

all Innisfail that its chief of police still Dan Merrick laughed. Then he
knows best how to take care of his went down the stairs and back to his
town!" chosen bondage.

THE END.



Moroccan Jujutsu

THE white man who would attempt to use his fists to subdue a Moroccan Berber of the Atlas country or a Touareg would quickly encounter a disagreeable surprise. For the rough and tumble tactics of these races, used when weapons are broken or wrested away, are a combination of murderous kicks and quick holds and strokes more deadly than the Japanese anatomical method of wrestling, jujutsu. A kick, for instance, breaks a wrist or a leg five times out of ten; a punch never.

Unlike Parisian apaches, Moroccan Berbers and Touareg never kick at the face or breast of an adversary; they generally aim at the groin, a salient spot; or at the ankle, to break it.

Touareg swordsmen have a trick of kicking at the outthrust leg of an enemy swordsman while parrying a slash or a stroke. The split seconds needed by their antagonists to recover their balance enable them to bring home lightning thrusts or overhand counter-slashes.

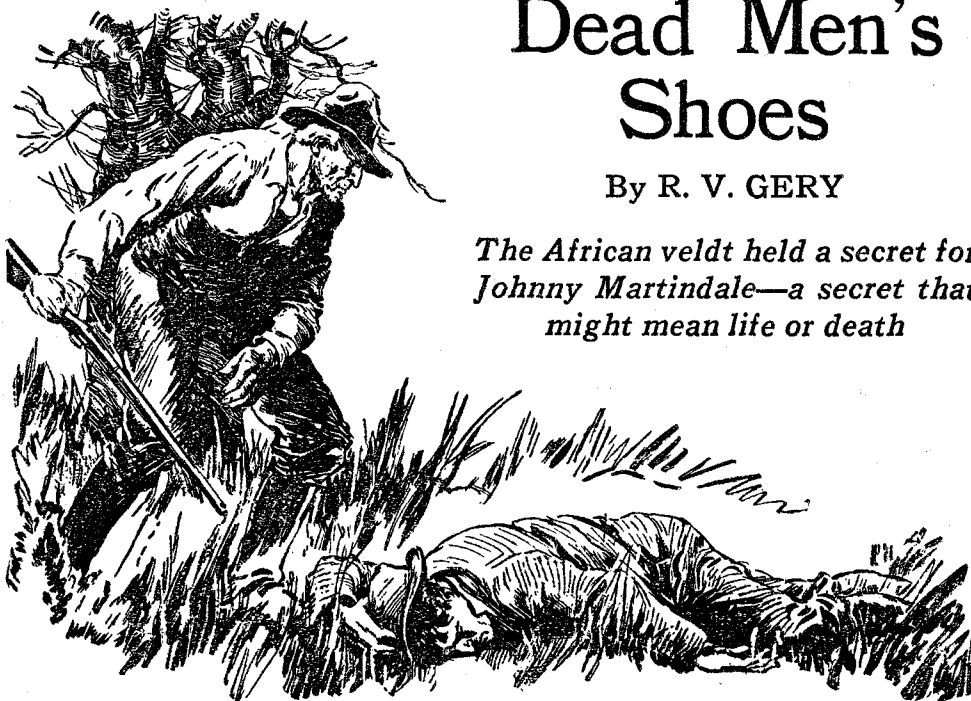
In hand to hand fights the Moroccans excel in back of hand and finger blows against the neck and face of the adversary. Among the most efficient are the sharp thrusts of the thumb under the corner of the jaw, below the ear; the sharp blow with the back of the hand against the Adam's apple, on the sides of the neck behind and below the ears; all deadly or stunning devices, according to the force, rapidity and skill with which they are delivered.

To parry those sharp knocks, which are much worse than punches because the thin back of a hand can strike on all-important points usually protected by adjacent muscles and bones against the wider surface of a closed fist, it would be doubtful wisdom to lift one's hands or to attempt to jerk one's head out of range, because such defenses would inevitably be slower than the knock itself. The best way to get out of trouble is to crouch, throwing the legs apart like a sharply opened compass, so that the head bobs under the swinging hands of the adversary. While doing the leg-spread one can deliver a blow to the groin of the enemy and, luck assisting, end the struggle.

The Touareg have other head and neck holds and some peculiar arm and wrist motions, such as snapping the wrist upward and sideways while jerking the elbow and upper arm of the victim down and in the opposite direction. They are all tricks which fracture bones and tear ligaments.

All the various Moroccan and Touareg rough and tumble devices, which could fill a good sized pamphlet, are rendered almost irresistible by practice and speed. In most cases they secure the doom of adversaries muscularly stronger. That is why six-foot Negro Shereefian soldiers, powerful as gorillas, never care to engage in the R'bah with Moroccan hillmen of medium size.

Armand Brigaud.



Dead Men's Shoes

By R. V. GERY

The African veldt held a secret for Johnny Martindale—a secret that might mean life or death

Stealthily the old man approached

HHEAD down, shoulders hunched, feet dragging, Johnny Martindale slouched onward through the heat.

To right and left and behind him the Kalahari stretched for miles of shimmering desert, an awful sea of reds and blues and lurid yellows. For two days and a half he had dragged across it, alone, bloodshot eyes on the mountains in front. At their foot, somewhere this side of them, a man was waiting for him, unknowing of his advent.

Up there was Tom Cornwall; and in Johnny's pocket was a letter which said that if ever the time came when Hubert Martindale's son needed help or a resting place for the sole of his foot, Tom Cornwall would provide it. Once upon a time Hubert Martindale had done Tom a favor, and that was in

Australia, out in the diggings behind Coolgardie. Now, in blazing Africa, Hubert Martindale's son was trekking to claim a promise from a man he had never seen.

"He'll look after me!" It had been running in Johnny's brain for days. "I'll be able to lose it up here!"

That was it—lose it. Johnny had something to lose. Something to win as well, and that was the free man's light back in his eye again, and the free man's swing to his shoulders. Johnny Martindale, away back in civilization, had made a mistake, and civilization after its fashion had exacted payment. Johnny wanted very badly to forget the taste of prison fare, the sound of prison keys.

He mouthed his hopeful, wistful words again through cracked lips.

"He'll look after me!"