

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER IX—Continued

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One thing I was positive, and I hold to that opinion today: General Braddock was convinced that whatever he won must be achieved by his personal efforts. I did talk with Mr. Shirley, the commander's secretary, who said he would make a verbal report of what I had learned while in Duquesne. Whether he ever did submit the information I brought, I can not say, but I believe that he did because of his fear that the campaign was being mismanaged. I can easily imagine Braddock listening to my important information and giving it only a passing consideration, or else ignoring it entirely. That night the army camped at Rush creek, where Scarecrow once had a village.

We were now within three easy marches of Duquesne, even though the army moved sluggishly; and I could not perceive any reason why we should not attain our objective. After all, I told Gist, and Crount, sickness and death was ever the price paid when a large body of men, more or less strangers to their environment, pass through a virgin country. I took it for granted that on every level battlefield of Eu rope sickness stalked every army.

Crount had not much to say because of the bias furnished by his dream. Gist spoke guardedly and said that while some phases of the campaign were not to his liking still we ought to take the fort now we were committed to the Turtle creek course.

While we were talking Sir John St Clair and several officers came along and St. Clair called out to us:

"You men must know this country. You will come along with us to reconquer."

We fell in behind them and were soon descending the steep bank that is a characteristic of the country's streams. Nor was the opposite bank any more inviting.

St. Clair studied the bank thoughtfully for a minute and then said to his officers:

"This is very bad. The army has lost heart because of rough travel. If the country beyond is as bad as this it will not finish any spirit that's left."

"It will be impossible to take the artillery and wagons any farther than this bank, Sir John, unless we spend much time preparing both banks," said one of the engineers.

"That is very plain," muttered St. Clair. "And that's the devil of it."

"If you can get your guns and wagons across, I can soon take you to a ridge that leads to Duquesne," spoke up Gist. "Once you are on the ridge, you won't have much trouble; and you'll find the country open and not fitted for ambuscades or surprise attacks."

As he was serving as guide to General Braddock and was well known in colonial affairs, his words were listened to. St. Clair suggested he try to find a more favorable crossing. He told them there was not much choice as the banks continued much the same, but he did lead them to where the approach to the creek, was less difficult, and pointed out a thinly timbered elevation as being the ridge.

The chief engineering problem was to cross the creek and ascend the opposite bank. One young lieutenant said if he could have the use of a hundred soldiers, he could ease the wagons and guns down one slope and haul them up the other by means of the long cables carried by the army.

Another, who had charge of the ax men, guaranteed readily to make runways or logs and thereby greatly expedite the passage of the guns and wagon-train.

Gist called on me to repeat what I already had told Mr. Shirley. I stated if the army would cross the creek and strike straight for Duquesne it could not be attacked with any degree of success even if the Indians could be induced to attack at all. I quoted Captain Beaujeu to that effect. As they did not cut me short I added, for good measure, that there would be great danger at both crossings of the Monongahela and that it would be practically impossible to avoid an ambuscade, since Beaujeu already had planned to plant an ambuscade along the river road.

Sir John seemed to be strongly impressed by my statements, much more so than he would have been had I made a similar talk at Alexandria, or Will's creek. When we returned to the camp, we fully believed the morrow's march would remove us from all fear of a masked attack. The conversation among the officers all pointed to this wise maneuver, and our spirits greatly improved.

After Sir John had talked with Braddock, Gist was sent for. Crount and I left Round Paw holding a powwow with the few Delawares while we went to find the Dinwiddie girl.

Wagoner Morgan was one of the first teamsters to arrive, despite the sad condition of his horses. He informed us that our little friend was sharing a kettle with two soldiers' wives. We soon located her. She had made her sex known to the women but still wore her masculine garb, which was very sensible of her. I took her aside for a little talk and at once observed she was in a sober mood. In fact, she seemed to be more downcast than when we were fighting for our lives in the Frazier cabin. I endeavored to cheer her up, and pointed out how thankful we should be for our deliverance from Pontiac's savages.

"That was the frying-pan," she sighed. "I tell you I feel bad buck mister. They'll jump on us when we pass through the thick woods. Them soldiers don't know any more about Indians than as if they was so many cows."

"You shouldn't say such things. You'll take the heart out of the men if they hear you."

"I ain't a fool even if I come from a family of witches," she angrily retorted. "I'm talking to you, not to the soldiers." Then with instant repentence: "I didn't go for to speak to you like this, mister. But these women here are scared. And yet all they talk about is the silks and fine clothes they'll have when we march into Duquesne. You'll come and talk again with me tomorrow, mister? You've done so much for me."

"I'll talk with you. I've done nothing. You're hitching the cart ahead of the horse. If not for you, I never could have left the Duquesne stockade."

"I tell you it was the injun who done all that."

"After you had told him of my daughter and had planned for us to scale the water-gate and thence you waiting with a canoe, I'll see you tomorrow, and the next day; and on the third day I'll see that you get some of the fine cloth—if the French don't burn everything before leaving the fort."

"I feel bad luck, but I'll hope for the best," she muttered. "And don't go into danger, mister."

The last was so incongruous after what we had been through together, and in view of the part I must play as scout, that I laughed and even she smiled, albeit a bit wistfully. She gave me her small hand and eyed me with strange steadiness; then disconcerted me by gravely saying:

"There ain't no shroud around you yet. I'm thinking you'll live through you."

Crount came up in time to hear the last and anxiously inquired: "What about me, missy?" His mouth was smiling, but his eyes were uneasy.

She hesitated, then told him:

"Anyone you come to grips with will die."

With this she abruptly left us and buried herself at the fire.

We went to where the rangers were camping and looked for Colonel Washington, but he had not yet reported to Braddock. I did meet Captain Busby, however. He had lost much of his stoutness and was as lean and hard as a hound.

"Webster Brond, by all that's qualm!" he cried on recognizing me. And this time he was eager to clasp my hand. "I've looked for you all along this cursed march and through the cursed days we've crawled and fiddled away the time. Lord! but I'm glad the Alexandria folks can't see what a rough-looking lot we are. Where have you been and what do you think we'll do next?"

I explained, and he declared my Duquesne trip displayed "damned" rare sportsmanship. I told him the worst of the campaign was over and that we would be free from Indian attacks after we had crossed the creek and taken to the ridge.

"A fight would be welcome," he testily replied. "It's this d—d crawling along, like a worm on a leaf, that takes the gimp out of the men. If you'd stayed with us from the time we quitt Will's creek, you'd understand how trifles can eat the heart out of a man. Wood-ticks annoy more people than tigers do. Really, we officers of the Virginians have given up our luggage animals until we scarcely have anything left except what we have on hope there'll be some clean lean at Duquesne. If there isn't, I'll never forgive the French. I suppose the folks back home are thinking tonight that we're already in Duquesne."

There was no "back home" for me, no folks to learn how I had fared; and I had nothing to say. He ran on:

"I've sent word to Josephine that we'd be safe at the rear of the line. The savages could never break through even though they should punish the head of the army."

"Let her turn herself into a bird and fly back to the Susquehanna," he called after me.

I hastened on, eager to find the girl and persuade her to stay well back among the wagons. Even if we were ambushed and well-blooded she would be safe at the rear of the line. The savages could never break through even though they should punish the head of the army.

She greeted me shyly and was strangely willing to do as I asked. I was surprised and pleased with her acquiescence; for I knew she had but little thought for her own safety. There was, however, a small condition attached to her promise; and she expressed it thus:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Good Hard Sense in Old Bantu's Comment

Natives of the jungles of Africa are likely to be of a philosophical turn of mind, as is illustrated by the story of an old Bantu negro told by Dan Crawford, who spent most of his life as a missionary in the wilds of the Dark continent. "I have lived so long in the long grass that I think like the blacks, and I never talk of Western civilization," Crawford told Seton Thompson, the naturalist and writer.

"But just when I was coming home and was thinking perhaps tenderly of old scenes and faces, I did one night swank a bit about civilization to an old Bantu, who was sitting with me in my hut. I told him I was going to my own country where they had ships that went under the water, ships that went over the water, and still more ships that flew over the water. I told him that in English houses you 'rn a tap and the water flows, touched a button and the room was flooded with light—in fact I gave him a good glowing de-

Famous Catacombs

The catacombs of Paris are vast excavations extending under the city of Paris, & merely subterranean quarries which furnished the building material for the city. In the latter part of the eighteenth century some portions of the city began to sink, and it was necessary to strengthen the root of the arras with masonry. In 1787 the catacombs were arranged to contain the bodies removed from other burying grounds, and it is estimated that upward of six million bodies are now preserved in them. The bones are arranged in varied designs along the sides of the galleries.

Fair Enough

You can't choose your ancestors, but that's fair enough. They probably wouldn't have chosen you—El Dorado Tribune.

France is to have its first motorists' camp, in the French Alps.

Light

The bureau of standards says that both light and heat are electromagnetic vibrations which carry energy as does any system of waves. Light is made by many to include invisible waves called ultra-violet and infra-red. Strictly, light means luminous vibrations, or visible waves. Radiant heat is simply the energy aspect of any electromagnetic waves. In the strict sense light must be visible, but all light contains vibrant energy which may be identified as heat.

LEADING RADIO PROGRAMS

(Time given is Eastern Standard; subtract one hour for Central and two hours for Mountain time.)

N. B. C. RED NETWORK

Sunday, October 28.

1:30 p. m. United Radio Corp. 6:00 p. m. Stetson Parade. 7:00 p. m. Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co. 7:30 p. m. Maj. Bowes' Family Party. 9:00 p. m. David Lawrence. 9:15 p. m. Atwater Kent.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

Monday, October 29.

7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 7:00 p. m. Mutual Savings Hour. 9:30 p. m. General Motors Family Party. 10:00 p. m. The Cabin Door.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

Monday, October 29.

10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour. 7:30 p. m. Roxy and His Gang. 9:00 p. m. Riverside Hour. 9:30 p. m. Real Folks. 11:00 p. m. Slumber Music.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK

Tuesday, October 30.

7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 8:30 p. m. Seiberling Singers. 9:00 p. m. Eveready Hour. 10:00 p. m. Cleopatra Club Eskimos.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

Tuesday, October 30.

10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour. 7:30 p. m. Dutch Master Minstrels. 9:30 p. m. Slumber Music.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK

Wednesday, October 31.

7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 5:00 p. m. Vogue and The Mode. 8:00 p. m. Am. Mag. & Woman's Home Companion Hour. 9:00 p. m. Ipana Troubadours. 9:30 p. m. Palmolive Hour.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

Wednesday, October 31.

10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour. 7:30 p. m. Jeddah Highlanders. 8:30 p. m. Sylvana Foresters. 10:00 p. m. Chicago Civic Opera. 11:00 p. m. Slumber Music.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK

Thursday, November 1.

7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 7:30 p. m. Coward Comfort Hour. 10:00 p. m. Halsey Stuart.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

Thursday, November 1.

8:00 a. m. Champion Sparklers. 9:30 p. m. Maxwell House Hour. 10:00 p. m. Michelin Hour. 11:00 p. m. Slumber Hour.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK

Friday, November 2.

7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 7:00 p. m. Wonder Hour. 7:30 p. m. Happiness Candy Stores. 8:00 p. m. Cities Service Hour.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

Friday, November 2.

7:00 a. m. Damrosch Educational. 7:00 p. m. Interwoven Stocking Co. 7:30 p. m. Dixies' Circus. 8:30 p. m. Armstrong Quakers. 9:00 p. m. Wrigley Review. 11:00 p. m. Slumber Music.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK

Saturday, November 3.

7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises. 10:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 1:45 p. m. Dartmouth-Yale Football Game.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

1:45 p. m. Ohio-Princeton Football Game.

8:30 p. m. Godfrey Ludlow. 9:00 p. m. Philco Hour.

The following is a list of stations carrying the above programs:

National Broadcasting Company Red Network: WEF, New York; WEEL Boston; WTIC, Hartford, WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester, WES, Portland, Maine; WLIT and WEL, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WPTM and WEFAR, Cleveland; WJW, Cincinnati; WGN and WIBJ, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WHO, Des Moines; WEW, Omaha; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, WRHM, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WTMJ, Milwaukee; KOA, Denver; WHAS, Louisville; WSM, Nashville; WMC, Memphis; WSB, Atlanta; WTB, Charlotte; KVOO, Tulsa; WFAA, Dallas; KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio; WBAP, Ft. Worth; WJAX, Jacksonville.

National Broadcasting Company Blue Network: WJZ, New York; WRBA, Boston; WBZ, Springfield; WBAL, Baltimore; WHAM, Rochester; KDKA, Pittsburgh; WJR, Detroit; WLW, Cincinnati; KYW and WEBH, Chicago; KWK, St. Louis; WREN, Kansas City; WCCO, WRHM, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WTMJ, Milwaukee; KOA, Denver; WHAS, Louisville; WSM, Nashville; WMC, Memphis; WSB, Atlanta; WTB, Charlotte; KVOO, Tulsa; WFAA, Dallas; KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio; WBAP, Ft. Worth; WJAX, Jacksonville.

National Broadcasting Company Red Network: WEF, New York; WEEL Boston; WTIC, Hartford, WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester, WES, Portland, Maine; WLIT and WEL, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WPTM and WEFAR, Cleveland; WJW, Cincinnati; WGN and WIBJ, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WHO, Des Moines; WEW, Omaha; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, WRHM, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WTMJ, Milwaukee; KOA, Denver; WHAS, Louisville; WSM, Nashville; WMC, Memphis; WSB, Atlanta; WTB, Charlotte; KVOO, Tulsa; WFAA, Dallas; KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio; WBAP, Ft. Worth; WJAX, Jacksonville.

National Broadcasting Company Blue Network: WJZ, New York; WRBA, Boston; WBZ, Springfield; WBAL, Baltimore; WHAM, Rochester; KDKA,