

struggled in the darkness. Each knew that no quarter would be asked and none given. Redding could hear Gulick breathing heavily. The biochemist rolled. Redding ended up on the bottom. Gulick tried to jerk loose. He managed to get to his feet. Redding realized the biochemist was trying to get away. He grabbed him around the legs, threw him heavily.

Gulick grunted. Redding grabbed him around the middle. In the side pocket of Gulick's coat, he could feel a hard flat object like a cigarette case.

Gulick never did know what happened. To him, it seemed that he was able to wrench free from the arms that were holding him. Freedom was what he was seeking. He had lost his rifle but there was another rifle in the laboratory. He knew he didn't have a chance in a rough and tumble fight against the iron-hard man who fought so silently and with such ferocious strength. If he could get away and get the rifle—

When he managed to wrench himself free, he ran, stumbling through the darkness. Suddenly shots sounded behind him. Heavy slugs drilled the air around him, thudded into trees, screamed as they bounced off. He knew Redding had found a gun and was shooting at him. He ran faster.

The gas ball came down from over the trees and dropped on him. He screamed. And screamed again.

Amazed, incredulous terror was in those screams. The gas ball fastened on to him, seeped into his body—

Redding lowered the smoking pistol. He listened to the screams. He saw a second gas ball follow the first, a third follow the second. Then they came in droves, diving downward like hawks screaming after their prey.

The screams sobbed into sudden silence.

Redding stood without moving. He looked down at the little flat cigarette case in his hand. It was a protective radio transmitter. He had stolen it from Gulick's pocket while they were struggling.

"He never knew I had it," he whispered. "He never knew I had his protection. . . . I wonder if he ever knew he got exactly what was coming to him—"

Flames from the burning house leaped higher into the sky. Most of the gas balls had left the flames now. They were all clustered around a certain spot off at the edge of the darkness. Redding watched in silence, then turned and walked back to where Gerry Nash waited. He walked erect, making no effort to move quietly. She was still waiting.

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Later, when the helicopter lifted from the swamp island, the flames from the burned house had died down. Off toward the east another brighter fire was burning—the rising sun.

CATCHING THE AKUAKU



By FRAN FERRIS



EASTER ISLAND, in its early existence, shared the luck of most all Polynesia in being completely free from most diseases. Cannibalism had given them a fairly good knowledge of their inner anatomy, and their treatment of wounds received in battle was quite effective. Besides injuries they had little to worry about ex-

cept indigestion, the result of poor eating habits. Like all other Polynesians, they had no resistance against disease brought by the white man. Smallpox practically obliterated them, then came social diseases and tuberculosis to help fill their burial cairns. They were without adequate medical attention till recently when they stocked a few

staple remedies. But they were shy about taking white man's medicine, and were worse off psychologically than when they were depending solely on a sorcerer to fight off death and disease which they thought was traceable to one common influence, the akuakus, or evil spirits.

The soothsayers agreed that the best way to get rid of the akuaku was to lure him into a hole and catch him in a net. If they got him out of the house the patient was able to survive, but if the patient died they knew they had failed to trap the akuaku. Other sorcerers had a little different technique which usually had better results. They didn't believe in catching the akuaku in a hole away from the house of the patient because it gave him too much chance to get away from even the most skillful soothsayer. So their idea was to remove the patient from his house to a shelter previously arranged, or if the weather permitted, into the open air. Then after much hocus-pocus, they would hang nets over the en-

trance to the house and burn it down. Very few akuakus ever survived. The patient would most always get better for being moved into the sunshine or into a clean shelter.

Feasting was a principal part in celebrating the dead as it was in all other religious activities of the island. After all the food was eaten, the body was wrapped in bark cloth and braided grass and carried to a ahu, or burial cairn, and laid on a temporary table of sticks. Members of the family took up positions on each side of the ahu to watch night and day over the remains. This precaution was practical as well as ceremonious, as sometimes a skull might be stolen and used for minor sorcery. After a few days of this, the distant relatives went home and only the immediate family kept watch, night and day, till the body had dried and fallen apart. The bones were then gathered up and thrown into a cairn and the period of mourning was officially over.

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE

By H. R. STANTON

TWO hundred and sixty-five years have passed since the death of Nell Gwyn, toast of the London stage and mistress to King Charles II, still every now and then something happens to bring back her memory. Such was the case when recently a workman who was loosening bomb-blasted stones at Windsor Guildhall poked his pneumatic drill into an unknown secret of the romantic couple. The drill plunged into space hurling the workman to the ground. It seems that he had broken into a tunnel that led from the king's castle to Nell Gwyn's home. When the tunnel was cleared of debris, it exposed an archway of Spanish marble, with walls of the 800 foot passage built of tooled limestone. The tunnel was four feet wide and seven feet high. At the other end was another marble archway fifteen feet under the site of another demolished house. This was the second tunnel known to have been used by the romantic king to make his visits to the beautiful first lady of the stage. The other was discovered during the war in the Chelsea section. It connected two other mansions that were occupied by the king and Nell from time to time. One end of the Chelsea tunnel starts at Sanford Manor House, where Nell Gwyn supported her mother until 1679, when the old lady, intoxicated, accidentally drowned herself. The other end of the tunnel is under the turf of the Horticultural Ground of Royal Hospital, once the site of one of King Charles's castles. This passage was also revealed by a Nazi bomb. King Charles was the playboy of his day, and he made sure that he would never be cut off from his sweet

Nell no matter where the affairs of State called him.

Nell Gwyn could not read or write. She was born in an alley leading off Drury Lane, and neighbors took the mother and babe in. Nell became what we might call a cigarette girl, only she sold oranges at the Drury Lane Theatre. She was enticingly beautiful and soon became a favorite with the night crowds. She was offered a role in the theatre and made good. She was courted by nobles four times her age before she was sixteen. Then when King Charles attended a command performance, she stole his heart. She was always true to him although he could never marry her because she was a commoner. She kept her good temper and charming smile, and apparently was satisfied with her lot—the privilege of a girl born in a gutter rising to become the king's favorite. She bore him two sons which he took care of in style. On his deathbed, King Charles asked his brother to take care of Nell and the boys. King James kept his promise and paid Nell's debts from the Secret Service funds and educated her sons.

Historians describe Nell as the most beloved of the King's many favorites, and say that she never tried to influence the Prime Ministers, but that she did induce Charles to create a foundation for today's Chelsea Hospital.

Nell died at the age of 36. She was buried in the churchyard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who preached her sermon, had much to say in her favor.

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