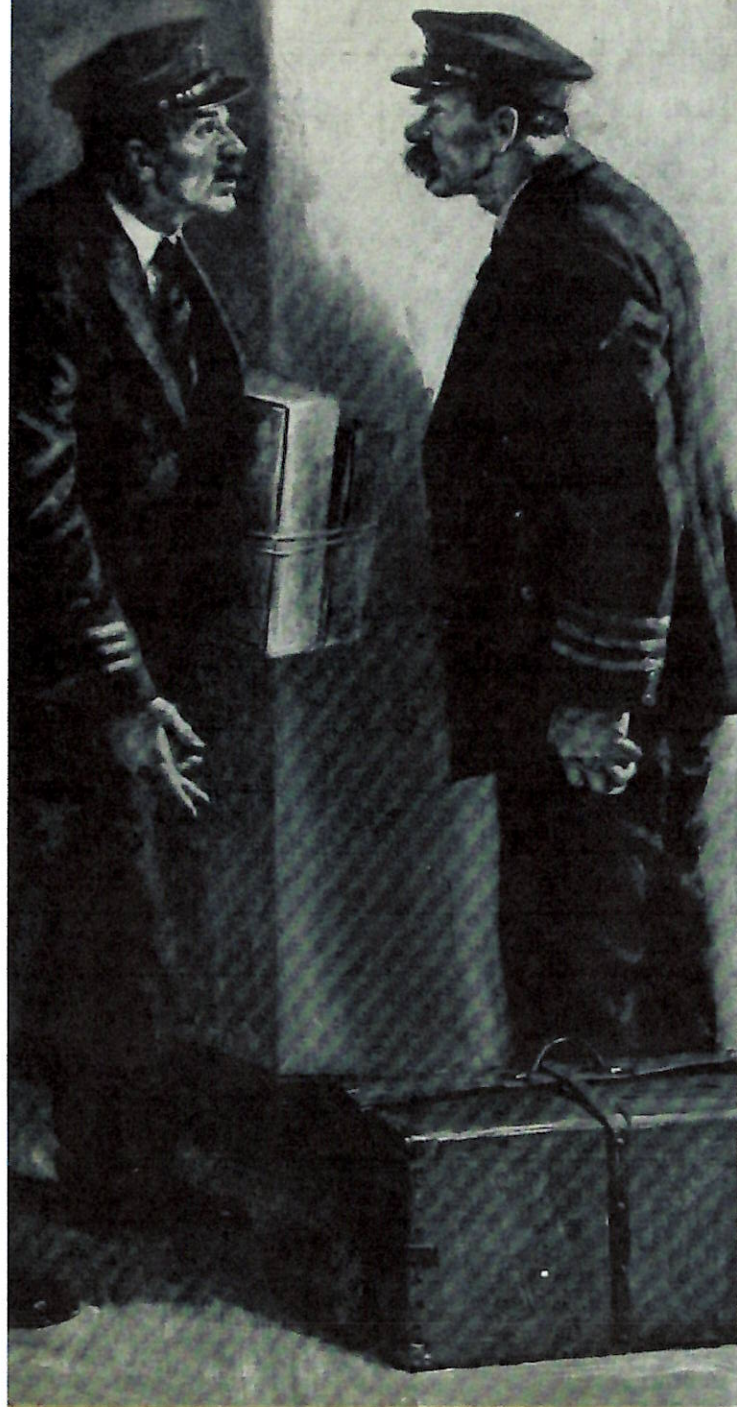




"If ye're selling smuggled tweeds—weel, ye're poaching on my preserves and I warn ye to desist!"

THE SMUGGLERS OF SAN DIEGO

MR. GLENCANNON GOES INTO PARTNERSHIP—AND OTHER PLACES

By
GUY GILPATRIC

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

EARLY one afternoon last month, the British tramp ship *Inchcliffe* Castle, from Rarotonga via Manzanillo with copra, plowed out of a fog bank beyond the jagged Coronados, picked up a pilot off Point Loma, and rounded the bend of North Island into San Diego Bay. Observing shafts of the internationally advertised California sunshine slanting down through the skylight, Mr. Colin Glencannon, the *Inchcliffe's* chief engineer, ascended the oil-slippery ladders out of the clamorous branch of hell which was his special charge, sauntered across the deck and stood considering the panorama of city, hills and mountains unfolding so grandly before him.

"A-weel, it appears to be a neat and pleasant place," he decided, nodding toward the town. "Moreover, as the heavens and the harbor seem filled to their respective capacities with the U. S. Yankee Navy's aeroplanes and fighting ships, I dinna doot that the city is equipped to supply liquid fuel o' all types and in ample quantities. Why, guid loch!" He gazed aloft at the squadrons of planes which roared, swooped and circled in the blue, and then at the grim gray cruisers, aircraft carriers and destroyers anchored in the channel or lying in endless ranks alongshore. "Why, by the most consairvativ estimate, I shud say it wud tak' at least four pubs to the block to supply the Navy alone, to say nowt o' the civilian population!" He half closed his eyes and smacked his lips in anticipation. "A-weel, I hope that we berth somewhere near the center o' things, for a change. Due to our customarra nosta custom o' docking somewhere oot in the next county, or lying at anchor miles offshore in the roadsteads o' the seaports o' the world, I've spent more money on taxis, busses, fiacres, rickshas, praus, sampans, surf boats, trom cars, litters, palanquins, shoe leather and roober heels, getting to places to get a drink, than I've spent on getting the drink when I got to the places. Aye"—he scratched his ear ruefully—"and richt the noo I've no money to waste!"

The *Inchcliffe* Castle continued down the bay, sliding past city and suburbs until it seemed that the pilot intended taking her into the mountains of Mexico which loomed to the southward.

"Ah, foosh!" snorted Mr. Glencannon. "'Twill be a sixpenny bus fare at least! Why canna we ever dock richt in a town, lik' respectable ships?" He scowled up at the bridge.

"Give 'er a little left rudder," he heard the pilot order the man at the wheel; then,

"Well, Cap'n Ball, that's National City ahead, there. You'll lie alongside that pier just beyond the Destroyer Repair Base. But say, there's really no rush about getting your hatches open, cap'n. This whole port's tied up so tight by the strike, I bet you'll be stuck here two weeks!"

"Two weeks? Oh, dom, another blow!" groaned Mr. Glencannon. "I feegured on two niechts at most! Here am I with only two quid and eight sheelings—say twelve dollars—and payday three weeks off! Why, oh, why did I send my last month's wages hame to the bank from Manzanillo, when I micht have invested them to so much better advantage in the bars o' San Diego? Swith, Glencannon, ye've a dreary, drouthy fornicht ahead o' ye, if ye canna think o' some way to recoup yere dwundled foortunes!"

He thought throughout what remained of the afternoon as he wound up his duties on the ship. He thought throughout the bus ride into town, which was even longer than he had anticipated and cost twenty cents. He was still thinking—and still to no avail—as he strolled through the balmy, misty, multicolored neon night of San Diego's Broadway. Most of the neon glowed over doorways whence came loud laughter and the clink of glasses, but though Mr. Glencannon halted at each threshold and peered thirstily within, placards behind the bars informed him that Scotch whisky cost twenty-five cents a drink.

"Ah, dearie me!" he murmured plaintively. "At ower a sheeling a sowp, my funds wudna last oot the evening, much less two weeks. Foosh! Do they call this a democracy?"

Coming at length to a public square, he saw blazing through the palm trees therein a mammoth sign, THE FIVE-AND-TEN BAR. Beneath was the slogan FROM HIGH SILK HAT TO WORKING CAP and pictures of headgear symbolizing the Five-and-Ten's clientele, from plutocrat to proletarian.

"Ah, weel, noo!" he exulted, quickening his pace. "At last we're really getting somewhere! 'Tis a bargain bar, so to speak, no doot endowed and dedicated to the public weal by some great-hearted Yankee philanthropist!"

Stepping through the hospitable portal, he found himself in a vast high-ceilinged room down the left side of which extended a bar so long that the edges of it appeared to converge in the distance, like railroad tracks on the desert. On the mirror behind it were signs advertising the tavern's innumerable bargains, with an extra large one which read, SCOTCH, FIFTEEN CENTS.

"Ho, my guid fellow!" he hailed the nearest bartender. "Pour me oot a measure o' yon. But wud ye mind explaining to me why a place which calls itsel' the Five-and-Ten charges fufteen cents for a whusky?"

"Well, five and ten make fifteen, don't they?" said the bartender. "Here y'are, admiral; just you drink that and see how it improves your arithmetic!"

Now, while there may have been some doubt as to the whisky's Highland origin, there could be none whatever as to the height of its alcoholic content; in any case, Mr. Glencannon preferred not to look a bargain in the mouth, but rather to put it there. Pleasantly engaged in doing so, he turned to take stock of his surroundings.

The great room, he saw through the smoke, was filled with tables at which American sailors and petty officers in tens and scores sat hoisting scuttles, mugs, tall ones, broad ones and short ones. The babel of their voices, although considerable, was dominated by an electrically illuminated, quadruple-expansion, self-stoking, nickel-in-the-slot phonograph, which bawled and belowered a lament for its lady love, immured in a convent somewhere south of the border, down Mexico way-yay-yay. An air of strictest decorum prevailed throughout the establishment; indeed, when a slightly bloodshot bluejacket emitted a war whoop and hurled a spittoon at three marines who were entertaining a bevy of debutantes from a near-by roller rink, he was promptly set upon by colleagues wearing brassards

marked S P, dusted off with nightsticks, and dragged out.

"Odmirable!" murmured Mr. Glencannon. "Odmirable—though o' coorse, pairsonally, I hold that mot-ters o' that sort can best be hondled with bross knuckles. However, I must confess that I've rarely been in a place where the stondards o' etiquette were so rigidly maintained. I shall mak' this my rendezvous during my stay in San Diego." He shoved another fifteen cents across the bar and hastily took up the bargain that was shoved back in exchange, lest any of the sail-ors who hemmed him in on either side should beat him to it. "Ah, but losh, I'd forgotten my limited finonces! M'm, noo, let's see! Twelve dollars divided by foorteen daysmak's eighty-five-point-seven cents per day, minus foorty cents per day for bus fare, leavesfoorty-five-point-seven cents for drinks, whuch, divided by fifteen cents per whusky, yields a neegardly quotient o' only three-point-zero-foor-seven drinks per day. Oh, penury! Oh, misery! Oh, dom!"

Glumly, he resumed his study of the lighthearted bargain hunters at bar and tables. One of the latter, a chief bos'n's mate who was sitting alone with his whisky, looked vaguely familiar. This gentleman's jaw was constructed along the lines of an old-fashioned battle-ship's ram bow, while the back of his leathery neck was so deeply seamed with wrinkles as to suggest that it had been broiled over charcoal on a wire grill. Mr. Glencannon was ransacking his memory in an effort to place him when the other looked up over the rim of his glass. Their eyes met and recognition was mutual.

"Scotty! Why, damn if it ain't old Scotty Glen-cannon!"

"John Delehanty! Weel, weel, Johnny, bless yere fulthy soul! How are ye, lad, how are ye?"

"Fine! Swell! Okay!" said Mr. Delehanty, drag-ging him to his table. "Sid-down, Scotty, and we'll bite the heads off a few for old time's sake! . . . Psst! Hey, waiter! Break out a full bottle and stand by for further orders! . . . Well, by gosh, Scotty, I guess the last time I seen you was in Havana, in '31 or '32!"

"Aye," said Mr. Glencannon, "so it was, so it was, and a braw lusty riot we made o' it! And losh, Johnny, can ye e'er forget the rousing times we had together in Milford Haven, Wales, back in '18 and '19?"

"I still got some of the scars!" said Mr. Delehanty, shaking his head reminiscently. "Well, I was a pretty wild kid in them days, but now I got responsibilities!"

"What is yere job, exockly, Johnny?"

"Oh, I'm chief police petty officer on board the Yorktown," said Mr. Delehanty proudly. "I'm what

you limeys useter call the master-at-arms, or the slop. I got three other guys under me."

"Oh, d'ye mean ye're in charge o' those S P lads with clubs who just noo restored the peace, tron-quility and gentility o' the punctilio?"

"No, no; they was the ordinary shore patrol; I only work on board the ship. Looka here; here's what I wear when I'm on duty." He fished a badge from his pocket and polished it on his trouser leg. "Get a load of that, Scotty!"

"Vurra hondsome—vurra impressive!" said Mr. Glencannon, displaying polite interest. "But—haw, haw—pairdon my laughter, Johnny, but when I think o' the roistering auld days when I was a mere second engineer in the Paxton Merchant and ye were a lowly gob in that Yonkee mine sweeper—weel, seeing ye with a police badge the noo is lik' seeing my-sel' with a Temperance League button!"

"Sure," grinned Mr. Delehanty. "I spose it is, sorter. But, say! Speaking of the Paxton Merchant, I run into another guy offa her in Los Angeles last week. Remember MacCrummon, that old chief of yours?"

"Eh?" Mr. Glencannon banged his glass upon the table and half started to his feet. "MacCrum-mon?" he thundered. "Do I remember MacCrum-mon? Why, that bondit, that blackguard, that slid-dery Dunvegan seut! He's been a thorn in my seat for ower twenty years! He's done me dirt a dozen times—aye, e'en since he's quit the sea! What was the seondrel doing in Los Angeles, Johnny?"

"Selling Scotch tweeds," Mr. Delehanty winked. "And, boy, was he cleaning up!"

"A-weel, I'll wager there was something fishy about it!" sniffed Mr. Glencannon.

"Fishy? I'll say there was! Ya see, he puts on his old limey chief engineer's (Continued on Page 70)



The Inchecliffe Castle continued down the bay, sliding past city and suburbs until it seemed that the pilot intended taking her into the mountains.

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ARTHUR H. JAMES, Governor
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coal conveyor at the mines had stopped. Men stood at the drift mouth and looked down upon the rooftops. It was so still I could hear the far "perchic-o-ree" of finches. I held the rooster at arm's length, wishing him free as a bird. I half hoped he would fly away. I set him on the fence, but he hopped to my shoulder and shook his wattles.

Back along the road came Fedder. Steph Harben was with him, wearing a shirt like striped candy, and never a man wore a finer one. The shirt was thinny—so thin that when he stood before me, I could see the paddles of his collarbones.

Fedder said: "I've sold my part. Hit's you two trading."

Steph said: "Name yore price. Name."

I gathered the fowl in my arms. "I hain't a-mind to sell," I said. And then we all turned to stare at miners passing, going home long before quitting time, their cap lamps burning in broad day.

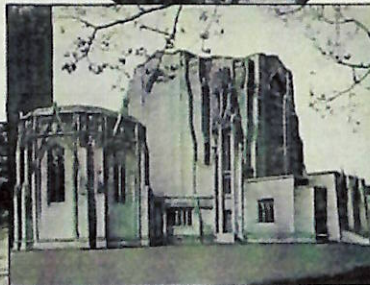
Steph was anxious to go. "Why hain't you willing?" he asked. "Name."

I dug a toe into the ground, scuffing dirt. "I love my rooster," I said. But I looked up at Steph's shirt. It was very beautiful.

"If you'll sell," Fedder said, "I'll let you spy at my eye place. Now, while it's thar, you kin look. Before long I'll have a glass 'un."

I kicked a clod into the road. "I'll swap my part o' the rooster for that stripe shirt. Hit can be cut down to fit."

Typical scene along Pennsylvania's 40,000 miles of perfect highways, this road near Lumberville.



THE SMUGGLERS OF SAN DIEGO

(Continued from Page 13)

uniform and goes around in office buildings with samples of cloth he says he's just smuggled in from Scotland on his ship. The samples is swell stuff, but the goods he actually delivers is seconds—cloth that's gone cockeyed in the weaving or's got moths in or something. It ain't worth a damn mile, but he gets two bucks for every yard.

"Ah, foosh!" Mr. Glencannon's emotions were a mixture of red rage and green envy. "Two dollars times the seven yards it tak's to mak' a suit gives him fourteen dollars per sale. But it's crooked! It's skulduggery! It's oot and oot dishonest, Johnny, canna ye see it? Why, the roscel doesna deelever what he's been paid for!"

"Of course he don't, but how else could he make any money out of it?"

Mr. Glencannon squinted his eyes thoughtfully and gnawed the bristles of his walrus mustache. "Johnny," he said slowly, "before I onswer that question, let me ask ye one or two. In the feerst place, can ye manage to get some leave, and are ye allowed to put on civilian clothes when ye get ashore?"

"Why, sure!"

"Guid! And noo, do ye hoppen to have a little spare money ye'd care to invest in the grandest investment scheme o' yere lifetime?"

"You betcha!" said Mr. Delehanty, who knew his man.

"A-weel, then!" and Mr. Glencannon felt that a great weight had been lifted from him. "Tomorrow feerst thing, we'll go to the fonciest tailor in San Diego and buy three or four suit lengths o' his vurna best and most expensive Harris tweeds. Then I will assume a broad Scots oecent and a guid, convincing whusky breath, and

"Shuck it off," Fedder told Steph. Steph unbuttoned the shirt, slipped it over the blades of his shoulders and handed it to me in a wad. He snatched the rooster, lighting out for home, and miners along the road glared at his bare back.

Fedder brushed his hat aside with a palm, catching the edge of the eye patch. I was suddenly afraid, suddenly having no wish to see beneath. The patch was lifted. I looked, stepping back, squeezing the shirt into a ball. I turned, running, running with this sight hot upon my mind.

I ran all the way home, going in the kitchen door as father went, not staying the nanny that stole in between my legs. Mother sat at the table, a pile of greenbacks before her, the empty pay pockets crumpled.

"Hell's bangers!" father gasped, dropping heavily upon a chair, and lifting the baby to his knee; and when he could speak above his wonder, "The boom's busted. I've got no job." But he laughed, and mother smiled.

"I've heard a'ready," she said. She laid a hand upon the bills, flicking them under a thumb like a deck of gamble cards. "Enough here to build a house. A house with pillars set upon rock, and windows looking out of every room. And a grain left for a pair o' costly boots, a boughten shirt, a fact'ry dress, a few pretties."

The baby opened his mouth, curling lips, pointing a stub finger. He was pointing at the old nanny smelling the fish kit.

"Cat," he said, big as life.

circulate amongst the offices in the big buildings while you wait doonstairs in the lobby. I will tell the tale about smuggled goods and sell the tweeds for no more than a quarter o' what we paid for them. Moreover—noo get this, Johnny—I'll ootually deelever them on the spot in a straightforward and pairfectly honest manner."

"But —"

"But wait! As soon as I mak' a sale, I'll come right doon in the lift and tell ye where I made it. Then, Johnny, ye must go up, stick oot yere jaw in yere best police manner, burst into the office, flash yere badge and say ye're a customhouse detective with a hot tip about some smuggled goods. Ye'll raise a great stink, confiscate the tweed and threaten the purchaser with immediate arrest for defrauding the Government. In nine cases oot o' ten, ye can blackmail him into slipping ye a fifty-dollar bribe to let him off. But if ye can't, why, then we'll at least have the money we got from the sale, and have the cloth back in our hands to sell ower and ower again!"

"Wow!" cried Mr. Delehanty. "Boy, I believe you got something! Fill 'em up, Scotty! Let's drink a drink to it!"

"Aye, and with a right guid will!" said Mr. Glencannon. "Haw, haw, Johnny, auld mon! It's always fair weather when guid fellows get together, but the next two weeks will be fairer and wetter, or I'm no weather prophet!"

11

IN THE course of the succeeding days a number of San Diego's prominent businessmen were subjected to a humiliating and costly experience. But

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being caught with smuggled goods and bribing customs officers are not the sort of things one talks about, especially to the police, and so the victims of the swindle nursed their ignominy in silence while its authors continued to prosper exceedingly.

Late one afternoon, however, as Mr. Glencannon with his bulky parcel was rounding a corner of the fourth-floor corridor in the San Diego United Building, he collided with a gentleman who was similarly laden, and who was bound in the opposite direction.

"Ah, foosh, sir!" he admonished petulantly. "Canna ye look where ye're — MacCrummon!"

"Glencannon!" For a moment they stood glowering at each other, breathing through distended nostrils. Then, "Weel, the bad penny's turned up again!" growled Mr. Glencannon. He fixed his eye upon the other's parcel. "What the heel are ye doing here?" he demanded, knowing full well.

"What the heel are ye doing here yersel?" demanded Mr. MacCrummon, sizing up Mr. Glencannon's burden and making a shrewd guess. "If ye're selling smuggled tweeds—weel, ye dom copycat, ye're poaching on my presarives and I warn ye to desist!"

"Yere presarives, blosh! I've been estoblished in this town the better part o' a week!"

"And I've been estoblished throuthout the United States o' America for ower a year and here on the Paeefic coast for nearly three months! I've just come doon from Los Angeles to consolidate this territory."

"Weel, ye can just go back to Los Angeles, then!"

"No." Mr. MacCrummon shook his head grimly. "Too monny o' my satisfied customers have been blurping to the police. But noo see here, Colin, mon; there's no sense in our cutting each other's throats, despicht the pleasure it wud give us. Let's be reasonable, lad! Let's talk it ower and see if we canna co-operate. It might be to our mutual odvantage to team up and work together."

"M'm—a-weel, pairhops," said Mr. Glencannon doubtfully. "However, I havena time to discuss it with ye here and noo, because I've a date to sell some tweeds. Suppose we meet in an hour at the Five-and-Ten Bar?"

"Richt ye are!" agreed Mr. MacCrummon. "Oh, I knew ye'd listen to reason!"

Mr. Glencannon descended to the street, where Mr. Delehanty awaited him. "Johnny," he said, "MacCrummon's here!"

Mr. Delehanty spat, squared his notably adequate shoulders and stuck out his ram jaw. "Well, this town's not big enough for two!"

"That's exockly what MacCrummon will lairn to his sorrow! Noo listen, Johnny: I've made a date with him in the Five-and-Ten. I'll let him think he has talked me into a partnership. Then I'll pretend to be suddenly taken droonk and insist on going back to the ship to sleep it off. But I'll tell him before I go that I'd an appointment with several important customers there in the bar for seven

they're detectives and scare what's left o' him out o' town."

"Oke!" said Mr. Delehanty. "I'll beat it right out to the ship and get everything fixed."

Arrived at the Five-and-Ten, Mr. Glencannon mounted a stool at the bar and ran his eye along the bottles on the shelves.

"Evenin', admiral. What'll it be?" inquired the bartender, recognizing an old customer.

"A-weel, I was just wondering," said Mr. Glencannon. "I know that yere bargain whusky is verra effective, but

I'm no longer faced with the grim necessity o' shopping for bargains. Besides, I've been drinking whusky all day for professional reasons, and noo I feel I'd lik' to relax with something a trifle different. Have ye any novel suggestions?"

"H'm—well, let's see. D'ja ever try tequila?"

"To kill a what?"

"No, tequila—tequila, the Mexican drink. Here, try a little jolt of it on the house." He poured a glassful of colorless liquid.

"It looks a bit watery," said Mr. Glencannon skeptically. He tasted it. "M'm—weel, I must say it hasn't g-g-gug—Gah! Gah! Whoosh!" he gasped, clutching his throat with one hand and the edge of the bar with the other. "I cae-cae-canna get my breath! Ah, guid loosh!" His chest heaved and perspiration gushed from every pore. "Why, it's magnificent stuff! It's sublime! It's a vurrtable nectar! What in the flaming heel is it made oot o', anyway?"

"Cactus," said the bartender. "Pure desert cactus, though of course sometimes a rattle-snake or a couple Gila lizards gets mixed up in the mash. But wait, you didn't drink it right. Look! First you take and lick the back of your hand, like this. Then you shake a little salt on it and lick it off. Then you drink a shot of the tequila and take a quick bite on this hunk of lemon. That takes all the 'ugh' out of it, see?"

"But, my dear mon, the 'ugh,' as ye so vividly describe it, is the beeverage's most delicious feature! Anyway, I doot if it cud be removed by biting a lemon, a coconut or e'en a hand grenade."

"Well, any way you drink it's okay by me," shrugged the bartender, plying his rag on the mahogany.

After his sixth tequila, hearing a persuasive voice, Mr. Glencannon was surprised to realize that it was his own and that he was trying to sell himself a suit length of smuggled Harris tweed. He was forced to summon all his sales resistance in order to withstand his arguments.

"No!" he shouted, pounding his fist on the bar. "I tell ye once and for all that I dinna want any tweed, ye boozey crook!"

"Who's offered ya any?" demanded the bartender. "Hey, you better watch out for that tequila, admiral, or it'll sneak up and knock you for a loop!"

"Pish, tush, young mon!" said Mr. Glencannon. "In my travels up and doon across the world, I've met and vonquished tipples far stronger than anything e'er distilled south o' the border, doon Mexico way-yay-yay. Yea, vurrily! And if nobody else will drop a nickel in that dom thing and get it to sing a different tune, I'll do so myself." He swallowed a nickel, washed it down with tequila and launched into Loch Lomond.

"Oh, ye'll tak' the high road
And I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye."

"Aye, hours afore ye, ye droonken swine! I'll e'en give ye ten miles' head start and beat ye there in a walk! Come, d'ye want to bet on it?"

"On what?" inquired Mr. MacCrummon, coming slowly into focus. "Suppose ye stop singing for a bit, Colin, and let's get doon to business."

"Ye're richt, Mac; the din in here is frightful!" said Mr. Glencannon, pressing his hands to his throbbing temples. . . . "Barmon! Barmon! Please stop strumming on that harp and give us tee tequoolas. Oh, by the way, this is my valued partner, Muster David MacCrummon, who was spawned in the little town o' Dunvegan, in Scotland. . . . Aye, Davey"—and jovially he smashed his glass on Mr. MacCrummon's back—"I've decided to let ye come into business with me! We'll simply divide up the city in two equal parts and each work a half. Ye can tak' San and I'll tak' Diego, and I'll be in Scotland afore ye're south o' the border, doon Mexico way-yay-yay. Yo, ho, dom! There it goes again!"

Petulant Mr. Glencannon swallowed another nickel.

"Swith, Colin!" cried Mr. MacCrummon, horrified. "Stop wasting yere money, mon! Why, I do believe ye're droonk!"

"Aye," said Mr. Glencannon, shaking salt on his bald spot and briskly massaging his scalp with half a lemon. "I do believe ye're richt! And that's emborassing, because at seven o'clock three verra wealthy prospective customers are coming here to look at my tweeds. But, Mac, dear lad, ye're my partner, noo, so will ye sell them some o' yere ain if the bartender introduces ye?"

"Glodly!" said Mr. MacCrummon. "I'll meet ye here at ten in the morning to divide the spoils."

"Weel, guid nicht, then," said Mr. Glencannon, gathering up his package and striding for the door. For some reason, however, the door kept getting farther and farther away. Bringing up stern first against a table, he realized that he had been striding backwards. "Dom Mexico anyway!" he muttered. "The border's not as far south as it seems, which is not far enough! . . . Hoot, Mac!" he called, "I'm stuck in revarise. Throw me a line and tow me to the bus!"

"Aye," said Mr. MacCrummon. "I'll put ye aboard it safe and sound. But where, exockly, do ye wish to go?"

"To the verra end o' the line," said Mr. Glencannon, drooping wearily.

"Come, wake up, then!" Mr. MacCrummon took him by the arm. "Noo,

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CHATHAM FISHERMAN

By JOHN CECIL HOLM

MONDAY

We went out 'fore light,
That is, my boat and me,
And had the gear set
By the time the east got bright.
The day was cold, but good
For business, or it should
Have been, according to all signs;
But everyone was wrong, when I felt
The light weight of the lines.
Well, we'll give 'em hell tomorrow.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
Couldn't go at all,
So what I did was overhaul
The gear and straighten hooks
And clean the shack. There was
Shells and things in all the cracks and nooks.
And thought by Friday there'd be
The last blow of the squall.
So, I can give 'em hell tomorrow.

Friday
There was just a little breeze,
So we went out and raised the Chatham light
At a spot I know where I've had luck before. And I
was right.
I filled eight boxes, twelve hundred
Pounds . . . a ton! I'd had my biggest day! But so
had everyone.
Cod price was three for market—five for steak.
Well, I guess the housewife
Got a break. But just wait—
We'll give 'em hell tomorrow.

Saturday
All the way out I thought of yesterday
And what a catch that was
And thought how days like
That, when all the fish get caught,
It just puts off the things I might have bought;
Like shoes and canned goods
And a jacket and a hat.
I hauled my gear and
Guessed I had a box. Enough
To get each kid some socks. And I don't care
Much for fancy fishes, but I was glad I
Had a pollock and a lobster for the Missus.
Well, we'll give 'em hell tomorrow.

o'clock, and that he must stay and mak' the sale. At seven sharp, ye must arrange to have yere assistant police petty officers come in, in mufti, and ask the barmon for me. The barmon will say I have just stepped oot, but have left wurd that Muster MacCrummon will handle the matter. And then —

"And then the boys will handle Mr. MacButt-in MacCrummon! I getcha, Scotty, I getcha! Yair, well, I guarantee they'll give him a good, old-fashioned going-over with blackjacks!"

"Aye! Lovely! Pairfiet! And, o' coorse, they must mak' him think

STEPPED UP for 1940

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left, right, left, right, left, right—aye, that's the way! Ye see, the whole science o' walking is based on putting one foot ahead o' the other; once the theory is firmly fixed in yere mind, the rest is easy."

"Rest? Rest?" repeated Mr. Glencannon. "Aye, I do need rest. I yearn for it! I yawn for it! Oowah-hah-ho-hum!"

At the bus station, Mr. MacCrummon met with some opposition when he attempted to load his charge aboard the waiting vehicle, but bribery prevailed.

"Here ye are, Colin," he said. "Use yere bundle o' tweeds for a pillow and tak' a nice, comfortable snooze. Yere fare's all paid, so dinna let them mulets ye into paying again. Noo I must rush right back to the Five-and-Ten to meet the customers. I'll see ye there in the morning."

"Guid nicht, auld pal!" mumbled Mr. Glencannon. "Guid nicht and God speed ye!"

His head sank back upon his wares and he was sound asleep.

III

AWAKENED by the bus driver's cries of "All out! All out!" Mr. Glencannon took up his bundle, stepped to the sidewalk and headed for the water front. Although somewhat revived by his slumbers, his head ached and his tongue tasted and felt like a wrestling mat at the end of a hard-fought tournament.

"Ach, frightful!" he croaked. "And I dinna doot that my liver looks lik' a pinecushion, what with all the cactus thorns and rattlesnake fangs from yon tequila. They ocht to strain the fulthy stuff!"

Although reasonably sure of his direction, he did not seem to be getting any nearer the wharf. The street looked unfamiliar. "Curious!" he muttered. "Cud I have taken a wrong turning? . . . I beg yere pardon, sir!" he addressed a passer-by. "Am I headed the right way to get to the water front?"

"Yop, you're okay," said the other. "Keep going straight and you'll strike it."

But though he kept going straight for block after block, he didn't strike it. His feet hurt and his burden grew heavier and heavier. "Dom!" he complained. "Do they bail out San Diego Bay with buckets and tak' it indoors at night, or what? I see no harbor. I hear no harbor sounds. I smell no harbor smells. Fmff!" he sniffed. "All I smell is onions and chili from yon establishment which calls itself 'Chihuahua Charlie's Tamale Parlor. Weel, I'll go in there and mak' inquiries."

Entering the restaurant, he asked the counterman the distance to the harbor.

The counterman disengaged his fork from a sizzling hamburger and thoughtfully scratched his head with it. "Why, I wouldn't know, exackly. Wait. . . . Hey, Joe!" he called to a customer who sat reading a newspaper propped against a coffee cup. "How far'd you say it was down to the harbor?"

"Pretty near eighteen miles," said Joe.

"Eight—eighteen miles? Ah, foosh!" groaned Mr. Glencannon. "The stupid, droonken waster must have put me on the wrong bus! Haw, weel, Deleahanty's men have attended to him by noo, that's one consolation!" Nodding and muttering to himself, he sank into a chair and ordered a cup of coffee.

"You a sailor?" inquired Joe, folding up his paper and lighting a cigarette.

"Aye. That is to say, I'm a ship's officer," replied Mr. Glencannon.

"Scotch, ain't you?"

"I have that honor, sir." He bowed politely.

"Gee, I guess you get to see a lot of the world. Swell life, you guys lead! Whatcha got in that bundle? Chinese idols and trinkets from the South Seas and all like that?"

"No," said Mr. Glencannon. "I'm afraid I've nowt that's romantic or exotic. We live in a practical age!" He glanced over his shoulder and lowered his voice confidentially: "As a matter o' fact, sir, this bundle contains some verra fine Harris tweeds. Just between us, I dinna mind telling ye I've smuggled the cloth into this country and am willing to sell it for next to nothing. If ye're interested—"

"Yair, I'm interested!" said Joe, rising abruptly to his feet. "Come along, MacCrummon, you're under arrest!"

"What?" cried Mr. Glencannon. "Oh, noo, see here, my mon; ye're making a grave mistake! My name's no' MacCrummon, and I can prove it!"

"Well, no matter whatcha real name is, we been looking for ya for weeks. So come on!"

"Noo, wait!" protested Mr. Glencannon desperately. "Who are ye? How do I know ye've the right to arrest me? Let's see yere badge!"

The other produced a gold shield from his pocket and held it out for inspection.

"Detective," read Mr. Glencannon in a hoarse whisper. "But . . . 'Detective . . . City o' L-L-L-Los Angeles'?"

"Sure, Los Angeles!" said the detective, reaching for his handcuffs. "Where'd you think you was—Constantinople?"

THE ADMIRAL

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"We flushed them walking through the woods," Billy Dodds told Elise later. "A whole covey of young men—dressed in shorts."

"Oh," Elise sighed enviously.

"They looked like nice, straight-forward boys to me," Joe Saunders said. "There's too much gossip going on around Lakeside. I told Jane to keep her mouth shut."

"Well, you can't gag me, Joe Saunders!" Elise cried. "I'm not going to take any orders from anyone. I think that gossip is the bestest, cleanest fun we have here."

"It's so constructive," Billy Dodds said. "Look, it built a new house for Elise."

Joe gave him a sharp look and said quietly: "Billy, I believe you're worse than any of them, worse than the women."

Billy whistled softly.

"It's a fact," Joe said. "You stir them up. You're sort of a stick to prod the beehive with." He snorted. "Come on to the bar and have a drink."

"Go ahead," Billy shrugged his shoulders. He smiled and turned to

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