



*Behind the smoke screen
he scurried away*

Temptation on the Wing

Cliff Steward was, he thought, as high above temptation as the plane he piloted was above the ground—but many an overloaded plane has crashed

By A. S. GREGORY

PILOT CLIFF STEWARD was above temptation. He believed that, because nothing otherwise had ever occurred to him. The pilot of an air liner never thinks of robbing his passengers, and, naturally, Cliff never thought of looting his own cargo.

His employers knew he possessed that rare virtue to the *n*th degree. They had searched his record for ten years back and had found only deeds of high courage, great flying skill, a cool head in emergencies, and an excellent character which was heavily underscored three times. That had been sufficient even for the cynical masters of finance.

His friends, on the other hand, during idle moments of hangar gossip,

publicly told each other that he was a fool of the first water. Privately, however, they envied him for his unimpeachable honesty, his way with a plane, and the check in four figures which he pulled down every month.

Cliff was pilot for a large, State-wide chain banking system. For two years he had piloted the big, single-motored monoplane which had come to be known as the flying bank. His duties were, largely, to carry officials on inspection tours, and occasionally to transfer coin of the realm from branch banks to the head office at San Francisco.

To-day he was carrying currency to meet a sudden municipal bond require-

ment. He had left Seattle secretly at dawn, stopped at Tacoma, Portland, Eugene and intermediate points, and had taken on enough gas at Medford to finish his journey. Now he was battling along over the Siskiyou Mountains like a weary horse that knows he is homeward bound.

Yet he found himself stirring about uneasily. He searched the clear sky, the ground, the roomy cabin of his plane, as though he vaguely sensed some evil presence. The picture of that strange, unlicensed plane leaving Medford just ahead of him flashed into his mind. His eyes constantly flicked across the motor instruments. He decided finally that the responsibility of ferrying more money than usual was making him restless.

Wondering how much there was, he brought out from the big pocket of his flying jacket a sheaf of duplicate receipts of acceptance. The originals he had signed and left in the possession of each branch bank manager. Mentally he summed up the total and discovered that he was carrying the staggering figure of four million dollars.

"Four million bucks!" Cliff repeated aloud to himself, and glanced backward over his shoulder to the great pile of bags. They were by no means ordinary canvas money sacks. They were special pouches about twenty-four inches wide and forty inches long, made of pure asbestos, lined inside and out with durable canvas, steel-riveted on sides and bottom, and having triple locking devices designed to keep flames from penetrating the neck. They were quilted with steel copper-coated rivets to prevent disintegration of the asbestos in case of fire in a crash, and contained air pockets to keep out scorching heat from the interior and shriveling the currency. An imposing sight. It is

little wonder, then, that to one who had signed for the heap, it should cause some uneasiness.

The largest amount Cliff ever carried before had been half a million dollars. And it hadn't bothered him a particle. Like carrying mail in the old days on the Pasco-Salt Lake City run. But four million was something else again. At a thousand a month—which he earned—he'd have to work four thousand months. More than three hundred and thirty-three years. Wow!

AS if some one had struck him a blow from behind, Cliff whirled in his seat. There was a tingling sensation at the back of his neck. He expected to see some sinister creature emerge from the rows of bags. There wasn't the slightest movement, except from the sudden pitching of the plane due to the trembling of his hands and feet upon the sensitive controls. He studied his maps, the familiar mountains below, sighted down the side to check for drift, rummaged in his pockets—anything to divert his mind.

The figures kept running through his head. Like a sleepless man counting sheep, he erected taller hurdles, only to see the woolly animals leaping higher. Like Alpine goats with nimble, springy feet the beasts sailed over the barriers in great arcs. And painted on the side of each, in large, black letters, he saw the fascinating numerals of four million.

He stole a furtive look over his shoulder. Tightly wrapped packages of crisp bills in those bags. Fives and tens and twenties; fifties and hundreds. Yellowbacks. No end to them. Wealth there to make an Indian rajah envious. Riches that would have warmed the mahogany heart of the boldest pirate who had ever sailed the seven seas. A

prize worthy of the elusive and cunning Scarface Al Capone. Cliff rubbed his moist palms on his thighs.

A plane of his own. A big, silver-winged tri-motor, with hammered silver engine cowlings and gold throttle knobs to fly around the world in. Strange lands to browse about. A country estate in some secluded nook of paradise. Obsequious servants. Plenty of leisure to toy with the finer arts. No more of the daily grind. No more getting up at five in the morning. Rich!

Cliff fished in his pockets for a handkerchief and blew his nose hard. He listened to the even beat of the propeller. The throb of the motor was changed now. Four million, four million was the liquid tune which temptation on the wing hummed into his ears. He squirmed restlessly. He chewed on a hangnail, ripped it out with his teeth and saw the big drop of blood pop out on his right forefinger. He pressed the finger hard against his leg.

In the glass of the tachometer he beheld a face. A strange face that wrung a sharp cry from his tight lips and caused him to twist about. No, there was nobody standing behind him. He was alone in the cabin of his speeding plane. Again he looked in the glass. The same startling features.

On a dawn patrol one time over France he had seen his face in the compass bowl. But that time it had been fear which made it look so strange. The stark horror of having a dead stick and two boche on his tail. But he had spun into the clouds.

Though the eyes were dilated, it wasn't fear now. The two lines down the sides of his long, straight nose were deeper. The nostrils were pinched white and quivering with hissing breath. The mouth was a thin line. Cupidity in that face, and greed, and

the avarice of a foreclosing skinflint. He brushed his hand roughly across the mask and pounded his chest.

"What the devil am I thinking about?" he shouted to himself. "What's wrong with me to-day? No, not that! I can't do it! I'm no thief!"

SUDDENLY changing tactics from the merciless goading, temptation began to preen its gaudy feathers and to croon a seductive song. Cliff heard the honeyed voice. Low and sweet, it gradually took possession of his mind and body until he was swaying to the rhythm of it. The little cajoling voice became ever more insistent, bewitching and tantalizing, gripping him with its luring melody so that he became an unconscious part of the aircraft.

"Do it!" whispered the voice. "Take the money. Four million dollars. It's yours. Do the things you've always wanted to do. Make your dreams come true. Be a free man. Free to do and go as you please. Fly in your own plane. Sail in royal suites. The world will bow and scrape at your feet. A millionaire. Wine and song, and the laughter of happy girls.

"Only fools work," the voice reminded him. "Only fools worry and sweat and starve. Wake up! Live awhile! You've fought and bled and slaved long enough. Take it easy, boy. Four million dollars.

"Caught?" mocked the voice scornfully. "Pshaw! You'll never get caught. Not four million dollars. Look down. What do you see? Mountains. Barren piles of rock. Thick timber. Right below you, look closer. See the old abandoned miner's cabin? You can land there. Hide the four million.

"Fix the rudder and wheel of the plane," the voice spurred him on. "Set

it for a long climb. Drain most of the oil. Open the throttle and let the machine take off by itself. Twenty miles away at ten thousand feet the hot bearings will blow the plane up.

"Somebody will see it falling and burning," explained the voice. "They'll look for the money and for you. But there won't be anything in the wreckage. Then next year come back to the world with a miner's beard, a new name and—four million dollars!"

Suddenly Pilot Cliff Steward's heart stopped. He grabbed for the throttle and jiggled it frantically. The motor continued to splutter miserably. His fuel gauge showed a tank two-thirds full. Something wrong with the ignition. He felt the heavily loaded plane becoming sluggish. The air speed dropped to fifty miles. A wing dipped for the starting of a flat spin. He shoved the nose down to dive for flying speed, waited until the wind was tearing through the rigging, and eased up to a fairly fast glide.

Then Cliff laughed. The rollicking laugh of one who sees a false but dazzling road ahead of him. Hadn't Fate played right smack into his hands? He hadn't touched the throttle or the switch. Fate had cut the motor. Therefore, it was written that he should do this.

What's the use, he thought, of trying to buck destiny? Follow the path that's marked out. It's been done before. It'll continue to be done until the end of the world. Now is the time. Four million!

With a firm, smooth hand Cliff guided his powerless plane down to the half section of table land. He saw the thin, glistening ribbon of a stream, and the crude cabin set in scrub pine. The hum of struts softened as he pulled gently back. He felt the wheels touch,

then he swerved a little and came to a halt near a small pyramid of rock.

Now that he was down on solid earth, the pilot of the flying bank felt himself suddenly become icy-cold. He looked down at the goose flesh rippling out on his wrists and the back of his hands. A violent shiver convulsed him, though the air was stifling hot. He pushed back all the windows of the enclosed cockpit. A strong desire to look back into the cabin seized him. Instead, he fumbled in his pockets for a cigarette and lit the weed.

A few quick, long pulls burned the cigarette down to his fingers. He mashed out the light against the rim of his control wheel and snapped it overside. His brain was smoldering now, and he rose swiftly to begin the work of unloading the asbestos money bags.

BUT to his trained ears came a familiar sound. Thin as a whistling reed in a morning breeze, the shrill whine quickly became louder. Crouching against the back of his seat, Cliff looked up.

He saw a plane overhead gliding down in wide, flat spirals. Occasionally the motor was blipped full as the pilot up there jazzed the throttle to keep the engine from overloading with gas and choking.

Possibly a Boeing mail pilot, thought Cliff, who had seen him forced down. He cursed harshly at the unexpected thwarting of his plans. Even though he waved the man away, signalling that he didn't need help, his own machine would be recognized. The forced landing place would be reported and searching parties would come here.

Cliff observed, however, that the machine was a monoplane. As it approached closer it struck him that

there was something familiar about the craft. A pale blue fuselage and wings, with the new wide, spokeless wheels. And there was no Department of Commerce license number either upon the top wing or the rudder. Then Cliff remembered.

It was the plane which had taken off at Medford when he had finished gassing. He had asked the field attendants who it was that was flying about the country without a license. Some experimental ship, he had been told. But where had it been all this time, Cliff asked himself? He hadn't seen a single plane in the air. Unless it had been sitting up high above him.

Cliff poked his head over the top wing to watch the plane land. He knew that the man on the controls was a mighty good pilot. He hadn't set his own bus down a bit neater. His first impulse was to jump out of his machine, but on cautious second thought he decided to wait to see how many were in there.

Fifty yards away the strange monoplane came to a stop. Cliff saw the prop stilled as the switch was cut. Three men tumbled out. One of them waved.

"Need any help?" Cliff heard him shout.

He made no answer. The man who had called out suddenly jammed his hands into his pockets. The other two were keeping their arms behind their backs. It didn't look right. One of them stumbled. He caught the sudden glint of sun on something metallic.

Cliff saw it then. Robbers! They had trailed him out of Medford. Had planned to shoot him down somewhere over this desolate stretch of mountains. And his motor had failed him. Three against one. Four million dollars. He'd never get out alive.

Cliff darted back and reached under his seat. In his right hand he was gripping a pistol.

"What do you fellows want?" he challenged.

Instantly the three men brought up their guns. Twice Cliff fired. Random shots, for he had no time to aim. He ducked and slid down the flooring. The air crackled from the fusillade. He heard the bullets scream overhead, ping against the motor, and one slug shattered the rim of his control wheel.

HE threw himself on top of the steel-riveted asbestos bags. They were bullet-proof, he knew. Four of the bags he tossed against the side of his plane, and dropped in back of them. With the muzzle of his gun he punched a hole in the fabric of the fuselage. They were running up fast, two of them firing gangster machine guns. He aimed at the one in the lead. The biggest one. With a long face like an ape. *Crack!*

He saw the man stagger. The gun dropped from the bandit's hand and he clutched at his thigh. On his face the man fell.

The other two bandits broke their stride, stopped. Then they began dodging and ripping out long blasts with their machine guns. Cliff felt the lead thudding against the money bags which shielded him. Hard blows like sledge hammers, but the bullets failed to penetrate the tough material.

A brief lull followed. Cliff drew a bead on another. A sharp cry echoed upon the explosion of his gun. The two tore back to their plane.

"Just nicked him," Cliff spoke aloud "Better finish this bird before he reaches his gun."

Cliff aimed for the head of the wounded gangster who was slowly

crawling toward the gun he had dropped. He tugged at the trigger when he realized that his pistol was empty. By the time he found the extra clip for his automatic he saw through the window that the crippled thug had succeeded in hobbling to the plane.

The air suddenly was split by the roar of a motor. He saw the robber plane move on. Lucky thing, that, Cliff thought. Only nine shots left for his thirty-eight gun. One more rush and they'd have finished him.

"I guess they don't know what I've got here," he said. But Cliff quickly changed his mind. His forehead wrinkled as in amazement he watched the monoplane swing about and taxi toward his own machine. At first he thought they were turning to taxi to the far end of the level ground for a take-off. Now they were coming straight for him.

Immediately he saw what their plan was. They were moving their plane closer for protection. From the inside of their craft they'd batter away at him with machine guns. And only nine cartridges left for his own pistol to shoot blindly.

Cliff hurled himself into feverish action. He piled all the bags up in a half circle to form a strong barricade. A four-million-dollar fort. His lips moved silently. Could he hold out? Perhaps he could find what was wrong with his motor, quickly fix it, and take off. No time for that. They were too close. There, they'd cut their motor.

At the same moment he detected the barrel of a machine gun thrust out of the cockpit between the two top cylinders of the air-cooled engine. He crouched low. Muffled roaring of the rapid-firing weapon sounded in his ears. Bullets ricocheted off the steel frame,

hissed through the taut fabric of his fuselage, and whacked into the heavy asbestos. He saw the bags move as if some one with the colic were jumping inside. His plane rocked under the impact. For a long minute the deadly stream kept pouring around him.

WHEN the firing ceased Cliff looked up. The upper side of his cabin was a sieve. He saw a head peering out of the cockpit. The man's mouth was moving, evidently telling his crew that all was over. Cliff held his gun close to a hole which had been reamed out by many bullets. His hand was trembling, so that he gripped his right wrist with his left fingers and braced both elbows.

Carefully Pilot Steward drew his sights. A small target at fifty feet. Right into that curling mouth. Holding his breath, he released the trigger. *Bang!* He saw the cruel head vanish from view.

There was quite a long delay and Cliff believed that he had killed one of the trio—the pilot. Another was wounded, so that left only one and he had eight shots left in his clip. His spirits rose. Things didn't look so hopeless now.

He'd finish all three, slash the bags open, take out the currency, burn his plane and make away in the robbers' machine. Eventually the place would be found and the ghastly scene would tell the story.

He'd even exchange clothes with one of the dead men and batter the face beyond recognition. They'd say it was him and give the body a heroic burial. With his sleeve he wiped the perspiration dripping into his eyes.

His hope was short-lived. Suddenly two guns leaped into view. Cliff flopped down on his stomach. Like hailstones

now the bullets ripped into his plane. From nose to rudder the guns swept the frail craft. A thunderous, deafening din.

Without the protective barrier of those heavy bags even a cat could not have survived the terrible barrage.

Then pungent, volatile fumes struck the nostrils of the pilot. A hurried glance upward revealed twin streams of gasoline trickling into the cockpit. The wing tanks were pierced! Cliff gasped. His hands flew to his face, for as he looked he saw wisps of white smoke curling down. Next moment the forward part of his plane was a mass of flame.

Cliff had no time to think coherently. Only one thought beat into his burning brain. He must get out! He kicked the cabin door open. Luckily it was on the side away from the desperadoes. On his back he fell to the ground. When he gained his feet, he saw black smoke shooting skyward. Behind this smoke screen he scurried to the pyramid of rock that stood about thirty-five feet away.

Hardly had he thrown himself behind this new shelter when the ground was shaken by a terrible explosion. His plane now was completely enveloped in fierce, crackling flames, and the soot-black smoke puffed up like a thunder cloud. A blackened, smoldering skeleton. That was all that remained of the famous flying bank.

Crouching behind the pile of stone Cliff peered through a chink. He saw the other craft moving slowly backward, and there were two bandits at the tailplanes dragging frantically. They had rolled their machine to safety from the scorching heat. He didn't think they had seen him escape the fire, so he decided to wait. When the wreckage had cooled they'd come close after

the money, and he had his pistol with eight shots.

STILL, carrying guns, the two bandits soon approached. Now Cliff saw that one of them was the man he thought he had killed. He watched the men kick the warped frame. Then together they took hold of the tail and moved the charred mass. In the center was the great pile of blackened bags. The money was safe, he knew. He saw them poke around with the muzzles of their queer guns. Then they laid the guns on the ground and, gingerly grasping a pouch, dragged it out.

"Millions here," he heard one of them say. "Didn't I tell you the bills were packed in fireproof sacks?"

"But where's the fella?" asked the other. "Don't see him."

"Probably not much left of him," was the answer. "He's where he belongs. Come on, hustle up! Let's get the stuff out and get going!"

As the two bandits bent to their task of plundering, Cliff squirmed into position to shoot. Their backs were turned toward him and they were stooped over, so he waited for them to straighten up. Then he'd plug them right between the shoulder blades.

But his movements dislodged the topmost rock of the pyramid. With a loud clattering sound the stone rattled to the ground. Involuntarily Cliff jumped to his feet. He saw the pair whirl, gape at him for a split moment. Like tigers snarling over a fresh carcass, they faced each other.

Cliff was cool now. His eyes glittered with the lust to kill. Steady was his hand. Before one had even reached his gun, Cliff toppled him over with a bullet through the top of his head. The other started to fire from the hip. Cliff shot him squarely between the eyes.

He ran up to see if both were dead. To make certain he planted another piece of lead in each one's head. One of them appeared about his size, thin and of medium height. His clothes would fit. Cliff knelt to strip off the coat and vest.

SUDDENLY he was on his feet. He heard a buzz like the starting of a siren. Coming from the plane that stood a hundred feet away. A hand inertia starter being wound up inside the cockpit, he knew. Then he remembered the wounded bandit. The thug he had shot in the leg. The man was trying to take off. And he needed that blue plane himself, needed to get rid of the man inside of it.

Cliff hurdled over his burned ship. Like a destructive wind he raced across that space. Just as the motor popped to life he threw himself against the cabin door.

His hand slipped off the handle. The gun fell from his grasp. He let the weapon go. Clutching the knob with both hands, he flung the door open. The plane was moving. Then he leaped inside. The door banged shut after him.

Cliff heard a fierce growling curse. He saw the big man up front turn in the seat. The muzzle of a pistol was level with his eyes. Quickly he twisted sidewise. Flame spurted from the round, black hole. In the tight cabin the roar drowned out the loud spluttering of the motor.

With his long arm stretching far out Cliff propelled himself ahead. He struck the pistol as the man fired the second time. Grasping the gun wrist he shot his other hand through to the switch and cut the motor. A hard fist smashed into his face. He staggered backward, still retaining his hold on

the wrist. Again he flung himself up. In the crook of his right arm he caught the man's head.

Over the back of the seat Cliff pulled the bandit to the floor. Sharp fingernails tore at his face. A thumb and forefinger, curved like an eagle's beak and with the grip of a claw, found his nostrils. He was forced to let go. Now he tried to turn the arm under the man's back. The thug squirmed out. Cliff caught the toe of the wounded leg. Savagely he yanked the foot. A scream of frightful pain burst from the bandit's clenched teeth. The gun thudded to the floor.

Cliff released the wrist and went for the pistol. The robber threw himself upon it. Arms and legs locked in the deadly grapple, they rolled to the rear of the cabin. Cliff began to feel the crushing power of the man's arms. Yellow spots began to dance in front of his eyes. His brain whirled dizzily. The air, charged with the gun smoke, was peppery. His heart pounded with suffocating pangs. He shook his head and tugged to free his arms.

Finally the thug loosened his vise-like hold. Cliff saw the arm curve back. He dug his chin into the man's neck. The blow glanced off the top of his head. He kicked free. On his feet again, and the thought flashed in his mind that he couldn't fight the gorilla with his bare hands. He needed a gun. Otherwise, in another minute, the bandit would pound the life out of him.

There was the pistol up near the cockpit chair. Cliff plunged ahead to reach it. Next moment he felt his foot snagged in mid-air and he pitched on his face. Over him darted the robber for the gun.

Like a flash Cliff was up. He saw the other stooping for the weapon. On

the man's back he threw himself and from behind gripped the biceps. Together they reared to the ceiling. He felt the robber slipping from his exhausted arms.

Desperately kicking the wounded leg with his knee, Cliff pulled backward. A trick that he had learned in wrestling practice at his club. Farther back he drew the man's head. At the exact moment when both were off balance, Cliff twisted up so as to fall upon his foe. They crashed heavily to the floor. Simultaneously a gun exploded. It wasn't a loud report, for it was thickly muffled.

Under him Cliff felt the bandit stiffen in a violent convulsive movement. Then the body went suddenly limp. He rose to his knees and turned the robber face up. He saw the gun still hooked by a finger in the trigger guard, and over the man's chest a red spot was growing larger.

He wiped the sweat from his face and neck. He adjusted his collar, got to his feet, stepped over the body and lurched to the cabin door. The first breath of fresh air he sucked deep into his aching lungs.

TOO weak to jump, he sat upon the floor and eased himself to the ground. In the shade of the wing he stretched out upon his back, and lay there while strength slowly flowed back into his veins.

A mountain breeze had sprung up. The soft wind played on the sharp edges of the steel propeller blades. There was a murmuring as of soothing voices.

Cliff turned his eyes to look at the motor. Shiny, black cylinders. Looked brand-new. The nicked exhaust manifold gleamed like a mirror in the sun. Five hundred horses were there!

He liked the sweet, pulsating roar of a throaty engine. He liked to feel the rush of air on his tanned face. He liked to peer down upon the earth, with scorn in his heart for those who had to toil like moles on the ground. To soar free in the sky. That was the life!

And he knew that in five years, perhaps ten at the most, his days in the air would be over. Nobody would want to hire an old, broken-down pilot. A desk job then, if he was fortunate, or maybe hangar chief on the greasy servicing end for some transport outfit.

A smile spread over Pilot Steward's face as he thought of those things. Lying here with four million dollars. He glanced back at the cabin. Yes, plenty of room to pack in the bills—after he threw out that ape. The whole thing couldn't possibly have turned out any better. He chuckled. Sure had to fight for it. The birds knew there were millions. Tipped off, somehow.

He searched his mind for a place where he could go. Wouldn't do to bury the stuff around here. Somebody might find it. Plenty of hills to the west. Nevada was close by. Lot of desert rats there digging for gold and learning to talk with rattlesnakes. Well, he could stand it for a year. Then come out with a reputation for hidden gold like Death Valley Scotty. Better begin moving.

Cliff swung to his feet. He stretched his arms and flexed his knees. His muscles felt a little stiff, but the old strength was there. With long, rapid strides he approached his burned plane.

Here were the two dead bandits. He stood between them, looking from one to the other, as if they were nothing but motors gone haywire and waiting to be overhauled.

"Tried to steal my money, you buzzards!" he said to them.

Then a peculiar thought struck Cliff Steward. Probably it was the sound of his own voice, or the utterance of the word "steal," that shocked his lulled conscience awake. He looked about quickly, like a guilty man who isn't certain that he has committed a crime without hidden eyes having watched him. He fell back a step and passed a hand across his eyes. On his feet he rocked unsteadily.

"No, not my money," he told himself slowly. "There isn't a cent of it that belongs to me. It's money that thousands have sweated and worked for to provide a nest egg for the days

when they can no longer work. And these dirty whelps tried to steal it." Angrily he looked at the huddled figures at his feet. "Can't be done!" he mused. "Something always happens, then the jig is up."

He threw his head far back. His clear eyes swept the vast trackless vault which was home to him.

"Riding up there lonely in the sky day after day a fellow sometimes gets crazy ideas in his head."

Pilot Cliff Steward said this to himself because, having been fearfully tried, he knew for sure that he was above temptation.

THE END.



Islands of Exile

SEVERAL nations use one of their island possessions as a penal settlement, to which their worst criminals are sentenced. The best known of these is that maintained by the French at Devil's Island near Cayenne in French Guiana, South America. This prison island has been written about time and again in feature articles, and has been used by many authors as a scene for adventure stories. The French also had another convict settlement at the other side of the world, on the Pacific Ocean at New Caledonia. Italy, Portugal, Mexico and Brazil are other countries who send their trouble makers to similar island prisons.

Italy's island of exile is Lipari, an island about fifteen miles in circumference located a short distance north of Sicily. This island is used only for political offenders. The coast is patrolled every hour of the day and night by fast motor boats armed with machine guns.

Portugal sends all its desperadoes to tropical Timor in the East Indies. Once a year the prison ship makes a journey with a new load, stopping on the way at Portugal's African colonies to pick up their criminals.

Mexico, too, is solving the problem of bandits by sending all her most desperate criminals to Las Tres Marias island, located off the west coast opposite Tepic. These islands are of a volcanic nature and small earthquakes are fairly common.

Brazil also has her murderers' colony, Fernando Noronha, an isolated island far out in the South Atlantic, where they serve out their time under the charge of a Brazilian governor and a small guard of soldiers. Hundreds of miles of open sea separate the island from the nearest land.

John H. Spicer.

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