



No Planes for Pop

By MARTE RICHARDS

Zach Carlin needed an airline about as much as he did a spare neck; he hated anything, except birds, that flew. But Zach's technique for getting rid of a millstone 'round his neck was more spectacular than efficient

A YOUNG man with broad shoulders and a pleasant grin said to the girl at the switchboard, "Good morning, Bessie. Is Pop in?"

"I'll say so," the girl replied. "Listen."

A noise, composed alternately of squeaks and roars, came from an inner office. It sounded, more than anything, like a mouse exchanging in a violent set-to with a bull.

A series of dull thuds punctuated the argument.

A girl came flying through the door with a flushed face and tearful eyes. The noise and thuds continued.

The young man emitted a soft whistle, then opened a gate and strolled past the switchboard to the inner room.

It contained a long, broad desk. At this was seated a rotund man, with iron-gray hair cropped close as a shoebrush, and a face as round as a Buddha. A darkly sinister cheroot was clamped between his lips. He looked, in conjunction with the desk, like an idol upon a stand, diffusing incense. However, he was engaged with great concentration in hurling one book after another at the wall opposite him.

"Good morning, Pop," said the young

man. "Don't you know it's dangerous to lose your temper, at your age?"

The Buddha continued to hurl books. His gaze took no cognizance of the visitor, although his voice was heard. "Who asked your advice, squirt?" *Wham.* "I'll show you who's old!" *Wham.* "A fine staff I've got, letting a young squirt into my office to tell me what to do!" *Wham.*

"I told you what not to do," said the young man. "You shouldn't scare Miss Byers half to death."

Pop Carlin's arm shot out, but the supply of books had been exhausted. His desk was bare of them.

"There's a city directory at the switch-board," suggested the young man.

Pop tilted forward in his chair. He looked at the young man, then at some papers on his desk. He sighed and picked one of the papers up. "Love in spring is bad enough," he said conversationally, as though nothing whatever had occurred. "In December it's barbarous."

"I presume," the young man murmured, "Miss Byers is the casualty?"

"You presume, all right," said Pop.

The young man grinned. "I've heard rumors you were once in love yourself. I've heard you even had a son."

"I didn't have him during office hours!" Pop shouted. "It impairs efficiency!"

"Miss Byers has been pretty efficient for five years," said the young man.

"I wouldn't care if it was sixty!" Pop snapped. "She ought to know the difference between a business office and a coral strand! I won't have mooning around this place!" He stabbed a buzzer and seized the office phone. "Jerry, I want Miss Byers sent far, far away. Make it Vancouver. That'll cool her off! Reserve a compartment—"

"Wait a minute," injected the young man. "I can deadhead her to Seattle in one of our planes."

"Find your own boobs to kill!" squeaked Pop. "No, not you, Jerry; not this time. I want you to make the reservations. Plural, yes! She's to take that man of hers along. Of course he's to marry her

first. Tell 'em to get out and stay away, at least a month!" He slapped down the receiver.

"You old pirate!" the young man softly observed.

"Don't make calf's eyes at me!" Pop snapped. "She'll get the love bugs out of her system and come back sane. Anyway, it's my business. If you have any, state it. What do *you* want?"

A furrow appeared between the young man's brows. "Money," he said.

"DON'T you know that nobody except the government's got any these days—and it can't keep up with itself?"

The young man nodded. "I'd rather drink poison than hit you up again."

"Why didn't you?" Pop snapped.

"Not because you're my father, I can tell you that! Half the capital tied up in that line is yours, remember?"

"You should come in here and offer me advice! Why don't you take care of your own business properly? If you can't make money in aviation, get out of it!"

"It's too late. The assets of the line have depreciated so much, purely on paper, of course, that I couldn't get fifty thousand for it."

"You paid half a million, and you've nicked me for an extra hundred thousand since. In other words you've kicked away five hundred and fifty thousand in three years. What sort of business is that?"

"The business is all right," said the young man. "General conditions have twisted my tail, but another hundred thousand will see me through. The Arrow Line will repay our investment and then some. It's meeting overhead right now."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"We've carried eighty-nine percent more passengers this year than last."

"That should account for all the sublimated idiots who'll risk their necks in your sky rattletraps! The ground, and cars and trains, are bad enough!" Pop snorted. "I tried to drill sense into your thick skull, but you were progressive, in tune with the age, and I'm only a moth-eared old dodo

with one foot in the grave. Moth-eared, am I? Bill, you don't get another cent from me! I wouldn't give you a Chinese yen with two holes in it!"

"I didn't think you would," sighed Bill. He walked to the door. "Well, I'll fold up inside a month. I had to let you know your money would go too. Personally I don't care very much. In one way it's a relief. I'm fagged."

"That's a fine thing to admit!" Pop squealed. "And you had the nerve to call me old! What's the matter with the way *my* business clicks? I've sold five hundred more Sunray cars this year than last—and I set a new record last year!"

"That squawk about conditions gives me a pain. If you've increased the earnings of the Arrow Line and still can't make a net, there's something over-ripe in Denmark, son!"

"Why don't you show me what it is?"

ZACARIAH CARLIN leaned back in his chair. He took a box of matches from his pocket, relit his cheroot, and blew smoke through his nose.

"All right," he said blandly. "On one condition, Bill. You were a good car-salesman. When you jumped the fence I trailed along because you were my son. I didn't throw in with aviation, not on your life! I'd rather wear red flannels than monkey with planes! But that doesn't mean I'm satisfied to lose my money."

"I won't give you another cent, but I'll show you how to get from under with your scalp—that is, provided you take both hands right off the Arrow Line and keep 'em off!"

"Well, I can't keep them in my pockets. I'm down to my last dime."

"You can come back on the Sunray payroll if you're ready to take orders again. How about it?"

The young man nodded gloomily.

"Go to your office," Pop told him, "and make out a power of attorney. Then go home and pack your bag."

"What for? I'm not going anywhere."

"That's what you think! Go pack!"

Bill opened his mouth, closed it again, and grinned. "You win, Wolf of California!"

He walked out of the room.

Pop stabbed a buzzer. "Find me a ship that goes across the ocean, Jerry—clear across—and come in here!"

A short and sturdy man, with a large nose, appeared. "The *Carinthia* calls at San Pedro tomorrow to pick up passengers. She's on a world cruise, twenty countries. The voyage takes four months."

"Just the thing," said Pop. "An admirable opportunity to sell Sunrays to the heathen. Book a passage for Bill."

The office manager looked at him. "You know blamed well he can't sell anything to anyone with export what it is!"

"If you knew as much as I do you'd be hiring me!"

"I wouldn't pay you ten thousand a year," Jerry said, "to generate wild ideas. That's two already today."

"Listen, you fathead, I don't care what Bill sells! He looks tired. A trip will fix him up."

"Oh, well," conceded Jerry, with the familiarity of years, "that's something else again."

"Who asked for your opinion?" Pop cried. "This country is going to the dogs, all right, but conditions haven't anything to do with it! The race is losing stamina! It's decadent! Its youth is either full of love-bugs or a nervous wreck! I'm being turned into a goldanged travel bureau! . . .

"Well, what are you grinning at? Get out of here and book that passage! Don't take all day about it, either! We've inherited a flock of aeroplanes. We've got to figure out a way to make 'em pay!"

"When I recall your views about airplanes," observed his office manager from the safety of the doorway, "and everything concerning them—"

"There you go again!" yelled Pop. "I wouldn't touch the damned things with a bargee's pole! What do you suppose I've been putting up with you for, since you were knee-high to a duck? You're going to handle this!"

ONE day some two months later Jerry entered Pop's office, a tall and sallow stranger at his side. "This is Mr. G. B. Mackey, representing the National Air Corporation, of New York City. He has a proposition which may interest you."

"I wouldn't go so far as to say a proposition," smiled the sallow man. "I am, however, anxious to discuss certain phases of the air industry with you gentlemen."

Pop waved him to a chair. "Cigar?"

Mr. Mackey examined his offering. "East Indian?"

"First-class Manila!" cried Pop indignantly. "How are we ever going to help the Philippines get rid of us if we don't buy their stuff?"

"My company, like all far-sighted organizations, is interested in the broader aspects of aviation," said Mr. Mackey, lighting the cheroot uneasily. "While our activities, so far, have been confined to the Atlantic seaboard, it is our policy, wherever possible, to lend all others a helping hand."

"Well, now, that's mighty white of you," said Pop.

"We understand that aviation is, in effect, your sideline," Mr. Mackey continued, "and, furthermore, that you are not altogether satisfied with the progress of your Arrow Line, so we thought it might prove to our mutual advantage to have a little chat."

"I'm not dissatisfied with the line's progress," said Pop. "Passenger traffic between Los Angeles and Seattle has doubled in the last two months. That is progress enough for anyone. Our main line, between San Diego and Seattle, has six Lancer transports, four Sutton open cockpit jobs, completely equipped landing terminals, and leases on two intermediate fields. That's the story in a nutshell."

"There is also your San Francisco-Salt Lake run."

"Merely a feeder line."

"The runs don't interest us much," said Mr. Mackey crisply. "They are too far outside our present operations zones. Of course we might be able to use an item of your equipment here and there."

"Our ports and landing fields aren't portable, you know."

"I was referring to the planes," said Mr. Mackey quickly.

"Oh, then I'll tell you what I'll do." Pop lit another cigar. "I'll sell you the Seattle run, lock, stock, and barrel, for a million cash."

Mr. Mackey removed his cheroot from his mouth and looked at it unhappily. "We couldn't use so much equipment, not possibly. The San Francisco-Salt Lake run—"

"Four transports and two small planes? It's not worth talking about!"

"But, Mr. Carlin—"

"It's so trivial," Pop said, "I wouldn't think of selling it. If I sold the main line at my figure, I'd simply throw it in."

Mr. Mackey, after regarding his cheroot once more, dropped it furtively beside his chair. "There is another factor to be pointed out. We are quite willing to give others the benefit of our experience, but it is only logical that we should ask some reciprocity, at least an expression of confidence in the holding company. For that reason cash deals are not favored."

"All right," said Pop. "A million worth of National Air Corporation stock at today's quotation is a hundred and forty thousand shares. Deliver them by five o'clock and it's a deal."

"That's only seven hours!" gasped Mr. Mackey. "I'm afraid it's impossible. Won't you leave the offer open a few days?"

"Why, sure. Of course," Pop added, "I'm a moody cuss. I never know exactly how I'm going to feel from day to day. It must be my dyspepsia."

"Or sheer cussedness," Jerry said.

Pop glared at him.

"I can't commit myself, you understand," said Mr. Mackey, glancing at his watch. "I will, however, transmit your offer to New York. Good morning, gentlemen."

AFTER he had departed Jerry chided Pop. "You don't believe in putting on the screws, do you? Not much! They can't possibly inventory us and verify our statements in a day!"

"They can do it in a month, can't they?"

"Why didn't you give it to them, then?"

"Because they've spent the last month doing it!" Pop snapped. "He has that stock right in his pocket. I'll bet you twenty cents against a nickel he goes to a movie, stalling until five o'clock!"

"Well, anyway," Jerry muttered, "why did you throw away Salt Lake? It's the only run making real money, and they didn't give a whoop for it."

"Are you stone blind as well as dumb?" Pop yelled. "The Salt Lake run is all that they *do* want! The highbinders are slapping together a transcontinental system. Don't you even read the papers any more?"

"They're got to span the country, to dig their claws into the post-office treasury in a big and handsome way. Our Salt Lake mail contract would be the final link. It's worth a million bucks to them! Our main line is what I'm really tossing in."

"Why did you squander all that money on it?" wailed the office manager. "You've spent fifty thousand just in advertising, in the last two months!"

Pop flung his cheroot on the floor and stamped on it. "To think I raised you practically by hand! We built up the traffic report to arouse comment! Step into my parlor said the spider to the fly!"

"You being the spider, I suppose. Well, I'm still unconvinced," said Jerry hotly. "Your object, as I comprehended it, was to unload. Huh! All you've accomplished, if your judgment proves infallible—as usual—is to swap your planes and airports for someone else's stock!"

Pop took another cheroot from his pocket, and chewed at it so viciously the tip described weird arcs. "I've noticed that when numbskulls start pawing air, they almost always toss three-cent words around! Pul-lease open those big, blue eyes, and keep those big, brown ears from flapping while I explain."

"The hundred and forty thousand shares of stock they're going to offer me are small pumpkins in the affairs of a corporation

like National Air, which has a million outstanding. But that's almost half of three hundred thousand, Jerry, and three hundred thousand shares can be a troublesome minority. Oh, my, yes, indeed! . . . Good land of Goshen, don't you get it yet? Jerry, for the love of Beelzebub, get out of here and start our brokers buying N.A.C., before I trim your salary to fit your head!"

FOUR men sat around a polished table in New York. All were garbed impeccably. All were first-class business men. All were reminiscent of buzzards, somehow.

One of them, peering through glasses attached by a black ribbon to his silk waistcoat, asked, "Who is this Carlin, anyway? Who closed the deal with him?"

Mr. Mackey responded, "I did. He's just a cantankerous old mossback who sells automobiles. He went into aviation as a sideline. It cost him plenty, so he was ready to unload."

"He was, was he?" drawled the third man. "Then why has he been buying in our stock?"

"I didn't know he had been, Mr. Stern."

"One way or another," drawled Mr. Stern, "he has annexed about a third of it. It looks as though he'd like to get control."

"There isn't enough stock on the market for that," said Mr. Mackey soothingly.

"And he ought to know it," retorted Mr. Stern. "That's why I can't figure him."

The man with the glasses said, "He's either a born pest or a plain nut. We gave him three directors, but that hasn't shut him up. I get a long-winded letter from him every other day. He wants to run the show. I'm good and sick of it."

"There's an easy solution," drawled Mr. Stern. "Atlantic Transport is all ready to fall off the tree. Let's catch it. That will take care of Carlin automatically. Call a special meeting. We can put the deal through in ten minutes."

"All very fine," the man with the glasses said, "except that we'd leave ourselves wide

open if at least one Carlin director wasn't there."

"That's right, Jim," Mr. Stern assented. "It won't work, after all, I guess."

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Mr. Mackey suddenly. "Isn't this fellow Brant—Jerry Brant—Carlin's head man on the board? I think I'll hop out to the coast?"

"You think he may be—uh—susceptible?" inquired Mr. Stern.

Mr. Mackey shook his head.

"Then what's your point?"

"Our acquisition of Atlantic Transport would be a good thing for the stockholders, wouldn't it?"

"Stupendous and colossal!" chortled Mr. Stern. "The stock would jump at least two points."

"Loyalty," said Mr. Mackey, "is Jerry Brant's first name. His devotion to old Pop Carlin is positively inspiring. Well, now, if you were genuinely devoted to your employer, you wouldn't spoil a deal like that, would you?"

Mr. Stern regarded him approvingly.

"I'll call the meeting for the twenty-fifth," asserted the board president instantly. "Mackey, my *dear* boy! Keep in touch with me."

POP CARLIN crumpled the newspaper into a ball, hurled it to the floor, and jumped up and down on it. He reseated himself at his desk, lit a cheroot, and, presently, picked up the office phone. "Jerry, come in here."

Jerry Brant strolled in.

"I should think," Pop said, "you'd manage to learn what N.A.C. is smoking up before it gets into the papers, at any rate."

"If you're referring to the Atlantic Transport deal," returned his office manager, "that isn't smoke. N.A.C. is taking over."

"It only thinks it is."

"It is. The directors have voted to do so. A special meeting was held yesterday."

Pop looked at Jerry intently. "They've left themselves wide open, if they did. I wasn't represented."

"Oh, yes, you were. I voted for the merger, Pop."

"Are you crazy? You haven't been out of town!"

"They came to Los Angeles," Jerry told him. "In fact, I think they held the meeting here on my account."

Pop took the cheroot from his mouth. He broke it in two, dropped the pieces in a basket, and lit another one. "I had you appointed to the N.A.C. board because I trusted you," he said.

"That's why I voted for the deal."

"Without telling me?"

"It is a first-rate deal," said Jerry calmly. "Atlantic Transport operates from Miami to Montreal. It gives N.A.C. the largest air system in the world. What's more, it doesn't cost the corporation one penny in cash. We simply give Atlantic Transport a million shares of our unissued stock."

"Without telling me?" reiterated Pop.

Jerry smiled patiently. "I wanted to put something over by myself, for once."

Pop broke his cheroot into four pieces and lit another one. His hand edged towards the books upon his desk. "Isiah, Ezekiah, and Jeremiah! I'll say you did!"

"Why ring in the prophets?" Jerry demanded. "You've told me to use more initiative a hundred times! This deal doubles the size of N. A. C. That doubles the value of your stock. What's wrong with that? The stock is up an eighth on pure rumor. It will sail up two points, Thursday, when the merger is announced."

"It will not!" Pop screamed. "There won't be a merger Thursday or any other day! I'll spike their little game! I'll get a Delaware injunction! That'll hold 'em until I really bring my guns in line!"

"You keep howling for initiative," Jerry grumbled. "When you get it you explode all over the place! You wanted to sell out at a profit, didn't you? I've sent the stock up two whole points!"

"Who in tarnation do you think is going to buy the stuff?"

"Who was going to buy it to begin with?"

"The directors!" Pop yelled. "That crew of New York pirates who run the show and want to keep on running it! Why do you think I bothered climbing into their hair, all the time? So they'd be so sick of me they'd buy me out. Now I haven't got a big enough percentage of stock to bother them, you idiot! So you've doubled my interest, have you? Say, do you remember how hard we worked to corral that stock? We can't get any more of it! Thirty percent isn't control, but I was doing tolerably well.

"A few more weeks and I'd have had those Piutes so dratted uncomfortable they would have had to buy me out! They knew it, too!"

"I don't see how the situation has changed."

"I know you don't! You can't see through a glass wall, and they got wise to you! I'll bet a cattle ranch against a toothpick they worked on your loyalty and vanity to keep their scheme from me! Maybe you can grasp a little plain arithmetic. If you have thirty percent of a million stock shares, and a million more shares are issued, what does that do to your percentage?"

Jerry said glumly, "It cuts it to fifteen."

"MARVELOUS! You certainly catch Mon, after you've upset the apple-cart! A way to clap the lid on a troublesome stockholder is to cut him in two! He can only raise half the hell on fifteen percent he could with thirty—or is that too much for you? They thought it out by themselves, Jerry, but they had to have a brilliant young Carlin director to jam it home!

"Do you know how much stock those buzzards own themselves? Eight percent would blanket 'em! You send the stock up, being slick. They can slide without flooding the market, but I can't! And why should they buy my stock now? Oh, it's just fine! I can't buy and I can't sell and my fifteen percent say-so isn't worth a whoop!

"You fixed it, all right, Jerry. At least

you tried to hard enough. But they're not going to get away with it. You scramble for the law-sharks! If you don't get that Delaware injunction I'll fry your hide!"

"It won't work," said Jerry sadly. "I attended that meeting as your representative."

"You're a liar!" Pop shrieked. "I didn't know a thing about it! I disown you and all your alfwit acts! If you stand there another second, gawking, you're fired, too! Go get that injunction, do you hear? We'll show those dadbusted highbinders we have something out here besides football, a fair, and Hollywood!"

MOST of the passengers had deserted the *Carinthia* for the fleshpots of Honolulu, but Bill Carlin lingered in the smoking-room.

A fat man entered and eased into the chair beside him, by degrees. "Well, well, news from God's country. California papers, too! Don't tell me we're both Angelenos!"

"Sit in," smiled Bill.

The fat man reached for the financial sheet. "What's your line?"

"Cars." Bill sighed. "I once was interested in aviation, but papa didn't approve."

The fat man chuckled, "I'm on."

Bill turned a page. An eight column advertisement glared up at him: "*Attention Stockholders National Air Corporation!*" He scanned the bold, black type, and whistled softly. "My, oh my!"

"What is it?" asked the fat man.

"I guess I'm still interested in aviation." Bill arose.

"Where are you going?"

"Home," said Bill.

He transferred his person and his baggage to a Dollar liner which sailed east that afternoon. The sixth day following he strolled into his father's office in Los Angeles.

"Hello," he said.

Pop glanced up casually, and down again. "Did you sell some cars?"

"Three," Bill replied.

"So you came back a month ahead of time?"

"You said," Bill told him in a honeyed tone, "you would protect our mutual interests. You also stated, forcefully, that you would show me how to save my hair."

"I did, confound you! I swapped the Arrow Line for a million's worth of N. A. C.!"

"Excellent! I admit you are a marvel," beamed the marvel's son. "Five hundred thousand dollars for each of us. That's very good. I'll thank you for my check."

"I haven't sold the N.A.C.!" Pop snapped.

"Why not?"

"Uh—hang it, the market isn't right!"

Bill nodded and sat down. "So I gathered, from your broadsides to the stockholders. Of course you had to run those ads in lots of papers, and pay for them. They must have cost a pretty penny, Pop."

"What do you care?"

"Oh, I'm not a spoil-sport. No, indeed. But isn't it a little inconsistent to buy into a corporation and then start throwing mud at it? Let's see, you charged a loss of twenty million dollars to mismanagement, stupidity, ignorance, arson, mayhem, and associated brands of crookedness. There wasn't much about the outfit, one gathers, that did appeal to you."

Pop bit his cheroot in two. He drove another into his mouth, and tilted back his chair. "Bill, you are a fresh young squirt."

"It would seem," the fresh young squirt continued, "that the board especially stirred your spleen."

"It was a nest of weasels," Pop agreed. "It paid me twice the value of the Arrow Line in stock, which I thought eminently reasonable, but afterward it tried to mow me down. And, Bill, it used a dodge that was sprouting whiskers before your granddad breezed west on a borrowed horse!"

"Tsk-tsk. The matter involved purchase of Atlantic Transport, did it not? So you decided to talk turkey to the

stockholders, not to mention all the world at large. Your purpose, obviously, was to gather voting proxies. Did your pearls of wisdom get results?"

"Well, Bill," purred his father blandly, "I will be absolutely frank with you. I got out an injunction against the Atlantic Transport deal, which forced a special meeting. Meanwhile I set off my fireworks. Those ads were only penny squibs. They didn't really make much noise. I knew they wouldn't. But the board pirates didn't. That is the curse of a guilty conscience, Bill."

"THOSE board buzzards can't vote more than forty percent of the stock between them. I had fifteen. If I could scare up thirty more, in voting proxies, I could hogtie the board. I knew I couldn't do it, Bill. The stock is too scattered."

"But all the same I scared the directors out of a year's growth. It wasn't only the voting proxies, you see. My ads told the world the corporation had worms in its tum-tum. That could affect the value of the stock. I didn't care. I couldn't sell it anyway. But the directors realized that if the stock went down, every stockholder in the country really would start raising hell!"

"And so," Bill murmured, "to make a long story less painful—the Atlantic buy went through."

The corners of Pop's lips quirked upward. "It certainly did, my boy. The special meeting was a honey, all sweetness and light. Of course the board had settled with me first. That may have had something to do with it. My directors had been increased from three to six, and the boys had positively insisted on my taking the board chairmanship."

"My, my," Bill said, very gently. "And I harbored an impression that you scorned aeroplanes."

"Wouldn't touch one with a barge's pole!" Pop yelped.

"At least you wouldn't lend me another cent, to play with them. How much has this cost you?"

"None of your dadblamed business!"

"Until you've given me my check," Bill said, "it is."

"Well, did you expect me to let a bunch of New York Piutes draw the eye-teeth of a Native Son?" Pop screamed. Then his voice suddenly became a coo. "There is one other thing. Of course I couldn't be expected to take a hard job like the N.A.C. board chairmanship for nothing. They voted me a little bonus, Bill."

Bill stared.

"How much?"

"Oh—ah—just a million, half cash, half stock. I'm just mentioning it to—er—clear the air. You aren't, by any stretch

of the imagination, entitled to a cut of that!"

There was a moment of silence. Then Bill said slowly, "You undertook to clear our scalps of air. You appeared to be firm and fervent on the subject. I left you nursing one small line. You swapped the small line for a bigger one, then made the big one bigger still. I come home to find you running the largest air system there is on this earth."

"Your grammar is awful!" Pop yelped. "Why don't you tell me something I don't know? Anyway, I'm not running it! Why don't *you* make yourself useful? Get going, Bill! Get out and run the dratted thing!"



Looking Ahead!

TOMORROW

High on a lonely mountain they will live—these Lost Children of Tomorrow, survivors of Armageddon. They will speak in the language of the very young, since there will be no adults to teach them; and their code will be the code of boys playing Cops and Robbers. But from them must come all our hope for the Day After Tomorrow, for they are the Future. Only Dikar, their Boss, realized that, for only Dikar remembered the flaming night when the world perished. And Dikar was sent to live in exile, a young hunted animal. . . . Presenting the most exciting new fiction-hero since Tarzan in a brilliant and compelling short novel by

ARTHUR LEO ZAGAT

GLORY HILL

The ramshackle, forgotten hotel was the fortress of a handful of creaking ancients, the die-hards. There a few frail Britishers, dressed in obsolete uniforms, flaunted their banner in the face of the Army of Nippon—and the Japanese guns fell silent. A stirring story by

ALFRED BATSON

FISH AIN'T GOT NO BRAINS

With considerable pleasure we introduce Matilda the porpoise, who proved dramatically that her snout was both mighty and grateful . . . and her heart belonged to Daddy. An engaging story by

RICHARD SALE

COMING IN NEXT WEEK'S ARGOSY—MAY 27th