

L. RON HUBBARD



**ALL
Frontiers
Are
Jealous**

GALAXY
PRESENTS

Chapter One

A few months ago there appeared in the London *Times* a financial notice. The bankers saw nothing unusual about it. The public paid it little heed. Investors shied. A few brokers smiled. Only a few knew the undiluted hell which backed those dry, crisp lines.

SUDAN RAILWAY TRIED AGAIN

Colonel Malone Asks Aid in
Long-Abandoned Project

Mombasa, Kenya, EEA, March 6 (RS)—Rumors of yet another effort to link the Uganda Railway with the Anglo-Egyptian Railroad were confirmed here by Colonel B. A. Malone, well-known promoter.

Investors will remember the disaster of former ventures when all attempts to survey the line failed.

Colonel Malone, according to his statement, will utilize a short franchise granted him to survey the line. He will attempt to float a loan on the London market.

The only memorandum made concerning this item was handed out to outer-office clerks and read, "No matter what price offered, we are not to be bothered with SR bonds."

However, down in Mombasa and shortly in Nairobi, Colonel Malone grew expansive and hopeful as always. Optimism sprouted from him like green bamboo shoots. He had won and lost half a dozen fortunes but no incident in his life had ever dimmed his winning, if gold-plated smile.

Railroads made money. Colonel Malone made railroads. He had shot his quota of lions at Tsavo. He had sunk his pick into the clay of Tanganyika. He could wave his hand at a map and truthfully say that the thing would be a blank if he hadn't helped matters with railroads.

And, that hot and depressing afternoon, when he alighted at Nairobi in company with a weather-beaten young giant, he ran true to form by saying:

"When I first saw this place, Dan, it was ten mud huts and a sheet-iron shed. Look at it now! Modern. Electric lights! Streets. A post office! We did that with the Uganda Railway. She's a beaut, isn't she, what?"

Dan Courtney glanced at the stubby, woodburning engine which was panting wearily after its run. He listened for a moment to the yapping roar of the natives in third class.

"Yeah," said Dan Courtney, "she's a beaut."

"And the first thing you know," said Colonel Malone, "the fetid green of jungle and the golden sands of desert will be caressed with the steel highway into the north. Think of it, Dan!"

"Yeah," said Dan. He raised his khaki sun hat and mopped at his brow and gazed longingly down the blazing street at a veranda which looked cool.

"In chains," whispered Malone, ecstatically. "Like a mighty

beast, the Dark Continent growls and snarls at us, but within the decade the last link between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean will be welded. Progress, Dan, what?”

“Yeah. But I’m not in the market for stock in it. Let’s get us a drink of lemon pop or something.”

Malone’s smile grew sad. “You’ve no imagination, Dan. No imagination. But then . . . no American ever had an imagination. Leave that and empire to the British, what?”

“Lemonade,” persisted the weathered giant. “I got to work the rest of the day.”

“Look here,” said Malone, “you’re not getting cold feet, are you?”

Dan looked down at the heat waves which shivered off the concrete around his scorched boots and grinned.

“You’re not going to back out, are you? Look here, Dan, you can’t do that! Just because those damned Dinkas murdered Stephans and slaughtered Lawry’s men. . . . You wouldn’t let that stop *you*, would you, Dan?”

“Who said anything about quitting? A job is a job. I’ve got to stretch a line from Lake Salisbury and the Uganda to the Anglo-Egyptian at Sennar across the Sudan. I’ve got to review Lawry’s work and confirm his passes and grades and take a blank out of the map in the Dinka country. For that I get three hundred bucks a month and five hundred in stock. It’s a job. Let’s find some lemonade.”

They turned toward the street, starting to thrust their way through the press of natives about the station. But they did not get very far. Two white men of burly build stood in the way and seemed to have heard Dan’s last remark. One was short

and wide, the other was tall and wide. This last had a narrow head on which two very small, pointed ears were set. One of these ears was half gone. The smaller one's nose took up twice as much territory as it should have and his eyes took up only half their allotted space.

"If it ain't Malone," said the bigger man.

The colonel's pleasant expression hardened like concrete. "Hello, Gotch-ear. I see the local authorities are asleep as usual."

"He kids all the time just like that, Bart," said Gotch-ear to his short friend. "Did I hear Salisbury to Sennar, Malone?"

"That missing chunk don't seem to hurt your hearing any," growled the colonel.

"This tall boy making a safari up by Alak?" persisted Gotch-ear.

"I'll take a safari over your frame if you don't get out of my way," snapped the colonel.

"You wouldn't be thinking of tagging us, would you, big guy?"

"I pick clean trail when I travel, whatever-the-hell-your-name-is," said Dan.

"A Yank," said Gotch-ear. "Listen, big guy, keep your eye on your transit up north. I don't take nothin' from punks, see? And if this is one of your sneaks, Malone, we'll send you back your pal's head in a big wicker basket."

Gotch-ear and Bart moved off into the swarm of natives and were lost. Dan, with a singleness of purpose which was very characteristic of him, headed for the veranda and the cold drink.

“I fired him off the South African road,” explained Malone. “He was stealing supplies and selling them. Wonder what the hell he’s doing in Nairobi.”

“From his looks, it isn’t legal,” said Dan. “He’s jittery.”

“Must be important. Gotch-ear’s got a nose for money. Wonder why he made a point of heading you off.”

“Jittery, that’s all,” said Dan. “Forget it. Northern Uganda is big enough for a dozen Gotch-ears.”

“I wonder if he’s being paid to block this road,” puzzled Malone, trying to keep up with Dan’s long stride and half running to do it in spite of the heat.

“Nuts,” said Dan. “All you need is this survey, the franchise and the cash. You’ll have the first two and you’ll get the third, won’t you?”

“The cash?” blinked Malone. “Oh . . . oh yes, of course. Sure I’ll get it. I’ll float a bond issue on the London market. Sure, that’s easy. They’ll snap up the SR paper like it was printed on platinum.”

A tall and dignified native stepped out from the questionable shade of a warehouse and accosted Dan with great ceremony.

“You look well, *bwana*.”

“Hello, Petey,” said Dan. “Been having good luck?”

“No, *bwana*.”

“Maybe I’ll change it for you. Scout out and round up the boys you wired me you had. We scurry out of here this afternoon.”

“Yes, *bwana*,” said Petey, withdrawing with another bow.

Dan slid into a chair beside a veranda table, pulled off his helmet and fanned lazily at his moist face.

“As soon as I get the equipment together,” said Dan, presently, “I’ll take that train to the end of the line at Soroti. I want to be well into the country when the rains start.”

“You bet you do,” said Malone. “You’ve got eight months to run the line and that’s not half enough time. My . . . er . . . ah . . . franchise runs out at that time, you know.”

“The bonus of two grand still sticks?”

“Of course. Africa . . .”

Dan didn’t listen to the colonel. His attention had been distracted by a very soft and lovely voice at the next table. He squared around slightly, and instantly the lazy boredom froze on his face.

He did not know the girl, but he knew he would very shortly. He had never seen his destiny so plain before him.

His blue gaze intently surveyed her as though he was topographing a range of hills.

She had a sun helmet on the back of her head and blond, damp curls were escaping from under the band. She had a very serious look on her face as well as three spots of lead smudge, deposited by a habit of biting worriedly at her pencil with small white teeth.

She wore a shooting jacket unbuttoned at the throat, a khaki walking skirt and a pair of battered sixteen-inch laced boots, one of which bobbed back and forth displaying a sole which looked too small to be believed.

She wrinkled up her pert nose, scowled dreadfully, gave her sun hat a bothered shove and, gnawing the pencil, looked abstractedly around.

Dan was too engrossed in a careful contouring of her head to whip his eyes away in time.

Their gaze met, grew warm, flared and Dan looked hastily away.

“The romance of Africa . . .” Colonel Malone was saying.

Dan thought that over and then took a sight across his glass at the girl again. She was still looking at him.

“Umm,” said Dan, “you’re right, Colonel. Dead right.”

“Of course I’m right. She’s a black-hearted beast, treacherous and unforgiving. . . .”

“What?” said Dan. “Oh . . . Africa. Yes, yes, indeed, Colonel.”

“I’ll show her she can’t intimidate me. You just plow right through, Tuaregs or no Tuaregs. Take your sights, find the passes and we’ll have a line running . . .”

Dan was listening to the girl’s voice. She was talking to a man he had, for the first time, noticed. A beaten, gray-haired chap, with a glint of humor in his washed-out eyes, showed some of the girl’s facial characteristics. A good-looking old chap, well dressed and capable. He’d seen Africa before.

She was saying, “Three tents, five canteens, six more loads of *posho*, shells for my ten-seventy-five by sixty-eight . . . Think we’ll meet any elephants on Mount Alak?”

“It would look better,” said the old man. “You’re the judge, Barbara.”

Dan blinked. Mount Alak was north of Lake Salisbury, beside his route.

Without thinking, he said, “Sure you’ll see elephants up

there. But don't you think ten-seventy-five is a pretty tough baby for a girl. I'd suggest . . .”

Coolly, evidently ruffled by his allusion to her capabilities, Barbara took the pencil out of her mouth and said, “Perhaps you'd suggest an air rifle for elephants. I don't believe I've had the pleasure, sir.”

Dan was very disconcerted. He should have known women were sensitive and that they despised men who told them they were not as good at man's games as men.

Unreasonably, Dan growled, “Nobody ever could tell a tenderfoot anything anyhow. Get your shoulder broke and see if I care. Come along, Colonel, I've got to get my outfit and find Petey.”

He stamped down the steps and turned toward the depot and the colonel came up beside him, trotting to compensate the difference in leg length.

They had not gone ten steps before Dan thrust an elbow into the colonel's midriff, depriving him of a considerable quantity of breath.

When they reached the depot, the colonel huffed, “What was the idea? Trying to knock me out?”

“Did you see them?”

“See who?”

“That guy Gotch-ear and his pal Bart,” said Dan. “If I ever saw a pair of vultures in my life, they're it.”

“What about them?”

Dan looked sober. “They were across the street, standing in the shade looking up at the veranda.”

“Watching us,” said Malone.

♦ ALL FRONTIERS ARE JEALOUS ♦

“Nix,” replied Dan. “They were keeping tabs on that girl and the old man.”

“None of our business,” said Malone with typical African fatalism.

“I guess not,” said Dan. “There’s Petey now with the boys.”