

The Third Slip

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was to have him go. He vouchsafed no further information saving when Mallon, coolness quite returned, asked:

"How did you know I'm the referee tonight?"

"What have you locked yourself up for since yesterday?"

He went, leaving Mallon to curse himself for his simplicity. He might have guessed that gamblers' spies would correctly interpret his self-imprisonment.

His wrist-watch told him there wasn't much time to act. But how act? If he notified the commission that he'd been offered a bribe and threatened with death, they'd believe him, sure. The police would be summoned—but Mallon wouldn't referee that night. The commission wouldn't take a chance. They'd appoint another man to make sure Mallon wasn't a trickster—or a corpse.

Weighing as many angles of his problem as occurred to him he could see nothing but loss if he raised an alarm.

AT THE park, where massed banks of humanity roared hoarsely at carbon-copy carnage, Mallon slipped in at the press-gates, donned gray ring clothes and reported to the commissioner in charge. That late he had an impulse to spring the story. But white excitement thrilled him. Joe Humphreys roared his name—Mallon's name—to an inquiring newspaperman who had seen somebody hand the announcer the list of officials.

Mallon was in the ring, arms stretched along the ropes, gaze wandering over a white sward of eager faces. Again his name was called, from somewhere behind. He turned slowly, feeling that all eyes were focused on him. Searching the ringside rows he fixed on a face. Cold gray eyes stared back. He recognized his visitor.

Mallon made no sign. Stonily he stared back. Then he turned, clapped his hands to bring Roche in a green robe from one corner and Stern in a purple garment from the other. Cameras snapped amid a terrific uproar. The men ran back to their corners. Mallon, a thin smile playing about his mouth, tucked his white referee's voting slip and the round-by-round chart in his gray shirt pocket, and the gong rang.

For the first two rounds of fighting Mallon glided about mechanically, following the boxers. He walked automatically between them when they clinched, but was so preoccupied with his own thoughts that he found himself wondering in the middle of the third round how he had scored the other two. As he sailed along the ropes while the men feinted each other in a corner he heard a gruff voice from the press-stand growl distinctly: "Mallon's inexperienced. Look at him."

That straightened Mallon and he plunged into the fight.

The fifth round had to go to Stern. Roche seemed to tire, and the dark-skinned lad rushed him all over the ring. He came back a bit in the sixth and sent Stern on his heels with a shot to the chin. The rounds passed, seven, eight, nine—ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen. No blood on either man; both fighting fiercely and skillfully.

They went into the fourteenth round on even terms. In less than the last minute of that round something happened. The redhead was crouching to avoid a vicious body attack when his right glove popped from nowhere and Stern dropped. His black eyes were leaden. Stern's seconds screamed foul. He groped on all fours. Mallon seemed

to hesitate. Then, scorn on his face, his arm swung in a deliberate count.

A Niagara of screams tortured his ears. He heard Roche panting for the kill. Stern was up and running at nine. A fusillade of catcalls shook Mallon. Then came the bell as Roche nailed Stern on the ropes.

Mallon took out his chart. His pencil moved briskly although shouts of derision showered on him. The boys touched gloves and were at it for the final round. The ball park was an inferno of din. Redhead and blackhead swung about the ring. Their foreheads met for two minutes of vicious, close-in slugging while hats and lungs were torn all about them. The timekeeper smashed his gong-hammer to stop the bout.

In a seething silence the announcer collected slips from the judges, then walked to Mallon. He glanced through the slips and paused, puzzled at one of them. Then his two arms shot out, and the crowd groaned and cursed. A draw! Police draped the ring. They needed to; battering wedges of madmen were the nucleus of a riot.

No guard accompanied Charley Mallon to his hotel room. His ears burned with epithets hurled at him as he had left the park; but, having changed to dark street clothes, he had soon lost himself in waves of home-goers.

At exactly midnight his room phone rang. A harsh voice asked Mallon if he could come uptown.

"See me here," said Mallon.

An hour later knuckles rapped at his door. The lithe intruder of the day before entered. His hands were in his coat pockets, bulging pockets, one with money, one with something else. He pulled out the money and dropped it on Mallon's bed.

"That's yours," he said flatly. "You did a good job. Saved us a pile of jack."

"How?" said Mallon.

"Ain't you heard? Them two judges are hollerin' their heads off."

"How come?"

The intruder's eyes narrowed.

"The draw," he said, curtly, and turned as if to go.

"Wait a second," said Mallon. The visitor wheeled at the creak of a door. He wasn't fast enough. Two other visitors stepped from the bathroom—one, a particularly burly visitor, bearing a gun.

"Don't be uneasy," said Mallon.

"Double-crossed, eh?" the intruder bellowed. Then he shut up. He had to—he was too busy making an exit under forced draft.

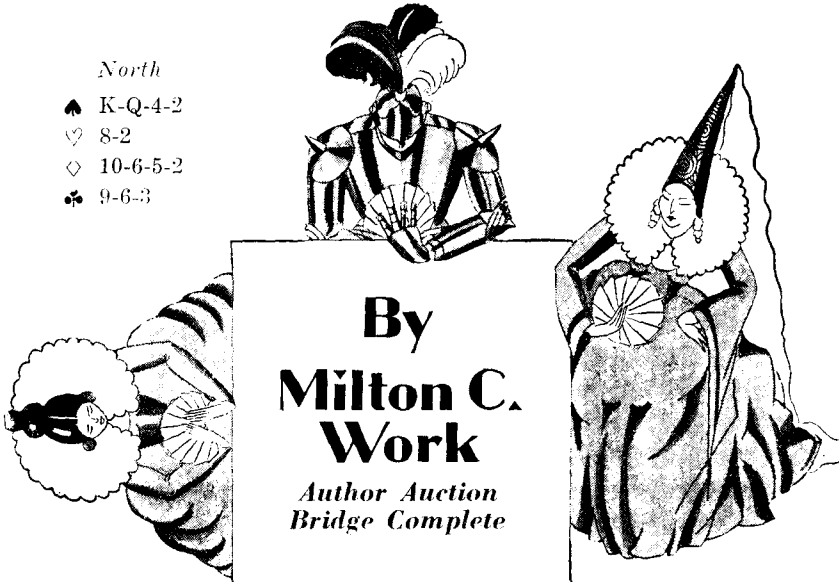
LESS than two hours later an angry crowd of newspapermen stormed Mallon's hotel room. They found him sitting on the bed with the generally relieved air of one awakening from nightmare.

"What's all this jam about?" a wild-eyed spokesman fired at him, as the others chorused questions. "One judge gives it to Stern, one to Roche. You make matters worse by calling it a draw and the commission says Roche won. Then the cops go out and pinch half a dozen gunmen. What's it all about?"

"Just a minute, boys," said Mallon with quiet dignity. "The commission can supply details; but I'll tell you this: I voted for Roche—in the ring. Wait. When I gave Humphreys my slip there was a warning on one side that gunmen were present and to call it a draw and that he'd find my verdict on the other side."

"That was for Roche, as the commission has told you."

How would You play it?



By
Milton C. Work
Author Auction Bridge Complete

North

- ♠ K-Q-4-2
- ♥ 8-2
- ♦ 10-6-5-2
- ♣ 9-6-3

East

- ♠ A-7
- ♥ K-6-4
- ♦ 9-8-7-4-3
- ♣ K-8-5

West

- ♠ J-10-9
- ♥ 7-5
- ♦ A-K-Q-J
- ♣ J-10-7-2

South

- ♠ 8-6-5-3
- ♥ A-Q-J-10-9-3
- ♦ None
- ♣ A-Q-4

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

The Auction

South opened the bidding with three Hearts and West, North and East passed.

This is another of the hands with which there might be some difference in expert opinion as to whether a bid of one or a preempting bid is more advisable. But if South should start with one Heart he might have to raise his bid to four.

The Play

West's opening lead was the King of Diamonds, which South ruffed with the Nine, not the Trey, of Hearts. He appreciated that he might need that small Heart later on.

South could see that he would make five or six Heart tricks, depending upon whether he could catch the adverse King; one or two Club tricks, depending upon the location of the adverse Ace of Spades. To go game, he must find two of the three high adverse cards (Ace of Spades, King of Hearts, King of Clubs) in the location in which he desired such cards to be.

To avail himself of the possible fortunate location of these adverse cards Declarer must lead Spades from the Closed Hand and Clubs and Hearts from the Dummy. The lead being in the Closed Hand at trick 2, he selected a Spade and was careful to lead the Five and retain the Trey. West played the Nine of Spades, and Dummy the Queen. East's Ace won the Queen of Spades. To make his game Declarer now must find both of the adverse Kings in the East hand. Trick 3 consisted of a Diamond from East which South ruffed, using the Ten of Hearts and retaining the Trey as before.

Trick 4, South led the Six of Spades; North won with the King. North now led the Eight of Hearts, and South obtained the benefit of his clever high ruffing by having the Trey left to play under it. When the finesse won, North continued with another Heart which South won with the Jack; and, to trick 7, led the Ace of Hearts, dropping the adverse King.

Up to here the breaks of the hand had

been equal. The Ace of Spades had been wrong, but the King of Hearts had been right. The Declarer, at trick 8, proceeded to establish his Spades; still keeping the Trey he led the Eight, which was captured by West's Jack. A third Diamond lead by West took South's last trump, and he now reaped the benefit of his foresight in retaining the Trey of Spades by being able to put Dummy in with the Four.

On the last two rounds of Spades, East discarded two Diamonds (she naturally considering it more important to keep Clubs than Diamonds) so, when leading to trick 11, North, who was left with two Clubs and one Diamond, could count that only one adverse Diamond (the Ace) remained unplayed and that almost certainly was in the West Hand.

The Declarer had planned his Spade play so as to put North in the lead at this point to try the finesse of South's Ace-Queen of Clubs; but with the Spades and Hearts all played, and with only one Diamond left, a much better opportunity offered itself. By putting West in the lead with a Diamond, he secured a lead up to his Ace-Queen of Clubs. He could not make more than two Club tricks, no matter where the adverse King happened to be located; but if he led a Club himself, he would make only one Club trick if West had the King. He therefore cinched the game by leading the Diamond from Dummy and forcing West, at trick 12, to lead up to South's Major Club tenace. It so happened that the King of Clubs was in the East hand and that the finesse would have worked, but that does not detract from the credit due Declarer for his play.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

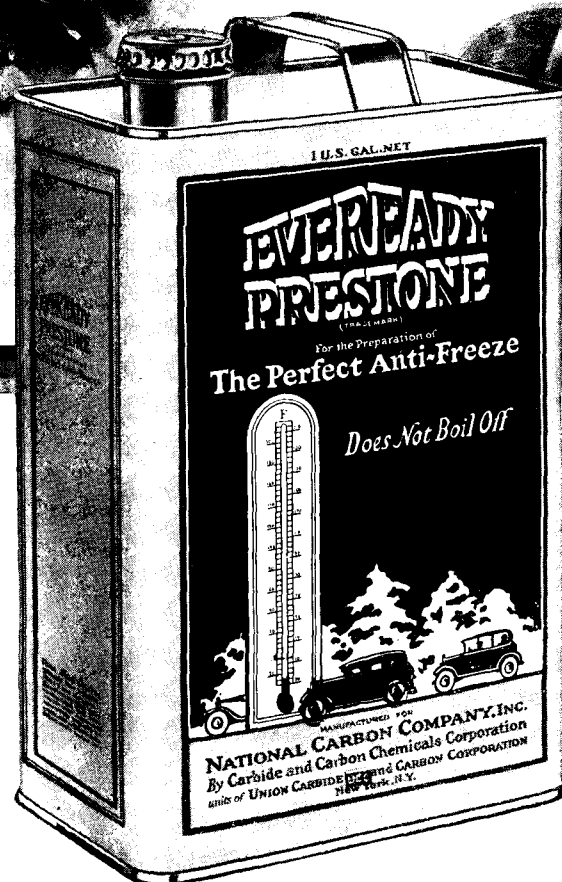
North	East
S. A-Q-9-5	S. J
H. Q-6	H. A-K-2
D. 8-7	D. K-9-4-2
C. A-Q-10-8-4	C. 9-7-6-5-2
South	West
S. K-10-8-1	S. 7-6-3-2
H. J-9-7	H. 10-8-5-4-3
D. A-Q-J-5-3	D. 10-6
C. J	C. K-3

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- 9 Never deteriorates—economical to use

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EVEREADY PRESTONE

(TRADEMARK)

For the Preparation of
The Perfect Anti-Freeze

Beating the Hurricane

Continued from page 9

Mitchell was able to work out the speed at which the storm was moving, about 450 miles every 24 hours.

His years of studying the habits and courses of such hurricanes helped him now. He had the terrible wild thing in hand, because he knew what it would do. He began sending out advisory notices and storm warnings twice a day.

It was one of the most brilliant pieces of forecasting ever done in weather bureau history. First he began to warn the Antilles Islands. He warned British and French islands. He was able not only to tell where and when the storm would strike but his warnings relieved the minds of hundreds of thousands in other island points who had no need to worry.

He practically told where the storm would not strike. For instance, all those south of Martinique were relieved of all fear even when the storm was nearest to them.

But within 60 hours from the first notice of the storm a strange thing happened. Ships in its path stopped talking; all were silent. That meant the ships had gotten out of the way. Thus facts and figures for forecasting were missing from the actual storm area.

Right at this point came in the most brilliant of Mitchell's work. He had to deal with sheer mathematical calculations, for about 48 hours. But he knew the course of such storms; this storm would have to be very different from any of its 299 brothers which Mitchell had studied if it didn't follow a certain course.

The Navy Department began sending out Mitchell's warnings to all ships at sea; the great Arlington station boomed them to all the world.

There came a time when the islands themselves became silent; that very silence meant that the storm had struck them. Mitchell used these various silences in estimating the course and speed of the storm.

A Tiny Dot in the Sea

By Thursday morning he realized that the Atlantic had one of the most violent hurricanes of history on its bosom. The storm was becoming as vicious as any in recorded scientific records. It would in a general way move as other hurricanes had done; there could be no doubt about that.

Turk's Island is a tiny dot in the sea. But—

"The center of the storm will pass near Turk's Island tomorrow night," prophesied Mitchell 24 hours before it struck there.

"By Sunday noon," prophesied Mitchell, about 48 hours in advance, "there will be hurricane winds about 60 miles southeast of the coast of Florida."

Mitchell was working 24 hours a day by the fifth day of the storm; so was the entire weather bureau force. The navy was asking questions; so was the Red Cross; so were all the shipping companies; so was the American Automobile Association, which wanted to know whether the storm would strike the South (as it did); so were business concerns of all kinds. Mitchell had to give safe and sure answers.

Storm warnings went up along the coast at his orders. Ships went into ports until harbors were choked with shipping.

There was one more puzzle for Mitchell to solve while the storm was off the coast of Florida that second Sunday morning. It was this: would the storm turn north into the Atlantic and not

touch Florida's shores? Hurricanes, as we have seen, frequently do this. If all the West Indian hurricanes that start in the Atlantic were to strike Florida during their favorable months of August and September the place would be uninhabitable at that period. It never could have been built up as it is. Upon Mitchell's answer to this question depended the lives of tens of thousands of human beings.

He studied his maps after the eight-o'clock readings that Sunday morning. Way up North, across the Canadian border, was an area of "low barometer" reaching out into the Atlantic.

A "low" is an obstacle for a hurricane. It hems it in like a gigantic sky-high stone wall.

Mitchell saw, in that Sunday-morning reading, that this "low" would keep the storm from turning up the Atlantic outside the coast. He decided that it would hit Florida full force. He had already ordered up more "storm warnings" for Florida many hours previously. But at 10:30 that Sunday morning he changed these to "hurricane warnings."

Telling me later about the storm, Mitchell said of the two American sea captains, "They certainly knew their onions."

All America that came within the zone of this hurricane may well say of Mitchell that his own onions were not unfamiliar to him. This twentieth-century weather forecaster, working with twentieth-century tools and twentieth-century facts, actually pointed out the very spot at which the storm would hit

the Florida coast—the little town of Jupiter.

It was a wild, tragic Lord's day, that Sunday of September 16th.

The storm had hit land. It would curve up northward along the richest part of the country. Ships were in port; even battleships of the navy. The Coast Guard was on the alert but no calls came from the sea for help. Citizens of the Florida coast, remembering the Miami storm of 1926, had taken shelter in public buildings, with their homes boarded up. Only in the interior of Florida, in the Lake Okechobee district, where no one imagined that a lake, in a hurricane, could be more deadly than the hurricane-torn ocean itself, were people off their guard. They had been warned against wind. But no one could warn them that the dikes of the lake might burst.

Of Wide Extent and Severity

Here are Mitchell's three warnings sent out on that September Sunday:

"Hoist hurricane warnings 10:30 A. M. Miami to Daytona, Fla. Northeast storm warnings displayed north of Daytona to Savannah and northwest storm warnings south of Miami to Key West and north of Key West to Punta Gorda. No report this morning from Nassau. Indications are that hurricane center will reach the Florida coast near Jupiter early tonight. Emergency. Advise all interests. This hurricane is of wide extent and great severity. Every precaution should be taken against destructive winds and high tides on Flor-

ida east coast, especially West Palm Beach to Daytona."

At 1:05 P. M. this notice went out:

"Hoist northeast storm warnings north of Punta Gorda to Apalachicola hurricane center noon about 26° N. 79° W. moving northwestward. Its center will move inland between Miami and Jupiter probably late this afternoon. Increasing northeast winds along west Florida coast reach gale force Tampa to Apalachicola tonight."

At 5:15 P. M. another warning was issued:

"Change (from storm) to hurricane warning 6 P. M. Punta Rassa to Cedar Keys, Fla., and display northeast storm warnings west of Apalachicola to Mississippi coast. Hurricane center 4 P. M. near coast between Miami and Jupiter still moving northwestward unless course changes. Hurricane center will reach west coast not far from Tampa Monday morning. Emergency. Advise all interests to take precautions. This hurricane is of great intensity and wide extent."

After the storm was over—it lasted ten full days—the weather bureau said conservatively: "Few West Indian hurricanes have been so severe as this one for so long a time."

Safe to say it is the most violent that has ever struck America within modern times, including even the Galveston storm, which Mitchell, years later, traced clear up into the heart of Russia.

For four days after this storm lived through its second Sunday and wrecked the homes of Florida, Mitchell watched it night and day. He warned of its movements up the coast, clear to Maine, and, by his word, ships went into harbors, snug and safe, up to the northern border of the United States and in Canada. He had played tag with the hurricane—and won.

It was on a Wednesday evening, while the now weakening 10-day hurricane was heading toward the city of Washington itself, that I sat in the forecasting-room and saw the now thoroughly tired Mitchell reading his evening forecasts from the maps on the high desk.

There was no more warning to give, except that ships in harbors might safely leave for southern points but must not head north; high winds, but not of alarming hurricane force, might strike New York or Boston. Within 12 hours all ships safely put to sea.

Watching for Ten Nights and Days

"No one needs to stay here at the bureau during the night," Mitchell said to the staff. There was a sigh of relief from a dozen tired men.

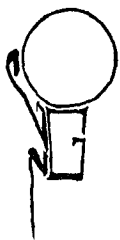
Gusts of strong winds carrying rain were beating now and then against the windows of the weather bureau office, remnants of the storm, which, through the eye of the radio and of the science of meteorology, this tired man had been watching for 10 nights and days. On the porch outside the building small graceful potted palms from the Agricultural Department's hothouses were bending and twisting in the small gale, grim reminders of great palms which had been bending, cracking and breaking under the wind on Caribbean islands through many days past. I saw Mitchell look at the gracefully waving little palms as we passed out.

"Tag end of the storm," said Mitchell simply as we went out into the wet glare of Washington's street lights. The man who had written a book about hurricanes was going home for his first full night's sleep in over 250 hours.

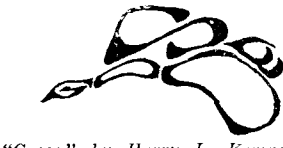
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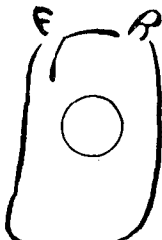
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