By Samuel W. Pennypacker Pennsylvania's Most Zealous

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NORRISTOWN, Pa., Nov. 19, 1917.

There is appearing in the EVENING LEDGER an autobiography of the late Hon. Samuel Pennypacker. The autobiography appears by installments. Mr. Pennypacker was a foremost citizen of Montgomery County and of the State of Pennsylvania. He was a man who had a broad contact with life and filled many distinguished positions of trust and honor. He came in personal contact with great men of many types. I believe that every teacher should read this autobiography and from time to time bring to the notice of the pupils, particularly of the high school and the upper elementary grades, such portions of it as are adapted to them. If there is any locality that should be particularly interested in the autobiography of ex-Governor Pennypacker it is Norristown. Respectfully submitted, A. S. MARTIN,

Superintendent of Schools. NORRISTOWN, Pa., Nov. 19, 1917.

CHAPTER II (Continued)

THEN I was about four years of age the "Buckeye Blacksmith" came to the town. It had just been discovered that the sun could made to paint portraits, and the common people who could not ford to employ an artist with brush and canvas might yet hope to their features preserved for the enlightenment of posterity. Deguerre had added a new complication to life, if not a terror, and out of it has arisen the modern photograph and the possibility of all of the ugly pictures with which the newspaper destroys our ideas of "The Buckeye Blacksmith" was one of the most effective of stump orators. In a rough and homely fashion he blended wit and s. Any crowd would desert Webster or Seward to hear him nd he took part in all of the political campaigns upon the side of

the Whigs. Between times he made daguerreotypes. My brother ohn and myself had "our likenesses taken" by him and the picture reproduced over the country in 1903. His name was J. W. Baer and his memoirs have been printed. On the north side of a street, uning from the Fountain Inn, the farthest inland point reached the British army during the Revolution, to Gordon's Ford, where Cornwallis crossed the Schuylkill on the way to Philadelphia in 1777, stood and stands the Mansion House, a village tavern. The hostler was "Nigger Hen," a mulatto, with whom as boys we played s with the rest. The tavern was owned by a man of Irish descent named Major MacVeagh. He was illiterate, but shrewd, and as a Democrat took his part in the affairs of the town. One of his near elatives, Peter Henry, drove a cart. His wife was a most worthy oman named Lincoln, one of the family from which Abraham Linoin was descended. He had three sons, all of whom were gifted ith native intelligence, and he sought to give them names which rould reflect importance-Nathan T., Isaac Wayne, named for the son f the General when he was running for the Governorship, and Benamin Franklin. The villagers always upheld that Nathan was the blest of the family, but being the oldest he inherited the tavern and wasted his energies over and inside the bar. Wayne later became attorney General of the United States in the Cabinet of Garfield and Franklin Secretary of the Treasury of the United States in the Cabinet of Taft. Wayne never was a favorite. He had the reputation as a boy of getting others into scrapes and keeping out of them himself. He had a certain volatility and instability of character, combined with acuteness which qualified the value of an otherwise mportant career. He inherited, with his Irish blood, not the gifts of ogic or constructive capacity, but a caustic quickness and oratorical ervor quite unusual. Recognizing the nascent ability of the youth, my father invited him to his house and encouraged him to go to college. On his return from Yale, a homely and scrawny stripling rearing a white necktie, he discussed in public in the Temperance Hall with my father the imposing but rather abstract question sug-

little as they did what it was all about and wishing I were in bed. Nathan and Franklin were both held by the villagers in more

rested by reading Locke, "Are ideas innate?" I listened, knowing as

fection, if less admiration, than Wayne.

My father, being the most influential person in his section of he county, took an interest and active part in public affairs and at his home he entertained many persons of distinction and notoriety to chanced to come to the neighborhood. Like all other Whigs, he was enthusiastic over Henry Clay and the fortunes of that eloquent. nagnetic and compromising statesman. In the greatest and most ppointing of his contests in 1844, on the third of October, there a tumultuous gathering of the Whigs at Valley Forge and that found my father earnestly in sympathy. He was no doubt abstemious

night and the next day Daniel Webster was the guest of my father. Among several letters written to my father by Clay, the following comment upon that campaign is of interest:

Ashland, 28th November, 1844.

Dear Sir—I received and thank you for your friendly letter communicating some of the causes which occasioned the recent most unexpected defeat of the Whigs in Pennsylvania. They are curious as matters of history; but I apprehend there is no present remedy.

I am grateful for the good opinion of me which prompts you to desire my return to the National Councils; but I have no intention of doing so. My desire is to pass the remnant of my days in private life. Grateful to many arguments and former than the second of the councils of the councils. Ashland, 28th November, 1844.

Grateful to my ardent and faithful friends. I shall never cease to cherish the warmest affection for them, and, in my private station, to co-operate with them in advancing the happiness and prosperity of our country. I am, truly, your friend and obedient servant.

H. CLAY.

Isaac A. Pennypacker, Esq.

At a later period he invited Mr. Webster to visit again his home, to which the Senator replied:

Washington, July 1st, 1852.

My Dear Sir—I am quite obliged to you for your very friendly er, for the cordial sentiments which it contains, and the bospitality which you proffer me. I shall hardly be able to visit Pennsylvania this season, otherwise it would give me great satisfaction to visit the section of country in which you reside, and witness the improvements that are in progress around you. With great regard, very truly DANIEL WEBSTER.

There were likewise visits from people in other lines of life. Signor Blitz, the conjurer, gave a private exhibition of his skill in the sitting room in the presence of my father and mother, of us amazed children and a medical student or two. He_took a silver dollar, marked it so that it might be recognized and placed it on his knee as he sat on a chair. Over the dollar he then put a kid glove; after a slight manipulation the glove was lifted and the dollar had disappeared. One of the party pointed out by Blitz found it in his vest pocket. Of course, the difficulty of such performances was increased by the absence of implements.



Charles H. Stratton, "Tom Thumb," on exhibition by Barnum, came to the house, was carried to the roof and told us in a feeble voice with sprightly manner the details of his kindly treatment by Queen Victoria, whom he had lately visited. The dress invented for women by Miss Bloomer began to attract attention and led to discussion. One afternoon my aunt, Gertrude K. Whitaker, then a young lady, and her cousin, Mary A. Bavis, came to the house on a sort of escapade dressed in short skirts and baggy breeches, but the recollection I have is made up more of astonishment than of either shape or color of costume.

Governor William F. Johnson was a visitor. He offended my mother by coming to the house late at night somewhat exhilarated, and he had to be put to bed and kept out of sight until the next

Neal Dow, the author of the Maine liquor law and afterward a brigadier general in the War of the Rebellion and a prisoner in Libby Prison, made a proselyting tour in the cause of temperance and

whose name has been handed down almost as a tradition, are as interesting as his impressions of the great statesmen and leaders of pre-Civil War days. in the use of wine, but he drank five or six cups of tea at a meal. Nevertheless, he lived to be ninety-four years of age. When I was a very little child I found in the garden a white flint of unusual shape and took it to my father, who explained to me that it was an Indian arrow head. Ever since I have collected Indian implements and taught others to do the like. My father took me with Dow in his carriage to Valley Forge. While clambering over the entrench-

Governor Pennypacker's early days were full of the incidents that made the middle

nineteenth century so picturesque and so important not only in American history but in the history of the entire world. His recollections of the "Buckeye Blacksmith,"

had been thrown up by the Revolutionary soldiers and washed out by later storms. It was surely an interesting memento, and in a child's way I presented it to Dow. He made a to-do over it and wrote an account of the matter for a newspaper in Boston. He

ments, then rough and overgrown, I picked up an arrow head which

American House, Troy, N. Y., January 31, 1854.

Dr. Pennypacker.

Dear Sir—I have just received yours of the 23d forwarded from Portland, and am very much obliged. It would have given me great pleasure to have seen you at Philadelphia, for my visit at your house and my trip with you to the memorable scene of our fathers' trials and sufferings at Valley Forge are among the pleasant memories of my

life. Please present my regards to your wife, and give my love to Tommy, whom I remember with pleasure.

It must be a sacrifice to you all to change your pleasant location at Phoenixville for a residence in Philadelphia, but I hope it will prove satisfactory to you. When I get home I will see what I can do about giving your College a favorable notice in the Maine papers, and may have an opportunity to recommend same students to your care and have an opportunity to recommend some students to your care and

I go from here to Montreal, then home. Very respectfully yours,

always remembered me, but called me "Tommy."

William H. Seward had pleasant relations with my father and spent a few nights at our home. He was thin, with a countenance the lines of which were somewhat drawn, reserved and unsympathetic, and made little impression except for smoking a great quantity of cigars. From among his letters I select the following brief

Washington, December 25, 1852 Dear Sir I regret that all my copies of the eulogies on Mr. Clay were exhausted a month and more ago. I have requested my friend, Mr. Schoolcraft, of this State, to send you one. I will try to save a copy of the Webster oblivary notices for you, but I shall be obliged if you will remind me of it after the publication appears.

Pray offer my most respectful regards to Mrs. Pennypacker and believe me, always faithfully, your friend,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD. Dr. I. A. Pennypacker, Phoenixville, Pa Being an earnest Whig, my father had little sympathy with the

Abolitionists, whom he blamed for causing the defeat of Clay by nominating Birney for the presidency, and when such of their associates as Miller McKim and Charles C. Burleigh appeared he wrestled with them in public controversies, some of which were published in the journals of the time. He was likewise the first to advocate making a public park of the camp ground of Valley Forge. The village of Phoenixville grew up around the iron works owned by my



The modest buildings above at the left is the birthplace of built near Kennett Square.



An early period sketch of Bayard Taylor

grandfather, Joseph Whitaker, and his partners, Benjamin and David Reeves, composing the firm of Reeves & Whitaker, and managed by him very successfully from 1829 to 1847. It was a dirty town. The streets were unpaved and were cut into deep ruts by the huge sixhorse teams which hauled the iron ore from the Chester Springs to the works, made up of pig iron furnaces, puddling mills and a nail factory. The sidewalks were made of black cinder. Dogs and pigs wandered about at their will. There was no authority to check the disorders of a somewhat rough community. In 1847 my grandfather withdrew from the firm and built a handsome residence upon the opposite side of the Schuylkill River in Montgomery County, to which Bayard Taylor gave the name of Mont Clare. Thereupon my father undertook to get the town incorporated into a borough. The effort led to a bitter local contest. The firm, now Reeves, Buck & Co., were opposed because it meant increased taxation and a certain loss of control, and they had the aid of all of their employes, who composed the greater part of the male population. Meetings were held, pro and con, for which Bayard Taylor printed the handbills. Heated speeches were made and violent letters were written. Before one Legislature the effort failed, but the next granted a charter and in 1849 the borough of Phoenixville started upon its career, with my father, who, after a spirited centest between the friends and opponents of the movement, had been successful in the election, as its first Burgess. Public service is very often an unsatisfactory proceeding, accompanied by ingratitude and followed by discomfort. To pay for the charter and expenses he gave his individual note, which the Town Council, at the suggestion of Vanderslice, declined to provide for and he was compelled to meet it himself. I preserve the paper as a memento. As Burgess he was soon confronted with a situation out of the ordinary.

Two bruisers, Bradley and Sloan, anticipating the modern achievements of the negro Johnson, representing the two cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, came to town, followed by the plugs who were financially interested, and fought a przefight on the grounds of Nathan Pennypacker to the north of the borough. By baffling movements in different directions they succeeded in finishing their fight but were afterward very properly thrown into iail.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

RAINBOW'S END

listen to my wife-

Author of "The Spoilers," "The



A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mys-

Copyright, 1917, Harper & Bros CHAPTER XVI-Continued

T TOOK O'Reilly but a short time to collect the few articles necessary for the trip; indeed, his bundle was so small at Norine was dismayed "Can't I take any clothes?" she inquired

a sanic. "I can't live without a "It is something you'll have to learn,"

told her. "An insurrecto with two hirts is wealthy. Some of them haven't "Isp't it likely to rain on us?"

"It's almost sure to." diss Evens pondered this prospect; then laughed. "It must feel funny," she

The First Stop

There were three other members of the weling party, men who knew someing of the country round about; they ere good fighters, doubtless, but in spite their shiny new weapons they resem- pretty lady by milking one of the cows; was excited; his eyes were ringed with they left New York; one even wore the little cavalcade presented a martial appearance as it filed

away into the jungle. The first few miles were trying, for the this way. was swampy and thickly grown up underbrush; but in time the jungle ave place to higher timber and to open Wannas deep in guinea grass. Soon her noon the travelers came to a farm. or to secure horses and food.

d haffiey and mango trees, all heavily That would be a satisfaction, now, shrilly: dened with fruit; there was a vianda- wouldn't it?" th, and, wonder of wonders, there were half dozen cows dozing in the shade. ying these animals, Norine promptly managed a glass of mink. ded a glass of milk, and O'Reilly

the American lady purposed drinkwilk fresh and warm; then he refused manner. This he did, but after throat!" matter mouthful Norine insisted upon

THE STORY THUS FAR

THE STORY THUS FAR

JOHNNIE O'REILLY, more commonly known as THE O'REILLY, has fallen
in love with ROSA*VARONA, one of the orphans of DON ESTEBAN VARONA, a
wealthy slave owner and sugar planter of Cuba. Don Esteban had hoarded a
vast ortune in precious stones, old Spanish coins and modern currency in a,
secret chamber at the bottom of a well. He was assisted in building this well
by Sebastian, a faithful slave, the only other person to share the secret. Don
Esteban married a second time, and the DONNA ISABEL, the successful woman,
had become his wife in the lupes of inheriting the fortune. But when Sebastian
turned upon his master and killed him, running wild until a builet through his
black brain laid him low, the machinations of Isabel scaled the secret of the
treasure's hiding place forever. Later Isabel, her mind turned as a result of treasure's hiding place forever. Later Isabel, her mind turned as a result of brooding over the treasure, was killed by falling into the well.

At this time the Cubaus were rising in revolt against Spain. Johnnie, who represented a New York firm in Cuba, had returned to New York temporarily before Isabel's death. ESTEBAN, Rosa's brother, was a rebel say and the two orphans were compelled to flee into the wilderness. They obtained refuge in the hut of EVANGELINA, Sebastian's daughter. PANCHO CUETO, Don Esteban's old manager, is now in complete control of the property and leads several parties in a vain attempt to do away with the two young people who still stand in his path. Esteban fails to return from a raid, and Rosa is compelled to go to the concentration camp at Matanzas to keep from starving.

Meanwhile, O'Relly has made a vain effort to get to the rebel lines. His first trip to Cuba failed, and now he has joined a junta under command of Major Ramos. With him are LESLIE BRANCH, a consumptive newspaper correspondent, and NORINE EVANS, a rich young woman in sympathy with the rebels, who made the junta possible.

The expedition lands safely in a secluded part of the Cuban shore.

or. All were dressed as they had been claimed all responsibility for the result. Johnnie, who was badly fagged from rear of the bohio. erby hat and pointed patent-leather the previous night's work, found a shady Nevertheless, Norine Evans spot and stretched himself out for a nap. Johnnie was on his feet in an instant. He inquired idly if there were any Span-

No Spaniards Around "We'd never see them here, if it were suides, and here a stop was made in tryman explained. "I'd like to guide them once. I'd lead them into a swamp and It was a charming little rancho. The leave them to sink in the mud, then I'd thatched house was set in a grove go back and cut off their heads. Ha!

> O'Reilly agreed sleepily that it would tiful! What a pity!" doubtless be a very great satisfaction in-

The man was obliging until he learned that, eh? But, what do you think? I ground and whimpered. have a brother, a very blood brother, who would sell himself for a peseta. He ed, breathlessly,

The shade was grateful. O'Reilly dozed, raised the ripe mango to her lips, whereal request. With a dubious He was awakened by being roughly upon the ranchero, with a yell, leaped ad and a further warning shaken, and he found the man with the upon her and violently wrenched it out cied his son to obligs the darby hat bending over him. The fellow of her fingers,

ad soldiers even less than did their he made it plain, however, that he dis white; his expression bespoke the liveliest alarm. Loud voices came from the

"What's the matter? Spaniards?" "No, no! Your senorita!" the man

iards in the vicinity, and learned that gasped. "For the love of God come there were, but that they seldom came quickly." He set off at a run, and Johnnie followed, a prey to sudden sick misgivings. a group the center of which was Norine

Around the house they dashed, and into not for these sin verguenzas-may a bad herself, a gourdful of milk in one hand, lightning split them!-who take money a partially devoured mange in the other. owner of which was known to one of to show them the bridle paths," the coun- At first glance there seemed to be nothing amiss; but the owner of the farm was dancing; he was trying to seize first the mango, then the drinking vessel. His wife was wringing her hands and crying

"God have mercy! So young-so beau-

The two fillbusters and the farmer's eldest son, all visibly perturbed, likewise "I'm as good a patriot as God ever joined in the commotion, while the made," the fellow ran on. "You can see smaller children looked on from the back-

"What's happened?" O'Reilly demand-

ely. Fresh milk was full of fever, passed here the other day at the head of Norine turned a puzzled face to him, tained; it was alive with germs. He a whole Spanish guerrillero." The speaker meanwhile warding off the farmer's to bring her, instead, some which bared his teeth and spat viciously, attack. "I can't quite make out," she been boiled and salted in the usual "Christ! How I would like to cut his said. "They all talk at once. Please ask them what I've done." Mechanically she

By REX BEACH

Barrier," "Heart of the Sunset"



terious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain.

"But it was too late." Norine's "Crime"

"You must tell her what she has done." said the fellow in the stiff hat. "Well, what has she done," Johnnie managed to inquire, whereupon every one began a separate explanation:

"She will never become your wife. * . Look! That's not her first mange. * * * Enough to destroy an army. * * * You was, alas! all too near. can see for yourself. * * * Wait! Ask her how many she ate. Ask her, senor, I

implore you!" There was a silence while Johnnie translated the question and repeated the

answers "She says she doesn't remember, they

are so nice and ripe-

"'So nice and ripe"" shouted the owner of the farm, tearing his hair.

"'So nice and ripe'!" echoed his wife, "'So nice and ripe" groaned the man who had awakened O'Reilly, "Major Ramos told me to guard her with my

Well, I shall kill myself." The country woman laid a trembling hand upon Norine's arm, inquiring, gently: "How are you feeling, my beau-

life because she is the guest of Cuba.

tiful dove? Sick, ch?" "What on earth ails these people?" inquired the object of all this solicitude. "I haven't made away with a baby. Maybe they're afraid I won't pay for my

Light came to O'Reilly. "I remember now," said he. "Mangoes and milk are supposed to be poisonous. The woman wants to know how you feel."

"Poisonous! Nonsense! They taste splendid. Tell her I'm still half starved." It proved that one of the three members of the landing party possessed an unsuspected knowledge of English, which modesty alone had prevented him from revealing. Under the stress of his emotion he broke out:

The "Aching Void" "Oh, missy! Those fruit is skill you." "I don't believe it," Miss Evans de-

"It skill you, all right. Maybe you got a freadache here, eh?" The speaker laid a hand upon his abdomen and leaned forward expectantly.

"Nothing but an aching void." This confession, or a garbled translation of it, was enough for the others; it denly the sick woman swept out from sects are harmless. Cuban cattle are shy,

"There! You saw her! She wouldn't volunteered to ride for the nearest priest, but hesitated, declaring it a waste of "Oh, I warned her?" wailed the woman, time, inasmuch as the lady would be dead in half an hour. His wife ran to

> the house for her crucifix and resary, which latter she insisted upon hanging around Norine's neck. After that she directed the men to carry the sufferer indoors, her intention being to make her guest's last moments as comfortable as possible. When Norine refused to be carried she was warned that the least

O'Reilly was impressed, in spite of himself, by this weight of conviction, especially when the Cubans ridiculed his suggestion that the combination of milk and mango might not prove altogether fatal to an American. Nothing, they assured him, could possibly be deadlier than this abominable mixture.

The victim herself, however, remained skeptical; she alone treated the matter lightly, and although she did finally consent to lie down, it was merely to please the others and because she was tired.

She Refuses to Die

"They have set their minds on seeing me expire, and they're such nice people I'm almost ashamed to disappoint them." she confided to O'Reilly. "But really I'm too hungry to die. Now don't forget to call me when dinner is ready."

"Honestly, do you feel all right?" asked of her. "Never better."

The meal was slow in coming, for not only were the cooking arrangements primitive, but the apprehensive housewife could not long remain away from the sickroom. She made frequent visits thereto, and after each she reported in a whisper the condition of the patient. The lady looked very white. Her breathing was becoming slower. She was unconscious. All would soon be over. It was better to let her pass painlessly to paradise than to torture her with useless remedies. Realizing that the poison had at last begun to work, the men tiptoed to the door and peered in compassionately, whereupon the sufferer roused herself sufficiently to call them "a lot of rubbernecks" and bid them begone.

"Her mind wanders," explained the man of the house; and then to cheer O'Reilly he added, "She is young and strong; she may linger until evening."

The meal was set at last, however; the

selves away from the table.

cies. Pray don't thwart her."

On the March Again

Indifference so callous on the part of a over shocked the Cubans. They rebuked exertion would but hasten the end, which O'Reilly silently; it was plain that they considered Americans a barbarously coldblooded race. Meanwhile they apprehen-

> sively watched Norine's every mouthful. When, after a time, no ill-effects having appeared, she suggested departing, they whispered together. They agreed at last that it was perhaps the course of wisdom to humor her. She was the guest of their Government; it would not do to displease her. Inasmuch as her end was inevitable,

dled their borrowed horses and set out. All that afternoon Norine was an object her three Cuban guides. They momenwhen she gave no sign of distress they marveled and expressed great admiration

at her fortitude in enduring pain. That night was spent at another farm house. When on the next morning Norine not only was seen to be alive and well, but insisted upon making her breakfast of mangoes and milk, the fellow in the derby hat flung his hands on high

and told O'Reilly: "It is no less than a miracle, but now she courts the wrath of God, senor. As for me, I shall never again associate with eccentric persons who delight to fly in the face of Providence. It is my opinion that all Americans are crazy."

Cuban Scenery

The party had penetrated to the foothills of the Sierra de Cubitas now, and as they ascended the scenery changed. trees and laid out as if for a picnic alternate with low rolling hills, and in but few places are the altitudes at all impressive. It is a smiling island. It has you know as much as the rest of us been said, too that everything in it is when we came." friendly to man; the people are amiable. men were stealthily attacking it. Sud- warm-hearted; the very animals and in- "I'm here co-

Facing O'Reilly, the man panted; confirmed their worst fears. The farmer her retreat and sat down among them, but trusting; Cuban horses are patient "Senorita! This is suicide!" they im- and affectionate; the serpents have no poison, and although the spiders and the Then, as she ignored them and helped scorpions grow large and forbidding, herself liberally to the food, their own their sting is ineffective. But here in appetites vanished and they pushed them the Cubitas range all was different. The land was stern and forbidding; canyons With a twinkle in his eye O'Reilly said deep and damp raised dripg' walls to gravely: "Dying people have strange fan- the sky; bridle-paths skirte wedges that were bold and fearsome, or lost themselves in gloomy jungles as noisome as Spanish dungeons. Hidden away in theso fastnesses, the rebel Government had established its capital. Here, afe from surprise, the soldiers of Gomez and Maceo and Garcia rested between attacks, nursing their wounded and recruiting their strength for further sallies.

The Rebel Capital

It was a strange seat of government no nation ever had a stranger-for the state buildings were huts of bark and leaves, the army was uniformed in rags.

The second evening brought O'Reilly it could matter little whether she died and Miss Evans safely through, and at here or elsewhere. Accordingly they sad- news of the expedition's success a pack train was made ready to go to its assistance. Norine's letter from the New of the tenderest solicitude on the part of York Junta was read, and the young woman was warmly welcomed. One of tarily expected to see her stricken. Then the better huts was vacated for her use, and the officers of the provisional Goveernment called to pay their respects.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CITY OF BEGGARS THERE were other Americans in Cubitas, as O'Reilly soon discovered. During his first inspection of the village he heard bimself hailed in his own language, and a young man in dirty white trousers

and jacket strode toward him. "Welcome to our city!" the stranger cried. "I'm Judson, captain of artillery, Departmento del Oriente; and you're the fellow who came with that quinine lady,

aren't you?" O'Reilly acknowledged his identity and

Judson grinned: "The whole camp is talking about her and those mangoes. Jove! At's a wo Rarely is the Cuban landscape any she didn't die of fright. Something tells thing but pleasing. For the most part me you're Irish. Anyhow, you look as green pastures sown with stately palm if you'd enjoy a scrap. Know anything about artillery?"

> "Nothing whatever." "I'm sorry. We reed gunners. "I'm not a fight