blankly. The Korean leader, who had followed the two American officers, began talking very quickly, explaining that this was another simple farmer, that he had no weapons, would not know how to use them if he had. Michaelis ignored the words, walked behind the "simple farmer," pulled off his bundle and spread its contents on the ground. There were clothes, utensils, rice, a blanket—and a carbine in excellent condition.

The Korean leader assumed a look of astonishment, saying the man was a stranger to him, but had in any event probably found the rifle lying about somewhere and taken it for a souvenir.

Michaelis said, "Every one of these men has a bundle just like this one."

The Korean suddenly barked a command, and at once his men closed in on the two Americans, guns drawn.

The colonel's voice was steady as he told the Korean, "My regiment is spread out all along this sector. At this very minute your entire outfit is under our guns."

"But they still think we refugees. We find a way out." He spoke to one of the other leaders, who addressed the captain in English. "We go to the Jeep. You covered all the way by me. We ride in Jeep ahead of refugees. It look like Americans leading us." He laughed. "Soon we behind your lines. Then war really begins."

The captain looked at the colonel, who shrugged indifferently. "They won't get away with it. Give them their head for awhile."

The captain and his captor climbed in the back of the Jeep and the driver started off. Immediately Michaelis was seized from behind and disarmed. Then

Mike Michaelis' heroic leadership in Korea made him, at 38, the youngest general in the U.S. Army.

a heavy metal object smashed the back of his head. The blow, though painful, did not knock him out. But he pretended it had and fell to the ground. The blanket of the man whose bundle he had inspected was thrown over him, and he was lifted onto someone's back. Again the column moved forward.

Michaelis felt a brief admiration for the strength of the man who carried him so effortlessly. Then his admiration vanished as the stench of the blanket began to register.

His arms came free first, then his head, and he grabbed the throat of the Korean carrying him. The man twisted to the ground, and Michaelis squirmed free of the blanket. But as the two men struggled, the Korean directly behind stumbled and fell on top of them. Other Koreans leaped to separate the two. Those behind could not tell what was happening and broke ranks, some of them hurling themselves into the mass of writhing, rolling men.

Michaelis fought to free himself. One Korean held his foot, and he punched the man in the face until he went limp. But two others were on him at once, and a third dove at him with a knife. Michaelis grabbed the knife, twisted it from his attacker's hand and sunk it into first one, then another of the men grappling with him. At the same time he realized why knives, not guns, were being used. The Koreans could not risk the sound of gunfire; it would alert the Americans in the hills around them.

Michaelis struggled yet still couldn't get clear of his enemies. Then he saw one of the leaders shouting at the men and brandishing a revolver. Michaelis wrenched free and leaped at him. Sure enough he did not fire. Michaelis grabbed the gun and shot the man in the belly. He fired into the ranks, gained a moment of freedom and, before they could come at him again, leaped to the side of the road, emptying the revolver into the air.

Up on the hill he could see the major straining forward, his binoculars on Michaelis, who was zigzagging from shots that never came from the confused column.

Then he heard a mortar shell whisking over his head to explode just beyond the Koreans. There was another shell, followed by a nearer explosion, screams of pain, then a barrage of small arms fire and more mortars.

Michaelis, still running at top speed, did not look back for several minutes. When he did, he saw that the column was completely dispersed and that the captain had dumped his Korean captor and the Jeep was now racing up the hill. Save for the dead and wounded lying on the road, the entire "refugee" caravan was in disorganized flight.

Mike Michaelis was made a full colonel in recognition of this daring exploit. It was not the first time the lean, still boyish-looking officer had been entitled to wear the silver eagles. Michaelis finished the Second World War as a full colonel at the age of 31.

He also nearly finished himself on several ugly occasions.

Mike was a paratrooper in the war against the Nazis and made his first combat jump over Normandy in the early dawn of D-Day. At the time he was executive officer of the 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment, but before the day was finished he had been put in command of the outfit after the C.O. had been killed. Michaelis got through the Normandy invasion in one piece, however he was not so lucky his second time out. In a drop over Holland he caught a shell (*Continued on page 92*)



The combat veteran has held several key posts since the war ended, including Army Chief of Legislative Liaison.



Even after he became assistant division commander of the 25th, Michaelis insisted on being right up at the front.

Ben didn't fear the sharks crowding in for the kill. He feared the things that were destroying him day by day—Luke's unbreakable grip on his life and the biggest debt one man can owe another

PAID IN FULL

By THEODORE L. THOMAS

AS LUKE laid out the diving equipment, his jaw muscles stood out in a face that was long and thin and sun-blackened, topped with coal-dark hair and punctuated with a sharply hooked nose. It was a face that seldom softened into a smile.

Ben made breakfast. It consisted of cold cereal thick with sugar and large slices of bread smeared heavily with jelly. It was a diver's breakfast, high in carbohydrates. Ben, too, was a lean man, but his hair was sandy and streaked with white from the sun and even his pale eyes seemed bleached. He moved slower than Luke, as if thinking about each thing he did.

They ate quietly, having little more need to talk above the water than below. It was because of this silent understanding that they made a nearly perfect diving team. There was the time when Ben and Luke were charting the bottom of the great breakwater at Mayoumba. A lever broke in Ben's regulator, and before he could signal for help Luke was at his side holding out his own mouthpiece. Ben couldn't remember how many times Luke had been right at his side when he needed him. He looked at Luke now but his mind turned to Cathy and he was once more aware of the conflicting feeling he could not put into words.

It was good to be here, off the Mexican coast, with the warm air and the gentle slap of the waves and a partner like Luke. Still it was also good to be in the city with Cathy—exciting, level-eyed Cathy with her direct way of talking. Tramp geologists, she called them, and she and Luke often argued about diving while Ben listened uncomfortably. He knew they really argued over him. Maybe Cathy was right about their work,

but there was a small bank account already, and if they found the jade, the small bank account would grow very large very fast.

"Something wrong, Ben?" Luke asked.

Ben shook his head. "No. Just thinking of finding a mother lode. Be a nice piece of work turning up an underwater vein of good jade."

"Yeah." Luke turned to look shoreward where Ensenada lay half a mile or so south, hidden by the rolling shoreline. Ben knew what he was thinking: not about the money, but about doing something no one else had done.

Ben cleared the dishes and then joined Luke in laying out a plan of exploration of the bottom. They finished the graph in an hour and got ready for the first dive of the day. Luke hung out the ladder and slipped into the straps of his harness, then put on fins and weight belt. Ben dropped the weighted diving line over the stern, letting it out to the 80-foot mark.

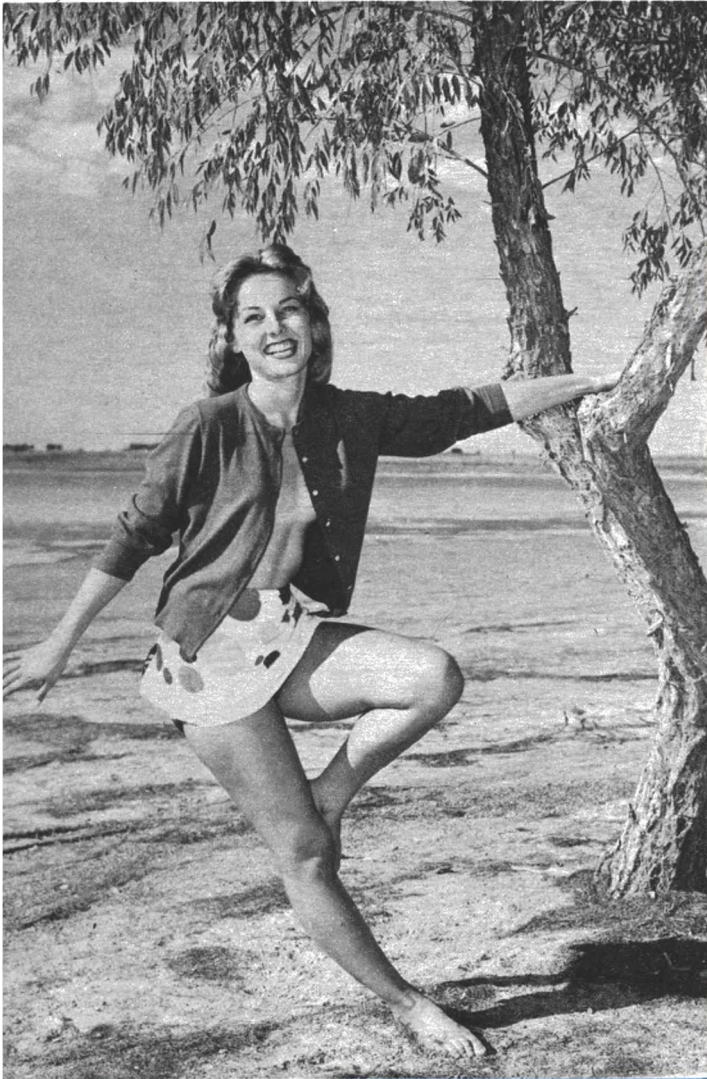
Luke seated the mask over his eyes and nose, tested the mouthpiece, then let himself down into the warm water. Ben took his place at the gunwale and was giving his regulator a final test when Luke sank beneath the surface and swam aft to the diving line. Ben descended the ladder and followed him.

Although the charts indicated a depth of 12 fathoms, Ben could see it was deeper as he swam down the line. It must be a good hundred feet, he thought, looking at his watch to time the dive.

The water was not as clear as usual. It held a fine silt, probably the run-off from rains somewhere along the coast. Ben looked below (Continued on page 88)

ILLUSTRATED BY TED LEWIN





*GLAMOUR
GAL-LERY*

PHOTOS BY ROBERT WATERS



Fresh from the campus of Colorado State College comes a refreshing new face and figure to the modeling world. She's blonde-haired, gray-eyed Sharon Alkire. The 5'4" 110-pound coed modestly claims her 35-22-35 measurements attract men "like bees to a magnolia blossom," and her reaction to their admiration is: "I love it, 'cause I like men to like me." This friendly filly is majoring in fine arts and admits to being a devoted student when not posing for photographers or dating fellows on and off campus. For our money, a chick who cuts as cute a figure as Sharon doesn't have to study a thing about fine art—she's a living example of it.

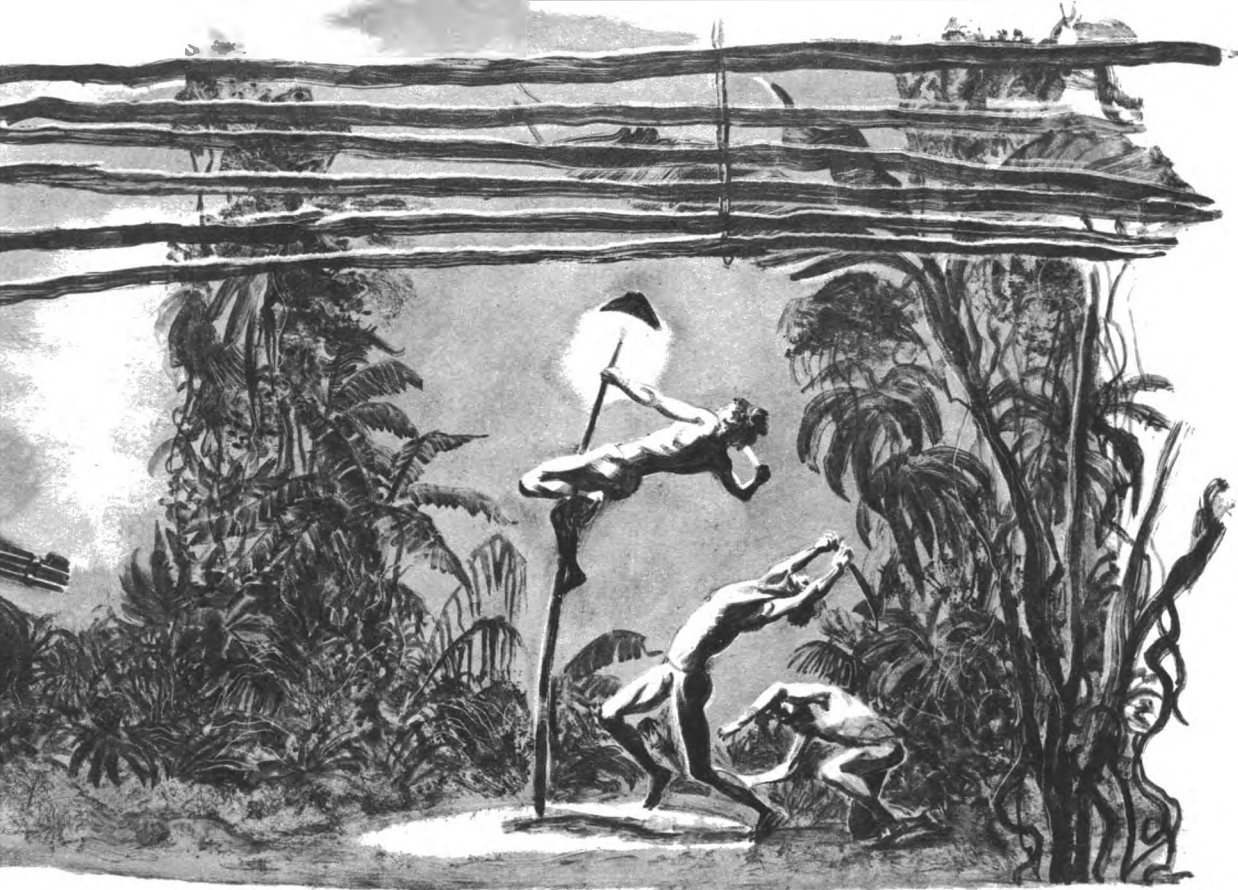




Sharon is a farmer's daughter who loves the country life but complains, "Being a farmer's daughter means I'm always kidded about it by my dates and classmates. And whenever they start telling those jokes, I start blushing." However, the Rocky Mountain miss is not joking about her intentions of making a big play for success before taking on the role of a farmer's wife. She was thrilled when she walked off with the title of Miss Colorado Press Photographer of 1960, but her win was a disappointment to her *three* steady boy friends because each was hoping that she would marry him after graduation. Instead, all the men of America will have a gal to rave about for as long as Sharon remains a glamour queen. Long may she reign!







✱ **BOOK - LENGTH FEATURE**

Terror Comes at Night

Death stalked Steadman through the jungle like a savage beast. He knew
it would destroy him unless he solved the riddle left by a corpse

By DOUGLAS MYLES

HARRY STEADMAN pushed back his sun helmet, drawing the back of a hairy arm across his wet forehead. The haze rose in a steaming cloud from the baked earth, a shimmering, semi-translucent heat that seemed to give movement to the trees in the grove. He put his fingers to his eyes, rubbing them slowly. When he looked again, the grove no longer seemed alive. Its shadow-filled recesses were clearer to him now. There they stood, 3,000 chicle-yielding Naseberry trees in row on endless

row, straight as the ranks of an army. The sap still oozed in pale nodules from many of the scarred trunks, but the clay cups used to collect it lay smashed. His jaws tightened. The milk was drying, fast solidifying into a gum-like resin. And the place was deserted; the native workers, his workers, serving him faithfully until now, had gone.

He cursed silently and returned to the road where he'd left the truck. Climbing up into the cab he un-

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WATERHOUSE

✱ BOOK - LENGTH FEATURE

strapped a .30-30 lever-action rifle, pulling it out of the slings in the cab's roof. He couldn't understand what had happened, and he didn't like things he couldn't understand. Steadman slammed the cocking lever forward and back, seating a cartridge in the chamber, then set the hammer at half-cock safe as he climbed down from the cab.

"Steady, Harry," he said half-aloud. "Don't get careless now. Keep your eyes open."

With long strides he went back to the grove, a big, bronzed man moving powerfully through the heat. Around him, pressing in relentlessly on all sides, was the greatest, most terrible jungle in the world. The Amazonas—a vast, seemingly endless ocean of green and black, three and one-half times the size of France, a seething grave for white and brown men alike.

Steadman struck at a tick embedded in his arm, shearing the head from the body. He dug at the buried head with his fingernails, clawing it out as he walked, not bothering to make sure he'd got it all. A grave, yes. This jungle had proven that for many, but he had survived in it, defied its dangers and lived, just as 20 years before he'd explored the Matto Grosso, and lived. Now he faced danger again, not the jaguar or python, or the yellow jack or army ants. He faced failure, and that could destroy him as well. Every cent he had was in those trees. The trees yielded chicle from which chewing gum was made. The Americans bought the stuff, bought it by the ton. Could he get rich? Maybe; by putting his profits into expansion, acquiring more land, more trees. It was a gamble, but his whole life had been that. It was just starting to pay off, then this. He felt the anger rising in him.

He reached the grove. Before him were the trees, striped diagonally where his men had cut the bark from the boles. To his rear was the path leading from the road. Everywhere else was the jungle. Steadman felt his nerves tighten. His throat was dry and he worked his tongue to bring saliva. The air was filled with the chattering of monkeys. Near him a macaw screeched raucously.

He stopped and spat, turning his head slowly to listen. Nothing unusual. He moved among the trees, wondering about the cups. Breaking them seemed an odd way of attacking him. Why hadn't they hacked up the trees, wiped him out? He'd seen a bleeding grove once, during the rubber wars of the '30s, every trunk split by machetes. Why hadn't they done it?

He was well inside the cultivated area, taking note of the pieces of scattered equipment and other signs of a hurried departure. Fear, said the signs, even panic. Something had frightened the workers badly, so badly



In his last agony Tagua had tried to leave a message, managing to scrawl "SERR" and part of an "A" on the ground.

they'd run away despite the top wages he paid. Why? Why had they gone? He spat again, disgustedly. Even Tagua, he thought, his teak-hard Jivaro foreman with the strength of a bull. Even he had deserted. Was it possible? He remembered the great fight of three years ago, Tagua locked with a jaguar, with only a knife, torn by the cat but killing it. Tagua, whom Steadman had saved from drowning in the Amazon. Tagua the intelligent. Tagua the faithful.

But Tagua was faithful. Steadman couldn't believe otherwise. Every riddle had its answer, every lock its key. He knew the answer to this was here, if only he could find it.

He walked on. It was cooler under the trees, yet he was soaked with sweat, his clothes plastered to his body. Here the walking was easy. The ground had all been cleared to make room for the planting. They had worked unceasingly, cutting and hacking, holding back the jungle, fighting the moving green mass. Now, he thought, unless he could get his crew back, the jungle would conquer. Unopposed, in a week it would bridge the ten feet of space to reach the trees, in a month entangle them in an unyielding web, in two months smother them, swallow them up. At thought of his precious trees being strangled by giant lianas, bled by the jungle's strange, parasitic killers, the corners of his mouth drew down. It must not happen. "I must get those workers back," he muttered hoarsely. He couldn't begin again at 45. As a youth in the Matto Grosso he had made and lost a fortune in rubber. But life in the

tropics had taken its toll in time, energy and patience.

Steadman moved forward. He was near the center of the grove, about to turn back, when he saw the glint of metal on dark earth. He picked it up, a small native amulet, beads and feathers, a bit of twisted brass with a broken leather neck-thong. He inspected it carefully, turning it over in his perspiring palm. The tale it told was hard to believe. He stared at it, his memory going back many years. There was no mistaking its origin.

"Cholones!" he said aloud, spitting out the word like a bad taste.

HE POCKETED the charm, his hand trembling with excitement. What the devil were they doing here? The Cholones weren't a nomadic people and their largest village was 25 miles upriver. He had seen it once from the air, remembered even now the way the Brazilian pilot had laughed, as though at a grim joke.

"Look down, my friend. The grass huts, the naked tribesmen. They are Cholones. I'll circle and drop five hundred feet. You can see them more closely than most people ever get."

"Are they hostile?" he had asked.

"Hostile? They'd serve you your own nose and ears for breakfast. When we reach Belém I'll show you some pictures in the file. They resist all intruders in their territory. Sometimes they attack the rubber workers."

Yes, he remembered the Cholones and the sight of a truckload of native workers, survivors of an ambush. They didn't survive long. All had been hit by arrows, but only two in vital spots. All eight of them had died.

"But why?" he had asked the doctor who attended them. "Most weren't badly wounded. What killed them?"

"Curaré was the killer," said the doctor. "It need only enter the bloodstream. Did you notice anything odd about them? They couldn't hold up their heads, couldn't walk. Loss of motor control, followed by respiratory failure. Asphyxia in the end, you see. Suffocation."

"You mean their lungs just stopped?"

"Yes. The lungs cannot function with the chest muscles paralyzed. There is an antidote but it must be given at once. Curaré is death." The doctor had looked very grave. "These tribes have used it for centuries."

Steadman stood motionless, fingering the amulet in his pocket. His nervousness was increasing. It seemed the jungle was warning him of something. Suddenly he was aware of a great droning. There were flies close by, hundreds of them. What was attracting them? What—why hadn't he seen it before? There it was, in the shadows 20 feet away, half concealed by the bole of a tree. He swung forward, the blood pounding in his throat, his flesh crawling at the sight.

"Tagua!" he gasped. "Tagua!"

He hadn't been wrong. The man who had been faithful so long had not deserted him. Steadman dropped to his knees beside the body. The half naked corpse was covered with flies, black with them, meaning the ants hadn't found it yet. He turned the body over, sending the flies rising in a humming swarm. He went white, his stomach heaved, something seemed to explode in his blood. He had expected mutilation. But this! The eyes, the ears, the nose. Bestial! Incredible!

Steadman wanted to run through the jungle like a madman, screaming his hatred. He wanted to splinter things with his hands, rip them with his teeth, beat his

head against a tree until he drove the horror from his brain, until the blackness came and the quiet, blessed peace of nothingness. His face was the color of the broken clay cups on the ground. The tears kept welling up from somewhere, spilling down his cheeks. They had killed his Jivaro, terribly, maniacally, barely leaving traces of humanity. Humanity! Could man born of woman do this? Could any creature, however primitive—. But what was the use? Tagua's own people, the Jivaros, shrank human heads to the size of baseballs. Tagua had expected no mercy, would have given none in his enemy's place. It was the law, the law that said, "kill! Kill if you would survive, for the jungle destroys its weaklings! Kill lest you be killed! Maim lest you be maimed! Crush enemies! Take their ears, so they may not hear your pursuing footfall in the next world. Take their eyes, so they may not see your shadow and evade you. Take their tongues, so they may not warn their comrades." It was the law, the code.

Gradually he became aware of the signs of the struggle. For yards around the earth had been churned up, deeply furrowed in some places, flattened in others. Tagua had been lashed to a tree. The vines his murderers had used were hanging from the trunk, scattered at its base. They had been bitten through and pieces still protruded from the dead man's mouth. Tagua had not died easily but he had died well.

Steadman bent lower, ignoring the humming insects. There in the dirt, where the Jivaro's hand had been before Steadman had turned him over, were four scrawled letters and part of a fifth. S E R R. The final straggling character was simply a diagonal mark, part of an A, maybe. Steadman wondered what it meant. In his last agony Tagua had wanted to tell him something, leave a message. What was it? S E R R-. S E R R A-. It conveyed nothing.

Steadman raised the body to his shoulder. Stiff with rigor mortis, it didn't feel like a human being. Yet it had been human; a few hours ago it had been Tagua, a man among men. Steadman closed his ears to the flies and began to walk. Tagua was of that branch of the Jivaros who worshipped the River God, despising those who buried their dead in the ground. He believed he had come from the river and he would want to return to it.

IT WAS A long way back to the truck. The sweat stung Steadman's eyes, poured down his chest and back. The weight of the body seemed to press him into the earth. He tried to think about what had happened, but his mind refused to function. He wanted to form a plan, plot his revenge, but something inside him was numb. His right eye had developed a nervous twitch, his mouth was working drily. He had always been first a man of action, only later a man of thought. Now, when the greatest crisis of his life had come, he could neither act nor think.

He walked on, weak from grief and exertion, staggering a little. He glared at the jungle pressing around him. In 20 years it hadn't been able to kill him. It had no charity, only patience and a green smile. Above the buzzing of the flies swarming after him, Steadman could hear its laughter, hear it above the beating of his heart.

"Yes," he said aloud. "Yes, I understand you." Then he laughed too, with the tears still in his eyes, nearly choking on his laughter.

When he reached the rear of the truck he placed the

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body on the dusty road. Like a man in a dream he drew the iron pin from its hole and pulled down the tailgate. Lifting the corpse and putting it in the truck, he brushed and tore away the flies, then covered Tagua with a tarpaulin. Securing the gate, he walked to the front of the vehicle, hauled himself into the cab and started the engine.

The road curved away before him, a hard strip of dry brown dust now, a rut of sucking mud during the rains. Rounding a bend he came nearer to the river, frequently visible through the trees. The river didn't laugh. Since the dawn of time it had warred with the jungle. It was the friend of those the jungle hated. The water flashed in the sunlight, its voice soft and deep.

Steadman felt drowsy. He wondered if he were asleep, struggling with the coils of a nightmare. He pulled up his chin and struck the back of his hand against the wheel. The pain revived him, sharpening his awareness. Then he heard the drums. They were alive, pulsating, a rhythmic, throbbing beat that seemed to be inside him, loud within him, growing louder, then diminishing. They were sending a message upriver from village to village. He listened to them tell of Tagua's death, the news spreading fast, ten miles at a leap. The Jívaros would learn of it. They would know whose hand had killed Tagua. It could mean a jungle war.

He rounded another curve fast, straightening the wheel quickly. Ten yards ahead a boa slithered across the road, vanishing into the undergrowth. A quarter hour passed. He was halfway home, halfway to the hacienda by the river. His motor launch was there, moored to the jetty. He would put Tagua in that, take him to the place of his birth, the realm of the River God.

Within an hour Steadman was driving through the wooden gates and up the stone-lined drive. Normally, the *Peones* would come to him now, crowd round his truck. But no one appeared. The drumbeats rolled along the river through the waves of heat. He stopped between two ceiba trees and got out. Rifle in hand, he approached the wide veranda. So empty, he thought. This place had been a home, now it was just a pile of wood. He climbed the porch steps. Through the partly open door he saw dark faces: Juan, his houseboy, Matamé, his male cook. Both were sick with fear, speechless with the knowledge of the drums.

He spoke to them in English. "The body of Tagua is in the truck. Put it in the boat."

MATAMÉ paled under his brown skin. He was half Jamana Indian and he had feared Tagua, as all Jamanas feared the Jívaros. He still feared him in death. Steadman saw his hesitation. "Go!" he rasped. "I will come."

The servants descended the steps and moved hesitantly toward the truck. Steadman watched them pull away the tarpaulin. Fools! Why did they wish to see? He saw them gasp, drawing back, turning to run.

"Matamé," he shouted. "You have your orders! Take him to the boat!"

The halfbreed nodded, motioning to Juan to help him. Steadman entered the house, propping his rifle by the door, then walked to the liquor cabinet. He drank. Once, twice, three times he emptied the mouthful of whiskey down his throat, feeling the warm glow in his stomach. Then he corked the bottle and replaced it. He

wanted to go on drinking, to drink until he was blind, until he couldn't see the bloody, purple, puffed face of Tagua, until he fell into a stupor.

Steadman inhaled deeply. "I've got to get hold of myself," he muttered, moving to the bamboo couch. Putting a pillow behind his head, he remembered buying that pillow in Belém. Civilized Belém, where a man could buy whiskey cheap and a woman even cheaper. On the endtable was a cigarette box. His hand dipped into it but came out empty. Not even a smoke, he thought, a lousy, Manaus-made fag. He lay back against the pillow. The heat was stifling, like a live thing that drained the liquid from him. A special heat, the paralyzing inferno of the Amazonas, the crippler, the ally of the jungle.

HE CROSSED his legs restlessly, then flung them out before him. Four letters revolved in his mind: S E R R. What was it? What did it mean? He saw them clearly, uneven and crookedly drawn, the second "R" overlapping the first. It was the work of a man in the dark, a man with no eyes. S E R R. Then the final mark, like the beginning of the letter "A." He scowled at the irony of it. Tagua hadn't benefited much from his mission school education. He had learned to read and write Portuguese, but never to think like the white man nor accept his god. At the last, when he had called on his learning to avenge him, it had been useless.

Steadman got to his feet and began to pace nervously up and down the 20-foot length of the room. Why had the Cholones come downriver? Why had they driven off his workers, killed Tagua? He had owned the grove three years and they had never bothered him before. They had no interest in the chicle, nor would they normally go looking for trouble. Attacks on rubber workers? Sure. More than one tribe was guilty of that, but their land had been penetrated. In this case there seemed no motive. Why had they come?

And then he remembered the broken cups and a new thought struck him. The attack was an obvious warning for him to get out, to leave the district. That did suggest an interest in the chicle. Steadman stopped pacing, his brow furrowed in concentration. It seemed logical. He had a commercial rival, someone determined to see him fail. That was why they had spared the trees. Whoever had done this wanted to take over. He was up against a bandit, someone who had killed his head man, who wouldn't hesitate to kill him.

The big man strode out of the house and down toward the small wharf where his boat lay rocking against the pilings. His mind was functioning rapidly now, with a new clarity. The whole thing spoke of a guiding intelligence, a plan, the touch of one sure hand. Someone had control of the Cholones, was using them as a weapon. He tried to think of all the business rivals he'd ever had, to recall their names, whereabouts when last seen, personal characteristics. There had been many. Whether he dealt in rubber or chicle it was the same. Others had thought of it too. Recently there had been another American, a man named Travis. He had wanted to buy an interest, 25 per cent for \$5,000. Just like that. You fight and plan and sweat and suffer. You defy the jungle for more than two decades, surviving a thousand perils, living in the crawling heat, foregoing the pleasures of civilization. Then a man comes down from Frisco, from white girls and whiskey with ice cubes and cool hotel rooms. "I'll buy a quarter of your hold-

ings," he says. Not a partnership. He doesn't offer to stay, share your loneliness, your fight against nature. He wants no part of it, just the profits.

Steadman lengthened his stride. There was the boat, the frightened Juan and Matamé in her stern. There was the river, the sun glittering on its surface, its waters reflecting the hues of the jungle. He walked out on the dock, then onto the boat, one hand on the ignition, the other on the starter.

"Cast off, Matamé! Clear those lines!"

He could feel the hull vibrate as the engine started. They were swinging into the river, out into the current, with the screw biting into the green depths, the craft heeling slightly before the pressure to starboard. Steadman called young Juan to him.

"Where are the people?" he asked. "Where have they gone?"

The little houseboy looked surprised. "They go back," he said, describing an arc with his arm. "They go 'way, patrón."

"Do they fear the Cholones?"

"Sí, patrón."

"Have you seen the Cholones?"

Juan glanced at Matamé, his eyes questioning. "No, patrón. I no see dem."

"Did you see them, Matamé?"

"Sí, patrón. They come on river, fifty, sixty men."

"Was there a white man with them, anyone who looked different?"

Steadman was certain the white would avoid being seen, take no risks. But Matamé proved him wrong,

"Sí, patrón. White man in pirau of chief. Red cloth on head." Matamé avoided meeting Steadman's eyes.

"Ever see him before, remember anything else about him?"

"Don't know, patrón. Not get close. Not want die."

Steadman turned the launch upstream, heading for the middle of the river. So there was a white man. Yes, it was clearer now. He glanced at the body of Tagua on deck.

The drums ceased abruptly. The air droned in the silence, more silence than he could ever remember along the Amazon. It was time; the River God was waiting.

"Take the wheel, Juan. Hold her steady."

He moved to Tagua's feet, gripped them and signaled Matamé to take the shoulders. The body was wrapped in canvas but a weight was needed. Without that the remains might drift into the shallows, be eaten by crocodiles or savage *caribe*. They might reach him out here, but there was less chance of it.

"Wait!" he growled. "Can we give him to jacaré or piranhã? We need something heavy to sink him."

He went back to the wheelhouse where he dug into a storage locker, taking a tool chest and coil of rope. He carried them aft, knelt down and began roping the chest to the body. There was no more precious thing aboard than these tools, but he didn't care about them now. He hated jacaré, the crocodile, the snaggle-toothed monsters infesting the river. Twenty feet long they were, a hundred pounds to the foot. Tagua would understand. He would appreciate the sacrifice.

"Heave!" he commanded when the work was done. They swung the body over the side. It sank quickly. Tagua had gone home, back to the river, back to the mists of time. Steadman clenched his jaws, his lips trembling. He said nothing as he turned the boat and steered shoreward, back to his house, back to the solitude, uncertainty, the long wait for nightfall.

The day waned and the shadows lengthened. On returning from the river he had tried to phone the constabulary at Manaus but the line was dead. He recalled how often he had repaired that line, more than once in drenching rain. But he wouldn't risk it now. That was what Tagua's killer wanted, to draw him into the jungle and cut him down. Well, this renegade would have to come and get him, take him in his own house—and that would cost him something.

Steadman thought about it, a .38 revolver in his hand. He reached for the cartridge belt, took six rounds, loaded the revolver and buckled the belt to his waist. Then he lay back on the couch. Tagua had shown him. Tagua had known how to die. The killer in the red bandanna has ideas. And he has another guess coming if he thinks Harry Steadman is going to quit and run.

He went out onto the veranda. Juan and Matamé were sitting there, not speaking, not moving. They seemed resigned to death. The sun was getting low; soon its edge would rest on the trees, then it would sink below the greenness. Time was run-



"You and Juan must leave," Steadman told Matamé, who answered, "No. We stay, fight."

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ning out. Maybe it was too late to live, he thought. Maybe, when the sun went and the jungle turned to black velvet, he would die. What did the poets say of death? Not an end but a beginning. Or was that in the Bible? He spoke quietly to his servants.

"Matamé, I think it's time for you to leave. Take Juan and follow the others. Hide yourselves. If all goes well, come back in three days. If not, go to Manaus and tell them what you know."

The halfbreed shook his oiled head. "We would not go far, *patrón*. Cholones kill quick." He looked at Juan, who nodded. "When is dark Cholones come. Then *patrón* fight. We stay, fight too. Make big kill for *patrón*. We not 'fraid now."

Steadman found the words strangely moving. Matamé, saying he wasn't afraid, asking for a chance to fight, to die with his employer, to stay and face the Cholones after seeing Tagua. It seemed to prove something.

"And you, Juan?"

The boy forced a smile. "Me stay too," he said firmly. "Many Cholones in bush. If Juan go, den Juan die in bush. Better for die here."

"All right," said Steadman. "I'm glad I taught the two of you how to shoot. Come in the house and get your weapons."

Five minutes later he was still in the trophy room, hauling ammunition from a trunk. A great weight had fallen from him. He had allies, good allies. He was no longer alone.

"Juan, you practiced with a bolt-action rifle. Take this Enfield. Matamé, you'll do well with the Savage. Here, take these bandoleers with you."

It was going to be a thing to see. He was sure of that.

The Cholones would probably win, but at a price. They would have no chance to approach the house unseen. Long ago he had installed floodlights, the bulbs protected by heavy wire mesh, lighting the grounds in depth. The generator was in a shed close to the house, easily defensible. The moon would help him. It would rise at nine o'clock, a full moon, greatly increasing the illumination, silhouetting targets. Yes, it would be something to see, a fight worth telling about.

As twilight settled over the Amazonas, bringing its strange stillness, Steadman turned on the lights. He and the servants ate lightly while he outlined his plan. Their only chance, he reasoned, was to pick off the white man, the force behind the tribesmen. With that red handkerchief he would be easy to spot in the lights, if he got in the lights. They must kill him if at all possible. Without him the Cholones might quit.

Suddenly he smiled at his own forgetfulness. There was still the chance of escape by water, still the launch. He could take Matamé and Juan and make a dash downriver, fight through the Cholones' piraus if they launched them. It might even prove simple, he thought bitterly. He need only give up the ambitions of a lifetime, the toil, the sweat, the going without. He could even forget he was a man. Then the renegade could have his place. He wouldn't need it then. A man who wasn't a man wouldn't need it.

Steadman stood by an open window. The sun's orange afterglow was gone and the jungle was awake again. He heard the odd cries of howler monkeys, a long way off. He looked up. No stars tonight. Maybe he wouldn't have the moon, he thought, maybe the clouds would hide it. He left the window and made his rounds quickly, going to his servants where he had posted them, checking their fields of fire, encouraging them, hiding his emotions with a bold face.

"Remember, Juan, don't waste ammunition. Take your time and make your shots count. Be sure you see your man before you fire. Then aim for the chest or stomach. Not the head; it's hard to hit. Most of your practice has been at a hundred yards. That's too far. Seventy or less is better for this kind of shooting. Understand, Juan? About seventy yards."

He talked to Matamé, then returned to his post. Down by the river a jaguar screamed in the shadows, its high-pitched cry ending in a grunting, deep-throated cough. The jungle was more alive than ever now. Dark shapes wandered through it. Many were vicious predators. They'd lain in their lairs during the day's heat, now they hunted on cushioned pads, slinking soundlessly. They were the fanged and clawed denizens, the spotted ones in velvet dress, the big cats.

Steadman wished he had a cigarette. With straining eyes he gazed across the cleared space, his attention fixed on the long expanse of lime-painted wooden fence, the floodlighted ground, then beyond the



The white man swung his rifle viciously at the onrushing Cholone and felt a surge of animal satisfaction as the native's skull cracked.

fence to the edge of darkness. They were there. He could neither see nor hear them but he knew they were there, at slightly more than a hundred yards. He could picture their painted faces, the pierced ears and nostrils, their long, straight black hair and copper-colored, heavily oiled bodies. He could almost smell the potent animal odor of them, sense their noiseless advance. Their arrows were five to six feet in length and poison-tipped. But more than those, he dreaded the weapon of silence, the long-tubed blowgun with its curaré-coated dart. It was not a good end, the gasping, popeyed death with the hands gripping the throat. The python or anaconda would be quicker, their crushing coils more merciful.

THROUGH THE SLITS of a bamboo blind he could see Matamé, a vague outline. He walked to the blind, rolled it up and secured it. "Matamé, do you see anything?" He asked.

"No, *patrón*. No see nothing."

Steadman walked back to his place. Juan was out of sight on the north side of the house, facing the river. Raising his voice slightly, he called, "You all right, Juan?"

"Sí, *patrón*. Juan good."

"Keep your eyes open, hear? Don't go to sleep."

"No, *patrón*."

Steadman laughed soundlessly. There was no fear of sleep; men didn't sleep with the pit of hell before them. They watched and they listened and they waited. The jaguars cried in the night and you waited. The sweat ran cold down your face, and you waited. The enemy moved like a shadow, weapons poised to fill you with smothering death, and still you waited.

"Now remember, both of you," he heard himself saying, "when the trouble starts, keep moving around. There are four sides to this house and only three of us. Moving. And don't show yourselves at the windows. Give them no chance for sharpshooting."

Five minutes passed. Ten. The jaguar at the river, an old male by his sound, was still emitting a coughing roar, growling deep in his chest. Steadman knew cats, could trace his course easily. The animal had come to the water to drink, approaching the jetty. Then he had moved downwind, picked up the man scent, turned and retreated eastward. No cat would hunt man unless he were starving, not even *el tigre*. Jaguars had good sense.

Steadman never saw the bowman. There was a sudden *whoosh* and an arrow thudded into the wall behind him. He jumped instinctively, then heard a deafening explosion, then another and another. His servants' rifles. He hoped they had found targets and weren't shooting merely for the comfort of it. He peered hard across the lighted area before him. He knew the fence wouldn't stop them, but to reach the house they must crawl under it or climb over. Either effort would slow an attacker, delay him enough to get him in the sights. Steadman wanted that, wanted it badly.

Again came the blast of a rifle, the concussion trembling through the house. Juan's .303. It sounded purposeful this time, as though its user had something to say. Steadman turned just as fire spurted from Matamé's weapon. A scream rose in the night.

"Good shooting!" he shouted. "Take your time. Make sure of every round."

He swung back to the window, burnt gunpowder acrid in his nostrils. The area under the lights was

empty. Nothing moved. I'll stay where I am, he decided. This side must also be defended. I'll help the boys if they need it, if they come under heavy attack.

Ducking below window level, he ran in a crouch, entering the empty room on the south. He looked out but saw no sign of life. It means one of two things, he reasoned. They were attacking only on the north and east. Or those were feints, simple deception. If they were feints, the main attack would fall elsewhere.

Two more explosions, then silence. Glancing over his shoulder, Steadman could see Matamé, the walls around him bristling with the dark shafts of arrows. The half-breed looked different somehow. There was pride in him now. His head was erect, chin outthrust. Long ago his people had been warriors, greater than Jivaros or Cholones, so powerful they walked as kings on the trails of the jungle and knew no fear. Perhaps, as he faced death, the lean, brown man who was half Jamana had heard something, a whisper from the past speaking of his heritage, of a time when his people's heads were high.

Steadman went to Matamé. "How many?" he asked. "How many down?"

Matamé showed white teeth. "Me get three, maybe four, *patrón*. You see by fence? Look right side. You see?"

Steadman saw three shapes lying close to the fence, like lumps of dirt. "It could be a sham," he said, "but you'd know if you hit them. Put another slug in them. Go on, Matamé. Make sure."

Returning to his post he heard the roars, five seconds apart. Matamé had not forgot his teaching. He was taking his time, proving his marksmanship as he had proved his courage.

Steadman frowned thoughtfully. The Cholones had tasted death and now they must be talking things over. Maybe the witch doctors were trying to stir them up again, spur them to an all-out charge. It was certain the white man wanted to end the business. Without heavy losses, too, for that would be dangerous to him. The natives would take it as a sign, those losses, believing the gods condemned their alliance. Once they were sure of that they would probably turn on him.

Steadman rubbed his eyes. Nothing out there. He went again into the other room. Nothing. He wanted to shout, open his mouth with his head thrown back, hurl every imaginable curse at them. "Come on, you painted butterflies!" he wanted to yell. "Come and get it, you tottering old women! Come on!"

HE MELTED deeper into the shadows. It was light enough in the house to vaguely distinguish things. Yet he knew the Cholones couldn't see him. They had loosed arrows at the windows, blindly hoping to find flesh. He glanced at his luminous watch dial. Eight-thirty. The moon would rise in half an hour, unless the clouds hid it. They would kill more Cholones then, but they themselves would be more exposed. Moonlight was a two-edged sword.

He looked again at the arrows, not daring to dwell on them, to imagine how it would feel to get one in the belly. The Cholones were strange. He couldn't understand their tactics. If the first attack had been a deception, why hadn't they launched their main assault from the opposite sides?

He was in the midst of these thoughts when he recalled something. For hours he had been plagued by

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a vague, substanceless idea, hovering on the fringes of his mind. Now it took shape. It concerned a tale he'd heard of a white man, blood brother to Indians. It had seemed far-fetched at the time, a legend mumbled by a drunken Portuguese. The yarn-spinner had been evasive. He hadn't named the tribe but he had named the white man. A Portuguese name it was, rather short. A name beginning with—. At this point his memory failed him. Yet he sensed he was close to recollection. What was it? What was the name?

Mosquitoes bit into his flesh. He struck at them savagely, standing there in the dark with the throat of the rifle-stock in his left hand, the barrel on the sill of the window, thrusting at the foe that didn't come. What was the name? His brows narrowed in concentration. It seemed important, so important to remember. Then abruptly, as when a veil is lifted, the name appeared. Serrao! Pedro Serrao!

STEADMAN jerked back his head as though hit in the face. S E R R-. S E R R A-. Serrao! Tagua had known his enemy but Tagua was gone. Now Steadman knew, and he was still alive. He was armed and full of hate, as deadly as any creature the jungle had ever known. And he knew something about Serrao, something of interest. Serrao, according to the story-teller, had once been injured, an optic nerve damaged. It had affected his eyesight and had grown worse through the years. He lived in semi-darkness, able to travel only when his Indians guided him. He was nearly blind!

Steadman worked feverishly to devise a plan. His antagonist was a Portuguese with poor vision, a man in control of painted savages, a savage himself, hellishly so, a bloody-minded butcher. If only I could separate this murdering dog from the natives, Steadman thought. Then I'd have him.

Steadman's nerves were tighter than ever. The waiting was doing it, the waiting for the Cholones to attack with everything they had. Numbers alone would make them victorious. He left the room, entered the south-facing study with its mahogany paneling, heavy, well-constructed furniture, and walls lined with books. He was proud of this room, nearly as proud as of the trophy room with its mounted heads. He moved to the window and looked out. The ground out there was devoid of life, empty to the jungle's edge. The scene was unreal under the glare of the lights. Suddenly he held his breath. Something had changed. He closed his eyes to sharpen the image, reopened them. Now he knew what it was. Human figures pressed close to the ground, creeping forward, detaching themselves from the blackness. They were coming. At last they were coming!

A rifle exploded again and again. He estimated the numbers to his front. Forty at least. It was the big attack, the one that had to come. The air was shattered by blast after blast. Powder smarted in his throat. He heard the whine of arrows, the impacts as they sank in the walls. Still he held his fire. "I'll let them see nothing here," he whispered to himself. "Make them think this side is undefended. Let them get closer." He swallowed drily. How many against his servants? He wondered. If there are as many as here, it won't take them long to overrun the house.

"Matamé!" he shouted. "How many can you see?

How many on your side? Matamé, I said, how many?"

No answer. Only rifles thundering, the whirl of arrows. Steadman waited. One arrow had come through his window, nothing since. But the crawling devils were at the fence now, slipping beneath it. His lights were attached to posts at 50-yard intervals. He could see three posts clearly. They were climbing them. They must have tried to get the lights with arrows, been foiled by the steel mesh. But now they could rip the covers loose, smash the bulbs.

Steadman cursed them viciously, but held his fire. He wanted them closer, much closer and thickly massed. It had to be the main effort. If he could pull them all in, get them between himself and the fence . . . He could do it if they'd leave the lights alone. He raised the rifle, sighting carefully.

Too bad, he thought, too bad I must fire.

They had reached the tops of the posts, were tearing at the mesh. He squeezed the trigger and the .30-30 roared, kicking against his shoulder. He fired twice more. The posts were bare.

The big man smiled grimly. They were confused now. Several milled about under the lamps, like ants whose nest had been disturbed. He fired, working the cocking lever with the speed of long practice. The Cholones fell back, trying to reach the fence, hindering one another in their haste. Five, six, seven down. Even when he re-loaded they couldn't get clear. They might be brave against other savages but they had no taste for lead. Their retreat was almost a rout and Steadman felt exultation. Then it happened. He heard it across those hundred yards, the half-hysterical voice screaming insults in the Cholone tongue. But that was no native. The warriors stopped, hesitated. Steadman fired again. He knew what it was. The tribesmen were being turned, sent back to the slaughter by that angry, insane voice. Steadman couldn't understand the words but the tone was plain enough. Serrao was cursing them, calling them cowards, telling them the War God was laughing.

This time they came like a whirlwind. Gone was caution, the ability to reason or question. They wanted to kill, to appease the War God and silence his mocking laughter. He heard the other rifles firing. But the great danger was here, a wave of death surging toward him. He shouted for support.

"Juan! Matamé! Get in here! Get in here!"

THE DARK tide twirled beyond his sights, its outline changing as gaps appeared in the mass. Then Matamé was beside him, firing, cutting them down. Steadman's weapon emptied. He pulled back, reaching for cartridges, jamming them through the loading slot with shaking fingers. "God thank you, Matamé," he mumbled.

As he brought up his rifle, the Cholones stopped 40 yards away and raised their bows.

"Let 'em have it!" shouted Steadman, mad with excitement.

The rifles' roar was answered by a hail of arrows.

"They missed, by God!" His voice was high and strained. "Blast 'em! Blast 'em!"

Again the rifles crashed. We will make it, he thought. We will live through it. That halt had done it, had cost the Cholones their momentum. They couldn't regain it now, their dead were piling up around the living and the living were beginning to withdraw. Then something made him wheel. They were in the house! He saw the flash of a machete and a dark figure springing at

Matamé. Steadman lunged, making animal sounds in his throat as he swung his rifle. He felt the skull shatter, heard a groan, the fall of a heavy body. Then his revolver was in his hand.

Shadowy shapes in the doorway, more at a window. He fired, burning them down, feeling the kick of the recoil, wanting to kill, lusting to kill. "Blast 'em! Hear me? Blast 'em!" he cried, spraddle-legged amid the carnage, the twitching bodies. He emptied the gun and threw it at them, brought up the loaded rifle. The noise was deafening. He was blinded by the flashes. Revenge, he thought. The word shrieked through his mind. Maybe Tagua watched. Maybe he knew.

The seconds passed, or was it hours? At last he stopped. No enemy now. No one at all to take his load of lead. He stood swaying, his eyes wide, a nerve in his cheek jerking rhythmically. Gunpowder filled the room. The thick cloud of it made his eyes tear, his throat raw. And there was something else: The animal stench of the Indian, mixed with human blood. The room was saturated with it, the odor of hot, sweating, bullet-ridden bodies. He felt himself choking on it. He turned to Matamé.

"Gotta get out of here," he said. "Gotta check with Juan. Come on, Matamé."

Matamé didn't move. His rifle hung in one hand and he sagged against the window frame. "Me not come, *patrón*," he said in a low voice. "Soon me go with Juan."

Steadman stepped heavily toward Matamé. He kicked at something blocking his way in the darkness. It didn't move and he walked over it. "What the devil do you mean, go with Juan? I said—"

The words died on his lips. The moon was up now, shining palely through the clouds, its light falling on Matamé. Steadman stood transfixed, staring with pitying eyes at the white lips, the heaving chest whose lungs were starving for air, knowing he looked at death. Matamé held a feathered dart from a blowgun in his hand. Its thin, barbed head was bright with blood. Matamé turned slightly, putting his fingers to his neck. A puncture wound, already swollen and ringed with blood.

Steadman stumbled forward. "I'll help you," he said hoarsely. "I'll suck it out."

Matamé shook his head. "Wound old, *patrón*. Ten, fifteen minute. Me pull out dis, put in belt for show Juan."

"Juan is dead?"

"*Si, patrón*." Matamé's breath was coming in sobs. "Juan make good fight. Die like warrior."

Steadman touched his servant's arm. "The Cholones know. They won't forget you and Juan. They . . . they took a bellyful."

Matamé slipped slowly to the floor, his strength gone. The poison was raging through his body now. In a few minutes he would die, but before that he would suffer horrible pain. Steadman turned and moved toward the door, tripping over bodies, reeling as though he were drunk. When he reached the threshold he knelt, feeling with his hand. For several minutes he searched for the revolver, kicking things out of his way, pulling at the dead, before he found it. When he had thrown it at them the revolver was empty. He opened the cylinder, drew a cartridge from his belt, inserted it and revolved the cylinder carefully. He stopped when the round was one space from the firing position. The cocking of the hammer would bring it into line. He went back to Matamé.

"The Cholones will come again," he said. "I'll be going with you then. The curaré brings slow, torturous death. This gun is better for a warrior."

He gave the weapon to his servant. "The Jamanas would be proud of you today," Steadman said. "Very proud."

Matamé smiled weakly. In the moonlight his eyes were half glazed. "Me do good, *patrón*?"

Steadman grinned. There was something wet about the grin. He couldn't see well. "You do good." He straightened up. Then he turned and lurched toward the door. As he was about to go through it he stopped and looked back. "You okay, Matamé?"

He could see his servant move slightly in the shadows, hear the wheezing of his breath. Moonlight glinted on



Insane with fury and hatred, Steadman flung the warrior on his back and plunged the blade into his writhing body.

✱ BOOK - LENGTH FEATURE

a blue-steel barrel. Steadman's own breath came in rasps. "Me okay, *patrón*."

Steadman went through the door. There was an explosion, the sound of something striking the floor. Steadman paused. "So long, warrior," he said.

He found Juan a few seconds later, lying on his back, the shaft of a long arrow thrusting from his chest, his hand still clutching his rifle. "Hello, Juan," he said, his voice sounding strangely distant. He knelt beside the body. It didn't seem right to be alone. It didn't seem right. "How goes it with you, Juan? No pain, eh? No fear?"

He stood up and looked around, feeling lost, defeated. He didn't want it to end like this. Defeat had been inevitable, but this was more than that. This was resignation. He was ready to quit. He knew that now, knew he couldn't face up to it alone, couldn't sit there with the moonlight on the dead, savage faces, the shadows of the arrows like the bars of a cage. It had been different when there were three of them. Now he had no courage. It had drained away with Matame's life, leaving him afraid.

He returned to Matamé, picked up the revolver, fumbled at his belt for a cartridge. It would be easy this way. They could do as they liked with him afterward. What would it matter? What would anything matter then? He leaned against the wall, the loaded .38 hanging limply in his hand. Now let them come, he thought. I am ready. I am master of my destiny. It was comforting to know that he couldn't be taken alive; it was a source of strength.

His body was soaked with sweat. It ran down his forehead, collecting on his brows, the edges of his eyelids. He felt in his pocket for a handkerchief. His hand closed on something hard. The amulet. He drew it out. The brass strip fastened to it gleamed in the faint light. He stared at it, the little charm made in a village of thatched huts by some Cholone woman, maybe a toothless hag, maybe a young girl, her face scarred by tattooing, a Cholone baby at her breast. Absently he stroked one of the tiny feathers. Cholones. How ridiculous it was, to be killed by a people like this. What a waste of a man's life.

He stiffened as he recalled a face, Tagua's face. He could see him now. The young Jivaro was whole again, unmarked. A faint smile was on his lips as he pointed to the talisman. Steadman dropped it and felt fury rising in him. Then he ground the charm with his boot.

"Yes, Tagua," he said softly. "The job is unfinished, isn't it? Serrao still lives. Serrao lives and breathes and walks through your jungle without fear. That mustn't be. He must die, Tagua, but first he must know fear. We'll teach him together, eh. Tagua? You and I."

Moments later he sat on the cot in his bedroom, pulling off his boots and slipping his feet into straw sandals. Worn and thin, almost weightless, they seemed made for the silent stalking of an animal, or a man. He smiled grimly. He replaced his khaki shirt and pants with dark green clothing. Now he was ready. He still wore the revolver, and he had slung a long knife from his belt. It was with this he would get Serrao. He stood up and crept through the house without a sound. The fear had gone. He could sense the presence of Tagua close beside him, lending him his strength, his cunning, his great heart.

Steadman looked out the window. The door of the shed housing the generator was ten feet away. The moon was behind the shed, throwing its shadow toward the house, creating a path of blackness. He slipped over the sill, dropped to the ground and moved swiftly to



The fear of death was on Serrao. He lurched onward into the underbrush, not seeing the mighty coils of the boa constrictor ahead.

the door. He was just reaching for the knob when the night went mad with piercing cries, the insane fury of the war whoop. Then he heard the familiar whirring, saw the sky filled with blazing yellow streaks. Burning arrows. The air shrieked with their passage as the deadly missiles ripped into the house.

"Pitch!" he muttered. "They had it all the time and now they use it. Why did they wait until now?"

He opened the door and entered the shed. What did it matter if the house burned? He would still have his chance, still try for Serrao.

It was black in the shed. Guided by sound, he found the motor and leaned over it, feeling cautiously with his hands. The screams of the savages were louder. He knew they would be moving in slowly, watching, waiting for the ones with the rifles to flee from the

heat. He smiled, thinking, they'll wait a long time.

His finger found the ignition switch and snapped it off. He went outside. The floodlights were out and flames licked at the house. At another time the sight would have shaken him badly. Now it had no meaning. He looked at the sky. Wisps of cloud crossed the moon; an ocean of cloud moved to engulf it. He waited. When the moon was blotted out he moved quickly to the north side of the house and dropped into the drainage ditch leading to the river. The ditch, three feet wide and thigh deep, was meant to prevent flooding in the rains. Dending low, he started to run.

He panted with the effort. There was something in the boat, something he must have. Never had he wanted anything so desperately. With the moon's light obscured, the night was black. He could see neither river nor shore but the red glow behind him was expanding, the house fast becoming a roaring inferno mounting toward the heavens. He didn't look back.

HE COULD smell the river, almost feel its nearness. The ditch had become more shallow. At one point it turned slightly to the left. He was less than 20 yards from the jetty. The moon appeared in a cloud rift, etching him in silver. Like the bay of a hunting wolf, a piercing howl came from the edges of the jungle. Had they seen him? Yes, they were coming. He ran onto the wharf. Planking rattled under him. There was the launch. He came abreast of it, sprang for the afterdeck, turning to see the nearest of them already on the jetty. He drew his revolver and fired. One down. He aimed and fired again. The second attacker screamed, pitching forward.

He lurched breathlessly through the door of the wheelhouse to a storage compartment. His hands found a box and jerked the cover off. There were loud cries, the sound of running feet. He turned to see them leaping for the boat.

Steadman fired steadily. Three more of them. The weapon jumped in his hand, then suddenly he was flung back, slammed to the deck. Something struck him in the face. He twisted sideways, fumbling for his knife. He couldn't breathe as the warrior pressed him back. He struck with the blade, rolled and sprang to his feet. The blood felt warm and thick on his hand, the blood of the dead warrior.

He snatched at the box once more, clutching at his one chance. Racing onto the deck, he cast loose the lines. The boat began to drift but he didn't try to start the engine. He could see them on the jetty, hear their weird howling. An arrow slammed into the wheelhouse. Another and another. He tore the oilcloth wrapping from the Very pistol with frantic fingers. A relic of the first World War. He had seldom used it but always kept it ready, well oiled.

He loaded the pistol, slipping in the big shell with its tiny enclosed parachute, then snapped the barrel shut. Would it work? Soldiers feared the Very pistol, the light drifting over their positions, calling artillery down on them. The Cholones must fear it too, but theirs would be the deep terror of the light itself, terror fed by superstition. Gunfire hadn't broken them. Ignorance would do it, their dread of the unknown. He was betting his life on it. Already they were afloat, a war party putting out from shore in a pirau with another behind it. Those piraus were fast. He pointed the pistol skyward and fired.

The flare blossomed above the river. It was sus-

pending a moment, then slowly drifted down, flooding the shore with light. It was blinding, but Steadman wasn't looking at it. He had started the motor of the launch and was circling 200 yards from the bank, watching the Cholones. They had ceased their cries and were looking up. Gradually they were enveloped in the arc of the flare. He could see their numbers were few, 15 or 20. He cast a sidelong glance at the pirau to starboard. It had put about and was heading for shore.

Minutes later he tied up at the jetty. The Cholones had disappeared. They had left fire, devastation and death—but they were gone. And they would not come back. They would never come back to this site of their failure. He started forward, then stopped abruptly at a cry from the jungle, a tremendous, unearthly moaning. Serrao. He didn't know how he knew it, yet he had no doubt. Serrao was alone. Again and again he had hurled his Indians forward. Now he was done; his victim's medicine had proved more powerful. The Cholones had gone, leaving Serrao to his fate. Steadman took up the trail, the long knife in his hand.

"Now, Tagua," he whispered. "Now we take him."

Someone was crashing through the bush. Steadman called out, "No use, Serrao. I'm coming for you."

Through the trees to the left he glimpsed a mighty blaze. How long it took for the house to burn. Lots of timber there. He walked on. There was an explosion, a flash of fire. A pistol had been fired from a hundred yards, but he couldn't see Serrao.

Steadman laughed. "Not even close, Serrao. What's the matter? Can't you see me? You're like Tagua. Serrao, after you took his eyes."

At last he had a look at him, a short man in boots and khaki, running and stumbling down a narrow game trail. He wore a red handkerchief, carried a pistol. The moonlight revealed him clearly, and the fear of death was on him. Short of wind and leg, half blind, his flight was hopeless. Steadman didn't hurry. The minutes passed. He plunged deeper into the jungle. Serrao turned like a cornered beast, fired again, emptying his weapon into the night and running on. Time after time he tripped over roots and vines, sprawling on the ground. He became a broken, shattered thing.

Steadman stayed 20 yards behind. Sometimes he talked to Serrao. "Are you tired? Don't you want to stop? We are waiting, Tagua and I. We have waited many hours."

SERRAO LURCHED onward. He fell down the slippery bank of a small stream, recovered, splashed through to the other side. Close in front of him mighty coils hung from a tree, brown and yellow under the moon. Steadman saw them and stopped. Serrao did not. He rushed forward, meeting their embrace head-on. In an instant the boa constrictor had him. Steadman shuddered as the doomed man screamed. Yet he could give no aid, nor would he give it. For a few moments he stood and watched, fascinated by it, the grinding crushing death. Then he turned and walked slowly back toward what had been his home.

Steadman came to his house, collapsed in charred ruins now with the flames still licking here and there. But he had fought through. He lived and now could hear the jungle speaking to him. Mockery? Ah, yes, the jungle always mocked. It watched him with baleful expression, still hating, forever hating. But its laughter was only a murmur.

★ THE END

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"Well, after all, Wendell, Horace was out of town last year."



"Now in my day, we started off with Spin The Bottle, etc., etc. . . ."



"Bottle, schmottle, let's neck!"



"I told you the pipe never leaves his mouth."



"Thanks, Rockefeller. And where's the CARE package?"



"Daddy's practicing his version of the Valentine's Day Massacre."



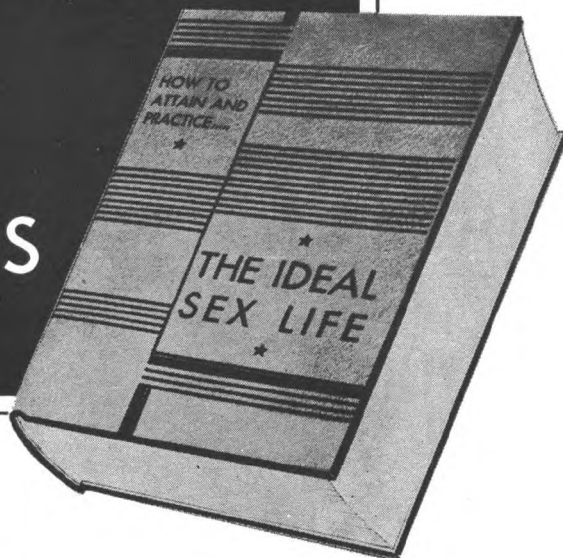
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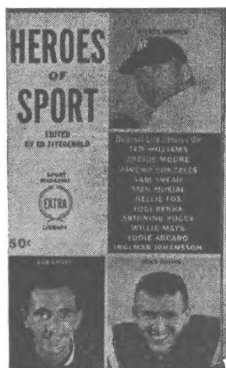
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THE OUTDOORSMAN (Continued from page 14)

his zig-zag strategy, which reveals wonderful knowledge of the stream bed; and by the hues, either bright or dark, that show him to be a creature of the sunlight runs or a dweller under a ledge.

What question rises now? It is this: Are the wild trout going to give way before the hatchery trout? Opening day isn't far off now. Soon, in all the trout country the throngs of fishermen will turn out for the beginning of another season. We are now familiar with the pictures of that discouraging spectacle: a hundred men and boys standing in a circle in a pool, patiently snagging away at—at what? Why, at a herd of bewildered fish that can't even swim well, having been brought up in hatchery pools. In all those states—from New Jersey to the West—hundreds of thousands of legal-sized trout will be dumped into the most convenient pools and runs. In New York State, the stock of such cereal-fed numbskulls will cost

over \$1.50 a pound. Most of the trout will not be taken. They die in freshets or they starve. Predators take them, birds and beasts. The big native browns and the pike gobble them by the hundreds.

It really isn't fishing. It's a kind of illusion, created by game managers and their political bosses, who are pretty sure that they are winning poll support by this "put-and-take" system of stocking and fishing. How do the politicians figure this out? They base their calculations on reports made by the bar-and-grill owners along the trout streams, and the reports of boarding-house piscatologists, who demand that lots of fish be dumped into nearby waters.

"A hundred per cent stocking—that's what we want!" This is the usual political request by shortsighted lodgekeepers who believe that the opening day crowds will become a weekend fixture.

Is this so? Not at all. The opening



day through never returns until next opening day. One such stupid day of make-believe fishing is enough to discourage them. Regions that once flourished because of good trout fishing are losing the old-fashioned steady trade, the valuable trade of the fly fishermen. Anglers who once were knowledgeable men, taking care of their streams, have become slavishly dependent on politicians, who hand out the trout.

The state-raised trout (or state-purchased from private hatcheries) are being stocked in arbitrary quantities. The trout experts don't know how many wild fish are in a stream. They just plan to get rid of what the costly public hatcheries produce.

One result is that the stream-born fish must compete for food and water-space with the artificially bred fish. Both suffer. Consider the Beaverkill again.

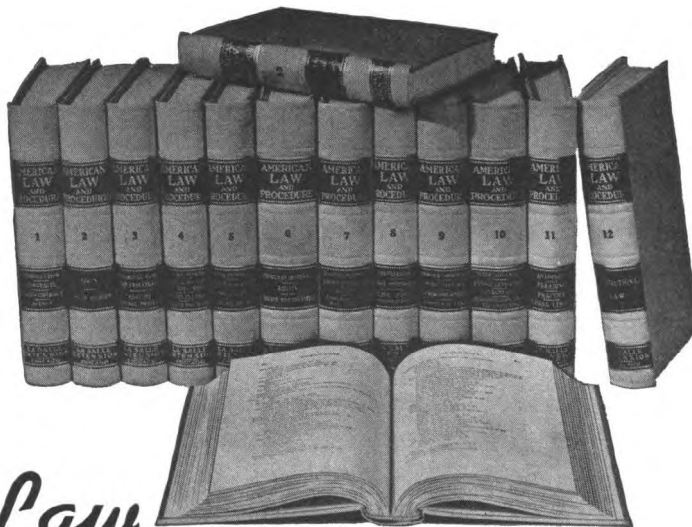
This season, for the second year, the limit of trout will be five. Once this was ten. The special rule was set up at the request of anglers. They explain: We hope some trout may hold over the winter, spawn, and provide natural fry.

So it's fry they're looking for? Yes. And why is this so? The reason is that in the old days, when I took that first wild trout in my home waters, the stocking policy of New York was based on the planting of fry and fingerlings only. It worked well. It provided big fish for the bait fishermen in the spring and an immense population of lively trout when fly-fishing time came along again at last.

The success lay in this fact: The fry and fingerlings of wild trout are lost in myriads by accidents of flood and ice. Those that survive are sound fish, good swimmers and top foragers. It wasn't going against nature to add a hundred thousand fry to a native population of a million, let us say. It was cheap, too. Fry and fingerling cost little.

It seems logical that trout anglers and conservationists ought to work hard for a return to the old style of doing things.

★ THE END



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Lost: America's \$100,000 Gold Mine

continued from page 23

oblivion, Adams had a harrowing brush with the law. One day while still convalescing at the fort, he saw five Apaches (there for peaceful purposes) enter the compound. He was certain they were some of the Indians who had participated in the Sno-ta-hay blood-bath. Still feverish and somewhat out of his head, he grabbed a revolver and killed two of them before being subdued.

Since the shooting would undoubtedly cause an incident between U.S. troops and the Apaches, Adams was thrown into jail to await trial for murder. It seemed certain he'd be hanged, so Adams took a desperate chance and escaped from his cell by overpowering his jailer, stole a horse belonging to a Lieutenant Cross, and made for parts unknown.

He was eventually discovered living in Los Angeles with his wife and children, operating a not-so-thriving furniture store. Because he was wanted in Arizona, Adams remained in California until his exploit would be forgotten. But while marking time he thought and talked incessantly of the fortune that had slipped from his grasp, making elaborate plans for the day he'd set out to rediscover Sno-ta-hay. Most of his listeners were skeptical, thinking he lived in his own little dream world. When pressed for details of the valley's location, Adams would become very vague. "In Apacheria," he'd say. "Out there . . ."

Then his listeners would wink at one another and shake their heads. But Adams wasn't the fool they took him for; he was patiently waiting for another crack at his secret gold vault.

There were a few men who believed Adams' tale. Among them was Captain C. A. Shaw, a man who was to become Adams' greatest champion. So intense was his belief that he converted countless others to faith in the Lost Adams.

Ten years passed before Adams, accompanied by Captain Shaw, attempted to locate Sno-ta-hay. This expedition, like the others that followed, was a complete failure. Starting from Gila Bend, the party of 16 sought to retrace the route the Mexican guide had taken in 1864. Time and time again Adams wavered, unsure of his own directions. East, west, north, south—they were all the same to him and he couldn't find his landmarks.

Summer after summer Adams haunted the Reserve area seeking the canyon with a single sidekick or with a group of prospectors. And always, when rewarded with utter failure, he muttered his eternal excuse: "Them damn Apaches made me forget."

On September 21, 1886, at the age of 57, Adams died of a heart attack. Not once in his 12 years of searching had he stumbled upon any clue to the location of the canyon, but to the very end, Shaw related, he kept the vision of Sno-ta-hay bright in his memory, certain that someday, someone would find the treasure.

There are those who claim that Adams was a lunatic, brightening his futile life by spinning a web of lies, basking in the attention his story always received. People were convinced there were no lost diggings, that the tale of riches was created to keep scoundrels like Adams in food and whiskey. It was said he could get lost in a rancher's field if there were no fences to follow back to the ranch house. They scoffed and asked: Could

a man like this be expected to lead anyone across trackless deserts?

Countless others, sifting additional evidence, believe implicitly in the authenticity of the Lost Adams Diggings. Even though Adams himself was unable to lend credence to the story, other witnesses and other circumstances helped to verify and deepen the mystery of the Lost Adams.

The testimony of other survivors of the Lost Canyon Massacre back up Adams' fantastic claims. There were two others besides him and Davidson. One was the Dutchman, Emil Schaeffer, who was not directly involved. But another unexpected survivor turned up in 1888—John Brewer, the leader of the ill-fated supply party.

He had been ranching in Colorado through the intervening years, away from civilization much of the time. He was astonished to hear that Adams had escaped the canyon and that the Lost Adams Diggings was famous throughout the Southwest.

The account of his escape was much like that of Adams and Davidson:

Brewer had led the supply train on the return trip through the secret door and into the canyon shortly after dawn of the ninth day. They were just starting down the zigzag trail when the Apaches burst from ambush and hacked the party to pieces. Brewer's horse was brought down by an arrow, throwing him behind two large boulders. Keeping the boulders between himself and the battle, he crawled from one bush to another until he reached a cave in which he hid until nightfall.

Then he returned to the canyon entrance, puzzled to find that the bodies of his mates had been covered. Slipping down the path to the stream for a drink, he caught a glimpse of two figures skulking in the underbrush. Taking them for Apaches, he sunk into the darkness, and went up the path.

Without water, food or gun he set out across the desert for Fort Wingate. He was delirious two days later when he stumbled into a friendly Indian village, where he ate and rested for a week. From there he progressed to Santa Fe, and there he signed up with a group going to Missouri.

It was not until 24 years later that he returned to Arizona to search for the lost canyon. Eventually he went back to Colorado hopelessly confused, no nearer his goal than were the others who sought the Lost Adams Diggings.

The Dutchman entered the picture again in 1898 when a prospector named Doc Young decided to go to the only man living who had been in the canyon with Adams. His odyssey took him to Heidelberg, Germany, where he found Emil Schaeffer. Married and earning a good living for his family, Schaeffer could not be enticed by any amount of money to return to Arizona.

The Dutchman did his best to give clear directions to Young. But 34 years had passed, and his memory was vague. Upon returning to Arizona, Young found the directions all but useless.

These, then, are the witnesses for the defense of the Lost Adams story. Here are other substantiating facts:

1. Shaw went to considerable expense to track down the trader who sold Brewer's provisions party the food and equipment they needed. He verified one segment of Adams' account: Six men came to Fort Wingate in 1864, paid for their purchases in raw gold, "and left for the Malpais country in one hell of

a hurry. I never seen them again."

2. In 1880 Dr. Spurgeon returned from the east to Socorro, New Mex., with 40 men. The tale Adams and Davidson had told him while under his care at Fort Apache had tempted him all these years. He wouldn't rest until he had made a stab at finding the gold. He failed in two attempts.

3. A shopkeeper at Yuma, Ariz., remembered the Dutchman well, for Schaeffer had sold slightly over 63 pounds of gold to him in 1865.

4. At Fort Apache in 1874 Adams once more came face-to-face with Chief Nana, the occasion being the removal of Nana's tribe to the San Carlos Reservation. Adams asked the Indian point-blank: "How're things in Sno-ta-hay Canyon?" For over a minute the Apache stared malevolently into Adams' eyes, then he stalked off and never talked to him again.

5. Once more at Fort Apache, this time in 1875, Shaw was approached by a grizzled sergeant. Pointing at Adams, the soldier said, "I could make trouble for that varmint. He once stole my lieutenant's horse."

6. A post trader named Chase, keeping store at Warm Spring, Ariz., reportedly became very friendly with Chief Nana. Alone with the Apache one day, Chase was counting the day's receipts. Scornfully regarding the small pile of cash, the Indian promised someday to take his friend to a place where gold lay loose on the ground. When Chase asked where, Nana replied, "In Sno-ta-hay." Chase entered the name in the back of his accounts ledger and later showed the jotting to Captain Shaw, proving that the name was not merely of Adams' invention.

7. When Geronimo was finally captured in 1886, he told of a massacre of white miners in a box canyon. He said his people had covered traces of gold to keep the whites from over-running their lands. The location? The Guadalupe in the Malpais.

Yet, if there is so much proof that the Lost Adams Diggings exists, and so many gold hunters have crossed and recrossed the designated areas on horseback, muleback, on foot, even in airplanes, why hasn't the bonanza ever been discovered?

Some believe that a landslide has covered the elusive Sno-ta-hay Canyon. Others stick with Geronimo; that to keep prospectors from Apache grounds, the Indians buried exposed gold streaks. The believers maintain strongly that the treasure is there; it just hasn't been found yet. "That's a helluva piece of country," they grumble. And anyone who has ever visited the Malpais region of New Mexico, or seen pictures of it, will remember the rugged expanse of tortuous mountain.

Many claim to have stumbled upon the Lost Adams Diggings, to know where they are. They report they have found the box canyon, the stream, the waterfall, the blackened remains of a cabin. But they have never displayed any amount of gold to substantiate their story. To this day men and women still set out to find it, folding and refolding aged, weatherworn maps, some legitimate, most false. Others set out with the bible of the Lost Adams—Byerts' pamphlet, *The Adams Gold Diggings*—dreaming, wildly hoping, drawn by the most irresistible magnet of all: lost treasure.

The Lost Dutchman, The Lost Tayopa, The Lost Boy, The Lost Arch, The Lost Adams . . .

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The Enemies

continued from page 37

There was silence for a moment, then the youth said, "You first, Rebel?"
"Yuh swear yuh won' fiah?"
"You first."

The youth poked his head up above the log. Through the fading light of the sun's retreat he could see a tall, dark figure emerge slowly from the bushes.

"Hold it, Reb. Leave your knife there."

"What say?"

"Leave your knife behind." The muzzle of his musket protruded above the log.

"Ah ain' totin' no knife."

"You Rebs always got knives or such."

"Honest, Yank."

"What about other sidearms?"

"Naw."

"Do I have your word on that?"

"Word of a South'n gentleman." The Rebel chuckled huskily as he stepped forward. He walked a few paces, then stopped and swayed unsteadily. "Well, Yank. Stand up. Or yuh gonna jus' set thar a-gawkin'?"

The youth quickly got to his feet, stepped over the log and stood motionless, his wide eyes glued to the shadowy form. The Rebel started walking again. His head was high, his arms stiff at his side.

As his enemy came closer, the youth felt the strong desire to laugh. He had never seen such a jocular, unsoldierly-looking soldier as the one that now came toward him. At first, in the dull gray light the sun had left behind, the Rebel looked grotesque and inhuman, like a skeleton draped in an assortment of flapping rags. But then, minutes later, he stood in front of the youth; he appeared very human and all the more ridiculous.

Above his thin stooped shoulders, his head—bullet-shaped and crowned by a large and shapeless felt hat—stood high on a long sinewy neck. His sunken cheeks—covered by a layer of deeply tanned skin that formed many wrinkles about the eyes—jutted out and sharpened his face. And his eyes—tiny, black, squirrel-like beads that looked as if they had been hammered into his skull—stared out feverishly from beneath unruly eyebrows.

The Rebel wore a tattered butternut jacket, with one red-skinned elbow protruding from a tear in the sleeve. The faded, Union-issue cavalry trousers that he wore, supported at the waist by a tightly tied rope, hung down to the heels of his cracking jackboots. Covering his threadbare stichtings was a fine film of dust and grime.

While the Rebel looked the part of a war-weary veteran, his opponent glowed with deep-rooted innocence. He stood tall and perfectly erect; his shoulders did not sag the slightest from the bulky pack strapped to his back. His uniform fitted snugly and his blue, visored cap sat jauntily at the back of his head on a mass of brown curls.

He did his best to appear more than his 17 years, but a smooth brow, wide, alert hazel eyes and short, pugged nose, softly contradicted the fact. Above his upper lip there was the dark shadow of a promising mustache but to his distress, it remained only a promise—and a persistent joke of the older men of his company.

The youth stared, lost in bewilderment and uncertainty. He had heard a variety of descriptions of his enemies,

but none equaled nor came near to measuring up to the lanky scarecrow before him.

The Rebel, too, stared, a long, surveying stare, and he imagined this youngster with the new-looking clothes and the short curly hair and shiny belt buckle, marching with others of his same scant years. The Rebel threw back his head and bellowed with laughter.

The youth's mouth drooped and he scowled. "What are you laughing at, Johnny?" The strength of his own voice surprised him. "What call you got laughing at me?"

"Aw, Yank," the man said with a wide grin, his yellow, tobacco-stained teeth dull behind his thin, pale lips.

"Well, if all you're gonna do is laugh, I'll be—" the boy sucked at his lower lip—"I'll be doing the laughing when I put a hole in your head." He took a quick step backward and his calves bumped against the log.

"Aw, boy." The laughter was gone and the grin faded away. "Come on an' set." He sat down, slowly and laboriously, so that his back came to rest against the log. All the while his face was screwed up in an ugly twist as if every movement of his lean body caused him extreme pain. He took a deep breath, exhaled heavily and looked up at the youth. "Well, ain' yuh gonna set?"

The boy shrugged uncertainly. "Most of the truces is carried on settin' down." The man smiled and lazily scratched at his neck.

The youth stood still, deliberating his next move. Finally he sat down, careful not to get too close to the Southerner.

"Yuh reckon yuh got some vittels in that harness of yorn, boy?"

"What if I do?"

"Ah ain' et in a spell." He paused. "Ah don' hol' with other gray boys that go robbin' the daid."

"I ain't dead yet, Rebel," the youth snapped. "Sorry chance you got now with your musket over there in the bushes."

The rebel moved a gnarled hand over his face. "Aw, boy."

They sat quietly in the darkening twilight. The shadows cast to the ground were larger, and distant objects became obscure. Soon their faces took on a gray vagueness.

"Rebel, you called out a truce to talk. You ain't talking much."

"That's cawse Ah ain't et in so long."

The youth scoffed.

"Now, if'n yuh war ta git out thet thar food, we could build us up a nice fiah an' have us a real long talk." He waited anxiously.

The youth thought a moment, his lower lip securely tucked under the upper. Then he turned to wrest free the pack from his back, and it was while he tugged at the leather straps that a small metal object fell from a pocket of his blouse. The Rebel saw the object fall to the ground and reached down a hand to snatch it up.

"What's this, boy?"

The youth squinted angrily when he saw his possession in the rebel's hand. "That's mine!"

"Well, Ah know thet. But what is it?"

"An eagle."

"What's it fer?"

The youth grabbed the eagle from the bony hand and silently slipped it into his pocket. He went back to removing his blanket roll and knapsack and put them on the ground. As he unhitched the metal canteen from the belt around his waist, he said, "All I got here is some bread and an apple and a

onion that feels right soft." He spoke almost apologetically as he fished the items out of the coarse burlap haversack.

The man reached for the bread. The youth held onto the apple.

"Ain't yuh got nothin' ta make coffee with?"

"No." He sunk his teeth into the juicy apple, and it bled a tart trickle down his chin. "You want the onion, Johnny? You can have it, though it's a mite rotten, I fear."

"Reckon Ah'm hongry 'nough ta eat it." He took the onion and began to nibble on it. "Tis fine, boy."

They ate without speaking for several moments.

"Johnny?"

"What?"

"Why . . . why were you laughing at me before?"

"Well, Ah war jus'," he began as he ripped off a hunk of bread and shoved it into his mouth. He chewed and swallowed and began again. "Ah war a-thinkin' of yore army an' . . ." He was having difficulty; he did not want to tell how he imagined the Blue Army marching by with women and children in its ranks. "Ah war jus' a-thinkin' an' when Ah seen yuh an' yuh bein' a boy an' all, Ah jus' wan'ed ta laugh. Thet's all, boy."

The youth's eyes narrowed. "Reckon I'm as much a veteran as you, Rebel." "Boy, yuh don' look fifteen. Thet's a fact." He shoved the last of the bread into his mouth.

"That shows how much you don't know. I'm nigh twenty-one."

The rebel chewed contentedly, noisily. "That's a fact, Rebel!" the youth continued, unconvincingly harsh. "Been in the war nigh onto three years now."

The man took a long pull of water from the canteen. "Where 'bout, boy?"

"Second Bull Run and Fredericks-town and Stone River—"

"Now, thet Second Manassas. We hus'led yuh thar."

"What about Gettysburg? Seems you got hustled there."

The Rebel rubbed his nose. "Well, boy. Now, didn' we just' plum fergit thet fiah? Huh?"

"You changed the subject right quick, Rebel."

"What?" He appeared to be indignant. "Yuh mean 'bout Gettysburg? Why, boy, we had thet battle up ta the third day." The colorless eyes came to life. "War yuh thar, boy? When we marched right shou'er-hup? Smack behind Pickett, all in style?" He saw it very clearly in his memory.

"You should of never went against the Ridge. It was crazy."

"We jus' went a-walkin'."

"Walking into the guns. Should of never done it." The youth threw the apple core into the blackness.

"We fit a good fight, Yank."

"Not good enough to win."

A wisp of a prideful smile crossed the Rebel's lips. "Boy, if'n we had proper inforcements we'd have whupped yuh good, sho as Gawd."

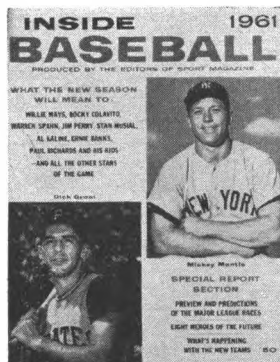
The youth laughed. "Then, I suppose, if we'd been reinforced at Chickamauga we'd have won you there."

"Inforcements wouldn' have he'ped yuh thar, boy," he said, shaking his head. "Ah war at the Creek with Longstreet an' Ah seen yore Army of the Cumberlan' take ta hits heels like a rabbit what's chased by a houn'. Them boys like to run cleah ta Chattanooga."

The youth frowned a frown of defeat. "Now, boy, thet fiah." The Rebel pained. "Ah cain't see good in this dahk but Ah reckon thar's some wood somewhere on the groun'. Hustle a



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mite togethah." He coughed harshly. "Why me?" The youth's voice quaked with defeat.

"Aw, boy. Ah'm tuckered."

The youth reluctantly stood and moved about in the darkness...

The fire quickly consumed the dry leaves and twigs gathered together into a mound. It snapped and sputtered and sent a short column of gray-brown smoke into the air.

"Hunt up a bigger branch, boy. That stuff's all used up."

"I don't see none," came the cry of the defeated.

"Yuh ain' even looked."

"Well, you go look for it. I don't have to do everything you say."

"Behin' yuh thar. Back a mite."

"This is the last time, Rebel." He returned dragging an old, dry limb.

"I thought you couldn't see in the dark," the youth said as he seated himself.

"Ah didn't say Ah couldn' see. 'Tis harder, that's all."

"You know, Rebel, you act like I was a fool."

"Aw, boy, Ah'm only having sport with yuh." He stared at the fire. "Don' mean nothin' by it."

They sat mutely watching the greedy flames attack the dry bough. The air about them became clouded, and the odor of the burning wood was sweet.

"Keer fer a chaw, boy?"

"A what?"

"A chaw. Don' say yuh nevah heached of one?"

"I have."

"Well, do yuh want one or no?"

"No."

The Rebel shoved the plug into his mouth. "Yuh know, boy, thar's one thing 'bout a chaw. Yuh kin allus tell a man by the way he handles a cud."

"I said I didn't want one!"

"All right, boy. I war jus' statin' a fact."

"Seems you're always stating a fact."

The Rebel chewed and thought. Then he looked up, a red glow from the fire in his eyes.

"'Tis funny, boy."

"What is?"

"Us meetin' like this."

"Maybe it ain't funny. Maybe it's what they call a twist of fate."

"Yuh believe in thet thar fate?"

"I don't know for certain."

"Ah wonder what thet fate's gonna do now."

The youth didn't answer. He pulled his legs up in front of him, his chin resting on his knees.

"Say, boy, let me see thet thing yuh had afore. Thet eagle."

"Why?" the youth said suspiciously.

"Aw, jus' ta look at it."

The youth hesitantly fished the metal eagle from his pocket, looked at it narrowly, then held it out to the Rebel.

"It's got a wing off. What yuh totin' it for?"

"My... my father." The boy's words were fumbled, for, as he stared at the object the Rebel was fondling in his hand, he could hear his father saying: "Ain't you got no shame, no pride? No love for country? You're seventeen, and it's high time you come to join with the others to put down these heathen and their lot. Your friends are all gone, every one of them to the Army. They knew 'twas their sacred duty of puffing the Union back together again. Think of them, think of your own God-fearing self, think of me."

The Rebel's hand fisted over the eagle as his father's had.

"Think of me, boy! 'Tis hard for me to put my face to public view."

He remembered himself cringing, crying, damning and hating everything—his father, the heathen, the sacred duty, the friends that had jumped to join the blue ranks and run to put down the rebellion and leave him an outcast in his own meager family.

"Here," his father's voice continued, "'tis the eagle I give you. Mind it has one wing. Mind what I tell you." And he was taking it in stiff fingers, hating it, cursing it along with his father, his patriotic friends...

"What say, Yank?"

"You ask too many questions, Rebel!" His voice was inflamed.

"Look's a mite like real silver. Yuh reckon it be valuable? It's got a certain feel."

"It's only tin," the youth said sharply.

"Tin?" the voice was low with disappointment. He gave the eagle back to the youth. "What yuh totin' it fer if it be worthless? Good luck piece or sech?"

The youth sullenly ran a rigid finger over the rough edge where the eagle had been severed from a wing. He rubbed it long, until the metal warmed, until his finger became hot and chafed...

The youth's eyes suddenly brightened, blazing like minute fires. He thrust the eagle toward the Rebel and the metal flashed red.

"This eagle, Rebel, this eagle had on it another wing once and it was just like America before you heathen attacked Sumter and started the war off." His voice was level and stern and heavy with authority. "America was strong and powerful when all the states were together. And this eagle, like our country—like the Union, with half of it gone, ain't strong any more." He stabbed the air with the eagle in emphasis.

"Well, 'tis a right good story, boy," the man said, unmoved. He scratched an insect bite on his neck. "Yore pa tell it ta yuh?"

"He told me if I had any doubts about the Union to just look at the eagle," the youth said as he slipped the object into his pocket.

"Have any doubts, boy?" His sly smile couldn't be seen in the darkness.

"I know what I'm fighting for!"

The Rebel spat into the fire. They listened to the fire sizzle and sputter.

"Well, like Ah said, 'tis funny."

"What is?"

"Yuh happenin' 'long like afore. War yuh lost?" His query was tinted with derision.

"No."

"Yore away behin' yore lines."

"I know, Rebel!"

"Ah seen yuh come a-runnin' out a them woods oveh thar. Reckon somebody was chasin' yuh."

"No."

"Then ah reckon it be thet fate agin," the Rebel drawled, then buckled over with harsh dry coughing. When he continued his voice sounded rusted. "Seen yuh first-off, runnin' like a rabbit out a them woods. Ah said to mahsef, thar's a Yank thet looks powerful scairt. Ah reckoned yuh war chased."

The youth fumed bitterly. Silently he told the Rebel to keep quiet, yelled at him to stop his wheedling noise, shouted and threatened him to be still.

"Reckin if'n ah di'n't stop yuh, yuh woulda run cleah ta Geohga." He chuckled rawly. "Maybe yuh woulda took Atlanta by yore own sef?"

"Johnny," the youth said quietly, "Do you live in Georgia?"

"Hell, no!"

"Where do you come from?"

The Rebel cleared his throat thickly and spat tobacco cud and phlegm into the fire.

"Ah lived in Tennessee, that's whar."
 "Bet you are a farmer."
 "Have a small farm. In the Appalach-
 ian Valley," the man said weakly.
 "Reckon tha place's gone ta hell now."
 "Ain't you got any folks to look after
 the place?"
 "Naw." He paused. "All daid. Reckon
 it war tha war what did hit."
 The youth's head hung in sympathy.
 "Mah brother's buried up in thet
 Gettysburg place. They's lots buried up
 thar." His voice was grave as he con-
 tinued. "Twas yuh Yanks thet did it
 all. Woulda been no war 'cept fer yuh."
 "You Rebels started it!" the youth
 cried hotly. Then his voice softened.
 "Reckon both sides is to blame,
 Johnny."

There was quiet save for the fire,
 which crackled, announcing that it was
 about to die. Slowly, the youth picked
 up a few twigs and put them on the
 glowing embers.

The Rebel bent forward. A cold hand
 crawled beneath one trouser leg and
 gripped the butt of a Colt Navy re-
 volver jammed against the calf of his
 leg in his boot. His body came up and
 slumped back against the log.

"Johnny?"
 There was no answer.
 "Johnny. Here." The youth held out
 his hand to the Rebel. "Here, take it."
 "What?"

The youth hesitated. "My eagle."
 "What do Ah want thet fer?"
 "I want you to have it. Please."
 The Rebel's fingers stroked the cold
 barrel of the revolver.

"Yank," he grumbled, pointing the
 weapon at the unsuspecting youth.
 "I wish you'd take it, Johnny."
 Neither spoke for a long while.
 "Well, I can see why you don't want

it, Johnny. It's only an old piece of tin."
 "Why—" he coughed violently "—
 why d'yuh want ta give me yore eagle
 fer?"
 "I . . . I just wanted to give you some-
 thing."

The rebel's bony hand reached across
 the dead fire to grasp the metal eagle.
 The revolver lay in his lap as he
 clenched the eagle in a tight fist.

At that moment a thin slice of moon
 appeared in the starless sky.

"Thankee, boy. Ah would like ta have
 it wuther it be tin or gold." There was
 a rattling noise deep within his throat.
 "Ah . . . Ah think, boy, yuh betteh be
 goin'." Whilst it's still dahk yuh'll be
 able ta git through the pickets in the
 woods."

The youth stiffened.

"Betteh go."

"I—"

"Betteh go, boy."

"Johnny—"

"Git now!" the Rebel cried gruffly.

The youth did not stir.

"Ah said, git! Git yore musket thar
 an' take yo'self back."

"All right. I'll go, Johnny." He sucked
 in his lower lip and bit hard. "Maybe
 we'll meet again and have another
 truce."

"No, boy. Cain't be no more truces."

"Why?"

"Drat, boy! Don' ask fool questions."

"I'll stay till morning. Would be—"

The Rebel interrupted roughly: "Boy.
 Ah might git tha mind to take yuh
 prison-way."

The youth gazed at him with hurt.

"Now, take keer goin' through the
 woods," the Rebel said. "An' look afore
 yuh run."

His head hung low, the youth
 searched the ground before him for his

haversack and canteen. Clenching the
 leather straps in one hand, he reached
 the other over the log and pulled the
 musket to him.

"After the war, Johnny, I aim to
 come down to that Appalachian Valley
 and see you," the youth vowed sternly.

"Aw, g'wan, boy."

The youth stood up. He felt choked.
 Then, turning, he said, "Goodby,
 Johnny."

He walked off, dragging the musket
 along. The sounds of crunching leaves
 and snapping twigs reached the Rebel's
 ears, but they softly died out as the
 youth walked farther and farther
 away . . .

The fire was dead. The moon was
 weak in the clouding sky. The Rebel
 straightened himself more comfortably,
 and the revolver slipped from his lap
 to the ground. For several minutes he
 sat still, his chest laboriously rising and
 falling. Then he slowly raised a hand
 and reached inside his blouse and re-
 moved a sticky cloth and let it drop
 to the ground.

A smile crossed his mouth, then van-
 ished. He could feel his strength steadily
 ebbing away as the blood from the hole
 in his shoulder trickled a crooked
 stream down his arm, forming a shiny
 pool on the ground. He thought of his
 heart pushing the blood along, faster
 and faster, making him weaker and
 weaker, and closer to death. But he
 didn't mind, nothing within him pro-
 tested.

That funny fate, he thought, smiling
 at the tin eagle in his hand. The price
 of a life paid with a piece of tin, and
 broken, too. But just like most every-
 thing else, he knew, there was more to
 it than that.

★ THE END

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The World's Most Controversial Cop

continued from page 19

the U.N. His safety, as well as the security of two dozen other heads of state and a thousand more delegates from all over the world, was placed in the hands of "New York's Finest," led by Kennedy.

Rising to the most staggering security assignment ever handed any police force, Kennedy canceled all days off for all policemen and upped duty assignments from 42 to 60 hours per week while the emergency lasted. Thirty-five hundred policemen alone were assigned to chaperone Khrushchev and his party from his yacht in the East River through the crushing throngs of people—many of them hostile—to the Russian delegation's Park Avenue residence.

"This is the toughest security job in my experience," Kennedy said, and promptly ordered a cot put into his office. But with 200,000 Russians and 380,000 Poles living in New York City, and every one of them having good reasons for wanting Khrushchev dead, Kennedy got very little sack time. He never lost track of Mr. K's whereabouts or his actions, and wherever the Soviet leader went he was escorted by squads of police and plainclothesmen.

However, Mr. K's arrival caused another problem, since it immediately preceded the observance of the Jewish High Holy Days. Jewish cops customarily requested, and got, time off for the holidays. This time, with the threat of an international crisis on his hands, Kennedy had to turn them down. The refusal in itself was understandable. What Kennedy said next was not. "Now when are these men religious?" he snapped. "Is it just during this period, during an emergency? When are they religious the other fifty-one weeks of the year?"

Kennedy's remarks might not have been so widely circulated or criticized if he hadn't made them during a television interview. Angry cries protested the Commissioner's right to question the religious sincerity of any person, cop or not. The New York Board of Rabbis issued a formal protest and other civic groups publicly deplored the Commissioner's remarks. Into the breach to soothe ruffled tempers stepped Mayor Robert Wagner. He apologized to everyone and promised that an apology from Kennedy would be forthcoming within 48 hours. "He's the Police Commissioner and I'm the Mayor," Wagner said, "and everybody in the city had better understand that, too."

Kennedy, who more than once during his career as Wagner's own appointed commissioner, has defied the Mayor, did not choose this opportunity to change his ways. He never apologized. He went only so far as to say that "no slur on the religious sincerity of anyone was intended." The furor was allowed to die quickly when policemen of the Christian faith offered to exchange duty tours with Jewish cops to enable them to have their holiday.

As if dissension within his own ranks wasn't enough to contend with, Kennedy was coming to grips with Khrushchev and his muscular cohorts. It seemed the Red leader felt his rights as a free man visiting in a free country were being sharply curtailed by the protective cordon Kennedy had put around him. Some of Mr. K's bodyguards got a bit pushy, and one of them, Lieutenant General Nikolai S. Zakharov, began using his elbows against the cops as though he were grabbing

rebounds in the National Basketball Association. When he finally began throwing punches, a strapping police captain put an end to it by bodily lifting him off the ground and instructing him to behave himself. Furious, Khrushchev protested the action. "Preposterous," Kennedy fired back, and for once even his critics could appreciate his terseness.

But Kennedy's brush with Khrushchev turned out to be a mere skirmish compared with what came next—the Commissioner's feud with the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the cops' own welfare group which represents all but about 1,000 of the city's policemen. It flared into the open with disclosures that cops were working during their off-duty hours. The department has had a rule on the books for years prohibiting cops from holding outside jobs. This "moonlighting" had been going on for years, since ordinary patrolmen have found it difficult to support a family on \$5,200 annually, the current base pay for a rookie. Previous administrations had winked at the moonlighting practice, and even Kennedy had initiated only periodic austerity campaigns against it. He was spurred this time by the revelations that one cop who had a long record of sick leaves also had a fat bank account to show for it.

Department-wide trials for known moonlighters were swift and harsh. Many violators were fined a month's pay and put on one year's probation—a single misstep and immediate discharge from the force would follow.

As a protest against what they regarded as too stringent disciplinary measures, the cops staged an unofficial 24-hour "strike" on issuing traffic summonses for minor violations. Motorists were happily surprised to find they weren't receiving parking tickets.

Kennedy, as usual, had a word for the ticket slowdown: "Treason. This strike is one of the worst examples of desertion of duty."

His next move was to discipline the man he felt was behind the revolt, Patrolman John Cassese, President of the PBA. Since taking office in 1958, Cassese has worked in the chief clerk's office of the pension bureau, a job which facilitated his work as the cops' top representative. Kennedy ordered Cassese to report to a safety traffic unit for routine foot patrol duty.

But Kennedy's wrath over "ticketless Tuesday" was not completely spent. Dramatically referring to it as "the blackest day in the history of the department," Kennedy declared he would excuse no breach of duty by any policeman in enforcing every traffic regulation on the books. He promised that those found guilty of "non-feasance, as well as those guilty of graft and corruption, shall be separated from the force as speedily as possible."

To the further chagrin of Kennedy, Cassese was unable to report to his new beat. Two days before the ticket slowdown occurred, Cassese had injured his foot at home "getting mad watching Mayor Wagner on TV." He was subsequently ordered by a police surgeon to stay off his feet for four or five days since X-rays had revealed that he had fractured a toe. This incident led directly to an event that took on ludicrous proportions.

Sometime during the morning of the ticket slowdown, Cassese, his foot in a cast, drove his car to his office, left it

parked outside the building and went upstairs to get one of his assistants to drive the car to a parking lot. Three days later he was issued a summons for illegal parking.

Acting under orders from Kennedy, Deputy Chief Inspector Henry M. Pigott Jr., and Sergeant James F. Linskey of the Police Legal Bureau, produced a photo published by the New York *Herald Tribune* showing Cassese's car illegally parked on that infamous Tuesday. The two officers appeared before Magistrate Irving I. Schreckinger in Traffic Court and asked him to issue a summons to Cassese. Schreckinger refused on the grounds "that no officer saw the violation and the defendant didn't run away from any officer. I am not going to let you pick out one car where thousands are in violation just because a photograph happened to be taken. There was no officer present to witness the violation." He added that if he made an exception in this case the city would be flooded with applications from persons saying they had seen cars parked illegally. The good judge then made a point of law which could have been directed at Commissioner Kennedy. Answering a rejoinder by the two officers, who were still trying to win their point that there had been a police slowdown on Tuesday, Schreckinger retorted, "There is no proof. This is a court of law and in a criminal court of law we go by proof, not hearsay."

The two policemen were back several hours later, this time with Deputy Police Commissioner Leonard E. Reisman, who is in charge of legal matters for the department. Reisman said that under orders from Kennedy they had called another judge, Chief Magistrate Abraham M. Bloch, and he had con-

sented to listen to the summons request. When Magistrate Bloch took the bench, he overruled the decision of his colleague and issued the summons.

The aftermath to this is that on the day before Thanksgiving, Cassese turned up in Traffic Court to pay the parking fine Kennedy had gone to all that trouble for. The total cost to the city to collect the five dollar fine? Approximately \$500 in salaries for those involved in securing the summons. Cassese made a statement at the time: "I hope Commissioner Kennedy has a delicious dinner and lives to be one hundred, but as a civilian."

Now, with both sides opening up with their heavy artillery, Kennedy cracked down hard on cops he felt were derelict in giving out summonses. Hundreds of patrol car police were ordered back to pounding a beat. He instructed the lieutenants and other officers in the precincts to keep a close check on their men and to report those patrolmen not performing their duty properly. He also threatened disciplinary action against the supervising sergeants whose men were not on the ball.

"This is unfair treatment of the patrolmen," Cassese protested from his home in Brooklyn, where he was still nursing his broken toe.

The wave of reprisals by Kennedy had a telling effect on the city. Within a week of the ticket slowdown, the number of summonses had climbed to staggering new heights. A sampling of two days exactly a year apart showed that 5,924 parking tickets had been issued on a specific day this year, against 2,435 on the corresponding day in 1959—an increase of 143 per cent. "These figures," Kennedy said, "would indicate that heretofore enforcement has not

kept pace with the increased vehicular registration. I wish the men would keep up the good work and clear up the traffic mess and bring greater public compliance."

Said Cassese: "If Kennedy wants summonses, he'll get them. It's just too bad the public is caught in the squeeze."

The cops' response to Kennedy's edict to issue more tickets was obvious. They had hoped to win public sympathy, though it is doubtful that a public being hit with 8,000 to 9,000 traffic tickets a day could sympathize with anybody except themselves. But the tickets were playing on a stronger emotion—anger. They expected the public would blame Kennedy for their plight and, hopefully, be able to force the city administration to remove the Commissioner from office.

Mayor Wagner announced he was studying the situation very closely. "We have to be very careful," he said. "We can't ask the police to shut their eyes to violations."

As the daily toll of tickets mounted against a public growing steadily more resentful, Kennedy continued his vendetta against the moonlighters. Some 40 cops were brought up on charges of holding outside jobs. All of them pleaded not guilty, charging as invalid the rule prohibiting them from seeking secondary employment. Their trial was set for December. In a trial held in November, 13 cops were fined for working in a Fifth Avenue mail house. Another ten cops received fines of from ten to 30 days' pay for working as chauffeurs for two trucking concerns.

Still another battle royal took place the week following the elections. The PBA had scheduled its regular monthly meeting at the George Washington Hotel, in mid-Manhattan, on a Tuesday

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morning. Two days before the 11 A.M. meeting was to be held, Kennedy prohibited the delegates from taking time off for the meeting until five P.M. Aside from breaking a 31-year department tradition, the move, in effect, was designed to prevent the meeting from taking place. Inasmuch as Cassese was still confined to his home, under unofficial house arrest, the prospects for a meeting seemed dim. Cassese was permitted to leave his house only upon receiving permission from Kennedy. "Kennedy hit us with this new order for just one reason," Cassese said. "He doesn't want the meeting to come off."

The PBA delegates proved resourceful. The meeting was switched from 11 A.M. to five P.M. When delegates showed up at the hotel they found four buses waiting to take them to Brooklyn, where arrangements had been made to hold the meeting in the basement of the apartment building in which Cassese lives. That way Cassese could attend the meeting, too. The buses, which cost \$40 apiece to hire, and 25 cop-owned cars transported some 300 delegates.

Behind closed doors the delegates came to three major decisions. First, they voted to change their constitution; this would allow Cassese to retire from the police force and stay on as salaried head of PBA. Since Cassese had no intentions of retiring, the move was chiefly a public vote of confidence for the man who had stood up to Kennedy in the battle for policemen's rights. Second, they voted to initiate a relief emergency fund to provide for members suspended on moonlighting charges. Finally, they decided to take steps to oust Kennedy from the PBA.

If Kennedy regarded the intended ouster as a personal insult, he had a strange way of showing it. The next day, in front of photographers' cameras, he was smiling broadly as he tore up his pink PBA membership card. He must have enjoyed doing it, for he had the card taped together twice and tore it up again for the benefit of the TV cameras. Did it mean that he was resigning his 31-year-membership in the PBA? "The act speaks for itself," Kennedy answered. "You can read into it any meaning you wish."

There is no evidence to support this, but Stephen Patrick Kennedy probably came into this world with his knuckles bared, for he can look back on a career that has constantly seen him in the thick of what he believed to be the good fight. Born in the tough Greenpoint section of Brooklyn, he is a man of strong inner convictions and the belief that he is doing right. He has never backed down from what may have appeared to be an unpopular stand just for the sake of public opinion.

"I have stood alone on issues before," he has said. "I believe the position I took was the right one." He cares little that he has been described as autocratic, inflexible, austere, holier-than-thou and tyrannical; he prefers to be known simply as a "cop."

Nothing can make him deviate from a path he has set to follow. When, for example, Mayor Wagner gave his permission to a TV station to use police department files as source material for a show, Kennedy objected. "If they don't like what I'm doing, let them get another commissioner." It is to his credit that, during the crisis of the Jewish holiday problem, Kennedy never once mentioned the fact that his wife Hortense is Jewish.

Kennedy did not complete his high school education until he was past 40. He then entered St. John's University in

Brooklyn to work for his degree, and afterwards enrolled at New York University, where at the advanced age of 46 he earned his law degree.

Kennedy joined the force in 1929, having previously worked as a long-shoreman, seaman, dock boss, secretary, amateur fighter and salesman. In his police career, he served as a patrolman, detective sergeant, lieutenant, captain, commander of the riverfront squad, deputy inspector, inspector and chief inspector.

Kennedy was chosen for the job of commissioner, the city's 25th and the seventh to rise from the ranks, by his predecessor, Francis W. H. Adams, a lawyer Mayor Wagner put in charge of the department in 1954 with instructions to find an honest policeman who could run it. Adams discovered his successor, then a low-ranking inspector assigned to an obscure job at police headquarters. This was the last of the series of obscure jobs Kennedy held from the day he joined the department. He had been shunted into those jobs because he refused to become a part of "the system," and therefore didn't get along with those around him.

According to the New York Times, "the system" is a term everyone in the Police Department understands and no one can define. It includes the acceptance of gratuities and petty graft. But, beyond that, it goes to the essence of police work. For it implies the traditional approach to that work—the control of crime by playing one criminal against another. It requires the use of criminal informers, temporary alliances with criminals, and agreements to wink at one type of crime in return for help against another. It can lead to vicious abuses, and is impossible for most reformers and moralists to understand. Yet it is the way police work has been carried on everywhere in the world for centuries. And it is the way it is still carried on in the city today."

When Kennedy exchanged his police uniform for the civilian garb of the Police Commissioner, he took over a desk that already had been making sweeping reforms in the department. During the 18 months in which he served as chief inspector to Adams, Kennedy had helped initiate new policies to rid the department of alleged corruption. It was a distasteful job, but a necessary one. Kennedy's years on the force had taught him every trick in the books; he knew who the grafters were, where the payoffs were made. He ran down new accusations of shake-downs and his justice was as swift as it was hard.

Under Kennedy's direction, cops were put back on the beat to help reduce the city's growing crime rate. Within four months, records indicated that the cops had done a good job. Grand larceny, robberies, stolen cars and burglaries were trimmed by better than 65 per cent. He hammered away at keeping the department clean and whipped his men into a trim, cohesive unit. And Kennedy drove himself harder than anyone else. He virtually worked around the clock, walking the streets he had once trod as a patrolman, dropping in unexpectedly at precincts to see how things were going. He took note of everything, made changes where he felt they were necessary—and along the way incurred the enmity that generally plagues hard-driving leaders.

Kennedy resolutely believes in everything he does, and thinks he has done an especially good job in regulating police promotions by placing them on a merit system and doing away with the

old way of promoting men through political patronage.

Many cops, however, believe the Commissioner's merit system plays favorites. In fact, the State Supreme Court presently has under consideration a petition from 2,000 policemen asking that he be jailed for disregarding the court's order to make promotions from Civil Service lists.

In his never-ending war with moonlighters, Kennedy clings strongly to the premise that a man is either a cop or he isn't. A policeman can't work at an outside job; there is always the danger of a conflict of interest, of civilians pointing suspicious fingers at him. Kennedy has fought for wage increases—and has helped get some—but he says only by eliminating moonlighting and by doing a job that will win them greater public esteem will the cops secure raises.

To the irritation of most of the force, Kennedy is constantly transferring whole complements of men from one precinct to another. This is one way of cutting down on grafters, he believes, since shady deals are more likely when cops get too familiar with people.

Kennedy is also initiating a new school cadet program in which college students work at police desk jobs during their spare time, thereby freeing more cops for outdoor work. But his clashes with the PBA are destined to go on for as long as its members feel they have no grievance machinery with which to air their differences with the Commissioner. And their chief difference is moonlighting. "Every other city employee, including the firemen, have a place to air their grievances," says Casese. "Why can't we?"

Kennedy's reply is that there can be no other agency with the strength to

overrule the authority of the commissioner. "You can't have the tail wagging the dog," he says. "Who runs the police department? The commissioner or the cops?"

"The Commissioner is a vindictive man," says John Casese, who continues to speak for the large majority of New York's Finest. "What he has been doing lately is personal vengeance directed against me."

Casese, who is 47 years old, has been on the force since 1937. He is an authentic tough guy who not only speaks for the cops he represents but speaks in their own language.

But that hasn't kept him from traveling to the state capital at Albany as often as twice a week when the legislature is in session, so that he can carry on his fight for policemen's rights.

He has been good for the PBA in many ways. "When I first came into office in nineteen fifty-eight," he says, "we had thirteen thousand members. Now there are twenty-two thousand, six-hundred and ninety-seven men."

The PBA's list of grievances includes such areas as abolishment of a quota system which it claims makes every precinct responsible for a specific number of summonses each month.

This complaint grew to a roar when about 300 PBA delegates were ordered by Kennedy to appear at the Police Academy in groups of 75 at a time. They were handed five-page questionnaires which asked if they knew anything about a quota system for traffic summonses and arrests. This wholesale inquiry was interpreted as Kennedy's answer to a full-page newspaper ad the PBA took in November which asserted that such a quota system existed.

Kennedy's questionnaires apparently

asked the cops to indicate whose side they were on. None of them defied Kennedy, although many cops later told reporters they had lied and answered "no" to questions regarding knowledge of any quota system, giving the vague explanation that they didn't want to "rat" on their superiors.

The Commissioner staunchly denies a quota system is presently in effect, but he concedes there was one in 1955 when he was chief inspector. He admitted prizes were awarded those cops giving the most summonses.

"He's also trigger-happy," says Casese. "On Election Day a high-ranking deputy chief inspector wasn't at his post when Kennedy came by at three-thirty in the afternoon. Before even checking for a reason, Kennedy busted the man temporarily and relieved him of his command. Later when a police surgeon visited the man's home, he found him in bed with a heavy cold. Kennedy immediately restored his rank and command. But that's the way he is, a Simon Legree with a badge. That's his way of life. But," Casese went on with absolute seriousness, "I think the man thinks he's right."

Whether the intensive hatred of Kennedy by some 90 per cent of his men is justified or not is a moot question. There is powerful evidence that Kennedy is one of the finest police commissioners New York City has ever known. But the fact remains that his department is overwhelmingly made up of hate-filled cops, and the efficiency of hate-filled men is substantially reduced. Kennedy suffers because of this; the men in blue suffer because of this; and perhaps the greatest sufferer of all is New York City.

★ THE END

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continued from page 57

and saw Luke approach the bottom, swimming in a winding course toward the shore, searching for significant rock outcroppings in the sand, and especially for loose pieces of jade.

Reaching the end of the diving line, Ben checked the position of the boat. He could see its entire 28 feet outlined by the splash pattern around the bottom. He was about to release the line when a flash of movement to his right caught his eye. He turned to find a large shark angling from the surface toward Luke. Ben dropped the line and swam to intercept the shark. Luke had not yet seen it, but as Ben and the shark approached within 20 yards of each other, Luke abruptly started up to meet him. Luke, alert as always, had sensed the danger. The shark neared Ben first and circled him at a distance of eight yards. It was a big one—at least 15 feet long—as big as any Ben had ever seen.

The torpedo-shaped fish moved off to circle Luke. Ben swam slowly toward his partner as the shark made a leisurely circle. Luke was doing a careful and slow pirouette to keep the shark under surveillance and at the point when he faced Ben, Luke slowly shook his head sideways as if to say, "How about the size of this one?" Luke was enjoying himself.

Ben's mind again turned to Cathy. Maybe this was what she meant when she said, "You're like two small boys, seeing how close you can come to the edge of a cliff without falling off. Grow up and settle down."

But Ben insisted that wasn't the way it was with Luke and him. Submarine geology was their business, and they were good at it. He reminded her of the job they had completed for the Indian government, one of the nastiest ever taken on by a team of divers. He and Luke had gathered data on the sand-carrying ability of the littoral currents off Puri, spending weeks in dangerously strong currents with low visibility and the constant menace of fine sand clogging their diving gear. Luke had saved him twice on that job. After completing their reports, they had acquired an international reputation as exceedingly competent underwater geologists. Now why should Cathy quarrel with that?

Ben drifted closer to Luke so they would be in a better position to help each other if need be. The shark edged in and Ben admiringly inspected the creature at close range. A beautiful swimming and fighting machine, all muscle and contained fury. Ben knew that Luke was watching its every movement, hoping the animal would make a move toward them.

It finally wandered off toward the surface and out to sea. Luke waved toward the bottom and Ben followed.

They swam their serpentine courses, crossing in front of each other to examine a 30-foot-wide band of the sandy floor, following the charted plan with easy skill. They stayed close to the bottom, gazing around frequently, up, back and sideways. The shore was not far away, but these were ocean waters, and it was best to watch carefully.

With one minute left before starting for the surface, Luke, swimming with his chest almost grazing the sand, stopped suddenly and picked up a dark irregular stone resembling a battered golf ball. After a moment he tucked the stone into his trunks.

At the end of the minute they approached the surface and slowly began swimming shoreward to catch up with the drifting boat. Each had been careful not to go up too fast, allowing almost four minutes for the 100-foot ascent, exhaling deeply as he rose. They broke water beneath the dangling ladder and Ben went up first while Luke sank back down about six feet to act as lookout. With sharks near, this was a dangerous position for a diver. After allowing Ben time to get into the cockpit, Luke re-surfaced and climbed aboard.

Luke removed the small stone from his trunks and handed it to Ben. "Jadeite," Ben said. "It could have been broken off from an intrusive sill by the deep currents on the bottom. It isn't too worn and my guess is that we're near the sill." The two men smiled with satisfaction. Submarine geology might be about to pay off.

They rested and recharged the diving bottles, then headed out to deeper water to start another series. While on the way down Ben noticed an onshore breeze was disturbing the surface. He tapped Luke on the shoulder to point it out, and headed back to the boat. He stayed aboard to keep the boat from drifting too far while Luke finished the second series, and the third. He was almost through the fourth when Ben realized that Luke had been in the ocean deep enough and long enough to require a full two hours of decompression time in the water to avoid getting the bends. Ben prepared to take the bottles down to the 40-foot level for Luke's first decompression stop. As he did, he glanced out to sea. Two hundred yards away a large fin was cutting the water at a good clip.

Ben's reaction was instantaneous. He picked up a crowbar, stepped over the side and sank like a stone, breathing in quick, short gasps, snorting and working his jaws to avoid breaking an eardrum. As he neared the bottom he spotted Luke poking with his knife at a small outcropping of rock. Ben swam to him fast. As he neared him he saw a blackish discoloration in the water around Luke's knee. Blood. Luke had cut his knee, cut it bad without knowing it, and that explained the shark.

Ben's motion attracted Luke's attention, and he turned and waved excitedly at Ben to come over. Luke had made a discovery. But Ben ignored it as he twisted Luke away from the outcropping and pointed to the wound. Then the shark came.

The divers moved quickly along the bottom in the direction of the fast-drifting boat, pulling out squeeze-bottles of shark repellent. They headed up at a sharp angle just as the shark made a pass. Luke squirted repellent at it. It veered off to their left and Ben was sure it was the big one of several hours earlier—only it was no longer the same languorous, mildly curious creature.

They had risen but ten feet when another shark approached. It was as big as the first, knifing in close until the repellent discouraged it. Ben mentioned Luke to cover the gash on his knee; blood was trailing behind them. The two sharks circled closer and Luke squeezed the bottle again. They shied off, but returned quicker this time, swimming more vigorously. With each pass the sharks became more and more

excited, and at the 60-foot level a third one appeared, and at the 40-foot mark three more came, all of them large white sharks, thick through the middle with pulsing gill slits, each of them caught up in a rapidly building crescendo of excitement.

The sharks remained away for shorter times as the bottles of repellent began to run out. They came so close that Ben had to push them away with the crowbar, swimming hard to continue rising, being careful not to spear one of them and draw shark blood. One darted in at Luke with jaws gaping. Luke saved himself by twisting away and turning his diving bottles into the mouth.

The repellent was about used up when Luke made the decision. He held his fist in front of Ben's mask, thumb pointing up, and then kicked for the boat, breathing out forcefully to prevent the air in him from expanding and tearing his lungs. Ben followed.

At the six-foot level Luke tried to force Ben up to the ladder and out of the water. It was the same old story: Luke once again taking care of Ben. But this time Ben was ready, for he knew in advance how it would be, and he knew how to free himself from the great debt of gratitude he owed Luke. For the first time in four years of diving, Ben took command during an emergency. He grabbed Luke under an arm with his free hand and shoved him toward the surface. Luke held back for a moment, then headed for the ladder.

The sharks formed a tight circle around them, swimming excitedly, snapping at each other. Luke pulled his feet out of the ocean just as a shark lunged at them, and the vicious bite carried away the bottom rung of the ladder. Ben held the crowbar in the

middle and pushed against the nearest shark, at the same time squeezing out the last drops of repellent. It did no good; the sharks crowded in on him. Nothing would stop them and he was still six feet from the ladder. But Ben did not mind. His debt to Luke was paid, paid in full.

To his surprise, the sharks began to move away. Then Ben saw why: there were little splashes on the surface as Luke began throwing in repellent as fast as he could rip open the plastic bottles. Ben dropped the crowbar, lunged to the surface and groped for the ladder. Luke reached down, heaved backwards and pulled Ben over the gunwale. The sharks slammed into the boat and it rocked from their blows.

Exhausted, Ben crawled into the cockpit. Luke lay on the floorboards, knees pulled up, face contorted, red blotches beginning to show on his legs and arms and along his shoulder muscles. The bends had struck quickly, the nitrogen that had dissolved in his blood under pressure was bubbling out. Ben crept to him and helped him to a sitting position.

Luke folded his arms across his stomach in agony and pulled his knees up tighter. When he spoke his voice was almost unrecognizable. "That's it. I can't stay here, and I can't go back down. You made a good try, Ben. Thanks." His neck and face were twisted, rigid with pain.

Ben hauled himself to his feet and stared at the roiled, shark-filled water. A man wouldn't last ten seconds in there, and only immediate pressure could help Luke, pressure to dissolve the nitrogen bubbles in his blood. Ben clenched his fists and looked down at the tortured, contorted body. Luke had

come out ahead in the end after all, with a final grand gesture that might cost him his life, and now there was no way to even things up. Unless...

Ben bent and threw the floorboards into the water, then lifted a 40-pound air bottle high over his head and drove one end into the bottom of the boat, punching a seven-inch hole through the hull. He pulled it out, entered the cabin, did the same thing just inside the hatch, then went forward and punched a third hole in the bottom. The sea swiftly poured into the boat and it settled rapidly.

Ben removed the cap of the gasoline tank to repel the sharks and dragged Luke into the cabin along with all the full air bottles. He put the mouthpiece into Luke's mouth, holding it there as the water rose and filled the cabin. Just before the boat sank he slid the cabin hatch almost completely shut to seal them in. It seemed an eternity before they felt the boat thud against the bottom.

It was five minutes before Luke fully realized where he was, and ten minutes before he could move around with any facility. They were in 60 feet of water with air enough in all the bottles to last several hours. The shore was about 300 yards away, easy swimming distance once time and the gasoline discouraged the sharks.

The two men looked at each other in the feeble underwater light. Gaunt shadows played in the water and on the cabin walls, and outside there was the rasp and the thud of the sharks. Ben studied Luke's eyes, and saw in them a new expression. Then Luke reached out to shake his hand, and Ben realized his debt was paid. Cathy would be glad to hear it. **★ THE END**

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WOLVERINE GLOVES

The Lover Who Wouldn't Say Yes continued from page 51

bastards?" the Swedish cook groused. "And that Lily! The boys ain't got their minds on nothing else."

It was true. From the moment the girl shed her bulky caribou artigi, parka and mukluks, she quickly took the play from the pin-ups. Her large black eyes looked out invitingly and her wide, white smile only heightened the invitation. The men fought for her attention. Enak, tremendously proud that his daughter was being avalanched with cigarettes, gum and chocolate, said she was 17-18 and then, making a gesture which required no interpreter, said Lily was one fine woman.

"Lottsa funs," he declared. "Lily lottsa, lottsa funs."

"Disgusting!" Byron said indignantly as he beat up pancake batter. "This gang's behaving like animals."

The Swede looked up incredulously from his mug of coffee-splashed rum. "Yust exactly what's wrong with you?"

Byron was about to tell him when Enak and another hunter waddled into the kitchen carrying two bundles wrapped in frozen canvas. Enak bowed ceremoniously as he and his companion laid their burdens on the meat-block. "We bring plenty eat for everybody."

The natives tore at the icy canvas and then stepped aside so that the cooks could see how royal their gift was. There, Byron saw, horror spinning through him, were at least 30 of the finest mallards he had ever beheld.

"Ducks!" The cook's hand crashed joyfully on Enak's back. "We'll have 'em tonight."

"Not with my help!" Byron sputtered. "Not tonight or any night."

Rum was making the cook belligerent. "Who's the boss this kitchen?" he roared.

By two o'clock, the Swede having staggered to his bunk, it was clear that Byron would have to finish the job. Despite acute distaste, he worked methodically, using lemon powder instead of tangerine slices and requisitioning some of the cook's rum as a substitute for the wine he preferred in the sauce. He roasted the mallards until they were a golden brown. Then he served them and fled to the sanctuary of his kitchen.

His prayers that the weather would clear so the Eskimos—Lily in particular—might get away were denied. That night a polar blow wrapped the little world of Site 23 in such a blast of

white that even the natives refused to venture out.

Lily's presence in the kitchen was Byron's first intimation that his mallards had earned him a new and perilous esteem. She came early each morning and sat there quietly through the day. She completely ignored the other men on the station, which naturally caused them to say hard things about the assistant cook.

Lily's mouth softened prettily when she looked at Byron and her pleading eyes shone at his mastery with an egg-beater. Once, she gently put her hand over his, then brushed his body with hers. Byron leaped away in horror.

Fantasies starring the comely Eskimo girl persistently tortured him—her figure becoming more opulent, her charms more alluring each day.

For the five days the storm lasted, Byron fought the good fight with diminishing reserves. Then, suddenly the storm broke. The Eskimos said goodbye to Site 23's detachment and the dog-teams lined out. Lily lingered by Byron for a moment, her face sweetly framed by the wolverine fur of her parka. Her eyes, reproach and disappointment in them, swam up to hold Byron's as she smoothly slid against him.

"Lily lottsa funs," she whispered acutely, moist lips trembling.

They were the first words she'd spoken, and after hearing these dulcet tones Byron had to fight the temptation to ask her to stay with him. Then the teams tightened their traces, the komatiks scraped across the ice, and the Eskimos were shortly lost to view.

Byron weakly made his way back to the kitchen. It had been a close call.

His virtuous days dragged on in a dull world of pots and pans. It was a monotonous life and more and more often Byron wished himself out of it. "Cheer up, Booster," the Swede said. "You only got another coupla month'."

Byron smiled bleakly and looked out the window. There was a figure approaching the cook-house.

It was Enak, alone except for his dogs. He entered the kitchen, beamed a vast smile at them and explained that he had merely stopped on his way to a camp out on the ice where his people were hunting seal. He turned innocently toward Byron.

"You want come? Hunting funs." "I've got a job," Byron said quietly.

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"Ain't you been bellyachin' you're stuck here?" the Swede said angrily. "How long, Enak? Two weeks?" He held up two fingers.

Enak nodded as if time also meant something to him. "Sure," he said, holding up a couple of his own fingers.

"Okay, Booster, get your gear."

And before Byron fully realized what he was doing, he was gliding over the snow with Enak. The Eskimo was a good companion and the austere and empty Arctic quickly worked its charm as Byron's spirit rose. Not until they reached the camp in the dusk of the third afternoon and Lily of the Igloos raced out to meet her father did Byron feel uneasy.

That night Lily spread his bed robes and, making sure he was comfortable, casually made her own beside his. The snow-house was crowded and in the light of the single candle, Byron saw that men and women prepared for sleep body to body. There was nothing unusual about it; they needed the warmth. But he slept poorly, for Lily was pressed against him, and in the darkness she let him know that she would come closer. It took a man of extreme will power to chastely endure that night.

Lily did not look at him over the group breakfast of roasted caribou fat. Instead, she said something in dialect to her father. The others glanced at Byron, hugging their knees and laughing. Then Enak announced hunting was poor and that they would move on. "No foods. We go some more place."

Byron tried to ask Enak what, if hunting was so bad, all the fresh seal carcasses meant. But, apparently unable to understand, Enak simply smiled, gave an order, and the dogs were unchained and harnessed. Lily instantly appeared overjoyed. Byron wondered about that.

They travelled hard and steadily for nearly a week. Snowhouses were swiftly put up late each afternoon and abandoned the following morning. Lily was pleasant but distant, and it occurred to Byron that his snub of her might have hurt her feelings.

Then he forgot it as his anxiety grew. It seemed to him they were drifting farther and farther north. Since all snow looks the same and there was no horizon, he had no idea where he was.

Suddenly it came to Byron that he was lost, that he would never see Site 23 again unless Enak was willing to guide him back. He protested to the hunter, desperation and panic coarsening his Harvard accent. But Enak simply grinned and said, "No worry."

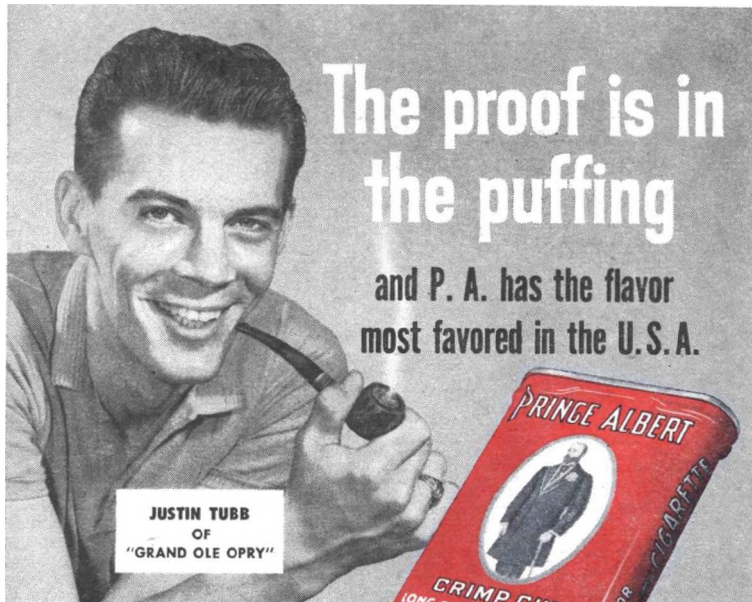
They made their last camp under a sheltering upthrust of rock. Byron noted that the snow-houses the men now built were larger than any he had seen. One was especially roomy and the women furnished it with the best robes and cooking pots.

"Yours," Enak said. "Now need girl." "See here, Enak—I've got to get back. It's more than two weeks now."

Enak held up two fingers and grinned. "Sure," he said, walking away.

That night Lily crawled through the igloo's doorway, spread her bed robes beside Byron's, then disappeared briefly to return with three plump ptarmigan. She was expertly removing their feathers when her father appeared. Enak sat on the snow bench, filled his pipe and puffed solemnly for a few moments. "Lily yours," he said finally. "Lily like, Lily want."

Site 23's assistant cook shook his head. Having suffered this long, he was determined not to break his vow in an Arctic snowhouse. He shook his head.



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Enak's expression became stern for the first time as he got up. "Lily lottsa funs," he pronounced grimly and left.

Lily undressed slowly, her movements as calculated as those of a ballerina. Occasionally, she stared at Byron as though trying to determine why his face was so painfully unhappy. Removing her last garment, she stood before him for a moment before wriggling into bed. The candlelight revealed diamonds of the sweat on Byron's forehead as he sat there until Lily finally fell asleep.

She was cutting up the ptarmigan when he woke, and she offered him some of the uncooked meat on a soiled tin plate. Byron gulped and refused.

"Good," Lily said mischievously, chewing a piece raw.

Byron's stomach whirled and he scrambled out of his robes. "Good God," he cried, "you can't do that!"

He carefully prepared the three birds while Lily started the fire. He daubed them with bear's fat and dusted them with flour. They weren't duck à la chinoise, he admitted to himself, but they wouldn't be raw, either. He roasted them well and Lily's eyes were rapturous when she took her first bite.

Then Byron realized he was lost in more ways than one. He'd done it again.

He grew desperate as the weeks passed and the camp gave no evidence of moving. Time was vague but he knew now he must have been gone nearly two months. Lily had spread the news of his ability with ptarmigan and the whole band turned out to hunt the birds, refusing to touch them until they had been transformed by his skill. They laughed when he talked about leaving. The Eskimos were such kindly wardens

that it was some time before he realized he was their prisoner.

Byron began planning his escape, aware of the risks involved. He knew how slight were his chances, but when his courage faltered, he revived it by picturing all that Boston would hold. Even Lily, cunning temptress though she was, hadn't made him forget that for a moment.

Enak and his hunters finally found him, his hands frost-bitten, deliriously stumbling across the wind-torn landscape and babbling about Mr. Frame. They nursed him for days with such gentleness that it became clear to Byron, even before he was wholly conscious, that they valued him beyond words. A sweet face, which he at first saw vaguely, brushed his own from time to time.

When at last his eyes focused, she was feeding him lichen broth. Her face was intent and maternal. "Lily," Byron said. He felt much stronger. "Lily—"

Radiant, she put down the bowl and lifted a corner of the caribou robes covering him. A timeless question that needed no words was on her face.

Byron thought again of Boston, of the splendid life that could be his—if Enak ever took him back to Site 23—and hesitated. But only until he again looked at the girl. "The hell with it," he said, lifting his robe.

There are still some places where a man's talents are valued, Byron thought. And why had he been fighting it anyway? He needed no allowance here and if he ever got back to Boston, mother would never know. Besides, it was better to be a vow-breaker than to let a poor, sweet girl like Lily suffer untold anguish forever.

★ THE END



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The Best Damned Soldier In Korea

continued from page 55

fragment which ricocheted off a tank turret and tore into his belly.

He was flown back to England for major abdominal surgery. And when he came out of the anesthetic, one of the first things he asked was, "How long before I can get back to my outfit?"

The surgeon was in no mood for heroics. "You'll never get back," he said.

"In fact, you're damn lucky to be alive."

"I'll get back."

"You've got more stitches in your belly than a baseball. If I sent you back to a line company, I ought to have my license taken away."

"How many days will I be in here?"

"Months is more like it."

Michaelis nodded, said no more. He lay quietly for two weeks, reading the papers and pumping other officers for details on the fighting. But when the Battle of the Bulge began and the American lines were broken, he became too jumpy to continue his "rest cure," as he called it. He decided he'd had it when he heard that the 101st Airborne Division was trapped at Bastogne, with 15 German divisions laying siege to them. Mike got out of bed, dressed and walked out of the hospital.

Making his way to the nearest airbase, he found friends whom he talked into putting him back into action. Naturally, he did not mention that his wounds were still unhealed. He merely got himself assigned to the 101st and immediately hopped a ride on the first plane rushing reinforcements to Bastogne.

He parachuted into the 101st, was welcomed joyfully and wound up as division chief-of-staff. Between the original parachute jump and subsequent command activities, he reopened his wounds, but somehow managed to bind them himself and to prevent anyone from learning about his condition. Only when the siege was finally lifted did he turn himself into the medics. By then he was almost in a state of collapse, and he was once again rushed to a hospital. This time he stayed for several months until after the war was over.

His next assignment was as personal aide to General Eisenhower, who chose "this fine, young combat hero" after reading the combat records of all "similarly qualified" young officers. Michaelis liked his new role, and he was prepared for the natural let-down in excitement now that the war had ended. He was, after all, a career officer who knew the Army.

John Hersey Michaelis was born on an army post. His father, like Mike and several other members of the family, had been a West Pointer, although his career was prematurely ended by death during the First World War. Mike graduated from the Point in 1936 and spent most of the pre-war years in the Far East. His career was uneventful until that first combat jump on D-Day.

After the war Mike settled for dull desk jobs while he worked back up the promotion ladder. His full colonelcy had been only temporary, and when the Korean War erupted he was a lieutenant colonel in Yokohama, Japan.

"I never complained," he says. "I was just another Occupation soldier. There was no war going on, so what the hell? I did my job and took it easy. I had my wife and baby girl with me in a comfortable home. I thought my combat days were over."

The Communist invasion of South

Korea changed all that. Combat commanders were suddenly in demand, and Michaelis was one of the first chosen. He possessed the one quality which every military leader needs above all others—he could anticipate the enemy. In the words of one of his company commanders, "He thought like a Korean. He could stop whatever he was doing, right in the middle of a combat situation, and switch his mind over to the other side. And, by God, he knew what was going on in the brain of his opposite number!" The company commander shook his head in admiration. "I'd just joined the outfit, and I wasn't too clear about what was happening. In the first action I saw, my third platoon fought its way up the side of a hill and finally took it. It was one of those low Korean hills with a flattened-out crest, maybe seventy-five by fifty yards. No big trees, but lots of foliage for cover. I was pretty damn pleased that we'd been able to take this high ground, and the men were happy about it, too. It had been enemy territory for about a week and they'd really dug in. We just took over their positions, did a little reverse digging and we were set. So what happened? The colonel came up and told us to withdraw back down the hill!"

"Naturally I put up an argument. I thought he was crazy and damn near said so. Anyway, he told me to follow orders, and there wasn't anything I could say. One thing that surprised me was that I didn't hear a single gripe from the men. By that time they knew Mike's ways and had confidence in his hunches."

"He told me he had a feeling that the Reds were going to pour artillery fire in on that hill, and he didn't think they had good communications judging from their disorganized withdrawal before. He had me pull my boys back pretty much out in the open so the Reds would know we were leaving."

"Then the Commies rushed right back into the positions my outfit had just left, and sure enough, within ten minutes, there was the damndest artillery barrage I'd ever hoped to see. The Red artillery practically leveled that hill crammed with their own troops!"

"Somehow or other he'd figured they were planning that barrage, and that they hadn't gotten their communications set up in time to know that we'd left the hill and their own infantry had gone back up. It was one hell of a shelling too, because they had all the positions zeroed in—they wiped out their own company. Well, after that Mike just had us roll right back up the hill and down the other side to new positions deeper in enemy territory. It was quite a performance and for him it wasn't even particularly unusual. He pulled off stunts like that several times when I was with him."

One of Mike's most formidable "stunts" was out of the realm of personal heroics. It was his transformation of the 27th Infantry Regiment into one of the great combat outfits in American history. When Mike took command right after the outbreak of the Korean War, the 27th was about as unsoldierly a collection of young men as could be imagined. They had the best duty in the Army and resented the fact that the Communist attack had uprooted them from their cozy billets and cute girl friends in Japan.

Along with this notably disenchanted

attitude, they brought with them to a combat area all the things which they hoped would make life more bearable in a new country—including folding chairs, liquor, musical instruments, even a parrot.

Michaelis was not discouraged, however. He made up his mind that the attitude of his men was no fault of their own. Once they understood what lay ahead, once they had undergone their first combat, he was confident they would become good soldiers.

He was not so sure about some of the officers though. They kept asking for assignments in Japan, kept reminding him they had families in the States. "Grasshopper officers," Michaelis called them; they hopped from one foot to the other in nervous anticipation of the fighting to come. Of course, the grasshoppers were in a minority in the regiment, but one would have been too many. "There has to be a housecleaning," the colonel said. And it began.

The officers and men would be allowed to keep only their GI issue. When the regiment was ready to move out for battle, there were eight trucks loaded with "non-essential" gear to be sent back to Japan.

"The troops were in a hell of a shape," Michaelis said. "They'd been holding down cushy occupation jobs, and they had no idea what it really meant to be a combat infantryman. They knew all about how bad Communism was, but they didn't know how to keep their butts down while crawling under Commie bullets. They'd been taught how to avoid V.D., but they had no idea how to avoid a sniper's fire. And they were out of shape physically. They had to learn how to march and ration their water and dive for cover and all the other things a fighting man has to learn. These boys did it the hard way—under fire."

They did it well, too. Within a week after his arrival, Michaelis led his men into action, and they acquitted themselves perfectly.

They had to. Michaelis gave them no choice.

One of his favorite training methods was to phone his outposts at three in the morning, "just to see if they were on the ball." He had learned that one while serving in the peacetime Army under the great Vinegar Joe Stilwell in the Philippines.

He lectured them on staying off the roads. In the 27th's first engagement he ordered the troops to advance from 50 to a 100 yards on either side of the main traffic artery and was able to surprise two North Korean battalions and force their retreat.

This engagement marked the first time the North Korean Army had been stopped since it had rolled over the 38th Parallel and begun its push to the south. It also marked the beginning of the "Wolfhound" regiment's (as the 27th was nicknamed) reputation as one of the UN's toughest fighting units.

The Michaelis reputation had spread throughout the Korean Peninsula before

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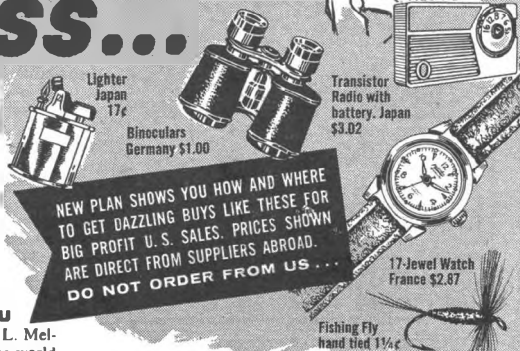
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the war was six months old. The colonel had been everywhere with his Wolfhounds and encountered every kind of action, including pursuit of the North Koreans beyond the 38th Parallel, almost to the Yalu River. When the Chinese entered the war in force and the Americans were swept back down the peninsula, the Wolfhounds were used as "firemen," a special unit that was thrown into the toughest sectors to delay the Reds. When the GIs finally braced at the 38th Parallel and prevented the Chinese from further advance, the 27th was again in the thick of the fighting.

One of the hottest spots was a sector near the city of Taegu which the GIs called, "The Bowling Alley." It con-

sisted of a level, 200-yard stretch of tree-lined road that twisted sharply northward and was a key transportation artery for both the Reds and the UN forces. The fact that the Reds held it at the bend and that the rugged terrain on both sides prevented bypassing by large troop units had prevented the Americans from consolidating their hold on a sizable segment of the front.

The "bowling alley" nickname was perfectly descriptive. Communist tanks were stationed in front of the bend where they would fire down the road and knock over UN troops like bowling pins.

Michaelis was ordered to put an end to the sport. After he and his staff officers had made a reconnaissance of

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the area, they returned to the comparative safety of the regimental command post to plot their strategy.

"Anybody got any ideas?" Mike asked.

There was a glum silence.

Finally one of the officers spoke. "If we were Communists we could just keep pouring infantry down the road until, after a few thousand casualties, maybe the tank guns would get jammed from over-use."

"Can't we even get a couple of our own tanks?" asked another officer. But he already knew the answer: the tanks were needed elsewhere.

"Is there any chance for us to get help from the fly boys?" asked one of the battalion commanders.

"Look at this terrain," Michaelis said, "those mountains. It would take a squadron of stunt fliers to get a crack at those tanks." After a moment's silence, Mike sighed. "We all know what has to be done—another flanking movement. Let's get with it."

Once the decision had been made, the Wolfhounds went into action. They formed a long U on both sides of the road with the riflemen spread along the bend in the U, out of range of the tank guns. The U's extensions were composed of mortarmen from the heavy weapons companies and the weapons platoons of the rifle companies. These were the key troops and their stealthy journey forward at night was both perilous and difficult. They had to thread their way, single file, through the dense foliage until they were within mortar-range of the tanks. Bazooka teams formed the top points of the U.

When everyone was in position, mortars and bazookas opened fire simultaneously. The latter proved ineffective because of the high foliage, but the mortars soon accomplished the job. Then the riflemen charged straight down the road toward the enemy emplacements—a risky though necessary maneuver that paid off. They overran the shattered tanks and clashed with the Red soldiers behind them. The Chinese were no match for the determined GIs in the hand-to-hand fighting that followed. The enemy broke and retreated back up the road as Mike's aggressive strategy paid off again.

Michaelis' best known individual exploit took place near Sinsan-ni on September 3, 1950. The 3rd Battalion was pinned down on a hillside, taking a terrific artillery and mortar pounding. As usual, the seemingly limitless supply of Communist infantry was poised on the low ground, ready for the suicidal charge once the artillery had finished its softening-up barrage. And as usual the mass of privates was forward, with the non-coms behind them and the officers still farther behind. Colonel Michaelis often used to advantage the fact that the Communist leadership was not always in direct communication with its forward elements.

With his forward observer having the only working radio in the area, Mike knew he had to get a man down the hillside, through the artillery and mortar fire and perilously near the massed Red infantry, before help could be called for. Michaelis was himself pinned down with the 3rd Battalion—not an unusual position for him to be in because he liked to be as far forward as possible. The battalion radio and telephone communications had been knocked out for almost a half-hour.

"Who do you want to send, sir?" the executive officer asked. The battalion CO already had been knocked out of action.

"Who have we got?" Michaelis said.

Both men looked at the three runners available. All were privates. One had a temporary splint on his broken left arm. The second looked completely bushed. The third just looked frightened. Headquarters was a large rock with a slit trench dug behind and somewhat beneath it, and the five men were crouched on hands and knees.

"I'll go, sir," said the private with the broken arm.

"No, it's my turn," insisted the exhausted soldier.

There was a short pause, then, "No, me," whispered the frightened boy.

Michaelis grinned at the three of them, then, before anyone could say another word, he was gone, running swiftly downhill for perhaps 15 paces, then falling forward, rolling over and over—shells exploding all around him—until his momentum stopped. He kept crawling forward, though, like a giant lizard squirming for its life.

Soon he was at the bottom—within range and sight of the Communist infantry. Yet no bullets hit him, and he crawled another 50 yards until he was behind a smaller hill. Taking advantage of the comparative concealment, he got to his feet and sprinted up to his forward observer's post. There he called for an air strike to relieve the pressure on the 3rd Battalion.

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This act resulted in a Distinguished Service Cross for Michaelis. This second-highest U.S. decoration has plenty of company on Mike's dress uniforms. He is also entitled to wear, among other citations, the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, the Purple Heart, all of them with one cluster, and the Legion of Merit with two clusters.

Somehow Michaelis managed to come out of the Korean fighting unscathed. This was surprising, considering how much he had been chopped up in World War II. Certainly he exposed himself often enough. In fact, Mike took so many chances that the word went out on him that: "He's going to end up either a dead colonel or a live general."

This so often repeated saying turned out to be true. Early in 1951, Mike Michaelis was named Assistant Commander of the 25th Infantry Division. At the same time he was jumped over 6,000 officers with greater seniority to the rank of brigadier general. He was 38 years old, the youngest general officer in the United States Army. Mike earned his star the hard way, and from the way he's going they'll soon be calling him the best damned general in the U.S. Army.

★ THE END

TV Quiz Scandal

continued from page 33

on one or another of the quiz shows were already famous, like jockey Billy Pearson, actors Edward G. Robinson and Vincent Price, tennis star Herb Flam, silent movie star Francis X. Bushman and singer Lillian Roth. Most, however, were unknowns: shoemakers, clerks, policemen, housewives, seed salesmen, taxi-drivers, military men.

One contestant was canceled at the very last minute. The producers found out just in time that the pretty blonde there was considering had been in the hoosegow three times. The charge each time? Soliciting for immoral purposes.

Another producer spent a lot of time and effort to get Randolph Churchill on his show, with the disheartening result that the son of Britain's former prime minister flunked out the first night.

Still another man on the staff of a quiz show devised an ingenious plan for reducing his living expenses. At the time he was keeping a curvaceous cutie in a costly East Side apartment. Why not, thought this clever fellow, get her on the show and let her earn her keep? The girl, however, proved true to the tradition—beautiful but dumb. She failed to answer a single question correctly.

"But I gave you the answers," the fellow moaned. "What happened?"

The girl smiled sweetly and shrugged her lovely shoulders. "I couldn't remember them."

Some contestants made a great deal of money, some made peanuts. Some went home and picked up their lives precisely where they had left off, and others found that in one way or another their lives had been irrevocably changed. For some it was an unhappy memory, for others, the most exciting experience of their lives, and no two will claim to have the same reason for becoming a contestant, though most will admit that money was at least a small part of it.

Joan Kay, on the other hand, had a professional reason. The assistant society editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, she went on "Top Dollar" because she'd been invited by the CBS affiliate in Louisville, which owned her paper. She thought it might make a good article for her, and it did. There were no personal after-effects, except for a "temporary thrill." But would she do it again?

"It was fun. But one time is enough," says Miss Kay.

Another former contestant is now too busy to appear on television, even if he wanted to. When he appeared on "Name That Tune," Major John H. Glenn, Jr., was just another Air Force flyboy. Now, Lieutenant Colonel Glenn is one of the seven Astronauts, and could be the first man in history to reach outer space.

Joyce Brothers was the wife of a struggling young intern at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York when she decided to write a letter to the producers of "The \$64,000 Question" to offer herself as a contestant.

Fine, they said. She was intelligent, she was a cute blonde, and she was a psychologist, a doctor in her own right. Would she go home and learn all she could about prize fighting? She was only too happy to. Dr. Brothers earned \$134,000 on her boxing specialty, wrote a book which sold at a nice clip, and then returned to her profession of psychologist by signing with NBC to hostess a 1:05 A.M. advice show on

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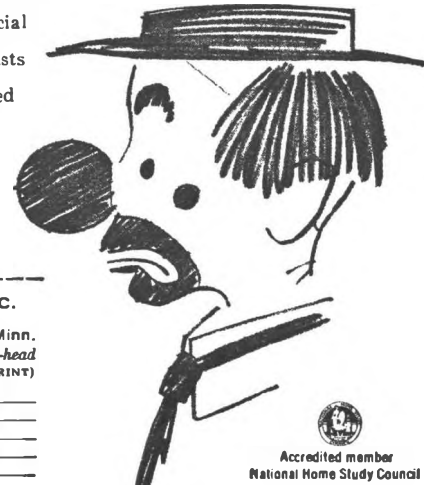
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weekday nights. The show, "Consult Dr. Brothers," is warm, amiable and often crisply daring, as the pert Ph.D. unselfconsciously and with only a trace of modesty copes with such problems as sexual incompatability and petting.

There is no doubt but that Dr. Brothers has benefited materially from her participation on "\$64,000 Question." And her husband, Dr. Milton Brothers, now has a luxurious office on Park Avenue and a thriving practice.

On the other hand, the biggest winner of them all, Teddy Nadler, has not fared nearly so well. A news item last year reported that "Teddy Nadler, the mental wizard who collected \$252,000 with his amazing display of knowledge, is now selling TV sets for a St. Louis company at a salary of \$15 a day, plus commission." Nadler, who lives in the St. Louis suburbs with his wife and three sons, broke into newsprint again on March 17, 1960. It seems he had applied for a job as a census taker, at a salary of \$13 per day.

Said Nadler: "I'm broke. I need the money." There was a test for the job, consisting primarily of vocabulary and map reading. "I understand it's a tough job and a tough test. I hope I can pass."

Later, Nadler said he was joking. He didn't really think he'd flunk. But the joke was on him; he did fail the test. And all that money, where did it go? "Well, there were taxes, we bought a new home and there were heavy medical bills," he said.

And now, Mr. Reader, here is your 11-point question. What do the following people have in common: an unknown Columbia University English instructor; an NBC television personality who earned \$50,000-plus per annum; an editor of a magazine called *Leisure*; and a struggling Greenwich Village writer?

You don't know? Oh, I'm so sorry. It certainly has been a pleasure having Mr. John Q. Reader with us; let's give him a hand; he's been a good sport.

The answer to the 11-point question? All of the gentlemen mentioned above are Charles Van Doren at different stages of his career.

When he first appeared on "Twenty-One," Van Doren taught English at Columbia and was so little known that even some of his colleagues didn't know his name. When he finally lost to Mrs. Nearing, nearly everyone in the country knew his name. A valuable public property, Van Doren signed on the dotted line to help Dave Garroway start the day right on the "Today" show. He also made guest appearances, for which he received additional pay.

When the scandal broke, Van Doren found himself distinctly *persona non grata* around town. Columbia didn't want him; they allowed him to resign his instructorship. NBC didn't want him; they fired him. And so Van Doren, in a very short space of time, found himself without his low-paying profession (teaching) and without his very high-paying hobby (being a personality). In disgrace, he attempted to recover the broken bits and pieces of his life. He retreated from the world and searched for a job out of the public eye. Finally he settled into an unobtrusive editorship on a slick magazine called *Leisure*, which is dedicated to the innumerable ways America spends its idle moments.

Van Doren now lives with his wife and daughter in Greenwich Village, where, according to Herb Gold in a recent issue of *Playboy*, he is devoting all his leisure moments to a novel or play

"which everyone supposes will deal with a simple, true-hearted, slightly greedy young quiz star, who, nearly corrupted by the mass media, receives a letter from a little old lady named Checkers, just in time to keep him from perjuring himself before a congressional committee . . . the odds are against his starring in the movie version."

In the earliest, pre-big money quiz shows the audiences never remembered the contestants' name for in those days the emcee was the star and the contestant was only the straight man.

There was a show called "Double or Nothing." You might recall its accordion-playing emcee, Phil Baker, and how happy he was to give \$64 to a sailor who had just answered the question incorrectly. It was all part of the war effort. You may remember Baker saying, "And now, for the sixty-four dollar question," as the audience heckled, "You'll be soooooorry!" But you certainly don't remember any of the countless contestants who appeared on the show, which was fun, sometimes exciting, but never nerve-wracking. Producers hadn't yet learned to jam their contestants into a stuffy Turkish bath they called the "isolation booth," and then secretly

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CLIMAX

April Issue

on sale February 28th

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turn off the air-conditioning to intensify the perspiration.

Refinements were constantly being introduced on quiz programs with an eye to building audience appeal. One, destined to have far-reaching consequences, first became a fixture of the Goodson-Todman radio show, "Winner Take All." This was the "hangover contestant," which had nothing to do with the amount of liquor he'd drunk the night before, but described the victorious contestant who returned week after week. This persistent winner provided the audience with an identification figure, giving them someone to root for or against.

This factor loomed even larger with the introduction in 1955 of the first big money quiz show, "The \$64,000 Question." Louis Cowan, creator of the show, not only kept the hangover contestant, he devised the isolation booth to stick him in. With the addition of music intended to heighten the tension, this format introduced drama and breathtaking suspense for the first time.

Cowan, a strapping six-footer who wears horn-rimmed glasses and lives alternately in a Park Avenue duplex or his 65-acre Connecticut estate, also thought up "Quiz Kids," and produced "Stop the Music." His experience with television quiz shows goes all the way back to the "Kollege of Musical Knowledge." He is quoted in an interview by Gilbert Millstein in the New York Times Magazine as saying that he "is interested primarily in people and ideas . . . and only secondarily in terms of money." The shows, he claimed, "appealed to the intelligence of the Amer-

ican public, which he would not for a moment underestimate."

Whether or not one agrees with Cowan's rationalization of his shows' drawing powers, "The \$64,000 Question" was a solid success. Cowan had once again struck it rich by not "underestimating" the intelligence of the American public. The Congressional quiz scandal probe has since led to Cowan's resignation as president of CBS-TV, but other programs had cashed in on his innovation as well.

One after another, hangover contestants entered the Hall of Fame of public heroes and heroines: Redmond O'Hanlon, a New York City policeman who was also an expert on Shakespeare, and who is today still Patrolman O'Hanlon, a writer on the staff of the Police Department monthly magazine; Gino Prato, a Bronx shoemaker-opera expert, who now, after a trip to Italy and a good position with a rubber heel company, is once again at work in a Manhattan shoe repair shop; Gloria Lockerman, a 12-year-old spelling whiz who's planning to attend Morgan State College in Baltimore; Capt. Richard S. McCutcheon, whose specialty was the culinary art; Dr. Joyce Brothers; Mrs. Mabel Morris, a charming old lady who now leads a very quiet life in the Manhattan Home for Aged Hebrews; and many others.

Among the shows that jumped on "The \$64,000 Question's" quiz wagon were "The Big Payoff," "The Big Surprise," "Break The Bank," "Break the \$250,000 Bank" and "The \$64,000 Challenge."

And there was "Twenty-One," which on the night of November 28, 1956, presented the first three rounds of that titanic struggle between Herb Stempel and Charles Van Doren which ended in the crowning of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Incumbent hero Stempel, then a 19-year-old college student, was a man whose primary characteristics seemed to be introversion and humility, despite his having been for some weeks the apple of the public's eye. He wore an ill-fitting blue suit, a blue shirt with a frayed collar and a \$6 wristwatch which ticked as if it were about to blow up any moment. The entire setup had been carefully selected by producer Enright in order to create the image of a poor but hardworking, brilliant, sincere, very shy and humble young man. Actually, Stempel is an outgoing young man who delights in talking to people, tends to be effusive rather than reserved, and is an excellent host.

He lives in a modestly furnished Jackson Heights, N.Y., apartment, where he is "normal" enough to receive guests informally. When he opened the door to me, I saw a stocky, dark-haired man dressed in a bathrobe.

"I'm Herb Stempel," he said. "We're very informal around here, contrary to what you may have been led to expect."

"I didn't expect anything," I said. "From the show, I mean. That whole pose. I had to assume." He grinned crookedly. "Just between you and me and the hole in the wall, that wasn't me. Anybody'll tell you I'm not that kind of person." He threw one leg over the arm of his chair as if to prove his point and grimaced. "Even that haircut they made me wear, that Marine Corps white-wall crewcut."

He reminisced over his contest with Van Doren and over his testimony at the congressional investigation. In cutting back and forth from one to the

other, he managed to underline the ludicrous irony of the experience:

On the air, Emcee Jack Barry was careful to warn Stempel in the presence of Van Doren that the college instructor would be a formidable opponent. "If you go on playing against Mister Van Doren and he beats you, whatever he wins will be deducted from the money you've already won. So, to help you make up your mind, here are some things you should know about Charles Van Doren." He turned to Charlie. "Just out of curiosity, Mister Van Doren, are you in any way related to Mark Van Doren, up at Columbia University, the famous writer?"

"Yes, I am," Van Doren replied. "He's my father. Dorothy Van Doren, the novelist and author of the recent *Country Wife*, is my mother, and historian Carl Van Doren, the biographer of Benjamin Franklin, was my uncle."

"Well," said Barry, obviously impressed as though he hadn't known all this before, "you have every reason in the world to be mighty proud of your name and family. Now, Herb Stempel," he continued, somewhat ominously, "you have heard something about Charles Van Doren. You have \$69,500. Do you want to take it and quit right now, or do you want to risk it by playing against him? What will it be?"

Stempel thought about it. He chewed his lip. Then he nodded his head slightly and set his jaw in anticipation of the epic battle of wits ahead.

"I'll take a chance," he said.

At the congressional investigation, Stempel was asked by Attorney Lishman, "What happened at that meeting, when you were told that you would lose?"

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Stempel: This would be on the fourth of December, 1956. This was the day before the show ... I arrived at Mr. Enright's office ... I was told very bluntly, "We have to find a new champion. That is why you are going to have to go."

Lishman: Were you told to whom to lose?

Stempel: Yes, sir.

Lishman: Who?

Stempel: Charles Van Doren, sir.

Lishman: Did you lose as you were scheduled to?

Stempel: Yes, sir. I lost by a score of 18 to 10 in the fifth game of our series.

"You'll take a chance?" Jack Barry echoed. "All right, then, on we go."

The music came up, and the two contestants took their places in the studios. With fumbling fingers, they put on their earphones. Both seemed slightly nervous.

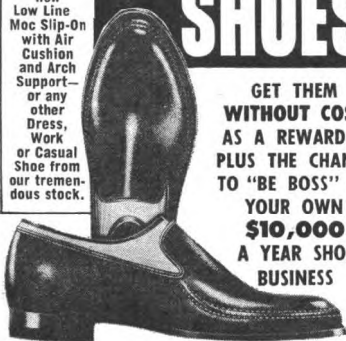
The first category was World War II. Van Doren answered his question with a little difficulty, and Stempel breezed through his to take a one point lead. In the second category, Medicine, Van Doren took an eight-pointer and Stempel, conveniently, a seven pointer. The first encounter ended in a 17-17 tie.

Jack Barry was beside himself with joy. "Herb Stempel, I have news for you—this time you don't win, you don't lose. Now don't get excited. You have seventeen points; Mister Van Doren has seventeen points."

Stempel was grinning, Barry was grinning and Van Doren was breathing a sigh of relief. Everybody was happy.

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"I'm telling them to slow down—I'll have to slow down myself," Barry said breathlessly, and proceeded to sell some patent medicine to pep everyone up.

Then the second game was on. The categories were Fashions, Founding Fathers and Churchill. Stempel and Van Doren both sweated their way through the questions to 21 points. A third game, with the tension building unbearably, with the sweat standing on the contestants' foreheads, with Van Doren muttering to himself and Stempel screwing up his face and looking skyward for inspiration, ended in a third tie, 21-21.

Jack Barry was in ecstasy. "Herb Stempel, will you come out? Mister Van Doren, come on out here; we've got another tie. Gentlemen, this is terrific!"

Mr. Lishman: Were any inducements given to you to lose to Mr. Van Doren?

Stempel: Yes sir, I was told that I would get a chance to appear on the "Steve Allen Show". I was told that I was going to get a job in the Barry & Enright organization for \$250 a week, and other benefits to follow.

Mr. Lishman: Do you have any personal direct knowledge that any of the other contestants on "Twenty-One" ever received assistance in advance of their appearance on the program?

Stempel: I can only say that inferentially there must have been help given in that I was told by Mr. Enright in advance exactly what the scores would be in every single game.

When the scandal broke, Van Doren was shocked. "If Stempel was acting," he said on September 15, 1958, "I was completely fooled. I thought he was sweating as hard as I was."

Ironically enough, he was.

"Good evening, I'm Jack Barry. Tonight, here on 'Twenty-One,' Herbert Stempel, our nineteen-year-old G.I. college student, can win one hundred and eleven thousand, five hundred dollars, the highest amount of money ever to be won on television. But to do this, he's risking much of the money he has won thus far.

Barry then welcomed Stempel and Van Doren back for the second week and happily said that he was sure they were in for tremendous excitement that night. The contestants grinned.

Then they got down to the serious business of sweating. The first category was the Civil War. Van Doren went for eight, Stempel went for nine. Both answered correctly. The second category was Boxing. Van Doren went for nine and missed. He was back at zero. Barry switched to Stempel's booth. The audience could see the worried look on Van Doren's face.

Stempel, on the other hand, looked confident. He asked for a seven point question on Boxing and came up with the name of the promoter of the first million-dollar gate, Tex Rickard. He was ahead 16 to 0. On the next question, Van Doren answered a ten-pointer, and Stempel, only five shy of 21 and victory, was asked to name the motion picture that won the Academy Award for 1955.

On the previous day, Stempel testi-

fied, Enright had called him in for a meeting and told him he was going to lose.

"He outlined the program for the evening, telling me I would first miss the question on what picture won the Academy Award in nineteen-fifty-five, the answer to which was 'Marty,' a picture I had seen three times."

So when the question was asked, you can imagine the self-control it must have taken for him not to blurt out the correct answer.

"Do you need extra time?" Barry asked him solicitously.

Stempel patted his forehead and bit his lip. "Uh," he stammered, "Uh . . . I sure do."

"I'll tell you when your time is up," Barry said, and the music began. Sweat trickled down Stempel's face from the heat in the booth as he rubbed his hair and looked around desperately, his eyes wide, searching for the answer.

"Your time is up," Barry said. With infinite sadness Stempel muttered, "I don't remember. I don't remember." Pain was etched in his face. "You don't want to take a guess at it?" Barry offered.

There was a second's pause while the word "Marty" formed in Stempel's brain, but he dutifully said, "On the Waterfront."

The audience gasped and Barry's face shone with sympathy. "No, I'm sorry," he said. "The answer is 'Marty.'"

The score was Stempel 11, Van Doren ten. On the category Explorers, they both made 21. Once again, the tension had mounted to the point where Barry was unable to finish his sentences.

"Gentlemen," he shouted, "Gentlemen—it happened," he bounced up and down, "it happened again. You both have twenty-one points; there is a tie. . . I don't care who wins or who loses—you guys really know your onions. I want to—they really do! We're going to—we're going to take a moment out here now. . ."

Then came the fifth and fateful encounter.

On the first question Van Doren took a lead of eight-zero. The second category was Queens. Both took the ten-pointer, and both answered correctly. Van Doren was ahead, 18-10.

"Gentlemen, may I caution you now not to divulge your scores because you can hear each other. . . If either of you want to stop the game you must tell me so right now."

Stempel thought about it. Van Doren thought about it. The audience leaned forward in their seats, and the home audience waited with baited breath. If Van Doren stopped, Stempel was the loser.

Then Van Doren grinned shyly. "I'll stop," he said, and a yell went up from the audience.

Topping the noise, Barry shrieked, "Then you win twenty thousand dollars. Congratulations, Mister Van Doren. Herb, you're still going to go home with \$49,500, which is a big sum. What are you going to do with your money?"

"Well, Mister Barry," Stempel began, and swallowed painfully. "Uh, this came so suddenly—"

"Herb, I want to say one thing—we may have a lot of contestants in the future, but I doubt that anybody will ever display the knowledge, the fighting spirit, and the courage that you have on this program. Thank you for being a wonderful contestant—Herb Stempel, ladies and gentlemen—"

Stempel turned and trudged unhappily off the stage to the accompaniment of thunderous applause.

Barry faced the new champ, who had a proud little smile on his face. He looked so nice, so sincere, like such an all around good guy. The audience was glad he'd won. They had already come to like him a lot.

"You've got twenty thousand dollars right now, Charles Van Doren. Come back next week and tell us whether you want to continue playing or quit with your winnings."

Charles Van Doren listened to Jack Barry, he heard the sound of the audience applauding, he could hear the music of \$20,000 singing in his brain, and he grinned happily. His "decision" was already made . . .

The rest is history. Whatever happens to the "brains" charged with perjury in New York will be anticlimactic. The Tower of Babel had fallen on them two years ago. ★ THE END

The Devil's Mistress

continued from page 27

Parker said. "It took me two weeks to sell a bunch that should have gone in one afternoon. And what lousy prices I got."

Ann was properly sympathetic and served a sumptuous meal, after which there was a merry time in the Flying Mare. At last, with the coming of darkness, Parker sighed and rose heavily to his feet. "I hate to go, Annie, but I must. We'll be back in about three weeks."

A mirthless smile touched Ann's lips as she watched Parker and his manservant ride off. Then she turned and signaled Will Griffin.

Parker and his servant did not return to the Flying Mare in three weeks—they never really left it. Their bodies lay in a wine vault of the tavern where they had been taken following the ambush.

That night, Ann and her cutthroats divided the loot. When Sharp handed her \$800 her eyes narrowed to slits. "You telling me Parker was only carrying twenty-four hundred dollars?"

Sharp returned her challenging look. "Yeah, he was carrying thirty-six hundred dollars in cash, and his horses should bring another four hundred. But we decided it wasn't right you should get a third and the four of us have to settle for what was left after doing all the work. See how it is, Annie?"

Annie's blood boiled at this open defiance, but she decided not to press the matter. Not right then, anyhow. She remembered how her father had slain a fellow smuggler in an argument over the division of loot, and had been hanged for it.

The gang's next profitable killing occurred in February 1836, when two slave dealers named F. L. Dabney and Galt Shore stopped at the tavern. Having learned the two men were carrying a fat wad of cash, Annie ordered their executions. Not wanting to be short-changed this time, Annie announced she would accompany the bushwhackers.

Concealing themselves in the brush, the killers opened fire when Dabney and Shore rode up. Both men were hit, but managed to hang on to their saddles as the frightened horses raced toward Laurel. Annie and her boys didn't dare follow.

Laurel citizens, aroused from their beds by the gunfire, found the horses wandering through the streets with the wounded riders still in their saddles. Galt Shore died before a doctor could be summoned, and although Dabney recovered, he was unable to describe his attackers.

That failure taught Ann a lesson and she changed her *modus operandi*. Why risk killing men on the open road when it could be done at the inn? People came and went all the time, many of the guests leaving before daybreak.

And who was to know if some slave traders with well-filled wallets never left at all?

The murderous gang leader insisted on being present at every killing, and her eyes grew hot and bright as she savored every delicious moment of a victim's agony. She frequently assisted in the stranglings, thrilling to the sight of a man struggling, his face contorting in pain, then darkening in death.

As time passed, Ann became more and more attached to the bottle. She had once drunk only to steady her nerves; now she drank steadily and for no apparent reason.

And whenever she drank heavily she tried to think of ways to get the money which had been left in trust for her son. That plus the fortune she had already amassed would enable her to return to Canada and live like a lady. But the Walters family refused to turn over the money, claiming the child had died of neglect.

One evening Annie sat at her desk jotting down figures and swigging whiskey when suddenly her body stiffened. She was certain she had heard the familiar sound of a baby crying.

"Get hold of yourself," she told herself harshly. "That isn't Freddy. Freddy's dead."

But when the sound came again, she leaped to her feet, trembling, face ashen, and forced herself to go down to the kitchen where the sound seemed to come from.

There she discovered the mulatto chambermaid Rosa, seated in an old rocking chair, holding and soothing her sobbing child. The girl looked up at her mistress' entrance. "I'm sorry he disturbed you, Miss Ann. He fell down and hurt himself. Didn't you, little one?"

She hugged and kissed her child. But when he saw the grim-faced Ann, he cried louder than ever.

"Shut up!" Ann reached out and frantically squeezed the boy's shoulder.

The baby wailed in terror.

"You ugly animal!" Ann shouted insanely. Snatching the child from Rosa's arms, Ann flung him into the fireplace. Rosa screamed in horror, lurched from the chair and pulled the child from the hearth. He was dead.

"You say one word about this, Rosa," Ann warned, "and I'll kill you—understand?" She fished several gold coins from her breeches pocket and tossed them onto the body lying in Rosa's lap.

The young girl stared at the money, then at her mistress, unable to believe any woman could be so evil. Then she hugged her dead child to her and burst into a paroxysm of sobs.

Next morning Ann was up bright and early despite a prolonged bout with the bottle. She was in the private bar writing out a list of needed supplies when Griffin charged in.

"You devil!" he said. "You rotten, baby-killing devil!" He smacked her across the face, knocking her against the wall. "Killing men isn't enough for you, is it?"



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"Have you gone crazy?" Ann cried, afraid of the fury in his eyes. "You work for me. Where do you get off—"

"I did work for you. I'm through. But first you're going to give Rosa her freedom and five hundred dollars so she can go north."

"And if I don't?"

Griffin's voice was flat and deadly. "Then I'll kill you, Annie girl. And I won't make it quick, either."

Ann knew he wasn't bluffing. She freed the bereaved mother and gave her \$500. She could afford it, money was coming in fast. And a month later, in May, 1840, Ann made herself a nice score when she murdered a planter named Isaac Smith.

Her gang was away, taking 30 stolen slaves to Richmond, when Smith stopped at the Flying Mare. The inn was fresh out of guests and Ann invited the young planter to dine with her. She learned that Smith was on his way to Charleston to bid on a plantation and therefore must be carrying plenty of cash.

She waited until he had retired for the night, then slipped into his room and shot him. It was a struggle to drag his body into the cellar, but she managed. She changed the bloodstained bedding and counted \$2,000 in loot. It was a fair wage for a not-so-disagreeable two hours' work. This was one job her men would know nothing about.

A few days later Ann received word from Canada that the law had finally caught up with her family. Her mother's brothel had been burned to the ground by irate citizens, and in the ensuing melee she had been shot. Ann's brother had lost his temper and killed a man and the law cured his hot-headedness by hanging him. Ann was considerably miffed at this news; it had been her ambition to return home in grand style and lord it over the rest of her tribe.

She was so annoyed, in fact, that only another murder would ease her displeasure. Any murder would do, as long as the victim was male. A 14-year-old Negro scullery boy obliged her by allowing Ann to overhear him mentioning the meanness of his mistress to a new slave. That night the talkative scullery boy's body was consigned to the rapidly filling cellar crypt.

The next day a slave dealer named George Desmolles arrived at the Flying Mare and asked the attractive innkeeper: "Got any place where I can leave forty-two slaves? I have to go to Washington for the auction."

Ann assured him she had the facilities. Then she said, "Supper will be ready at seven."

"I'm tired," he answered. "I'll eat in my room."

The condemned man ate a hearty meal and was slain before he could digest it. Ann's take was \$4,000 and 42 slaves. Plans were made for the disposal of the "black ivory," and Sharp, who had become Ann's chief lieutenant since Will Griffin's departure, said, "Griffin's back from running a cargo in from Africa. All right if he works with us on this job? He's a good man and he says he's willing if you say the word."

"Let him come here and ask me," Ann said bitterly.

An hour later Griffin shuffled into the private bar which Ann used as her office. He bolted the door and leaned against it. "I was telling Ben Sharp I could maybe get you better prices for your slaves," he said.

Ann regarded him coldly. "Whether you do or don't, the arrangement's the same as before."

Griffin smiled and shook his head slowly. "Wrong, Annie, my girl. I been thinking that what this place needs is a man. A man smart enough not to eat none of your cooking, I mean. A man like me."

"I'm not marrying again."

"Neither am I," Griffin said. "Since I left here, I killed a girl who thought I was something special until she got to know me better. She was a lot prettier than you. My killing her was as rotten as your killing my boy. We're the same now, Annie, and from now on things're gonna be run on my terms."

"Just like that, eh?"

"Just like that. And in case you've got other ideas, the men are with me. Besides, I might just kill you anyway."

Ann was in a box and she knew it.

The gang had enjoyed phenomenal luck in its long career, but the beginning of the end came in April, 1843, in the person of a Quaker named Parnell Morse. He asked for a quiet room, explaining that he had a bad cold and feared it might develop into lung fever if he continued his travels without resting.

Next morning Griffin reported that he had found \$700 in the Quaker's clothing while the guest slept. Griffin suggested they get rid of him.

"I don't like it," Ann said. "He's the kind who might be missed."

"It don't matter what you like," Griffin said.

Parnell Morse's corpse joined the others in the cellar. But Morse had written his wife of his illness, saying that he planned to rest a few days at the local inn.

Failure to receive further communication from him aroused Mrs. Morse's suspicions and an investigation was made. When Ann disclaimed all knowledge of such a guest, and it was learned that the place had a sinister reputation, a Baltimore lawyer named George Leominister visited the inn along with his brother, who lived in nearby Laurel and had been expecting the missing man.

Introducing the Baltimore lawyer as an architect who planned to build in the Territories, the Laurel resident asked Annabelle Smith's permission to study the floor plan of the place.

"Of course," The inn's mistress smiled and personally conducted them about the premises.

The two men gravely measured and drew floor plans of each room. But when business called Ann away and the men were left to finish the inspection alone, they asked the cook to show them to the cellar. The woman told them it was locked.

George Leominister pressed a ten dollar gold piece into her hand. "You have a key, don't you?"

"No, suh. Only Miss Ann and those men have a key."

"Oh?" The lawyer and his brother exchanged glances. "And why is that?"

"Ah don't know. Ah do hear sounds sometimes like men and women moanin'. An' there's stories about men past moanin'. An—" The woman instantly changed the subject when she heard her mistress' footsteps.

The two men thanked Ann for her courtesy and headed for Laurel. Four hours later they were back with the sheriff, search warrants and a score of hastily deputized citizens.

The den in which slaves were held turned up no captives, but the stench was so great that only the sheriff and coroner took lanterns and entered the filthy hole. Holding their noses, they noted the chains and bloodstained floor,

then hurriedly left, grateful to be out of there.

However, they were sorry they hadn't stayed in the den when they found the wine vault. The place resembled a madman's morgue. Bodies of Negroes and whites, skulls and bones galore, filled the room. Some of the victims had been buried in their clothes, others had been stripped. Exhuming the bodies was so revolting that the diggers frequently had to stop and stagger outside to gulp fresh air and relieve their sickened stomachs.

When news of the horror in the Flying Mare's cellar leaked out, Ann—who had been nicknamed "The Devil's Mistress"—and her cutthroat crew had to be rushed to the Sussex County courthouse at Georgetown to prevent their being lynched.

Every member of the gang except Ann and Griffin confessed and begged for mercy. The Canadian outlaws swore they were simple country boys who had been led astray by an evil woman. Ann and Griffin remained defiant and contemptuous of the law, their comrades, and even each other.

The female gang leader didn't utter a word throughout the trial. She ignored all questions and refused to plead.

Only when a death sentence was passed on September 21, 1844, did she break her long silence. Smiling at the judge who had remarked on the contrast between her pretty face and her heinous career, she said, "Don't concern yourself about my hanging. Only the men in my family hang."

Griffin, who received the same sentence, smiled sardonically and bowed. A rope broke his neck a week later. The rest of the gang received life sentences.

Ann Walters' prediction that she would never hang proved correct. On September 24 she was found dead in her cell; someone had smuggled poison to her. While dying The Devil's Mistress had penned a confession in which she admitted killing ten people, including her husband and son.

She also listed 30 other slayings in which she had participated with members of her gang. Since she did not regard Negroes as people, Annie's toll of victims was undoubtedly even greater.

When news of her death reached Laurel, one man remarked: "Too bad she didn't stay a lovin' woman, the way she started out. Someone might've cried at her grave." ★ THE END

Presenting Fats Waller continued from page 41

to do was grind out two or three West Indian numbers and take them up to Mills or some other Broadway office and get a nice sum for them."

Fats worked like an IBM machine grinding out melodies. Once during World War II he wrote a song called, "Get Some Cash For Your Trash," which the Treasury Department adopted as a theme for a waste paper drive they were conducting at the time—until they discovered the song title's true meaning. Ed Kirkeby, who wrote the lyrics, best tells the story.

"We were playing in a Washington theater and I had gotten there very early. I was sitting in the dressing room waiting for the rest of the cast to come in. Then all of a sudden, Myra Johnson, who was our *femme fatale*, walked in, an apparition, swinging her hips as she passed and saying to me, 'Hiya, Mister Kirkeby.'"

"One of the other boys watched her swivel by and hollered, 'Baby, I just want to tell you, you better get some cash for your trash.' I wrote the lyrics on paper and took them to Fats. He read it and said, 'Man, this is great.' He had the melody down perfect in fifteen minutes."

The individual who meant the most musically to Fats in the early days was James P. Johnson, the dean of Harlem piano players. He became Fats's first teacher in Chicago in 1920 when Fats was 16 and Jimmy 27. "I taught him how to groove," James P. said, "how to make it sweet—the strong base he had dates from that time. He stuck pretty well to my pattern, developed a lovely singing tone, a large melodic expression and," Johnson added knowingly, "being the son of a preacher, he had fervor."

Under the tutelage of James P. Johnson, Fats became one of the most prominent pianists in Harlem, playing at parlor socials, otherwise known as rent parties, in cabarets, night clubs, vaudeville and burlesque. At the rent party, a popular way of saving a family from eviction in those days, a regular admission fee was charged and the performers

got a very small percentage of the take.

In 1923 Fats met Duke Ellington when he was playing a burlesque show in Washington. Later that year, back in New York, he thought he had a job for Duke so he sent for him and some of his side men: Toby Hardwick, Sonny Greer, Arthur Whetsel and Elmer Snowden. The job never materialized so there was a lot of time for free playing. Ellington, Willie the Lion Smith, James P. Johnson and Fats used to walk the streets and ring doorbells. They would get into homes where there were pianos, and they would play. All night long they would play, Duke and Fats and James P. and the Lion. "If he liked you," a friend said of Fats, "he'd play forever."

But Fats kept reasonably busy during this period. He cut his first piano rolls at \$100 per roll. When he was 20 he recorded his first solo on an Okeh label. He accompanied Sara Martin, and worked in vaudeville with the blues mama, Bessie Smith. And in 1927 the Prodigal Son returned to the Lincoln Theater with his own band.

All along, he was studying music seriously, first under Carl Bohm and then under Leopold Godowsky. His father had taken Fats to hear Paderewski play the piano when Fats was 11 and classical music always had a profound influence on him. Once when he was asked who his favorite personalities were, he replied, "Abe Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt and Johann Sebastian Bach." In 1928, in collaboration with James P. Johnson, he wrote his first musical show, *Keep Shufflin'*. That revue had a lovely Waller tune, "Willow Tree." In 1929 he did the score for the *Hot Chocolate Revue*, in which "Ain't Misbehavin'" was one of the tunes.

After these successes, Connie and George Immerman asked Fats to do a score for the Connie's Inn show. Connie's Inn was a landmark in Harlem in the '20s. It was located at 131st Street and Seventh Avenue, a corner inhabited also by the Lafayette Theater, an all-night barbershop, a rib joint and, above the inn, a barrelhouse café called the

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Performers and Entertainers Club. And in front of the Connie's Inn marquee stood the legendary Tree of Hope, Harlem's Blarney Stone, a sidewalk totem pole which entertainers stroked for good luck. The story goes that once a hooper who was out of work ran up to the tree, gave a big smack and yelled, "Lawd please make me a pimp, any kind of a pimp as long as I'm pimpin'. I'm tired of scuffin', and my feet are too long outa work."

Fats did a show called *Load Of Coal* at Connie's Inn, out of which came "Honeysuckle Rose."

In 1932 Fats made his first trip to Europe. He and a friend, Spencer Williams, wrote more than 100 songs to pay for the tour. They planned to appear as a piano and vocal team but they were too busy wining and dining and having themselves a ball to bother with work. About the only distinction Fats earned out of the trip was playing the organ at historic Notre Dame cathedral in Paris. A friend, Marcel Dupre, was organist at the time. One day he and Fats climbed into the Notre Dame organ loft where, as Fats put it, "First he played on the God box, then I played on the God box."

About three months after his arrival in Europe, Fats began to get homesick. One day he and Williams were drinking in a bar with a beautiful girl when Fats excused himself. "He said he had to go out for a minute," Williams remembers. "Well, he left a full drink so I thought he would be back. The next thing I heard from Fats was when he wired me from the *Ile de France*: 'I'm on my way home. Good luck.'"

In the next six years Fats was solidifying his reputation by his recordings and personal appearances. In 1933 he was in Cincinnati broadcasting over WLW, which called him the "harmful little armful." Later he made his debut over the Columbia network. He recorded with his own group and other groups, sometimes under the name of Fats Waller and his Buddies, and sometime using a pseudonym. The money was rolling in, but it was washing away just as fast. Fats bought himself a deluxe Lincoln Continental convertible. On a tour of the South, anti-Negro gangs poured sand in the crankcase and slashed the tires. Fats made his booking agent rent him a whole Pullman car before he'd continue. Like other Negro artists, Fats had his share of racial prejudice to contend with.

He had also to contend with alimony payments. The year 1938 was one of crisis for Fats. Here he was maturing as an artist, yet his reputation in the United States was on the skids. There was a good reason for this—he had a distressing habit of running out on dates, partly because of domestic difficulties and partly because he was just Fats Waller and when the spirit moved him, he moved, no matter what.

Fats had taken himself a wife when he was 17, but the marriage never worked. He was married just after the death of his mother when it was probably a mother he needed, not a wife. A son, Tom Waller, Jr. (a music dealer in the Bronx today), came out of the marriage but that didn't prevent its break-up.

About this time, when he was playing at the Lincoln Theater, he met Anita Rutherford, a very pretty young lady who had much more in common with Fats than his first wife. They were married when Fats was 20. Anita bore Fats two children, Maurice and Ronald.

By 1938 Fats was sick and tired of being hounded with alimony payments

to his first wife. Whenever he slipped behind, she'd have subpoena servers on his trail. It got so that he didn't care whether he earned any money or not. It was at this low ebb in his career that his management was taken over by Ed Kirkeby, who became as close to him in the remaining years of his life as anyone else.

The first thing Kirkeby did was book Waller into the South for a series of one-nighters. There was little box-office response; apparently Fats was "lousy" with the customers, as the saying goes. After a couple of weeks of futility, Kirkeby brought Fats back to New York, undecided about the future.

Then he got an idea. He knew Fats had a considerable reputation in Europe, so he got hold of Tommy Rockwell of the Rockwell booking agency and said, "Send a wire and find out if there's any demand for Fats—at twenty-five hundred a week."

"Twenty-five hundred a week?" Rockwell said. "Are you crazy?"

"Send the wire anyway," Kirkeby said. They received an answer the same day. It read, "Interested, when can he start?" Fats, Anita and Kirkeby sailed to Europe on August 1, 1938, booked to



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open first at the Glasgow Empire Theater in Scotland.

When the boat landed at Greenock on the Clyde, the reception was a tumultuous one. As Fats walked down the gangplank he was greeted by a Scottish jazz band playing "Honeysuckle Rose." The trip to Glasgow was just one long champagne party.

Still, Kirkeby wasn't sure about how Fats would be received by the people of Scotland once he was out on the stage. He watched anxiously as Fats sat down at the piano and prepared to play. "After that first number," Kirkeby said, "I knew we had an act."

When he finished, Fats received curtain call after curtain call. The audience was wildly receptive. Finally, he stepped out in front of the curtain and said, "You've been good to me, and I want to do something for you." He whipped out a plaid beret, put it on his head, and announced, "I'm gonna play

'Loch Lomond,' and I ain't gonna swing it." Just as he reached the final chord a man in the balcony hollered, "Yeh, Fats, swing it." "Yah man," Fats cried and he turned "Loch Lomond" into something that had never been heard before.

After that, it was all honey. He played a hold-over engagement at the Palladium in London, then went to Scandinavia for two more weeks of concerts. Fats was really kicking up a storm in Europe. The only trouble was, so were the Nazis. It began to look like war was imminent and Fats cut short his tour and returned home.

Then Neville Chamberlain negotiated his "peace in our time" at Munich in 1939, and Fats returned for another triumphant tour, this time covering the English provinces and parts of Scandinavia. At one point he had to travel through Germany to get to Sweden. Fats refused to make the trip unless his compartment was sealed from the time he left England. They had to change trains at Hamburg and when Tom was forced to exit from his compartment the first thing he saw was a regiment of goose-stepping Nazi storm troopers.

After his European success, Fats had no trouble selling himself in America. He returned as big as he ever was, playing solo dates all over the country, composing for Broadway musicals, recording and making three movies, *Hooray For Love*, *King of Burlesque*, and *Stormy Weather*. One critic wrote about *Stormy Weather* that "Fats Waller lifted his left eyebrow and nearly stole the picture."

On January 14, 1942, Fats played a concert at Carnegie Hall before a packed house of 2,900. He played all the songs he had written, from "Squeeze Me" to his latest hit, "All That Meat And No Potatoes." The concert was arranged by Eddie Condon as a tribute to Fats. "When I arrived in the hall," Condon remembers, "there were more people backstage than in the orchestra. Fats' friends had dropped in to wish him luck. He had a drink with each of them."

That was the trouble with Fats. He had too many drinks with too many friends. By 1942 the tremendous pace was beginning to tell on him. That year his doctors told him he'd have to go on the wagon. He did, for two months, substituting soda pop and drinking it by the case. Early in 1943 he became ill and was warned he would have to slow down or face the consequences. Later that year he wrote the melodies for a new Broadway musical, *Early to Bed*. Then, in December of 1943, he was contracted to play engagements in Omaha, Nebr.; Los Angeles and Hollywood. He got through the Omaha and L.A. dates but came into Hollywood suffering from a bad case of influenza. He was out ten days, then had apparently recovered and the doctors said he could fulfill his engagement at the Flortine Gardens. When he finished his date, Ed Kirkeby had all he could do to load him aboard the Santa Fe Super Chief. Fats was exhausted from an all-night farewell party and he was looking forward to spending the Christmas holidays at home with his family.

"As the train pulled out," Kirkeby remembered, "Fats sat down and said, 'Oh, man, I can't take this much longer.' 'You're not going to,' I said. 'You'll never do one-nighters again. We'll have enough from records, royalties, incomes from shows, concerts—no more one-nighters.'"

"Then he went into the club car. He was approached by people from all

over the damn world. 'Hey, Fats, glad to see you.' And the party was on. We took some people up forward to our room. Then near midnight, I started taking off my coat, said I was going to bed. It was the only way to break things up. I woke up at eleven the next morning and I said to Fats, 'How you feel, Tom?' He said, 'Man, I'm gonna get some more shuteye.' He slept all day long, which wasn't unusual. He used to hibernate the same way at home.

"About two that morning I opened the door to the room and a gust of cold air hit me. I said, 'Jesus, it's cold in here.' Fats said, 'Yeah, Hawkins is sure out there tonight.' (A reference to the very blustery tenor sax of Coleman Hawkins.) Then about five that morning I woke up and heard a choking sound. I saw him over there in bed trembling all over. I shook him, thinking he was having a bad dream, but he didn't wake. The train was stopped at the time in Kansas City and I rushed to find a porter to get a doctor. Finally the doctor came and examined Tom and then he said to me, 'This man is dead.'"

It was December 15, 1943, and just as the Santa Fe Super Chief rested in the blackness of a Kansas City night, so did Fats Waller, 39 years old; rested too, perhaps for the first time in his life. An autopsy indicated that death had been caused by bronchial pneumonia.

The funeral was a fine and expansive one, held at the same Abyssinian Church where Tom's father had been a preacher many years before. There was a crowd of 4,200 in the church and thousands more in the surrounding streets, which had been blocked off. The pallbearers included Count Basie, Don Redman, Claude Hopkins, Andy Kirk, Andy Razaf, J. C. Johnson and J. P. Johnson. The coffin and sides of the pulpit were banked with floral pieces that formed a rectangle at least 20 feet in length and nine feet high. "Oh, my," Fats might have said if he had been there looking it over instead of lying in the blue casket with the mountain of flowers behind him. "Break this up, children, break it up!"

The Reverend Adam Clayton Powell, now a United States Congressman, conducted the service. "Because God gave him genius and skill," Powell said, "he in turn gave the world laughter and joy for its difficult and lonely hours."

It was a gray, overcast day, but Ed Kirkeby swears that just as the casket was being put into the hearse a shaft of sunlight broke through and fell on the coffin. It lasted, Kirkeby says, just long enough for the doors to close behind Fats.

★ THE END

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