

The Return of Doolan

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

The colonel was there, and the doctor, and the orderly, and a man named Johnson. Everybody was there except Doolan; and that was simply because Doolan didn't know where he was

HE DID not remember his name, this man toward the top of the burrow, but his partner below called him Doolan. Some soldier had clapped the name on him. The man below had drawn the name of Dugan. They were two of a kind.

The burrow may have opened in France, perhaps in the hills beyond Cierges. Doolan did not know where it was. The month may have been July. He did not know.

What held him in his burrow was a new set of sounds. Some of these gave him the creeps: explosions, drum-fire, the thudding of cannon. The night was black dark, but

a man not in uniform learns to be patient.

Eventually the sounds fell away, and he began parting the grapevine cuttings overhead.

He was only a bagful of bones, this Doolan, and not much of his best was left; but the bones in the bag had lime in them, and the ears of him could have heard a whisper from the hill to the river. Otherwise he would have died all over the end of France. The everlasting Doolans.

He listened—cautious, but ready, too. When a stick fell into his eye he winked it out. When he slipped he climbed back. He knew better than to hurry. The Doolans live close to the ground.

He moved the roof to one side, twig by twig; then he reached through with his arm-bones, found a hard place for his hands, and edged himself out.



Johnson made a clean tackle, and Doolan went down

Doolan did not put back the grapevines, but crept off into the protection of a hedge. He had to stop presently to smother a withering cough. The Doolans do not cough delicately, like the Dugans, but explode as if they were shells.

The struggle left him in a sweat. When he had stifled this danger he again crept forward, weakened, but pleased too.

The incident might have ended badly had his cough broken loose, for as he crept along the hedge he heard the tramp of approaching men on the further side. Soldiers were out, looking for their wounded. Or was it their dead?

"Nothing here!" spoke up a harsh voice an arm's length away.

Meanwhile the moon had risen, driving through the battle haze, so that when he reached the hill ahead he could see a great breach in the hedge, made by a tank.

The breach worried him; but when he stumbled upon a discarded coat just beyond, abandoned by some one fleeing for his life, he stopped to go through its pockets.

Among the articles he found in them was a box of matches. The impulse took him to light one of these, to see it burn. His judgment was a little touched.

After a while he reached a flat where horses were fed and watered. Three nights before he had salvaged some of the spilled grain, in spite of the press of drivers. Tonight the flat was deserted, and birds had cleaned it of grain.

He should have thrown up his hands at this point; for he already knew that now he could not hope to obtain food in this region. Instead he wandered over toward an elbow in a road he knew of, in a ravine beyond a tiny ridge. He thought he would look at the traffic he heard there.

The errand brought him into sight of a sandwich booth that had been set up for soldiers—brightly lighted, with counter in front and a stove behind, on which rested a scow-bottomed coffee pot and a great covered tin kettle. A pan filled with rolls stood on a box near the stove, a stock of cigarettes on another.

The noise of distant gunfire still rose and fell. It became unimportant. The traffic on the road likewise.

CREeping forward, he watched the girl in charge, as she lifted a tanned roll, slit its fat throat with a knife, ran a spoonful of piccalilli into the gash, and then added a red-hot from the covered can. That delicacy went to a soldier.

Doolan was obliged to wait until the last soldier disappeared into the night. Then, boldly entering the booth, he pointed to the rolls in the pan.

"You're not a soldier," said the girl in English.

He did not understand her; but he did make her understand his needs. The cigarettes he did not get; but because his face showed the white bone through the skin she laid the two rolls before him, each with full piccalilli and each with a juicy length of red frankfurter buried in its tender meat.

He did not act as badly as she had expected. He had found a slide-rule of some value in the coat on the hill. Thrusting this across the counter, he snatched up the rolls and ran.

He was not taking chances. He had to have the food; Dugan needed it; he himself also. But he had tried to pay.

The burrow into which he descended was an arm of a cave, a lower entrance of which a peasant had shown him. Upon the floor at the further end smouldered a handful of coals. He crossed at once to these and nursed them into flame.

Then he went over to where Dugan was lying, gave him his roll and began eating his own. He waited until Dugan was through; then, reaching down, he shook him with all his strength. The time had come to move on.

An observer would have said of the two men that they were of the same height and age. Doolan was the more slender. It was his will that gave him his strength.

"No, no, Doolan. I can't, honest, Doolan. Leggo. I'm done."

The blood of Dugan flowed in his veins

like a backwater, so that he had no strength of voice, but spoke in a drone framed in whispers. Doolan did not even know that what he had heard was language, and continued shaking him.

"I can't. I can't. I can't, Doolan. Lemme be."

Dugan would not and could not rise; but presently his resistance ceased, obedience having become easier. But he continued his verbal protests for a long time.

"Me? Me climb that toe-nail ladder up that chimbly? Whadda you think I am? A six-legged red ant?"

Nevertheless he did climb it. His will was weak, Doolan's strong. He climbed the ladder, toe-hold or what, ahead of Doolan, crawled forth into the wrecked vineyard, and a moment later, with Doolan's knotted fingers clamped on his arm, rose to his feet.

The path selected by Doolan consisted of the two parallel tracks left by the tank that had breached the hedge. Now and then Dugan's protests would again burst forth languidly, in his whisper-framed speech, but Doolan's will kept him going.

After a while they stumbled upon an obstruction, placed in their path since the passage of the tank.

"Lookut, Doolan! Some guy had a crack-up."

Doolan held back from the wreckage; and when his foot struck a crushed boche helmet, he sprang away from it. But a moment later he returned and gave the helmet a savage kick with his heel. He knew helmets.

Then he tightened his grip on Dugan's arm and walked him past the plane without swerving an inch.

Later Dugan began making too much noise.

"No, no, Doolan! I can't! My legs won't hold me!" Or he would cry out in a raised, strained voice: "No, no, no! You can go to hell! I tell you I won't!"

Snatching up a handful of clay, Doolan clapped it upon the babbling lips, and the words fell away into sputterings. Again Dugan found it easier to struggle forward

than to resist. Those who travel with Doolans are like that. Bad roads are good for them.

The bad roads were probably good for Doolan.

They stumped on thus during the rest of the night. Dawn was beginning to break in the east when they climbed their last hill.

Just over the top stood a ruined hut. Doolan took possession of this, found hay, made a bed in a corner. Then he lay down.

"CORPORAL of the Guard, Number Six!" sang out a sentry in the camp below, after a debate within himself.

When the corporal arrived, the sentry said: "Will you rest the edge of your eye on that one-room-and-bath on the hill across the way and tell me what you see?"

"I see what's left of it," the corporal replied.

"Lookkut the window, Corporal."

"If you call that a window you're a door. What about it?"

"There! Did you see that flash of light?"

"Tin," said the corporal.

"Anyhow it moved. It looked to me like glass—like a field-glass. It's just last week we lost that spy. Remember what the captain said when the truck ran over Jim Flynn? Twice in two days, he said. That's too often, he said."

"I'll swipe a bi-nock and take a shot at that window."

The corporal stalked off to hunt a binocular. Number Six did not see him further; but later he inferred that his suspicions had reached the O.D., for he saw a sergeant and two soldiers set out from camp.

Meanwhile Doolan was becoming uneasy. He had not dreamed that a hut on a hill as secluded as this could look down on so many soldiers. The little valley swarmed with uniforms.

One of the treasures he had found in the coat was a pocket field-glass. It brought everything nearer—too near, at first, although later he grew used to the nearness.

But he did not get used to the soldiers. They seemed to have boiled up out of the ground like ants. He watched them from behind a fallen timber.

He saw the sergeant's squad when they set out from camp, but he did not guess their object until they began climbing the hill. Then suddenly he saw it.

He glanced at Dugan, who lay asleep in the corner. There was no awakening that man in time to escape.

It was an ancient animal instinct down underneath somewhere that now took charge of his actions. Without an instant's hesitation he ran to the door and burst from cover, turning his head to see if he was pursued. Wild animals will sometimes act so to save their young.

The soldiers at once gave chase. The hut was forgotten.

The sergeant rapped out: "Get that man, Johnson!"

His next backward glance showed Doolan his own danger. The man Johnson had at once handed his gun to a companion; he was big and fast, and gained from the start. The country was new to Doolan, hiding places few, his reserve of strength small.

At first he wished his pursuers to gain; but later when he tried to draw away he found he could not. A tricky side-step failed, as did a straight-arm he had somewhere in his muscles. Johnson made a clean tackle. Doolan went down, into the soft ground of the slope.

"Here he is," said his captor. "Now what?"

Doolan felt himself dragged to his feet.

"The O.D. wants to talk to him. He's a spy. He looks like he come straight from Deutschland."

THOSE in the room beside Doolan included Colonel MacGregor, acting as officer of the day; Doctor Gerard of the medical corps, who was a captain; an interpreter named Hirshfeld; and the squad that had made the capture. The intelligence man was away.

An orderly at a table at one side was

typing some kind of a paper upon a machine that would not space the lines evenly.

"Is this the spy?"

The command of the present reserve unit, A.E.F., had become exceedingly touchy about German spies. The great September offensive was already being planned. It could be carried out only through secrecy. Any foreknowledge of movements by the enemy might be fatal.

Sergeant Jones replied: "This is him. You said, fetch that guy to you fast. You said you wanted him alive, but I dunno."

The prisoner stood rocking on his heels, his eyes everywhere. He had splashed water over his head and face at the brook, and had sponged off his bleached arms, but the clothes of him were torn and caked with the soils of two nations, and his physical bearing was an irritation.

"We caught him with the glass, sir. He broke and run, like a fox or something. Johnson had to drop him with a tackle."

The colonel picked up Johnson. "Tell me."

"That postage-stamp didn't run much, Colonel. I don't know why he tried. He was hid in that residence all right, and he broke cover all right, out the front door, and he made me tackle him all right, after trying out a straight-arm on me."

The sergeant said: "He hasn't spoke a word since we taken him—not one. Mebbe he's a dummy. I dunno. I never seen a Boche dummy. Mebbe he's run away from the army."

"If that's the German army, God help them. Can't be army—where's his uniform? Civilian clothes. Field glass. Hiding out above an American camp. Never would have been discovered, if he hadn't swung his glass into the sun. So thin, he might be a man cut out of paper. That's why they used him. They know we're sentimentalists. What did you find in the shack?"

"I didn't stop, Colonel. I'm going back."

"Do so, and report."

THE surgeon Gerard had been slow in speaking. "Do you know, Colonel, that man doesn't understand."

MacGregor shot out a sharp question. "Where are you from, prisoner, and what's your name?"

The man was a spy. MacGregor had the reputation of being a hard judge, in the matter of spies. It had been his logic that ripped the sawdust out of that spy story last week. What can an army do, if its movements are known in advance? One spy can send a thousand brave soldiers to their graves who otherwise would have lived.

"You don't understand English? Try him in German, Hirshfeld."

"I did, Colonel. He's no good. He don't know Dutch or frog or dago or anything."

"Deaf?"

"He might be, at that."

"What do you think, Johnson? Can the man hear?"

"Yes, sir. He can hear. He heard me pounding down my feet behind him, because he sidestepped at exactly the right time. If I hadn't been watching he would have had me."

MacGregor inspected Doolan from the top of his sorry head to his teetering toes. He did not miss the thinness of him, nor the weary droop of his defiant shoulders. But he remembered also that Doolan had been caught using a glass upon this camp.

"You can hear. You heard Johnson. What good would you be as a spy if you couldn't hear? You're German. You understand German. You understand English also. If you're a spy you would have to understand it—otherwise what good would you be? You were caught spying upon this camp."

The surgeon Gerard found himself more and more puzzled by the prisoner's eyes. He noted idly that MacGregor's eyes might also have been described as hostile. The prisoner had the look of a trapped fox.

"I'm waiting. I'm not a court-martial. I'm a military officer, asking you questions. You're German. I can send you to a detention camp, or I can hold you for trial as a spy. Who are you, and why are you here?"

MacGregor sat back. The prisoner still

seemed not to have heard him. Gerard noticed that the roving eyes returned again and again to the table at which the orderly was working.

"Colonel, may I make a remark? That man is a mental."

MacGregor snapped: "I asked you a question, prisoner."

Again the prisoner made no reply. Gerard was now watching him more closely. There could be no doubt about it—the swaying figure under arrest had become absorbingly interested in some difficulty the orderly was having with his typewriter.

The orderly was not a seasoned typist, but like all beginners leaned heavily upon his machine. This was now causing him trouble. He was obliged to throw away another spoiled sheet.

"Very well. Then I'll ask you my other questions. Will you look at these items on the table, Johnson? Did these all come from the prisoner's pockets?"

"Yes, sir—all except the glass."

MacGregor did not mean to be unfair. He was protecting his men. As for Doolan, he heard the words as sounds. To him they meant nothing. But that typewriter on that other table—that thing fascinated him. He could not take his eyes from it. Why it did so he did not know. The orderly's struggles with it fascinated him.

"Prisoner, these things were found in your pockets when you were arrested. Where did you get them?"

"Item: one match box, German made. Where did you get that match box, prisoner?"

"Item: the matches in it, also German made."

"Item: one pair of field glasses, German made. Good glasses, these. They ought to be—they came from Jena. Officer's glasses, in your possession. If you're an officer, where's your uniform? If not, where did you get them?"

"Item: one cigarette case, German made."

"Item: shoes, shirt, clothing—all German made."

There was something bizarre about MacGregor's questioning, logical though it

might be. MacGregor, seated behind that table in his colonel's uniform; on the table that poor plunder stripped from an orphaned coat; Doolan swaying in front of it all, his shoddy garments heavy with loam, and showing the rents inflicted by barbed wire gardens, every bone in him indifferent, every interest of him centered upon an ordinary lame typewriting machine made in America.

The surgeon again spoke up. "That man really doesn't understand you, Colonel. I've been watching him. He isn't here."

"All German made," repeated MacGregor. "I'm speaking to you, prisoner. What are you looking at?"

IT WAS at this point that Doolan began replying in his own way to the bombardment of questions. He had been standing in front of the table, swaying back and forth like a reed. Suddenly he walked over to the typewriter.

Gerard said: "A mental case, Colonel. Let me have him."

After that it was chiefly the surgeon who asked the questions. MacGregor did ask: "What's the matter with that typewriter, orderly?" although it was not his affair. The orderly replied: "Line space is out something awful. I don't know what's the matter, Colonel. Just chills and fever. I figure it's the mosquitoes. It writes like the washing on the clothes-line."

Meanwhile the surgeon had slipped over behind Doolan to await what the man would do next.

"Give him a sheet of paper, somebody."

The orderly gave him a sheet. Gerard bent over him. "Put it into the machine, prisoner."

But it was not paper that Doolan was needing. Instead of inserting the sheet, Doolan began looking for something—at first on the table, then on the floor.

"What are you hunting, prisoner? What is it? What do you need?"

Gerard laid his warm fingers on the thin ones to guide them. Doolan shook them off. He tried turning the platen; then the variable line-space button took his eye, and

he began pushing it in and out, delicately, over and over.

Gerard said: "I'm not so sure he's crazy."

Doolan abruptly left off his twirling and fingering and opened the drawer of the table.

What he had been looking for was a screw-driver. When he had it he turned to the machine and began removing a shield on the carriage, held by two screws. The removal of this uncovered a wheel, with a spring device near one edge. He tightened a screw in this; then he replaced the shield.

The orderly said: "Why, he's a repair man! He fixed it!"

"Yes. Yes. But he couldn't do it again. He told me something I had to know. Repair man, machinist, engineer—does it matter? Something flashed out in him."

Again he turned to Doolan, knowing the uselessness of words, but speaking half to himself.

"I have to know more. You've been through trouble, stranger. Who are you? You've lost your speech. How much else have you lost? You had a pencil in your pocket. Can you write? Write me your name. Any word. Try it."

But the pencil at the moment meant nothing to Doolan. Even when Gerard placed it between his knotted thumb and forefinger he did not write, but sat on edge on the orderly's chair like a plate.

"Did you notice, Johnson? Is he left-handed?"

"Right-handed, doctor. He chucked his glass a mile, just before he tried that straight-arm."

"No good. No words in him. That tells me something, too."

He stood back looking at the wreck in the chair.

"You're an awful sight, stranger. You look like a man dug out of a grave. You're in German war-shoddy, caked with clay. But your hair is clean; your face is clean, and your hands and arms.

"That tells me something. Your eyes are not dead. Your hands aren't much, but they handled that screw-driver. Your fin-

gers have been whanged out of shape. You have a split nail."

Suddenly he stopped. "I'll be damned!" he cried. He was looking at the prisoner's knotted fingers.

HE TURNED to Johnson. "You spoke of a straight-arm this man tried to slip over on you. Are you sure it was a straight-arm?"

"I ought to be, doctor. It took me in the jaw. That guy has played football. I noticed it again, when I dived into him. You can feel the difference when your shoulder drives into an old player. His bones don't fight you."

Gerard looked gravely at Johnson; but his question was meant for the ears of every one in the room.

"Since when did football become the national sport in Germany?"

Johnson looked at his shoes, wondering where his good sense had gone. MacGregor opened his mouth to speak, but there were no words.

The surgeon leaned down over the German war-shoddy parcel that was Doolan, very gentle now, and lifted away the pencil.

"I want to ask another question of my patient, Colonel, but I can't ask it here. I need to know the answer. I'd like to ask it before you. Lend me the prisoner for ten minutes, and your ears for five, and lend me Johnson."

"Why Johnson?"

"Johnson, spread out your hands for the Colonel. Yes, flat on the table. That's it. . . . Why Johnson? Because Johnson and this poor devil in the chair have hands that are very much alike."

"Why not here?"

"There isn't room. In the open."

"Not football hands, doctor? Surely you can't speak of football hands."

"No. No. Not football hands. What you might call sandlot hands. Some call them American hands."

MacGregor's face lighted. "Why, yes, you may have Johnson. The prisoner, too. Also my ears. I'd like to hear that question."

AGAIN Doolan felt the surgeon's warm fingers on his thin ones, removing the pencil. He did not know why Gerard removed it so gently, nor why, when he swept his fingers along the bleached wrist, the tenseness of muscle and tendon eased away.

All he understood was that Gerard wished to take him somewhere, and that he was a friend.

They were approaching an open field, on which a crowd of soldiers had gathered. MacGregor did not go with them further; but Gerard and Johnson pressed through the crowd to a man they addressed as Casey, standing apart, who seemed to have authority. This man held in his hand a small, round, dark object.

"Oh, Casey! Could I have . . . ?"

"Sure you can, doctor. . . . Sure. . . . Oh, sure! I'll lend him a glove. Anything in the house. Just turn him loose and tell somebody what you want done."

"Johnson knows."

Doolan felt himself transferred into the care of the soldier who had captured him. Gerard made the matter clear, and Johnson became a friend.

"Don't expect too much," Gerard said. "A man can play baseball without making any splash at all."

"I'll go easy with him, doctor."

Johnson seemed to be well known on that field. He called out something, and a man came over. Somehow it all seemed right. Doolan received a glove, which he slipped over his thin left hand. For some reason he began pounding into it with his clenched fist.

Gerard said: "No German ever would have done that."

He said it to MacGregor. MacGregor grunted.

Doolan was the only man on the field who was blind to the sensation his appearance had made. He was unbelievably thin; he was not in uniform; the civilian clothes he wore had been borrowed from Charlie Chaplin; he had not shaved since Seicheprey.

He was also the only man on the field

who did not know that Doctor Gerard, for some reason of his own, had brought him here for a test.

Johnson said: "I size you up for the infield, buddy. How about trying for second? Don't be scared."

He had told Doolan not to be scared, which was what Doolan was least in danger of being, after all he had seen.

But Doolan did not understand his words, and let himself be placed in a cleared space near a canvas bag. After Johnson had left him there, standing apart, something within him made him walk over and touch the bag with his toe.

Johnson said softly: "It's there, buddy." Doolan was beginning to affect him also.

Gerard said: "Did you see that, Colonel?"

It was at this point that Sergeant Jones, pushing through the crowd, reported to MacGregor that the squad had returned from the shack on the hill with another prisoner. He had taken the man to the hospital, but the doctor was away. No, the prisoner wasn't wounded—only sick.

"Leave him there," said MacGregor. "The doctor will be free in two minutes."

Doolan did not see the sergeant and did not know of the litter, but after that the something within him refused to tell him what to do. Johnson found a bat and laid down an easy grounder toward him. Doolan stood idly watching its sluggish progress into right field.

A second grounder, even slower, did not even attract his eye.

Johnson walked over to where Gerard was standing.

"We must have been wrong, doctor, about his fingers. You saw him. He don't know a ball from a blackout."

Gerard shook his head. "We weren't wrong."

MacGregor said: "Your shells are all duds, doctor."

"Keep at him?" asked Johnson.

"Throw him a couple, Johnson."

Johnson went back to the plate and tossed out a ball that any small boy could have caught. This time Doolan watched

it, but he made no attempt to catch it.

Something inside Johnson now revolted. Snatching up another ball, he cried: "A bit of pep over there at second! If you can't see 'em easy, look at a fast one!"

This time the something inside Doolan took over control. The ball left Johnson's hand at terrific speed, coming high, but straight for him.

And then it happened.

MACGREGOR forgot about the man on the litter outside. Gerard threw up his own hand, as if he were out there instead of Doolan. Johnson let out a yell, because he couldn't help himself: "Duck it!"

The thing that happened, happened when Doolan saw that ball coming. It happened to him alone. His body forgot its strained pose. With a movement astonishingly swift he shot up his hands, received the ball, whipped it against his chest.

And then, impelled by what looked like resentment, but was not, he shot the ball straight back to Johnson.

"Atta boy!" some infant in the crowd sang out.

Gerard said: "Did you see that, Colonel?"

This time MacGregor did not grunt. "I saw it."

"No German in that play, Colonel. That was all U.S.A."

"You don't have to tell me!"

Johnson shook his tingling fingers. "I needed a glove more than he did, that fella. Now lend me that bat again for a second, will you, Casey?"

The rest was pure surplusage, carried out to save Doolan's life. For Doolan had become twenty Doolans. What he had become was the craziest second baseman east of the Atlantic Ocean. He shifted his feet, his hands, his shoulders, his blazing eyes. Right became wrong, wrong became right.

Doors began opening within him: inward, outward, first floor, top floor, all over the place. Soldiers in uniform became related madly to each other and to himself. Slapping his fist into his glove, he danced about like a dervish.

Johnson gave him a fast grounder, and Doolan ate it up.

"Nice hands," said Casey.

Johnson did not reply. He could not have talked to an umpire at that moment. Nice hands!

Again he sent down a fast grounder. Doolan scooped it to the soldier who was playing short. The ball went to first, then back to Doolan, who lined it home.

"He makes 'em look easy," said Casey.

He said that of Doolan.

Another man asked: "Who is he, Johnson?"

Johnson turned away. "Just a guy from back home," he said. "Just a sandlotter I know from back home. He got lost on a hill over here. The doctor found him."

He lined the next ball through the box.

It was this batted ball, far to Doolan's right, and hard-hit, that really opened the gates of heaven. Doolan saw what was coming as the ball left the bat. With a burst of speed Johnson did not dream he had in him he charged over past second, made a backhanded stab, came up with the ball, and without regaining his balance, snapped it to first—fast, true, in time.

"Oh, you sandlot!" came a cry.

But Doolan's happiness was short-lived. He gave an answering yell, as if to dare the batsman to try him with a harder. Johnson stripped his life of joy by stopping the practice.

"That's enough, buddy. Obligated, Casey."

He had to go out to second to loosen his man from the field. Doolan felt his touch upon the shoulder and understood. The game at once became meaningless. By the time he had stripped off the glove his knees were shaking until he could hardly stand.

Gerard was on hand to help lead him through the crowd.

"Where to, doctor? Back to the O.D.?"

"Lord, no! The O.D. says, see America first. Take him to the canteen for a sandwich, while I run over to the hospital and have a look at a sick man. They just brought in this man's partner. Then fetch him along. I'll be in my office there."

JOHNSON showed Doolan into the doctor's office in time to find Dugan still fast asleep. Doolan showed no surprise at seeing him there. He had brought along a red-hot from the canteen. Walking up to the litter, he began shaking the sleeping man. The surgeon did not stop him.

In the end Dugan opened his eyes and broke out into whisper-framed protests.

"Lemme be. Lemme be. I will not. No, no, no, no! Leggo my arm, you mutt. I don't wantta sit up."

But Doolan had his way. Dugan did sit up, and he ate what was given him. Probably he always would, for Doolan.

Gerard said: "I had already guessed it. Two of a kind, even to their knotted fingers. Two sandlot boys from home, each whanged on the head by spent shrapnel, and each with a bone pressure. One has lost the use of words; the other, the will to act. Nothing wrong with either that we can't cure in no time."

Johnson said: "They ought to have names, guys like that. Will they remember their names, doctor?"

"Oh, yes! Their names, their regiment—everything in their lives up to their injury. But after that, nothing. We know they must have been captured and they must have escaped. That's all we shall ever know."

Doolan? Doolan? You ask what has become of him? The name stands in the way. Nobody today knows any one named Doolan. But if you will turn to any newspaper file of the right date and read the press dispatches, you will recognized Doolan instantly, and possibly Dugan too.

New York, July 28. Eddie Doolan, veteran keysacker, has been signed to manage the Gray Sox for the remainder of the season, replacing Casey, now a vice-president. Jim Dugan, former outfielder, and Bud Johnson, catcher, stay on as coaches. All four fought with Pershing in France.

Doolan will be remembered as the young prize-winning typist who turned to pro baseball before the war.

Yaqui Gold

By E. HOFFMANN PRICE

CHAPTER XX

ONE GOD IS A GUN

THE following morning a white flag fluttered from the bullet-proof cockpit of the hydroplane, and when Wayland stepped to the gap in the barricade, a man and not a machine gun rose into the opening. He yelled through a megaphone, and his words were not clear; but his signs and gestures left little doubt that this was the predicted parley.

"Cover me, just in case, Herb. But don't shoot unless you're sure, or it is finish for me."

He glanced over his shoulder, and saw Lorela's white face and colorless lips. He forced a smile, and started down the path, unarmed except for his pistol. Once on

the ground, among the remaining burros, Wayland headed through the *tules*. The gradually sloping bottom was crushed rock with a coating of silt. This told him that a large amount of debris had been dumped from the tunnel, and that the slope of the old heap was further out, and much steeper.

When he was waist deep in water, he felt the bottom fall off; only a few *tules* now screened him. However, he was still a poor target, and at the first sign of a machine gun swinging into line, he could duck into the water. The hydroplane motors roared, the propeller blast sent a long streamer of spray behind her, and then the power was cut; she coasted nearly to the middle of the lake, and then wheeled so that she faded away from the besieged camp.

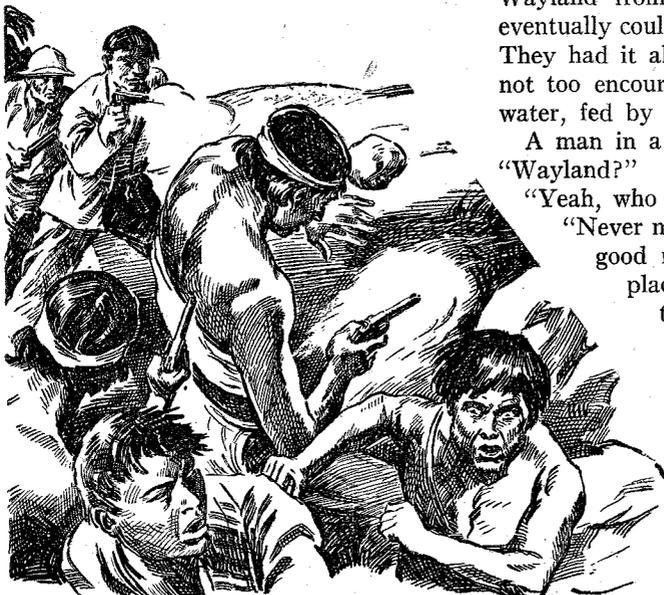
The men in the plane had risked a shot into their props, but they could well do so, since machine-gun bursts could keep Wayland from retracing his course, and eventually could blow him out of the water. They had it all figured out, and this was not too encouraging. Neither was the icy water, fed by melting snowcaps.

A man in a leather helmet hailed him. "Wayland?"

"Yeah, who are you?"

"Never mind that, pal, but it takes a good man to set 'em down in a place like this. We come to get that red crate you cracked up, and figured maybe you'd like to get out of your hole in the wall."

Smooth, though loud-mouthed. At least four others were behind the pilot; the hydroplane was large enough for half a dozen, along with



The first installment of this five-part serial, herein concluded, appeared in the *Argosy* for July 27