

Science Fiction QUARTERLY

ALL
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NEW

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The apes were only supposed to operate a pair of typewriters each as a circus stunt. That was until a promoter remembered what a famous scientist has said once...



THE SEDULOUS APES

by Dennis Wiegand

illustrated by Kelly Freas

SO HERE I am almost tearing an arm off at the elbow trying to tie on my surgical mask. The darn thing ties at the back and I'm feeling sort of rocky.

There's a couple of giggles from up on the gallery the third time I drop it on the floor. I throw them a glare that shuts them up in a hurry. Brother, the way my eyes look this morning it must have been as if somebody tosses a whole bucket of blood on those smart-alecky students.

Then Bumpy comes wagging across the floor and ties the darn mask on me. There's a couple of whistles from the gallery; but nothing a guy could

resent. And anyhow, Bumpy likes it. I have to admit that she sure looks like what the doctor ordered from Santa Claus in that snakey white Nylon uniform, and with that cocky little white cap stuck up on top of all that blonde hair.

"Say, Doc," she says in that whiny sort of way she talks, "there's sure somethin' wrong with Emile Zola this mornin'. He don't act right; didn't make no passes nor nothin' when I take his tempachoor."

"Ah, so?" I say. "Hummm." And I say it good and loud for the gallery. "Hummm. Well, let's take a squint at the hairy ba...patient."

We make a mighty impressive parade as we march out into the center of the arena, with Bumpy out in front and wriggling and stepping high like one of those drum majorettes they have here at the college.

Bumpy pulls up in front of the curtain across Cubicle Number Eleven and pulls it aside for me. She does it with a sort of little flourish and a sweep and tosses a big, wet smile up at the gallery. I reach out and slap her one where the stoo-dents can't see it when I go on through the curtain, just to sort of remind her that this ain't burleycue.

"Take it easy, Bumpy," I warns her. "There ain't no paid admissions up there; just a buncha dead-beat stoo-dents. Act professional."

She's about to give me some lip, but I wave to her to shut up—on account of what I see in the cubicle is pretty amazing. Emile Zola isn't lying on his cot and loafing the way I figured he'd be. Instead he's sitting at his desk and pounding away like mad at both typewriters. But there isn't any paper in the one he's working with his feet. The roll's already run through, and there's a whole ten minutes to go before he's supposed to start work.

"Miss Wells," I tell Bumpy, sort of stiff, as a Doc should, "kindly fix up another rolla paper for Emile's other typewriter. An gimme that roll he's already finished with."

"Okay, Doc," says Bumpy. "But you watch he don't pinch me or nothin' when I'm bendin' over."

I slap a palsy-walsy arm across Emile Zola's hairy shoulders and lean over and pretend to be real interested in what he's writing. That's strictly for the gallery. But Emile knows all I have to do if he makes one funny move is to flip my hand over and poke my finger in his ear.

Emile can't stand having a finger poked in his ear. Funny thing. Otherwise you'd figure he was made out of lead—especially when he lets go one of

them haymakers. But there isn't a twitch out of him this morning. He just keeps on banging away at those typewriters, even with Bumpy bent over right there in easy reach.

"Hummmm. This is serious, Miss Wells. Hummm," I tell Bumpy when she straightens up and hands me the used roll of paper. "He's actin' peculiar."

"Didn't I tell you?" she says, adjusting her little cap the best she can without a mirror. Doesn't do bad, neither. I get an urge to smooch her a little; but then it comes over me that the students up on the gallery can see us down here.

THE WAY we have it rigged, see, is we have these wires stretched criss-cross from one side of the joint to the other. Then we have canvas curtains hung along these wires to make eighteen cubicles, as Jeep calls them. Each cubicle has an army cot and a desk in it. There's two typewriters in each cubicle—one on the floor under the desk and one on top of the desk. All of those typewriters are rigged up so they feed from rolls of yellow paper like those in a teletype machine.

I guess this joint used to be a gymnasium, and there's a gallery running around all four sides of it. The way I understand it, this gymnasium isn't good for much any more because Twig College hasn't had any athletic activities worth putting a roof over since the Civil War draft got most of the promising candidates.

So now it's a scientific research center. That's how come me and Bumpy are making like a doctor and nurse. Naturally, it's a little out of our regular line; but, believe me, it's better than starving. In fact, maybe being a doctor might be a pretty fair racket if you were to specialize in women. They aren't hardly ever really sick anyhow, according to all of those articles in magazines.

But being an ape doctor is no bed of

roses. Apes hardly ever get just frustrated. And even when all they got is the sniffles they're liable to take the thermometer and ram it into your best eye. Apes are hell to doctor, unless they happen to get a tin ear like Emile Zola's. Now, you take one like this Harriet Stowe over there in Cubicle Number Seven; when she's nursing something like a horsefly bite, there's more red hell raised than May Day in Moscow.

"The stinker's tempachoor's okay, though," says Bumpy. "Maybe it's all in his mind. . . . If he's got one."

I resent this crack. "Yeah?" I tell her. "An' since when could you run a typewriter? Even just one typewriter? It's just he's upset about writin' in a new language, probally. Here he's been writin' along in French for a week, typin' up military statistics an' stuff. . . . an' then bang, alluva sudden, English."

"Hey," says Bumpy, tipping her head so she can get a gander at the roll of yellow paper I have under my arm. "Hey, Doc, you're right. It's English, sure enough! Hey, what's this word mean?"

"Heck, I don't know," I pass it off. "Maybe an ape word that got in by mistake." I quick shift the roll to the other arm. "Time to blow the whistle. I'm goin' up on the gallery to check they're all workin', an' then I'm goin' to take a quick duck over to the Hotel Dorm with this roll. Jeep'll probally wanta see it first thing. . . . bein' it's the most English we got so far."

"You go on ahead," she urges. "I'll go up on the gallery an' watch."

"Amongst all them stoudents?" I tell her. "Hah! Fat chance! We can't afford no trouble. Don't forget them young bums come from the best homes. Nobody's never slapped 'em silly for doin' somethin' they wanna do that they ain't suposeta. You leave 'em alone."

So I walk through the joint blowing this whistle to get the apes working. I go on out into the hall and up the stairs

to the gallery where I can see down into all the cubicles at once.

I'm tickled to see there's only one gold-brick. "Miss Wells," I yell down to Bumpy in a dignified and professional glare, and stomp on out, brushing a couple of newspaper reporters off my back against the side of the door on the way out.

THIS MONKEY business is sure a success all right. Twigg College is crawling with reporters. The joint looks as if some big distiller is calling a press conference to announce another, switch in the labels.

Funny thing how wrong a guy can be, though; I always figured that a college would be bubbling with brains. But, believe me, the only way to get a bigger collection under one roof would sure take a lot of straight-jackets.

It's a darn good thing I haven't the college education that Maw was always harping about, I can see that now. Those apes haven't any too much respect for me as it is, which makes it tough learning them anything new.

But take Jeep, now, he just seemed to know what a soft touch this joint was going to be. I'd have said I *liked* ape meat and let it go at that, after we had been stuck in this miserable burg three days.

It's a cinch this isn't far enough south to keep apes all winter—except stashed in a snow bank like cordwood until needed.

I was figuring to myself how long eighteen apes would last the three of us. . . . Bumpy an' me an' Jeep. . . . so I think maybe I didn't understand right when Jeep says, "Tarzan, my boy, have you ever heard of the Law of Averages?" Art Oberholst is my right monicker; but natcherly my bein' in the ape business up to here got people callin' me Tarzan.

"Is that the one we're bustin' now?" I say sort of absently. I'm sweating trying to keep those apes rounded up

on one of them concrete islands down in the freight yards.

Jeep flips a hand at one of the trainmen to let him know we unloaded the last of the apes and they can take the cars away. He does it the way a rich millionaire would wave his chauffeur to get the Rolls-Royce to hell out of his sight. A switch engine comes up and noses our two cars off the siding and away off down the line somewhere to a cash customer.

"The Law of Averages," says Jeep, "can't be broken. If you keep on flipping a coin long enough it will turn up heads just as often as it will turn up tails."

I dredge around in my watch pocket and come up with two bits. "Here," I tell him, "you take this two bits an' go on over to the Railroad Cafe. I was sort savin' it for Bumpsy, her bein' a woman an' all; but I guess you're worse off'n she is."

Jeep pushes the two bits away. "Furthermore," he says, "the Law of Averages provides that if an ape is given a typewriter, and enough paper, and enough time he will eventually write all the books that can possibly be written."

"That hardly surprises me none," I tell him. "We both of us know a helluva lot more about apes than flippin' dough aroun'. Remember how Sambo fixed the carburetor on that truck we useta travel in? An' how..."

"Washington," says Jeep. "Washington Irving."

"Hunh?" I says.

"Sambo's name is now 'Washington Irving'," explains Jeep. "He is no longer a simple auto mechanic; he is now a writer of books."

"Better take this two bits, Jeep," I tell him. "Go on over to the diner now. Bumpsy an' me'll take the apes for a run to keep 'em warm. Maybe after a cuppa coffee an' a sanrich you'll cook up a idea."

"Yeah," says Bumpsy, doing a little shuffle-step to keep warm, "an' be

sure an' ask the counterman if he knows some good receipts for cookin' apes."

Well, anyhow, it turns out that Jeep isn't just light in the head from not eating. He has us all fixed up to put on a free show for the kids in a big school right close by where we are on the railroad tracks. We're supposed to hang around the school, keeping the apes warm until he tells us where to bring them. He already has the loan of a school bus lined up in trade for the free show.

"And remember, Bumpsy," he says, pulling on his gloves and pushing his hat back to a cocky angle with the head of his cane, "you wear slacks for this show. And a nice heavy blouse that tucks down inside the slacks."

And then he points with his cane to where you can see one corner of the school through the signal towers.

I have to admit that Jeep looks darn impressive and important as he takes off across the freight yards to town. He looks like a banker or a broker or something. I guess maybe he would be, if his old man didn't leave him this ape show along about the time Jeep come out of the army.

I HAVE BEEN with J. Pierpont Smith Shows ever since way back when it had a midway all its own. But naturally nowadays nothing can compete with movies and TV except apes. People just aren't able to keep up with the high class entertainment we used to have.

I guess maybe that's why I was sort of leery about this caper right from the time I saw where that school bus was takin' me and Bumpsy and the eighteen apes. I figure at the time that maybe the apes will pick up some high-tone stuff around this college and deal us right out of show business.

But, as I have been saying right along, maybe I don't get the whole angle. It doesn't seem reasonable that all these brainy gazeboes can tumble for a

gimmick such as Jeep comes up with. I figure there's a joker in the deck somewhere. And I don't like all the doozy babes drifting around the joint. It's on account of babes mostly that J. Pierpont Smith Shows aren't in Florida a month ago.

Anyhow, it seems this Twigg College hasn't any athletic prestige whatsoever, and it's getting a lousy billing all over the country. Nobody wants to put out good dough to get into a college that isn't notorious.

So Jeep goes to see this bigshot Banker in town who's a member of the board of trustees or something, and sells him on the big idea that it isn't athletics that drags down the top billing for a college nowadays. It's Scientific Research that's the big buzz nowadays.

And Jeep goes on to point out how darn expensive it is to buy all the junk you have to have to get the Press all heated up about a Scientific Research deal. Billions it runs to, while a pretty good football team can be bought for a coupla million bucks. Which is why even a lot of the biggest colleges haven't even got a look-in on the real notorecity.

Jeep tells the banker guy he's just burnin' up a lotta opium for nothing wishing he had the dough for fitting up Twigg College with a team for everything a college has to have a team for nowadays. That's horse an' buggy thinking, Jeep tells him. He's got to get a Scientific Research deal goin' that the newspaper reporters can understand.

Naturally, it costs too much to split even the biggest and softest atoms, says Jeep; and anyhow it's been done to death. And just when he's got the banker the most discouraged and down in the mouth about the future of Twigg College, Jeep springs the business about an ape being able to write all the books in the world if you give him enough time. Jeep quotes him chapter and verse on some oldtime Science bigshot who said so.

Jeep figures that eighteen educated apes, all of who can run two typewrit-

ers at once, can do the job thirty-six times faster than just any ignorant ape dragged in off the street.

The banker tosses him a fishy, but interested, look and picks up the phone and calls out to the college to ask whether this old Greek guy—or whoever it was who cooked up the idea in the first place—is a college grad, and has a regular license to practice.

Well, when they find out who is calling out to the college, they rustle their tails around and pretty soon the banker is listening to some joker in the Math Department who tells him the gag is legit.

The banker listens just long enough to make sure some guy whose monicker would look good on a cigarette ad is really back of the gimmick, and then he cuts off the spiel and has his secretary connect him up on a conference line with three or four other bigshots.

Pretty soon he tells Jeep that the trustees of a thing called the Lydia Beemer Trowbridge Research Foundation just voted to give a granite for giving the apes a whirl. He's to report with the apes and his assistants to a Dr. Marshall Lyder Young who is the geek who takes care of the laboratories out at the college.

So here we are, apes and all, eating high on the hog and living in the Hotel Dorm which is a hotel right on the premises. We're set for the winter and not a worry in the world. Except women.

NATURALLY, everybody's always in some woman trouble, and nobody has any beef coming about the regular amount. But J. Pierpont Smith always has to have the lion's share. And, believe me, the share of woman trouble his lion gets him is too much.

Not to mention the kind of babes they have around this Twigg College. Bumpy tells me some stuff she hears around the Hotel Dorm makes the true love magazines she's always reading look like seed catalogues. Half

the time she's sort of choking an' blushing when I go up to the Hotel Dorm to pick her up. The hotel she's put up at has the same name as the one Jeep and me are stopping at. But it's a good half a mile away. I want to get that straight for the record right now. When we all put up at the same flea-bag we have to be pretty picky about the joint's having a clean name around town. And this Hotel Dorm had to be split up like the YMCA and the YWCA.

Anyhow, where me and Bumpsy figure the trouble is going to come from is the Hotel Dorm she's put up at. No bellhops. No house dick. It's a touchy setup; there's a tough old babe sort of clerking and keeping things from busting wide open. But she's still only a babe; no dame has a chance with Jeep.

So all the time we're watching to see that Jeep doesn't get mixed up in the wrong Hotel Dorm, this female doctor we didn't figure on for trouble slips one over on us.

I guess it's because she calls Jeep a Mountebank right off, that I figure there's no soap there. Naturally, I figure Jeep ain't going to like that crack. He doesn't even have an account at any bank. Unless maybe she's giving him a dig about the banker guy getting us this touch. Otherwise, I'd of picked her right off for a trouble-maker on account of her looks and all. What this Dr. Cynthia Coleman Kelly looks like is something that got left behind the last time Hollywood made a musical about college life.

Anyway, what would a doctor be doing in the English Department of a College? Maybe in the Math Department a flock of students are always keeling over; or probably a lot of students get blown up in the Chemistry Department. But what could happen to a healthy kid studying something simple and natural like English?

I guess I just didn't stop to figure this fishy angle because Jeep and her tangle horns right off the pat.

Actually, she didn't have any beef coming. Those apes were a sensation right from the start. After the first couple of days, I couldn't even let them out for a run around the place—in the nice big trees the joint was lousy with—but what one or two of the apes wouldn't get mixed up with the Press and get lost for maybe a hour.

It was a regular orgy. Everybody's eyes were bloodshot from flash bulbs and floods. Some guy was telling me that at Princeton and Harvard and Southern Cal. and places like that the alleys are jammed with bigshot scientists trying to attract attention. And I see an article in this here local paper where the Russians probably have five hundred apes working at writing all the books in the world first, and engineers was working out a way to heat the University of Moscow with all of them they had to burn.

So what I mean is this Dr. Cynthia Coleman Kelly ain't got no real gripe coming. This joint's getting millions of bucks worth of publicity for practically nothing. If anybody's got a beef coming, it's Jeep—who didn't figure the thing to do more than winter us free. So he hasn't any way to cash in on it except maybe pennyante things like the popcorn concession in the gallery, et cetera.

I HEAR HIM say to her, "Look, I can't see why you hold this ape business against me like this. I'm not making anything out of it except board and room. Furthermore, it seems to me that one of your own heroes, a guy named Robert Louis Stevenson, once gave it out that the way to become an ace writer is to 'play the sedulous ape' for a few years. So what's not legit with this scheme? A guy'd think you'd take an interest in a unique literary experiment... a chance to see some genuine sedulous apes being sedulous."

She gives him a cold, fishy stare and says, "There has been altogether too much of this exploitation of mass cre-

dulthood in the name of scientific research. The whole world is already half crazy with fear, and ready to believe anything in the name of science. This might be the last straw."

He laughs a phoney sort of laugh, trying to kid her out of all this fancy talk, and says, "Aw, Honey, you know those apes aren't going to write anything that'll scare the world into hysteria. What've they done so far? Just a few odds and ends of sentences and paragraphs in maybe half a dozen different languages. And most of those fragments have already been identified as stuff already written and in print."

A sorta little shiver ripples around her frame, like the lights flickering on a pinball machine.

"That's just it," she says. "The fact that they have written *anything* intelligible is terrifying. Oh, Jeep, just think! What if they start writing out the histories of future wars? Or the detailed descriptions of hideous weapons of the future?"

"Be mighty handy, I'd say," says Jeep. "Give us the edge all around. Put us way out ahead."

"Do you think for one minute," she says sort of scornful, "that the Russians couldn't have regiment of apes at work this very minute?"

"So what?" says Jeep. "Let one Red ape write one sentence that doesn't jibe with Politboro policies and he's a dead ape. Since they work on the Law of Averages, no ape could write at random for more than a week without typing out his own death warrant."

"Oh, we're just being too hysterically silly," she says. "Of course, it's all a mad dream. But the point is, that if we can be carried away like this, what about all those other poor people out there? All they need is the mere suggestion that apes can accidentally write anything that could possibly be written. And now that we have proof... even such slender proof..."

"Well," says Jeep, "it's up to this

Dr. Young whether to let the sad news out or not. So why blame me?"

"But so many people know," she says. "Even though the F. B. I. has begun making a loyalty check, too many people knew already. Oh, how I wish you'd never come here!"

"Look," he says sort of hard, "there've always been apes and accidents. All the colleges in the world won't change things from going right on being just a matter of apes and accidents."

"At least we educators," she says, "keep trying to..."

"Educators!" he snorts. "I'm an educator. I can teach an ape how to run two typewriters at the same time. What can you teach any of your pupils that's on a higher plane? Me, I realize I can teach an ape just so much, and I let it go at that. I don't lose any sleep over the fact that he might not have enough sense to keep from using his knowledge out or not. So why blame me?"

"Human beings have a higher..." she begins.

"Nuts," he tells her. "A really bright sense to keep from using his knowledge for the simple reason that there's no one smart enough to teach him. He's the one who discovers the things that the second-rate minds are trained to teach to third-rate minds in the next generation. There are just so many bright minds and just so many bright apes."

"You mean," she says, sort of sore now, "that we should give up trying. Expell the whole student body, since obviously the really bright ones are on the outside somewhere discovering things we don't know, writing new kinds of novels, inventing new mechanical devices."

"I mean you should give up trying to kid yourself and everybody else as to what are the true facts of the situation," says Jeep. "You call me a mountebank... what about you? Can you really teach anyone to write a novel or how to appreciate a great poem?"

You know you can't. Either they have the capacity to create and appreciate before they come here, or they'll never have it."

"Perhaps," she says, with a sort of dainty snarl, "the secret of your success as an educator of apes is made obvious by your manners."

Then she spins around like a National Guard drill sergeant and takes on down the hall, her heels digging into the floor with a mean, sassy sort of sound.

SO AS I KEEP saying, it never did look as if we were going to have the kind of trouble out of this Dr. Cynthia Coleman Kelly that her looks would figure her to make. Jeep being kind of soft on her don't signify anything special.

Anyhow, I figured I'd find Jeep stretched out on the bunk up in his room in the Hotel Dorm. So I cut across the lawns, figuring nobody's going to yell at a guy all dressed up like a sawbones going to an emergency. I dump the roll of yellow paper on Jeep's stomach and reach down to drag the jug out from under the bunk.

"Oof!" says Jeep. "What's this?"

"Some junk Emile Zola knocks out with his feet this mornin' before workin' time," I tell him. "He's still writin' French or somethin' with his mitts, though."

For a long time Jeep didn't say anything. He reaches out his hand for the jug, and when I don't give it to him right away he doesn't notice it. So I don't pass it to him at all; he doesn't notice that, either.

"Look," he says after a long time. "Are you sure Emile Zola wrote this?"

"Sure I'm sure," I tell him. "I seen him finish it off. Maybe it ain't all there, though, on accounta he run outta paper."

"So," says Jeep. "It's complete. All this stuff at the end of the roll seems to be a report on the debate on the floor

of the North Dakota Legislature in 1923. The novel is complete. He didn't write all that this morning."

"Maybe not," I agrees. "We don't collect the stuff until the roll is finished. Whatsa diff?"

"Tarz," he says, sort of slow an' thoughtful, "better tighten up the feeding schedule on Emile Zola today. Seems to me we've got some talent there that ought to be encouraged. I understand writers do better if they don't eat so regularly."

"Okay," I says. "But don't forget we ain't payin' for all that feed. Kinda thought we'd fatten 'em up while we had the chance."

"Better come along with me, Tarz," he says, sort of dreamy. "She might not believe me."

Well, we go over to this Dr. Cynthia Coleman Kelly's office. There ain't any regular doctor's tools lying aroun' the joint. Just a bunch of books and papers.

"Doctor Kelly," says Jeep sort of stiff and businesslike, "I have here a manuscript which I'd like you to evaluate."

She eyes the yellow roll, an' I guess she rekonizes where it's from. "One of the apes?"

"Emile Zola," says Jeep.

"Has Dr. Young cleared this?" she



says in a voice that sounds as if she never saw Jeep before.

"Let me remind you that those are my apes," says Jeep. "All eighteen of them. What they write belongs to me. I mention this obvious fact for reasons which will become apparent when you've read this manuscript."

"I'm afraid that I haven't the time right now to devote to the random outpourings of a Chimpanzee," she says, giving Jeep the cold eye. "Perhaps, by tomorrow, or the next..."

SHE SORT of wanders off, and she's looking at the beginning of the roll. Then she doesn't say anything for maybe an hour.

Finally, Jeeps cuts in on her. "You've seen enough to give me a rough idea," he says. "Come on. Snap out of it."

"What?" she says, sort of unconscious. Then she comes to. "Wonderful," she says. "Simply wonderful. Far and away his best yet."

"That's what I thought," says Jeep. "Not at all bad for a first novel by a... how old is Emile, Tarzan?"

"Two, goid' on three," I tells him.

"Imagine that!" says Jeep, pretending to be surprised. "Just think what he'll be able to do by the time he's five years old."

"You mean...?" gasps this dish of a doc.

"Naturally," says Jeep. "You wouldn't advise destroying a piece of prose like that, would you?"

"No, no," she says. "It should be published, of course; it must be published."

"I should imagine the royalties from a book by Emile Zola would run to a considerable sum?" says Jeep. "No doubt enough to maintain eighteen apes in Florida for quite some time? Or at least until one or the other of them turns up another commercially valuable literary property."

"But the laws..." she sputters. "You can't capitalize on a famous writer's name by using it to sign a

book written by a two-year-old ape."

"Laws?" says Jeep. "It is my impression that the name of the ape who wrote this book is Emile Zola. The Press of the entire world knows him by this name already. What court in the land would entertain the ridiculous plea that I taught him how to write novels, just so that I could capitalize on the coincidence of his name?"

"No," she says, sort of winded. "No, of course not. You couldn't."

"As I explained before," he nods.

"But," she says. "But what about the Lydia Beemer Trowbridge Research Foundation experiment?"

"I have no contract," says Jeep; "merely a grant for the maintenance of the apes for a period of some months. They remain my apes to do with as I please. And what pleases me right now is to put this little by-product on the market to the highest bidder, and use the proceeds to retire with my apes to Florida where you and I will begin to lead the literary life."

"You and I," she says sort of vague. I'm hoping she won't get the idea at all. But Jeep explains it to her.

"Don't act so innocent," says Jeep. "You've heard of marriage; nothing has come out of the laboratories yet to take its place."

"Marriage," she says. She just says it, giving it no particular meaning, one way or the other.

"Well," says Jeep, "doesn't this pretty well crush all opposition? Here I'm giving up the Lydia Beemer Trowbridge touch because you've convinced me that it's dangerous to allow the academic, scientific mind to trifle with natural laws. And you've already explained quite clearly why you couldn't consider giving up the ivy-clad halls for carnival canvas. Well, what's wrong with the literary life in Florida?"

"But you're not a writer," she says in a dull sort of voice. She wasn't arguing. It was as if she just wanted to hear herself cover all the points.

"The Critic and Editor," he says, making it sound big, "very frequently live the literary life on a larger scale than the actual writer. Furthermore, I can't read by myself all that eighteen apes can write. I'll need someone to help me decide which manuscripts are new to world of letters; and which of them may be given to the world without doing it too much damage."

"Jeep, darling," she says, still in a flat daze.

"I thought you would grasp the unthinkable alternatives," he says, taking a good grip on her.

"Tarzan," he says to me, "you'd better go give the apes a medical check-up. The gallery will be full by now. And keep this strictly under your hat; you're in line for a nice, fat editorial job, my boy."

But me, I don't want to be an editor. It's been sort of gnawing at my mind that those apes figured out how to

do something I didn't teach them.

I figure if those apes can write books, well so can Tarzan Oberholst, who taught them everything they ever knew.

Sure it was me who trained those apes. Old J. Pierpont Smith himself was a pretty good ape man; but Jeep he doesn't know from beans about apes. He's just showing off in front of Dr. Cynthia Coleman Kelly when he tells her he was the one who taught those apes how to run a typewriter. I'm the guy that trains the apes, see? An' I can do anything they can do. Except maybe not with my feet.

So if Jeep tries to tell you it was Edgar Rice Burroughs who wrote this story for me, you'll be able to figure the percentage.

It just so happens that it's Jeep who gave the apes the new names in the first place. And 'Edgar' ain't no name a guy who knows apes is going to give a she ape.