

# SPEED ADVENTURE STORIES



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*Piledriver George Good was a miracle of healthy sanity! Shipwrecks, enemy attacks, sunburn, near starvation—But when the little yellow-belly thumbed his nose at the horizon . . . That was carrying things too far!*

**B**RACING himself against the surf, Able Seaman Abe Lenos waded ashore. Behind him, he heard the landlubber panting and blowing and muttering to himself, in his eternal landlubber's dissatisfaction with the sea.

"Water in my nose again!" the landlubber grumbled. "Pshaw! Su-u-ure be

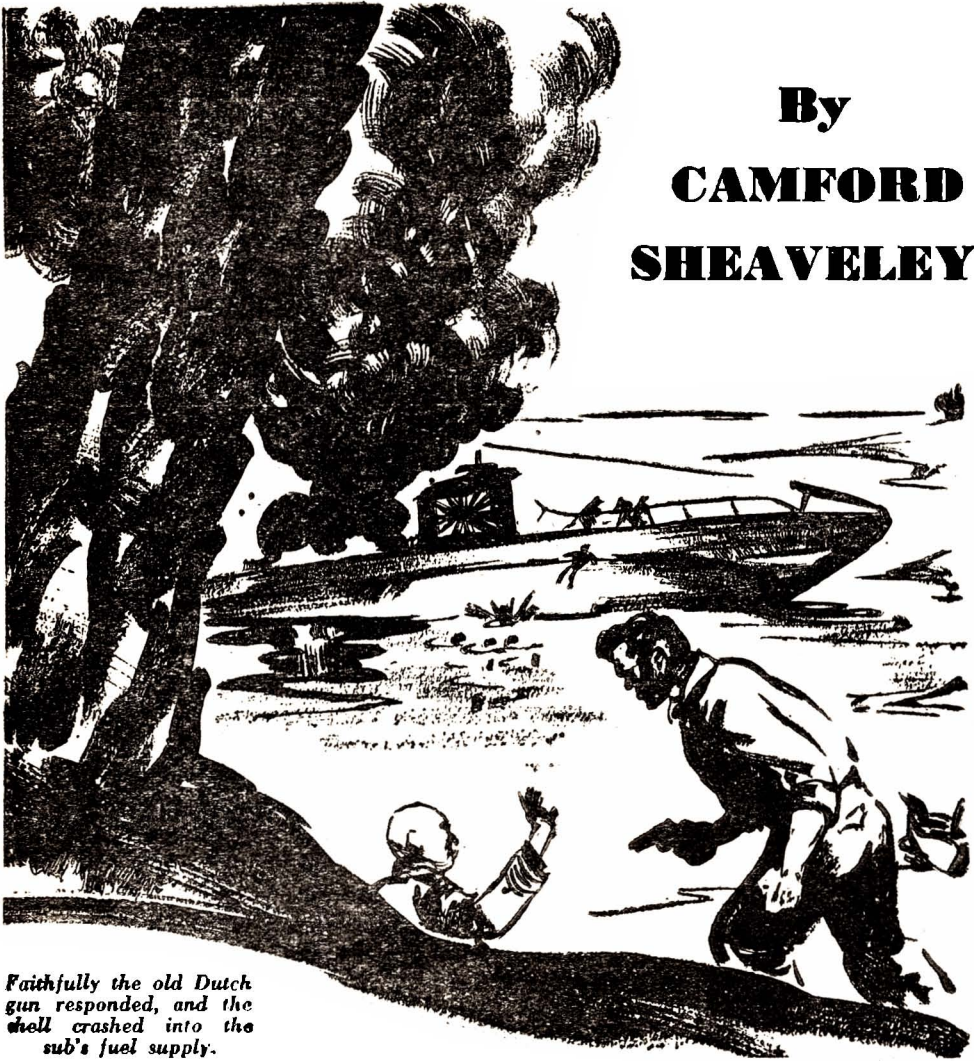
glad to get shet of this here ocean."

Reaching dry land, Abe threw himself down on the sand, sobbing in exhaustion and relief. The landlubber did likewise. Because he had faithfully imitated everything Abe Lenos did in the last five days, Piledriver Foreman George Good still lived. Yet he grumbled—grumbled at torpedoes and shipwreck and sunburn and near-starvation—complained in his landlubber's way as though these things were minor irritations that should have been corrected before he set sail.

Abe's first thought at reaching safety was that the man was a marvel. No awe, no panic, no superstition. Just a good, healthy discontent at being shipwrecked. Saints, what sublime sanity!

His second thought was to look back

By  
**CAMFORD  
SHEAVELEY**



*Faithfully the old Dutch  
gun responded, and the  
shell crashed into the  
sub's fuel supply.*

# **Never Thumb Your Nose at the Foreman**

and see if the ghastly, ghostly broken bow of the *Hetty Mons* still followed them.

It did.

The seaman heard George Good swear mildly; but as for himself, he was so overcome that he buried his face in his arms and said a prayer. Oh Holy Mary, what does the old rip of a wreck want—?

Yet not even prayer could relieve him of the unease he felt at the thing he saw. With his own eyes he had witnessed the sinking of the ship, yet here was half of her come back to life.

"It's—darn funny," George Good panted.

Abe smiled his dark smile. Funny!

He thought back over the past five days.

She had been an old ship at the start of the war. They were southbound through Macassar Straits with a load of construction equipment and a building crew aboard, when news of Pearl Harbor came to them. The crew had warmed up the old Dutch three-incher on the fore-castle head, and doubled the watches.

He remembered the strain of that desperate run southward. The *Hetty* had needed speed most of all, and she had no speed. A cracked cylinder head held her in Adang Bay until the advance guard of the Jap conquest caught up with them.

They had not even the distinction of going down under the attack of a first-class man of war. A crippled Jap sub, running for cover itself, came upon the crippled ship at sundown. Abe remembered the cruelly hopeless feeling of sweating over the rickety old Dutch gun, while the sub measured her for the kill.

It was probably a training vessel, a pretreaty hulk dragged out of retirement to do its bit in spreading the glory of the Rising Sun. A ship had no honor from such a death. It was murder, it was execution, it was shameful beyond description to have to wallow there without power while the Jap made ready his last torpedo.

An angry British destroyer came tearing in, too late, and picked up most of the survivors. The Jap had already submerged. The *Hetty* had broken across the beam as the torpedo tore into her vener-

able guts, and both halves pitched under the waves.

THEY had saved themselves, these two, by clinging to a piling which bobbed up after she sank. They saw the Britisher steam off at last, strafed by a flight of gleeful Zeroes. They looked at each other across the piling, and knew themselves for dead men.

The sub came up again. Its skipper, a squat, paunchy Jap with a shaved head, came out on deck and thumbed his nose at the horizon into which the British destroyer had fled. Abe remembered the landlubber's howl of rage: "You potbellied freak, use your own insults. That's American!"

How he had grumbled at the Jap's brass in appropriating the traditional American gesture of contempt! Such a divine sanity!

Sometime during the night, the Jap sub vanished. The triangular black hulk which met their eyes when the sun rose again was no Jap. It was the *Hetty* come to life again—or half of her. Caught in the same current, it came near enough for them to make positive identification.

Through thirst, and sun, and heat, and sickness; through delirium and madness and pain the risen wreck had dogged them. On the fifth day they had spied white water, and it had taken all their strength to cling to the piling as it plunged through the reef and hurled itself upon the tiny beach. There was no looking back then, but Abe thought surely the old *Hetty's* pitiful broken bow would founder at the first blow. That it could actually follow them through was incredible.

Yet—there she was.

"I'LL know how to talk to that baby again if I ever meet him," George Good panted at last, lifting his head from the warm sand. "He didn't learn that in Tokio. If he wants to insult people, let him do it in his own monkey language."

He had driven piling all his life, from Lake Ponchartrain to Fort Peck, and he had hired out on this foreign job for seven hundred and twenty dollars a month. He was a good foreman, and just

the sort of man to worry, in the face of death at sea, because a Jap had thumbed his nose at an English-speaking ally.

Abe Lenos smiled his dark smile and said nothing. A man had his fancies and his prejudices, imprinted upon him by the land and crowds, but one would think a shipwreck would knock some of them out of him.

All of Abe's Greek and French ancestors had been sailors, and nine years in the Long Beach schools had not weaned the seaman's fatalistic superstition out of him. Therefore he smiled at the pile-driver man's indignation. Wars came and went, men killed each other and stole whole continents from one another, but the old green ocean had her way at the end.

"It's a sign," he whispered at last, raising himself from the sand. "Bad or good, I can't tell, but it's a sign."

"How do you mean, sign?" George answered. "Why, near as I can tell, she came up again, and that's all there is to it. If it's a sign, it ought to be a good one. Half a ship is better than no ship."

"For what purpose?" Abe said darkly. "It looks bad to me. If we were meant to be saved, the destroyed would have saved us. The ship is a ghost."

"What's bad about it?"

"The shape is bad."

"What's wrong with the shape?"

"That pile-driver of yours. It's slid forward onto the fo'c'sle head. It's got a look to it like an old woman stooping—"

He shivered.

"Aw!" George exclaimed. "My top lofts are down, kid, but if you knew pile-drivers like I do, you'd know there was nothing funny about it. Why, I could rig her in forty minutes! And say—there's one of the cat tractors, I swear. See that yellow thing?"

He pointed. He tried to say more, but his swollen tongue clove to his teeth. Somehow, in their jubilation at reaching land, they had acquired a fresh supply of saliva. It suddenly ran dry.

They helped each other to their feet for a look around, turning their backs on the stranded wreck of the *Hetty*. They had landed on an island—a tiny one, they

saw at first glance. "Ain't hardly a patch," George grumbled, through wooden lips.

To the west there was a gentle rise of bare, sparkling-white sand, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length. At its end was a windblown knoll upon which stood a few shabby palms, their knees buried in rank vegetation of some kind. Beyond that, the ocean gleamed again.

At no point was the island more than a few hundred yards wide. It was barely a sliver of sand, an unsubstantial spine projecting out of the encroaching ocean, ringed by coral and blown lengthwise by the endless, monotonous wind.

"Come on," George urged. "Green stuff—waffer, waffer up 'fere."

Hand in hand, they stumbled up the slope to the palms, and there found a spring of brackish water. So desperate was their thirst that it did not seem strange to see a drinking-can on a twig beside it. They drank, and felt better at once. They sat down then, waiting for the spring to fill again.

Suddenly their saliva came back.

"Somebody's been here before us," George said, tapping the can. "Navy party, probably. I'd say Dutch or British. It was the British we were going to build that seaplane base for."

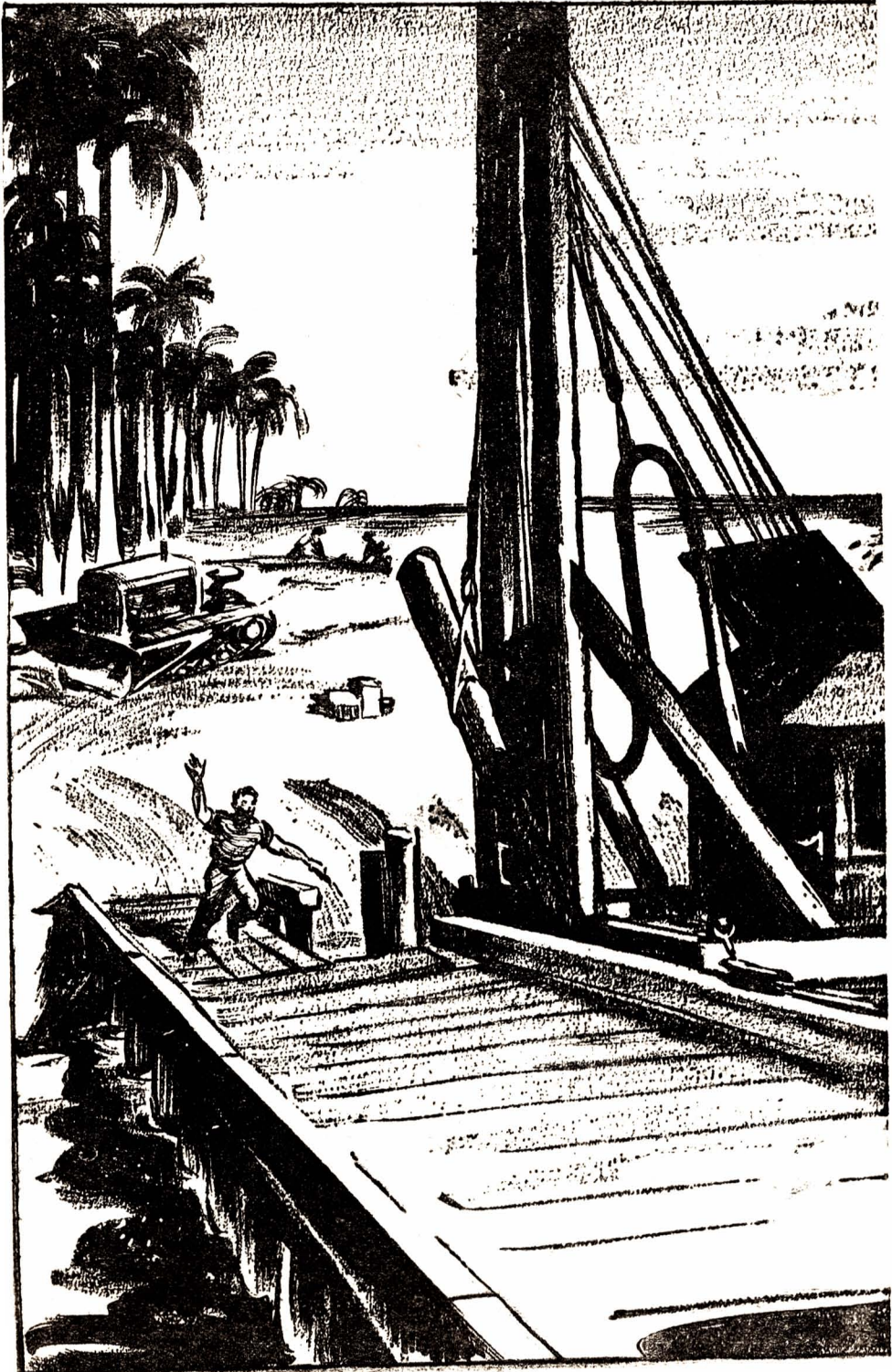
Abe took the can.

"Not Dutch. Not British," he said bitterly. "Look at the hen-tracks stamped into the bottom of that can. Jap!"

"Aw, hell!" said George. "Oh well—let's have a look around. Maybe they left a few canned fish heads."

THEY went to the westward edge of the palm clump and looked out. Here there was no gentle incline. The wind had blown out a cavity, the bottom of which was a flat, hard bed of packed sand some twenty or thirty feet below them. It was not more than two or three hundred yards across, and beyond it there was only the thin sickle of a sandbar—the end of dry land.

To the north, the knoll curved around this little pocket in a protective, curved dune, creating the effect of a tiny harbor. Here, then, was where the Japs had come ashore. Certain it was that no small



*Incredulously the American commander viewed the scene before him.*



boat could live in the surf where they had washed ashore. Still, when he raised his eyes he saw higher reefs, whiter water, a short way beyond the cove.

"*Kid!*" he heard George Good shout, as palms, dunes, and sky reeled.

Then all was dark. The last thing he recalled was the horrible nausea as his empty stomach toiled over the spring water, and the grim, whiskery, worried face of the piledriver foreman bending over him.

When he awoke it was dark, and George had a little fire going merrily between them. The foreman was sitting with his arms around his knees, his jaws working on a splinter. He seemed pleased to see Abe awake.

"Too much for you, I guess. Well, here's a bite to eat, if your guts can stand it. I swam to the shipwreck and brought in some groceries while you were asleep. And here's a little snort of sweet wine. I remembered seeing the cook hide it in the firebox of my piledriver. A swig of this will make a hairy ape of you. Open up!"

The hot, sweetish wine trickled down his throat, fired him with a new strength. He sat up. George leaned over and stirred a can on the fire.

"It's not much, but it's strengthenin'," he said cheerfully. "Salmon and corned beef, cooked in spring water and wine. I tried some, and it's like eating stewed dragon, as Pappy used to say. Dip in—I whittled you out a spoon while you slept."

They ate, and Abe felt better. He heard George prattling contentedly about signs, and he wondered that his own apprehension had lighted. He looked up.

There was a half moon, newly risen. By its light, Abe saw the bow of the *Hetty Mons*, still firmly grounded. The tide lapped at her gently. She seemed firm and solid and comforting.

"I know why the old heifer came up again," George said. "She slewed off her sacked cement and machinery but the piling were cabled tight, and they buoyed her up. How long do you reckon we'll be here?"

"No way of telling," Abe answered. "I don't know where we are. In peace times,

I'd say they'd be out after us in a week. But in war—"

"I was just wondering if we wouldn't be able to save some of that stuff out there," George said slowly. "I looked it over—the cat and the driver are in good shape, and there's lots of interestin' stuff we could haul ashore. It—it would be something to do, and I'd like to save some of that high-priced equipment."

"For the Japs?"

"Not necessarily. It'd be something to do," George said doggedly. "We'll feel better, busy."

"All right."

It was too cold to sleep, and having decided to salvage they set at it. They spent the rest of the night rolling piling up the beach, out of tide's reach. As George had said, it passed the time. It seemed foolish to a man who knew the ocean, to strive so for a few chunks of wood. But at dawn, Abe looked out at the ship, and there came over him a feeling that the night had not been wasted. Perhaps the landlubber had read the sign right after all.

They swam out when the sun was high, and went aboard. The cat tractor was marvelously whole. It had broken its restraining cables and started off, but had fouled its bulldozer blade on the sad old Dutch gun, halting its plunge. So far as they could determine, it was none the worse for its soaking. They sat down and ate again, and Abe found himself warming to the piledriver man's enthusiasm.

"She'd run, all right. These Diesels are tough. If I only had a little fuel for her, I'd pop her, just to hear the clatter."

"There's two or three drums," Abe said, pointing to where they had wedged into the prone upper frame of the piledriver.

"Sure, but she needs gasoline for her starting motor, to warm up." George raised his head and stopped chewing. "Say!" he added, thoughtfully. "If there were Japs here, they didn't come in canoes. Maybe there's gas buried down there someplace, Let's have a look."

**T**HEY swam ashore. The tracks of the Jap party had long since weathered out, but by probing the sand with sticks they uncovered an unexpected wealth.



They grew warm and excited, they shouted almost hysterically at each other.

The sand was a veritable treasure trove! They dragged out ten bags of brown rice, wrapped in waterproof roofing paper of an American make, and hidden under a bare six inches of sand. Next came a set of delicate surveying instruments. Swiss made, but stowed in a quaint, hand-carved Oriental case. Not far from them was a light-caliber Jap machine gun with a dozen heavy cases of ammunition.

In the same hole was something else—something that stirred them more to anger than the guns. It was a pile of short-handled railroad shovels, still wired together in bunches of six—still bearing the shipping tags of the American Naval base at Guam. They looked at each other bleakly, and Abe felt some of the landlubber's hot wrath.

"They moved fast," he whispered.

"Maybe too fast," George growled. "We'll repossess this stuff like a finance company. Maybe we can mess things up for them a little, anyway. Any dirty son of a gun that steals American shovels, and then thumbs his ape nose like an American right out in the middle of the ocean—"

He fell silent, and took up one of the shovels. Abe took another, and they set grimly to work.

It was noon before they found the precious gasoline dump, halfway up the dune. It was poor stuff, probably intended for old-fashioned, low-compression marine motors—but it was gasoline. They perspired for another hour moving the store of five-gallon cans to the other side of the island, just in case! As they trudged out of the pit with the last can, they suddenly fell through the sand, uncovering still another cache of similar cans.

"Diesel fuel," said George, sniffing at one. "Those babies had plans for this place. Diesels mean heavy equipment."

He squinted around professionally. "What a sweetheart of a base! Level off a runway for land planes, run a row of piling out to tie seaplanes to, and you've got it."

Abe nodded.

"They used to say the Japs had lots of little bootleg bases here," he said. He went on, to tell that whole crews were said to have been landed from Jap subs at night, to construct, under the very noses of the Dutch and British navies, a chain of makeshift repair and refueling depots. "But nobody could ever prove anything," he finished.

"We can now," George said, soberly. "Come on. We've got work to do. If they can do it, we can too."

Neither man dared to voice the audacious plan that had suggested itself. They returned to the wreck, carrying gasoline, and worked silently on the tractor. Toward evening they got it started. With George at the controls, it pulled itself free from the gun. The silence that fell again when the motor died was heavy.

Together, they examined the gun. It had crumpled on its three legs, and its muzzle mourned down toward the deck. There was one shell in the breech.

"It looks plumb stove up," George said, dubiously. "Let's pitch it over the side."

"I learned to handle it," Abe answered. "The carriage is shot and she won't traverse, but the breech and bore are sound. She's a good gun at short range. You'll need artillery to defend your air-base," he added slyly.

George grinned.

"Okay," he agreed, turning pink. "Take your gun, kid. Me—I'm going to have a look at my pet piledriver."

The big landlubber whistled as he worked over the driver. By dark he had it cut loose and ready to move ashore, its boiler cleaned and its fuel jets working. Abe had dismounted the gun, and had it lashed to a short length of piling near the rail. But as the cool night breeze sprang up, they discovered that they were unutterably weary.

They agreed to sleep aboard that night. They took shelter under a damp tarpaulin, and shivered themselves asleep. George Good's last recollection was of the seaman's mane of black hair playing in the wind that whipped over the deck . . .

*(Continued on page 74)*

## Never Thumb Your Nose at the Foreman

(Continued from page 19)

SOMETIME later, he sprang suddenly awake, aware that Abe was no longer beside him. Almost at once, he made out the seaman's slight form crouched by the rail. Abe turned, hearing the landlubber stir, and made a gesture for silence.

"Listen!" he hissed.

Out of the darkness, and seemingly near at hand, came a cackle of arrogant laughter, a splash, and a choked yell of terror. The laughter broke off suddenly, as if in burst of temper, and the same voice rattled a string of commands—in Japanese! George shot out of the tarpaulin and crept to Abe's side.

"It's that sub that got us," Abe whispered. "Cruising on the surface, and heading for that repair and supply dump in the cove. One of the crew either fell in or got kicked in. I wish I could make them out."

Suddenly the Jap skipper shouted again. Distant motors drummed—a signal tinkled. A small searchlight flashed on and probed the water briefly, and they were astonished to see how far out the craft was. The sound had carried deceptively.

"He's outside the reef," Abe decided. "Listen! There's only one passage in—the way we came. I get it now—they come inside the reef and skirt the island, to make the cove. If I've judged the tides right, he's two or three hours behind schedule. And crippled."

"Which means—?"

"He'll make anchorage too late to get out the same tide, even if he can get shipshape for it. Tomorrow morning he'll be stranded there, high and dry. The whole pack of rats will be ashore with us. We've got about four hours, say."

"Four hours for what?"

"To get our gun ashore!" Abe whis-

pered hotly. "To get her mounted, and get ready to make a stand."

"With one shell?"

"It's better than none!"

"Kid," George muttered, roughly, shaking the sailor's thin arm, "I'm just as tired of life as you are. Let's get this cannon ashore, before we come to our senses. There's another shot of dago red left in that bottle, and I'd like to wet my whistle once more before we declare war."

"I told you it was a bad sign!" Abe answered bleakly.

It was almost daylight by the time they got the gun ashore. By this time, all sound from the Jap had ceased, and they knew it had rounded the island and was only waiting for daylight to head into the cove. As they reached the palms, panting along with the heavy Dutch gun between them, they saw the sub lolling in still, receding water not three hundred yards offshore.

On deck was the burly officer who had thumbed his nose at the British destroyer. With him were five seamen, in shorts. They shivered in the morning breeze. They were a decidedly wilted crew, and by their attitude, Abe knew that their pigboat was seriously damaged. No external hurts were visible, but she looked small and old and decrepit, and almost unseaworthy. The Japanese had overlooked nothing that would float, apparently.

Keeping their heads down below the rank vegetation, so as to hide themselves from the Japs, they mounted the gun. A half-rotten palm trunk served as a rest for the barrel, and they heaped sand around the twisted carriage, packing it tightly. When at last it was set, George peered down the barrel.

"Pshaw!" he whispered. "You're not on her."

"I will be, in a minute. She's heeling to port a little. He'll take water in his starboard trimming tanks to right her, now. See—what did I tell you? In five minutes she'll be dead in my sights. The tide's going out, and she'll be beached for sure."

They watched tensely. Slowly, the sub squared herself and settled into the sand. Abe squatted by the gun, fingering the short lanyard and breathing unevenly.

But just as she leveled, the Jap commander barked an unexpected order, and two of the seamen with him slid suddenly into the water. Taking the end of a light line which was fed to them by their mates on deck, they swam ashore. The maneuver was so startling that the two had reached dry land before Abe could recover himself.

They watched as the two Japs dug into the sand and uncovered a light metal skiff, to which they attached the line. Then, as Abe prepared to fire, the sub heeled slightly, falling back out of range.

They cursed under their breath, and adjusted the gun. While they did so, the seamen on the sub pulled the skiff up to them. The officer, with a final, angry order, stepped into it and began rowing ashore.

**B**Y the time the gun was on its target again, the officer was ashore. As he stepped onto dry land, there came the sound of a plane, flying high overhead. He looked up anxiously, as did the men with him.

It did not pass directly over them, however. He listened until it was out of hearing—until his belligerent American Wasp motors had taken it safely away—and then he elevated his thumb to his nose in the now-familiar, insulting gesture. Some of his old arrogance came back as he strutted up the beach.

"Thinks he's pretty smart," Abe whispered. "There probably won't be another patrol today."

"He may not be so dumb, at that," said George. "He's got an automatic with him, and he's between us and that machine gun we found. Kid—what good is it going to do us to blow up that sub, if we leave

him running around armed? I don't go much on this dead hero business."

"It's too late for—" Abe began; but George had dropped to his belly and was creeping northward out of the palm covert. Almost instantly he was out of sight.

In a moment, there came the billowing sound of a distant steam whistle, a hoarse sound like a ship coming into a friendly port. It was so eerie that Abe half rose to his feet, and then sank down again. Realistic as the sound was, he had been able to distinguish George Good's hoarse tones in it.

The Jap officer heard it, too, and ran up the sickle-shaped dune for a look to the northward. The three seamen on the beach froze in their tracks, bereft of leadership and helpless as young quail.

Abe saw George Good stand under the Jap officer's very nose. He saw the pile-driver foreman swing his hairy, pile-driver fist in a murderous blow, and the Jap went over and rolled leadenly down the bank. George snatched the automatic as he fell, and charged down the dune toward the frightened Jap sailors, roaring a mad and wordless rage.

At that moment, Abe yanked the lanyard. He thought he, too, was yelling—a wild, desperate exultation welled up out of him, and it was his own voice that made his ears ring with the chant: "*Kill—kill—kill—*"

The sand seemed to erupt under him. There was a flash, a blow on both inner ears, a monstrous spitting and hissing, a flash of searing flame. Then he was down on his hands and knees, with the bent carriage of the faithful old Dutch gun pressing on a great pain in his ribs, his feet and legs buried in sand. Over the clanging in his head he could still hear George's battle cry, and the frisky rattle of the automatic.

He peered incredulously over the log, ignoring the pain in his ribs. The shell had struck the sub's fuel supply under the engine room aft of the conning tower, gutting her. The conning tower itself was a huge chimney from which a tower of dark, oily flame roared. The tilted hatch was already cherry-red.

The men who had clustered on deck had disappeared completely. Through the roar and hiss of flames he heard the screams of many voices. The smoke lifted suddenly, and he saw figures on the water. Some were inert and lifeless, but some swam madly toward shore through a sea of oil which, miraculously, had not yet caught fire.

A few made it to the beach almost at once. Abe tore himself free and ran down to meet them. George tossed him the automatic.

"Take this. I'm going after the machine gun. But I think they'll be good boys now."

That the Jap fighter was not a creature who surrendered, as they had heard, was wrong—all wrong. They were as human as anyone, and not saffron supermen at all. The burned and tattered junior officer who had managed to swim ashore was waving a dirty white handkerchief in surrender, and shouting: "We quit—we quit—we quit—" like a parrot who does not understand the words he speaks, but knows their general tenor.

Behind him, his numbed crew shivered; and behind them, the submarine burned fiercely. And behind it, the green sea smirked and sighed and savored of its little joke. It was for this, Abe thought, that the sea had gone to all the trouble of saving half of the *Hetty Mons*.

**C**OMMANDER STOVER, U. S. N., set the big Navy flying boat down in the placid water just inside the reef, and taxied her up to the line of piling that jutted out from the white beach. The motors eased to a purr, and he turned her over to his copilot, and climbed out on the end piling.

It was an American flag that had lured him in, an American SOS spelled out on the sand that had attracted the patrol. Their glasses showed them an American tractor working on the beach, an American piledriver at high tide's edge, waiting its chance to work again when the water receded.

But the half-naked laborers who trudged out of the palms with shovels on their shoulders were Japanese! Com-

mander Stover ducked back into his ship, and the tail gunner swiveled his gun around hastily. The copilot teased the motors.

Then—

"Hey, there, you guys!" an American voice bellowed.

A burly man with an automatic at his side appeared behind the file of Japanese. His clothing was in tatters, and he had a month's growth of brindle beard. He turned and beckoned, and out of the palms came a younger man, in equally sad state of repair, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

Stover watched in amazement as the two ragged men walked out on the dike toward him. Behind them, the Japanese workers—he counted fifteen—bent dutifully to their digging.

"Hello, there. The kid here was asleep," George Good greeted Stover, putting out his hand. "He's been working the swing shift. We've been on twelve-hour shifts. Those guys are good workers if you keep an eye on them, but somebody's got to stand watch every minute of the day and night. We're plumb glad you dropped in."

"Who—what kind of a nightmare is this?" Stover gasped.

George introduced himself and Abe, who blushed self-consciously. Between them, they managed to tell what had been accomplished. In two more days, said George, medium bombers could land safely.

"Tain't much of a base," he apologized, "but we didn't have much to work with, you understand. We thought we'd call it Just Fair Island."

The commander came ashore and looked about. The cat tractor had burned up all its fuel, and stood idle. Now it was up to the Japs and their shovels. A few pilings remained to be driven—if the oil held out.

A stockade had been built from materials off the *Hetty* and the submarine. In this, the twenty Japanese prisoners, including two officers, slept while not on duty on the business end of a shovel.

The commander was incredulous at

first, and then impressed. He said little, until they had relaxed in the shade of the palms. A gunner from the seaplane was in charge of the Jap crew, and both Abe and George were able to rest.

"The only thing wrong, that I can see," said Stover, "is that you can't compel prisoners to work on military installations, under the rules of war. And you've got to give enemy officers certain—er—courtesies. In other words, it might be just as well to be prepared for a light, official slap on the wrist. We can't, of course, acknowledge that any of this actually happened."

Abe smiled inwardly. Rules of war? He looked out at the unperturbed ocean, which had its own sense of humor. But George Good got to his feet and pulled the navy man after him.

"Come here."

They went to the edge of the clearing, and George motioned to a burly Jap whose shaved head had grown out perhaps an inch. The man threw down his shovel and trotted over.

"Lieutenant Izuki, recently skipper of that so-called sub," George introduced him. "We call him Stinky, for short. Make like a lod're brother, Stinky."

The Japanese officer made certain cabalistic motions with his right index finger and his nose, and then shook hands with himself.

"Chicamauga!" he said.

"Bull Run," George answered. "All right, you can go back to work."

He turned to Stover.

"Abe brought up that question of the rules of war, commander," he said earnestly, "and I figured the fairest thing to do was take 'em into the Union. Then they've got no squawk. If it's good enough for us, it's good enough for them.

"That rigamarole you just saw," he went on, "is the secret handshake and password and countersign of the International Brotherhood of Airbase, Seaplane Base and Submarine Base Workers of the South Pacific Ocean and Adjacent Waters, Local Number One. And, chum, it's a closed shop job."

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