



As Wampum carried him
over the crest of the hill,
bullets screamed past
Raine's ears

Rangers Laugh Last

A Navajo Raine Story by JACKSON COLE

A fighting scout rides to protect Loma Azul!

BECAUSE this assignment seemed so simple, "Navajo Tom" Raine, Arizona Territorial ranger, felt that caution was not needed. In Raine's shirt pocket was a note from Burt Mossman, captain of the hard-hitting rangers. Raine had received the note two days before, at Little Pine post office, north of these scarred, ugly mountains he was in now. The note asked Raine to head south to a town named Lorna Azul, and identify one Ed Gosset, a bandit the rangers were anxious to put permanently behind bars. According to Burt Mossman's letter, it

seemed that Tim Borger, the Loma Azul sheriff, had Ed Gosset behind bars but was having trouble establishing the bandit's identity.

"That big, tow-headed Gosset cutthroat is sharp enough to carry no papers of any kind that would identify him, naturally," Raine chuckled drily. "But we'll keep Ed from wigglin' out of that jail, Wampum!"

Raine absently patted the shoulder of the magnificent blue roan gelding he was riding, letting his eyes rove over the rough country about him. He topped a towering ridge. The stage and freight road he was

following twisted around boulders and gullies and manzanita thickets ahead of him.

A hot wind sucked up from the canyons. It rippled Raine's thick black hair which he wore, Navajo Indian style, cropped off just enough to keep the ends from brushing the tops of his brawny shoulders. With hawkish features burned mahogany dark from wind and desert sun, and framed by the thick, black hair, Raine looked like a stalwart young Indian. And certainly the beautifully matched turquoise that formed the grips of his .45's, and the band of turquoise-set ornaments low on the crown of his black Stetson, were Navajo trappings.

But anyone seeing Raine for the first time, and judging him to be an Indian, would realize their mistake after a glimpse of the ranger's eyes. Those eyes were clear and green. Even now, those alert green eyes were scanning the brush patch as he rode along. It was that habitual alertness, born of riding dangerous trails, that saved his life now.

The sun's rays suddenly glinted on bright steel among boulders fifty yards down the crooked road. Raine stabbed Wampum's flanks with big blunt Spanish spurs, dropping flat over the suddenly lunging roan's neck.

As the roan's powerful legs hurled him over the crest of the ridge, bullets screamed off nearby rocks, and the rolling thunder of rifles beat against the hot slopes.

The moment they were safely below the ridgetop, Raine pulled Wampum to a halt.

THE ranger sprang out of the saddle, drew his guns and ran back up the steep slope. He dropped flat before cresting the rise, sliding in among the gnarled red stalks of a manzanita bush.

"They're runnin' away!" he muttered.

Riders were racing south along the crooked road. There were two riders, and they were not sparing their horses! Raine waited until the sound of their going grew faint. Then he pushed his guns into holsters, scrambled back down to Wampum, and stepped into the saddle.

"Ed Gosset's two side-kicks, Dan Goff and Link Foley, I'd bet," the ranger mused aloud.

The sun was barely an hour from setting when he finally jogged into the west end of Loma Azul's broad, dust-fogged street and put his horse in a livery barn. Then he walked along the heat-curved board-walk, seeing the upswing of activity that comes to all desert towns when the day's worst heat is over.

Raine had been in this town a good many years before. He remembered that the squat lava building that housed the sheriff's office and jail was at the far end of the street. As he walked along, he saw a big hombre with shaggy, very black hair and beard push out of a pair of saloon doors, take one startled look at him, then whirl and dive back inside.

"The crazy galoot!" Raine muttered. "I sure didn't recognize him but Whiskers knew me."

Raine reached the long, low-walled building he sought. It was built of lava chunks, mortared solidly together. There was a cheerless, sun-baked yard in front. Raine walked in under a weathered sign that said SHERIFF'S OFFICE, halted inside, and fixed his attention on a short, bullnecked man in a swivel chair behind a desk.

"What you want in here, Injun?" The short man's voice was deep and gruff.

"I'd like a word with Sheriff Tim Borger," Raine answered.

"I'm Borger!" the stocky man said grumpily. "What do you want,

warwhoop?"

"I'm not an Indian, Borger," Raine said evenly. "I'm Tom Raine, one of the Territorial Rangers."

"Navajo Tom Raine!" the sheriff grunted. "I've heard about you. You really did run off to the mountains, after the bushwhack murder of yore daddy, Marshal Powder Raine, and grow up with the Navajo Injuns'?"

"My father, Marshal Powder Raine, was murdered durin' the Tonto Basin war," Raine nodded gravely. "The bushwhackers who killed him, tried to nab me also although I was only a youngster. I skedaddled into the mountains and the Navajos took me in."

"That's the way I've heard it told," the sheriff declared. "I'm surprised that Burt Mossman sent anybody to help me, I'll admit."

"What are you talkin' about?" Raine asked sharply. "The rangers, from Captain Mossman right on down, are mighty willin' to cooperate with other officers."

"Captain Mossman!" the sheriff sneered.

"You know Captain Mossman?" Raine asked.

"Know him!" Borger glared. "I was workin' on the Hashknife when Burt was foreman. A hoss bucked me off one mornin'. Naturally I warped that bronc over the head with a doubled rope. Burt canned me, jest fer that!"

"I see," Raine said.

"Maybe you see, or maybe you don't!" The sheriff scowled. "Foller me to the back, and take a squint at my prisoner. You can identify Ed Gosset, can't you, Raine?"

"Yes," Raine said. "I've known Ed Gosset and those two runnin' mates of his, Dan Goff and Link Foley, for years. Incidentally, Dan Goff and Link Foley may be hangin' around here, Borger."

"What's that?" the sheriff growled.

Briefly, Raine explained about his adventure with the two bushwhackers.

"I'm only guessin', of course," Raine finished. "But who else, except Dan Goff and Link Foley, would want to keep me from identifyin' Ed Gosset?"

"You're probably guessin'!" the sheriff retorted. "I've wondered if Burt Mossman and you Rangers ain't buildin' yore reps by tellin' windies."

Raine was suddenly angry.

"Let's see your prisoner, Borger!" Raine snapped.

BORGER chuckled drily, stepped to a door that led into a cell-flanked hallway. He stopped before a narrow door of iron bars.

"Get on yore feet, Ed Gosset!" he sang out. "I've brought a feller to identify you!"

Raine advanced, watching a big man get off the cell's cot. Sunlight from a barred west window touched his rumpled yellow hair as he stood up. He ambled forward, grinning impudently. Raine saw his own sharp surprise mirrored in the prisoner's astonished glance.

"Tom Raine!" the man in the cell cried.

"So you ended up behind bars after all, eh?" Raine asked the burly prisoner.

"Quit yappin', both of you!" the sheriff rumbled. "I've got you cold now, Gosset. Raine knows you!"

"This man is not Ed Gosset, Sheriff," Raine said. "The gent in that cell is Clay Saddler, from the Lonesome Mountain country, two hundred miles north of here. Clay owns a little ranch up there. His brand is the Rockin' S."

"You tryin' to josh me, Tom Raine?" the sheriff yelled.

"Of course not," the ranger answered. "Clay and I are about the same age. I've known him since we were kids."

The sheriff said: "He's been claimin' his name was Clay Saddler. He says he come down here to buy cattle for his Rockin' S ranch. But the descriptions of Ed Gosset fit this feller plumb perfect. I thought he was lyin'."

"Clay is a dozen or so years younger than Ed Gosset," Raine said. "Yet they look so much alike it's a wonder Clay hasn't been picked up by the law before this."

"I've stayed around Lonesome Mountain where everybody knows me," Clay Saddler explained. "And I'm headin' back there before some bounty-hungry citizen blasts me down thinkin' I'm Ed Gosset."

"I'll free you pronto, Saddler!" the sheriff said uneasily. "Hope yuh won't make trouble about this mistake."

Clay Saddler grinned. "Lemme out of yore jail, buy me a big T-bone with all the trimmin's, and we'll call the deal squared."

Sheriff Tim Borger looked relieved. But Navajo Tom Raine did not hear Saddler's remarks. A slight sound had caused Raine to turn around. He saw the shadowy movement of a man's hatted head, dodging back into the sheriff's office. Raine leaped, rushed along the corridor to the office.

But the ranger was too late. He only caught a glimpse of the skulker outside, darting around a corner of the building. The glimpse told Raine that the man was big, and had shaggy black hair and beard.

"The same whiskery gent who ducked back into the saloon after sightin' me on the street, a while ago!" Raine muttered.

Sheriff Tim Borger came charging into the office, looking puzzled.

"What fetched you up here in such a rush?" the sheriff asked the ranger.

"Maybe I was just in a hurry," Raine answered. "There's a man in this town I'd

like to meet, Borger. I don't know his name, but he's a strappin' big gent, with shaggy black hair and a spade-shaped black beard."

"Heck, that might be Ben Jason." The sheriff scowled. "I did see Jason in town this mornin'. He's got black hair and whiskers."

"Never heard the name," Raine answered. "Who and what is Ben Jason?"

"Ben's a mountain-lion hunter," the sheriff said. "He's got a pack of hound-dogs, and two pardners—Sam Ford and Shorty Wilson. He's all alone today."

"Three of 'em!" Raine said.

"What's the matter?" the sheriff asked quickly.

"Nothin' is wrong," Raine said hastily. "I was just wonderin' if maybe I'd run into these three cougar hunters before. Would this Sam Ford be a lanky, brown-haired gent? Is Shorty Wilson a little, bow-legged cuss with a narrow face, and black hair and eyes?"

"You evidently don't know Sam Ford and Shorty Wilson," the sheriff mused. "Sam's tall and lanky, shore enough, but his hair's as red as fire. Shorty Wilson is scrawny and bow-legged, and he's got hair the color of a hemp rope."

RUBBING his chin thoughtfully, the ranger surveyed the sheriff.

"Reckon I don't know these lion hunters," Raine said soberly. "But Ben Jason might be the gent I wanted to see, after all. Where does he hang out?"

"At Tack Marlow's Mercantile, about an hour before you showed up here. Ben had a batch of supplies bought. He told me him and his pards was movin' up to Milt Riddle's Circle R, in the Big Sleep Basin country."

"I see." Raine nodded carelessly. His suspicions had crystallized. He said suddenly:

"Loma Azul is a good town, Borger, as it always has been. But it seems a lot busier than I remembered it bein'. No big payroll or anything like that here to account for the liveliness?"

The sheriff sobered, glancing quickly around the dingy office. He looked back at Raine uneasily.

"Over yonder in old Moss Teal's bank, Raine, there's better than fifty thousand dollars, right now, over and above what would usually be in the bank." The sheriff's manner had become more guarded. "There's been a big silver strike, down in the Buckhorn Hills, south of here. Well, fast as them prospectors find a rich pocket, they scoot up here, and put the dinero in Moss Teal's bank vault. Moss charges a small fee, and them miners are tickled to pay it."

"Man, are you settin' on a powder keg!" Raine said sharply.

"Huh?" the sheriff blinked uncertainly.

"What do you think a clever crook would do if he found out about this fortune that's cached in Teal's bank vault?" Raine snapped.

"Get his head blowed off with buckshot, most likely!" the sheriff answered with a grin. "From midnight to dawn, every night, that bank is guarded by two deputies of mine who pack shotguns loaded with buckshot."

"Why just from midnight until daylight?" Raine asked promptly.

"Don't come in here and start crittersizin' the way I handle my job!" the sheriff snapped, bristling instantly.

"I wasn't criticizin' your methods, Borger," Raine said quickly. "I just wondered why you didn't post guards before midnight, that's all."

"With the town up and stirrin'?" the sheriff jeered. "No bandit would be dumb enough to make a try at blowin' the bank's safe open with a lot of gun-totin' fellers

millin' around!"

"Most bandits wouldn't try it," Raine said slowly. "But Ed Gosset might. With Dan Goff and Link Foley helpin' him, Gosset is nervy enough to make a try at crackin' that bank before midnight, some night. And to be honest with you, Borger, I've got a hunch that Gosset and his two men are here, plannin' that very thing."

Raine was instantly sorry that he had spoken. Sheriff Tim Borger threw, back his head and laughed, the braying sound of it harsh in the small office.

"Tall tales!" he hooted finally. "I still say that's the kind of stuff you rangers are usin' to build yoreselves the kind of rep you're gettin'."

"Maybe I do talk too much," Raine admitted. He turned and headed for the door.

"Aw, don't go away mad, Raine," Tim Borger called gruffly. "I didn't mean any harm."

Raine did not glance back. He stepped out the door and walked along the splintery boardwalk. His anxiety grew when he saw that the sun was setting in a blaze of brilliant color.

"So that whiskery devil is Ben Jason!" the ranger growled. "Mebbe I can find that big galoot. I sure want to ask him a thing or two."

But Navajo Tom Raine did not find the whiskery lion hunter. It was pitch dark when he finished his search. Uneasiness was sawing at the ranger's nerves. He had peered into each doorway he passed along the street. Nowhere had he sighted Ben Jason.

"I wish I could have caught that cuss while he was snoopin' around the sheriff's office and jail," the ranger growled.

Raine went to the one hotel in town, got a room, and cleaned up. He returned to the street and entered a restaurant he had noticed earlier. Raine felt a little less

jumpy after a good meal. Also he had decided it was his duty to tell Sheriff Tim Borger exactly what he suspected, when he saw him the next day.

RAINE paused for a few minutes in front of a feed store, leaning idly against a post, facing the street. The store was closed now, and the shadows were deep there beneath the wooden awning. He drew in a slow breath.

Directly across the street from Raine was the Cattleman's Bank, where old Moss Teal, the owner, was holding a fortune in cash for the Buckhorn Hills miners. The squat brick building—the only brick structure in town—was brightly lighted. The shade was up from one of the bank's two front windows, and Raine saw a scrawny old man in baggy overalls and floppy hat there inside the bank, mopping the tiled floor. The oldster worked with pronounced lassitude.

"I wish I could shake this fool hunch of mine!" the big ranger muttered. "Whiskery Ben Jason and his two side-kicks, Sam Ford and Shorty Wilson, could be just who and what they claim to be."

But his mind raced on, considering this startling hunch that would not let him rest. Give big, tow-headed Ed Gosset time to grow a beard, then dye that beard and his yellow hair black, and he would sure be a dead ringer for Ben Jason. Sheriff Borger had said that the lanky mountain lion hunter, known as Sam Ford, had red hair. Well, lanky, beak-nosed Dan Goff, one of Ed Gosset's running mates, could have dyed his hair red!

Then there was the other one—the fellow known locally as Shorty Wilson. Sheriff Borger had said that Shorty Wilson was a cotton-top, but admitted that he was a little, bow-legged fellow. Link Foley was a bow-legged shrimp of a man, too. After using some kind of chemical to

bleach his black hair, it could now be yellowish!

Raine gave a start. As he stood there, the pokey old bank swamper had laid his mop down, picked up the scrub basket, and gone shuffling through a door in a partition at the back of the bank.

But the slouchy figure was coming back now. The first glimpse Raine got of him jerked his attention into sharp focus. The oldster looked about the same—a fringe of light hair showing beneath his floppy hat, baggy overalls flapping around his skinny figure, an oversize shirt drooping from narrow shoulders. Yet the man coming back into the bank with the scrub pail in his hand was not the same man who had left the room with that pail! His stride was brisk, springy with nervous haste, not the lazily shuffling gait the old janitor had used!

Navajo Tom Raine stepped off the porch and down into the street, tense with excitement. He was walking fast, watching the man inside the bank plop the bucket down, snatch up the mop, and dip it into the scrub water. The fellow turned the seat of his baggy pants to the window, bent low over his mop handle, and began slashing the mop back and forth in swift strokes. Raine started to run. The man got to the front window, reached up and back without turning completely around, and yanked the blind down sharply.

But the scrawny, man had been forced to turn his head to see, and in that brief instant Navajo Raine's green eyes raked over a narrow dark face that was wet with sweat, and a thin cruel mouth. He also noted the yellowish-white hair, and the beady black eyes. He had observed all this as the man seized the pull cord and brought the blind whisking down.

"Link Foley!" The name burst from Raine's lips. "He has dyed his hair whitish-yellow. He'd be the Shorty Wilson

they know around here! Ben Jason is Ed Gosset, and Sam Ford will turn out to be Dan Goff!"

Even as he rasped out those words, Raine was leaping towards the narrow, black alley between the bank and a hardware store. At that moment the earth seemed to rock and roll with Raine and there was a tremendous explosion roaring through the night. The ranger saw vast sheets of flame spray up into the air at the west end of town, and heard window glass coming down in a ringing crash all along the street.

"The stage depot!" the ranger cried. "Gosset blasted that, knowin' the whole town will pour down there, while him and his two pards rifle this bank!"

Raine sped down the narrow alley, slowing as he neared the yard behind the bank. He stumbled, almost fell over the prone figure that was there in the mouth of the passageway.

"The swamper!" Raine gasped.

THE old man had been stripped down to his underwear, and lay limp and unconscious. But he was alive, for Raine felt him stir slightly, heard him groan. The ranger heard quick steps approaching. He straightened to his full height, flattening against the bank's wall, his famous guns ready as the rushing steps came on.

"That wallop should have busted the old buzzard's skull!" a hoarse voice complained. "But I heard him movin', by dogs."

The voice trailed off. A scrawny figure moved into the black yard, leaned over the prostrate figure of the old swamper.

"Howdy, Link!" Raine said, and slashed down with his right hand Colt as the man squawked, straightened up.

Raine's six-shooter made a dull thumping sound, and the squall of terror that had started in Link Foley's throat died

in a shuddering moan. Raine holstered his guns, stooped over, and lifted Link Foley to his shoulder. Ed Gosset and Dan Goff would be inside that bank, he reasoned, working on the vault door with drills, ready to blast it to smithereens.

"I'll handcuff this little buzzard to the door knob, then ease on into the bank," the ranger said softly.

But Ed Gosset and Dan Goff were not inside the bank. They were riding up the alley on horseback. Raine heard the horses coming, dropped Link Foley, and whirled towards the sounds. He saw the two mounted men, leading a saddled and riderless horse which evidently belonged to Foley.

Raine crouched against the bank wall, almost standing on Link Foley. The two riders came on up, halting scant yards beyond him.

"I thought them blasted fools never would clear off the street, Ed," a nasal voice complained. "Reckon we've still got time to take care of our chore without gettin' caught at it?"

"I was a fool to tell you that Tom Raine is in town!" Ed Gosset chuckled hoarsely. "Yuh've been jumpier than a frog on hot sand ever since, Dan. You cool down, now. Link's a wizard with them drills of his. Ten minutes from now we'll be ridin' with a South America stake in our saddle-bags."

"Ten minutes!" Dan Goff worried. "That's a heck of a long time to risk hangin' around here!"

"Them galoots won't leave the flamin' wreckage of that stage depot until they hear the blast up here!" Ed Gosset retorted. "Come on. We seen Link crawl to the bank winder and pull the blind down, so we know he's inside, usin' them drills of his on the vault."

"That blasted Raine!" Dan Goff whined. "The way he spotted Link and me

and ducked 'fore we was set to drill him out on the trail today, would make a man think he can smell trouble like a lobo wolf. And I don't like the way we're rushin' this bank deal, neither. We should have gone on to Milt Riddle's Circle R, and pushed on into the mountains like we was huntin' lions. Slippin' back here and bustin' this bank open, the way we had it planned, would have been a danged sight safer than this."

"Quit beefin', and let's give Link a hand with his drillin' chore," Ed Gosset said. "I don't like changin' our plans any better than you do. I still think you and Link got the buck-fever when you recognized Raine!"

"Nope, Link and me didn't git no buck fever!" Dan Goff snapped. "After that dumb sheriff, Tim Borger, blabbed about sendin' for a ranger to identify that feller he thought was you, me and Link kept watchin' that blamed trail. We was cool as cucumbers, Ed. That cussed Raine just tumbled that somebody was hiding in them rocks, that's all."

"Well, Raine did get past you two, so we can't play this slow and easy, the way we planned," Ed Gosset retorted.

The two men were off their horses, starting towards the bank's open door. Raine laid lean thumbs over gun hammers, leveling the weapons.

"Ed, you and Dan better reach!" The ranger's voice was like a clap of thunder, smashing the silence.

The two bandits jumped, palms smacking gun grips. Raine waited in silence, knowing they were confused, uncertain of his location.

"It's Navajo Raine, Ed!" Dan Goff howled. "I see him!"

GOFF'S voice shook with nervousness, and his twin guns came out, spouting red-tipped thunder. A dozen yards down

the alley from where Raine crouched, Goff's bullets made hollow sounds as they slammed into barrels!

Navajo Tom Raine grinned faintly, his green eyes hard and bright. He could see Dan Goff's long arms stretched out, holding those spouting guns. Raine's own right hand Colt lifted, sent flame and thunder leaping from the black shadows. Dan Goff spilled down, howling in pain and terror.

But Raine had no time to see whether or not Dan Goff was out of the fight. The moment his gun blazed his advantage was gone, for Ed Gosset had him located. And Gosset's guns were out and thundering before Raine could shift his position. He snapped a shot at the big bandit, missed, then flinched violently when a bullet ripped across his left cheek, hurting and shocking him.

"Link, come a-runnin'!" Ed Gosset bawled through the thunder of his own guns.

Raine saw him as a dim shadow out there in the night, dancing and jumping, shifting constantly as he fired. The ranger pressed his shoulder against the bank wall for a brace, then got his guns up and began blazing away. He heard Ed Gosset howl, saw the big man tip over in a hard fall. The ranger went out into the alley at a staggering run then, his smoking guns leveled at Ed Gosset and Dan Goff.

"Don't shoot, Raine!" Dan Goff called. "My right arm is busted below the elbow."

"I'm out of it, too," Ed Gosset yelled. "You mowed both my legs out from under me with bullets."

"You're both lucky, for I could have knocked you over with body shots a lot easier," Raine growled. "Or are you lucky? Gents who sit in a cell, waitin' to get hanged, aren't so lucky, at that!"

"Link must have quit cold, Ed!" Dan Goff whimpered. "He could have waltzed

out that door, yonder, and blasted Raine down.”

Raine advanced warily, gathered up their dropped weapons, then searched them to make certain neither of them had a spare gun. He backed away, threw the captured pistols into a brush pile, then walked over and grasped Link Foley by an ankle, dragging him out into the alley.

“Here’s Link Foley,” the ranger said. “I slammed him across the noggin with a gun a while ago, and he’s still snoozin’. Can you walk, Ed?”

“Of course I can’t walk!” the big bandit growled. “I can move my legs, which means they ain’t broke. But every time I even wiggle my toes, pains shoot plumb to the top of my head.”

“I can’t walk nowheres, neither!” Dan Goff gulped. “My arm’s busted, and I’m so shook up and sick I’d fall down if I bothered to get up.”

“All right, have it your way,” Raine said grimly. “Link’s scrawny, so I’ll lug him to jail, where the lynch mob can’t get him. I’ll hogtie you two so’s you can’t crawl off and hide, and do the best I can about gettin’ back in time to save you.”

“Lynch mob?” Ed Gosset croaked.

“What do you think the people in this town will do when they find out who you galoots really are, and that it was you dynamited their stage station tonight?” Raine snapped. “You evidently had scattered a lot of oil in and around that buildin’, and fixed some kind of rig for settin’ fire to the wreckage after the blast. People get crazy mad when they find men who’d do a trick like that.”

“That blast and fire didn’t hurt nobody, Raine!” Dan Goff said. “The agent had went to supper and locked the place up.”

“You and Ed explain that to the mob in case they find you before I get back,” Raine told him stonily. “Of course, everybody will be a little sore over such a wanton destruction of property, to say nothin’ of what you aimed to do to this country by robbin’ the bank.”

“I’ll manage to walk, I reckon,” Ed Goff said hoarsely. “A cussed mob kin be right unreasonable, when tempers are all het up.”

“If I step light, my arm won’t throb too bad, I guess,” Dan Goff said nervously.

They got up, groaning and cursing. Raine shouldered Link Foley, leveled a gun at Ed Gosset and Dan Goff, ordering them to head for the jail. Ed Gosset hobbled along like a string-halted horse. Dan Goff staggered, nursing his broken arm, trying to buck up his courage by cursing the ranger.

Raine paid no heed at all to their complaints. He strode along with the limp outlaw over his left shoulder, a gun in his muscular right hand. He was thinking of bull-headed Tim Borger, the Loma Azul sheriff, who would sure have a chore trying to explain to the voters how three of Arizona’s slickest, most dangerous crooks had been right under his nose for quite a spell without him having even suspected them.

That none of the citizens themselves had been sharp enough to spot Ed Gosset and his two cut-throat pards would not matter at all. They would jump on Tim Borger from every side, and sure rawhide him ragged. Navajo Tom Raine reckoned Tim Borger would be too busy, for a while, to go around laughing at the Arizona Rangers from now on. In this case the rangers had laughed last!