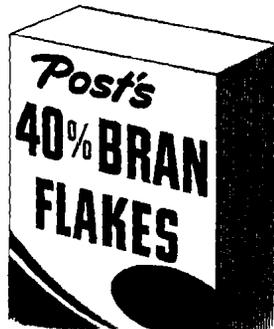




Ain't it awful, Aggie? But perhaps that lopy feeling is caused by simple constipation due to lack of bulk in your diet. Try that "ounce of prevention" in every serving of delicious Post's 40% Bran Flakes. It's the cereal with the *three* extra keep-fit benefits:

- (1) bran to help prevent constipation due to lack of bulk in the diet.
- (2) whole-wheat values of these essential B vitamins: thiamine and niacin.
- (3) good source of these important minerals: phosphorus and iron.

And what a job Post's Bran Flakes do on your appetite! They're so tasty—and oven-fresh, too . . . actually bran in its most delicious form! No wonder folks have made Post's 40% Bran Flakes America's largest-selling bran flakes.



(Continued from Page 90)
 growth. And he heard Sam Rodman saying stiffly, "When I'm not fit, sir, to take the deck . . . you log me! I will sign it." Then he went on without pause to speak of his professional responsibilities. "Four gangs are ordered for tomorrow. I doubt, though, if we'll be in here to work the cargo. I have had the bos'n rig the buoys to both anchor cables. They are ready-on the fo'c's'le-head."

"Buoy?" Captain Joseph Marlin frowned again. Then all at once he smiled. "Oh," he said, "you mean the weather." His smile grew broader, intimating he could understand why Sammy Rodman should concern himself so much about the *colla* winds of Nicopan. "The monsoon's barely settled, Mr. Rodman. It's a lot too soon for worry. I must go see Choo-Choo Charlie. He's the one who ought to sew the new stripes on for me. Will you call a boat away, please, Mr. Rodman?"

Sammy nodded. Sammy watched him turn away. Just then a long deep sighing passed across the Marlin. Sammy knew exactly where it came from. Sammy didn't stir. He felt the deck beneath his feet lift gently, and as gently fall away. Somewhere in the distant, profound depth, the ocean was in movement and the stillness for the first time was authentically disturbed. A fluid tremor out there flowed unseen in through the channel's mouth. When it touched the ship she recognized it, and she answered. It touched Sammy Rodman too. It flooded him with memory. This was the man. This was Andy Marlin's son, no longer eight years old. This was the man who'd walk a quarter-deck before Sam Rodman would. This was the man who would command a Marlin ship . . . and Samuel Rodman never would! This was the prophecy fulfilled.

Maybe Sammy knew at last then that he was defeated. Maybe that's why Sammy's shoulders sagged. Maybe that was why he didn't really see young Joseph draw his leg back in across the weather sill, arrested at the cabin doorway. Nor did he for a moment know that Choo-Choo Charlie's son was in there, his dark eyes beaming in the chief mate's room.

"I am sent with greetings from my honored father, Chu Cha'Li." That's

what Sammy Rodman heard. "My father has too many years to give himself the pleasure to be here himself. This you must forgive him. He sends instead. I am Henry Chu. I bring greetings, Captain Marlin, to the honored Number One Son of my father, honored friend." Choo-Choo Charlie son inclined his head and shouldered the low, respectful bow. "My father wishes to pay proper ceremony, Captain Marlin, and to celebrate the beginning of your first command. He has a humble food prepared, some poor food which you must forgive. I have harbor launch for your convenience, the gangway, Captain Marlin." "Wonderful!" said Joseph. "Thank you, Henry. I was just about to ashore myself and pay your father respects. It will save Mr. Rodman a boat away."

"Whenever you are ready," Choo Charlie's son again made an inclination of his head. Then he turned to the first officer. "My father tell you, Mr. Rodman, that we are at Lebrun's plantation house."

Sammy's eyes went quickly to the first officer. "He told you to tell me that?"

"Yes, Mr. Rodman. He says you would wish to know."

"Did he tell you how soon he thought it would be till the *colla* wind blew?"

"No, Mr. Rodman. He did not."

"You, Henry, what do you think?" The Chinese let one shoulder lift. "I saw a zling, momentary glint touch Henry's bright, dark eyes. And here was Andy Marlin's voice, chuckling with an irony, "You and your blasted wife, Mr. Rodman! Never can forget you? Not in Nicopan. Maybe right, from what I hear." He gave a quick, short laugh, the cruel, the less laughter of the young. He was most as young as Sammy was.

Sammy got his first command. It was how the thing went round, circle without end. "Don't you know what a cloud means in the sky?" Joseph Marlin snorted. "How far, Henry, to Lebrun's?"

"Six miles from the landing. We have a jeep."

"Six miles? What the blasted miles?" He turned away. "Of course I'll go!"

(Continued on Page 95)

