



Brand saw those two great people standing together

GEORGE HOWE

Sundown Jim

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE trail of five bandits, believed to be at large in the Silver Lode Range region, Jim Majors, a young deputy United States marshal, rides into the town of Reservation, takes a hotel room. Everyone he encounters is hostile; no one will answer any questions.

He soon learns that two hostile factions—old Pedee Barr's crowd, and the Ketchum-Oldroyd-Sultan group—are on the verge of clashing. Neither cares to have any deputy marshals "muddling" in its affairs.

He remains, although Ben Maffitt, Pedee Barr's most powerful supporter, does everything within his power to force him to leave Reservation. Impressed by his courage, three girls—an orphan known as "Tony," Pedee Barr's daughter, Katherine (with whom he is presently in love), and Buff Sultan's sister, Edith—befriend him. The men of the region, however, continue to be hostile.

Realizing that a bloody, futile war is inevitable, Majors tries to weaken or disrupt the opposing forces, so that they cannot fight, by playing the leaders against one another.

When Riri Barr, one of Pedee Barr's sons, and old man Oldroyd are killed, Majors goes to work. He succeeds in weakening both factions; then, due to his machinations, Maffitt deserts Pedee Barr, and Dobe Hyde, a rascally self-seeker, takes command of the anti-Barr forces. He succeeds, furthermore, in inveigling Buff Sultan into promising not to fight against the Barrs, who are greatly weakened when Ben Maffitt kills old Pedee.

He realizes, however, that he cannot prevent a conflict; he realizes that he, a deputy marshal, must remain neutral when that conflict begins; it is easy to see that the Barr forces are no match for Dobe Hyde's ruffians. So, in love with Katherine Barr and unwilling to stand by idly and see her family killed, he resigns his deputy-marshalship—to fight for the Barr crowd. Then he organizes a small force and leads it to the Barr ranch-house. Near the house he pauses. "I'm going around to the other side," he whispers, "and see how it looks. Wait!"

Conclusion

MAJORS rose from his haunches and walked rapidly over the yard to the corner of the porch. Here he ducked down, skirting the porch edge until he reached the steps. The beam of light flowing through the front door made a yellow hurdle before which he paused; and from this position he caught a partial view of the house hallway, and saw nothing. A few voices lifted from the depths of the house but by the tone he judged Dobe's men to be in the back part. And so he took his risk, stood upright, and crossed the beam of light without haste. A moment later he reached the far corner of the porch. A window on this side of the house showed light; he put himself against the wall and crawled to the window's edge, and pulled off his hat and tried a quick look, ducking immediately back.

All the Barrs were in the room, and a man he hadn't seen before stood by the hall door, holding a gun on them.

He cut under the window, traveling faster. At the rear of the house he stopped and made himself a flat shape in the shadows. There was a good deal of commotion back here. Dobe's men had pulled up a flat-bed wagon and were hitching a team to it. Dobe stood on the porch, calling out. "The girl wants to take a trunk. She can take it. Go up to her room and lug it down, Jett."

Majors teetered on the edge of a break, and changed his mind when he thought of the man standing guard over the Barrs. But it gave him an idea. He cut back along the house and ran inside

the porch. At the lane of yellow door light he paused long enough to take a look into the hallway again and, seeing it clear, walked through the light. A moment later he reached the spot where he had left his men.

They were gone.

He faced the black rock wall of the canyon. He said in a gentle murmur, "Matt," and got no answer. To right and left the shadows were black enough to cut and he could see nothing. Dobe's shrill voice traveled clearly from the back yard, "Bring down the trunk," and the sense of a narrowing opportunity began to push at Majors. He walked along the canyon wall a few feet, following it toward the rear yard and expecting at any moment to bump into his party. He was almost abreast of the back of the house when he stopped and realized he had wasted too much time. He turned, growing a little careless, and reached the foot of the trail again, once more calling: "Matt."

SOMEBODY in the rear yard sang out: "Who's in the barn now?"

Dobe's shrill voice said: "What?"

"In the barn."

Dobe's voice lifted a full tone in pitch: "Godry, you over there?"

Sweat began to sting Majors' face like nettles. Time ran short and trouble was about to break loose while the rest of his men were thrashing around the darkness on a fool's errand. His temper lifted, turning him careless as he trotted along the porch and came to the beam of light again.

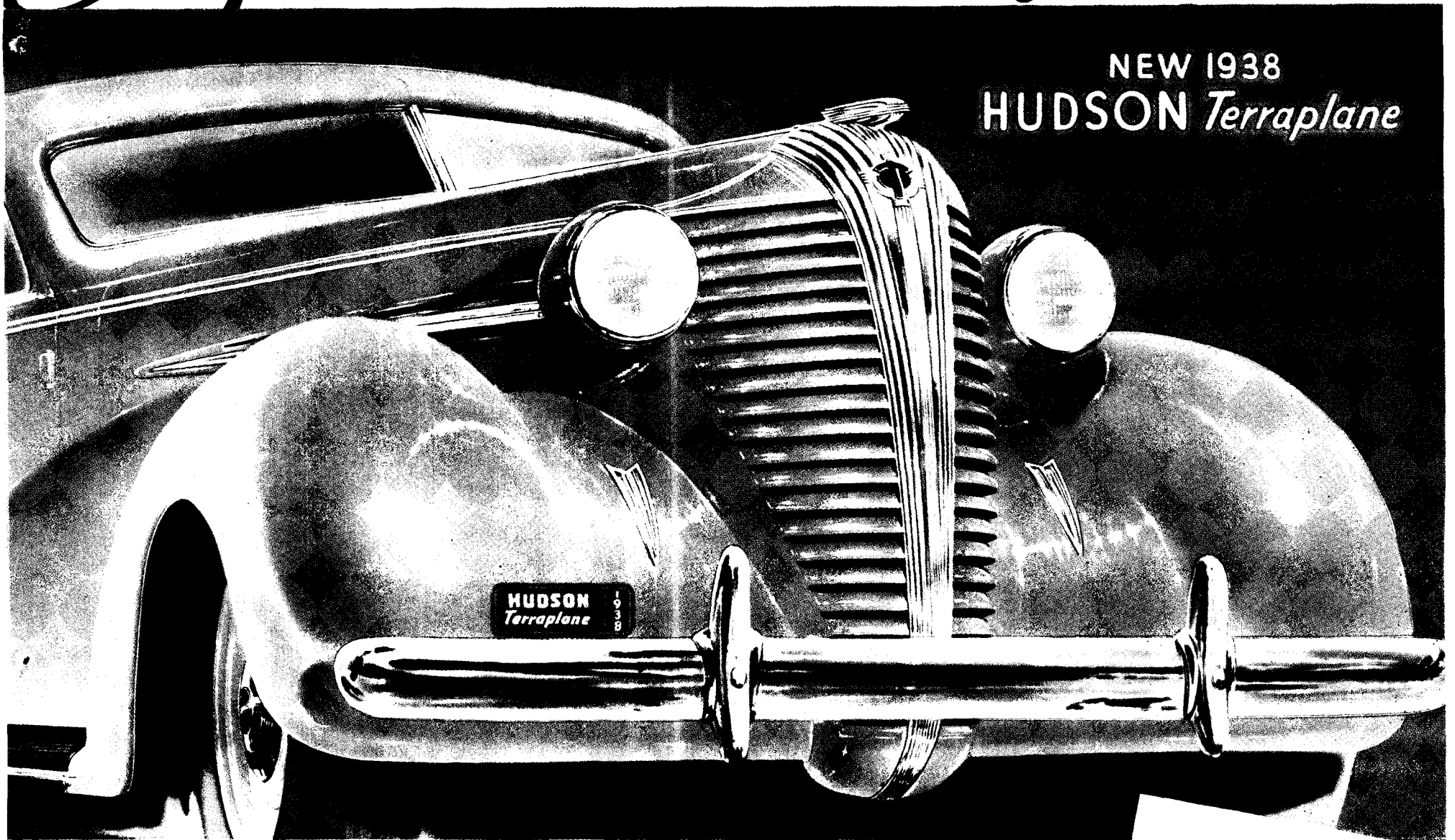
Without pausing, he walked up the steps toward the doorway. Dobe Hyde's little shape was at the moment disappearing at the far end, into the yard. Dobe was repeating a name rapidly: "Godry—Godry!" Rooms opened into this long hall and a light came out of the doorway of that room where the Barrs stood and where Hyde's man was. Hyde's man, he thought, would be facing the Barrs, his back to the doorway. This was the chance he gambled on as he lifted his gun and stepped into the hall. He went toward the doorway at three long strides, and saw the back of Dobe's man just inside the room.

At the same moment the Barrs saw him appear and something in their faces warned Dobe's guard, who started to turn. Majors said, "Hold it," and hit the man soundly over the head with the barrel of his gun. Suddenly, outside, Dobe Hyde let go with a wild, high howl: "Oldroyd!" The guard buckled at the knees and fell forward on his face, whereupon Dan Barr made a long jump from the corner of the room to catch up the man's gun. The back yard was all at once full of firing and a man's steps beat across the upper floor of the house. Majors came out of the room and saw Jett's face hook over the second-floor landing; he ducked back as Jett threw a bullet at him. Dan Barr seized the guard's gun and threw himself around. He wrenched up the side window and dove through; the other Barr men were breaking toward Majors.

Jett had fired again, smashing the hall

(Continued on page 73)

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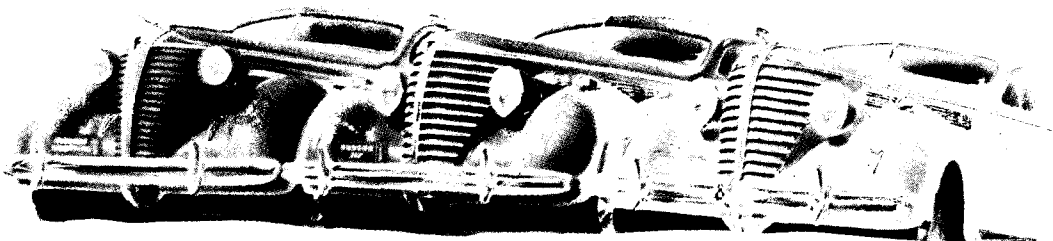
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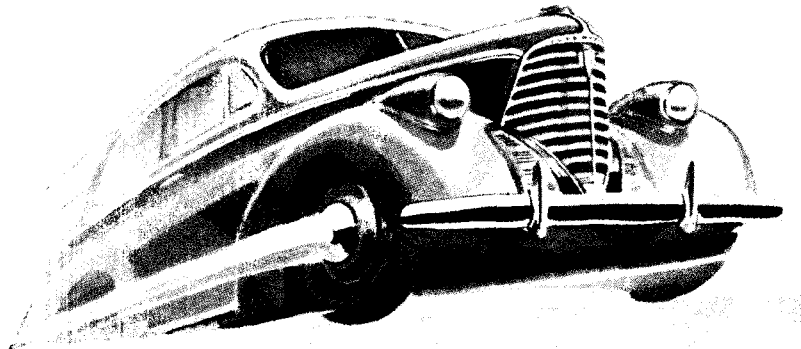
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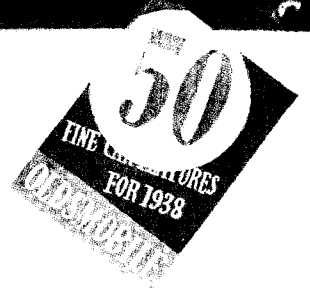


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Breakfasting, about eleven-thirty, she asked the clerk if there had been any calls for her. "Yes, Miss Folsom," he said. "Three calls, all from Mr. A. W. Hutchins."

"Thank you," said Dolly.

She didn't want to use the ticket Al had sent her; she wanted to have that one to show him, in case of necessity. She bought a general-admission ticket, and just before the kickoff she stole into the east end of the covered stands. "Why, hello, Dolly!" somebody said. Joe Gerard was right behind her.

"Hello, Joe!" said Dolly.

"Best seats you could get? Come on, I'll get you better. I'll kick one of the freshmen out."

"No. Please, no, Joe. You see, I practically told Al I wouldn't come. I don't want him to know I'm here."

"Sure. Sure thing," he said. "Here, I got a newspaper. Come on, sit down."

"This is going to keep the town crowd away," said Dolly, seating herself on a damp bench. "Look, the stands are only half filled."

"Tough break," said Joe, and grinned at her, and Dolly looked at him, suddenly, and sharply, and touched his wrist with her gloved finger. "It is tough, isn't it?" she said.

"Look. You—you want a drink? I only got half a pint, but it's all right."

"I—No, Joe. I—I promised Al. I haven't had a drink since—since we've been engaged."

"I see," said Joe.

"You go ahead. You have one."

"I don't drink by myself. Bad habit, so they say. You never drank much, did you, Dolly?"

"No, I never did. You see, the Judge, I mean my father . . ."

"I know who the Judge is, Dolly."

"Why, why, of course you do. Funny. I always called him the Judge, ever since I was little. I—well, I had my first drink in my father's house and he told me—well, he told me a few things about drinking. You see, the Judge had to bring me up. I loved my mother, Joe, but I'm glad I was brought up by a man."

"Well. Well, it's like this, Dolly, the way I figure. There isn't an awful lot of difference between a good woman and a good man. A good man is like a woman, in lots of ways. A good woman is like a man. And—and I hope your mother can see you, just the way you are. She'd be stuck on herself, Dorothea."

"Oh!" She stared at him. "Imagine you remembering that! But you remember everything, don't you, Joe?"

"The Gerards remind the elephants," he said, and grinned.

"I HAVEN'T been called Dorothea for ages. I've been Dolly, and Dot, and—and Legs. The Judge heard a boy calling me Legs, once, and he roared laughing. I wonder what Al would—I was telling the Judge about seeing you, Joe. He said to give you and your family his regards."

"Thanks," said Joe. "He's a great old—Hi! Hi! Here they come!"

They got to their feet. "Hi! Hi!" they yelled, and Joe swung his rain-sodden hat. The organized cheers from midfield came echoing to them.

Dolly's fingers were like slim steel bands on his tightening arm.

"Going to get a nice beating, today," said Joe. "Got any money on it, Dolly?"

"Uh-huh. Fifty. Three to one."

"I got twenty-five. Five to two."

"Can't beat this West Coast outfit," said Dolly. "But I don't see how you

can watch a race unless you have a bet down. Do you?"

"Oh. Well, yes. Yes, I can. It gives you a little more fun, though. It's not exactly the money. I guess it's—it's just that some people like to gamble, some don't."

"Tell me something, Joe. Does—does all this kind of thing make much difference to you?"

HE LOOKED at her. "Sure. Certainly it does. I'd give my left leg to be out there. I never was big enough. Never was awfully good at games, except—except card games and things like that. Then, you see, after a while, I was too stuck on myself to try."

"You wouldn't kid me, would you, Mister?" said Dolly.

"No. I'm telling you the truth."

"I never saw anybody less stuck on himself," she said. "We going to kick to them? That's crazy."

"No, it's not," said Joe. "It's good sense. We smear that running attack, we have a chance. Hi! Hi! It's a swell kick; look at it roll; look at it roll. Come on! Come on, team! . . . They're going to kick. . . Hi! That's a bum kick. Boy, Dolly, we got a chance! We got a chance!"

"Sure, we got a chance," said Dolly, and slipped her hand under his arm.

There they sat, two young people, tense, their eyes like the eyes of an Eastern sage meditating upon Nirvana. They'd seen plenty of football; the girl knew the game almost as well as the man did. Below them, twenty-two men

were whirling and slipping in the mist, in the mud; there was no longer a number to be seen, and the colors on the jerseys had turned to gray. "Signals! Signals!" Another welter, another impact, a man in a shirt once white jumping in, making his decision, waving to the side lines for a measurement. "Hold them! Hold them!" said Joe. "Two minutes. Two minutes to the half. No score, this half."

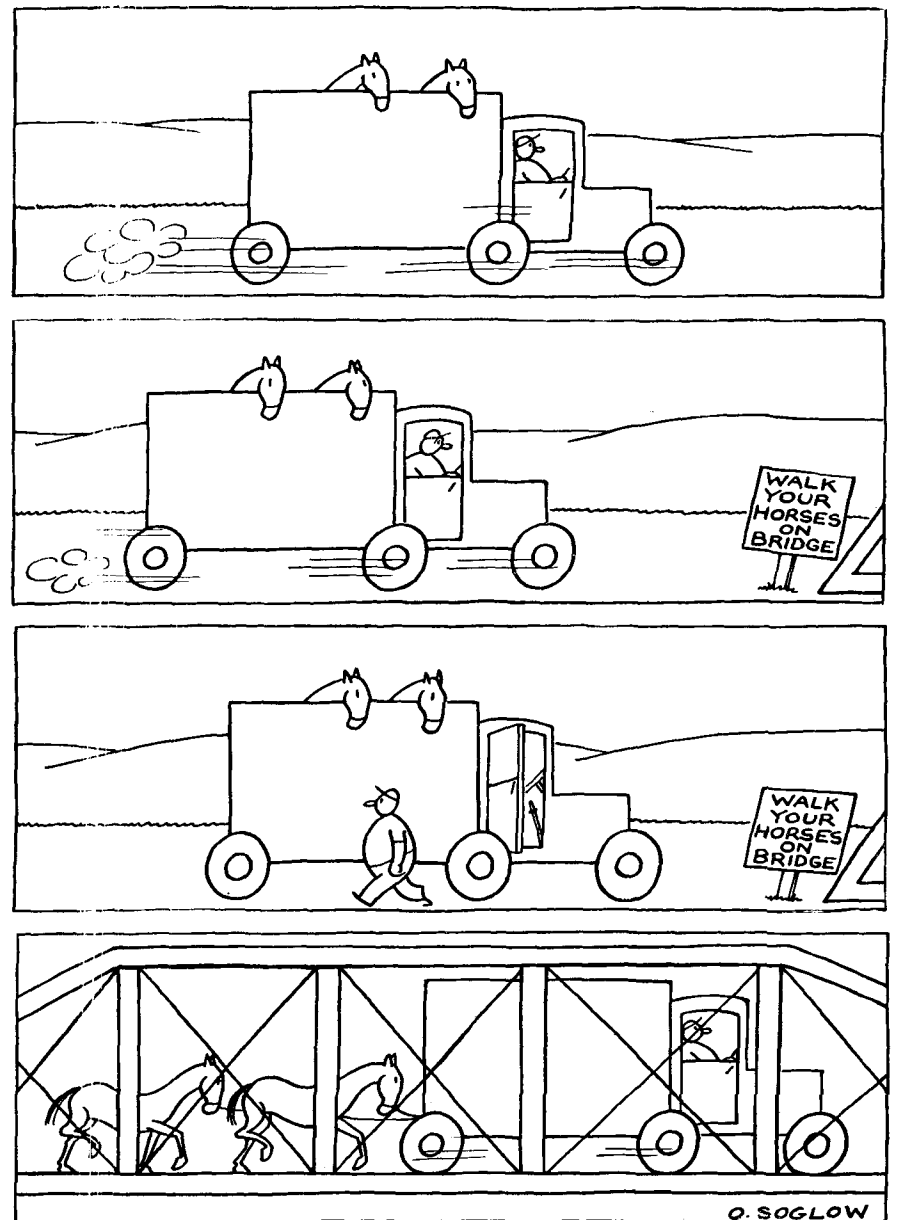
There wasn't.

They relaxed; they looked at each other. "Do you want a hot dog, or something?"

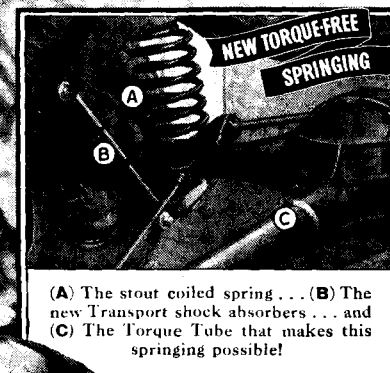
"Yes, please. You get me one. And take a drink, Joe. Go ahead. Don't mind me."

"Here. Mind this liquor," he said. "You want—maybe I can get you a little coffee."

DOLLY hid the little bottle under her coat. "Boy!" she said to herself. "He'd love a drink, too. Maybe I wouldn't! And he won't touch it, because he knows I can't. He leaves the bottle with me. Why? Maybe he wants to give me a chance to sneak one, when he's not here. No! No, he knows I wouldn't, when I've promised. Maybe he's making a fine gesture, to show me he won't drink, when I'm thirsty. Maybe he's afraid; he's afraid he'd grab a drink back in the washroom, after saying he wouldn't, without me. I don't care what it is. Oh, I'm so thankful, so thankful to heaven that I never knew a cad in my life! The Judge taught me to hate them, and they hate me, they pass me by— Oh, hello,



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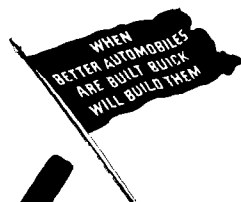
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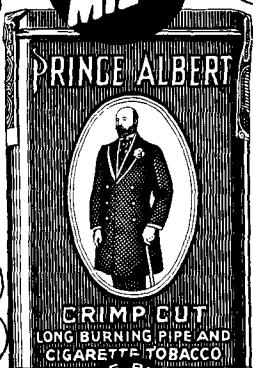
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Joe! Ooh! Coffee! And hot dogs! Gimme! Here! Here's your bottle."

"Stick it down under the seat. There was some mob back there."

"See any of the boys?"

"Yes. I saw a couple. Look, Dolly. Just before the end, we'll get over to the doors, huh? Then I'll drive you back to your hotel, and you can change, and grab a cab back to the house. Nobody will know you're here."

"I'm going to stay till the whistle blows. And I'm going to tell him I was here. Look."

SHE took the ticket Al had given her, out of her bag, and showed it to him, and quickly tore it up, and its fragments went fluttering to the wet cement.

He looked at her. "That's right, I guess," he said. "Of course, people like us, Dolly, have a hard time. We have to lie, sometimes, even to the ones we love. Then maybe they find out, and we give them a lot of grief. I'd tell Al, I guess— Look at that drum major, Dolly. Look at the size of him. Did you ever figure those fellows out? I never did."

"You wouldn't— Joe, I never in my life ever ate anything like this dog."

"Check," he said. "By the way: I just bet a hundred, even money."

"Give me half. I'll take half."

"No— Yes, half. Okay. That's fifty you owe me."

"Shake! I owe you fifty. No, I don't. You're going to owe me fifty. For heaven's sake, don't tell Al, Joe."

"Don't worry." He grinned at her, and she patted his arm. "Look! Nice dry uniforms! Hi! Hi, team!"

A microphone was telling the play-by-play story of this game: that is to say, it was telling it, more or less. Up in the press stand, typewriters were clacking, and echoing back in the newspaper offices. It was a hard game to follow, what with the mud and the rain.

Now, suppose the official microphone be disregarded, and the running stories of the keen observers in the press box. Let us imagine that each of the three parties here concerned was talking into his own mike, a mike to which he stood too close— so that it came out only as a blur, a whirl of insensate sound. The re-

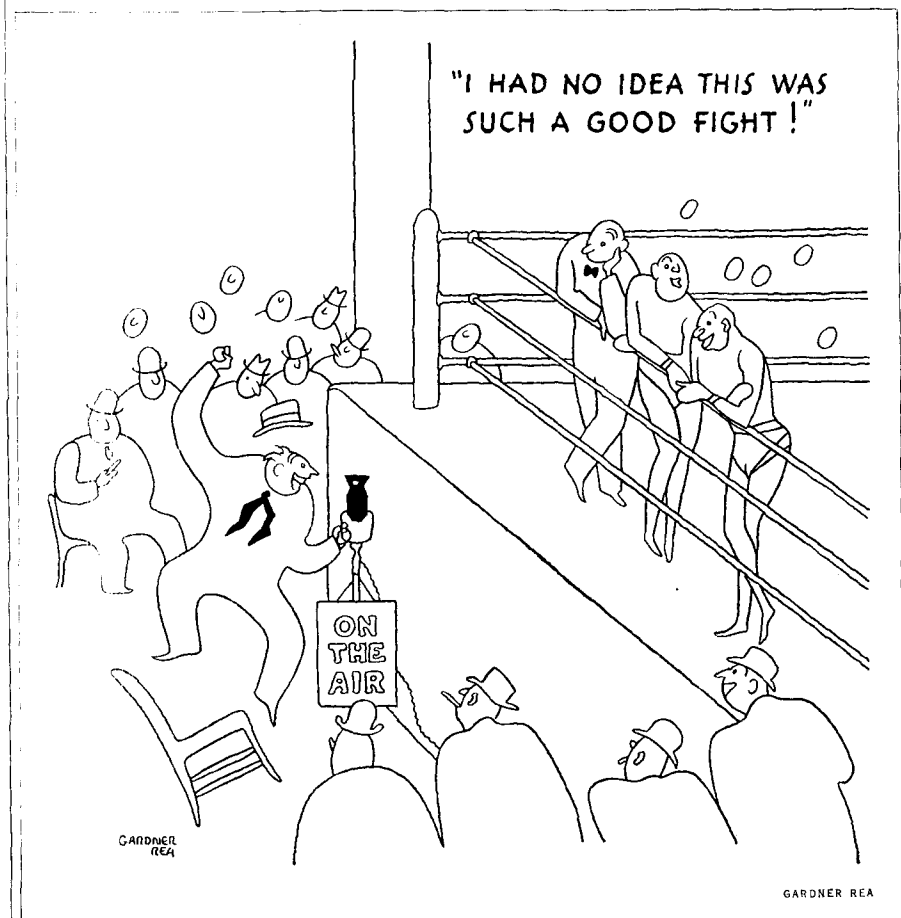
sult would be, wouldn't it, that each one would have himself or herself for an audience? Himself, herself, and no one else. Nobody else could hear. That's correct, isn't it? Stand too close to the mike, and you'll see. All right. Let's suppose that. Let's imagine that.

Here, then, is Albert William Hutchins, down on the field: "This rain will fix them. They're slowed up. They're gone. They expected a pushover, and then they found out their backs couldn't get away in this mud. They tried the line, and what the line didn't stop had to run into our secondary defense. Our secondary defense is me, ladies and gents. Get in there! Get in there! Every man get a man. That's all you have to do. Every man get a man. Watch that tackle! Watch that— Nice going, Chubby! Ladies and gentlemen, that was Chubby Bartell made that tackle. He doesn't know it, but Chub is going to get a job from my father, in the factory out at Chi.

"Ugh! You're not so fast, Wildcats. That's what they call you, isn't it? The Wildcats. Yah! You spend your season traveling on Pullman trains. Most of you are ringers. You get paid for playing ball. You train on rye whisky. Nobody on this team does. That's smearing him, Dooley. Slooey, I know you're playing this game with your ribs strapped. You don't quit. I fought to have you in this game, Slooey Dunham. I told the coach, 'I want him, I have to have him.' First down, it's not first down! Measure it! Measure it! I won't give them an inch, not an inch. All right, first down! Never mind, boys! We'll give it to them and make them like it, before this ball game is over."

THEN Mr. Joseph Anthony Gerard, formerly of this university, now a statistician in a bond house, takes the mike:

"Boy, that's holding them! That's doing it! Hutchins! Hutchins! Al, are you playing ball, today! I'm glad, I'm glad I put you in the house. I'm proud I did it. You've got everything. If I happened to be six feet two, maybe I'd have given you a run for—for a few things. If I'd been lucky, I wouldn't be telling a girl like—like yours what to do, telling her not to drink, being jealous of anybody who looked at her. Well, I





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don't want to be jealous, either. I hate it! I despise it! I'd give my girl the best in the world. I'm glad she's getting such a good fellow. I'd give her anything. You're the one she wants; all right, then. Watch that crisscross; watch that—Hi! Al! Boy, did you see that Hutchins, on that one. . . ."

Miss Dorothea Folsom, will you step to the microphone, please? Miss Folsom:

"This is a great game, folks. My fiancé, Albert William Hutchins, is three quarters of it. He's playing a clean, savage game, and he has his team keyed up, and I tell you they won't be beaten.

"THE score is still nothing to nothing, folks. It's wet, and cold, and I'd love a drink, but I promised that fullback down there I wouldn't drink; I wouldn't say bad words; I wouldn't listen to bad stories. He's trying to make a lady out of me, Dorothea, that is to say, Dorothea Anne Folsom. Sometimes I wonder what he thought I used to be, before I met him?"

Put the mike on the field again, now. Here's Al Hutchins, who has played every minute of this whole frolicking football game, and who is mud to his midriff. Mr. Hutchins:

"Come on, you tramps! Five more yards! Get that five yards. Put it through that yellow guard. He's yellow! They're all yellow. Show it to them! Show it to them now! Ladies and gentlemen, I wish my best girl were up in the stands. She'd be there, only I forbade it. I was afraid she'd catch cold. I don't want to take any chances on her, ladies and gentlemen. She's a good girl, a fine girl, only she's been traveling with the wrong outfit. We're going to get married, and go out to Chicago. She'll steady down; a few kids will steady her down. Then—first down! Hi, first down! Ten yards, boys! Ten yards more, boys!"

And you, Joe Gerard?

"Get them now. Get them, they're gone! They're gone! You get them, Al Hutchins! Get them the same way you got everything: the captaincy, Phi Beta, the best damned girl in the world, the best sport, the finest, the most simple, the most beautiful ever—Hi! Hi! He's over! He's over! He made it! What do you think of that? Al doesn't even take the ball over; he runs interference and lets Slooey take the ball over."

"He would. Joe, will you let go of me?"

"Oh! Oh, I'm sorry, Dolly."

"I'm not. And the name is Dorothea, to you. How long now, Joe? How long?"

"Two minutes. Want to get started?"

This is on ice. Baby, let's see what we win. Fifty even, and—"

"No, we'll stay. We'll stay till it's over."

Miss Dorothea Anne Folsom steps to the microphone:

"Folks, my ex-fiancé, Albert W. Hutchins, has just won a football game. My ex-fiancé, I said. He didn't make the touchdown, but he won this game. I learned a whole lot, watching it.

"He won it by being brave and hard and tough, and determined, and persistent, and relentless. That's his style. He thinks he can get everything in the world that way. Well, he can't. I'm one.

"There are a few women who don't enjoy being beaten, believe it or not. You can run over a whole football team, but you can't run over me. I'm not less than the dust beneath anybody's chariot wheels.

"As for this fellow alongside of me, this Joe Gerard, he never was head of his house, folks, but he can be head of my house, if he likes, and I'll give him every chance. He's just as brave as anybody, and he's companionable into the bargain. I'll never have to lie to him, because he doesn't ask any questions.

"And then—and then I'll do everything he wants, if I can find out what that is, because he'll never tell me to do anything—the whistle! The whistle! The whistle, folks, and the score, seven to nothing! And we beat a team that couldn't be beaten. . . ."

HER right hand reached for her engagement ring. Joe looked at her. "What's the big idea? What you trying to do, Dolly?" he said.

"Well, I tell you," said Dolly. "It wouldn't be very nice if I took this and threw it out there in the mud, would it? And it wouldn't be very nice if I just sent it to him, either. I'll have to give it back to him, myself."

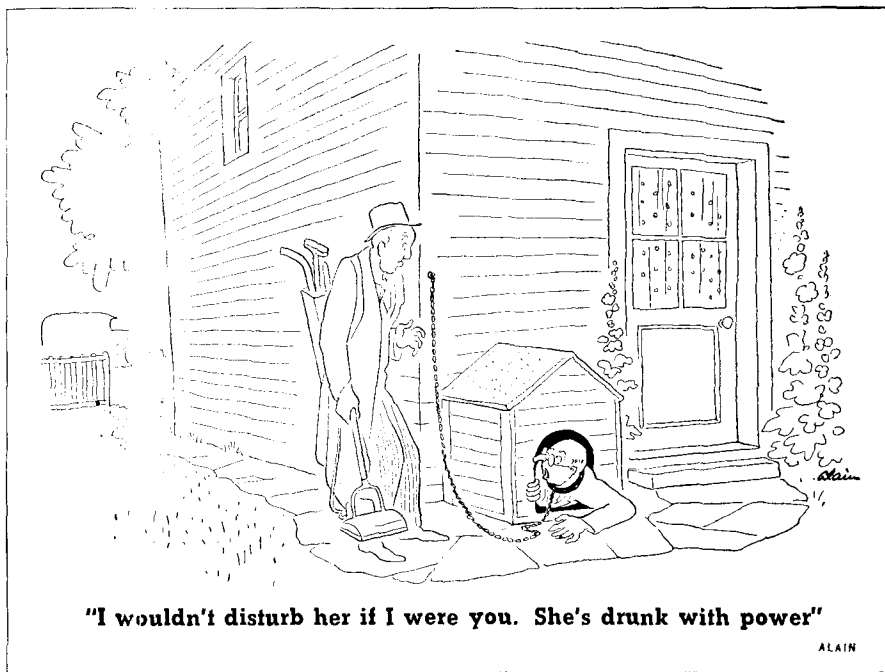
"You—you're splitting with Al, Dolly?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm splitting with him. Joe. And I'm—I'm a little scared. I don't mean that he'd hurt me, or anything like that. But I don't want to let him get hold of me again. He's a tyrant, Joe. A good, decent, fine, respectable tyrant. I don't want to live that way, that's all."

"Dolly, why don't you give me that ring? I'll take it back to Al, for you."

"You would, too, wouldn't you? No. I'll have to do it myself. And I hate it and I'm scared."

"Don't you be scared. Don't you be scared, ever." His fingers found hers, and they walked hand in hand for blocks and blocks in the pelting rain.



Murder is Naughty

Continued from page 15

sorry and want to be good citizens, it is our duty to help them because they are not villains but victims."

In less than a month there came five hundred "recidivists" to Moscow. I talked with Sheinin, Vyshinski's chief assistant, a little thickset man with clever eyes, who showed me telegrams from Sverdlovsk in the distant Urals and from Central Asia and all parts of sprawling Russia. "Do you believe them," I asked him, "and will you give them jobs?" He grinned at me and said frankly, "To believe or disbelieve, how can I tell, but we'll give them work, all and any of them except the ones who have run away from prison. Among the hundreds who have come here there are twenty who had run away from prison camps or prisons. We told them, 'The law is the law and you've got to remember it. We want to help you and we've said so and mean it, but if you have a term to serve you must go back to prison and finish it. We won't send you back; we won't set policemen after you and follow you hither and yon, because you came of your own free will. But if you want a new clean record, you must first serve out your sentence and pay for what you've done.'"

Playing the Trains

Of the twenty, nineteen accepted these conditions and went back to prison. The twentieth said he'd like to think it over and thought for three full days, then he came back and said, "Oh, well, I guess I'll take it; I have only two years to serve."

I asked Sheinin what sort of people these were, young or old, men or women, and what crimes most of them had committed.

"Oh," he said, "there are all sorts and all ages, but most of them are men, although one man sent his wife from Samara to see me because he wasn't sure that the whole thing wasn't a catch. There was a boy of eighteen who had committed two murders, and professional burglars—in fact, all types of the habitual criminal. . . .

"I'll tell you about the first group that came—there were twelve of them. They talked with me, then asked if they could consult among themselves. I said yes, so they all went out into the courtyard and talked there in a huddle. Then two of them came back and said they were delegates for the others. One was a pickpocket they called Beetle, young and rather stupid, who didn't say much, but the other man was evidently an important figure amongst them. They called him Kostia-Graf (Count Kostia), and I noticed they all treated him with great respect. He was quite an unusual person, that one, well-dressed, educated and clean, a train robber."

"Oh, was he?" I replied. "That's interesting, some of my friends have been robbed on trains. I'd like very much to meet him."

"It's quite easy; you can meet any of them. We have nothing to hide in this matter."

"But don't you think it's extraordinary?" I persisted.

Sheinin smiled. "You must judge that for yourself. Come tomorrow at half past three and I'll have Kostia-Graf here to talk to you."

Kostia-Graf was slim and rather tall, with greenish-blue eyes, more blue than green, like sapphires; good and intelligent head, and his hands were shapely and well-kept. He was an unusual person, proud of his past but ashamed of it; wanting to break with it, yet proud of

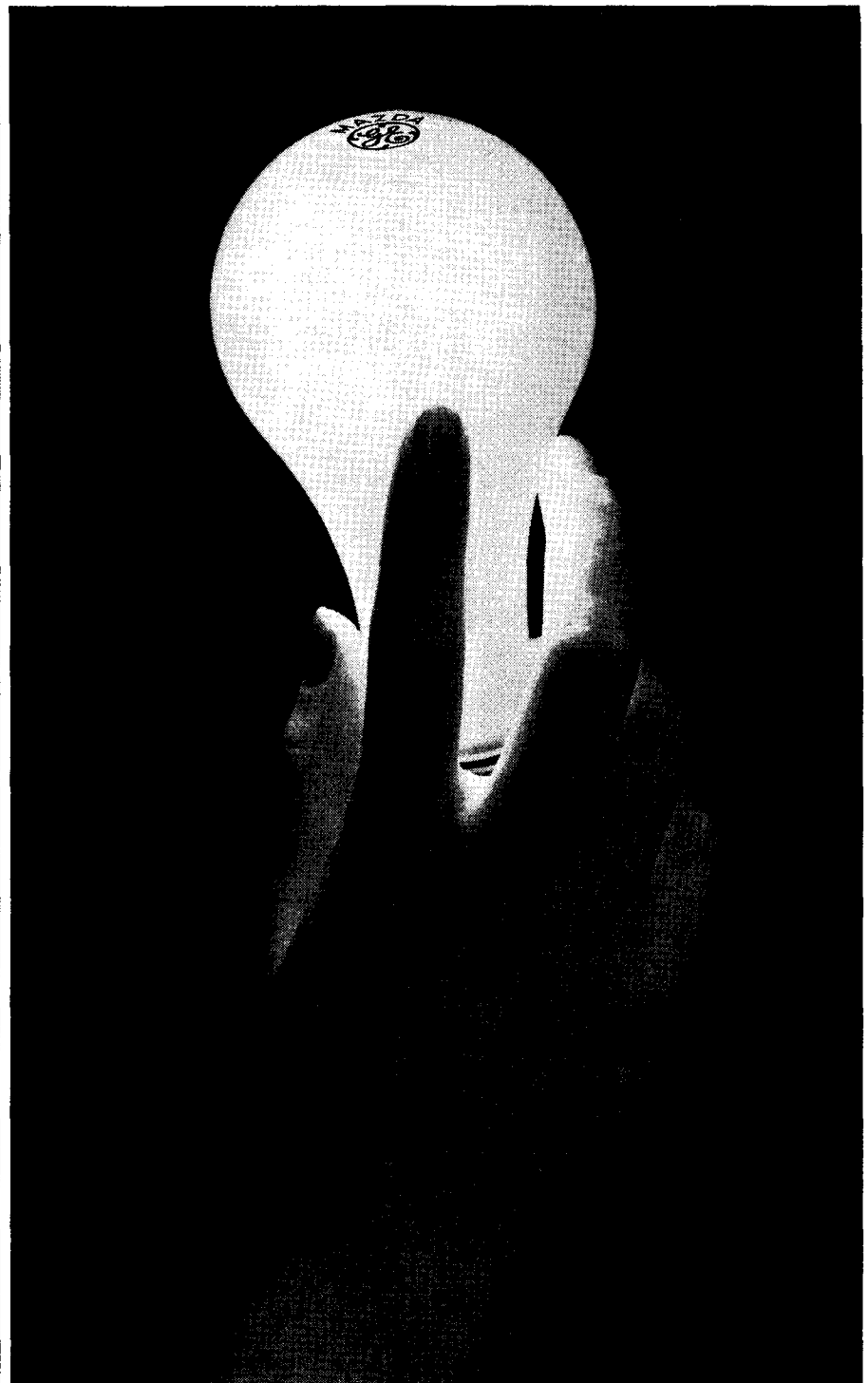
it. He "played the trains," he told me, with a girl named Wanda. "It was easy," he said, "the train game, and they never caught us. I've served two prison sentences, a year and then two years, but they never caught me on the trains. And big money in it too, sometimes. We got two hundred thousand rubles once and often twenty or thirty thousand. It was easy and they never caught us. You see—" he bent forward confidentially—"it's knowing how that matters—in everything—and Wanda and I knew how. We took foreigners mostly on the Trans-Siberian route, because they carried money with them in currency, dollars or francs or pounds. Of course we traveled first-class in the sleeping car, with separate compartments. And Wanda or I would meet one of them, some foreigner who looked rich, and begin to talk to him. It's a long trip through Siberia, ten days or so, and a man gets bored with traveling. And she was pretty—she is pretty, and she knows how to dress. I'd give an attendant in the dining car some money to keep a table for us, and Wanda or I, whichever had first met the foreigner, would ask him to have dinner and I would join her or she would join me as the case might be.

"Then we played cards, sometimes with two or three other people whom we'd met on the train, and get friendly and have drinks together, and be friendly . . . until we knew the fish was hooked. Of course Wanda and I just posed as casual acquaintances—we didn't appear to have known each other before we met on the train. Then one night, in the middle of Siberia, she'd ask him to her compartment, or perhaps she'd go to his and put something in whatever he was drinking. With people who drink hard liquor it's easiest—they pay no attention—but even with the ones who take only tea or coffee it is not difficult when you get them interested in politics or business, or Wanda looks at them with her big brown eyes. She's so pretty, you see, they fall for her like tenpins, and then she puts this stuff in whatever they're drinking and they go straight to sleep. It lasts five or six hours, this stuff of mine, they sleep soundly, it doesn't hurt them, but when they wake up we are gone, Wanda and I, and so is all they had, their money, their baggage, their clothes and everything. We'd leave the train at the next big station with all their money and baggage and no one would ask us questions. That's how we did it.

To Get Out of a Rut

"Often, I 'worked' in uniform because, you know, there are lots of soldiers traveling between here and Siberia, and they are less likely to ask soldiers questions. You see, they respect the army in this country and they're right. I found that very useful."

"Were you ever in the army?" I asked curiously. Kostia-Graf nodded. "Just missed the War—I'm barely 38—but I served in the civil war, on our side, of course, the Red side. After that I was sick for a time and lived with my parents in the country, so I missed the Polish war. Then I got married and was quiet for some years, although I often felt restless. After my wife died—that was several years ago—I left home and tried different jobs, but couldn't settle anywhere and one day I 'found' a valise in the railway station. I got into trouble for that later and I had another piece of trouble—three years in all—but I served both sentences out and de-



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cided that plain stealing was a mug's game. But in the years I played the railroads I've never been caught at all."

He spoke with naïve pride and his eyes were shining. "If it was all so easy," I said, "why do you come here now and say you want to lead an honest life? If this is true, why didn't you learn a trade when you were in prison?"

He stared a moment, puzzled, then said brightly, "You don't understand. You see, there are three points involved. First of all, what I mean is that in a prison camp I talk with others like myself, in the same sort of atmosphere, and there's no change in my mind. I feel that I'm in a rut and can't get out of it, and that weakens any idea I might have of wanting to get out of it. No, the only chance for me and for men like me is to get away somewhere on our own, where no one knows us or knows that we're ex-criminals, where we have honest papers, and what's more, are able to do the kind of work we want—not the work they want us to do." He paused and added, "There's a second point, which you may doubt, but which I swear to God is true. It's this new constitution. They say it gives everyone, no matter what his social origin and so forth, the right to work. Now that impressed me and I began to think, well now, what I would like to do would be to go on one of these exploring expeditions they send everywhere nowadays, that's what I'd like. I'm good at making maps and charting places and I thought that if I went on an expedition I'd be away from all the old gang and I'd be doing something for myself and for the country too. That's the third point."

His eyes were straight and steady and I believed him. But my curiosity was still unsatisfied. "Do you remember . . . er . . . plucking a foreign diplomat several years ago near Omsk?"

Kostia-Graf grinned. "Of course I remember. That was a splendid haul, but I'm not going to tell you about it . . . don't want a diplomatic incident just when I'm beginning life afresh."

The authorities have taken him at his word and before these lines are printed he will have left Moscow with one of the expeditions to the northeast coast of Siberia, where the Soviet is building a new empire in the Arctic ice.

A Crime Distinction

By now there must be five thousand of these black sheep, or perhaps ten thousand, who have come pleading to be whitewashed. I do not know how many professional criminals there are in Russia, but the number is surely large because it is such a vast country and so new and undeveloped, and people everywhere are moving, building great steel towns in the empty steppes and gigantic factories, irrigation projects, or power dams among the mountains, swamps and rivers. It is impossible to keep tabs on all these nomads of industrialization, and there are fat pickings for the bold bandit and the nimble thief, while the structure of Soviet society is still so porous and unset that there are countless crannies where such parasites can hide. In capitalist countries habitual criminals are regarded as the worst enemies of society, but Russians think a term like parasites, or the maladjusted, more accurate and suitable.

Almost everything in the U.S.S.R. is strange and confusing to foreigners, but one of the greatest puzzles is the Soviet attitude toward crime. Why is it, for instance, that if a Russian should write about Stalin or Voroshiloff the way Dorothy Thompson has written about the President or Mr. Farley—he wouldn't get the chance, but just suppose—he would probably be shot? Or that a girl who kills her mother with a hatchet receives a maximum penalty of

eight years at a penal colony where she is allowed to marry and have children; whereas a man who steals a hatchet from a collective farm is liable to death, and men have been shot for petty thefts like that? In point of fact, the answer is simple and not without its logic; the Bolsheviks make a sharp distinction between crime against the State and crime against the individual. The former is antisocial and damnable; the latter a naughtiness to be corrected.

Menace or Victim

The key to the puzzle of Soviet criminal jurisprudence, which has recently proved so baffling to Western opinion, is the fact that the State has been virtually deified and that individuals have no importance except insofar as they are cogs in the State machine. Thus any form of opposition to the State is not merely treason but blasphemy, which must ruthlessly be eradicated. I would go farther and say that even doubt of the State's policies has become a major sin, because doubt leads to dissent, dissent to opposition, opposition to conspiracy, conspiracy to treason, and treason to the firing squad. This may sound fantastic to Western ears but it is true in the U.S.S.R. because the logical consequence of the stifling of all opposition is that any opposition movement ipso facto becomes illegal and has to operate in an underground and conspirative manner. This, by the way, explains the somewhat bewildering fashion in which Trotskyists and spies and wreckers and those who intrigue with foreign powers have all been lumped together as public enemies. They may be opposing State policies for entirely different reasons, some of which are no more than personal grievance or ideo-

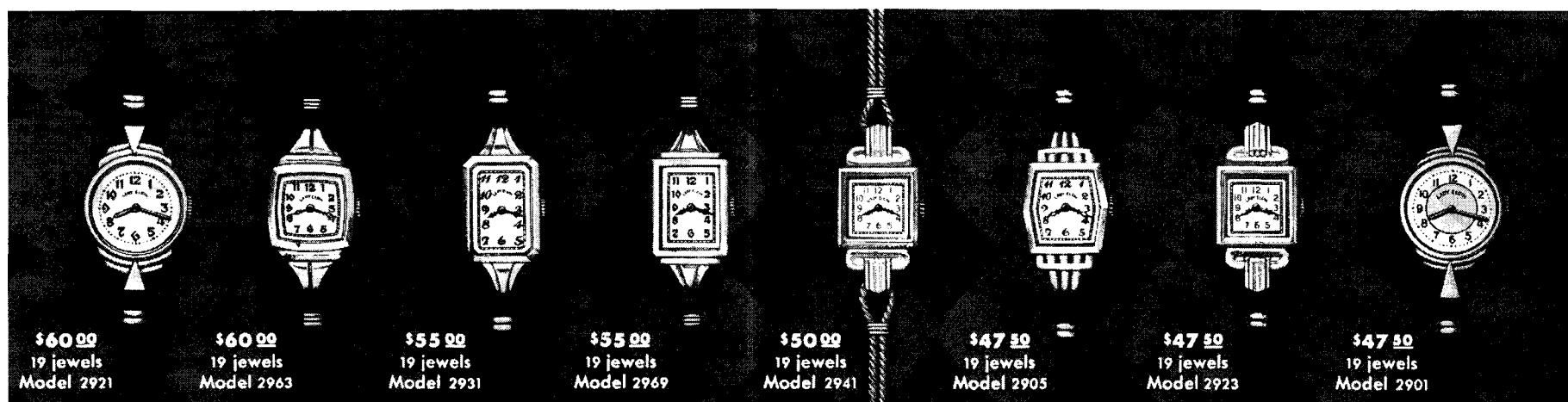
logical disagreement, but the conspirative nature of their activities puts them all in the same box as far as the State is concerned. There is a second category of antisocial crimes—active or even passive resistance to State policies such as collectivization of farms. One must also include attacks upon Communist and State officials for political reasons and attempts to cause sedition or riot by speech or pamphlets, and last but not least, the theft or damage of State property, which in 1932 was extended to cover the property of collective farms and was made a capital offense. Toward such sinners the Bolsheviks are as ruthless as they are lenient toward common-law criminals, because the latter have only committed a crime against individuals, whereas the former are guilty of the unforgivable sin of crime against the State. True, common-law criminals may be regarded as antisocial if they go too far; there is little mercy for gangs or single robbers who make a practice of murder. As in the case of political opposition and of the theft or damage of socialized property they are held to have committed a crime against society, from which society must be protected.

To sum the whole question up as briefly as possible, the Bolsheviks do not hold with the idea of punishment or retaliation for crime. The criminal is either a public menace to be removed for the protection of society, or a victim of social and economic conditions to be reformed and given an opportunity to lead an honest and useful life. Here, in a nutshell, is the explanation of the startling contrast between the helping hand extended to Kostia-Graf and his fellow "recidivists" and the merciless "liquidation by firing squad" of the whole crew of "political" offenders.



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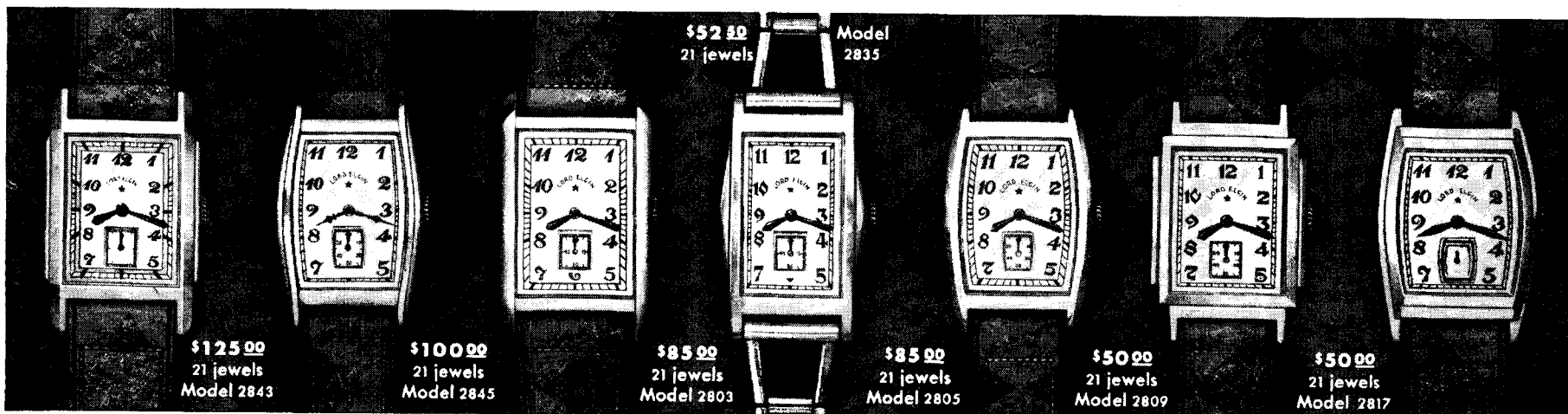
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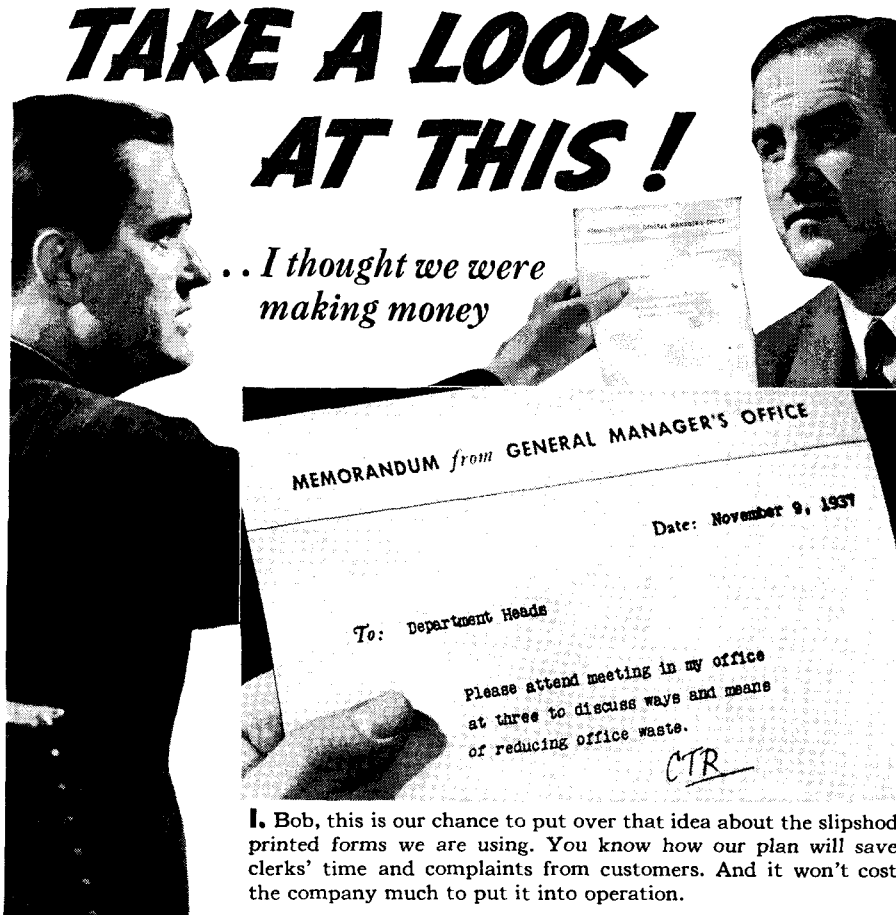
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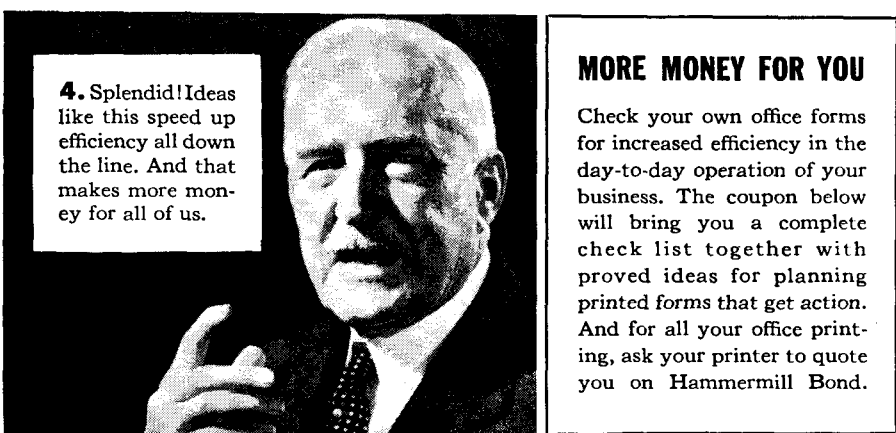
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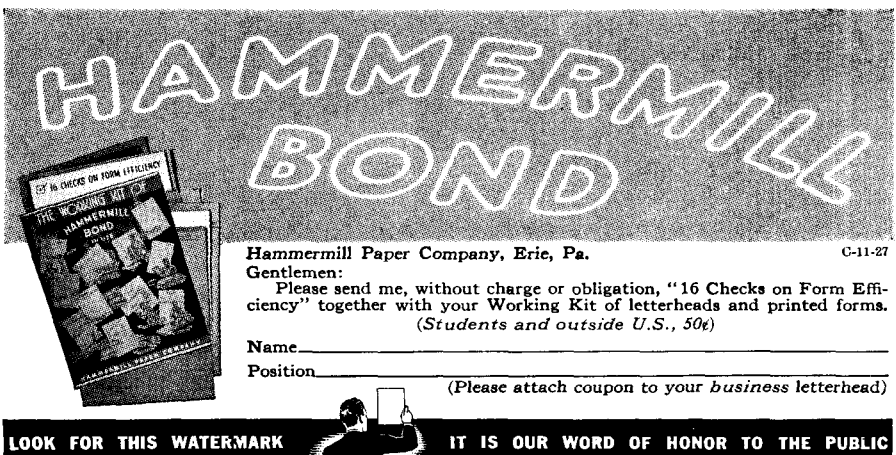
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The Land of the Free

Continued from page 19

where I can get a dress for Mama? A good black stylish stout."

Mama said, "My niece Sadie is getting married. To a doctor."

"A doctor? Congratulations!" said Mr. Schwartz. He eyed Goldie maliciously. "And when do we hear such a blessing about Goldie?"

"Ach, my daughter—she's fancy. This one don't walk straight, and that one don't talk straight." Mama was enjoying herself hugely. "Maybe you got a feller for Goldie?"

Goldie cried, "Mama, please!"

Schwartz said, "What's the matter with me? Nothing to stop me except my wife and four children." He slapped his fat thighs.

"How about the dress, Schwartz?" Goldie reminded him.

He shrugged, "Me, I can't recommend you no place. You know how it is. Trying on—breaking up a lot—not even my own sister would I—" His black eyes gleamed. "Cohen and Son have nice women's dresses. Why don't you ask your friend Jack?"

Goldie tossed her head. "He's not my friend."

"Maybe not. With strangers you eat dinner every day?"

MAMA looked interested at once. Goldie felt her face growing hot. "He's engaged to a girl in the Bronx." She wanted to kill Schwartz.

"Yes, his father was telling me," Schwartz observed. "A girl with twenty thousand dollars. A smart girl."

"They're always smart when they're not good-looking!" snapped Goldie. "Come, Mama."

The sound of Schwartz's laughter followed them out into the dark hall. Mama and Papa were silent, but from behind his glasses Papa was peering at her oddly. And Mama's lips were pursed with thought. But they had to go somewhere—Mama simply must have a dress. Reluctantly, she led them to the door of Cohen & Son.

They looked over the Cohen show-room carefully. Mama took in the carpets and the modernistic chairs. She even felt the quality of the curtains at one of the windows. "Classy. A big firm, Goldie?"

"Bigger than ours. Wait, I'll see if there's anyone in the office."

Jack Cohen was bending over a file drawer. His crisp black hair was disordered. He wore no jacket. In shirt sleeves, his back seemed broader than ever.

"Mr. Cohen—"

He looked up. "Oh, Goldie!" He seemed very glad to see her. "Do you—that is—anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, Mama needs a dress for—uh—my cousin's wedding, Sunday. I—uh—I thought Mr. Epstein would send her to his brother-in-law, but he—Mr. E. I mean—he wasn't in such a good mood today and I—"

"We've got a nice little number that would be dandy for your mother. It has steel beads. Wait, I'll show you."

"Mama and Papa are both outside right now," said Goldie miserably. He would think that the whole family trailed along every time Mama bought a dress.

She didn't want to feel miserable. But Jack Cohen's family were such wealthy people—his father was the powerful Mr. Morton Cohen to whom even the elevator boys were deferential.

There was no use in pretending that Jack's sister would ever have worked in a place like Epstein & Bloom. No use making believe that she, Goldie, looked

or talked like West End Avenue. She was poor, and Jack must know it.

She introduced her people blindly. If only Papa wouldn't say, "Pleeztameet-cha." If only Mama wouldn't say, "Likewise." But they said it.

Jack shook hands heartily. "So you're Goldie's Mama!" he smiled. "She looks like you, Mrs. Zaler."

Mama dimpled. She was outrageously pleased. She returned the compliment by remarking, "And you're so big, Mr. Cohen! In America, the boys grow like trees!"

Goldie squirmed. Mama said such plain, European things. But Jack only laughed. He went into the stockroom to get the dress. Mama folded her arms across her bosom. "A wonderful-looking boy, Goldie! You know him long?"

Goldie straightened her jacket. She looked out the window. "Oh, Mama! I only see him on business!"

Papa gazed at the ceiling innocently. "So much money to paint angels on a ceiling. A dollar don't mean a thing to some people." He went on, guilelessly, "What Schwartz said is true? He's engaged to a girl?"

"Oh, Papa! Do you want him to hear you?"

"What's the matter if he hears me?"

"Papa, please!" She walked rapidly across the carpet and back. "Do I have to be ashamed every time I go anywhere with you, Papa? Can't you—can't you act decent?"

Papa said aggrievedly, "My daughter talks like this to me. A nice how-do-you-do! I only ask is the fellow engaged to a girl."

Mama said, dangerously "Sam!" Papa subsided. But his brown eyes were misted with thought, and when Jack came back with the dress, Papa studied his young face intently.

"I always liked beads," Mama said, examining the dress. "Remember, Sam, once I had a dress with beads like this? Before Goldie was born—when we lived on Avenue A—"

"Go in here and try it on, Mrs. Zaler. I'm sure it'll look well on you," Jack said.

THE dress was a distinct success, except that it was too long. "I'll ask our sample maker to shorten it for you, Mrs. Zaler." Goldie gasped. When you buy a dress wholesale, no services go with it. In fact, you are seldom permitted even to try it on. Yet here was Jack actually offering to get his sample maker to alter the dress.

Goldie said, "Thank you, Mr. Cohen. I—I certainly appreciate it."

"For you, Goldie, any time," said Jack. His eyes met hers. She looked quickly away. "Sixteen-seventy-five, Papa."

Jack smiled. "Some bookkeeper you must be, Goldie. Aren't you going to demand a discount for cash?"

Mr. Schwartz came into the show-room, yelling for her. "Epstein says what is it, a picnic today? He wants you to type him a bill. Fifteen minutes already he's waiting."

She left Mama and Papa. The shortening of the dress would only take a few minutes, and they would wait for it. She felt uneasy about going away and leaving them to pour indiscretions into Jack's ears, but she couldn't help it. Mr. E was on the warpath. Did she fancy it, or was Papa plainly relieved at her departure?

All the afternoon she thought about how sweet Jack had been. She was glad Mama got such a nice dress. Jack had been as polite to her as if she'd been one

of his mother's elegant friends, swinging silver foxes and flashing diamond solitaires.

She knew that it was dumb of her to be thinking of Jack. Rich boys did not fall in love with poor bookkeepers. Anyway, it was perfectly true that he was engaged. He had even shown her his fiancée's picture. She had a long nose.

Besides, Mr. Morton Cohen would never allow his son to marry a penniless girl. Mr. Cohen believed in business. Everyone knew that after Jack had collected his bride's dowry, his father planned to expand still further.

She typed stoically. She was a fool to waste her time thinking about Jack Cohen. Sure, he was polite to her. He had manners, that's all. He liked eating lunch with her, and he took off his hat in the elevator because he was nice. But to him she was only the girl who worked for Epstein & Bloom. And if one of his father's operators had brought his wife for a dress, Jack would have been just as nice to her as he'd been to Mama.

AT SIX-FIFTEEN she put on her hat. Mr. Epstein had not stopped shouting the whole afternoon. Mr. Schwartz was wrangling with a buyer from Kansas City. One of the blond models had quit because Mr. Bloom hollered at her. Their best customer had returned fourteen dresses, and Davie, the shipping clerk, had been caught expounding Marxism again to his young colored assistant.

"This place is a lunatic asylum," said Goldie wearily. "Good night, Mr. E."

"Do me a favor; be here on time tomorrow!" answered Mr. Epstein.

She picked up her handbag and gloves and walked out. "I wish I had that model's nerve. I wish I could quit on the spot!" she thought.

She felt very tired, and suddenly sick to death of Epstein & Bloom and Missy dresses. As she jabbed the elevator button, she remembered that next month it would be six years since she'd first come here to work. Six years. Maybe Papa was right. Maybe twenty-three going on twenty-four was old—maybe she'd

never get married and escape unless she swallowed her pride and actually considered one of Papa's hopeful swains.

There was the sound of footsteps coming down the corridor. The elevator bell clanged faintly, and the operator slid open the door. She was about to step in when she heard Jack's voice.

"Goldie, wait a minute!" He was running down the hall. The elevator boy slammed the gate in disgust.

Jack's hat was on crooked. "I wanted to catch you before you left. Listen, Goldie, let's stop in and have a bite somewhere. I want to talk to you."

Another elevator stopped. They descended to the lobby in silence. They walked, close together, jammed in on every side by homeward-hurrying workers. He said, "How about this place?" She followed him in.

Across the little table, she stared at him. He looked so pale! He moistened his lips and said, twirling the salt shaker, "Goldie, your father asked me to talk to you. I told him I would."

"My father? What did he—"

"Goldie, I'm a good friend of yours. I think a lot of you. Your father explained to me—he said—" He put down the salt shaker. He picked up a lump of sugar. He peeled the paper from it slowly.

A waitress came up. Jack waved her away.

Goldie clutched her handbag. There was a curious tightness in her throat. She could not make a sound, she could frame no question.

"Goldie, why don't you want to marry Willie Buxbaum? Your father told me you're so against it. It's—it's a coincidence—but I know Willie. He's a nice fellow. We—we went to school together. Your father asked me to speak a few words for him. He thinks—"

Again Jack moistened his lips. Again he picked up the salt shaker and twirled it.

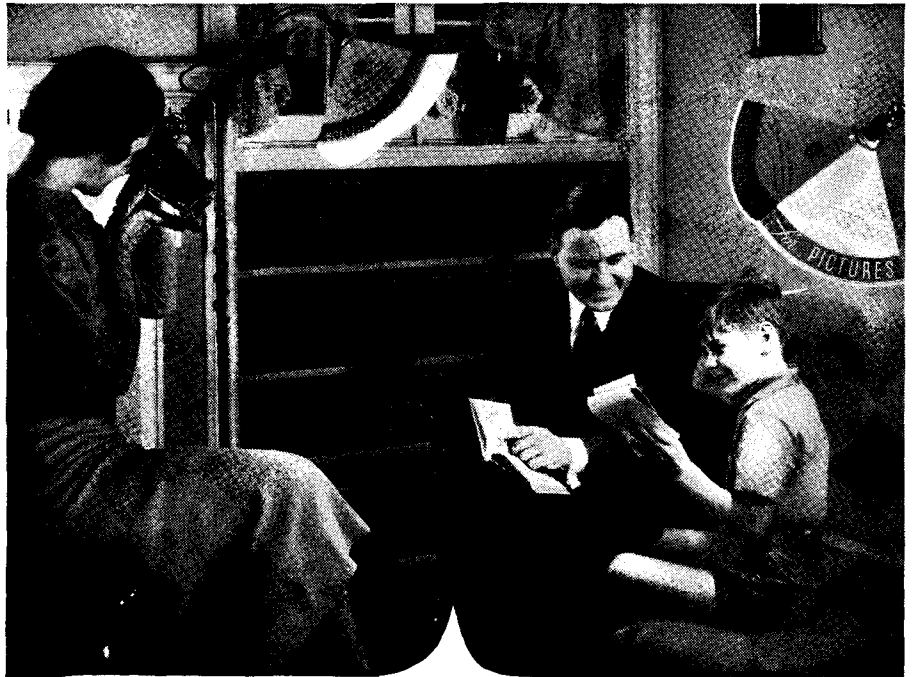
"Look, Goldie, why are you stubborn? Your father tells me you don't want to encourage anybody. He tells me there have been other men and you—you always—"

Goldie found her voice: "You think I

America's fastest growing hobby

SNAPSHOTS

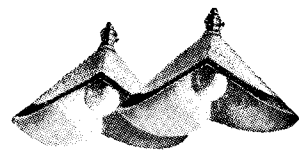
at NIGHT



Just do this

1. Load your camera with Kodak "SS" Film

2. Use two or three Photoflood lamps in Kodak Handy Reflectors



TONIGHT thousands of families will breeze through dinner. Snapshots are on the program. Fun for everybody, for Mother and Dad, and all the family—pictures they've always wanted . . . the little ones at bedtime, older youngsters at their lessons, friends in for cards . . .

It's no wonder snapshots at night are all the rage; they're so much fun, so little fuss. You don't need an ex-

pensive camera—not any more. Any camera that can be loaded with Kodak "SS" Film will do the trick—even the simplest Brownie.

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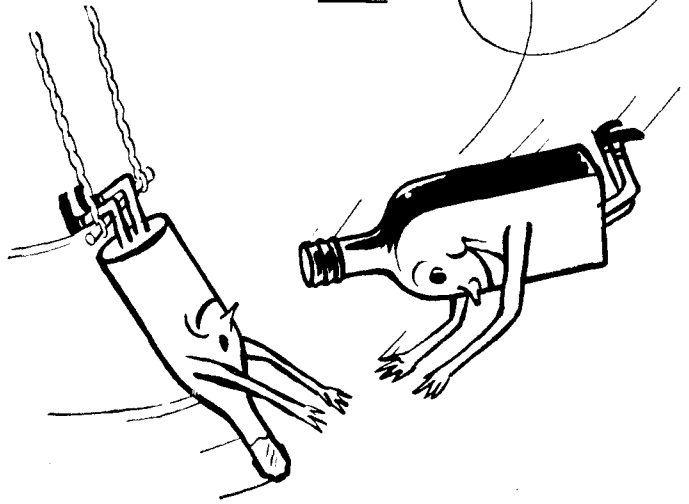
FREE BOOKLET . . . Suggests a variety of picture opportunities, shows you how to arrange your lights, how to place your subject, tells you everything you need to know about two ways to make night pictures—snapshots with Photoflood lamps, *fast exposures* with Photoflash lamps. (You can use Photoflash lamps, each good for one picture, if your particular camera can be set for "time.") Get a copy at your dealer's today . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



"Boy! That gets 'em when they won't dim!"

D. HUFFINE

Put "swing" in your Martini cocktails...
Blend your Vermouth with a mixing gin



Does it *mix*?

It is a **mixing** gin, we think,
when you neither **smell** nor
taste it in the finished drink

AS SMOOTHLY as though on the flying trapeze, gin and Vermouth blend into a Martini cocktail with the greatest of ease—but only when the gin is a mixer, never weighing down the drink with a heavy gin smell or taste.

Mixed drinks are an American idea. To meet the American taste for smooth mixed drinks, Fleischmann's Gin is distilled especially for mixing—from American grain.

Fleischmann's is the original American gin, established 1870. Our secret formula makes it the real American Mixer. Buy a bottle. And when you order a Martini, say: "Make it with Fleischmann's." (Copr., 1937, by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N.Y.)

Also Fleischmann's Sloe Gin, 65 Proof

THE REAL
AMERICAN
MIXER
90 PROOF

4/5 Quart



ought to marry Willie Buxbaum? You told my father you'd help him talk me into it?"

"No, no, you don't understand. I just—I mean—I'm interested, and your papa said—"

She was shaking all over. "Who talked you into getting engaged to that fat girl with the long nose, Jack? Was it her twenty thousand dollars? I'm not like that. I don't want it to be for business. I want to marry for love." Suddenly she was laughing. There were tears stinging her eyes, but she was laughing. She said, "I'm not uptown. I'm not fancy. I just want to be crazy about someone—and—" She stopped. She gripped the table edge. "I don't want dentists. I don't want anybody. Please mind your own business."

She rose. Jack came around the table and touched her shoulder.

"Don't get excited, Goldie. I only wanted to talk to you as a friend. I tell you, it matters to me what you do. And your father begged me. He—he seemed to think you'd listen to me. You've got to be sensible, Goldie. You're not a baby."

She jerked away from him. "Go on. I'm twenty-three going on twenty-four. Next year they'll put me in an old ladies' home."

"Goldie! I don't mean it that way! Look, I'm thirty, and I—I—you know, they were after me the same way. My father said it was about time he had a few grandchildren." His voice died away.

They stared at each other. Her eyes, brimmed with tears, saw that in his eyes there were tears too.

She sat down again. She said, "I'm almost crazy, the way Papa keeps after me. Every week, every week he brings up a new fellow! Every week he gets a different lunatic scheme."

"You ought to see the girls they dragged up for me to look over, Goldie," Jack said. "Fat ones, skinny ones. Dumb ones, college graduates."

She cried rebelliously, "I'm ashamed already to go into the lobby of our apartment house. All the neighbors

know about Papa's matchmaking. They're all laughing at me. But Papa can't understand. He means well. He—"

"I was surprised when he spoke to me, Goldie. But I—I—"

There was a silence. She began to plead the tablecloth. He leaned close to her, pleadingly. "Don't you think I have a nerve, to interfere in something that's none of my business, Goldie. But you're such a nice girl—I think such a lot of you—and your father said—"

"It's all right. You—I excuse you, Jack."

ANOTHER silence. At last he asked heavily, "Is Willie Buxbaum going to be out to your house tonight?"

"Of course. Leave it to Papa!"

He said, "Would you think I was too fresh if I go home with you? We could talk things over on the subway. It's a long ride."

Goldie said, "Thanks, don't bother. Your mother's expecting you for dinner, isn't she?"

"I can call up."

"How about—about your intended wife?" She was hotly conscious, suddenly, that only Brooklyn said it that way. She amended, "Your fiancée, I mean." Had she pronounced it correctly? She was suddenly more keenly miserable than she'd ever been before. She wanted to run away from him, she wanted to be alone. Toward Papa's suitors she had always felt superior and self-confident. But Jack...

His hand touched her arm. "I—I'll call her up, too. I want to go with you, Goldie. Please let me." The shine of his brown eyes was warm. She shivered. The place on her arm where his fingers had rested burned a little.

"Don't bother about me, Jack. The whole thing's so—so funny. Papa's old-fashioned and he meant well, maybe, but he's made me feel like a fool."

Jack said urgently, "No, you mustn't feel that way, Goldie. I care about what happens to you. I want to help."

"You mean you want to help Willie Buxbaum?"

He moved uncomfortably. "Nobody



"Louie! You was a bad boy today, hah?"

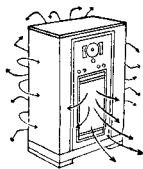
LEONARD DOVE

Stromberg-Carlson's LABYRINTH

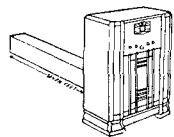
"IT'S THE
GREATEST FEATURE
OF THEM ALL!"...

... SAY THOSE WHO HAVE HEARD THE NEW STROMBERG-CARLSONS

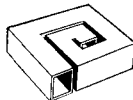
How the Labyrinth IMPROVES TONE



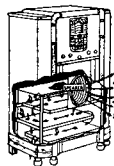
THE TROUBLE — Empty cabinet space in back of the speaker causes "boom," and distorts the pure tone from front of speaker.



THE THEORY — A long tube of sound absorbent material would absorb unwanted sounds and reinforce bass tones.



THE THEORY MADE PRACTICAL — Such a tube is out of the question. So Stromberg-Carlson folded it into a Labyrinth.



THE PATENTED LABYRINTH — The Labyrinth in one of the new Stromberg-Carlsons. It is the necessary battle wrapped up, folded over and placed within the troublesome space in the cabinet. Patented in the United States and Canada.

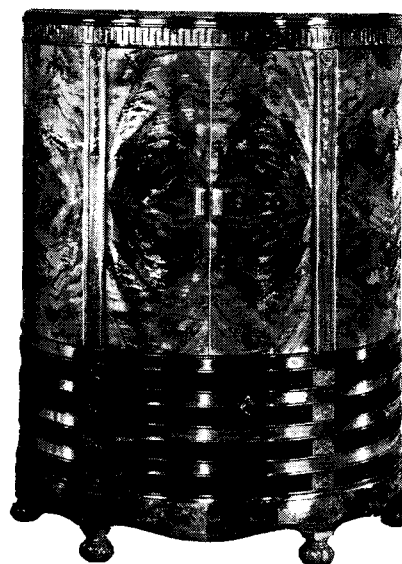
The season reveals no radio advance comparable to the Acoustical Labyrinth. With it those ordinary "earmarks" of radio—the "booming" vibrations from the rear of the loud speaker—are *eliminated*, not merely minimized. The deep fundamental tones which produce true bass response are heard in full value at every volume.

So revolutionary is this exclusive and patented development of Stromberg-Carlson that it makes *obsolete* any radio in a cabinet large enough to contain a Labyrinth and not having one.

And Stromberg-Carlsons have a style and elegance of cabinetry that makes them a distinct addition to the furnishings of the planned home.

Prices of Stromberg-Carlsons range from \$57.50 to \$1050; Antenna Kit \$7 (Slightly higher South-eastern States and West of Mississippi). New edition of booklet, "How to Choose a Radio," free at Stromberg-Carlson dealers listed in classified telephone directory, or by mailing coupon.

Radios which are
Decorators' Pieces



No. 240-R Half-Round Console. (above). Triple Range. Finest walnut veneers and solids. Available in mahogany. Price \$215

No. 231-F Coffee Table. (at left). Triple Range. Unusual and striking form. Genuine walnut veneers and solids. Price \$155

A LABYRINTH RADIO
only \$15.00 down
Other Stromberg-Carlsons as low as
\$5.00 down

There Is Nothing Finer than a
Stromberg-Carlson

Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.
173 Carlson Road, Rochester, N. Y.
Send illustrated booklet "How to Choose a Radio."
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Elegance
WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE
SERVE

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LIGHT WINE

AND OTHER FINE AMERICAN WINES

BY **GARRETT**

Count only your pleasure—the cost is little. Enjoy a bottle of Garrett's world-esteemed Virginia Dare light Wine. Please your guests with varied selections from Garrett's 27 distinctive American Wines—proudly served by hosts in finest homes. With fish or chicken, drink Garrett's American Sauternes or Chablis. With steak or a roast, enjoy Garrett's American Claret or Burgundy. For every occasion—serve a fine Garrett Wine... made and bottled at modern Garrett wineries. Buy your favorite Garrett Wine in round bottles or flasks at leading wine dealers. Garrett & Company, Inc. . . Brooklyn, New York.

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Virginia Dare light Wine . . . Old North State brand Blackberry . . . American Sauternes . . . Claret, Chablis . . . American Port, Sherry, Tokay (alcohol 19-21% by volume). Paul Garrett American Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy.

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Mayfair, Los Angeles • Palace, San Francisco
Olympic, Seattle • Raleigh, Washington, D.C.
FINEST AMERICAN WINES SINCE 1835

wants you to marry a man if you don't like him. Only, I didn't think you hated him. I didn't think you were so much against the match. He's not handsome, I'll admit. But he's not so bad."

Jack's voice lacked sincerity. She thought of the girl with the twenty thousand dollars and the long nose. Every time he'd talked of her, his tone had held this same indescribable uncertainty. This odd lack of conviction. Goldie said, "All right, let's take the subway."

He paid her fare. He pushed the turnstile for her. They could not talk in the roar of the station. His face was still and pale, and she could only look at him in little side glances, now and again. He was so good-looking. Not like a movie star, of course, but Goldie had never admired their smooth, Anglo-Saxon charms. She liked Jack's full lips better, and his close-shaven chin, slightly blue under the dark skin. She liked his slow smile; and his blunt fingers.

She liked the knowledge that he was a good son, a source of pride and satisfaction to his father. Over one of the cafeteria lunches he'd told her that his mother had wanted him to prepare for a glittering career, something swell like a civil engineer or a lawyer who would graduate into politics.

"But Papa wanted me to go into the dress business, and I knew he was right. I'm no moron, but I'd never make an engineer. And I'm too honest to be a politician."

The train came out of the tunnel, into the softer darkness of Brooklyn's night. Goldie looked at her wrist watch. It was nearly eight o'clock. Mama would be sure to urge Jack to eat something. And Willie would be there, crossing and recrossing his legs nervously. Talking to Papa. Pretending he'd just happened to drop in. . . .

Fiftieth Street. Fifty-fifth Street. Goldie moistened her lips. She wondered what Jack would think of the matched "set" in the Zaler living room to which Mama clung so tenaciously. And there was that old phonograph of Papa's, stuck so prominently between the windows. If you suggested moving it into the bedroom, Papa became belligerent. With very little encouragement he would wind it up and put on the loudest record Caruso had ever made.

"Here's our station, Jack," she said at last.

Goldie prayed that there would be no neighbors congregated on the front steps. But there were, of course. She had known there would be. They stopped their gossiping to stare at Jack. Nothing escaped them—not the cut of his overcoat, not his obviously "good" shoes, not the way he helped Goldie up the stairs by touching her elbow.

IN THE hall she laughed a little, trying hard to be offhand. "We walk up," she said.

Jack said, "Of course."

But halfway up the second flight he paused, as if out of breath. Goldie turned to him in swift alarm. He only smiled down at her. "We didn't talk, after all, did we?"

"No."

He drew her to the window on the landing. "I want to be sure you're not angry with me for butting into something that—"

"Oh, no, Jack!"

Then, in a flood she could not stop, she was saying, "You don't have to come up if you'd rather not, Jack. Mama will make you eat soup. I know she will; she won't let you alone until you eat a big plateful. And Papa is sure to start in about Spain and the dress manufacturers' association. . . . I won't be angry if you don't want to stay. I mean—"

He put his hand under her chin.

Gently, he lifted her face to his. "Don't apologize for your folks, Goldie. Mine are just the same." The expression of his mouth was somehow tender. She said softly, "I'm sorry I said that. I—I didn't mean to—I love them, Jack, but sometimes. . . . Like this business of Willie Buxbaum. Anybody, even an angel, would boil at the things that Papa—"

"My father's like that, too, Goldie."

She said, lowering her eyes, "Papa keeps telling me how love comes after marriage, and how parents know better what kind of man a girl should marry. He says after a girl has lived with her husband for a while she finds out she loves him. He says these American ideas are all wrong—"

"My father said that, too," Jack answered. "He—his father arranged his marriage to my mother. . . ."

"Grandpa arranged Mama's wedding, too, in Poland. It didn't come out so bad. Mama thinks Papa is wonderful. She thinks he's the most intelligent, best-looking, most successful—" She caught her breath. "And he's not. He's just a failure. A poor, darling, sweet failure."

Jack caught her hands. "He can't be a failure with a daughter like you, Goldie. What's money—what's anything—"

She felt the strength of his arms on her shoulders, and suddenly he had caught her close. There was the pound of his heart, the warmth of his lips on hers.

"Goldie, I can't keep it in any longer. Do you think I wanted Sara with her twenty thousand dollars? Oh, she's a nice girl; I have nothing against her. But she doesn't excite me; she doesn't even interest me. I don't care for her.

But you, Goldie! All day I think about you. I upset the whole showroom routine so I can eat lunch the same time you do. When I'm with her, I'm thinking about you."

Tears stung Goldie's eyes. Her lips trembled. "What's the use of saying such things to me? Your father would never allow it. And my father—"

"I don't care what my father says!" roared Jack. "I don't care what your father says! Kiss me, Goldie."

SOMEONE was coming up the stairs. They sprang apart guiltily. It was an old woman with a heavy shopping bag. She grumbled as she passed them. "Such a shame young people should carry on like this on the stairs. Have you no home, children?"

Jack said, "Come on, Goldie. I'll punch Willie's jaw."

But when they burst into the Zaler apartment, there was only Mama, crocheting in the kitchen. And Papa, winding the phonograph.

"Where's Willie?" asked Jack, the light of battle dying in his eyes.

"Willie?" Papa repeated vaguely. "Oh, him? He didn't come." He shrugged. "So you need him? For what do you need him?"

Goldie looked at the sly corners of Papa's lips, and the twinkle behind his glasses. Her eyes darted swiftly to Jack's.

Mama said, "Are you hungry, you two? I have some soup."

"We're starved," Goldie said contentedly. "And Papa—smart aleck—do me a favor, don't play Caruso."

"Caruso?" Papa grinned. "I was only going to play the Stars and Stripes Forever."



"Extra! Extra! Czechoslovakian aide de camp issues pronunciamento to Reichsfuehrer's charge d'affaires!"

ABNER DEAN

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY • EAST PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA



There's a "new" kind of transportation on our city streets today

ABOUT thirty years ago, the thrills of streetcar riding were crowded out of youthful favor by the automobile. But they're showing strong signs of a comeback today. It's old stuff to go downtown in the family car — but gosh! wouldn't it be fun to go in that big, shiny, low-slung trolley! It travels along so smooth and nice you can hardly hear it coming — picks up and "goes places" like a sport roadster.

And talk about four wheel brakes . . . !

It is a far cry from the "Toonervilles" of yesterday to the modern streamline electric cars and trolley coaches. This new-day *electric* equipment is evidence of the "public-be-pleased" attitude of modern street-transit management. It combines speed and mobility with the clean, quiet smoothness of electricity itself.

To make such equipment possible,

car builders called upon Westinghouse engineers to solve many technical problems. On a large proportion of the new cars, the motors, control apparatus and braking systems are Westinghouse-built. The street railway industry is thus one of many through which Westinghouse serves the public indirectly, besides its direct services to homes, farms, offices and factories everywhere.

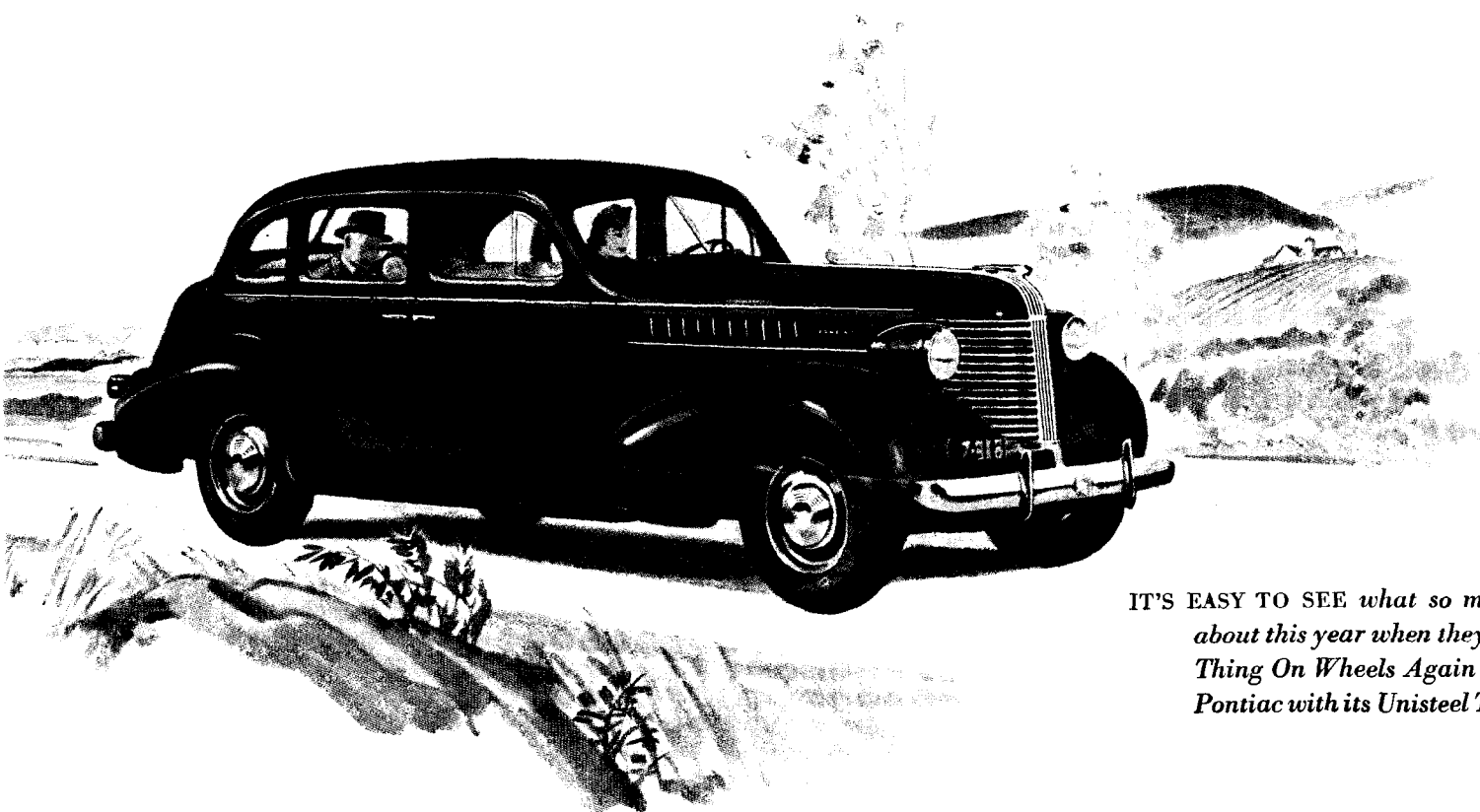


Westinghouse

The name that means everything in electricity



THIS familiar request is always heeded and respected by the engineers who design the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher. For this glorified steel body is so effectively insulated against noise that even the whispers of travel cannot disturb you . . . Serenely you ride, in restful, luxurious comfort -- comfort that you can measure in the wider seats, the larger doors and windows, the spacious interior of this smartly styled body... You enjoy Fisher No Draft Ventilation the year round—you open ventipanes that bring you all the fresh air you want—as you want it—free of drafts . . . And you ride secure—with steel all around you . . . steel fused to steel for incomparable safety . . . steel flawlessly, gracefully fashioned into one solid weave-proof, shock-proof unit . . . But bear this in mind: Only General Motors cars have the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.

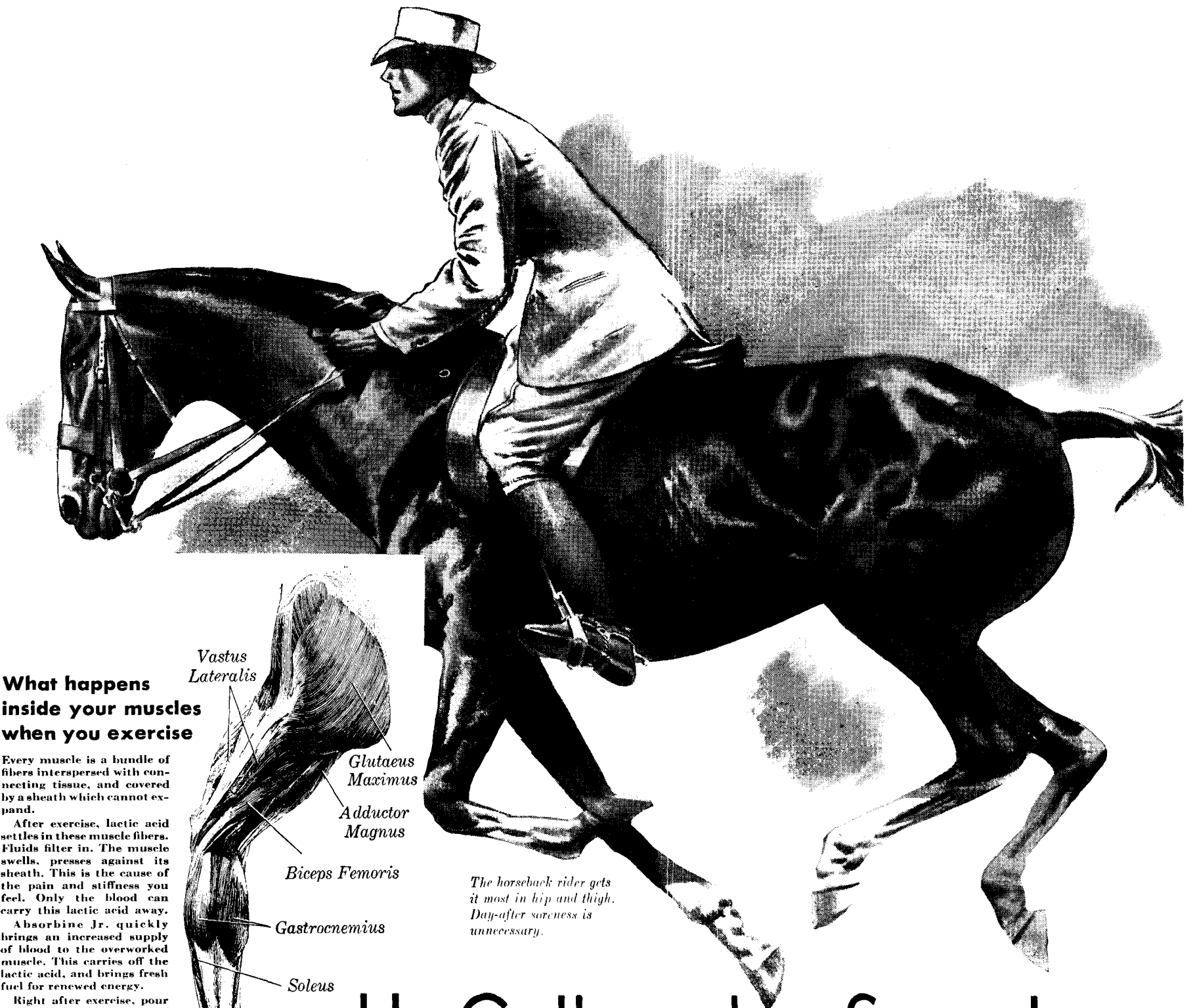


IT'S EASY TO SEE what so many motorists are talking about this year when they say, "The Most Beautiful Thing On Wheels Again Outvalues Them All." It's Pontiac with its Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.



Body by Fisher

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY:
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE
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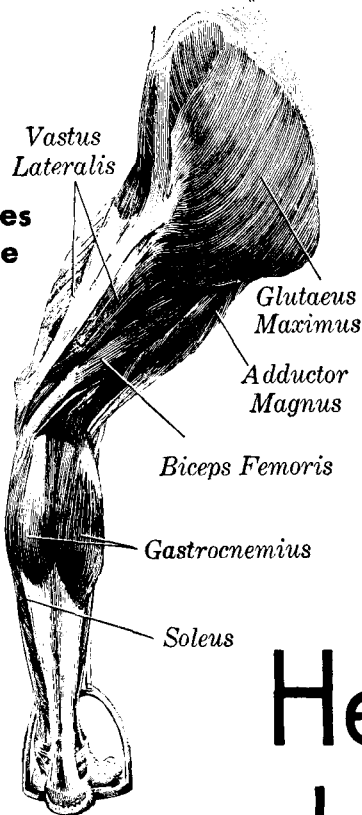
What happens inside your muscles when you exercise

Every muscle is a bundle of fibers interspersed with connecting tissue, and covered by a sheath which cannot expand.

After exercise, lactic acid settles in these muscle fibers. Fluids filter in. The muscle swells, presses against its sheath. This is the cause of the pain and stiffness you feel. Only the blood can carry this lactic acid away.

Absorbine Jr. quickly brings an increased supply of blood to the overworked muscle. This carries off the lactic acid, and brings fresh fuel for renewed energy.

Right after exercise, pour Absorbine Jr. into palm of hand, and rub on the sore muscles. Spread over a wide area around them—the wider, the better. Repeat 2 or 3 times during day.



The horseback rider gets it most in hip and thigh. Day-after soreness is unnecessary.

He Galloped on Saturday —but he Walked on Sunday

THE CAUSE: Toxic Waste Products in Muscle Fibers bring Stiffness, Pain.

THE ANSWER: Absorbine Jr. Acts to Disperse the Waste Products, Relieves Soreness—Keeps you Limber for Tomorrow's Fast Ride in the Saddle

THEY say in any sport, when you come in sore all over—Go out and follow it up with regular practice to keep your muscles limber.

But not many of us can have our sports every day in the week. And muscles overworked after days of rest *will* go sore.

There's a reason for it. And an easy way to avoid it.

Muscular exercise produces toxic waste matter *in the muscles themselves*. Notably,

lactic acid. This lactic acid accumulates *in the muscles*. Fluids filter in. The muscles swell, feel stiff and sore!

Easy to relieve sore muscles

Only the blood can carry off that lactic acid from the muscle fibers. Absorbine Jr. has the ability to bring blood immediately to tired muscles! The blood washes away the lactic acid, also brings renewed energy to the muscles. Use it 2 or 3 times through the day. Relieves painful soreness. Your muscles are ready for next day's enjoyment.

Today, anyone who goes in for popular sports should use Absorbine Jr. Antiseptic. Soothing,

cooling. Not oily—Absorbine Jr. is a pleasure to use!—W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Bruises, Bumps, Sprains, Wrenches—

Absorbine Jr. relieves congestion in the same way it relieves muscle fatigue—by bringing blood to the injured spot to wash away the toxic matter, and to supply fresh food for repair.

Relieves Muscular Pain—

Absorbine Jr. soothes and comforts injuries to muscles and tissue. It is a dependable antiseptic. Protects against infection. Does not harm the healing tissue.



ABSORBINE Jr.

Jungle Dance

Continued from page 12

territory in Cuba is known as Matanzas. Matanza in Spanish means slaughter.

Then the Spaniards imported black slaves from Africa and in time they became known as Afro-Cubans, though they were never absorbed either physically or spiritually by the Spaniards nor later by the Cubans. They came to Cuba and with them they brought their native customs, superstitions and savage instincts. These survive to this day. They brought *ñañiguismo* with them but they practiced it darkly and in secret places and after each ceremony Spaniards would be found with knives in their backs. The Spaniards forbade these rites and as a concession allowed their slaves one day of public dancing every other year. On this day the slaves dressed up in castoff garments of their masters and danced in the roads and on the trails. They made up their own music and the Spaniards for a long while didn't know that it was closely related to the music used in the *ñañiguismo* ceremonies. These group dances were called *congas* after the drum used.

They Dance for Hours

Finally the *conga* was banned and only recently was it allowed to return by order of Colonel Fulgencio Batista. The night our lovely lady with the pink camellia in her dark hair dismissed the street dancers so contemptuously to hurry and watch two professional rumba dancers marked the return of the *conga* to Havana. Let's allow her to speed toward Sans Souci and let's watch the *conga* for a few minutes.

Our shuffling, whirling dancers have now traversed the Calle Oquendo and they have reached the Malecón. The Malecón is the sea wall guarding Havana from tides and storm. It is one of the most beautiful promenades in the world.

The music, like rumba music, is rhythm without melody. At first it is sheer monotony but after a while the music and the singing and the dancing are one; made the more impressive by

the monotony of each part. This which we are watching is called the *Comparsa de los Marquesses*, the parade of the noble ones.

The musicians chant:

Me despreciaste y quieres venir . . . The last note hangs in the still air for a moment and then the answer comes from the shifting, dancing crowd:

Con los marquesses a divertirte . . . Over and over they chant the words. The first line means, "You didn't appreciate me; you threw me down." Then the second line, joyous, triumphant: "And now you want to join us—us noble ones." One can read all sorts of things in those two lines. Is the first line the plaintive wail of the slave who for centuries has been chained? Does the second line mean that he has cast off his burdensome yoke, become free and great, so great that his former master now wants to join him? Or is it merely a cry from a rejected swain who has later become great and who is now gloating over the one who spurned him? No one knows.

One real piece of music has been written for the *conga*. Eliseo Grenet, who wrote the popular rumba *són Mama Inez*, also wrote *La Comparsa de los Congos*. Cubans are always quick to point out that the *conga* (and the rumba) are Negro dances. As a matter of fact, you seldom see Cubans dance the rumba. They dance the *són*.

The dancers keep it up for hours on the concrete of the Malecón and neither they nor the musicians seem to tire. The voices of the singers grow hoarse; their white collars become wilted and their top hats awry, but their dancing grows more frenzied and as it grows late you notice that khaki-clad soldiers and blue-clad policemen have quietly become part of the onlooking crowd. They are ready in case the dancers revert too far toward their African heritage.

Now let's consider the dark rites of *ñañiguismo*, which fathered the *conga*, which is first cousin to the rumba. *Ñañiguismo*, which in near-by Haiti is known as Voodoo, was born centuries ago and it was part of the religion of an African

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON



"He was always a pretty able old boy, my Dad. And far-sighted too.

"He realized long ago that a man can't help slowing up as he grows old. And he knew how mighty few men are independent when they reach 60. Other people knew that, too, of course—but my father *did* something about it!

"As a young man he took out insurance with New England Mutual. It protected Mother while my brother and I were growing up—while they were raising and educating us. After that they expected us to make our own way, and we have. But I often heard Dad say he didn't

expect his children to support themselves and their parents too.

"So last month he retired—with a cash income for life. He and Mother come and go as they please now, thanks to Dad's foresight.

"I must say I admire the old boy. And I imitate him too! I've got a New England Mutual policy of my own. Like Dad, I intend to be financially secure when I start slowing up. I never want my son to feel that I'm a burden to him.

"No, sir! Do you know how I want that kid to feel about me? Just the way *I* feel about his granddaddy!"

It's actually *easy*, and costs surprisingly little, to avoid a dependent old age. Write Department CB for our interesting new booklet, "Have You Signed Your Declaration of Independence?"



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tribe from which many slaves were taken by the Spaniards. When they came to Cuba they practiced ñañiguismo, and dancing was an integral part of the ceremonies. Members of the cult were called ñañigos.

Ñañiguismo flourished and became strong. Groups intoxicated by the power they felt lay within them when they were in the grip of the worship and ceremonial ritual often roamed the countryside, killing apparently for the sheer lust of it. A neophyte, to prove his courage, had to leave the rites and stab the first person he met, whether it was his father, his Spanish master or a brother. Reptilian dances and live snakes had their parts in the ceremonies and in the beginning there were human sacrifices. Later goats and roosters replaced humans.

The years passed and the pure African strain in many cases thinned out and finally mulattoes were admitted to the rites. Eventually an essential part of the ceremonies was a dance between a beautiful mulatto and a negro, an African dwarf. They would dance to rhythm without melody. They would dance to the music of congas and of wooden boxes thumped with the finger tips and of maracas and of string instruments resembling the guitar. If that setup does not sound familiar, glance carefully at the next rumba band you see.

At Los Tres Hermanos

Few white men have seen the ñañiguismo ceremonies. I have talked to Africans in Cuba who were ñañigos and who still practice the secret rites, but only one of these would talk and when she told me of what she felt during the rites she was sincere and honest—though frightened. I offered her money, enough to support her in luxury in the poor province where she lived, to take me to the ceremonies but she only laughed and said she wouldn't live long if she did that. She was a professional rumba dancer in a small place far from Havana and when she told of ñañiguismo her large somber eyes became darker.

"The music plays and we dance," she said. "And we are all masked and perhaps your brother or your sister is there and you do not know it. It is that secret. We hear nothing but the music and we humble ourselves before the gods and make sacrifices. Then sometimes... sometimes the gods appear to us. Chango, who eats fire, comes down to us and then we, too, can eat fire. Yes, we light strips of paper and we can eat the burning paper and I have done this and not been burned. Orum and Ardua, the warrior saints, come to us and then we too feel brave and feel like warriors, and we feel as though we, too, could fight. The music plays and we dance and sing and the women saints come to us. Obatala, the saint of humility, comes to us and so does Yemaya, the saint of the sea. These I have seen."

Beyond that she would not say. She would not talk of sacrifice or of murder. She laughed when I told her that Americans danced the rumba and she asked, "Why do they dance our dance?"

Technically, of course, there are no more slaves in Cuba. They were freed about sixty years ago. It was about that time, too, that the authorities tried to stamp out ñañiguismo on the island. It was like trying to keep back the tides of the sea. They executed many and arrested hundreds and they found them holding ceremonies in their dark dungeons. Africa had been planted in an alien soil but it was a fertile soil and the swamps and the forests nurtured it and made it strong so that it became part of the soil and of the forests. Ñañiguismo flourished in dark places and it still flourishes even under the iron rule of Fulgencio Batista.

Leaving our tourists at Sans Souci, suppose we watch a real rumba dancer, the one whom many Cubans and Afro-Cubans have told me is the best of them all. Her name is Clarita Acosta and her partner is Alberto Torriento and they dance in a small place open to the sidewalk, in a place called Mariano, not very far from Havana. The bar is known simply as Los Tres Hermanos (The Three Brothers). At Los Tres Hermanos you'll find a group of soldiers perhaps, a dozen Afro Cubans, a few poor Cubans who work in the neighborhood and occasionally a few tourists who will not like the place because it is intimate without charm and picturesque without being very clean. Tourists usually like picturesqueness with a carboic flavor. The walls are bare and ugly and the floor is linoleum-covered. Tables line one wall and you sit on upturned boxes.

The seven Negro lads who play use, with the exception of a three-stringed guitar, primitive instruments, but the boy who plays the double drum (bongo) is a great artist, though he'd be puzzled if you told him so. His name is Silvana Sue and when he raps the taut drumheads something comes out which is more than mere thumping. Occasionally he uses sticks instead of his fingers and then again he'll switch to claves or a stick and an iron ring. There are two types of rumba—the guanguanco type, which is slow, and the Columbia type, which is fast.

Clarita and Alberto appear at the end of the room and the music begins—Alberto, a trim, solemn-faced Negro, seldom smiles. Clarita is large—she weighs 160 pounds—but she is beautifully proportioned. There is steel in Clarita's legs and when she whirls you can see muscles rippling smoothly under the skin of her back and shoulders. Clarita dances the rumba as few women in Cuba dance it. She doesn't merely go through the patterned steps of the dance; she lives the spirit of it.

They dance to the rather slow tempo of Quierame Mucho and then the musicians switch to the fast Para Amigo Me Voy and now Clarita speeds her tempo and the men sitting about at the tables lean forward, forgetting their rum and water. They nod their heads to the music and stamp their feet. Silvana's hands are busy with drumheads, with sticks, with claves. He sings and Clarita flashes a wide smile at him.

With Music in Her Heart

Now Alberto, in order to attract Clarita, dances solo and with Alberto acrobatics are involved. Clarita stands coyly to one side watching this dancing language of love. Then Alberto dances off and Clarita dances alone. The music has increased its pace. Now the soldiers, the Negroes and the few Cubans who sit at the tables are hitting the table tops with their fists, some are singing, many let out yells of encouragement to Clarita. Clarita yells back and laughs lustily and you can hear her even above the music. Silvana is sweating happily. The side of the café open to the sidewalk is lined with people now, some solemn-eyed, some laughing—all intent on the lithe movements of Clarita.

Alberto joins her and they dance off arm in arm to thunderous applause and shrieks of delight. Clarita and Alberto dance from nine until no one is left in the café—sometimes that is eight A. M. Clarita often dances fifty times a night. Night-club performers in America usually dance twice.

The Santo is an interesting dance as done by Clarita and Alberto. They dress in farmers' costumes and they carry albahaca weeds and Clarita carries a glass of water balanced on her head. They dance and finally Alberto falls quivering to the floor. Devils have entered his

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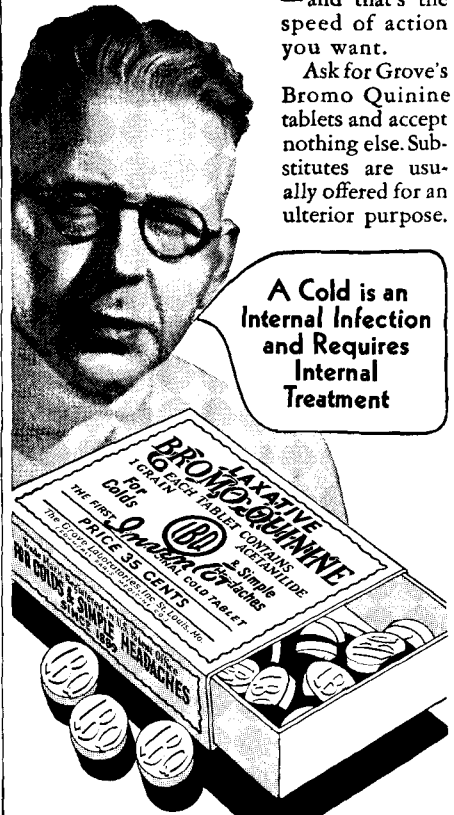
1. They open the bowels.
2. They check the infection in the system.
3. They relieve the headache and fever.
4. They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. They are sold by all drug stores, a few cents a box.

Play Safe!

The moment you feel a cold coming on, turn to Bromo Quinine tablets. Taken promptly, they'll usually break up the cold in 24 hours—and that's the speed of action you want.

Ask for Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets and accept nothing else. Substitutes are usually offered for an ulterior purpose.



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body and they must be made to leave. Clarita places the glass of water on his chest. That is to attract good spirits. Then she beats him with the albahaca and gradually he stops quivering; the devils have departed and now the two dance joyously.

Clarita is interesting, for Clarita is sheer peasant whose grandmother was an African slave. She talks the Spanish of her native Cuban province, which is Matanzas, about seventy miles from Havana.

Clarita was born with music in her heart and from the time she could walk she wanted only to sing and to dance. But her parents were strict. When groups gathered to hold congas Clarita was locked up but she could hear the music. One night a conga passed her home. The music called to her and the laughter and singing beckoned to her. She slipped away to join their ranks. Farther and farther from home the comparsa led her and the farther away she went the more insistent was the call of the music, the closer did she come to being the African her grandmother had been.

An Afro-Cuban Concert

"When the conga ended," Clarita says, "we were far in the woods, miles from home, and I suddenly felt afraid and cried. A girl older than I—I was only sixteen—said to me, 'When you cry, cry alone, so none can see you; when you laugh, laugh with people, so that they can see you and be happy too.' So since then I only laugh; I never cry."

Clarita never did go home. She lived with her new-found friend and she worked when she could but she danced always. Finally she came to Havana and now she is the pride of the Los Tres Hermanos, admitted by Cubans and Negroes alike to be perhaps the best rumba dancer in Cuba.

People left and others came in to sit on the hard benches and to drink white rum. Silvana and his musicians never tired nor did Clarita or Alberto tire—not even when a soft dawn tinged with the salt presence of the sea came to drive the night away.

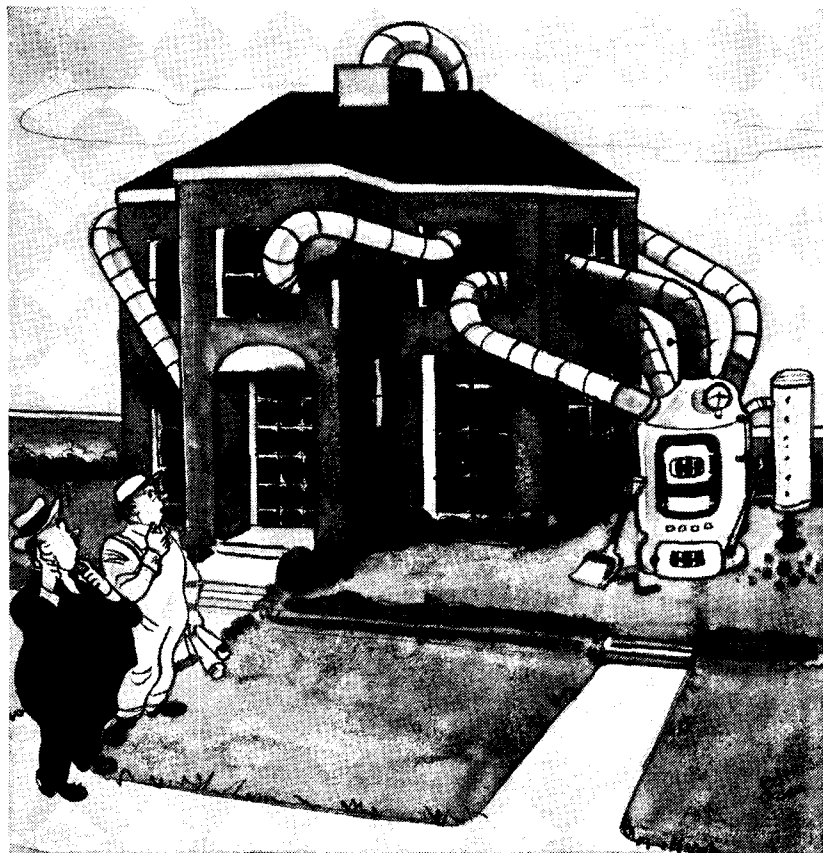
Suddenly you realized that it was seven o'clock and that you'd been watch-

ing this all night. Finally Clarita and Alberto stopped to sink exhausted on the hard benches. The Negroes with cheery "Hasta luego's" paid their checks and left. The dance was over. That something which had been in the room, making it magnificent, making it alive, tinging the air with an unmistakable spirit of mystery, had left too, and now it was a dingy, bare linoleum-covered floor and Clarita was merely a very tired twenty-year-old girl.

"Now," she sighed after one final rum, "I sleep. I sleep until five this afternoon—then tonight I do it all over again."

A few weeks ago a notable musical adventure took place in the stadium in Havana. Gilberto Valdes, brilliant young Cuban composer and conductor, held a concert with twenty voices and an orchestra of seventy. Only Afro-Cuban music was played—all Valdes compositions. He called it Afro-Cuban to distinguish it from a Negro chorus and the words were not Spanish but ñañigo, which to Cubans has become a synonym for African. The final number Valdes called a Rumba Abierta (open rumba) and in it were the elements of every conventional rumba you've ever heard. But by judicious choice of musical instruments and a careful, skillful blending of them, with the strings and the drums always predominating, and with the brasses only occasionally furnishing a counterpoint, he obtained an effect that was pure African.

A jammed audience listened, the Cubans listening with polite and sometimes amused attention; the Negroes occasionally leaping to their feet to applaud wildly. It was the first entire Afro-Cuban concert ever held anywhere and through the numbers ran the reptilian, somber, loathsome spirit of ñañiguismo; to be supplanted by the happy-go-lucky music of the conga, culminating with the quick, feverish theme of the rumba. The kinship of all three was unmistakable. In one composition, which he called Sangre Africana (African Blood), the whole complete story of the African slave and his inability as well as disinclination to be absorbed by any other civilization and his sturdy and ingrown worship of the old gods was told.



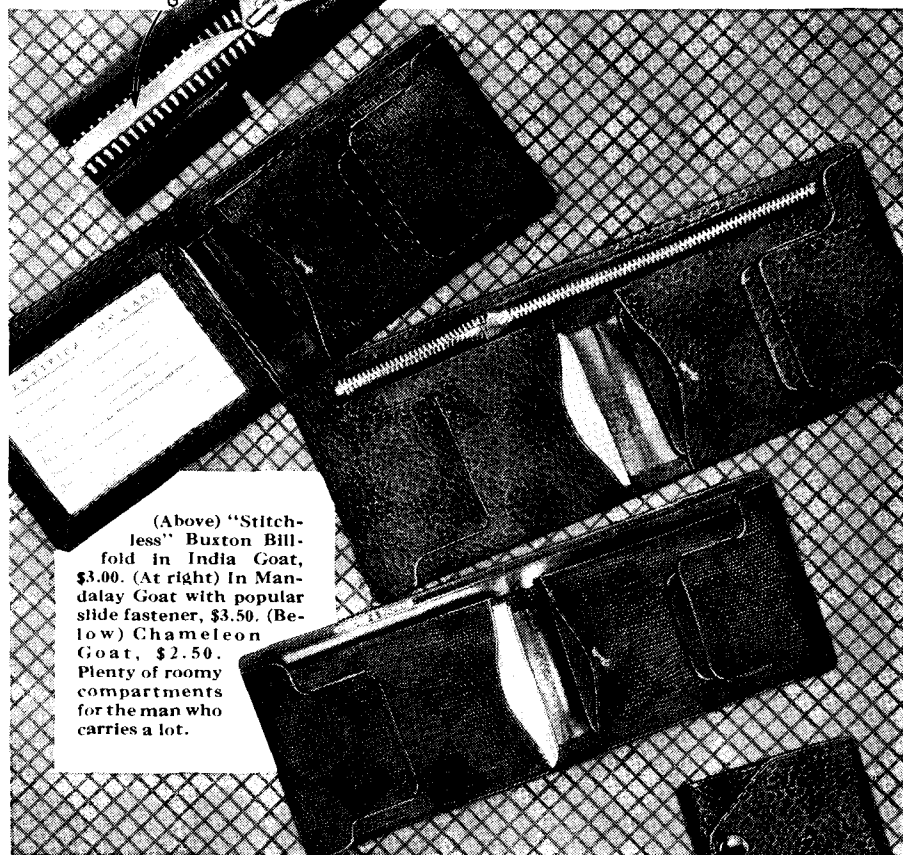
"Maybe we should go over th' plans again!"

ED GRAHAM

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These good-looking Billfolds have no stitches to rip—no seams to fray. For a Buxton "Stitchless" is made from one piece of leather—self-interlocked. Easily expands to carry the heaviest load.

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Sunken Treasure

By Frank J. Taylor

Frank Griffin watched Chinese shoveling gravel in a California river bed. They were looking for gold; so was Griffin but he saw a more efficient way to snare it. Today a far-flung fleet of gold boats, including the doodlebugs, are fishing out a hundred million dollars' worth of gold annually

FRANK GRIFFIN of San Francisco sat in a Sydney hotel watching a group of eager Australians drop odd-shaped blocks of wood in the hold of a toy airplane, then fish them out again. It was a curious game for grown-up men to be playing, but the prize was worth it—a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow.

It was a complicated rainbow, with one end of the arc deep in the New Guinea jungle.

The pot of gold they craved to recover lay buried beneath the roots of orchids as big as cauliflowers and surrounded by a jungle infested with savage, native head-hunters with cannibalistic leanings. Torrential rainstorms, bursting regularly on the near-by 13,000-foot mountain range, flooded down the slopes, obliterating the white man's efforts to maintain roads.

Via devious and dangerous jungle trails it was a week's journey from the seacoast to the Bulolo gold fields. By air it was fifty-five miles and a forty-minute trip. So near and yet so far to the richest placer gold deposits yet discovered!

"If we can fly a Yank boat in there," exclaimed one of the gold hunters, "it will be jolly well!"

A Yank boat, if you are unfamiliar with the lingo of the gold dredgers, is one of those squat, square, rumbling monsters whose maws burrow a hundred feet or more into the river bottoms to suck placer gold from the gravels.

A Village Jumps a Mountain

In San Francisco, gold-dredge capital of the world, Mr. Griffin is rated as the dean of the gold-boat men. And with justice, too, considering that he originated the modern Yank boat some three decades ago and has been building them bigger and better ever since.

But in all his forty years in the gold-dredge game, Mr. Griffin had never run into a job as complicated as the one the Australians wanted him to tackle; to wit, design a two-and-a-half-million-pound gold dredge that could be flown over a lofty mountain range into the heart of New Guinea!

"It's a damn' crazy idea," he said, "but it might work."

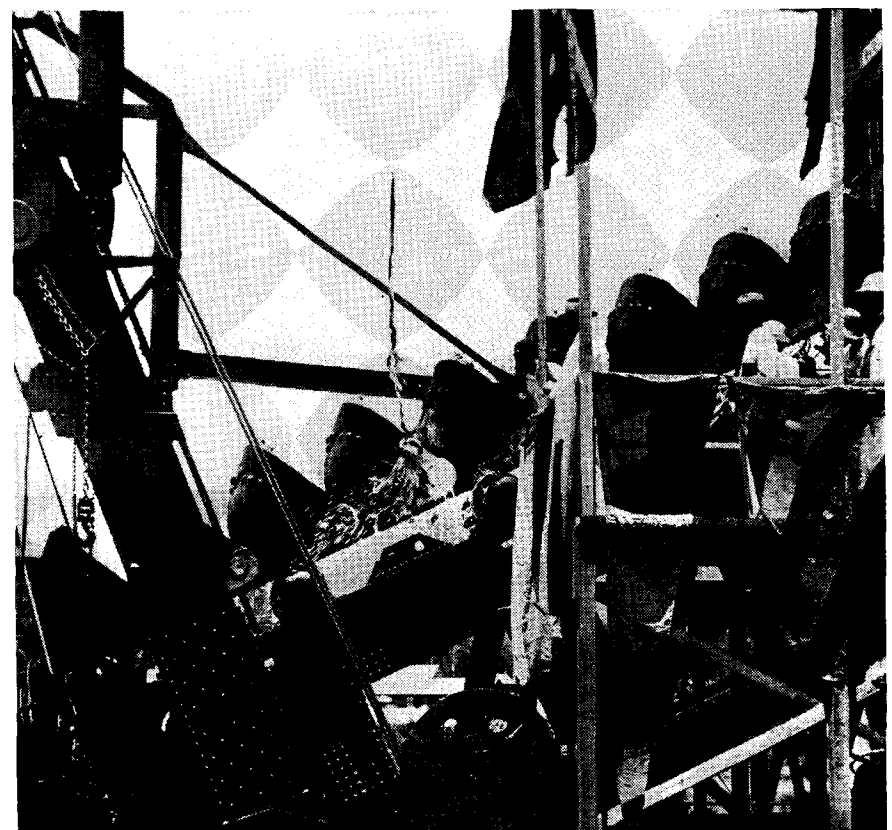
The mining men and the executives of the New Guinea Airways, playing with the blocks on the floor, were giving the crazy idea its final test. The plane model was a faithful replica of the latest Junkers transport, known for its carrying capacity. The wooden blocks were equally faithful models, on the identical scale, of the key parts of a gold dredge redesigned by Mr. Griffin.

"We'll fly anything anywhere, if you'll break it up in small enough pieces," declared the chief pilot.

"How small?"

"Three tons weight. Twenty-three feet maximum length."

One by one, the models of the dredge



Top, airplane view of the Bulolo gold field in New Guinea, showing the camp and tailings from the dredges. Below, christening one of the "gold boats" at Bulolo. The massive bucket chain lifts the gold-bearing gravel from the river bed. The dredges, as well as the camp itself, were flown in over the mountains