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Our Navy Couldn't Hide

# Cavalier®

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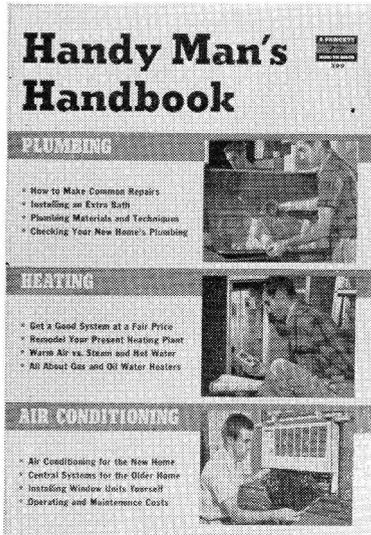
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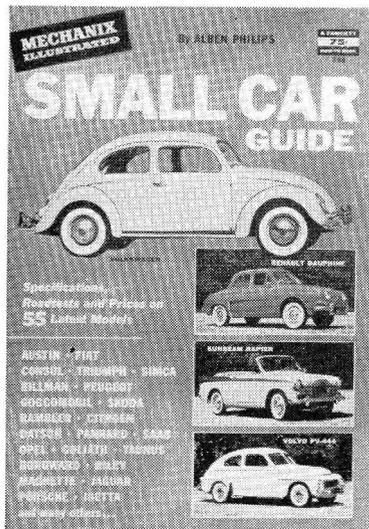
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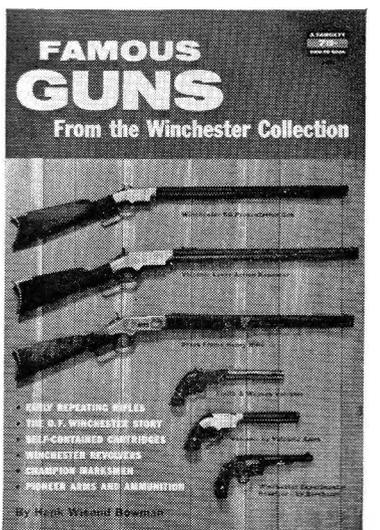
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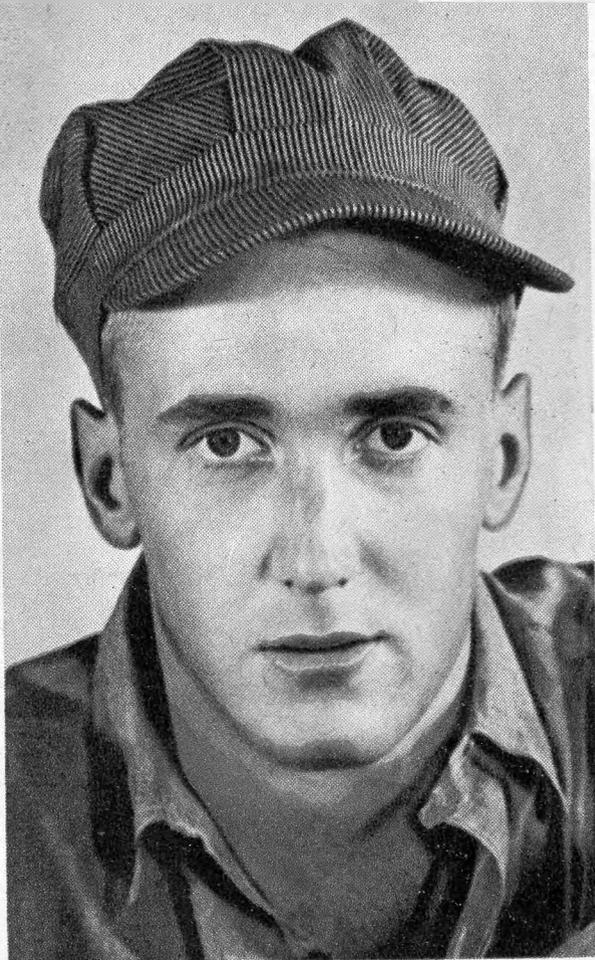


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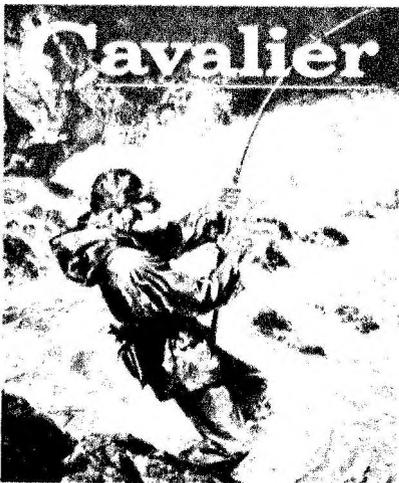
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# Cavalier

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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**VOL. 8 NO. 69**

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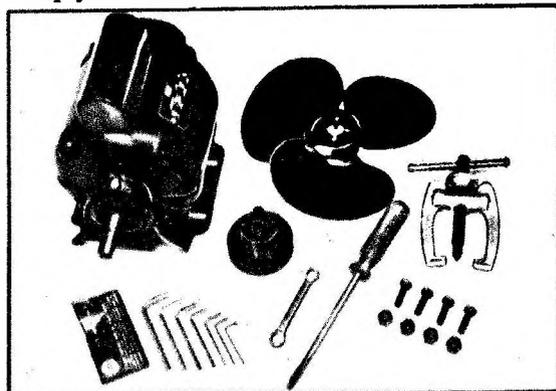
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# THRUST ~~AND~~ PARRY

Address all beefs and comments to CAVALIER Magazine, 67 W. 44th St., New York City 36, N. Y.

## INDIAN GIVERS AND TAKERS

In 1950 I talked to Ira Hayes and at that time he confided in me concerning the phony flag-raising story. Unlike other American Indian veterans, he seemed to find conforming to everyday living a big task.

*A fellow tribesman,  
Raymond F. Walker  
Los Angeles, Cal.*

I congratulate Mr. Huie on his splendid victory in producing the facts of the Ira Hayes story. I congratulate the staff of CAVALIER for publishing these facts. I suggest that many Americans who think they are "Americans" (as was the real blood of Ira Hayes) reprimand themselves and realize who the real Americans are.

*A/1c John L. Szabacsan  
(Former S/Sgt., USMC)  
Travis Air Force Base, Cal.*

I just finished reading "Our Torture Execution of Marine Hero Ira Hayes" and want to tell you that I don't think I've ever read a more gripping story. I could have wept for the agony Mr. Hayes and his family must have gone through during his cheap exploitation.

*A Housewife  
Hibbing, Minn.*

I was visiting in Phoenix, Arizona, and happened to be on the reservation the day Ira Hayes' body was found. I went to the funeral and took movies of it. There were very few white people attending the funeral. It is nice to know there is someone writing kind words in his memory.

*Esther Bowen  
Chicago, Ill.*

As I understand your ridiculous article, "Our Torture Execution of Marine Hero Ira Hayes," the author makes out a case of American brutality in feeding this hero too much whiskey, women and money, and treating him decently instead of "punching him in the nose"—which might have helped.

This country has no obligation to play perennial wet-nurse to a drunken Indian.

*Earl C. Nedwidek  
Trenton, N. J.*

## HUSBAND'S IN ORBIT

I subscribed to CAVALIER for my husband's birthday several years back and it's still coming. I just read your "double your money back" offer and I'll sure take mine. When my husband gets his CAVALIER he's out of this world until he's read every word in it.

*Mrs. Waldo Campbell  
Ringwood, Okla.*

Let me express my appreciation for the great article by William Bradford Huie in the December issue of CAVALIER . . .

*Eugene Buie  
Dillon, Mont.*

## BEEFS AND BRAVOS!

A comment on December's "Flat of Our Blade" to Mr. Sinatra. Unless you get your circulation to include the American women, you are wasting newsprint. Frankie has the gals in his corner and that is a mighty ax to swing according to statistics.

*Tommy Wiggins  
Tucson, Ariz.*

*Cuts no ice with us, Tom.*



Frank in his corner

Hat's off to CAVALIER for a well-deserved thwack to the "What's My Line" TV program. The grinning videots who star on the so-called show should be quietly removed from the public scene. Then maybe Sunday will once more be a day of rest and relaxation.

*Ed Bisbee  
Tacoma, Wash.*

The flat of my blade to CAVALIER (if I had a blade) but since I am a musician, a thrust of my fiddle bow to you for your childish attacks on such gifted and fine people as Lawrence Welk, Frank Sinatra and others of their ilk.

What on earth possesses you to try to tear down people who have been fortunate enough to get the breaks and consequently make a few bucks? Is it jealousy? Envy? Or just plain orneriness? Why not use those two "Flat of Our Blade" pages for more pics of gals like Terry Higgins? Boy if she could sing!

*Joe Fiddle Thompson  
Lafayette, La.*

## MESSAGE FROM TEXAS

I saw your December CAVALIER and want to take issue with a joke titled "Message from Alaska" which read "If there had been a back door at the Alamo, there

wouldn't be a Texas today." Well I have a message from Texas: If Alaska had as much sun as Texas there wouldn't be an Alaska, just an ice cube.

*A Tall Texan  
Houston, Tex.*

## CHEERS FOR BEER

To my mind, Julian Simon's piece titled "How to Make Beer at Home" (Dec.) is deserving of a Pulitzer Prize for humanitarianism. Long may he live to guzzle his gustatory delights. And a hearty bravo to CAVALIER for publishing the masterpiece.

*James Souris  
Minneapolis, Minn.*

Sure was let down on the home brew story in your December issue. My grandfather made a brew as fine as any but the ace in the hole was no sediment in the bottle. If you want to put the finishing touch on your brew story find out how to make a bottle without a mud bottom. Prosit!

*R. Brunner  
Dayton, Ohio*

## TIGER LILLY

Just finished reading "Greater Than Boone or Crockett" by Gene Caesar in your December issue. No doubt Ben Lilly was really good as an animal tracker and wilderness man. The only other man I know of who would run him a close second is the late Jim Corbett, the great tiger hunter of India. Corbett trained himself as a hunter and tracker and was really great.

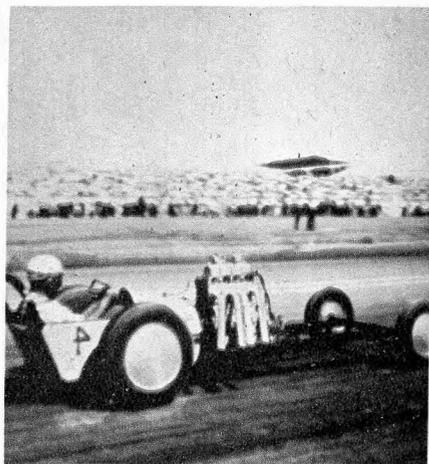
*Sam Langford  
Eldorado, Ill.*

## RACING RAVES

Congratulations to you on your article "Blood, Sweat and Gears" (Nov.) It was  
[Continued on page 6]



COMING NEXT MONTH  
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ATTENTION ALL DRAGSTERS! America's hottest cars featured in full color



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also:

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● **AMERICA'S ONLY WHALING FLEET**

● **WW I AIR STORY: ALAN McLEOD**

*and other big stories*

# THRUST ~~AND~~ PARRY

[Continued from page 4]

the best car story I have read in a long time. It shows that hard work really pays off. I think that the Belond is the sharpest looking racing car ever made. A pat on the back surely goes to builder George Salih.

*Bruce McFarlane  
Victoria, B.C., Canada*

I have just finished reading "Blood, Sweat and Gears," a truly great story of a racing car owner, mechanic and driver. It's about time someone wrote a story of the endless hours and heartbreaking setbacks that go into building any type of racing car.

*Sgt. Dan Hughes  
Hamilton AFB, Calif.*

## HUSTLER RUSTLER



Regarding your story on the XIT Ranch ("The Spread That Could Swallow the King Ranch," Dec.) I'd like to inform you that the brand was changed on many of the cattle. Five thousand dollars was paid by the ranching syndicate to the rustler for his promise to reveal his method and to be a good boy in the future. The brand was changed in the manner shown here.

*Gene Holder  
McGregor, Tex.*

*Thanks, Gene, and all the other western fans who told us about this.*

## HE BET ON UDET

I certainly enjoyed your complete life story titled "Ernst Udet: Duel Master of the Skies" in the January issue. However, a friend and I have a small bet about the medal Udet is wearing in the picture with his wife. I say it's the Pour le Merite and he says it's the Knight's Cross? Who wins?

*Timothy Little  
Detroit, Mich.*

*You do, Tim. The Pour le Merite was Germany's highest decoration in World War I and the men who won it practically wear it in the bathtub. The Knight's Cross was a top World War II decoration.*

## FOR THE (WAR) BIRDS

Keep the World War I air stories coming and the Bradbury classics. As long as you continue to present your magazine in your unique form of unsurpassed

good taste, you will have one of the finest men's magazines out.

*Bob Knight  
Roseville, Calif.*

I have just finished reading the January, 1959 issue of your magazine (every story) and I can find no reason whatsoever for you to send me twice or even half of the purchase price of one-fourth of a buck.

"The Man Who Lived to Eat Crow" was terrific, if not gory, "The Day the Rebels Invaded Vermont" was fascinating, Bambi was (shall we say) "delightful." "Confessions of the Greatest Tattooist" was most interesting, "The Crowd" was hauntingly magnificent (having been written by the inimitable Ray Bradbury, what else could it be?), the "Only Navy Mutiny" and "Adam Worth" were highly interesting.

But, "Ernst Udet: Duel Master of the Skies" was a masterpiece, definitely one of the finest articles on World War I aviation that I have ever read. Udet certainly was one of the "greats" of the Great War for Civilization. I hope that you will feature more stories of the Air Aces in future issues.

*Peter Kilduff  
New Britain, Conn.*

*To you, Pete, Bob and the other WW I air fans, we recommend Our Navy's First Air Ace on page 38. Coming up are Alan McLeod (April), Raoul Lufbery (May) and others by top WW I writer William E. Barrett following.*

## BLUES MAKE HIM SEE RED

Your magazine has long been a favorite in my regular monthly supply of reading material, and one of the first to be swiped by other avid readers.

Your articles on sports and adventure are good, and thoroughly enjoyable, and your cartoons, pix and stories on sex and its source of supply are always interesting.

Would you please tell us where the bluenoses and other sex fighters come from? Do they have mothers and fathers like the rest of us? And why do they object to the open and aboveboard sex discussions? Is their own secret furtive way of reproduction physically different? A bit of information on these points would help us to understand your hecklers.

*Bill Cruise  
Port McNeill, Can.*

*We don't know, Bill—but we'll pass along any information we get. You do the same, wilya?*

# Don't Pay For These Great Shoes!

Get them WITHOUT COST as a reward

— plus —

the chance to "be boss" of your own  
**\$10,000** a year shoe business!

Brand new plan! You can earn marvelous new shoes instead of paying for them...and develop an extra income for life! Simply take orders from friends, neighbors, co-workers for America's greatest values in Work, Dress, Casual Shoes, Hunting Boots, Women's and Children's Shoes. No selling experience whatsoever is needed. Simple 2-finger demonstration makes shoe selling a snap! Actual shoe samples supplied.

It's your own business free and clear  
... you don't invest a penny now or ever!  
Operate in spare time if you're now employed!

We back you with a million dollar stock. No overhead, no stock for you to carry, yet no store can compete with the tremendous selection of over 180 styles you can offer. Complete range of sizes—4 to 18, widths AAAA to EEEE—assures every customer proper fit. Advance Commissions to \$5.00 a pair, plus Big Bonus, "Vacation Checks" and other Cash Awards are all yours. Get your own shoes as "extras" at no cost!

Exclusive "Trade-In Sale of Old Shoes"  
sells new shoes for you!

Only Charles Chester offers your customers cash for old worn-out shoes! Helps you get profitable orders faster. No pick-up or delivery on your part. Serviceable old shoes donated to worthy charities. Patented Chester Air Cushion insole, luxurious full glove-leather linings, finest Weather Seal'd construction, guarantee remarkable foot comfort. You can easily do a \$10,000 business your first year — even more as your business grows and repeat orders keep rolling in!

Send NOW for big new Selling Outfit!

Write NOW—before you turn this page—if you want the security, independence and big steady income of a business of your own. It's a business that's "depression-proof" because everybody needs shoes. **ACT TODAY!**

**CHARLES CHESTER SHOE CO.**

Dept. C-597, Brockton 64, Mass.

(Established 1876)

**MAIL COUPON RIGHT THIS MINUTE**

**CHARLES CHESTER SHOE CO.**

Dept. C-597, Brockton 64, Mass.

I want to make good money in spare time. Send all equipment I need without obligation — and tell me how I can get my own shoes without cost.

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Big selection of Air Cushioned RIPLE® SOLE shoes for dress, work, casual wear. They "soften side-walks", end foot fatigue. Men's and ladies' styles.



Exclusive! Chester-Tanned Leather Soles—guaranteed to give twice the wear of any other leathersoles made!

9" Boot — Soft, light, double Air Cushioned, Storm Seal'd protection.



Handsome! Coppertone Tartan Grain... with built-in Air Cushion and Side Arch Support.



Ladies' soft, comfortable, flexible casuals and smart dressy styles.



# A Funny One for the Road

The businessman who had had an excellent year was in his accountant's office getting his income tax return straightened out. The accountant said, "What we have to get straightened out first is which is last year's business and which is this year's business. Now tell me, how many dependents do you have?"

"Three," was the reply. "One is eight, one is five and one was born last week. I'll be able to claim all three for dependents, won't I?"

"No," said the tax man. "The one born last week won't be eligible until we make out your tax return for this year."

"I don't see why," protested the businessman.

"It was born this year, therefore it's this year's baby," was the reply.

"Wait a minute!" roared the businessman. "It was last year's business!"



A luscious young woman married a very cold-blooded farmer. But about once a year, he would come tearing across the field, grab her in his arms and make violent love to her.

Hopefully, she would go about her chores, one eye constantly on the field. One day, she suddenly saw him gallop across the field towards her, arms outstretched. "Lover," she cried, and threw herself into his arms.

"Sex fiend," he growled. "The barn's on fire."



A visitor to West Point noticed a monument on which were engraved names of men of the Union Army killed during the Civil War.

"Say," he called to a passing cadet, "what is this?"

"A tribute to the marksmanship of the Confederacy, suh," drawled the cadet.



The air in the barber shop was tense as the two rival businessmen came in, glared at each other, then sat down.

"How about some hair tonic?" the barber asked, hoping to break the chill.

"Oh no," the first customer replied. "My wife would think I'd been in a whore house."

The man in the second chair said, "I'll have some. My wife doesn't know what a whore house smells like."



Desperate to leave New York and get back to her home land, the French girl decided that her only hope lay in stowing

away. She approached a young man in a blue uniform with epaulets and told him her plight. Gallantly he offered to help her. Blindfolded she was led aboard and soon installed in a spare lifeboat.

For six days, she lay in the lifeboat. Twice during the day and three times each night, the officer would come to her and have his way. Then one evening another naval man stuck his head into the boat and demanded to know what was going on.

When she'd explained, he said: "Made-moiselle, you've been had. This is the Staten Island ferry."



A cannibal approached the witch doctor's office one morning complaining of a stomach ache. "What did you have for dinner last night?" asked the witch doctor.

"One of the missionaries."

"Hmm," said the doctor. "Was there anything unusual about him?"

"Well, he had no hair except a little fringe around the outside and he was wearing a long robe."

"Oh? And how did you prepare him?"

"I broiled him."

"Aha," said the doctor. "No wonder you have a stomach ache. He was a friar."



In a San Francisco cemetery, a visitor noticed an old Chinaman placing a bowl of rice on a grave.

"What time do you expect your friend to come up and eat the rice?" he asked.

The old Chinese smiled. "Same time your friend come up to smell flowers."

An ex-G.I. sauntered onto a used car lot. "Hey," he said, "ain't you the guy who sold me the red sport coupe?"

"Yes, I did," the salesman bubbled.

"Well," drawled the G.I., "will you give me the sales talk again? I get so discouraged."



Pedro had worked on farms for 15 years, but always for an employer. He had skrimped, saved and denied himself the smallest of pleasures so that he might someday own his dream farm.

The time came when he was able to afford a rundown farm. After working like a dog for two long years, roofing the barn, painting the house, repairing the windows and fence, and tilling the soil, he was gazing proudly at his handiwork. A Cadillac drove up and a well-dressed man stepped out. As he surveyed the land, he said, "Who is the owner of this lovely farm?"

"I am, Senor!" replied Pedro. "This is the best farm in the whole world! My corn is six foot tall, my cows give nothing but cream, and my bee hives yield fifty pounds of honey every two weeks."

The stranger smiled and said, "I am glad, because I'm the tax collector!"

Pedro replied, "And I'm the biggest liar in the world. My corn is only six inches high and the worms have already eaten half of it, my cows give nothing but skimmed milk!"

The tax collector frowned. "I suppose you'll tell me now that your bees don't give you fifty pounds of honey every two weeks!"

"Si Senor," said Pedro. "My bees give me fifty pounds of honey every two weeks, but the queen bee has been going steady with a horse fly, and all the honey tastes like horse manure!"



The hardworking young housewife was standing patiently in line at the bank waiting to deposit what was left from her husband's pay check. Ahead of her were a couple of flashy floozies who deposited what looked like a small fortune.

When the housewife reached the teller, she plunked down her small handful and said, "Ten—the hard way."

\*\*\*\*\*  
 will be paid for any joke accepted for publication. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned; if your submission is not accepted within three weeks, consider it rejected. Address: Humor Editor, CAVALIER Magazine, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, New York.  
 \*\*\*\*\*

Did you ever ask yourself...

# WHY CAN'T I GROW HAIR?



First, let's understand a few facts about hair growth and baldness. Common baldness follows a characteristic pattern. The hair recedes at the temples and there is a gradual loss of hair at the crown of the head. Hair lost in this manner is progressive and, if unchecked, the end result is baldness.

You may have seen ads with "before and after" photographs of men and women enjoying renewed hair growth. These photographs are probably authentic. But the next time you pick up one of these ads observe it carefully. Note that the baldness areas do not follow the characteristic pattern of common baldness. Note that the bald spots are not on the crown or at the temples. Instead, they are almost on any other part of the head—the back of the head, the side of the head—places where most people still retain hair after many years of being bald. These people were suffering from a scalp disorder called *alopecia areata*, which means loss of hair in patches. In these cases the hair falls out in clumps practically overnight, and grows back the same way after weeks, months, or years later. Doctors don't know the cause of *alopecia areata* but believe it results from a nervous disturbance.

At any rate, the chances are 98 to 1 that you do not have *alopecia areata*.

## NOW YOU CAN STOP WORRYING ABOUT BALDNESS

Now we can clear the air. Up to this time no one has discovered how to GROW HAIR ON A BALD HEAD. No, nothing known to modern science, no treatment, no electric gadget, no chemical, no brush, no formula can GROW HAIR. So, if you are already bald, make up your mind you are going to stay that way. Quit worrying about it—enjoy yourself.

But if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to no-

tice too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness or oiliness of your hair, the itchiness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff—these are Nature's Red Flags. They warn you that if these conditions go unchecked, baldness may be the end result.

Yes, there is something you can do to help save your hair.

The development of the amazing new formula series called Alophene may mean that thousands of men and women can now increase the life expectancy of their hair. Alophene has two basic formulas, with the dual purpose of correcting a scalp condition that often results in baldness, and giving greater health and longer life to the hair you still have.

## HOW ALOPHENE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

This is how Alophene works: (1) It tends to normalize the secretions of your sebaceous glands, controlling excessive dryness and oiliness. A few treatments, and your hair looks more beautiful, more vital, and healthier. By its rubifacient action, it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to the hair follicles. It supplies Vitamin A to the scalp, which some medical authorities believe may be an essential nutritive factor to the hair and scalp.

(2) As an effective antiseptic, Alophene kills, on contact, seborrhea-causing bacteria believed by many medical authorities to be a cause of baldness. By its keratolitic action, it dissolves dried sebum and ugly dandruff, it controls seborrhea, thereby tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft, and eliminating head scales and scalp itch. In short, Alophene offers a modern effective treatment for the preservation of your hair.

Today there is no longer any excuse for any man or woman to neglect the warning signals of im-

pending baldness. After years of research and experimentation, we can say this about Alophene. We know of no other treatment, used at home or in professional salons, that can surpass Alophene in saving your hair.

## ALOPHENE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Therefore, we offer you this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Try Alophene in your own home. In only 10 days your hair must look thicker, more attractive and alive. Your dandruff must be gone, your irritating scalp itch must stop. In only 20 days you must see the remarkable improvement in your scalp condition, and the continued improvement in the appearance of your hair. After 30 days you must be completely satisfied with the rapid progress in the condition of your hair and scalp, or return the unused portion of the treatment and we will refund the entire purchase price at once.

You now have the opportunity to help increase the life expectancy of your hair—at no risk.

So don't delay. Nothing—not even Alophene—can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon below, while you have this chance to enjoy thicker - stronger - healthier HAIR AGAIN.

© BLYTHE-PENNINGTON, LTD., 23 West 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Note to Doctors: Doctors, clinics, hospitals engaged in clinical work on scalp disorders are invited to write for samples of the new Alophene Formula Series.

## BALDNESS WON'T WAIT! ACT NOW!

BLYTHE-PENNINGTON, LTD., 23 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send at once the complete Alophene hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

- Enclosed find \$10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postpaid.
- Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$10 plus postage charges on delivery.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

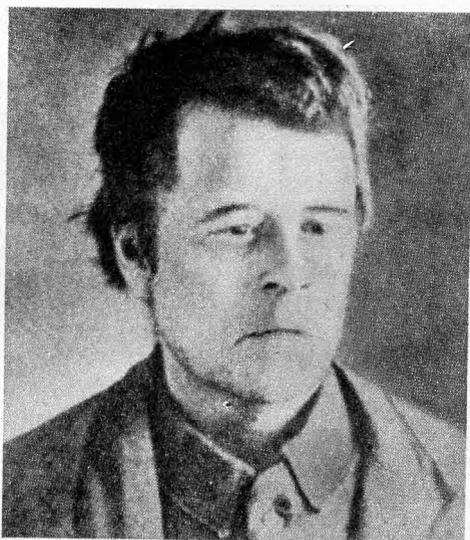
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ 2703A

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!



# Man-Burner from Texas



This is a rare photo of Print Olive, called by some "The worst man Texas has ever seen."

When Print Olive found that burning his brand into beef wasn't enough, he began burning men—only to find the West didn't have enough room for the smell his terrible clan made

By Lewis Nordyke

In many sections of Texas Print Olive is called the most vicious man Texas ever knew. Considering the state involved, that's quite a record to lay claim to but Print's credentials are the best. In the days of the open range he cut, shot and burned a swath of terror from the blacklands of the heart of Texas to the sandhills of Nebraska. A cattle baron by vocation, he was better known and dreaded as a tyrant who gloried in man's inhumanity to man.

His square name was Prentice, but from the time he was big enough to fork a horse or shoot a gun, he was called Print. He was of medium build and walked, in a sort of crouch, with a cat-like quickness. His tar-black hair, dark skin and beady black eyes all helped give him the look of a bad man to fool with.

Print was the oldest of the five sons of old Jim Olive. With his brothers Ira, Tom, Bob and Marion, he grew up in Williamson County some 40 miles north of Austin. The father, a neighborly, church-going farmer, had moved his family from Louisiana to Texas in the late 1840's, not long after the Lone Star Republic had become a state of the Union.

Before the Civil War, the Olives had farmed and had also tried ranching. But the raising of longhorns had not been a lucrative undertaking because there was little market in Texas for the lanky critters.

But in the spring of 1865, Print sized up a situation that could make him a cattle king. He was in Galveston at the time, having just been mustered out of the Confederate



**BURNED CORPSES** of enemies Ketchum and Mitchell inflamed populace, led to Print Olive's downfall.

Army. His first need right then was a horse for the journey home—and he got it real fast thanks to an all-night poker game.

Print's gray uniform was dirty and tattered, but he rode straight in his old hack of a saddle. On his ride he jogged over the grassy coastal plains, a wide belt of timbered hills—and then across the blackland prairies and rich river bottoms of Central Texas. In every direction, he saw droves of longhorns and his quick eye noticed that many unbranded animals were four and five years old.

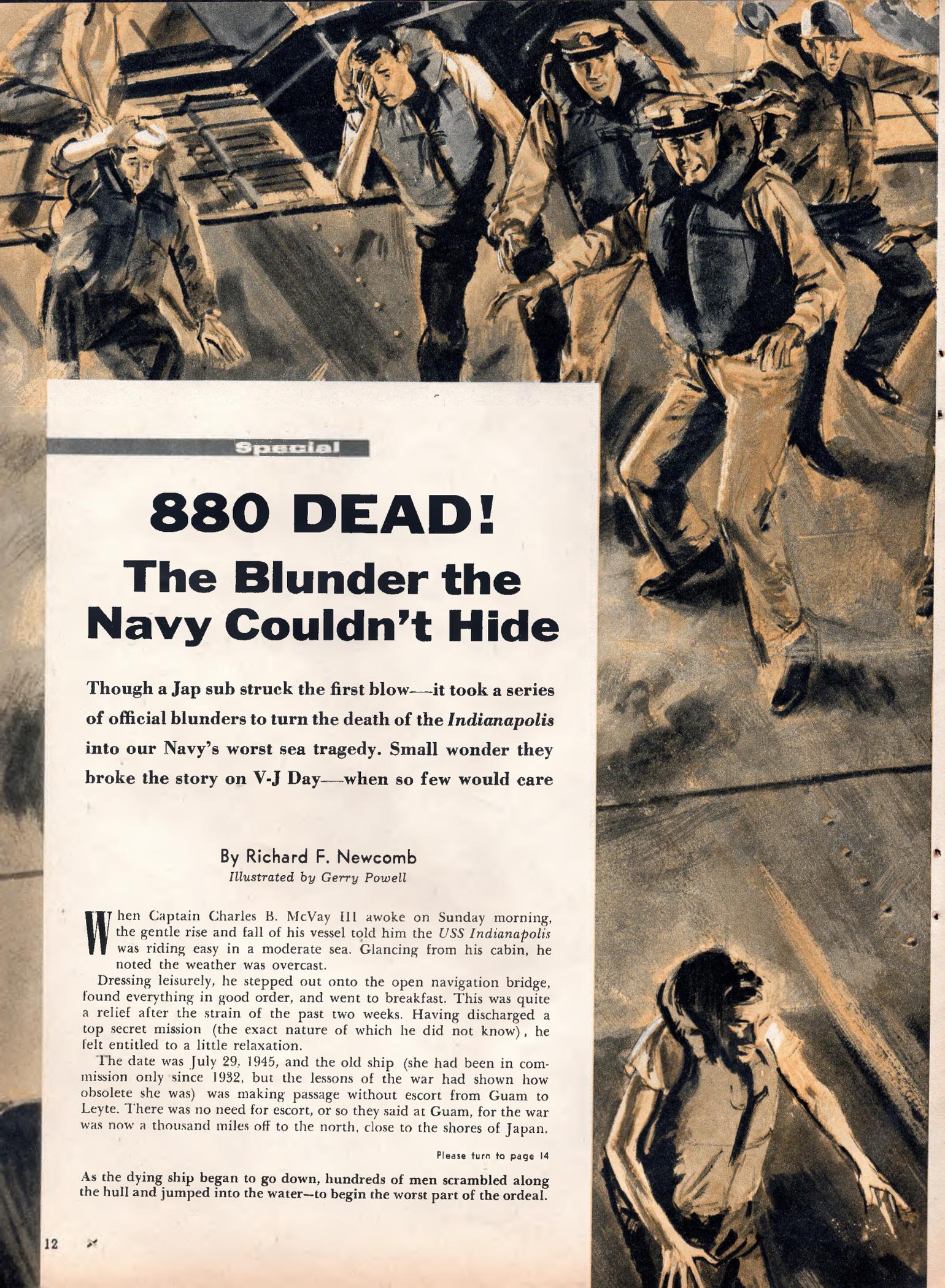
During the war there had been few men at home to take care of the herds, and cattle had multiplied rapidly and grown as wild as mustang colts. Every unmarked longhorn that had been weaned by its mother was a maverick and, according to range

code, belonged to whoever was first to get a loop on it.

Here was opportunity. A man could get his brand on plenty of longhorns without trouble, and all over Texas the range was free. Besides, the attempts at trailing cattle long distances to market had proved fairly successful. The Snyder Brothers, neighbors of the Olives in Williamson County, had grown rich by rounding up wild beeves and trailing them to Confederate supply depots.

Right then Print Olive decided to be even bigger than the Snyders.

A few days after he reached home, he organized a wide-spread cowhunt—under his direction. Branded cattle would go to the owners of the brands, if these owners [Continued on page 48]

A dramatic illustration in a dark, moody style showing several sailors on a ship's deck. In the foreground, a sailor in a light-colored uniform is running towards the viewer with a look of intense concern. Behind him, other crew members are in various states of activity, some looking back over their shoulders. The background shows the complex structure of the ship's deck with railings and ladders. The overall atmosphere is one of chaos and urgency.

Special

# 880 DEAD!

## The Blunder the Navy Couldn't Hide

Though a Jap sub struck the first blow—it took a series of official blunders to turn the death of the *Indianapolis* into our Navy's worst sea tragedy. Small wonder they broke the story on V-J Day—when so few would care

By Richard F. Newcomb

Illustrated by Gerry Powell

When Captain Charles B. McVay III awoke on Sunday morning, the gentle rise and fall of his vessel told him the *USS Indianapolis* was riding easy in a moderate sea. Glancing from his cabin, he noted the weather was overcast.

Dressing leisurely, he stepped out onto the open navigation bridge, found everything in good order, and went to breakfast. This was quite a relief after the strain of the past two weeks. Having discharged a top secret mission (the exact nature of which he did not know), he felt entitled to a little relaxation.

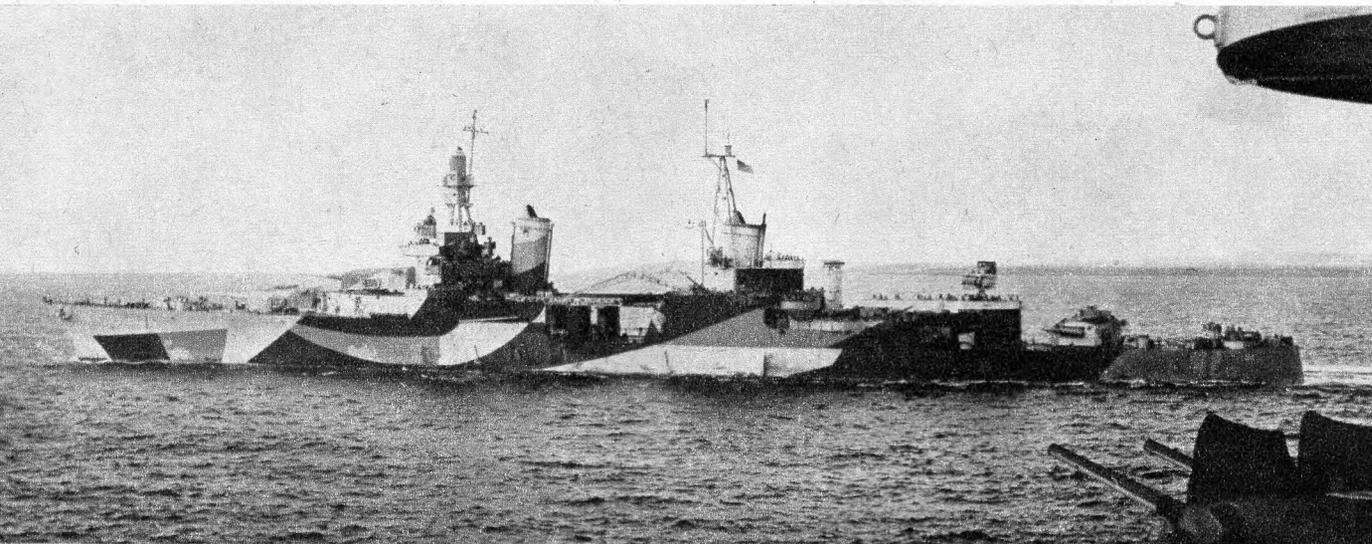
The date was July 29, 1945, and the old ship (she had been in commission only since 1932, but the lessons of the war had shown how obsolete she was) was making passage without escort from Guam to Leyte. There was no need for escort, or so they said at Guam, for the war was now a thousand miles off to the north, close to the shores of Japan.

Please turn to page 14

As the dying ship began to go down, hundreds of men scrambled along the hull and jumped into the water—to begin the worst part of the ordeal.

POWELL





Commissioned in 1932, the *Indianapolis* was already obsolete. When hit, she was running without escort.

## The Blunder the Navy Couldn't Hide

*Continued from preceding page*

And there was no need for hurry, either. Okinawa was nearly mopped up, and the next major engagement— invasion of Japan itself— would not come off before November. Admiral Raymond A. Spruance, Commander Fifth Fleet, had himself told Captain McVay only two days ago that he would not need his flagship for some weeks. In the meantime, they decided, the ship should run down to Leyte for refresher training. After all, she was only two weeks out of the States, and many of the officers and crew were at sea for the first time in their lives. Rear Adm. Lynde D. McCormick had some of the old Fifth Fleet battlewagons off Leyte, and the *Indianapolis* could join them for training.

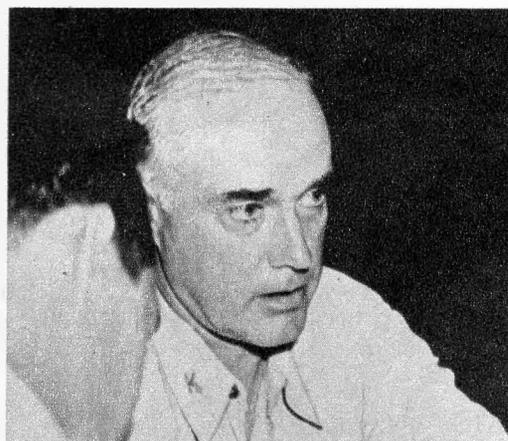
Now one day out of Guam, she plowed steadily westward at 16 knots. As usual for a Sunday, ship's work was suspended, and the day passed routinely. Around noon they crossed the wake of an LST waddling northward, and the radio shack talked with her a few minutes over a squawky TBS. The LST said she was trying to get out of the shipping lanes for a little gunnery practice. She was the last friendly vessel ever to see the *Indianapolis*.

Captain McVay, at 46 a handsome man with a glint of humor in his Irish eyes, spent most of the day with his friend, Captain Edwin M. Crouch. They had known each other from Academy days, and when they met by chance at Guam McVay offered to give Crouch a lift to Leyte. It was better than flying, Crouch said, and he accepted the offer.

Toward evening, Captain McVay was back on the bridge. The sea was making up, and the visibility was poor.

"You may secure from zigzagging after twilight," he told the OOD.

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Lieut. Charles B. McKissick,



**SURPRISE DEFENDANT.** In an unprecedented action Capt. McVay was court-martialed for his performance at two important times.



**SURPRISE WITNESS** at McVay trial, Japanese sub commander Hashimoto was flown to Washington, D.C. His testimony helped McVay.

a reserve from Texas. It was a routine order and it was executed with no more thought than an order for chow call.

During the evening Captain McVay talked over orders for the next day with his exec, Commander Joseph A. Flynn, and the navigator, Commander John Hopkins Janney. The crew would clean ship and finish stowing the extra life jackets (through a snafu, somebody had sent 2,500 aboard at Mare Island for a crew of 1,200). Communications division would test the new radio-teletype equipment aboard, trying a two-way conversation with Manila. Also during the day they would radio Leyte, asking planes to meet them off-shore Tuesday morning for gunnery practice.

Cmdr. Janney finished up the night orders and took them to the bridge around 8:30. There was nothing unusual in them, not even the passage saying they would pass the position of a reported enemy submarine about 8 o'clock the next morning.

Probably some merchant skipper saw a log and thought it was a Jap sub. Those reports were a dime a dozen, and they never—well, hardly ever—panned out.

Janney thought this one so ordinary he had remarked at dinner that night in the wardroom: "We're going to pass a Jap sub around midnight."

"Oh well, our destroyers will take care of that," someone cracked. They all knew there wasn't a destroyer within hundreds of miles.

Commander Stanley W. Lipski had the 8 to midnight watch on the bridge, and it passed quickly in the congenial company of Lt. Richard B. Redmayne and Lt. (jg) K. I. MacFarland. Before he went off watch, Lt. McKissick had given the order to cease zigzagging, so there was little to do for QM 3/c Vincent J. Allard, the quartermaster of the watch. As the watch passed, the weather gradually cleared and the sea moderated. At times the moon came out briefly from behind the clouds, dead astern, and cast an eerie glow over the hundreds of sleeping forms scattered about the decks. These were tropic waters, less than 15 degrees north of the Equator, and it was late July—not too many men could stand it below decks, even at night.

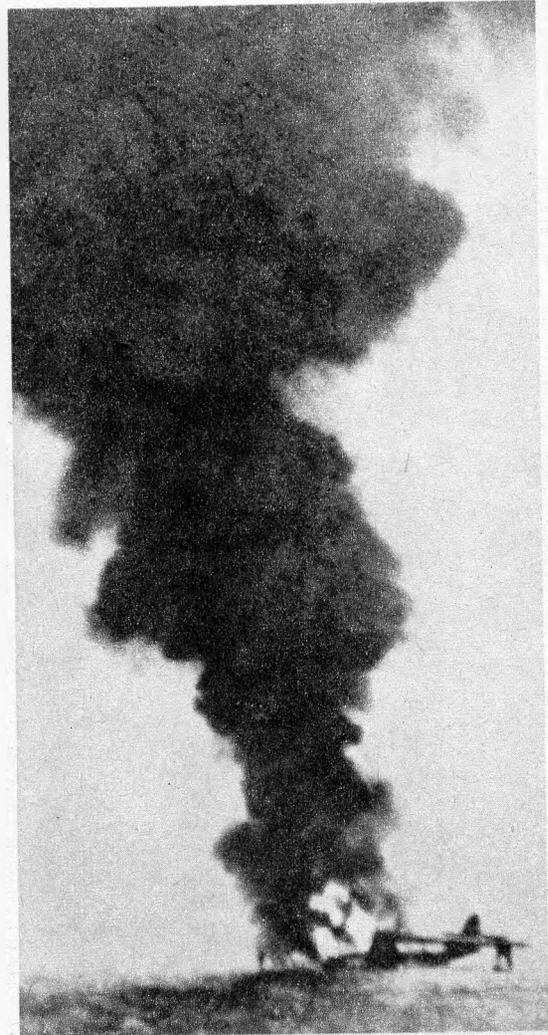
Ensign John Woolston, with the damage control watch, took a last turn around the deck just before midnight. Overhead, the mists were clearing [Continued on page 81]



After spending over four days on small rafts, two of the lucky 316 survivors were hauled aboard the *Register*.



Most of the survivors fought for lives in oil-covered, suffocatingly hot sea—but a lucky few had rafts.



First PBV to pick up survivors was damaged—later the plane had to be set afire and destroyed.

WE GOT FED UP WITH THOSE STUPID DIETS THAT LED TO SCENES LIKE THIS . . .



*"That's what my diet calls for. One slice of rump of hippo and three zebra ears."*

AND WENT SEARCHING FOR ONE THAT WOULD HAVE OUR DIETING READERS EATING LIKE THIS . . .



THE RESULT IS . . .

# THE HE-MAN DIET

LOSE WEIGHT AND LIKE IT!

CAVALIER proudly presents a good hoss sense diet for guys who can't carry a private cook around with them. Actually there are three to pick from here—and like most of our readers, all work and they all contain beer

by Dr. Jerome Morey as told to Theodore Irwin

*Illustrated by Bill O'Brian*

I used to be a ponderous specimen of the male species, weighing in at 245 in the buff. Today I'm down to a relatively trim figure of 185. I stripped a total of 60 pounds from my frame within about five months and I've never felt better.

Friends and patients, viewing my magical change, ask me for the great secret. That's simple: I went on a practical, sensible diet which I contrived for myself—and stuck to it. My method has certain gimmicks to make life bearable—including beer. In my hour of triumph over fat, I don't mind sharing my know-how with paunchy, pudgy men who wistfully yearn for a firm chin, hard stomach and ramrod spine. Under the liberal dieting scheme I propose, any man in good health should gradually shed a minimum of six pounds a month without driving himself nuts.

Men have a tougher time losing weight than women. You lunch out, you're tempted by two-fisted drinking at parties, you can't easily give up your favorite dish and you find yourself too readily discouraged in the battle of the potbelly.

To get anywhere in this reducing bout, I'm convinced a man must get some fun out of eating. He shouldn't be in a constant state of self-torture. Why not include beer, that cool, tangy, golden All-American beverage, in a diet? Some 57,000,000 people in this country are beer drinkers, consuming 87,000,000 barrels of the brew every year. As long as a beer-drinker can still have his glass or two every day, he's apt to retain his happy outlook and chances are he'll toe the caloric line.

Before I list the daily menus I've evolved, let me tell you about beer and some of my own experiences.

You can pin down as a myth the prevailing notion that beer makes you fat. The truth is that the amiable amber brew contains no more calories than a glass of milk. Beer is much lighter than it used to be. Twenty years ago, there were 37 pounds of malt to a barrel; nowadays, it's 29 pounds. And calories come from the malt and other ingredients such as barley, corn, rice and wheat. The average beer today has only 100 calories in an eight-ounce glass.

"Beer," says Dr. Bernard L. Oser, director of the Food Research Laboratories in New York, "has no more propensity for promoting the deposition of fat than any other fat-free sources of food-energy. Since a large fraction of its food energy is converted to heat rather than to storage tissue, beer can really be regarded as less 'fattening' than its calorific value would indicate."

You'll also get good food values from your suds. It has energy or fuel (carbohydrates), protein, minerals and adequate amounts of Vitamin B complex such as riboflavin, niacin, pyridoxin and pantothenic acid. In calcium, one bottle of beer equals what you pick up in two slices of white bread or six ounces of bacon; in phosphorous, beer gives you as much as four slices of bread. A beer has the same nutritive value as a bowl of breakfast cereal, the kind guaranteed to turn Junior into a Ted Williams. As far back as 1784, Benjamin Rush pointed out that many of the poor people of Britain had endured hard labor with no other food than a couple of pints of beer and a few pounds of bread.

Anyone on a diet is bound to be tense because of the psychological implications. Recent studies

*Please turn page*

# THE HE-MAN DIET

*Continued from preceding page*

at Yale indicate that beer is a tranquilizer—and far more pleasurable than *Miltown*—the well-known tranquilizer drug. In a series of experiments, Dr. Leon A. Greenberg, director of the Laboratory of Applied Biodynamics, first studied the effect of alcohol (corresponding to the amount that humans drink in beer) on emotional tension in laboratory animals. With the consumption of the equivalent of two bottles of beer, the harassed guinea pigs showed “a markedly diminished emotional response to daily stress.” Their blood pressure dropped and their heart enlargement decreased.

In other words, beer should help ease you over the hump of feeling deprived of the rich foods to which you've been accustomed.

At parties, a beer instead of a whiskey drink will fill you up and you can make it last without making you look like a square. Compared to a single martini or highball, you'd have to drink a quart and a half of beer to get the same amount of fattening alcoholic concentration in your blood. The alcoholic content of beer averages 3.6 per cent.

The calorifically balanced diet I am suggesting has what I consider to be a new twist, to make it easier for you to follow. It is what I call a “three-day diet.” My theory, which sprang from my own experiences, is simple: if you have to stick rigidly to a specified number of calories day after day, it becomes a bore and a chore. Under my system, if you go overboard one day, you cut down your intake the next day or the third day. As long as your three-day total is within your quota—whether it's 3,000 or 4,500 calories—you're doing fine.

First off, a serious dieter should get a list of caloric values. You can get one free by writing to the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. and asking for the U. S. Department of Agriculture 147-page Handbook No. 8, “Composition of Foods.” Or pick up at a bookstore a pocket-size calorie counter that you can take out to lunch. I made up my own list of about 100 common foods, with the amount of calories in the usual portion. After a few weeks, I knew it by heart.

Remember, counting calories is the essence of all dieting. Ignore it and you're just kidding yourself. However, while you should try to be as accurate as possible, don't be a nut about it. Make it a game you're playing, and as your scales tell the story you'll be cheering yourself on.

When I started my own drastic diet, I put myself to a test for several days. For everything I put in my mouth, I noted the calories. I was amazed at what I picked up carelessly—a candy at one patient's bedside, a piece of chocolate at another. At the end of one day, I'd consumed about 300 calories more than I'd reckoned for.

Another item that can come in handy is a small scale in your kitchen to weigh portions of food. After a while, you'll be able to guess fairly accurately, particularly in restaurants.

Here are a few tricks that I found very helpful. You're welcome to them:

Eat more slowly than others at the table. This auto-



**YOU CAN EAT AND DRINK ANYTHING ON THIS TABLE** spread for CAVALIER's diet by New York's Envoy Restaurant (where beer is served in cans).

matically reduces the intake of food because it takes time for your stomach to tell your brain it's satisfied. I take small bites and pause between bites. If I'm tempted by a high-calorie tidbit that tastes especially good to me, I let it linger in my mouth.

In counting calories, at first I carried a notebook and jotted down everything I ate as soon as possible.

As a first course, I often have a cup of beef bouillon, high in protein and low in calories. It fills my stomach early in the meal.

To maintain myself comfortably on the low-calorie diet, I eat bulk foods with low calories such as fruits, salads, lettuce, lots of vegetables. They're wonderful filler-uppers. Cottage cheese, especially, is very rich in essential food elements, and I doctor it up with pieces of pickle, horse-radish, other low-calorie herbs. I frequently make it my side-dish at dinner.

One reason for hunger pain between meals is the body's insulin production and this can be instantly counteracted by a small amount of a sugar-containing food. During the day, I always carry a package of Life Savers. When the urge is overwhelming, I pop one in my mouth (only five calories). However, for many men, smoking a cigarette, cigar or pipe serves as a pacifier.

In CAVALIER's diet you don't have to, but I stocked up on decalorized foods, which you can find in most supermarkets. Besides diet bread, you can save hundreds of calories by using decalorized mayonnaise, salad oils, gum drops, tuna fish, cookies, chocolate syrup, gluten bread, canned fruits, gelatin desserts and scores of other items. For example, a decalorized whipped dressing carries only eight calories per teaspoon, compared to 31 in regular mayonnaise. Of course, instead of sugar, always use Saccharine or Sucaryl, the remarkable no-calorie sweeteners.

I weighed myself twice a day—early morning and before bedtime. I realize this is unorthodox, the experts advising reducers to step on the scales only once a week. But to me it was a [Continued on page 44]

## 3-DAY CRASH DIET FOR FAST WEIGHT-LOSS

This diet is restricted to some 1,000 calories a day or about 3,000 for the three-day period—yet you can still have your beer.

### MONDAY

#### BREAKFAST

Tomato juice, 1/2 cup (25 cal)  
1 soft-poached egg (70 cal)  
Black coffee

**Total: 95 calories**

#### LUNCH

Turkey sandwich, 3 slices (295 cal)  
Tossed green salad (25 cal)  
Coffee

**Total: 320 calories**

#### DINNER

Beef consomme, 1/3 of a can (30 cal)  
Calf liver, 2 slices, 3 oz (170 cal)  
Asparagus, 6 spears (20 cal)  
Baked potato, medium (100 cal)  
Raw tomato (30 cal)  
Black coffee  
BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)

**Total: 450 calories**

#### LATE EVENING SNACK

BEER, 16-oz can (200 cal)

**Total: 200 calories**

**Day's Intake: 1065 calories**

### TUESDAY

#### BREAKFAST

Orange juice, 1/2 cup (55 cal)  
1 slice diet toast with tsp dietetic jam (47 cal)  
Coffee with tsp milk (3 cal)

**Total: 105 calories**

#### LUNCH

Beef tongue sandwich, 3 slices tongue (295 cal)  
Coffee  
BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)

**Total: 395 calories**

#### DINNER

Tomato soup, 1/2 cup (32 cal)  
Halibut, medium portion (170 cal)  
Green beans, small serving (15 cal)  
Tea or coffee

**Total: 217 calories**

#### LATE EVENING SNACK

BEER, 16-oz can (200 cal)

**Total: 200 calories**

**Day's Intake: 917 calories**

### WEDNESDAY

#### BREAKFAST

Pineapple juice, 1/2 cup (60 cal)  
Hard boiled egg (75 cal)  
1 slice Melba toast (9 cal)  
Black coffee

**Total: 144 calories**

#### LUNCH

One frankfurter on roll (200 cal)  
BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)

**Total: 300 calories**

#### DINNER

Soup: Cream of mushroom, 1/3 can (44 cal)  
Beef and vegetable stew, 1 cup (250 cal)  
Coffee  
BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)

**Total: 394 calories**

#### LATE EVENING SNACK

BEER, 16-oz can (200 cal)

**Total: 200 calories**

**Day's Intake: 1038 calories**

## 3-DAY DIET FOR HEAVY BEER-DRINKERS

For the man who has always been a real, good beer-drinker, this formula shows how he can go to town every third day—and still keep within his calorie count. He should be able to go easy on the suds Monday and Tuesday as long as he knows he can look forward with pleasure to Wednesday.

### MONDAY

#### BREAKFAST

Half grapefruit (75 cal)  
1 soft-poached egg (70 cal) on slice of  
buttered diet toast (70 cal)  
Black coffee

**Total: 215 calories**

#### LUNCH

Consomme, cup (40 cal)  
Bologna, 2 slices, sandwich (310 cal)  
Celery, 2 sticks (20 cal)  
Coffee  
BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)

**Total: 470 calories**

#### DINNER

Soup: cream of mushroom, 1/3 can (44 cal)  
Roast leg of lamb, one full slice (230 cal)  
Parsley carrots, 2 (45 cal)  
Cheesecake, 1 1/2 inch wedge (200 cal)  
Coffee  
BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)

**Total: 619 calories**

#### LATE EVENING SNACK

BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)

**Total: 100 calories**

**Day's Intake: 1404 calories**

### TUESDAY

#### BREAKFAST

Orange juice, 1/2 cup (55 cal)  
2 slices Melba toast (18 cal)  
Coffee

**Total: 73 calories**

#### LUNCH

Corned beef, lean, 2 slices, sandwich on wheat  
bread (300 cal)  
1 glass of BEER, 8 oz (100 cal)

**Total: 400 calories**

#### DINNER

1 can of BEER, 16 oz (200 cal)  
Chuck steak, 3 oz (265 cal)  
Asparagus, 3 spears (10 cal)  
1/2 Baked potato (50 cal)

**Total: 525 calories**

#### LATE EVENING SNACK

BEER, 16-oz can (200 cal)

**Total: 200 calories**

**Day's Intake: 1198 calories**

### WEDNESDAY

#### BREAKFAST

Orange juice, 1/2 cup (55 cal)  
Oatmeal, 1 cup (150 cal)  
Black coffee

**Total: 205 calories**

#### LUNCH

Pastrami sandwich, 2 slices (510 cal)  
Coffee  
BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)

**Total: 610 calories**

#### DINNER

Beef tongue, 4 oz (235 cal)  
Beets, decolorized, 1 cup (70 cal)  
Snap beans, 1 cup (25 cal)  
Tea or coffee  
BEER, two 16-oz cans (400 cal)

**Total: 730 calories**

#### LATE EVENING SNACK

BEER, two 16-oz cans (400 cal)

**Total: 400 calories**

**Day's Intake: 1945 calories**

# "Have Gloves—Will Bleed"

... is the only sales pitch Willie Pep can offer right now. And though he's headed for big trouble, he's got to keep making it. A writer who was with him at one of his worst times tells why—in a story that will rip into you like a hook to the guts

By Jimmy Breslin

The big cop walked first. Then there was trainer Bill Gore, carrying a bucket, and Johnny Clinton and Jim Higgins, who would work the corner with him, and a husky guy named Tiger. They were around Willie Pep, who was being led quickly through the tunnel from his dressing room to the ring at Boston Garden. A minute or so before, Willie had been chattering in the dressing room about some dame in a mink stole who claimed she had met him. "I never met a broad in a mink stole in my life," Willie had said. "They always had them after they left me." But now he was quiet and he looked at the cement floor and the only sound you could hear was the steady squeaking his boxing shoes made as he walked.

When they reached the entrance to the aisle leading to the ring, the cop started to bull a crowd out of the way, but one guy wouldn't move. He had the red dish, puffed face you can only get from spending a lot of time in gin mills. His arm was around the shoulder of a young kid, who was probably 14 and looked like his son.

"There," the guy said thickly. "There he is. That's Willie Pep. Look at him close. Now when you grow up you could always tell people you seen Willie Pep."

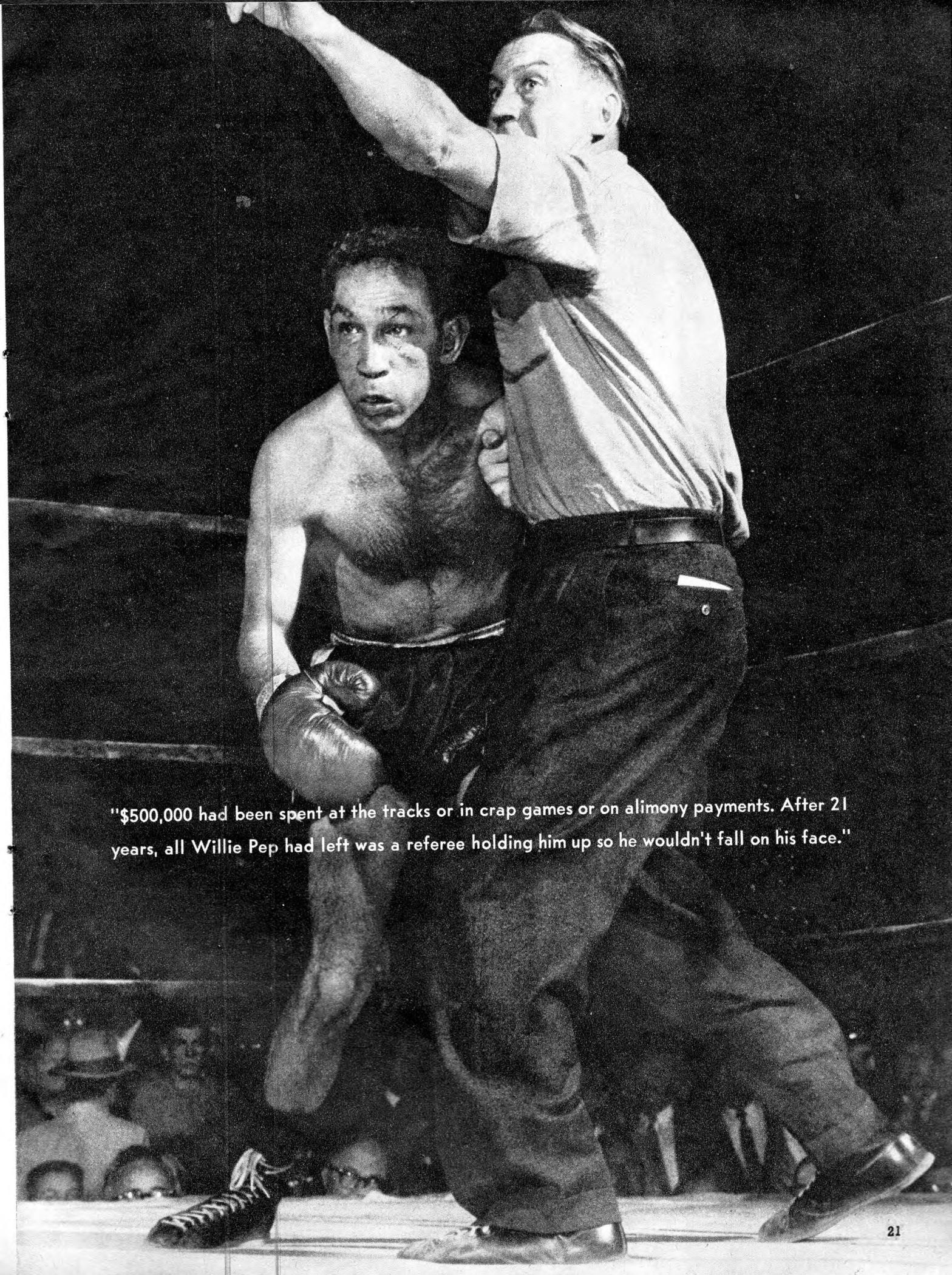
Then Willie got into the ring and tried to beat Hogan (Kid) Bassey, a straight-faced little man from Nigeria, who is the featherweight champion. It was a non-title fight, but if Willie won it he would get a title shot—and the kind of payday that would fix most peo-

ple for life. Pep needed this badly, but he couldn't stand off Bassey. In the ninth round he tried to pull away from a right hand. In boxing, you are supposed to duck inside a right hand. But Willie always was able to pull away, get under it and sail into the other guy's gut with one motion. But he was 36 now and Bassey hung him on the end of the punch and Willie took a nine-count. He got up and Bassey chased him into a corner and threw an overhand right that made people at ringside close their eyes as it smashed into Willie's face.

William Papaleo went down in a frightening crash. It was as if somebody had taken an old chair and smashed it against a wall. As the referee started to count, Gore, his soft eyes opened as wide as they could go, was on his way up the stairs to pick up the fighter he had been with for 21 years.

Once, people wound up in a haze trying to fight Pep. He had moves only the old-timers, the great ones, could make. Pep and Ray Robinson, boxing people would keep saying. They are the only two modern fighters who know how it's done. But now Willie was half-hanging in the referee's arms, his eyes looking crazily out at the crowd, and he was in deep trouble.

He was too old to fight the top kids without getting hurt. Everybody had just seen that. But for his entire adult life all he had ever done was box. And a half-million dollars had been spent at Lincoln Downs or Narragansett or Gulfstream Park or an afternoon crap game someplace or on alimony payments. After



"\$500,000 had been spent at the tracks or in crap games or on alimony payments. After 21 years, all Willie Pep had left was a referee holding him up so he wouldn't fall on his face."

## "Have Gloves—Will Bleed"

*Continued from preceding page*

21 years all Willie Pep had left was a referee holding him so he wouldn't fall flat on his face.

Late the next afternoon, Lou Viscusi was talking about it in his room at the Hotel Bond in Hartford, which is Willie's home town. "Old guys," he was saying, "they go very bad when they get tagged. But old guys, young guys, it's all the same. When they get hit like that, you tell them, 'This ain't your racket, son.'"

Viscusi managed Pep through a 230-bout career, but his work was only starting. And it will continue as long as Pep is physically able to climb into a ring and hold up his hands. Lou has to keep a guy who knows nothing else out of the ring.

Viscusi was lying in bed, a set of blue-striped pajamas covering his big frame, and he was chewing on a cigar as he tried to explain what he had to do.

"A guy's life," he said quietly. "You've got to remember you're taking his life away from him. He's been in this business all those years. Never done another thing, just fight. Now what are you going to do, end it in one shot? I got to do it right. If I don't, it'll be terrible.

"All his life guys have been coming up to him and sayin', 'Willie, how you holdin'?' Or, 'Here, Willie,

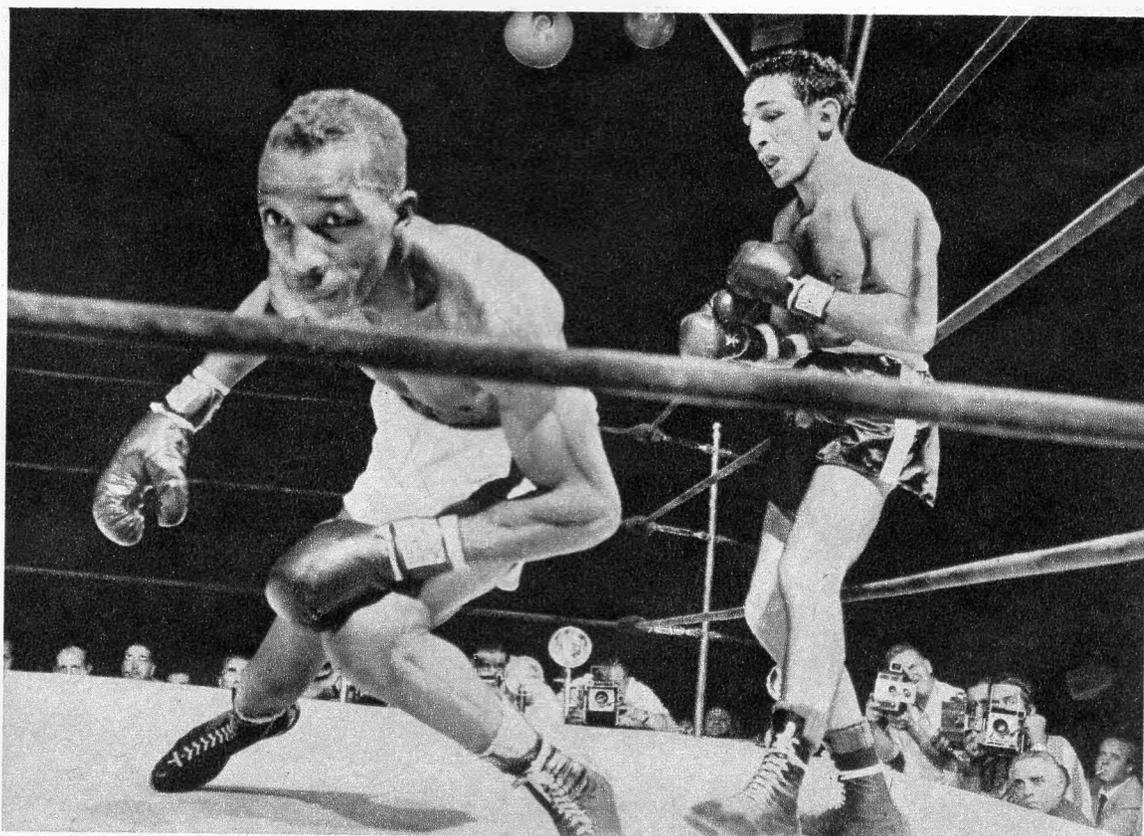
take what you want until you see Lou and get straightened out.' Once he had four big fights in a row and he never came round to collect his money. 'I don't need it. I'll see you,' he kept saying. He's always been able to put his hand down next to his thigh and come up with the price of a tab. But now all that's over. He can't get into the ring and collect those big ones. And yet if the day comes he can't shove that hand in his pocket he'll get desperate. That's when the phone will ring and he'll want to get a fight someplace. There's no sense to that. I've got to make sure it doesn't happen. Willie Pep, the fighter, is gone. And let me tell you, there'll never be another one like him. I got to handle this thing right."

In the second floor kitchen of the big frame house at 19 McKinley Street, Pep was wearing sun glasses to hide a patch-covered right eyeball that had been lacerated when Bassey's thumb jammed into it. Willie talked through an after dinner cup of coffee and cigar, trying to figure out what he was going to do next.

"I had a job once," he said. "It was for a wallpaper place. I was like the boy around there. Yeah, I worked. Of course, this was in 1938, I think. But you can't say I never held a job."

Tiger, a heavy-set guy, walked into the kitchen. "Willie was in business once," he said. "He had a saloon in Tampa."

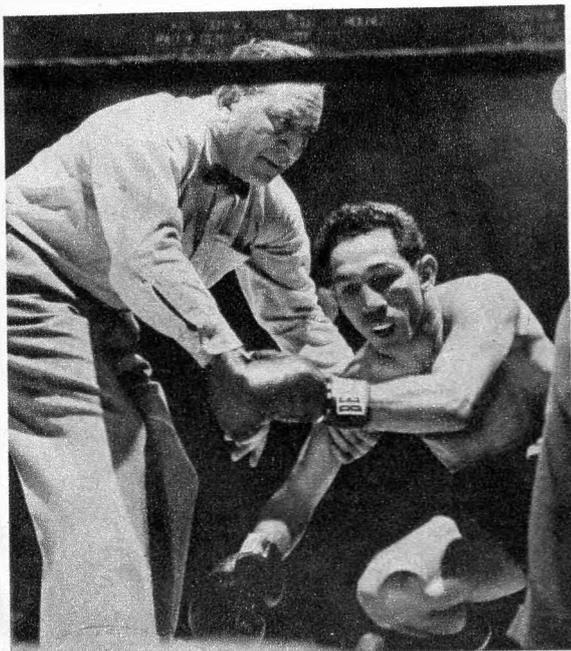
"It wasn't a saloon," Willie cut in. "It was a class



**ON THE TOP.** After his second fight with Sandy Saddler, in 1950, Pep was hailed by the old-timers as one of the greatest. Willie's performance on this televised fight was said to have sold a million TV sets.



**ON THE STREET.** Even now as he slides downward, Willie always has a crowd with him—just as he did in his prime. When he opened a bar, he hired some of his pals—with results that his businessman-partner couldn't take.



**"IN THE TANK"** they yelled when Willie lost to Lulu Perez in 1954. His manager says no, the fight wasn't fixed but the betting on Perez got so heavy just before fight-time that he became a surprise favorite and bookies wouldn't take any more bets.

joint. It was one of those places with a stage behind the bar and dames would dance on the stage. It was good. But listen to this. We got Tommy Bazzano there. You know, he used to fight middleweight around here. Well, we make him bartender. The first night he is on, he is walking back and forth, all nervous like. You see, the morning papers don't come up til 10:30 at Tampa and if you're waiting for the race results it can get long. So a little after 10:30 the kid finally comes in with the papers and Tommy grabs for one. He opens it up quick, but he can't see so good because we got all the lights turned down so the people can see the broad dancing. So what does he do? He turns around and spreads the paper all over the stage. Here's the dame dancing and right under her feet you got Tommy lookin' up the horse results. The guy in with me on the place starts screaming. But I couldn't blame Tommy. Tampa is a tough town. You can't get a *Morning Telegraph* until late. Three, four in the morning. You got to go out the airport to get it. It makes it rough."

Willie was on his feet, his hand waving the cigar around as he moved back and forth with that nervous, clipping walk of his. He was laughing with the rest of the people in the kitchen. But then he would sit down and stare at the formica-topped table and he would remember that Bassey took him out with a couple of right hands and that Lou Viscusi was in town trying to figure a way [*Continued on page 51*]

# The Flying Hobo and the Eighth Wonder of the World

Jimmy Angel flew through a jungle hell to find the highest waterfall man has ever seen—and with it a phantom river lined with raw gold

Compared to the other opportunists who haunted the cool shadows of Panama's Bar Cen-

tral on the Avenida Central, Jimmy Angel had all the refreshing eagerness of a Boy Scout on his first trip to the tropics. In his neat khaki flying togs, he even looked like one, and as he listened to the smooth talk on either side of him at the bar, his naive blue eyes seemed to express absolute belief in all the lies he heard. Gratitude shone on his smooth round face that these gentlemen purveyors of lost Inca mines, Aztec treasure houses, Venezuelan oil fields, and Orinoco diamond beds would allow a poor pilot with one slightly shot-up plane in their company.

But the gaunt, almost emaciated old-timer beside him saw something else in Jimmy Angel. He

by George Scullin

Illustrated by Gerry Powell

saw a scar that could have been a bullet crease across the right cheek.

He saw tiny lines at the corners of

those baby blue eyes that might be produced when those eyes were icy cold and squinting. And he saw that the harmless iced tea Jimmy was drinking was nothing less than straight Scotch.

"I've got a proposition," he said mildly. Always afterward Jimmy referred to him as that "mild-mannered man."

"Such as?" Jimmy's voice was indifferent, but the squint was there, and the blue eyes were not naive at all.

"I hear you have a flying machine, and will fly anywhere."

"If the price is right."

"I want to start from [Continued on page 68]



As the mist cleared he saw it—dead ahead was a 3,000-foot cliff sliced by a rainbow torrent of falling water.



## Bundle from Britain

June Wilkerson—a 44 from Blighty's shore

**J**une Wilkerson is an educational force.  
Huh?

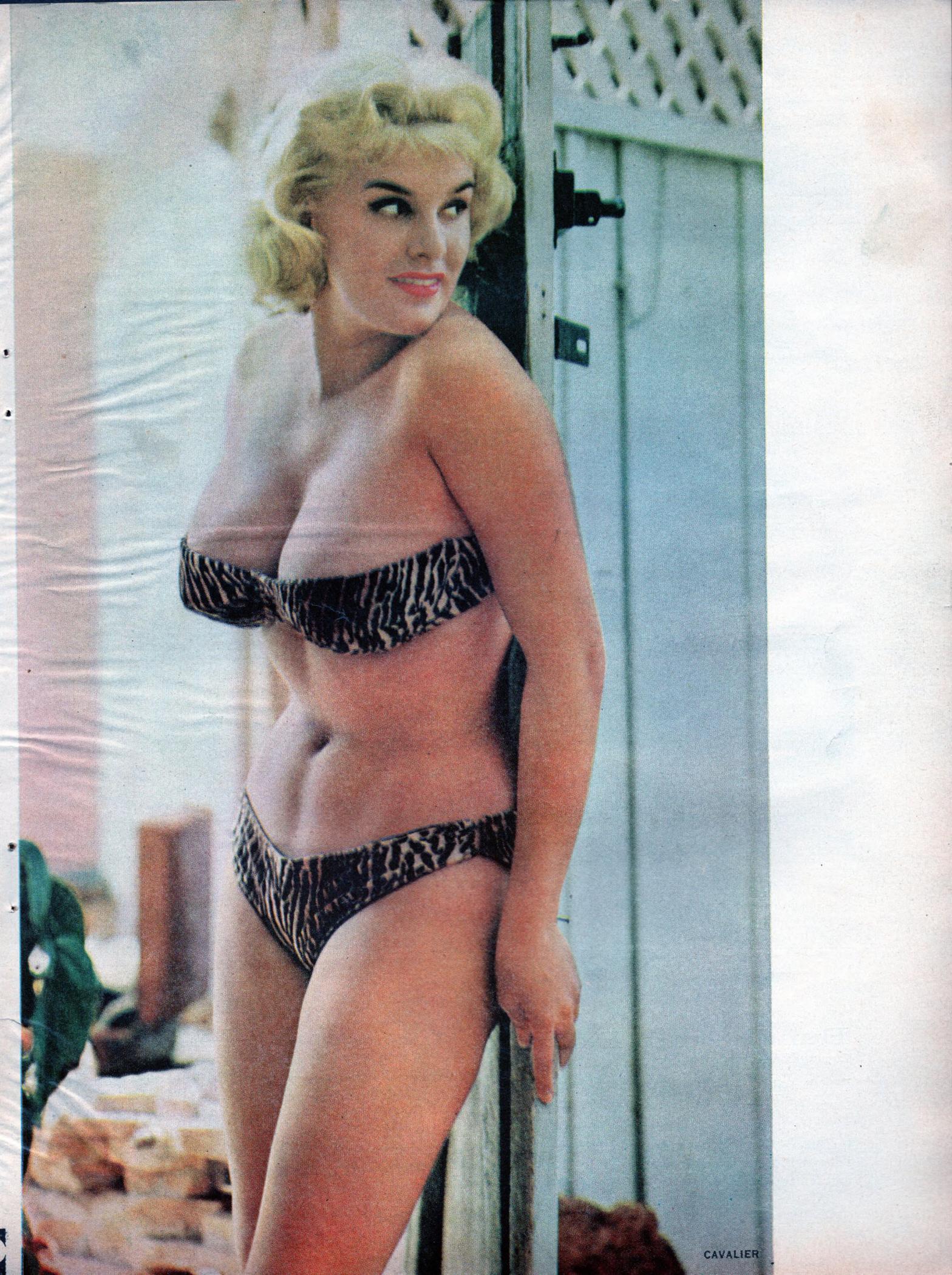
That's right. This 18-year-old you see frolicking around these pages is bound to educate a lot of American guys who've been under the misconception that all British lassies are as cold and forbidding as a London fog.

Actually this is far from the straight story as 50 million Frenchmen (and they can't be wrong) have known for years. In Paris where the women are supposed to hold the patents on sex, all the major chorus lines are manned (or is it womanned) by imports from England.

To date the American guys have seen little of this side of English life. The only



Photos by Russ Meyer





## Bundle from Britain

*Continued from preceding page*

British maids we've seen much of are the tweed suit types like Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr. Of course we never felt we were missing much because we had all the home-grown talent we needed. But then we never felt we were missing much in the car field till we saw and fell for the MGs and Jaguars and Austin Healeys.

We have a hunch June may be the forerunner of a flock of British imports and you can't deny she's a good forerunner. The statistics are 44-21-36 and with them goes a bubbling personality that would be welcome anywhere, any time.

**J**une wants to make it big in Hollywood and with those wide, wide, wide screens they have today, there's no reason why she can't. •



## the GRAVEYARD RATS

Greed had driven him into the open grave. Now Panic was driving him into the burrow of the rats—and a death even too horrible for the ghoul he was

Old Masson, the caretaker of one of Salem's oldest and most neglected cemeteries, had a feud with the rats. Generations ago they had come up from the wharves and settled in the graveyard, a colony of abnormally large rats, and when Masson had taken charge after the inexplicable disappearance of the former caretaker, he decided that they must go. At first he set traps for them and put poisoned food by their burrows, and later he tried to shoot them, but it did no good. The rats stayed, multiplying and overrunning the graveyard with their ravenous hordes.

They were large, even for the *mus decumanus*,

by Henry Kuttner

Illustrated by Harvey Kidder

which sometimes measures 15 inches in length, exclusive of the naked pink and gray tail. Masson had caught glimpses of some as large as good-sized cats, and when, once or twice, the grave diggers had uncovered their burrows, the malodorous tunnels were large enough to enable a man to crawl into them on his hands and knees. The ships that had come generations ago from distant ports to the rotting Salem wharves had brought strange cargoes.

Masson wondered sometimes at the extraordinary size of these burrows. He recalled certain vaguely disturbing legends he had heard since

## the GRAVEYARD RATS

*Continued from preceding page*

coming to ancient, witch-haunted Salem—tales of a moribund, inhuman life that was said to exist in forgotten burrows in the earth. The old days, when Cotton Mather had hunted down the evil cults that worshipped Hecate and the dark Magna Mater in frightful orgies, had passed; but dark gabled houses still leaned perilously toward each other over narrow cobbled streets, and blasphemous secrets and mysteries were said to be hidden in subterranean cellars and caverns, where forgotten pagan rites were still celebrated in defiance of law and sanity. Wagging their gray heads wisely, the elders declared that there were worse things than rats and maggots crawling in the unhallowed earth of the ancient Salem cemeteries.

And then, too, there was this curious dread of the rats. Masson disliked and respected the ferocious little rodents, for he knew the danger that lurked in their flashing, needle-sharp fangs; but he could not understand the inexplicable horror which the oldsters held for deserted, rat-infested houses. He had heard vague rumors of ghoulish beings that dwelt far underground, and that had the power of commanding the rats, marshaling them like horrible armies. The rats, the old men whispered, were messengers between this world and the grim and ancient caverns far below Salem. Bodies had been stolen from graves for nocturnal subterranean feasts, they said. The myth of the Pied Piper is a fable that hides a blasphemous horror, and the black pits of Avernus have brought forth hell-spawned monstrosities that never venture into the light of day.

Masson paid little attention to these tales. He did not fraternize with his neighbors, and, in fact, did all he could to hide the existence of the rats from intruders. Investigation, he realized, would undoubtedly mean the opening of many graves. And while some of the gnawed, empty coffins could be attributed to the activities of the rats. Masson

might find it difficult to explain the mutilated bodies that lay in some of the coffins.

The purest gold is used in filling teeth, and this gold is not removed when a man is buried. Clothing, of course, is another matter; for usually the undertaker provides a plain broadcloth suit that is cheap and easily recognizable. But gold is another matter; and sometimes, too, there were medical students and less reputable doctors who were in need of cadavers, and not over-scrupulous as to where these were obtained.

So far Masson had successfully managed to discourage investigation. He had fiercely denied the existence of the rats, even though they sometimes robbed him of his prey. Masson did not care what happened to the bodies after he had performed his gruesome thefts, but the rats inevitably dragged away the whole cadaver through the hole they gnawed in the coffin.

The size of these burrows occasionally worried Masson. Then, too, there was the curious circumstance of the coffins always being gnawed open at the end, never at the side or top. It was almost as though the rats were working under the direction of some impossibly intelligent leader.

Now he stood in an open grave and threw a last sprinkling of wet earth on the heap beside the pit. It was raining, a slow, cold drizzle that for weeks had been descending from soggy black clouds. The graveyard was a slough of yellow, sucking mud, from which the rain-washed tombstones stood up in irregular battalions. The rats had retreated to their furrows, and Masson had not seen one for days. But his gaunt, unshaved face was set in frowning lines; the coffin on which he was standing was a wooden one.

The body had been buried several days earlier, but Masson had not dared to disinter it before. A relative of the dead man had been coming to the grave at intervals, even in the drenching rain. But he would hardly come at this late hour, no matter how much grief he might be suffering, Masson thought, grinning wryly. He

Squealing insanely, the rats chased him.

Ahead in the tunnel, Masson saw something. Something brown and shriveled.

Something that was moving toward him. . .





# the GRAVEYARD RATS

*Continued from preceding page*

He straightened and laid the shovel aside.

From the hill on which the ancient graveyard lay he could see the lights of Salem flickering dimly through the downpour. He drew a flashlight from his pocket. He would need light now. Taking up the spade, he bent and examined the fastenings of the coffin.

Abruptly he stiffened. Beneath his feet he sensed an unquiet stirring and scratching, as though something was moving within the coffin. For a moment a pang of superstitious fear shot through Masson, and then rage replaced it as he realized the significance of the sound. The rats had forestalled him again!

In a paroxysm of anger Masson wrenched at the fastenings of the coffin. He got the sharp edge of the shovel under the lid and pried it up until he could finish the job with his hands. Then he sent the flashlight's cold beam darting down into the coffin.

Rain spattered against the white satin lining; the coffin was empty. Masson saw a flicker of movement at the head of the case, and darted the light in that direction.

The end of the sarcophagus had been gnawed through, and a gaping hole led into darkness. A black shoe, limp and dragging, was disappearing as Masson watched, and abruptly he realized that the rats had forestalled him by only a few minutes. He fell on his hands and knees and made a hasty clutch at the shoe, and the flashlight incontinently fell into the coffin and went out. The shoe was tugged from his grasp, he heard a sharp, excited squealing, and then he had the flashlight again and was darting its light into the burrow.

It was a large one. It had to be, or the corpse could not have been dragged along it. Masson wondered at the size of the rats that could carry away a man's body, but the thought of the loaded revolver in his pocket fortified him. Probably if the corpse had been an ordinary one Masson would have left the rats with their spoils rather than venture into the narrow burrow, but he remembered an especially fine set of cuff-links he had observed, as well as a stickpin that was undoubtedly a genuine pearl. With scarcely a pause he clipped the flashlight to his belt and crept into the burrow.

It was a tight fit, but he managed to squeeze himself along. Ahead of him in the flashlight's glow he could see the shoes dragging along the wet earth of the bottom of the tunnel. He crept along the burrow as rapidly as he could, occasionally barely able to squeeze his lean body through the narrow walls.

The air was overpowering with its musty stench of carrion. If he could not reach the corpse in a minute, Masson decided, he would turn back. Belated fears were beginning to crawl, maggotlike, within his mind, but greed urged him on. He crawled forward, several times passing the mouths of adjoining tunnels. The walls of the burrow were damp and slimy, and twice lumps of dirt dropped behind him. The second time he paused and screwed his head around to look back. He could see nothing, of course, until he had unhooked the flashlight from his belt and reversed it.

Several clods lay on the ground behind him, and the danger of his position suddenly became real and terrifying. With thoughts of a cave-in making his pulse race, he decided to abandon the pursuit, even though he had now almost overtaken the corpse and the invisible things that pulled it. But he had overlooked one thing: the burrow was too narrow to allow him to turn.

Panic touched him briefly, but he remembered a side

tunnel he had just passed, and backed awkwardly along the tunnel until he came to it. He thrust his legs into it, backing until he found himself able to turn. Then he hurriedly began to retrace his way, although his knees were bruised and painful.

Agonizing pain shot through his leg. He felt sharp teeth sink into his flesh, and kicked out frantically. There was a shrill squealing and the scurry of many feet. Flashing the light behind him, Masson caught his breath in a sob of fear as he saw a dozen great rats watching him intently, their slitted eyes glittering in the light. They were great misshapen things, as large as cats, and behind them he caught a glimpse of a dark shape that stirred and moved swiftly aside into the shadow; and he shuddered at the unbelievable size of the thing.

The light had held them for a moment, but they were edging closer, their teeth dull orange in the pale light. Masson tugged at his pistol, managed to extricate it from his pocket, and aimed carefully. It was an awkward position, and he tried to press his feet into the soggy sides of the burrow so that he should not inadvertently send a bullet into one of them.

The rolling thunder of the shot deafened him, for a time, and the clouds of smoke set him coughing. When he could hear again and the smoke had cleared, he saw that the rats were gone. He put the pistol back and began to creep swiftly along the tunnel, and then with a scurry and a rush they were upon him again.

They swarmed over his legs, biting and squealing insanely, and Masson shrieked horribly as he snatched for his gun. He fired without aiming, and only luck saved him from blowing a foot off. This time the rats did not retreat so far, but Masson was crawling as swiftly as he could along the burrow, ready to fire again at the first sound of another attack.

There was a patter of feet and he sent the light stabbing back of him. A great gray rat paused and watched him. Its long ragged whiskers twitched, and its scabrous, naked tail was moving slowly from side to side. Masson shouted and the rat retreated.

He crawled on, pausing briefly, the black gap of a side tunnel at his elbow, as he made out a shapeless huddle on the damp clay a few yards ahead. For a second he thought it was a mass of earth that had been dislodged from the roof, and then he recognized it as a human body.

It was a brown and shriveled mummy, and with a dreadful unbelieving shock Masson realized that it was moving.

It was crawling toward him, and in the pale glow of the flashlight the man saw a frightful gargoyle face thrust into his own. It was the passionless, death's-head skull of a long-dead corpse, instinct with hellish life; and the glazed eyes swollen and bulbous betrayed the thing's blindness. It made a faint groaning sound as it crawled toward Masson, stretching its ragged and granulated lips in a grin of dreadful hunger. And Masson was frozen with abysmal fear and loathing.

Just before the Horror touched him, Masson flung himself frantically into the burrow at his side. He heard a scrambling noise at his heels, and the thing groaned dully as it came after him. Masson, glancing over his shoulder, screamed and propelled himself desperately through the narrow burrow. He crawled along awkwardly, sharp stones cutting his hands and knees. Dirt showered into his eyes, but he dared not pause even for a moment. He scrambled on, gasping, cursing, and praying hysterically.

Squealing triumphantly, the rats came at him, horrible hunger in their eyes. Masson almost succumbed to their vicious teeth before he succeeded in beating them off. The passage was narrowing, and [*Continued on page 74*]

# What's the Best Time to Make Love?

This question has been asked and argued about since the first cavemen sat down for a bull session. Here a well-known psychiatrist offers his opinion



The question of when is the best time to make love has been argued for years in millions of bull sessions by men who have no interest in medicine. As in the case of the secret of old age, all sorts of arguments for all sorts of times have been advanced. One gent was even so moved by his strong belief that he wrote a song in which the listener was told "this should be sufficient warning—never do it in the morning."

Shortly after the editors of *CAVALIER* asked my opinion on this matter I received a phone call from a young man. He spoke excitedly, distressed. "Doctor," he asked, "Please tell me. Do you treat marital problems?" I asked what his problem was. He replied, "It's my wife. She and I just don't agree. She wants to make love in the morning. I like to make love only at night. We just don't seem to be able to get together. Who is right?"

He had posed an interesting question, but I could not give him a direct answer. So many of these problems involve individual preferences and factors not even sexual.

I decided to check with other patients and find out their views on the matter. As I suspected, each had his or her own viewpoint, dependent upon personality and circumstance. But the answers could be grouped so that certain features stood forth.

The young man, whom I subsequently saw, and his wife "suffered" from a difference in sleep patterns. She was a fast waker who did her best work in the morning and started yawning early in the evening. He was a "night-time guy" who liked to sleep late in the morning, took most of the day to warm up and started hitting his stride at night, when others were looking forward to bed. It was his pleasure to lie abed at night and read for some hours. The moment her head hit the pillow, she was off to slumberland.

Interestingly, a few, though very few, like to awaken in the middle of the night, make love, and fall back

By Edward Dengrove, M.D.

to sleep right away. These were light sleepers.

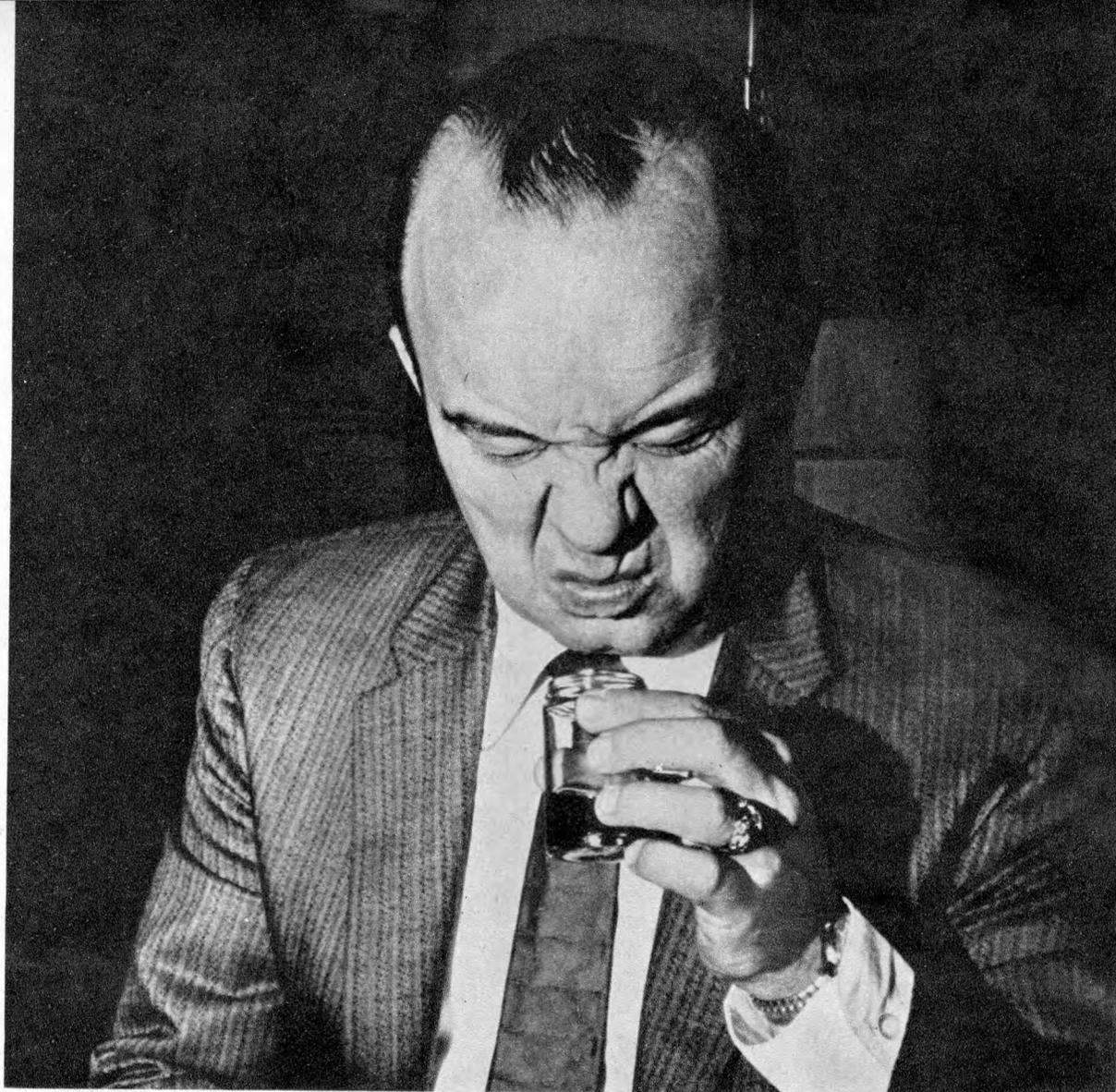
For the most part, the answers grouped themselves into night-time, morning-time, and any time. For those who quarrel constantly and are at each other's throats all the time, we might just add one more time—no time.

The majority of women preferred love at night. Why? Here are some of their comments: "I'm more relaxed at that time—tired, but relaxed." "I can sleep afterwards. It relaxes me so." "There are no interruptions. The children are in bed and I don't have to worry about their bursting into the room." "It's so much better after an evening together and things have gone off just right between us two."

Quite a number of women backed up the Kinsey finding that more women prefer the dark, while men prefer light. Kinsey noted that the basic differences between men and women were psychological, even more than anatomical. In a few this may be due to modesty, like the woman who said, "I like the evening because it's dark. Then you don't see your surroundings. I don't know what's going on then, and it doesn't seem so bad."

The fear of interruption by the children, the ringing of the doorbell, worry about house chores, vanish at night for the women. This, too, presents a psychological difference according to the Kinsey researchers, for women are more easily distracted from lovemaking than men. The standard complaint of men is that women "do not put their minds to it."

Such differences are shown in most ancient to most modern erotic art, the woman being portrayed on occasion as reading a book, eating, or engaging in other activities while in coitus, but not the male. It is a biologic difference, found also in animals: cheese crumbs spread in front of copulating rats may distract the female but not the male. A mouse running in front of copulating cats may [Continued on page 79]



When the product smells so bad it makes Paul Howard's nose curl, it's a sure sign he's got another money maker.

## Whealers and Dealers

# PAUL HOWARD—A Real Stinker

The awful stink he raises every day spreads all over the U.S.A. But when he tools on down to the bank, the only odor on him is the sweet smell of success

Smiling and bright-eyed, with shoulders set in determination, Paul Howard Jr. strides into his office five mornings a week to prove, if to no one but himself, that the sweet smell of success is the remarkable balance to a business that thoroughly stinks.

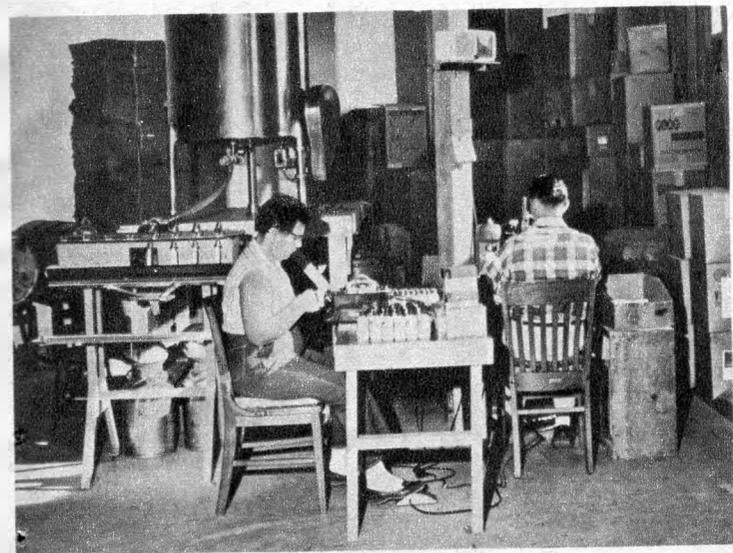
The people who see him as he strolls along the street in Garden Grove, California, are impelled to give him the treatment usually given a man who has just finished an onion-limburger on rye.

But it isn't that Howard has something that even,

by Dewey Linze

his best friend can't tell him, it's just that everybody knows that Howard's business is smells. Stinks. This is his trade. So, how else, except with a distant wave of a hand or a shout from across the street, can a man say that he considers Howard to be the successful maker of the wierdest, most abominable and permeating stinks ever to shrivel a nostril.

The kidding that the portly enterpriser gets is all in fun and he loves it. It is great advertising for him, and as long as his stinky business piques people's sense



Vat of devilish brew is funneled into plastic bottles for packing. One slip here could empty plant—fast.



A squirt of Howard's deer scent turns any hunter into a buck's dream of a walking harem of slinky does.

of humor, he figures he has it made.

Year in and out, Howard mixes something like 3,000 gallons of nose-jolting juices that authentically represent the body odor of more than 30 different wild animals. He also makes special scents to control the behavior of lap dogs.

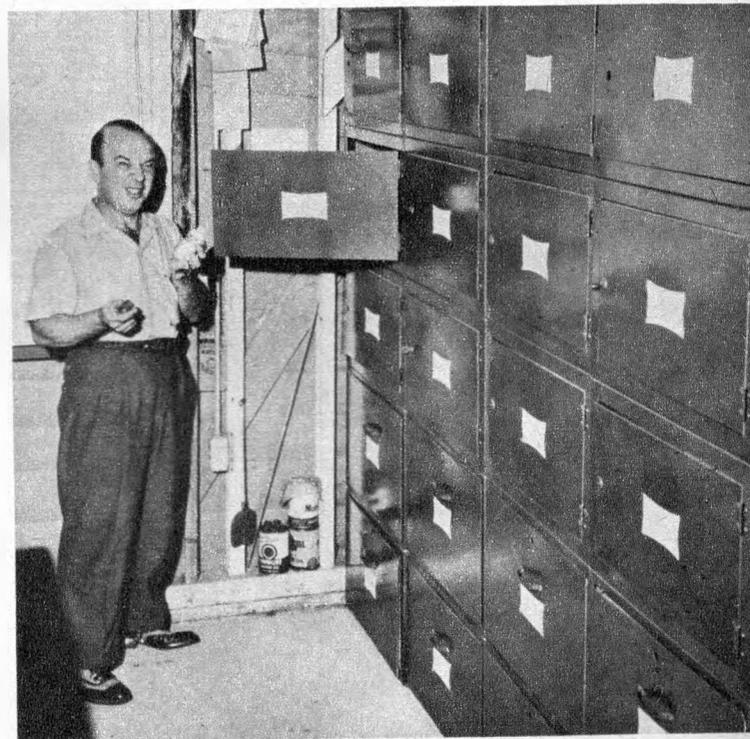
Behind the air-tight doors of his peanut-colored Pacific Coast Scent Co., and braced by an incredibly loyal secretary and three courageous helpers, Howard spends his 40-hour week amid the sundry stinks that would pale the most veteran sewer worker. He is as dedicated to his work as a pepper grinder with a head cold, and this is sometimes how he looks after inhaling a heavy day's sampling of his fantastic fumes.

But Howard is happy, because he is paid in that crisp, green stuff that smells like, and is, money.

**W**hile Paul Howard was sweating it out in the jungles of Luzon Island in the Philippines during World War II, the manufacture of stinks was the last thought in his mind.

He had other things to ponder. The worst was 165 days of straight combat. The best was the job he had waiting for him as soon as he received his discharge. He often wondered when one would stop for the other to begin.

Yet the day that stink-maker Howard kissed the U.S. Army farewell and his wife, Dolly, hello, was not the grand one he had anticipated. [Continued on page 75]



Locked files contain Howard's arsenal of eye-watering smells. Of them all, he rates rabbit the worst.



# The Terrible Revenge of California Joe

There weren't enough Indian scalps in the West to make up for what the Cheyennes did to his wife. But that didn't keep the blood-crazed scout from his grisly game

by R. R. Suskind

*Illustrated by Tom Ryan*

The wagon train made camp that evening of July 16, 1850 on the eastern bank of the Colorado River about 18 miles above Fort Lyons. It had rained all day, a cold unseasonable rain, and Moses Embree Milner—at 21 the youngest man ever elected captain of a wagon train—looked forward with pleasure to the hot supper of beans-and-bacon which he could see his wife Nancy Emma preparing beside their wagon. He was tired but happy after the long day on the trail. They had made good time since leaving St. Joseph, Missouri, and, barring bad luck, should cross Williams' Pass and enter the Sacramento Valley well before the first snowfall. Then, freed of the irksome responsibility of guiding 65 farmers, prospectors, and their families, he could set out with Nancy Emma and their young son George for the gold fields around Sutter's Mill.

As he rode his mare on a last-minute inspection of the area, his long black hair and beard flowing in the breeze, the six-foot-two-inch Milner (already known as "California Joe" because of the enthusiasm with which he spoke of the "New Eldorado") was greeted by respectful nods and smiles from the other travellers, most of whom were older than he. Despite his youth, there was no question of his being quali-

fied for the job of train-captain. Between the age of 14, when he had left his home in Stanford, Kentucky, to seek his fortune on the Great Plains, and 20, when he had returned there to marry Nancy Emma, Milner had developed from an adventure-hungry boy into a first-rate frontiersman. He had been official hunter for the American Fur Company at Fort Laramie, often shooting as many as 60 Buffalo in one afternoon with his deadly accurate fire. He had trapped the headwaters of the Yellowstone River with Jim Bridger, Jim Beckwourth, "Uncle Dick" Wootton, Louis Vasquez and several other famous mountaineers. He had taken part in the conquest of New Mexico as a teamster with General Kearny's troops, and in the invasion of Mexico as a scout and guide with Colonel Doniphan's First Missouri Volunteers. In the latter war, at the tender age of 17, he had gained fame by guiding a column of troops through 700 miles of hostile territory to capture Saltillo. No, there was no question of his being qualified for the job of train-captain!

Satisfied that everything was in order, he swung down from the saddle, pulled his breech-loading Springfield from the saddle scabbard and started towards his wagon. His [Continued on page 55]

After the laughing Utes finished with his ears, they began the fire torture that even Joe couldn't stand. ♦



## Eager Ensign Ingalls: OUR NAVY'S FIRST AIR ACE

First they said he was too young. Then they said they didn't have a plane for him. But Dave Ingalls wasn't much for listening. He wanted to fight and when a British squadron gave him a chance, he waged the wildest six-week war they'd ever seen

**D**eadly silhouettes against the glare of dawn, the fighter patrol droned toward enemy country.

Abruptly, the flight leader gave the thumbs-down sign and peeled off in a steep dive. Ensign David S. Ingalls, taut with the excitement of his first combat mission, stood his ship on her nose and followed the leader into the sun-bleached cloud bank.

Guy-wires singing, Ingalls' biplane knifed through the last shreds of cloud. He pulled out, trimmed the ship, and looked around for his mates. Below him, the German trenches meandered away toward the horizon. But the sky was empty. The other two Allied planes were nowhere to be seen.

Then Ingalls saw why. Two bursts of German flak,

by Charles McCarry

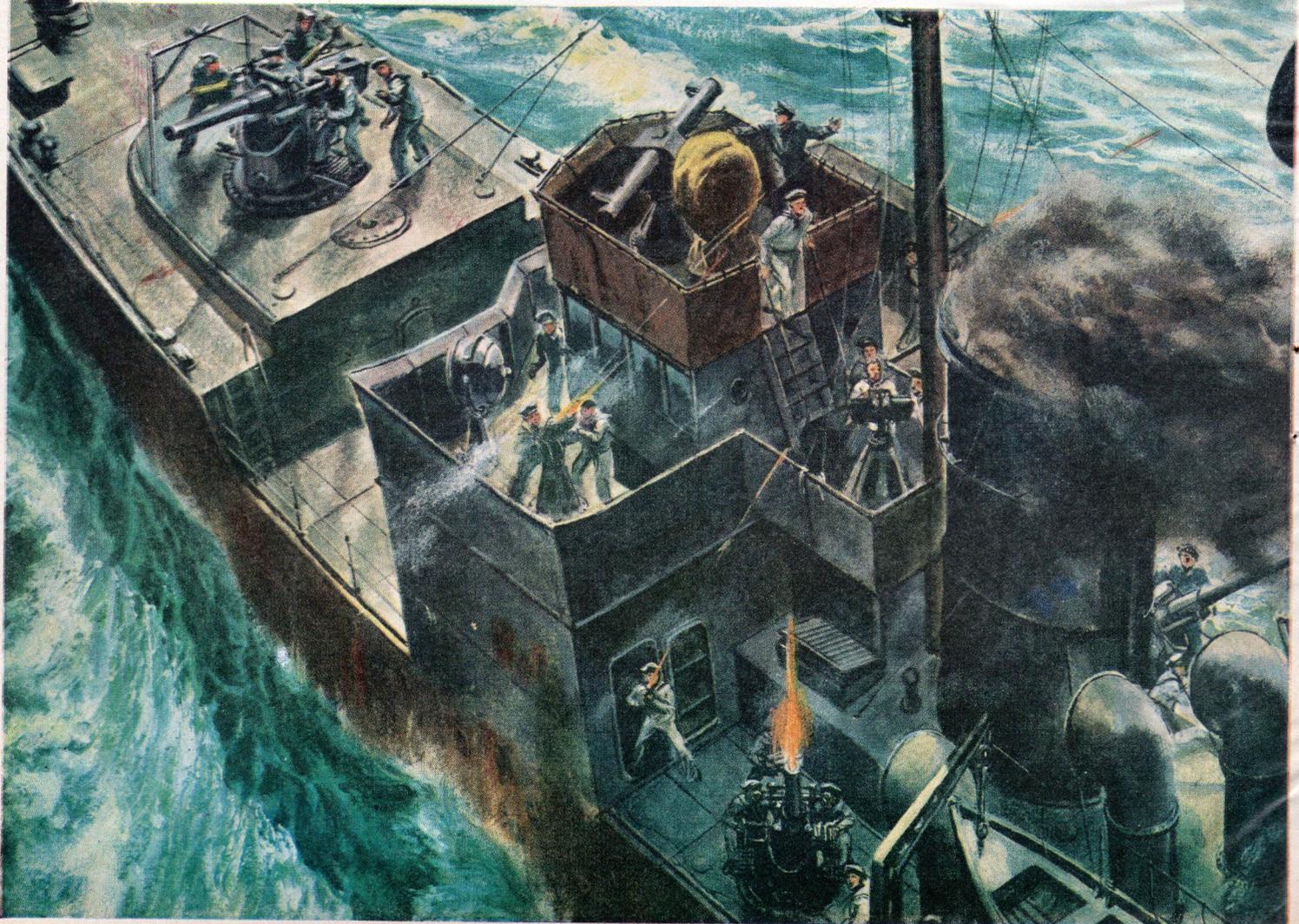
Illustrated by Philip Rantor

like fat black toadstools, appeared at his wingtips. Ingalls slammed the throttle forward and skidded back

into the clouds.

In cases like this, orders were clear. Green pilots who found themselves alone and being shot at were supposed to head for home—fast. But Ingalls had other ideas. He was only 19, and he'd already wasted two years of training, delay and red tape waiting for this chance. Besides, it was August of 1918, and rumors were thick that the war might be over any day. Ingalls had made up his mind that he was going to see some Germans before the shooting stopped.

He pushed the stick forward and dropped back down into the sunshine. Flak [Continued on page 60]





Riddled with bursts of flak, Ingall's Camel shuddered and oil spurted into his face. But the plane kept flying and Dave dropped his bombs as he roared over the careening German destroyer's masts.



Pig-sticker Hines gallops after javelina with 10-foot lance ready for pig's lunge at horses' legs.



Hines and companion give killing stroke to javelina, which, even in death throes, can maim horse, disembowel rider.

Cornered javelina turns to slash at horse's leg but Hines, braced for shock that could unhorse him, drives lance home.

# How to Poke a Plucky Porker

**“HoPig” is the cry that sets Texans after America’s toughest four-legged game in the hardest way there is. If they don’t sink their spears in just the right way, their bones can join all the others in the desert**

Photos and Text

By Walt Wiggins

Any time you want the ear of a Southwest sportsman, just say “Javelina.” The collared peccary, known in the Southwest and Mexico as javelina, is a strange and interesting animal, considered by many sportsmen as one of the most exciting “big-game” animals in America today. The javelina weighs no more than 60 or 70 pounds, but few creatures present such a bundle of vicious fighting energy when pressed by a foe. Cornered or riled, he’s “big-game” in every sense of the expression.

Martin Hines, a San Angelo, Texas, businessman whose hobby is javelina hunting, claims that, pound for pound, the javelina is one of the world’s most capable fighters, completely adept at disemboweling its enemy with dagger-sharp tusks and immensely persuasive at convincing its fellow javelina to do the same. Hines, an able judge of capable fighters, having served as a Marine Corps combat officer in the South Pacific during World War II, can recall many occasions when javelinas have charged him and the horse he was riding, and chased them for miles. He also recalls with a shudder the times when, while hunting afoot, he has been forced to take refuge in trees to escape the fury of a herd of disgruntled javelinas. Once in the state of Sonora in Mexico he was “treed” for 18 hours by a pack of these toothy, bristled pigs.

At every available opportunity Hines heads for the Sierras of Mexico where he rides his specially trained “hog-horse,” as he calls him, and equipped with nothing more than plenty of guts and an awkward 10-foot lance, proceeds to challenge all of the javelinas in the Mesa Tasajera.

A typical hunt goes something like this. Hines rides into the sotol and lechigui-covered hills where javelinas are known to range. As in all hunting, herds are often jumped right off—and at other times must be hunted like hell. The pigs feed on sotol, prickly pear and lechigui roots, as well as insects, worms and even carrion, and the path left by a herd of feeding javelinas could be followed by a blind man.

After a herd of hogs is spotted, Hines works cautiously until he is within close range—sometimes 60 or 70 feet or less. Then he tosses his lance into “firing” position and with a shout of “Ho Pig” charges after the biggest and surliest-looking boar in the bunch. Seconds later, the area is alive with grunting pigs running in every direction.

Then, yelling and riding like a Commanche, Hines races after the selected victim. Without his fantastic riding ability and determination, he couldn’t possibly keep within sight of the fleet porkers. But anywhere from 10 seconds to 10 minutes [Continued on page 45]



# The Flat

These guys (and gals) get a whack on the backside from the flat of

## to GRACE METALIOUS

This is going to be a shattering blow, men, and we doubt whether you'll ever recover, but Grace Metalious does not admire you. She thinks you're just a swarm of bloodless, money-grubbing, unromantic, unchivalrous, unsexed Mama's boys who wouldn't know what to do with a passionate doll if she walked right up and asked for it. A bunch of slobs, in short.

Who, you may be asking, is Grace Metalious? A good question.

Grace Metalious is the author of a dirty book called *Peyton Place* to which leading literary critics have applied such flattering phrases as "sex-gorged" and "barnyard portrayal." The kind of writing that Miss Metalious does when she is going good is often indistinguishable from what you see scrawled on the walls of public lavatories in the crummier sections of town. This naturally entitles her to speak as an authority on the more important problems of the day.

"America is full of phony Don Juans," she proclaimed in a recent TV interview, without revealing how large a sampling she had taken before arriving at this conclusion. "There is no romance left, and chivalry is dead."

American men, she continued without pausing for breath, are "in a mess" and all they want is to collect their weekly pay and then run home and bury their heads in Mama's lap because they

can't face life or meet the challenge of that superbly feminine creature, the American woman. And so on. And on.

Well, if we're going to have the name of being unchivalrous, let's have the game, too, eh? Have any of you fellows seen pictures of Grace Metalious, the self-elected specialist on the subject of romance? At the age of 33 she is still running around in the uniform of the teen-ager: blue jeans, sloppy shirt, sneakers and a pony tail. A veritable dream of female allure. And she is steatopygous, to boot. No wonder she suffers from the delusion that romance has perished from the earth. In her immediate vicinity it no doubt has. ("Steatopygous"? Don't tell us that a famous writer like Grace Metalious doesn't know what *that* means.)

It is an interesting coincidence that the women who bleat the loudest about the lack of romance and chivalry in American men always turn out to be dames whom no photographer in his right mind would dream of asking to pose for cheese-cake art. The girls who've really got it where it counts invariably find all the romance they can handle, and then some. You never hear them whimpering into a microphone that chivalry expired when the last knight errant hung up his tin suit and stowed his lance in the corner closet. Chivalry is a spontaneous tribute to feminine

# Of Our Blade

CAVALIER's blade because we think they deserve it. Nominees are welcome



charm, but there has to be something there to evoke it in the first place. Name one Miss America who ever gave out an interview about the romantic decline of the American male.

A woman is judged by the men she gets—and the ones that got away. Gracie lost her first husband, a respected school teacher, in the courts, and shortly latched on to a disk jockey who resembles Prince Charming about as closely as Grace Metalious resembles Janet Leigh. The blushing bride, with her usual delicacy of phrase and womanly reticence, publicly described her prize catch as “a stallion type.”

So in the most important roles a woman can play she's been a flop. Yet she thinks that packing a mess of dirt into a typewriter and spewing it onto the printed page gives her the right to act as

a spokesman for all the fine American women who go about their jobs of raising children and running households. There isn't a housewife in America who isn't doing a more important job than windy Grace, but fortunately these women are too busy with their important jobs to try to force their opinions on anyone else.

Grace Metalious is a famous author and is therefore, no doubt, interested in literary quotations. Before she inflicts another *Peyton Place* on the public, we suggest that she ponder the words of a French writer named Alphonse Karr: “A woman who writes commits two sins. She increases the number of books and decreases the number of women.” We'll add this: We don't need any more of that barnyard talk from the ladies. •



# THE HE-MAN DIET

Continued from page 18

constant reminder that losing weight was part of my day's routine.

For that gnawing late evening hunger pang, I eat a slice of cantaloupe (20 calories), a peach or an apple. Or I reach for a raw carrot or stick of celery. All overweight men are big nighttime eaters and that's when they often lose their battle. If you're within your calorie limit, a couple of glasses of beer will fill the void and make you sleep better.

In selecting your foods, bear in mind that the more protein you consume, the faster you'll get thinner. A high-protein breakfast including eggs will sustain you for six hours. Among good high-protein foods with relatively few calories are tuna fish, porterhouse steak, shrimps, breast of chicken, chipped beef and liver. Your calorie-count book will point out others.

You need calcium, but you don't have to take it in milk. Two sandwich slices of Swiss cheese, or six tablespoonfuls of cottage cheese or two wedges of American cheese have as much calcium as a glass of milk.

Fortified by these hints—and others you'll probably invent yourself—you

In the April CAVALIER

The Murderous Mission  
of Madman McCleod

Another Great WW I Air Story  
at Your Newsstand February 26

should be ready to tackle the diet I have developed for CAVALIER.

It is designed for the average man who is earnest about slimming down. The daily calorie limit is 1,500—or 4,500 for a three-day stretch. On this diet you should definitely lose between one pound and a pound-and-a-half a week, or 10-15 pounds in 10 weeks. That's a conservative estimate. If you consistently go under that 1,500-calorie quota, you'll lose more weight faster. A downright determined reducer should have no trouble eliminating a couple of items worth a few hundred calories from each day's menu.

How many fewer calories will you be consuming? According to the Yale Laboratory of Applied Physiology, a man of average size eats and expends 4,500 calories a day if he is engaged in hard work; 3,500 calories, in moderate work; and 2,000 calories if his job is sedentary.

In other words, if you're at all overweight, chances are that this 1,500-calorie-a-day diet is anywhere between 500 and 3,000 calories fewer a day than you've been absorbing. Note that much depends on your individual metabolism. It varies so widely that you may lose more or less weight than your neighbor who tries the same diet.

The important point is to *stay* on your diet. Sometimes you'll be losing poundage slowly, other times faster. But it should be a steady loss over the weeks and months.

An inevitable word of caution: Don't use any diet, even this one, without first talking to your doctor.

On the menus listed remember that the foods included are only suggestions. Consider the diet flexible. If you hate beans, for instance, substitute a vegetable that tickles your palate—but make sure it has the same amount of calories or less.

These are *sample* menus, designed to get you off to a good start. After a few days, you can easily figure out your own meals, using the CAVALIER diets as a guide.

The key to our diet is the *small amount* of each food. The wide variety of foods permitted will surprise you but it will tend to make you forget you're sacrificing anything. Just remember, the beer keeps flowing.

Following, the 1,500-calorie-a-day scheme, you'll be shedding weight slowly. In my opinion—and experience—it takes at least six months to accustom yourself to reformed eating habits so that a reasonable intake becomes routine.

However, for impatient men who prefer to get slimmer faster, we've also devised a crash diet limited to only 1,000 calories a day or 3,000 for the three-day period. Just how much weight you'll lose on it depends on your metabolism and how much surplus fat you're carrying around. You'll certainly notice the big difference in your waistline.

Here, then, are eating patterns that should bring you down to the weight you want.

Go to it—and good luck!

## 3-DAY DIET FOR MODERATE BEER-DRINKERS

For the man who's been in the habit of having a daily beer, there's a glass or two—or a bottle—at meals or between meals in the following plan:

### MONDAY

#### BREAKFAST

Tomato juice, 1 cup (50 cal)  
2 boiled eggs (150 cal)  
1 slice light-diet bread (45 cal)  
plus tsp dietetic jam (2 cal)  
**Total: 247 calories**

#### LUNCH

Clam chowder, 1/2 cup (30 cal)  
Roast beef sandwich, 2 slices, on rye (310 cal)  
Coffee  
BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)  
**Total: 440 calories**

#### MID-DAY PICK-UP

BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)  
**Total: 100 calories**

#### DINNER

Chicken noodle soup, 1/2 cup (30 cal)  
Porterhouse steak, lean, 7 oz (380 cal)  
Broccoli, flower stalks, 1 cup (45 cal)  
Tea or coffee  
BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)  
**Total: 555 calories**

#### LATE EVENING SNACK

BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)  
**Total: 100 calories**  
**Day's Intake: 1442 calories**

### TUESDAY

#### BREAKFAST

Banana (90 cal) sliced on wheat flakes,  
1 oz (45 cal) and 1/2 cup whole milk (83 cal)  
Black coffee (45 cal)  
**Total: 263 calories**

#### LUNCH

2 frankfurters on rolls (400 cal)  
BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)  
**Total: 500 calories**

#### DINNER

Oxtail soup, cup (77 cal)  
Sirloin steak, 4 oz, without bone (400 cal)  
Buttered green beans (60 cal)  
Coffee  
**Total: 537 calories**

#### LATE EVENING SNACK

BEER, 16-oz can (200 cal)  
**Total: 200 calories**  
**Day's Intake: 1500 calories**

### WEDNESDAY

#### BREAKFAST

Grapefruit sections, 1/2 cup (40 cal)  
Bran flakes, 3/4 cup, with milk (150 cal)  
Black coffee  
**Total: 190 calories**

#### LUNCH

Vegetable soup, 1 cup (70 cal)  
Hamburger on roll (250 cal)  
Cheese cake, small portion (150 cal)  
Coffee  
BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)  
**Total: 570 calories**

#### DINNER

Asparagus soup, full serving (100 cal)  
Mackerel, half-filet (200 cal)  
Brussels sprouts with mushrooms, 1/2 cup (30 cal)  
Coffee  
BEER, 8-oz glass (100 cal)  
**Total: 430 calories**

#### LATE EVENING SNACK

BEER, 16-oz can (200 cal)  
**Total: 200 calories**  
**Day's Intake: 1390 calories**



in the April CAVALIER—Ina Gardner

In the April CAVALIER, Read  
**THE PIMP IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT**  
 An Absorbing Revelation By Sara Harris,  
 AUTHOR OF CAST THE FIRST STONE



## HOW TO POKE A PLUCKY PORKER

Continued from page 41

after the chase begins, the javelina fails to out-manuever the stubborn hunter. Clattering rocks and a whirl of dust tell that the flight of the pig is checked, and more often than not, the cornered javelina turns on the attacker. He lunges toward the horse, twice, three times, making an impossible target and each time

forcing Hines to rein his horse to safety rather than risk an unsure charge at the enraged hog. On the fourth charge Hines waits for the perfect moment when the javelina is quartering away. Then he spurs his horse forward and sinks the deadly lance through the rib cage of the rubbery pig.

Recently, Hines asked me and John Lockett, a Val Verde County (Texas) game warden to accompany him on one of his Chihuahua pig-sticking adventures. Neither John nor I had ever hunted with anything like a lance before, and certainly we never thought of using such a weapon on a quarry like the fiery javelina although we both have hunted javelinas many times before. Under the tough tutelage of Hines, Lockett and I left the Mesa Tasajera as confirmed pigstickers. For the guy who likes his sport a little rougher and wilder than ordinary and wants something exciting as hell to remember for the rest of his days, I heartily suggest javelina hunting, a la Hines. •

## Harry Rieseberg's Treasure Chest



The treasure-gold of the steamer *Merida*—New York and Cuba Mail liner—valued at more than \$1,000,000 in gold bullion and other cargo, including the invaluable Crown Jewels of the Hapsburg ruler Emperor Maximilian, has rested 42 miles east of Cape Charles off the Virginia Capes, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, since May 12, 1911.

The *Merida* set sail from Mexico when one of that country's many revolutions sent President Porfirio Diaz fleeing from his palace. New York was to be the destination but off the Virginia Capes she was rammed by the steamer *Admiral Farragut* and sank in 32 fathoms of water.

Salvagers, working on what they believed was the *Merida*, had a hectic time of it during two determined and costly attempts, and received no reward for their efforts.

Other attempts of lesser degree followed. The crew of the Bowdoin Expedition finally did locate a long-sought strong-box and brought it to the surface; only to find, that the big iron chest was open—and empty.

If it was the *Merida* which Bowdoin and his crew thought they had located,

what had happened to those ill-fated treasures of the Emperor Maximilian? Perhaps the safe salvaged was rifled before the ship sank. But had the Crown Jewels been taken before the ship sank and were safely landed by some passenger, long ago these jewels would have found their way into some collector's collection.

Was it the *Merida's* safe that was raised empty? I doubt it very much, especially in view of the fact that the location of the Bowdoin Expedition's operations was approximately 20 miles distant from my charted area of the actual *Merida's* sinking. This I know, for the original records and reports were under my direction during my office as chief in the U.S. Bureau of Navigation in Washington.

Many fruitless searches went on. Within six weeks after the sinking, Captain Charles Williamson was on the job and spent six weeks seeking the wreck in vain. He was followed by a Wall Street expedition. Then, in 1924, came a syndicate, headed by the notable Drexel Biddle. This was followed by Captain Harry H. Bowdoin, of White Plains, New York, who worked all the summer of 1931:

then again in 1932, without bringing up anything but a purser's safe. The last attempt was that of the Italian salvage syndicate, headed by Count Luigi Faggiano, of Spezia, Italy, who returned to Italy, lootless.

The cargo contained, in addition to the Crown Jewels, 827 silver bars valued at \$237,500, \$50,000 in gold coin, 699 ingots of copper valued at \$25,730, \$90,000 in mahogany logs, \$100,000 in passengers' funds and jewelry in the purser's safe, and some 6,000 tons of Jamaica rum.

In the salvage of this enticing treasure hulk, the operators might make use of the aqualung for exploratory purposes in pinpointing the exact resting place of the *Merida*, however, because of the deeper water in which the skin diving equipment cannot safely operate, the standard diving dress used in most commercial salvage work, possesses the only adequate usefulness for such a job. This, of course, with the exception of the mechanical diving devices used on some expeditions of the more costly type.

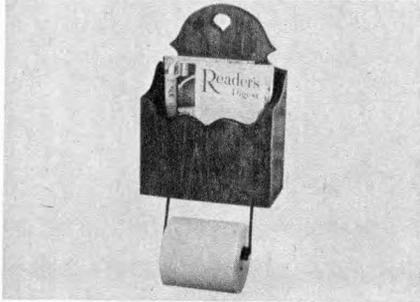
Today, the wreck of the *Merida*, changed from a once proud and stately transatlantic steamer to a twisted and torn mass of iron and steel, lies in her watery tomb—in latitude 37° 20' North, 74° 47' West—a tragic monument to collision at sea. After 47 years of submersion, the state of the condition of the wrecked hulk, too, has become a precarious one—rusted, and largely silted up, the battered hulk can only be salvaged by suited divers; too, in sheltered waters she would not be a difficult task to gain access to, but the strong currents which sweep continuously across the sea-bed of the Atlantic ocean offshore in this particular locality, makes the salvage operation one of a seasonal attempt, during the summer months preferably.

Good fishing. . . •

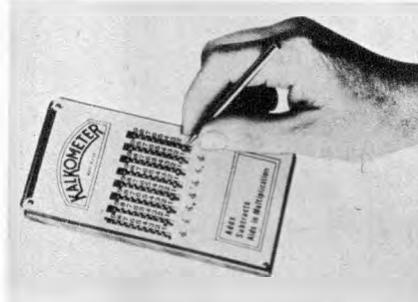


# Cavalier's

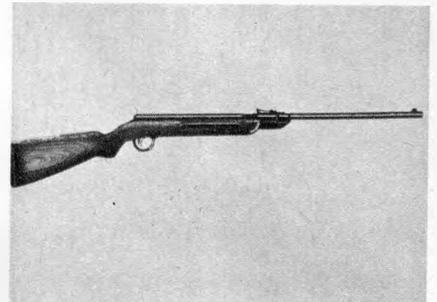
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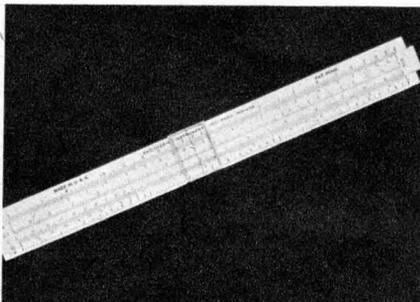
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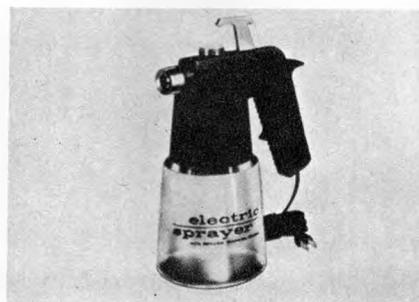
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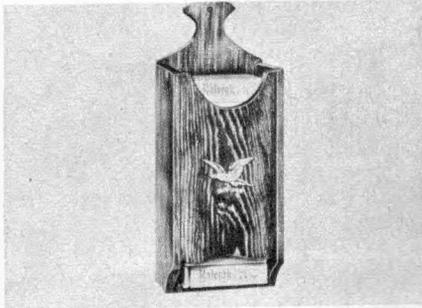
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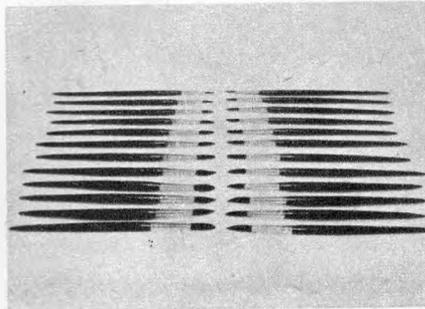
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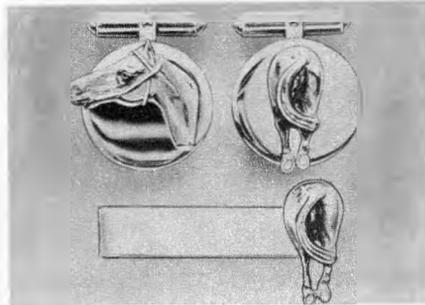
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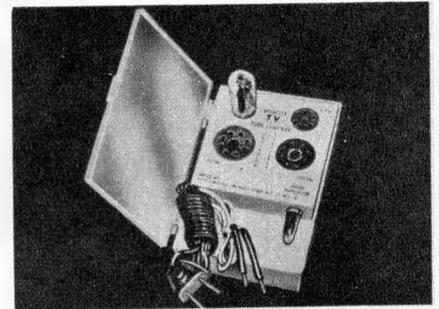
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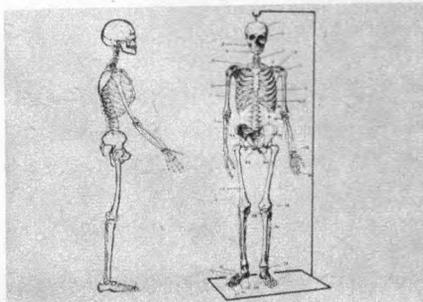
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## MAN-BURNER FROM TEXAS

*Continued from page 11*

could be found, he announced. Otherwise the branded stuff would be divided among the men on the hunt—as would the mavericks. To make sure each Olive could claim his share, Print had his brothers and father join the hunt.

For days and weeks, scores of sweating, cursing men rode the prairies, the live-oak-studded hillsides and the shady bottomlands of the North and South San Gabriel Rivers and Brushy Creek. When a herd was thrown together, fires were built, lariats snaked and hot iron was socked to wild-eyed longhorns.

Many of the men were on the hunt more for sport than for cattle: it didn't make much difference to them whether they had their brands on almost worthless longhorns. But this was serious business with Print. Playing the part of a generous range boss, he furnished the food, the coffee and plenty of liquor. At night he hunched down in the light of the campfire and played poker—not for money but for cattle. He won hundreds of head of beeves and a couple of dozen horses from drunken men and boys.

The Olives came out of the hunt with the bulk of the cattle—just as Print had planned. He began the second phase of his plan by claiming a vast range with plenty of water. It made no difference to him that the land belonged to the state and was open to settlement. He merely let the word get out that the Olives would tolerate no trespassing.

Before long, strange things began happening around the Olive range. While other herds in the region dwindled, the Olive herd grew and grew. No one cared a great deal, but there was some talk about it around the courthouse at Georgetown and in the saloons. Since it was just talk, Print paid no attention.

In 1866, many herds of Texas cattle were trailed to distant markets, and the drovers returned with their saddlebags filled with money. Then in 1867, Joseph G. McCoy established Abilene, Kansas, as a market for Texas cattle—and the Chisholm Trail opened. Print Olive sent eight big herds to Abilene—and welcomed back a large financial return.

The first great cattle boom was on. With everyone now wanting the once-worthless longhorns, a wave of big-scale rustling broke out.

It soon was noised about town that the Olives themselves were stealing unbranded calves and also cows and steers, blotting out the brands, and adding the animals to their herd.

Print heard of these mutterings one day when he, his brothers and half a dozen of their cowboys, who were hired because they were gunmen, were in a saloon. Walking to the middle of the floor with a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a glass in the other, Print calmly poured a drink. Lifting it, he announced, "The rustlers've been stealing us blind,

and I just want it spread around that anybody caught on the Olive range or with Olive cows will pay the penalty."

He lifted the glass and drained it.

In this way Print craftily shifted his outfit from the defensive to the offensive. Hell, he wasn't a rustler; he was fighting thieves.

Before long, the people were also believing what Print said about the danger of trespassing on the Olives. Riding the range one day with his brother, Ira, and two of their men, Print spotted a small herd owned by Ben Plemons, who was becoming an aggressive cowman. Plemons and one man were working the cattle when the Olives rode up.

Print's black eyes glinted when he saw a few of his cows in the herd—though he knew there was always a mingling of brands on the open range. Standing high in the saddle, his right hand resting on his gun, Print said to his men, "Cut out our stuff. I'll take care of this upstart."

Then he jerked his gun and hit the unsuspecting Plemons across the temple. Plemons sagged and slowly slid off his horse. Print leaped to the ground and kicked Plemons in the ribs. Glowering at the dazed man, he snarled, "You clear out of her in two days or you won't have a chance!"

**B**ecause Plemons was a small operator, his friends urged him to heed the Olive warning. But he decided not to run, and instead armed himself and his men.

Three days later one of his men saw one of the younger Olive brothers riding toward him; he fired a warning shot that clipped twigs above young Olive's head.

Olive turned and headed for headquarters.

A little later that day, Print rode out and found Plemons.

"Did you shoot at my brother?" Print demanded.

"No." Plemons replied. "I'm saving my bullets for you."

As Print jerked his horse around, both men went for their guns. They fired simultaneously. Each man tumbled off his horse.

Alerted by the shooting, Print's brothers found him a few moments later. By then, Plemons was dead—and Print was badly wounded.

Print lingered near death for two weeks, but he finally pulled through.

Now he was in a blacker mood than ever. Not only were the small cowmen trying to cut in on his range—but now the homesteaders were coming in, seeking to settle on the state land. A new report went out through the Olive grapevine—any man killing a cow on the Olive range for meat would be shot down with no questions asked.

It had long been a custom of farmers and ranchers, and even travelers, to

knock a yearling in the head when in need of meat. This had started when longhorns were wild and worthless—and the custom was as deep-seated and as accepted as that of the right of claiming a maverick. But Print, greedy for more cattle and more money, decided to stop this, at least on the Olive range, and, as usual, he was ready to go to extremes to do it.

On a warm March afternoon in 1876, Print, two of his brothers and three cowboys were out helping ready a herd for the trail to Dodge City. They came upon two men who had just skinned a couple of Olive yearlings. They were Jim Crow and a neighbor named Turner. These men were farmers and hadn't heard of the Olive edict on beef-killing. Crow—sometimes called Sparrow or Quail by his neighbors—was a harmless man who didn't steal beef except when his family needed it to eat. He had two sons, and the oldest, John Crow, was serving a short sentence in the penitentiary for theft.

Gazing at Crow and Turner, who by now were cutting up the beeves they had skinned, Print growled, "We'll make examples of these birds. Run 'em down and knock 'em in the head, but don't kill 'em. Git going!"

Ramming spurs to their horses, the men rushed Crow and Turner and ran over them. The Olives sprang from their heads and knocked the fallen men's heads together until they were bloody. The men had lost consciousness long before the head-popping ceased.

Print sat on his horse and watched the action.

"Sew each one of 'em in one of them hides!" he ordered.

That was the old Spanish way of slow death for a bitter enemy. If a man imprisoned in a green hide didn't smother, the quick shrinking of the skin would squeeze the life out of him.

Crow and Turner were wrapped in the hides and the rolls were tied securely with the skin of the legs.

"Roll 'em out where the sun can hit 'em," Print ordered. "And make sure the brands are turned up. Whoever finds 'em will know whose cattle was being butchered."

The next day, Crow's young son found his father and Turner. They were dead.

When word of the inhuman Spanish skin-deaths got around, Print Olive made the Texas press for the first time. The newspaper at Austin at once deplored the savagery and exposed the iron-gloved grip the Olives held on a county-sized sweep of land that belonged to the state.

The Olive clan should be wiped out or forced off the land, the newspaper demanded.

There were some personal efforts to do that very thing, John Crow was toiling at the tannery in the state prison when he heard of the death of his father. He promptly escaped, made his way home, and with his brother, formed an armed band to raid the Olives.

On a night late in March, Crow and his men rode stealthily across the Olive range. They stopped half a mile from the Olive camp and hid their horses in a grove. As darkness gathered, they crept through the woods toward the camp.

So silently did the raiders move that the boisterous Olives didn't hear a sound. Print, his brothers and nine cowboys were in the camp, a small house and corrals filled with range stock which were to be worked the next day. Three dozen saddle horses milled in a large pen constructed of poles.

The Olives and their men had a big supper at a new chuck wagon which was to be put on the trail within a few days. Then they sat around the campfire, drinking and swapping yarns. At 9 o'clock they bedded down. They were so sure of their safety that they left their guns in the wagon, and no guard was posted.

And now Crow and his men crept into the camp—and opened up with rifles and shotguns.

The terror-stricken saddle horses broke out of the pen and stampeded into the woods with a thunderous roar of hoofs and screams. Cattle in the corrals surged against the fence.

Print sprang from his bedroll in his white drawers. He yelled at his men to hit for the cover of the wagon and open fire. Print sprinted toward the wagon. A bullet hit him in the hip and he fell, writhing and moaning.

Tom Olive dashed toward Print. A load of buckshot hit him in the chest and he was dead when he hit the ground. A Negro cowboy attempted to pick up Tom and was killed with a rifle ball in the head.

The other Olives and their men dived for whatever cover they could find. One of the Crow men made his way to the corrals and opened the gate, releasing the terrified cattle to rush heedlessly through the camp. Another man set fire to the house. The flames lighted the area. For three hours the Olives were pinned to the ground. Then their hidden attackers finally left, their job done well.

Tom Olive left a wife and young daughter. Print's wound kept him in bed for three months. When he was finally able to ride into town, some of his friends among big cowmen advised him to get out of the thickly-settled section and head north and west to the wide-open spaces. But Print only tightened his guard. His mood was blacker than ever. Now any man who happened innocently to ride across the Olive range was likely to be shot down.

One day a Negro cowboy wandered on to the range while working nearby. He stopped at Print's house and asked permission to draw a drink of water from the well.

Print shot him down without a word.

Now the law stepped in and Print was indicted for the killing of Crow and Turner and the thirsty Negro. When his trial was called, he camped a small army of men in town—as warning that he would take over with force in the event of conviction. Through his men, Print passed out the word that any man who testified against him would have his tongue or other important parts of his anatomy cut out. Similar threats were made against the jurors. Small wonder then that the state could find no effective

witnesses. Jurors certainly didn't relish the risk of bringing down the Olive wrath on themselves and families. Print was acquitted.

All along, the Olives had been trailing cattle and horses to market and the big money had poured in. The Olives had the best houses, horses, wagons for miles around. Print was no sorry rancher. He damned streams and impounded water; he cut state timber and built huge corrals. His tremendous empire, policed by dead-eye gunmen, grew and grew.

Then trouble arose within the family. Old Jim Olive, sick and tired of the ruthlessness of his sons, pulled out of the cattle enterprise. And young Bob Olive, who was almost as arrogant as Print, took advantage of a popular young man in town and shot him to death.

The people were incensed. A big reward was offered for the arrest of Bob. There was bold talk of armed posses.

Print provided Bob with money and hurried him off to Wyoming to escape the wrath of his neighbors. This family trouble and Print's conviction that the time had come when he could make more money in a country with fewer settlers to fight led him to a decision to pull up stakes and move northward—to Nebraska.

Perhaps not since the separation of the feuding outfits of Abraham and Lot on the edge of the Plain of Jordan had there been such a rangeland exodus as the moving of the Olives.

Thirty thousand cattle in 10 herds were strung out for 15 miles. Each herd had a big remuda of horses. And there was a separate herd of horses and mules, broodmares and stallions. There were wagons, carriages, buggies and great loads of equipment, household goods and provisions. Even the chickens were taken. The lumbering caravan stretched across the country for 25 miles. Old Jim Olive and his wife, and also Tom Olive's widow and her daughter, remained in Texas, but the rest of the family accompanied Print.

The Olives stopped first in the Republican Valley in Nebraska—and were

quickly told by the big cowmen that this land was already taken. With a sort of worshipful admiration for the cattle kings, Print heeded their advice and moved on, pushing into the Sandhills on Plum Creek in the Loup River country. There were settlers on these bald prairies, but the Olive reputation had traveled ahead of the clan and some of the settlers abandoned their claims and moved away.

Print again adopted the policy he had followed in Texas—that of bulldozing people, frightening them or killing them. He used his old trick of claiming that neighbors were stealing from him and that he, being a law-abiding citizen, would have to take action.

He brought in his brother, Bob, who had fled from Texas to Wyoming and, using the threat type of politics he knew so well, he managed to have Bob appointed official livestock inspector for the district. This made it an official cinch to plant Olive cattle in neighboring herds and thereby start a one-sided fight aimed at removing the settler from his land—if not this world.

The first victim of the Olive squeeze was a young rancher named Chris Christensen. One day Print rode up to the Christensen place and found the young man attempting to separate Olive cows from his herd.

"See you've rustled some of my stuff." Print charged.

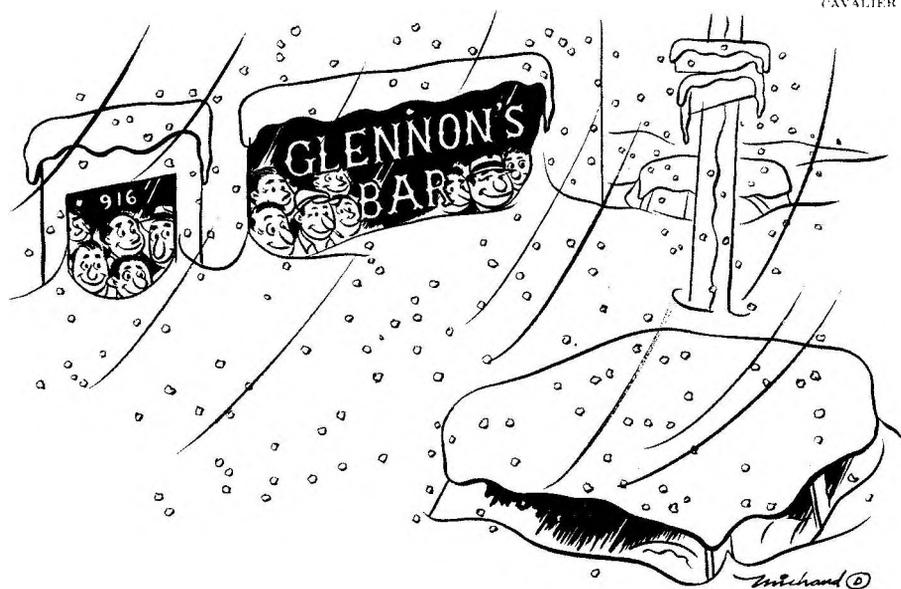
Christensen explained that he didn't know how Olive cattle became mingled with his—but that he was trying to separate them and drive the Olive cattle home.

"Like hell!" Print snarled, pulling his pistol.

He beat Christensen on the head and in the face until the settler fell unconscious.

Within a few days, Christensen sold out his cattle for nearly nothing and disappeared. The Olives took his land.

Over on Clear Creek were two men who didn't scare—a middle-aged man



CAVALIER

named Mitchell and a young fellow named Ketchum. Mitchell had a wife and two step-daughters. The Mitchells lived in one side of a small house and Ketchum lived in the other side.

If Mitchell and Ketchum were chased out, the Olives would have their Nebraska range won. Accordingly, Print spread word that Olive cattle had been found in the Mitchell and Ketchum herd, and that a rustler raid on Clear Creek was in the making.

Mitchell and Ketchum were warned. Ketchum talked over the threat with two brothers who lived in the region who told him that he was a legal homesteader and had broken no laws, and that he had every right to protect his claim. Now Mitchell and Ketchum oiled their guns and kept them handy.

A few days later a December norther hit. It left low, leaden clouds hovering over the cold prairie sweep of Nebraska. In the late afternoon the Mitchells and Ketchum bundled to their chins in their heaviest coats to brave the weather and go visiting. The team of blaze-faced black horses had been hitched to the wagon, and Mrs. Mitchell and the girls were in it. Mitchell and Ketchum fastened the door and walked toward the wagon with their rifles in their hands.

From their hiding place near the little homestead, the Olive gang, headed by Bob Olive, watched the activities of the settlers. When the moment seemed right—just before Mitchell and Ketchum reached the wagon—Bob gave the signal.

Seven riders charged the homestead, yelling and firing their smoking guns. Bob Olive was in the lead. The team hitched to the wagon bolted and ran. Bullets splintered the lurching wagonbox in which Mrs. Mitchell and her two daughters were huddled.

Mitchell and Ketchum fired over the heads of the riders. But the Olives were shooting to kill. A bullet shattered Ketchum's right arm. Mitchell, seeing that the raiders meant business, aimed his rifle at sneering Bob Olive and pulled the trigger. Bob sagged in the saddle—mortally wounded. Two riders grabbed him and held him on his horse. The Olives retreated, taking Bob with them.

Mitchell and Ketchum knew they were in deep trouble and now they decided to try to get away.

Sending Mrs. Mitchell and the girls to the prairie home of friends they rode into town to try to get legal protection. But with no luck. Every man they saw was afraid to help them.

There was nothing left for the men to do but flee. Mitchell, a frail man, was near the point of exhaustion. Ketchum's shattered arm was swollen, and he was parched with fever. But they headed across the cold, wind-swept prairie, hoping to find a homesteader who would take them in.

Print was black with rage. Swearing he'd make an example of Mitchell and Ketchum as he had of Crow and Turner in Texas, he organized a posse of 15 armed men and equipped the man-hunters with a wagon whose provisions included a can of kerosene.

He telegraphed sheriffs all over Nebraska, offering an \$800 reward for the arrest of "the murderers of my brother."

Mitchell and Ketchum didn't get far. A sheriff in a neighboring county picked them up. Print wouldn't pay the reward until the sheriff turned them over to him.

The Olives handcuffed the men together and tied them on their own horses. Then the posse and its prisoners headed for Plum Creek. By now the clouds had broken, and as night came, the moon lighted the prairie with a cold glow. The air was icy cold.

When the posse approached Plum Creek, Print saw a spreading elm out by itself far away from other trees. He yelled and pointed toward the tree. The possemen rode up and formed a circle around the victims.

"Swing 'em up," Print ordered.

The Olives looped lariats over the men's heads and tossed the loose ends of the ropes over a limb. These loose ends were secured to the saddles of two riders.

Ketchum called out, requesting the right to say a few words. He pleaded with the mob for Mitchell's life, pointing out that Mitchell had a family to support.

Print snorted and lifted a hand. The rider with Ketchum's rope plunged forward, jerking the youth into the air. Mitchell, who was still handcuffed to Ketchum, was pulled out of his saddle. He was forced to watch Ketchum lurch and to hear him gasp. Then Mitchell was yanked up.

Print urged his horse close to the swinging men. Slowly he pulled his pistol, aimed deliberately and fired a bullet into Mitchell.

"That," he snarled, "is for my brother, Bob."

As if by prearranged signal, two men took the can of kerosene from the wagon and one of them sloshed the fuel over the hanging men. Print struck a match to Ketchum's pant legs. Flames leaped into the tree. Puffs of black smoke rose above the naked branches into the moonlight. Within a few minutes, the fire burned the ropes and the bodies dropped in a grotesque, smoking heap. And there they were left to freeze.

Friends and relatives of the victims, and the other decent citizens, were afraid to rescue the bodies. Within a week, Print hired a man to bury them in a shallow hole chipped in the frozen ground.

When word of the man-burning swept Nebraska and the nation, Print Olive was called a demon. The papers, and people all over Nebraska, demanded justice for the Olive gang.

One group of courageous men did more than talk. Rescuing the bodies they took them to Kearney where they were photographed and then given a decent burial.

Eventually District Judge Bill Gaslin felt compelled to end the Olive reign of terror. After witnesses who would testify against the gang were lined up. Print and 10 of his cohorts were indicted for murder, and Print was taken to the state prison, pending his trial.

Through his brothers and men, Print

arranged to hand out big sums and herds of cattle to win acquittal. But it didn't work. He and one of his men were convicted and sentenced to prison.

Olive money continued to pour out. Finally, on a technicality involving the jurisdiction of the trial court, Print won a new trial. This time the charges against him were dismissed.

The man-burner was free, but his fortune was sadly depleted. His son, Bill, killed a man in cold blood, and Print had to pour a lot of money into that case to save his boy from prison.

The cattle bust of the mid-1880's was ruining rangemen everywhere and Print Olive saw the end of his empire approaching. Everywhere the Olives, men and women, went, they heard the taunt:

"Man-burners!"

On an August day in 1886, Print, now with gray in his black hair and lines in his gaunt face, strutted around the town of Trail City, Colorado, a new town which had been founded in the waning days of the cattle trails from Texas.

A short-bearded cowboy known as Joe Sparrow and also as Partridge, rode into Trail City. He struck up with Print at a livery and started an argument. The men exchanged hot words and Print swaggered away, apparently still considering himself the Cock Robin of range ruffians.

That night Print was in one of Trail City's boisterous saloons. Sparrow walked in, and stood at the bar and began staring at Print.

A look of uneasiness swept over Print's face. "What the hell you want?" he demanded.

The eyes of every man in the place focused on the pair.

"Nothing," Sparrow replied and kept staring.

Print Olive went for his gun. But Sparrow was too fast. A bullet shattered Print's right arm. His gun clattered to the floor and Print crumpled down on top of it.

Sparrow stood over him.

"Don't shoot again," Print pleaded. "Don't shoot!"

As Print was making his plea, he was attempting to maneuver his gun into his left hand. Seeing this, the cowboy shot him in the temple, and Print died there on the saloon floor.

With so many witnesses who weren't afraid to talk, now that Print's cold body had been sent to Dodge City, the cowboy was cleared in court. And then he disappeared. No one knew him in Trail City. He appeared on the scene of the wild West only this one time.

Immediately there was speculation on the real identity of the unknown cowboy with the odd name. There were men who believed that he was a brother of the burned Ketchum who had been on Print's trail for years.

Others believed as strongly that Joe Sparrow was really John Crow, son of the green-skin victim in Texas.

It is too bad nobody ever found out—because whoever he was, Sparrow or Crow or Ketchum, he had made a large contribution to the West. •



## "HAVE GLOVES—WILL BLEED"

Continued from page 23

to keep him out of boxing. It would make Willie quiet because he was having trouble figuring out what was coming next.

Anybody who was with him and had ever seen fighters go bad before had to feel sorry for this little guy. Because as Willie talked you would think of Sandy Saddler. He and Willie drew \$280,000 worth of customers into Yankee Stadium for their third fight. Sandy won, but he went first and now you see him tripping into the Paddock Restaurant on Broadway in New York and his right eyeball looks in at his nose because somebody's thumb put it there during a clinch. "I've got plenty of money," Sandy tells you. "I'm fine." He doesn't have a quarter.

Or of Al Singer, who was a lightweight champion once, and now has a few drinks in a joint on Third Avenue. "I'm not doing anything special," he says. "Nothing exciting." There are fray marks along the waist of his pants. You can see them if his jacket is unbuttoned.

A fighter learns to use his fists. And if he is a good one, like Pep, he gets paid big money in chunks. There is no room for tomorrow in your thinking when the check reads \$92,000, as it did after the second time he fought Saddler. So the money is peeled off and thrown around like confetti. When it's gone, there is another fight. But if some kid like Bassey throws a right hand it ends. Then everything becomes a mystery. You can't double jab a businessman. And the banker won't stand still for a hook to the belly. Hit the bill collector with a right hand and you go to the can.

It is pathetic and what makes it worse is that nobody can be blamed. Willie blew his money, but he had to do it that way. His answer to a high school economics course was selling newspapers on street corners. He learned math in Trumbull Street crap games. And there was no time to train for life at the Chapel Gym in Hartford. Not while Bill Gore and Viscusi had to worry about having Pep ready for Chalky Wright or Saddler or Willie Joyce or the rest of them.

"I don't know what the kid can do," a Hartford tavern owner was saying. "I remember once a liquor company had him selling. I never did business with them, but I signed up to make sure Willie got the job. So the kid takes one pass at the route and nobody sees him again and I'm stuck standing up for the agreement. I still take the liquor.

"He can't sit still long enough in one place to do anything. All right, they say a fighter can open a saloon. Hell, this is a tough business. You got to work fourteen, fifteen hours a day or you ain't got a joint left. Willie wouldn't stay an hour a day. He's too nervous. All I can see him doin' is fightin'. But, like you say, when they start catching him with right hands like that even fightin' ain't his racket."

But as long as there is an armory in Tampa and fight clubs in Aiken, S. C., and Presque Isle, Maine, and New London, Conn., Pep is going to be in the ring again, for short money and with some kid trying to kill him. It is all he can do, no matter how much people try to help. Even if the train makes all local stops this time, Willie will be on it.

"It can't end good," a guy was saying in front of Pep's house. "But what's he goin' to do? What's a shylock do when he gets up in the morning? He goes out and loans money. It's his livin'. Well, this guy is a fighter. Same thing."

Willie had three sparring partners in the game of matrimony. He met his first wife when he was only 19 and married her a year later. To put it gently, Pep's first trip to the altar wasn't a success and ended up in the divorce courts a few years later. Willie gave his ex-spouse a bundle of cash (\$12,500) in settlement. Wife Number Two didn't last long either and cost Willie another large wad of dough.

Pep's third wife was performing in a Greenwich Village strip joint when they met in 1954. "At least she didn't marry me for my money," Willie muses, "because I didn't have any left." They separated six months later and eventually were divorced. A boy was born of that third marriage and Pep had to agree, in writing, never to see his son or ex-wife again.

When Willie was on top, it seemed boxing was invented for his personal use. He won the featherweight title in 1942 at the age of 20 from Chalky Wright, a vicious puncher who never got a chance to hit speedy Pep in the rear end. Willie did things so quickly and easily it was hard to believe. He would move, double fake a guy, then pop him with three or four left jabs, tie him up, yank on his arms to tire him, then move out again and catch the guy with a sucker right. He won 62 straight fights before Sammy Angott, the clutcher who doubled as lightweight champ, outwrestled him. Then Pep won 73 more in a row before boxing a draw with Jimmy McAllister.

Of all these, there is one fight boxing people always point to and say that, yes, this proves he is one of the all-time greats. It was on February 11, 1949 against Saddler. A little less than four months before. Willie was a 13-5 favorite over Saddler as he held out his right glove for Bill Gore to touch for luck and then headed for the middle of the Madison Square Garden ring. Saddler, a spindly, almost gawky-looking guy, could punch like hell. By the time Gore had gone down the three steps from Willie's corner and turned around to see what was happening it was over. Saddler had caught Willie right away with a hook and until the middle of the fourth round, when the referee stopped it. Pep didn't

know where he was.

The Garden was packed for the return, with 6,000 people from Hartford in the crowd of 19,097. It was one of the first big bouts which was nationally televised and if you ask anybody in boxing, Willie Pep sold more television sets on this night than all the four-color ads the companies have ever taken.

There may have been better fighters than Pep was in the second Saddler fight. But the old guys were reaching for names even they never saw as Willie went to work.

He caught Saddler with 37 left jabs in the first round. That was as accurate a count as Nat Fleischer, the editor of the Ring Magazine, could keep. Then he went to the corner and sat down and everybody in the place knew they were going to see Willie put up the fight of his life.

Pep won seven of the first eight rounds. He stepped on Sandy's toes, then spun him off balance and whacked him in the back of the head. He used the referee as a partner, ducking behind Frank Fullam every time he broke a clinch, then stepping around him and firing a shot at the unprepared Sandy.

In the ninth, Saddler finally caught him. A wicked hook ripped into Willie and his little body shuddered. In the 10th, Saddler got off again. If there was one thing Sandy could do with his fists it was to rip flesh off another man's face. And each time he landed on Willie in the 10th an ohhhh! would run through the crowd. When the fighters opened off, you could see raw meat hanging from Willie's eyes and the blood running all over him.

From someplace, deep down where champions find the ability to come up with the right answers, Pep got his between the 11th and 12th rounds. He was sitting there, breathing heavily, while Gore, a cotton-tipped stick hanging from his lips, said softly, "Step around a little this time, will you? I'm tired of patching you up."

"He ain't laid a glove on me," Willie answered.

"I didn't know the referee punched that good," Bill smiled.

Saddler came out for the 12th looking to take Pep out. Instead he caught hell. Willie hit him with every shot he ever knew. He flurried, boxed and moved. He was something from the past and after it was over people shook their heads. It was hard to believe anybody could fight that well.

Watching him, it was hard to realize that in January of 1947 Willie had been all but killed in the crash of a New York-bound Miami plane that fell at Midvale, N.J. Several passengers had died. Willie had a broken left leg, directly above the ankle, two fractured vertebrae and internal injuries. When he came out of the morphine, he quickly announced, "I'm all through. I'm through with flying at night." When somebody suggested he wouldn't fight again he sneered at them and said something in Italian.

They still talk about that fight. Nat Fleischer sits in his office at the Ring Magazine, looks out the window at the Eighth Avenue entrance to Madison

Square Garden and muses, "I wonder how many who come here to see fights or watch them on television will ever live to see another fighter like Pep was that night," he says. "When he first came around here he had two eight-round semi-finals. He won the first on a one-round knockout. Then he won the second on a decision. Then they matched him with Wright for the title and people said it was too soon. I maintained he had been ready for some time. I had never seen a fighter come along as accomplished as he was. After that Saddler match I had to go higher in my estimation. Willie Pep was one of the top handful of featherweights who ever lived. He and Tony Canzoneri. Pep and Abe Attell would have made one of the greatest fights of all time. I don't use the word 'great' for a fighter. I use it for Pep."

And Attell, the Little Champ, as he insists on being called, hangs out on Broadway and with both hands moving, tells of how good Pep was that night. "I was tellin' all these bums that Pep was a great fighter," Abe says. "But they say to me, 'Saddler flattened him. How good could he be?' They wouldn't listen to me. So they had go and watch for themselves. Them bums seen how good he was. He was as good a fighter as Tony Canzoneri. As good as Johnny Dundee. George Dixon, too. I'm gonna tell you something. Pep was the greatest featherweight—and listen to me now—the greatest featherweight since Abe Attell."

Prize fighters do not come from prep schools. They come from the streets of a town like Hartford and they start out the way Pep did. The guys always were bigger than Willie, so he spent most of his time scurrying down an alley, somebody hot on his worn heels, until he could lure the guy into a doorway. Then Willie would duck in and slam the door on the guy's hand or catch him in the face with it.

It was natural for Pep to wind up hanging around the Chapel Gym and at 15 he began fighting amateur bouts as a flyweight around New England with a forged amateur athletic union card.

When he was 17, he wanted to turn pro and to his father, Salvatore Papaleo, there was only one man who could handle his son. That was Lou Viscusi, who had managed Bat Battalino, a Hartford featherweight favorite, years before. "Mr. Viscus' . . . you handle my son," he told Lou. He promised to have the kid in the gym the next day, but Viscusi

never heard from Pep or his father for three months. Then late one evening, the elder Pep walked into Lou's office. "Rememb' my boy?" he said to Lou. "He's a been seeck. An appendicit'. Hadda take it out. He be up here coupla days."

A few days later Willie showed up. He was a nervous little kid, the same as he is today, and he wouldn't sit still long enough to get undressed, it seemed. But then he got into the ring and started to box and Viscusi looked over at Gore. The trainer nodded. This was not just another kid looking to duck work by fighting.

"You could see it in a minute," Viscusi says. "He was flighty. You know, all over the ring. He wanted to do so many things he didn't know which to do first. But he showed all class right from the start. There wasn't one time during his development that I didn't know what he was going to be. This kid looked like a champ first pop."

"He learned," Gore says. "These kids today, well, why go into them. But Pep. Huh! We started out and I'd meet him in front of the hotel for breakfast at 6:15 every morning. Then he'd go out and do roadwork. First coupla times he's late, so I don't wait. I show him right off I don't wait for any fighter. After that he was 15 minutes early every place he ever went in his life.

"Then I started him off in the gym. Show him something and bingo!—there you are—he learns it for life. I remember once I showed him how to spin a man. What you do is spin him and take the step past him and come out behind him. 'I don't know,' he said, 'I just can't get it.' This was the first day. So he went to work on it all afternoon. The next day he worked on it, too. After that he could do it like second nature. Imagine that? He learns a move that nobody in the business today can do. And learns it in a day or two."

In action, Pep was something to see. While continually claiming, "I'm not a strong guy, I got to live on my wits," he abused others with laces, thumbs, grabbing tactics—everything—and he wound up flattening one third of the guys he took on. He was a master at what is known as the stiff arm. Willie would jab his man, then slide the glove off to the left side of the guy's neck. His arm would be taut, for leverage. Then he'd start pushing the guy's head to the side. The

body would follow the head and pretty soon the fellow would be off balance. Willie would pot-shot him all over the joint.

Chalky Wright put it best. He boxed Pep for 50 rounds, and blew his composure and the featherweight title while he was at it. "Mister Viscusi," Chalky told Lou one day, "you know what old Chalky'd like? Ah'd like for Mister Willie Pep to stand still for just one second and leave me get a shot at him. I'd just like to see what it feels like to nail that little guy."

Pep beat Wright in two title bouts. He broke Sal Bartolo's jaw in seven, beat Phil Terranova, knocked out Jock Leslie, Humberto Sierra, Eddie Compo and Charley Riley. He had Allie Stolz on the floor, ruined Willie Joyce and Lulu Constantino. He beat everybody within 10 pounds of him who could walk into a ring.

He has always lived at the same pace, too. Willie has his fourth wife, now, for one thing. And he also has more than a passing familiarity with such as Abraham Ribicoff, now the governor of Connecticut. Only in Willie's time it was Judge Abe Ribicoff and Pep was before him 25 times to be fined for shooting crap around Hartford. The horses, dice, Greek Rummy—anything that moved—was Pep's game. He made it in the ring and he sent it in wherever the action was going.

In Hartford he was a big thing and they loved him. After the second Saddler fight they called a special session of both houses of the Connecticut legislature and with Governor Chester Bowles presiding, Willie addressed them. It was a helluva thing and alter it a woman in the governor's party shrieked at him, "I won ten dollars on you."

"Where," Willie asked, "is my cut?"

Then a few days later Judge Cornelius Moylan looked down sternly from the bench at a lineup of big-hatted guys who had been brought in on gambling charges. Pep was fourth from the left.

The judge bawled Pep out for letting down the youth of Connecticut. Willie hung his head and kept saying yes, judge.

"But when the guy run for governor," Willie recalls, "and he had to get his picture in the paper, who did he pose with? That's right, the best crap shooter in Hartford, Willie Pep."

An investigation of his gaming habits shows rather quickly one reason why Pep is not a rich little man today. "I bet jockeys," he says. "But I can be easily



touted. Very easy."

There are, in this hazardous world, lots of ways to lose money and lose it quickly. But they haven't invented a way to do a set of money in quicker than betting jockeys at a race track.

"You know at Tropical Park where the jockeys come out for the race?" Willie says. "Well, I stand there. And out they come. Con Errico comes out and I look at him and he gives me the nod. 'Go play it, Willie.' Then Joe Culmone comes out and I look at him and *managgia!* He nods, too. Now Tony DeSpirito comes out and he gives me the look. So what have I got? I got three horses in the race. What do I do? I run out and let somebody tout me on a stiff and good-bye my money.

"As far as race tracks go, Tropical Park is the best for me. I hold my own there. The others. Lincoln Downs, Naragansett, I get hurt a little. But the joint that ruins me is Gulfstream. Geez, don't ever make a bet at that track. I don't see how you could survive it there. That joint breaks me."

As they tell you around Hartford, if there is one thing Willie cannot do it is gamble successfully. "Anybody," a guy named Tony was saying, "who puts in with him or is around him got to go bad. I don't know what it is with the kid but he can't do good. Gets you all messed up. Like we're out at Naragansett one day and I know he is playing a chalk horse so I tell him, 'Here, give me the bet. I'll book it.' So he gives me the money. Couple of other guys bet me the race, too, and they make like a little crowd around me and pretty soon here comes the Pinkies—you know, the Pinkertons. So we all take a seat on the bench and act like we're enemies. The race goes off. It is over. The Pinkies still hawk me. Then—boom!—here he comes. He is running up to me. 'I beat you a bet. I beat you a bet. Pay me. Pay me!' Lucky we all didn't get pinched."

Jake La Motta, the old middleweight champion, can back him up on that. One night Jake was drinking in the lounge he owned at Miami Beach. Willie and the waitress were talking about going to the track the next day. "Bet me a \$50 double on one and five," La Motta grumbled.

The waitress showed up late the next morning and Willie waited for her. The best he could do was put the \$50 down on the second horse, a \$24 winner. The first horse had already won. The double was worth, for La Motta's \$50, the slight

sum of \$6,000. He got paid off on the second bet. Willie maintains Jake wasn't mad at all about it. "He just told people he was looking to kill me," Willie says. "But that was only a publicity gag."

Why La Motta could take it lightly is hard to say. For when Jake first opened the place he went to great pains to put a secret window in his private office, from which he could observe the goings-on at the bar, particularly of the hired help at the cash register.

He let Willie take a look out the window. Five minutes later, Pep was down running around the place telling all the help. "Look out! The guy got a window upstairs he looks out of. He's trying to nail you!"

A horse named Boris D'Arc did the worst job on Pep's bankroll. "The biggest bet I ever make on a horse in my life," Willie says. "A guy I know, his name is Frankie, he gimme the horse. This is about six years ago. At Naragansett. Well, I go down there and I start making bets. Boom! I go to the hundred dollar window. Boom! I go to the fifty dollar window. Boom! I go back again. I got a stack of tickets so thick you had to put a elastic around them. All hundreds and fifties. I am going to take the race track home with me. Goodbye fighting, goodbye everything. I am going to win America. Me and Frankie, we got it made. So here they come and Boris D'Arc is on the head end with the most money Willie Pep ever bet in his life. What happens? Let's Dance, an eleven-year-old horse—a pig—sneaks up in the stretch and it's a photo. 'Oh, you win it, Willie,' everybody is sayin' to me, but when the judges post the finish Boris D'Arc pays \$5.20 for second and I got everything on him to win. An eleven-year-old ruins me for life. Let's Dance. I could never forget the name."

Willie remembers one big day at the track. "Don Meade comes around and tells me he's got a horse in the second race at Tropical a couple of years back. So I go with him and I play \$10 doubles, hooking the horse up with almost everything in the first race. Hookin' him strong with a couple of doubles on two or three price horses, too. Well, one of the price horses wins the first. Meade comes up to me and says, 'Come on, we got this race easy. Let's get over in the grandstand where nobody will bother us and we can watch the race. The horse we got is Snobbish and it wins like a good thing. I get \$5,800. Me and Don run to the

Western Union—this is right before Christmas—and I send my mother \$500 and he sends his mother \$500. Then I lose five, six bills at crap. Then what happens? I play his tips the rest of the week and blow it all."

Mention of Meade, former riding great who, unfortunately, is best remembered for betting on mounts other than his own, brings up a delicate part of the life and times of Willie Pep.

That would be, specifically, February 26, 1954. At 11:30 in the morning Lulu Perez, an unbeaten but untested featherweight from Brooklyn, was supposed to be about a 3-1 underdog for his fight with Pep at Madison Square Garden that night. But early arrivals on the boxing beat who were heading for the weigh-in on 47th Street were greeted with a situation which was regarded as queer by some; loaded with chicanery by others.

"If I get one more bet on Perez," a bookmaker announced, "I am going to call this thing off pending an investigation. This price is coming down by the minute. If it keeps up, Perez is going to go in favorite. I don't like that at all."

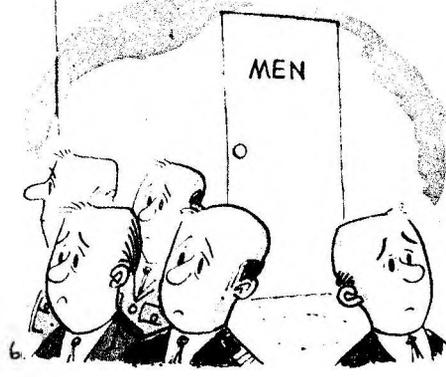
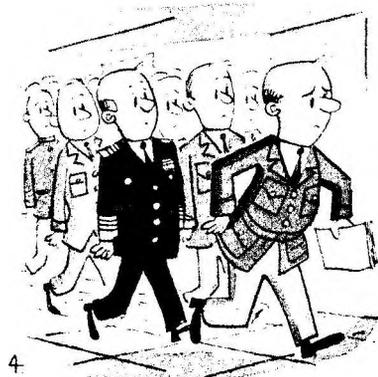
At two o'clock in the afternoon, the rumors were wild and they never stopped even when a guy showed up with a \$1,000 bet on Pep—\$500 of it Willie's money, the other \$500 Viscusi's.

"That's just to throw us off," guys chortled. By fight time, it was terrible. Perez was a solid favorite in whatever betting they would now allow and the mounted cop on 49th Street was saying, "I hear this thing is a dump."

Inside, an old-fashioned crowd had gathered—mainly from Hartford—and they yelled when Willie got into the ring with that familiar red robe of his and the red socks sticking up over the top of his shoes. They were shocked when Willie went down under a right hand in the first round. They were silent as Pep took a right hand in the second and fell on his haunches. Others were not. They started to boo. Willie ran into another punch and went down. There was full-scale derision now. Perez chased Willie into the ropes and threw an innocent-looking flurry. Willie went down onto his knees, then tumbled onto his face in a little bundle of black trunks, red socks and black curly hair.

In the dressing room, Pep kept burying his face into an ice bag. "Just got hit," he said. "Caught me right between the eyes."

Viscusi was by the door trying to talk



CAVALIER

to a bleak-faced Harry Markson, the International Boxing Club director. Harry could only shake his head. "I know," Harry kept saying, "but he didn't show anything. He had to be better than that."

Billy Brown, the matchmaker, kept pulling on a cigarette and looking at Pep through narrowed eyes. And Dr. Vincent Nardiello, the boxing commission doctor, swore quietly and said he was going to get a good look at this Pep and see if he couldn't be barred from New York forever. For medical reasons, of course, the doctor said.

Willie kept sticking his head into the ice bag.

They barred Pep from fighting in New York—or any of the other states whose commissions have a working agreement with New York—for life. Medical reasons, the commission said. They announced Pep's reflexes were shot and it meant any fighting Pep was to do thereafter would have to be in the tank towns mostly because Chicago and New York were cut off to him.

"At least," Viscusi was saying to an inquisitor one day, "you put the cards on the table. New York never came out and said they barred him for a dump. If they did, we would have gone to court on it. Well, anyway, the smartest guys in the business all came up to me and said it was a job. The smartest guys. I went to Willie. Just him and me, together. I said, 'Willie, did you?' And I made a roller coaster motion with my hand. He looked me in the eye and he said no. Now I've been with him since he was 17. And when he looks me in the eye and says something I don't care what anybody else says. I go with him. Besides, I had purposely disappeared with the money. I had it tied up. I wanted to see if any money was showing from him. He didn't come up with a quarter. Not a quarter. So I believe him. You see, this kid never could lie to me."

One thing about Viscusi: This is a big, mild-talking man who doesn't lie. You can stand on anything he says.

It was the second time Pep had been barred from New York. The first came in 1951. He lost his title to Saddler again in a third bout in 1950 which ended with Pep well ahead after eight rounds. His shoulder was dislocated and Willie had to stop. He met Saddler in a return on Sept. 26, 1951 and the fight was a mess. Between Pep and Saddler they made a backroom brawl out of it and in the ninth Willie had a thumbed up eye totally closed and blown to frightening proportions. They had to stop it.

Bob Christenberry, who had just been appointed New York commissioner, was a horrified ringside spectator. He watched Pep and Sandy wrestle each other, throw the referee to the floor and make a farce of boxing. Christenberry barred Pep "for life."

After two years of fighting a Claude Hammond in Miami Beach or a Jorge Sanchez in West Palm Beach, Willie was allowed back into New York and he was aging now, but he took out Pat Marcune in 10. Eight months later he fought Perez and after that he was on the road again—for good, as far as the big city cared.

Viscusi saw a chance to end it. One

day he asked Pep, "Why are you bothering with this? What do you want? You got everything a guy could ever take out of this game. Why keep going?"

"Lou," Willie told him, "I just don't feel good until I pull those gloves over my hands and I can feel the leather. Then I'm at home."

So Pep kept going. He made his base in Tampa with Tiger and Tommy Bazzano and a guy they called Joe Jinx. Willie tossed \$17,000 into the bar with the stage the dame danced on and then proceeded to lose interest in the place and walked out one night and left it there.

"Joe Jinx did the cooking for us," Willie recalls. "We were living in a four-room house. Every night he makes the same thing. Chicken cacciatore. Meenguh! By the fourth night we all had heartburn. The dog was starving to death. He wouldn't eat it. But it was all Joe Jinx knew how to cook."

All Willie wanted was back in Hartford. His kids, Mary Elizabeth, 15 now, and William Patrick, 13, were with his parents. He wanted to be back where he felt he belonged.

The children, incidentally, are as much a clue to Pep as anything. When a divorce came up from Willie's first marriage, the judge, without hesitation, gave the father the children. In a case such as this, a fighter has three strikes on him. And a fighter brought in previously for shooting crap doesn't stand a chance. But a Hartford judge named Alcorn saw it differently.

"It gives you an idea of what kind of a kid he is," Viscusi says. "That was a tough judge. But he didn't hesitate. He knew something. He knew that a bum on the street could get the last quarter Willie has. All you have to do is ask for it. So you can imagine what he does for his kids."

So Willie started back for Hartford. He'd fight a kid in Aiken, S.C. He'd take on another one at Tampa. They'd rush in and try to hurt him and Willie would duck under the punches, throw a few himself and win. Viscusi made the final move—he got Bassey for Pep.

"Lou called me up," Jim Higgins, who

helped get Pep ready, recalls, "and said Gore was stuck handling that Roy Harris for the heavyweight title bout and could I take care of Willie. I said, 'I'm gonna be the one in on the funeral. Send him up here so I can get a look at him in the gym.' Willie came up and we worked in Hartford and I kept looking to see how a punch affected him. That's where old guys show bad. But he looked good so we put him in here and there and wound up making the Bassey match."

When the mob got back to Hartford after the Bassey fight they sat around and tried to figure what Willie would do.

"I think," one of his pals said solemnly, "that he should go on the race track. That is a job which he is perfectly suited for. He should get two or three horses and a couple of betting clients and do good. You know, manipulate. That's the kind of work he should do."

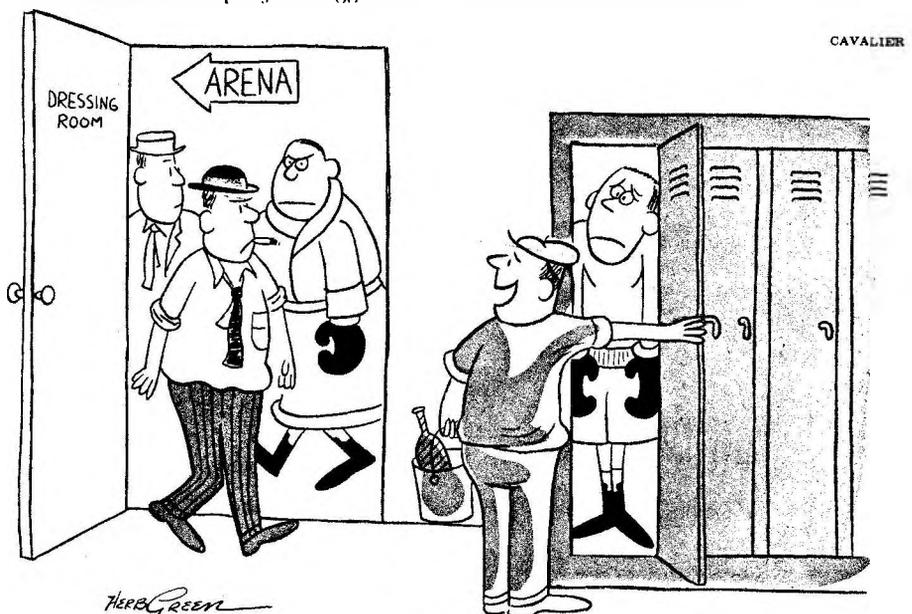
Viscusi snorted at this. He was thinking of other things.

The trouble was, Pep was thinking, too. He showed up at the New Britain General Hospital to get his eyeball fixed—"naw," Willie insisted, "the retina wasn't hurt at all." And while he was there he told the doctors to get rid of some of the scar tissue around his eyes.

"Ray Robinson," Willie told them, "had it done to him. So I'll get it done, too. After all, he's 38 now. That's two years older than me. And look at what he still can do."

Viscusi or Gore don't want any part of it. But Willie can get guys to go with him. Joe the Knocker and Sam Greenberg have made trips to fight with Pep before. They're Hartford guys who worked with Pep on small fights that Viscusi or Gore never made. They know the road well. Give the chambermaid a dollar and she leaves extra towels you can take to the arena. Eat in a pizzeria. There is no future in it and even this tank town jumping will end with Willie being held up by a referee again, but it is the only road he knows and it is the only one he can take.

"I'm a fighter," Willie says, "a professional prize fighter. Now can you tell me what else I can do?" •



HERB GREEN

"Here he is."



## THE TERRIBLE REVENGE OF CALIFORNIA JOE

*continued from page 36*

mare trotted off to join the other horses and oxen which were watering at the river.

Just then the Indians attacked. At the cries of alarm from the guards, and the muffled thunder of unshod hoofs, Milner swung around and saw over 200 Cheyennes sweeping down on the wagons from a thick stand of Cottonwood trees about 100 yards up the bank. They had chosen their moment well: one of the wagons had been moved out of line so that the horses and oxen could re-enter the protective circle. Instead, he saw with a sinking heart, it would be the Indians who poured through the gap.

A few of the braves, whirling red blankets above their heads, charged through the animals at the river's edge. The rest were already pounding in through the gap in the wagons when Milner raised his rifle. He fired without seeming to aim, and a brave sagged across the neck of his pony. But he never had a chance to re-load: the attack had been too well-timed. He was pulling a cartridge from the waterproof sack at his belt when a flying Cheyenne lance thudded into his side, its impact knocking him over backwards beneath one of the wagons. As he was struggling to rise, a crazed horse smashed into the other side of the wagon. It teetered for a moment, groaned, then toppled slowly over on top of him, a massive cross-beam catching him full across the side of the head. The last thing he heard before losing consciousness was the horrified shrieks of the women and the hoarse yells of the men as the Cheyennes began their bloody work.

When he came to, and crawled out from under the tangled mass of wood and canvas, it was night. Dazed from shock and loss of blood, he staggered to his feet and was greeted by a sight which was to haunt him all the rest of his life. In the flickering light of the cooking-fires, the scalped heads of his wife and son and the other members of the wagon train gleamed like wet red bowling balls. The full impact of the scene didn't completely sink in until later, however, because he was too dazed and in too much pain to think of anything clearly.

The lance had broken off, leaving the iron head buried in his side. It seemed to be holding back the flow of blood, so he didn't try to yank it out. Instead, stumbling and falling, his head pounding savagely, he started instinctively towards the river. Even in his pain-racked condition, he knew that Fort Lyons was the only hope for him. But if he didn't reach it soon, he wouldn't reach it at all.

At the river he found a piece of drift-wood large enough to support his 200 pounds, lashed himself to it with the rawhide fringes of his buckskin trousers, and eased into the chilly mountain-fed

waters. In a haze of pain and grief, unconscious more than half the time, he floated down to the fort where troopers of the First Colorado Cavalry found him the next morning washed up on the bank.

Thanks to his youth and superb condition, Milner recovered from his ordeal—but only in body. Mentally he would never be the same again. As he lay there in the post hospital, the gaping tear in his side slowly healing, the image of his wife and son lying scalped and mutilated in the light of the campfires returned again and again to torment him. His father and two uncles were backwoods' brimstone-and-hellfire preachers, so the Old Testament concept of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" came easily to him. Previously, he had killed Indians only in self-defense, considering them one of the natural hazards of life on the frontier. "Now," he said to Lieutenant A. W. Wynkoop. "I'm agoin' to kill the heathen varmints ever' chance I git." Wynkoop, who was to encounter California Joe several times during the next 20 years, figured that this was just the natural reaction of a young man who had suffered a terrible loss, and that time, "which heals all wounds," (as he wrote in his rather pompous style) would heal this one also. But the lieutenant didn't realize the profound depth of Milner's hatred.

On a cold gray morning in December the gates of the stockade creaked open and California Joe rode out to begin his terrible one-man war. He was mounted on a mule, and leading another which was loaded with traps and supplies. Ostensibly, he was going to resume life as a mountain man, trapping in the winter, panning a little gold or hunting in the summer, travelling the length and breadth of the West. Actually, from that moment on, with the exception of one five-year period, his life was devoted to killing Indians—braves, squaws or infants—wherever and whenever he got the chance.

"So long, boys," he called to the troopers who were watching him leave. "I'll be back in the spring with some prime pelts for sale," and he laughed grimly.

The troopers looked at him and at one another with puzzled expressions, wondering what he meant. Milner knew as well as they did that there was no fur-purchasing agent in Fort Lyons. The nearest one was at Fort Bridger, far to the north. His terrible experience must have left him a little tetchy, they figured.

But Joe wasn't tetchy, at least not in the usual sense of the word, and the troopers understood his bitter jest when he returned to the fort the following April. He strode into the sutler's, where a number of troopers, including several recruits, were toasting themselves around

the Franklin stove, and plunked down seven scalps on the counter. "Prime Cheyenne hair, boys," he said. "Five dollars a piece. Show the folks at home what fine Injun-fighters y'all be." He chuckled at the expression on their faces as they gingerly picked up and examined his grisly trophies. "Come on, boys. Buy 'em from California Joe and he'll buy y'all a drink and tell ye how he got 'em."

After he had sold the scalps, Milner converted part of the cash into ammunition, tobacco, pemmican and dried corn, and the rest into Kentucky mountain-dew. Three days later, still slightly drunk, he rode through the gate once more and headed north—"on a leetle huntin' trip."

During the next few years Milner turned up with scalps, as well as fox, beaver and otter pelts, in many of the forts and frontier communities. His fame as an Indian-fighter began to spread; he began to be classed with such men as Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Colorado Charlie Utter and others. But counting scalps was a game two could play—as he learned in the winter of 1858, when he went trapping in the White Mountains with Uncle Dick Wootton and Jim Beckwourth.

Joe started off by himself one morning, inspecting a trap-line. It was bitter cold—15 or 20 below zero—and Wootton and Beckwourth stayed in camp, bundled up in all the blankets they owned. Joe had just re-baited a trap and was examining the frozen body of the fox it had contained. It was a fine pelt, he thought, and ought to fetch a good price. He strung a thong through its jaw and was just hanging it on his belt, when four Ute braves leaped out of the bushes alongside the trail and knocked him down. He didn't have a chance to put up a fight. Within seconds, his hands were being lashed behind his back and he was tied to a sapling.

The braves were young, he saw, and eager for blood—otherwise they wouldn't have ventured out of their village in such weather. They piled twigs and brush around his legs and one of them lighted a pine-torch. Joe knew he could gain a quick death by yelling for help, but he had a better idea. The Utes, like all Indians, had a high regard for stoical courage in the face of death by torture, and they grunted in approval at Milner's tight-lipped silence when one of them cut off the rims of his ears. But when the flames ate through Joe's clothing and began to burn his legs, he moaned in pain—softly at first, then, as though he couldn't stand it, louder and louder until he was yelling at the top of his voice. The Utes laughed and jeered, their eyes shining with excitement and pleasure. The "long-hair" was providing more sport than they had hoped for. The louder Joe yelled, the more they laughed and jeered—until Wootton and Beckwourth, drawn to the scene by his cries, opened fire on them. The battle was over almost before it began. Three braves were killed and scalped; the fourth, wounded, fled into the forest.

But California Joe was in a bad way. Large sections of skin had been burned from his legs and belly, and the stumps of his ears were bleeding profusely. His partners bandaged him as best they

could, smeared tallow on his burns, then rigged up a makeshift litter and carried him down to a mining camp at the foot of the mountains. They left him there to be nursed back to health by the wife of a friendly miner. "We'll rendezvous at Fort Bridger in April," Beckwourth told him. "If you can't make it, we'll leave your share of the money with Jim."

It was May before Joe was able to travel again. He went up to Fort Bridger to collect the money and re-outfit himself for the coming winter. And it was there he met Pap Reynolds, an old prospector whom he had known for years. It was a meeting which was to change, at least temporarily, the course of his life.

Reynolds told him that his 14-year-old daughter Maggie had been taken captive by the Cheyennes a few months ago, and that he had just learned in which village she was being held. He begged his friend to help him get her back. "You know what they're doin' to her," he said.

Milner knew how the Indians treated white female captives. They were passed from brave to brave for a night's or a week's entertainment, abused by squaws and children and generally lived in hell on earth. He was especially touched by the fact that Maggie was so young—the same age that Nancy Emma had been when they had married.

"All right, Pap," he told his friend. "I'll see what I kin do."

Through a half-breed "Squaw-man" he sent a message to Chief Dull-knife of the Cheyennes, offering to buy Maggie back for a quantity of trade-goods which in-

cluded several rifles and a couple of hundred rounds of ammunition. It was an offer he knew they couldn't resist, but it had to be made secretly, because the army would have shot Milner out of hand had they learned he was supplying rifles to the Indians—no matter what the reason. The arrangements were made and, one sultry afternoon in August, the exchange took place. The two parties met about 40 miles southeast of Casper, Wyoming, at a narrow ford in the North Platte River. Reynolds and Milner appeared on one side of the ford; six Cheyenne braves, with Maggie in their midst, on the other. After the Cheyennes had inspected the rifles to make sure that the white men were keeping their end of the bargain, they shoved Maggie forward and rode off at a leisurely trot towards their village. Milner swept her up behind him on his crop-eared pony and galloped out of sight around a hill; there he unceremoniously dumped the bedraggled, tear-stained girl to the ground, said briefly, "Go Home with yer Paw, Maggie," and raced off parallel to the direction the Indians had taken.

A few miles south of the Cheyenne village, he rode to the top of a hill overlooking the trail, tethered his pony out of sight, and settled down in the rocks to wait. While waiting, he loaded his .50 cal. Sharps rifle and laid half-a-dozen rounds by his side.

Presently the Indians appeared on the trail about 400 yards away. Milner sighted carefully and fired; loaded and fired again; and still again. Three braves

toppled from their horses in quick succession. The remaining three, confused and angry, circled around to attack him; but by the time they reached his hiding place, he was gone—down on the trail, scooping up the rifles! As he galloped back to rejoin Maggie and her father a few moments later, his only regret was that he had found time to scalp just one of the dead braves.

In December, 1859, to the astonishment of everyone who knew him, California Joe and Maggie Reynolds were married. He was, literally, a new man: gay, excited, his head bursting with plans. He would take up where he had left off, nine years before, with Nancy Emma; settle down to a sane, normal existence instead of following the lonely way of the Mountain men. But there was one insurmountable obstacle to his plans: his wife, Maggie Reynolds Milner turned out to be a vile-tempered shrew with a tongue so sharp it almost drew blood, even from a weatherbeaten hide like that of her husband's. They went to the Sacramento Valley, where Milner panned a fair amount of gold dust, then up to the rich Willamette Valley in Oregon, where he built a large house on a quarter section of government land. But their life together was one long argument, with Joe on the losing end, and he was able to live with Maggie for only a few years before her bad temper drove him out of the house and out of the territory. One fine day in 1864, after the harvest, he left Maggie and their three sons never to return. With a sigh of relief, he crossed Robidoux Pass to face the more understandable dangers east of the Rockies.

He returned just in time to take part in the most costly and senseless massacre in the history of the Colorado Territory.

The spectacle of Civil War among the white men had stirred up the tribes from the Mississippi River to the Mojave Desert. They attacked wagon trains, forts and isolated communities with increasing fury and abandon, and even the citizens of such comparatively heavily settled towns as Denver lived in constant fear of raids. Tension grew until, on the morning of November 27, 1864, a rag-tag band of citizens, drunken troopers of the First Colorado Cavalry, and farmers and prospectors who joined them enroute, rode to Sand Creek, about 40 miles north of Fort Lyons, to "teach the damned Redskins a lesson."

At the head of the mob rode three men: Colonel J. M. Chivington, a lean, sour man of 55 who matched California Joe in hatred of the Indians; his adjutant, Major A. W. Wynkoop, who was to record the events of that morning for posterity; and California Joe himself, who had volunteered his services as scout and guide. As they approached Sand Creek, where some 600 peaceful Utes, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, mostly women and children, lived under the "protection" of Fort Lyons, Major Wynkoop turned to Colonel Chivington and asked nervously, "What about the children? We're not going to kill them, are we?"

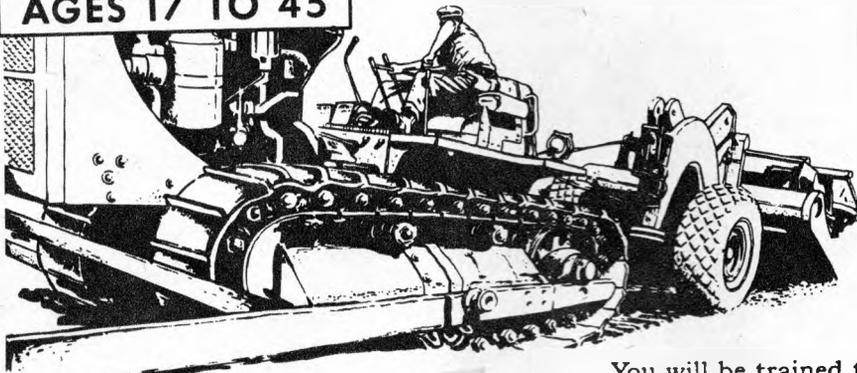
Chivington turned his pale blue eyes on the Major, then looked at Milner to see what he thought.



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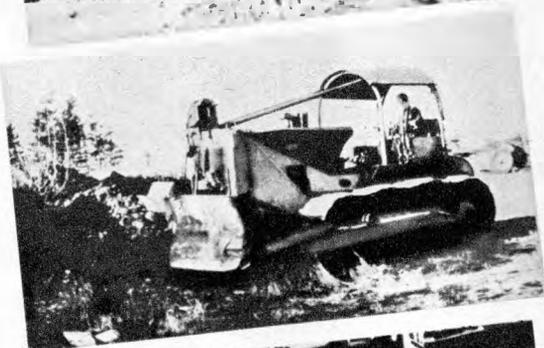
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"Nits make lice, sojer," California Joe said drily, with a look of amused contempt at the major.

The massacre began immediately and didn't end until all the Indians, with the exception of a couple who managed to get away, were killed and mutilated. "I saw one old squaw," Wynkoop wrote, "lying on the bank with a broken leg. A soldier slashed at her with his saber and broke the arm which she raised to defend herself; then he slashed again and broke her other arm. He left without killing her. . . . I saw a naked child about three or four years old toddling away as fast as its legs could carry it. Three troopers took turn-and-turn about firing at it, but they were too drunk to shoot with any accuracy. Then a civilian stepped forward, raised his rifle, and shouting, Watch this, boys! shot the child dead. . . ."

The Major's account goes on, piling horror upon horror. Chief White Antelope, a man past 70 who had signed the peace-treaty with Major Anthony of Fort Lyons (who also took part in the massacre) stepped forward and bared his chest when he saw what was happening to his people. He was literally riddled with bullets. Wynkoop, a meticulous man, counted 39 holes in his head and body.

To California Joe's credit—if there can be such a thing as "credit" in such a massacre—he occupied himself with braves who were, after a fashion, able to defend themselves. But this wasn't because he had any compunctions about killing women and children. It was simply because a man's hair was more valuable! On December 22, when the mob paraded through the streets of Denver, cheered by the populace, there were 14 fresh scalps dangling from Joe's belt—and he soon sold them to souvenir-hungry citizens.

When Chief Black Kettle of the Utes, who until then had been at peace with the white men, learned of the slaughter, he formed an immediate alliance with the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches, Sioux and Kiowas, and within days the entire territory was aflame; nor did the flames die down until four years later, when General Custer killed Black Kettle in the Washita Campaign. Those four years cost the U.S. an estimated \$30,000,000, to say nothing of the several hundred men, women and children who were killed in reprisal.

California Joe, however, was ignorant of the repercussions caused by the Sand Creek massacre; that wasn't his affair; let the "big uns" in Washington worry about it. He knew only that he was in his element again, indulging his favorite passion—killing Indians.

A few months later, in 1865, he rode into Fort Union, New Mexico looking for more action. He was stopped by the guard, a young recruit who wanted to know his business. "Well, sonny," Joe said, "I've come to help Kit Carson kill some Indians."

He got his action, almost more than he wanted, in the battle of Adobe Walls in the Panhandle. It was the only battle which the most famous frontiersman of them all ever lost. With 14 officers, 321

enlisted men, and 75 Jicarilla Apache scouts from the Maxwell Agency, he held off 4,000 Kiowas and Comanches led by Chief Stumbling Bear and the infamous Satanta. It was just before the battle began, when the startled troopers were watching the horde of mounted braves sweep down on them in a cloud of dust visible for miles around, that California Joe turned to Colonel Carson, shook his head slowly from side to side, and said, "An Injun'll beat a white man runnin' ever' time, so I 'spect our best holt's fitin'. But-lord-a-mercy—look at 'em come!" Then he clucked his tongue and, half joking, added, "Ain't hardly enuff to go 'round!"

The troopers were unprepared for a drawn-out battle; they ran out of water and were forced to moisten their lips with urine. The molten sun seemed to fill the sky and several dropped from sun stroke and heat exhaustion. On the second day of the fighting, Milner was shot through the neck with an arrow and made the retreat to Fort Bascomb flat on his back. Everyone thought he was dying and friends came from all over to visit him; but once again his iron constitution pulled him through and, several months later, on his feet again, he wasted no time before seeking more action. He joined up with General Sully as Chief Scout—at \$100 a month and rations—and served with him for two years during his campaigns against the Kiowas. He acquitted himself so well that, in 1868, when General Custer was preparing for an all-out assault against Black Kettle, he requested California Joe's services.

**B**ut Custer and Milner didn't hit it off together. California Joe was too unsoldierly and undisciplined to be, in the general's eyes, a good Chief Scout. Furthermore—and this annoyed Custer most of all—he had the deplorable habit of disappearing from Fort Dodge for a week or two at a time, collecting scalps among the Sioux and Cheyenne, then returning to sell the scalps. For his time, Custer was a surprisingly enlightened man; he didn't regard the Indians as vermin worthy only of extermination. He called California Joe on the carpet several times and gave him hell, but to no avail. Milner would listen, his massive head turned towards the left, because he was hard of hearing in his left ear, and agree with everything the general told him. Then, a day or so later, he would disappear again—the habit of killing by now so strongly entrenched that he couldn't resist the temptation. "He's the most blood-thirsty damn scout in the Civilian Service," Custer told Major Reno—and fired California Joe after the Washita Campaign was over.

For the next few years, Milner went his own way, hunting, trapping, prospecting, and killing Indians. By his own estimate, he scalped between two and three hundred of the "heathen varmints" during his lifetime—more than had taken part in the massacre in which Nancy Emma and little George were killed! And this didn't include those he shot in battle and was unable to scalp. But he was very near the end of his string, and, in 1875, after guiding the Jenny Geological and Topo-

graphical Surveying Expedition to the Black Hills, Joe killed his last Indian.

He was out hunting that day, a few miles west of Deadwood, South Dakota, and he and his friends had stopped by a stream to let their horses drink. Suddenly, without warning, Joe raised his rifle and fired at the crest of a hill.

One of his friends, Holdout Johnson, jumped nervously. "What're you shootin' at?" he asked.

"Injun," Joe replied laconically.

His friends looked around but could see no sign of an Indian.

"Where?" Johnson asked skeptically. "In the clouds?"

"Right over yonder," Joe said, pointing to the hill and enjoying the look of incredulity which crossed Johnson's face.

They trudged up to the top of the hill and there, sure enough, was a dead Sioux brave. The measured distance from where they had been standing was a fantastic 635 yards!

"But why'd you shoot him?" Johnson asked. "He weren't botherin' nobody."

"I didn't like the pitch o' his war-bonnet," Joe replied, and proceeded with the scalping.

A few months later, on the evening of October 28, 1876, California Joe Milner died—violently—as he had lived. He was in Fort Robinson, Nebraska, where he had gone to join the Powder River Expedition led by Colonel Ranald Mackenzie against Chief Dull-knife and his Cheyennes. Joe had been hired as Chief Scout and, that evening, he had gone to the bar at the Red Cloud Agency with several other scouts and guides to celebrate the occasion.

One of the guides, a man named Tom Newcomb, began bragging that he was one of the Mormon "Destroying Angels" who had killed 120 settlers at the infamous Mountain Meadow massacre in 1857. Milner listened to him with growing anger. A white man bragging about something like that! Finally, unable to contain his anger, he turned to Newcomb and said, "Yer a damn liar—and if'n y'ain't lyin', yer a heathen savage." He faced Newcomb—a small, dark-haired man of about 45—with his right hand crooked near the butt of his pistol, and waited for him to draw. But Newcomb only tossed down his drink, muttered something under his breath, and left.

An hour or so later, when California Joe left the bar to return to the fort, Newcomb shot him three times in the back, killing him instantly. "That'll show ye who's a heathen savage!" he yelled, standing over the dead man.

Newcomb was never tried for the murder. The army had no jurisdiction over a civilian killing, and none of the settlers cared enough one way or the other to do anything about it. He left the fort the next morning and was never seen or heard from again—an unremarkable little man whose name is known only because he killed one of the most outstanding figures of the Old West.

In the cemetery at Fort Robinson today, you can see a weathered wooden marker which reads simply: "Moses Milner—scout." As far as hundreds of dead Indians are concerned, it is the masterpiece of understatement. •

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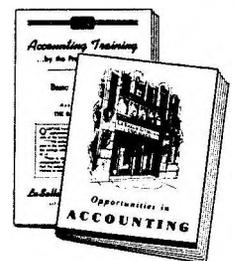
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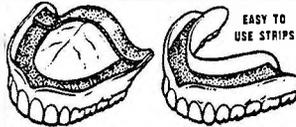
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# OUR NAVY'S FIRST AIR ACE

Continued from page 38

probed for him again, but it was nowhere near. Ingalls gave his ship full throttle. Ten thousand feet over Flanders and on the hunt for the enemy, he was exactly where he wanted to be.

Then, 5,000 feet below him, he saw the German. It was a gawky two-seated Rumpler, apparently out on a routine scouting mission. The enemy plane was painted red, with the black crosses of Imperial Germany in a field of white on the wing tips. As the German made a turn, Ingalls saw the sun flash on the goggles of the observer, seated backwards in the rear cockpit with his machine gun pointed over the tail.

Ingalls was flying a Sopwith Camel—the fastest plane the Allies had, and their top killer. The Camel was supposed to be able to do 120 m.p.h. As Ingalls screamed down at the German, his air speed indicator needled past 120 and went part of the way around again. The distance between the planes closed—500 yards, 200, 100. Ingalls pressed the triggers of his twin Vickers guns.

The double stream of tracers arched lazily out ahead of him, stitching the wings of the German. As he pulled away, Ingalls caught a glimpse of the enemy observer, his face blank with surprise, and then the little puffs of white smoke at the muzzle of the sleek Spandau machine gun.

The German plane, for all its sluggishness, maneuvered violently. The Jerry was a good pilot. He put his ship into an almost vertical dive toward the trenches, trying to fake the faster Camel into a suicide plunge into the mud of No Man's Land. It was an old trick, but a good one, and any other green pilot might have fallen for it. But if Ingalls was short on experience, he was long on instinct. He wasn't fooled.

As the German dove, Ingalls stayed behind, out of reach of the Spandau in the rear cockpit. When the German pulled out at about 500 feet, Ingalls went lower and came up with the plane's broad belly in his sights. He fired a short burst, and thought he missed. Both planes climbed—the German straining for altitude, the Camel going up like an elevator behind her 150-horsepower Bentley engine.

At 5,000 feet, they levelled again. As Ingalls jockeyed for a shot, he scanned the skies. He had suddenly remembered, that the Germans often used a lone plane as a decoy, hoping that an Allied pilot would fall into the trap and be easy prey for a flight of Fokkers lurking in the clouds. Not this time; there were no other German planes in sight. Ingalls heaved a sigh of relief. But his sense of well-being was short-lived. A neat row of small black holes suddenly snapped into the cowling in front of his windscreen. He had fallen into the sweep of the

German gun, and the observer had nailed him.

The damage didn't seem to be serious, but it was too close for comfort. Ingalls fired a short burst, then rolled away and poured on the soup for altitude. No more cautious approaches—he'd use the Camel's superior speed to get behind the German, and take his chances with the tail gunner.

Again he dove on the German. His frantic opponent, trying to gain speed for a getaway, dove too. But Ingalls closed the distance. At 400 yards he tried a short burst for effect, corrected his heading, and bored in for a closer shot. As the interval between the two planes shortened, Ingalls held his fire, expecting the rapid clatter of the German's rear gun to break out again. At 50 yards, as he squeezed the triggers for a long burst, Ingalls realized that his last short burst before breaking contact must have gotten the gunner.

The slugs from Ingalls' guns ripped into the German. At such close range, the effect was devastating. A piece of the tail was knocked off. The slugs chewed their way up the fuselage, and shredded the gaudy red fabric of the wings. Finally, as the bullets smashed into the German's motor, there was a puff of greasy smoke, a big belch of yellowish flame, and a dull explosion.

Like a bird with a broken back, the Rumpler went into a long dead spin and crashed in flames on a brown, shell-torn hillside behind the German trenches.

Ingalls roared out of his dive and tried for altitude. But the Camel wouldn't respond as she should. The German bullets had done more damage than he thought. Now, from the German lines, machine guns licked at him. Ingalls pushed the stick forward and dove for the trenches. His own machine guns found at least one German emplacement before he turned for home. On his way, unable to fly any higher than a couple of hundred feet with his damaged plane, he used up the remainder of his ammunition on the enemy trenches.

All in all, August 11, 1918, was quite a day for Ensign Ingalls. But it was only the beginning.

He was a U.S. Navy pilot flying a British plane from a British squadron at a time when only a handful of American Army pilots were in the air, let alone Navy pilots.

The road that brought Ingalls to the front in a fighting airplane started back at Yale University in 1916. It was the year before America's entry into World War I and practically everybody knew that war was just a few months away.

American lives had already been lost in U-Boat attacks on merchant ships, and a good many impatient Yanks were fighting in the armed forces of the Allies. At home, Americans were joined in a "Preparedness" campaign, getting ready for

the war they knew was coming.

At Yale University in New Haven, Conn., a group of some 20 well-heeled undergraduates—including a handsome and well-pedigreed freshman football and hockey whiz named Dave Ingalls—were going in for preparedness in a special way. They were members of the Yale Aero Club, and they were trying to persuade the U. S. Navy to enlist them, and their airplanes, as a special outfit called the First Yale Unit. The Navy seemed horrified by the idea.

Private interviews with a variety of admirals and with the Secretary of the Navy himself brought no results—until, finally, an imaginative young Assistant Secretary of the Navy named Franklin D. Roosevelt heard about the Yale Unit. The idea of signing up a score of millionaires' sons, each of whom had an airplane of his own, tickled FDR's sense of the dramatic. He made arrangements to have the group sworn into Navy service at a busy intersection in New York, while press cameras flashed and newsreels ground.

The men of the Yale Unit were ordered to Palm Beach, Fla., for training. To the Unit's disappointment and his own abject despair, Dave Ingalls was not among them. He may have been one of the hottest halfbacks and pilots at Yale, and he may have been the great-nephew of former President William Howard Taft, but he was only 17 years old. The Navy told him to come back when he was 18.

Dave Ingalls, however, was a young man in a hurry. He told the Navy pre-

cisely what he thought of their red tape, and took his case to FDR. Roosevelt, also related to a former President of the U. S., found himself liking the young fire-eater who stamped around his office, arguing for a chance to show his stuff. But even for Roosevelt, regulations were regulations, and there was nothing he could do—officially. He did suggest that Ingalls might go down to Palm Beach, anyway, on the chance that he might be able to work a deal on that end. Ingalls packed his bag and headed south.

At Palm Beach, Ingalls found a most sympathetic Navy officer awaiting him. Florida was a long way from Washington, and the Navy C. O. knew a talented pilot when he saw one. Ingalls became a civilian member of the U. S. Navy Flying Corps in double quick time. While he waited for his 18th birthday, he lugged gas and oil to the clumsy flying boats, learned to patch an engine's gizzard with baling wire when it wasn't possible (for Ingalls, it usually was) to steal the required part off another plane—and put the creaky old seaplanes through stunts that would have curdled its designer's blood. When Ingalls turned 18, he applied for his Navy commission and wings, innocently pointing out that he was already, by lucky chance, a qualified pilot. The Navy, choked by the noose of its own red tape, did not quibble. It gave Ingalls his ensign's commission.

The cruiser steamed out of New York harbor at dusk. That night, in the blackness a few miles off the U.S. coast, Ingalls

and another Yale flyer named Hen Landon jangled the nerves of the *Philadelphia's* crew when they spotted what they thought was the lurking enemy. Topside for a smoke, Ingalls and his friend spotted a sinister phosphorescent wake headed for the guts of the ship. As Landon turned to scream a warning at the bridge, Ingalls spotted another wake—and another. Then the sea seemed to be teeming with torpedoes. Alarm gongs clanged and the cruiser cranked up to flank speed, tumbling sleeping swabs out of their racks onto the steel decks of the compartments below.

Ingalls and Landon made top speed to the bridge. At the top of the ladder, they found a tight-lipped officer of the deck waiting for them.

"Did they miss us?" Ingalls wanted to know.

The O. D. gave them a level look. "Porpoises," he said, "generally do." He suggested that the flyers go below for a little rest.

That night, Ingalls and Landon slept with loaded .45's, ready to repulse any U-Boat boarding party that might get ideas about taking one of Uncle Sam's heavy cruisers buccaneer style.

There is no doubt about the kind of thoughts Ingalls had on his way across the Atlantic. He was aching for a fight, and he must have fervently shared the sentiments of another Yale flyer who, after his first dog-fight, reported to his father that aerial combat was "just the grandest sport you've ever seen." There's

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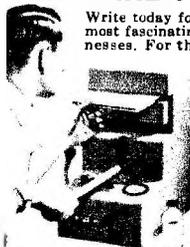
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no evidence that Ingalls' viewpoint on this subject ever changed, even after he'd shot down five Germans and himself come within an eyelash of death a half-dozen times. It was a college football game for him—with the loser going down in flames and cheers.

Ingalls was going to have a long wait for his fight. On arriving in Europe, he discovered that the U. S. air forces there were under a peculiar handicap: They had no airplanes. A few American pilots were in the air, but they were flying British or French machines.

There was no combat assignment for Dave Ingalls. He was sent, instead, to England for additional training. Ingalls swallowed his disappointment and obeyed orders. The British stay did not, however, turn out to be a total loss. At a training base at Gosport, Ingalls and the Sopwith Camel met for the first time. For the young ensign, it was a case of love at first sight. The Camel was the fastest and most maneuverable Allied plane in the air. Ingalls soon discovered that she would turn on a dime, dive like a hawk, and stand on her tail and climb like an elevator. From dawn to dusk he stunted in the peaceful English skies, fought mock battles with fellow trainees—and often made himself sick to the point of vomiting as a result of too many loops, rolls, tail-spins and tumbler turns.

There were compensations on the ground, too. Fighter pilots of that early day felt that they owed it to themselves to be as rollicking as possible, and the officers' mess at Gosport was a lively one. Ingalls developed a taste for British gin, and English girls for miles around developed a taste for Navy blue. Ingalls was swamped with invitations to country houses with nubile daughters, and he managed to accept most. "These English girls," he confided in a letter to his mother, "dance in a most peculiar way." He did not elaborate.

Ingalls' social whirl was considerably expedited by His Majesty's generosity with his airplanes. Pilots were free to fly wherever they wanted on their off time, a happy custom for Ingalls but one without its dangers. Once, on his way to a weekend house party, he got lost under a 150-foot ceiling and had to make a landing in a meadow. On his way in, he clipped off a couple of dozen telephone wires and stepped out of the cockpit into seven inches of mud. From curious and friendly farmers, he got his bearings—and a push to a dry hillock about 30 feet wide. While the farmers cheered, the young ensign made the shortest takeoff run of his life, somehow got the Camel airborne, and winged onward to his rendezvous. The young lady in whose front yard he eventually landed was suitably impressed by his ordeal.

By the time Ingalls finished his training and was due for transfer back to France, the war seemed to be flickering out. The Germans' last big push along the River Oise had bogged down, and both sides had reverted to the old, bitter trench warfare on a front extending from the English Channel to the Swiss frontier. Things were livelier in the air. The Army's Eddie Rickenbacker was well on his way toward the 26 kills that would

make him America's top ace of World War I, and Germany's wily Baron von Richthofen had just sent his 80th Allied victim down in flames.

But for the Navy flyers, the situation had not changed much. They still had no planes. And the Army, which had overall supervision of U. S. air operations, wasn't in a hurry to see that they got any.

Ingalls, assigned to an outfit that was supposed to bomb German submarine pens along the Belgian coast—if it had had enough planes to carry the bombs—fretted over his inaction. For several weeks he waited around, flying when he could get his hands on a plane, but mostly playing bridge and learning the delights of red wine and admiring the red-blooded ways of French girls. Then he heard of a happy paradox. Whereas the Americans had plenty of pilots but no planes, the war-bled British had plenty of planes but not enough pilots. An enterprising and fast-talking American pilot, it was said, could sometimes attach himself to an English squadron.

Ingalls was nothing if not enterprising. He dressed himself in his best blue uniform and headed for the nearest British airfield. In a matter of hours, he had triumphed over red tape once more, and was an unofficial—highly unofficial—member of the 213th Fighter Squadron of the Royal Flying Corps. In a matter of a few more hours, he was kiting happily over the sullen waters of the North Sea in a brand-new Sopwith Camel. Before long, the Camel would be slightly the worse for wear—but Ingalls would have chalked up the first in his long and incredible list of wild heroics.

A few miles from the French coast, Ingalls spotted the churning wake of a warship. He dropped a few thousand feet for a closer look. She was a destroyer—and she was flying the German flag. That was enough for Ingalls. He attacked. The German saw Ingalls as quickly as he had seen her. She turned on her scuppers and, high above her, Ingalls saw the enemy sailors scrambling for their gun positions. He was carrying a couple of small bombs under the Camel's wings and he tilted his plane in a vertical dive at the destroyer's stacks. As he screamed down, he saw the German flak coming up to meet him. It burst around his Camel with a kind of dreamy prettiness.

Then, at about 1,000 feet, a lucky burst riddled the Camel and she paused and shuddered like a wounded beast of prey. Hot oil spurted from the dash, and Ingalls' air speed indicator, his altimeter and the rest of his crude instruments spun crazily and stopped working. There was no way for him to tell his height or his speed. To continue the dive was suicide. To pull out was to give the enemy gunners a fat shot at the soaring plane. Ingalls did not hesitate. "If the motor works," he thought, "keep flying." With the back of his glove, he swiped at the oil-smearing windshield and continued his dive into the curtain of flak. The destroyer was only dimly visible, and she was maneuvering wildly. At mast-top level, Ingalls pulled the bomb release, and hauled back on the stick. By some miracle, the Camel's wings stayed on. Ingalls streaked for home over the licking

waves at a height of 10 feet.

Back at the base, he made his report to his new British C. O. He was very apologetic that he hadn't sunk the destroyer. The bombs had landed a few feet off the enemy's stern. The C. O. stared blankly at his beardless recruit, and quietly asked him to repeat the story. Then they walked out to inspect Ingalls' Camel. The wings were shredded by flak, and there was a gaping, ragged hole just abaft of the motor.

"Mr. Ingalls," said the C. O., "do you drink?"

"Yes, sir," said Ingalls.

"Then follow me, please. I don't know about you, Mr. Ingalls, but I am in need of a very large whiskey."

Ingalls accepted with pleasure—and repeated the routine a few days later, when he limped home in another shot-up Camel to report his victory over the double-gunned Rumpier. At this point, the British C. O. decided that the young Yank had the stuff for leadership. He made him a flight leader.

He also acquainted Ingalls with some handy information: Not all the English girls had been left behind in England. Nearby, the winsome daughter of a diplomat, whose son was a member of the 213th, would be pleased to meet the darling American flyer. Between sorties, the diplomat's house became a second home for Ingalls. The food was good, and so were the social evenings. These English civilians, taking sherry in the garden, could plainly hear the grumbling Ger-

man artillery along the Western Front. It didn't seem to bother them, and Ingalls confessed to his young lady friend that he admired her pluck. "Coming from you, Mr. Ingalls," she replied with a pretty smile, "that is a considerable compliment."

On August 13, two days after his first dog-fight over No Man's Land, Ingalls led his flight on a low-level daylight attack on a vital German airfield at Varsenaere, Belgium. For the skill with which it was executed and the devastating results it achieved, the raid on Varsenaere had few equals in that war—or in any war since.

The squadron of Camels, with Ingalls in the lead, took off at dawn. They flew out to sea, climbed above the clouds, and headed north. At a point on the coast opposite their objective, the squadron turned inland. A few minutes later, they plunged in tight V formation through a break in the clouds—and dove right into a boiling mess of flak. "But," Ingalls said, "not even the German gunners can hit a squadron of fighters in an almost vertical dive." The squadron got through intact.

The target was still 30 miles' distant. Ingalls led his flight toward it at tree-top level. Below them, German machine guns chattered and whole companies of enemy riflemen sniped at them in unison. A few planes were hit, but none seriously.

The attackers were upon the airfield before the Germans had a chance to get a plane in the air. Long rows of Fokkers, their ugly blunt snouts covered with

black tarps against the weather, were drawn up along the runways.

Ingalls and his mates roared in at 100 feet—as low as it was safe to fly if they didn't want to be damaged by concussion and fragments from their own bombs. Skimming over the runway, Ingalls' flight strafed the parked Fokkers. It was sad in a way, he said later, to see all those beautiful planes turned into bonfires before they'd had a chance to fly. German pilots, running from the barracks in a frantic effort to get to their ships, were caught in the open and died on the ground as the machine guns cut them down. At the end of the runways were the main objectives of the raid—hangars and workshops. "A miss was almost an impossibility," Ingalls later said. He laid his bombs squarely on the main machine shop, and turned his head to see it burst into flaming shreds, timbers and sheets of steel siding tumbling through the air in slow-motion.

By now, the German anti-aircraft machine guns were in action, and the Allied planes dove on them, spitting fire. The German gunners scrambled for cover, but only a few of them made it. In a matter of minutes, the raid was over, and Ingalls' squadron headed for home. Behind it lay the charred smoking hulls of a hundred of the Kaiser's finest fighting planes and the smoking, twisted wreckage of one of the enemy's biggest air bases.

Ingalls' C. O. took his usual big drink after his raid—but for a different reason. For the first time, the young American

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had come home with a whole airplane, and this was something to celebrate. There were only six small bullet holes in the entire ship.

Ingalls' new born respect for government property was to be short-lived. Two days later, he was to lead another raid on another airfield—a raid that he was to remember for two very good reasons. On the way home he got his second German plane—and the enemy came as close to killing him as they ever were going to.

This was a daylight raid on the German airfield at Uytkerke. Ingalls led a flight of five Camels, using the same tactics as in the earlier raid—with about the same results. Nearly a squadron of grounded German planes were turned to ashes, and more hangars, barracks and machine shops went up in flames. "It was very satisfying," Ingalls wrote home, "to see the tracers going into the roofs in a long line, an occasional one ricocheting off as it hit something at an angle."

This time, however, the Germans were more alert, and they threw up a few tracers of their own. After making two fast passes, the Camels hedge-hopped away—all except Ingalls, who made one last swing over the scene to get a better idea of the damage the attack had done. "I flew over once more," he reported laconically, "to try to locate correctly all the hits and two fires which were burning fiercely. I located two machine guns that were shooting at me, their tracers coming pretty close in spite of the maneuvering I was doing to escape them."

By the time the methodical Ingalls had made a mental note of all the strafing damage, the other planes had vanished. He turned his Camel and headed out after them, climbing rapidly. At 1,000 feet, German ack-ack found him. "Then," wrote Ingalls, "I got a jolt." A burst of flak flamed under the nose of his Camel, and the plane staggered in mid-air as if it had been swatted by a giant hand.

The engine sputtered, roared fitfully as Ingalls tried to feed it with the wobble pump, then sputtered again—and died. Before the pilot's astonished eyes, the propeller swung slower and slower, finally windmilling silently in the last breath of the Camel's weak headway. Ingalls and his plane dropped like a stone in a long, whining spin.

Ingalls worked the wobble pump feverishly, fought the controls, tried to straighten her out. Still she dropped—spinning giddily toward the enemy earth below.

Then, almost at tree-top level, the sturdy Bentley engine began to cough again. Bathed in sweat inside his leather flying suit, Ingalls worked the fuel pump, tried all the tricks. The engine came fitfully to life. It began hitting on one, two, and finally three cylinders. It wasn't much power, but it was enough to pull the plane out of her spin and keep her off the ground. But not for long. Ingalls began looking around for a smooth place to set her down.

Then—a miracle. The engine began to catch in earnest. Ingalls worked the pump, switched to the gravity tank, lifted the tail. The Bentley roared, and finally began to hit on six or seven of its nine cylinders. Ingalls took the chance and

shoved the throttle wide open. The Camel leaped forward with a stammering burst of power, gained altitude, cut through another flak barrage, and disappeared into the clouds. "Those clouds," Ingalls said, "looked mighty like home to me."

Ingalls headed for the sea coast. He was alone again, and with a bad engine. Not even he wanted to run into a German wolfpack.

But he had made only a few miles, when he spotted a flight of six planes behind and above him. As they drew closer, he saw their outlines more plainly. They were Fokkers, out on the hunt. He gave the Camel more throttle and said his prayers. The Germans could catch him in no time flat, and he was a sitting duck. He kept an eye on them, and dropped down to a few feet above the clouds. He was ready to take a chance on the plane-wrecking turbulence inside the cloud bank rather than let himself be chopped up in a crippled ship at odds of six to one. A few days later, Ingalls was to take on just such odds—but in a whole plane.

Then, strangely, he seemed to be pulling away from the Germans. Abruptly, the enemy planes made a sharp turn and went through the clouds behind him. Ingalls couldn't believe his eyes. The Germans hadn't seen him. He eased back on the throttle to save the stuttering engine and continued toward the sea. He planned to cross the coast at Ostend, where the German flak was vicious. He hoped that the clouds would cover him.

It was a short hope, and a vain one. The clouds began to thin as he approached Ostend, and by the time the city came into view, the sky was clear up to 30,000 feet—several thousand feet higher than the Camel could possibly go on a good engine. Flak began to burst as he streaked over the suburbs and he took what evasive action he could, with his bad motor and his damaged airframe.

Just as the flak got thickest, Ingalls saw, far below him, another lonely Rumpler. This was too much of a temptation. He'd been shot up, shot at, and scared to death by the Germans for the last hour. The chance to pay them back a little just couldn't be passed up. He rolled the Camel over, throttled her up and dropped on the Rumpler. At first, the Camel was sluggish on the controls, but she seemed to come alive again with the smell of a kill.

The Rumpler's rear gunner apparently could not believe what he saw—a lonely, damaged, sputtering British plane coming at him out of the sun through a pall of ack-ack. By the time the German had gathered his wits, it was too late. Ingalls was on his tail, both Vickers guns spewing lead. The Rumpler, fleeing in a steep dive, hesitated as the first slugs ripped into her, then yawed violently, flipped over and burst into flames. Ingalls kept his guns on the Rumpler and drove her into the surf just off the Belgian beach below.

Pulling out of the dive, he felt a great deal better—good enough to wag his wings defiantly at the angry flak which tore the air behind him as he bored out to sea and back to base. There is no record of

the quantities of whiskey consumed by the C. O. in celebration of this mission. But Ingalls did get his third new Camel in less than a week. Somebody remarked at the time that the young Ensign was doing his best to relieve the airplane surplus which had been plaguing the British.

Ingalls wouldn't have a chance to try out his new ship for several weeks. It began to squall the next day, and for almost a month the ferocious Belgian weather brought flying operations on both sides to a virtual standstill. There were occasional sorties when the black overcast rolled back, but very little action. Ingalls, out alone one bleary afternoon, found himself in the thick of a dog-fight with three German monoplanes which popped out of a cloud bank and seemed as surprised to see him as he was to see them. It was a brisk engagement, but a short one. After a few minutes of violent maneuvering and an exchange of machine gun fire, the Germans broke off the engagement and headed for home. Ingalls did the same. His Camel had a few punctures for souvenirs, but nothing serious.

With as much action as he'd been having, Ingalls had no serious thought of returning to an American squadron. The Navy still had no planes. From time to time, there were efforts to transfer him back to the U. S. Navy but, with the help of his British C. O., Ingalls managed to stay with the 213th. The British, who found the young American as good a man at the mess bar as he was in the air, weren't anxious to lose him. In a few short

weeks he'd proved himself enough of a flyer and enough of a jolly fellow to make his English mates understand a little bit why they had lost the War of the Revolution.

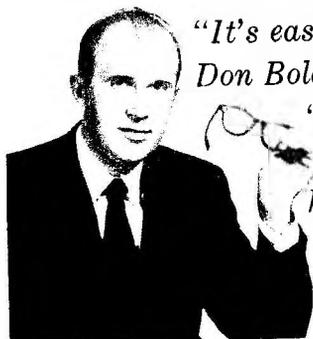
As for Ingalls, he'd had some practice, back at Gosport, in getting along with the British. And, so long as he was flying, he was happy. The war itself, he confessed, was a little remote. "Maybe," he confided to his father, "if I were down in the trenches it would seem more real and horrible." At 10,000 feet over the mud and the trench rats, Ingalls was able to keep a sense of chivalry. The diplomat's daughter added to the feeling when she gave him a bit of filmy cloth to tack to his Camel as a favor.

While the weather was bad, Ingalls and some British friends, accompanied by a couple of old Yale hands, hopped over to Paris for a few days. For Ingalls, a 19-year-old from Cincinnati, it was quite an experience. If the French girls had been friendly at Dunkirk, they were positively cordial in the City of Light. "It's as much as your life is worth," said Ken MacLeish, another Yale flyer who was to be killed after he replaced Ingalls in the 213th. "There are literally thousands of girls who say that they will show you around, and it's a two-fisted fight to shake them off." Ingalls fought as best he could when a mademoiselle seated herself on his lap in a sidewalk cafe and refused to move until he agreed to see the sights with her. In the end, he had to surrender. And, in the end, they all had

to go back to the front: The weather was clearing at last.

It was September 20, nearly a month later, before he got into another fracas—but this one was worth waiting for. His squadron of Camels had escorted a flight of British bombers on a mission deep into enemy territory. On the way in, over the coast, the bombers were attacked by a group of six Fokkers which came hurtling down out of the sun. The lumbering bombers, heavily laden, would have been easy meat for the Germans. Ingalls didn't wait for help—he gunned his Camel and turned her directly into the path of the diving Fokkers. The Germans saw him, and his spewing guns, in time to break formation and spin off in all directions. But one of them got through. Hanging on the tail of a bomber, it opened fire. Ingalls climbed, rolled, and bore in on the Fokker. At 150 yards, he began a long burst that lasted until he crossed the German's beam. Behind the American's plane, the Fokker, hit in the motor, spouted flame and black-fringed smoke, and suddenly exploded in the air.

Beyond the first German was another Fokker, jockeying for position behind a bomber. Ingalls laced him with a series of short bursts, turned the agile Camel again, and followed the Fokker down toward the sea, pouring tracers into its spade-shaped tail. At 4,000 feet, Ingalls broke contact and climbed again—but the other Germans, after a hot fight with Ingalls' mates, had vanished into the clouds.



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tion—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

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As the British edged back into formation, three more Fokkers came out of the sun and fell on the bombers. Ingalls was first to see them. He turned and dove on them, approaching at an oblique angle from above and the rear. They didn't see him until he was 100 yards away. He opened up on the first Fokker—and missed. The three Germans immediately broke formation and dove off in all directions. Ingalls turned to re-engage them—and then noticed, with an unpleasant start, that he was at least five miles behind the rest of his flight, which was already crossing the coast. He decided not to trust his luck any further, and took out after his mates. The Germans pursued. "These three beggars kept following," Ingalls said later with a laugh, "shooting at me from an impossible distance." The Germans must have felt that impossible was the best distance to be at when dealing with this slightly crazy American.

In the next few days, Ingalls, alone and with other pilots, concentrated on attacks on German ground troops. On one sunny day, Ingalls and two others made four trips over the flak-spitting German lines, shooting up a group of barracks, an artillery train, and numerous columns of infantry. Several tons of lead must have been thrown at them on these forays—all to no effect. But Ingalls' long-suffering C. O. was very nearly brought down in man-to-man combat with a German infantryman in what is one of the most amazing stories of the war.

Ingalls, his C. O. and two other pilots had been strafing a German infantry column and, after reducing it to shambles, made one final pass for the hell of it. Ingalls' C. O., indulging his sense of humor, spotted a German bicyclist pedaling down the road and dove on him. "This man," said a witness, "was the fastest, and the maddest, bike-rider on the whole Western Front." The Englishman roared over him at a height of about seven feet. The German kept pedalling. The C. O. made a turn, got behind the cyclist again, and chased him off the road and across a small meadow. At the edge of the meadow, the German, now hitting about 30 m.p.h., his coat-tails streaming behind him, whacked into a stone fence, sailed through the air, and landed on his head. The C. O., tickled pink, made one last head-high pass to wave goodbye to his victim. His victim was waiting for him. He heaved a jagged rock at the speeding plane and tore a hole the size of a washtub in its bottom wing. The C. O. just barely made it home. Over his accustomed large whiskey, he remarked that he figured he and the bicyclist were approximately even.

Ingalls' combat career was drawing to a close. Shortly after his C. O. was stoned, he made his last two combat flights, and nailed down his credentials as an ace.

One of Ingalls' last flights was a kind of lark. A few days earlier, he had spotted a huge German kite balloon over Ostend, and decided to try for it. This was dangerous to the point of being foolhardy. The German balloons—which were used for long-range observation of the Allied lines—were protected by heavy flak, and usually by a flight of Fokkers.

Only once before had anyone from the 213th tried for a balloon, and he hadn't come back to tell the story. Ingalls' C. O. was dubious about the project, and at first refused permission. He gave in when Ingalls promised to take a couple of other planes with him, and not to take chances. "It looked," said Ingalls, "like such easy meat."

Ingalls and his two friends took off from Dunkirk at mid-morning, when the balloon was sure to be up. They broke through the clouds over Ostend at 7,000 feet, and the German ack-ack found them immediately. The first burst broke just under Ingalls' wing and a big hunk of hot shrapnel ripped through his fuselage, passed an inch from his knees, and tore off a big piece of cowling just in front of his face. The three Camels dove at the balloon at different angles, all firing incendiary bullets. Nothing happened. In a hornet-cloud of flak, Ingalls turned and dove again. This time his tracers found their mark. A deceptively small flame licked out of the puffy side of the balloon, and then it exploded with a inferno whoosh. The flaming mass of canvas and hydrogen landed right on a huge hangar in which other balloons were stored and touched off an enormous fiery explosion—which promptly set off two neighboring hangars. The resulting blaze destroyed the entire German balloon base at Ostend. "It was," Ingalls confided to his diary, "a lovely sight."

Ingalls' final escapade, six days after the attack on the kite balloon, convinced the authorities that he was due to give his luck a short rest. On September 24th, Ingalls and another pilot went aloft to hunt for likely victims on a boring Sunday afternoon. Ingalls found a victim—and again nearly became one. His last kill was another Rumpler, a foolish one which had strayed behind the Allied lines. Ingalls spotted him first and got to him first, diving and coming up beneath for a belly shot.

The German pilot slowed his plane almost into a stall and threw off Ingalls' aim. As the Camel pulled out in front of him, the German banked sharply, giving his gunner a shot. Ingalls was very nearly nailed as a flurry of tracers spanged through the struts on his left wing. He tried another belly pass, and the German made him miss again. By this time, they were deep in German territory, and Ingalls decided that he'd better finish the fight and get on home.

He climbed again and dove on the Rumpler, holding his fire until he was only 50 yards away. This time his slugs ripped open the whole side of the enemy plane. There was a big puff of white smoke and a dull explosion and the Rumpler went down. It was kill number five for Ingalls, and he felt fine.

But he was alone again in enemy territory, and a long way from home. Five minutes later, he felt about as far from home as it's possible to feel. Hedge-hopping the trenches, he heard a dull slap against the fuselage, as if he had run into a bird. Then the engine stopped, gas gushed out of the tank under his seat, and clouds of white vapor fumed out of the Camel's cowling. Ingalls switched to the gravity tank and hoped for the best.

He was much too low to try any of the things that had brought him home the other time he'd been hit in the engine.

His fantastic luck stayed with him. Just over some trees, the motor came to life again, and the Camel leaped forward. But not upward. When Ingalls pulled back on the stick, nothing happened. The controls were frozen. He tried the rudder and the plane turned. He had one workable control on which to dodge through 20 miles of hostile machine gun fire and get home safely. Yawing from side to side at top speed, he made it with no further damage, and made an incredible, seat-of-the-pants landing, stalling the motor at an altitude of 20 feet and bouncing to a halt at the end of a short and muddy runway.

When they inspected his ship after this run, they found that all but one strand of one control wire had been shot away, and that the Camel was so saturated with gas that a single lucky German machine gun bullet would have turned it into a flying torch.

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In an incredible six weeks, he had downed four German planes, three heavily-defended balloons, shattered at least two airfields plus stacks of equipment and infantrymen.

The official adjectives were accurate—but maybe not quite so accurate as the parting words of Ingalls' admiring C. O. "Mr. Ingalls," he said (over a large whiskey), "you are the wildest and the best damned pilot I have ever seen."

And that he was. •



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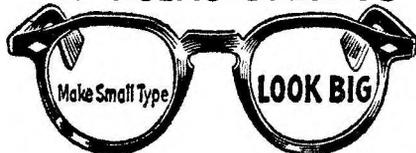
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## THE FLYING HOBO

[Continued from page 24]

Ciudad Bolivar." The fever-yellowed old-timer didn't say he wanted to go to Ciudad Bolivar, the last outpost of civilization on the Orinoco. He said he wanted to start from there.

"That's five thousand, cash in advance, plus expenses," said Jimmy relaxing. This was just another one of the crackpots who, in this year of 1923, were appearing in sun-baked Panama with increasing regularity.

"After what I've been through walking out," said the old-timer, "that sounds mighty reasonable. Let's go over in a booth and talk."

The old-timer was Mack McCracken, a lone-wolf mining engineer from St. Louis, Missouri. With him he had an amazingly small pouch containing some two pounds of gold nuggets, none of them smaller than peas. "It's all the money I have in the world," said Mack, "but that's not the point. There is a lot more of it where that came from. Tons of it."

Jimmy already had the gold, sagging heavily in his pocket, when he asked, "Where might that be?"

"I don't know," was the astonishing answer. "But I can find it. I walked every foot of the way, or crawled on my hands and knees, or floated downstream on logs. There are no maps of that country, nothing you can put your finger on, but I'll know it. You get me to Ciudad Bolivar, and I'll take it from there."

So began one of the wildest stories in the history of major exploration. Jimmy had only one question, once he had the gold in his pocket. "When we get there, you are sure we've got room to put the old crate down?"

"I've flown before," said old Mack. "You can get in, and you can get out." Then for the one and only time forgetting his mildness, he said with desperate intentness. "Believe me, son, if I didn't know you could do it, I wouldn't go back. I walked out once, covered with luck, but no man can do it a second time."

The whole thing was insane, but no one ever accused Jimmy of too much sanity, no matter what other charges were lodged against him. An uncharted jungle in south-eastern Venezuela known only as the Green Hell. A mythical escarpment rising a vertical mile out of the jungle, so peopled with monsters, according to Indian legend, that Conan Doyle used it as the background of his *Lost World*. Rivers so torn with rapids and waterfalls that even the most avid gold and diamond hunters referred to them as impossible. One icing carburetor, one leaking oil line, one fouled spark plug—any one of a thousand things—and it was all over. But Jimmy took the job with the boyish eagerness that was always the charming part of him, regardless of his other facets.

Until then, Jimmy had been a conventional soldier of fortune, a little more

daring than most, but otherwise an honorable member of the breed. If he seldom spoke about his past, it is a matter of record that he joined the U.S. Army Air Corps at 18, and served with some distinction during the closing months of World War I. He was a born flier, so much so that after the war he was immediately hired as a test pilot. In 1919 there was only one way to check the airworthiness of a design, and that was in the air. If it flew, the test pilot collected his salary. If it didn't, the engineers tried a new design and another pilot.

Jimmy did better than most. Two or three times he wrestled planes back to the ground that should never have gone up, but the inevitable day came when he rolled one up in a ball. When they separated him from the debris, they had no hope that he would live, but six months later the only outward evidence he showed of his crash was the scar on his cheek. But he had done some thinking during his convalescence, and one conclusion he had reached was that there were safer ways of making a living. Like barnstorming, or hiring out as a pilot for some of the Central American revolutions that popped up regularly during the twenties. He bought a second-hand Curtiss monoplane, reconditioned it himself, barnstormed his way across the country, and then, for a year, his record is lost.

Late in 1922 he reappeared in Panama, his Curtiss monoplane showing signs of extreme wear and tear such as might have been produced by gunfire or a shrapnel burst. Furthermore, he seemed to have an ample supply of funds. But when the salesmen of gold, oil, and diamond stocks moved in on the innocent young newcomer with the loaded wallet, they found themselves enclosed in a circle of charm that caused some hasty revisions of opinion. In return for stock in their non-existent opportunities, Jimmy was offering them stock in his non-existent airline on far more persuasive terms, and for the safety of their own wallets the professional con-men moved over to admit Jimmy to their inner circle at Bar Central. They had the distinct impression that this round-faced boy with the scarred cheek had helped a dictator or two abscond with his country's gold, one jump ahead of a firing squad, and they also gathered that this charm boy was a far better man to have with them than against.

It was in February of 1930 that Jimmy Angel met McCracken. Three days later they shoved off, dodging the towering thunderheads that marked the coming of the vernal equinox in the tropics. Three days later they were in Caracas, and a week later they were at the military airbase (one old war-surplus Jenny) of Ciudad Bolivar. Jimmy had learned a little more of his companion's back-

ground.

Old Mack admitted to be knocking on 60. Still hoping for the big strike, he had been lured to South America by the tales of gold deposits that were to be found in the tributaries that flowed into the Orinoco from the south. When his crew of Indians deserted him, he had continued on alone. "It wasn't bad," he said. "At least it was warm, and the jungle has plenty of food. After the winter I put in during the Alaska gold rush, I guess nothing could strike me as being real bad again."

He had wandered south and west, coming at last to the foot of the escarpment. "It was a mile high, and it went straight up. A waterfall coming over the top of it dropped so far that it was more mist than water when it hit bottom. In a pool there at the bottom of the falls I found more gold than they got in the Philadelphia mint."

To Jimmy the whole story reeked of something built out of a malaria-fevered brain, but Mack had more. "I knew the gold in the pool had to come from some deposit above the falls. It wasn't more gold I was after now—that pool had all I wanted—but I had to see with my own eyes what kind of an all-fired structure it was that could pour out so much gold. So I climbed the wall, and it's there, son, it's there. Like being in the biggest jewelry store in the world."

In spite of himself, Jimmy felt the gold fever starting to burn. And old Mack had actually produced two pounds of nuggets, all that his dwindling strength would let him carry out. There had to be more where that came from, even if it wasn't stacked up like jewelry in a case.

Mack estimated his discovery to be between 150 and 200 miles southeast of Ciudad Bolivar, well within the range of Jimmy's four-place Curtiss monoplane. They took off at dawn on March 3rd, carrying only a small miner's shovel, a gold pan, some canned beans, and 10 five-gallon cans of gasoline. At first Mack had some trouble getting oriented in the air. He saw too much, and too many landmarks looked alike. So Jimmy flew low, barely above the tree-tops, and Mack began clicking again. He became strangely tense and quiet, but once he said, "I can't get over it. I was seven days crawling through that matted mess down there, and we aren't seven minutes flying over it."

They crossed the Coroni River, and Mack indicated they were to follow it south. It was a tortured stream, churning through rock-filled rapids or dashing itself to foam over a series of falls. "I was twelve days following that river before I could find a place to cross," said Mack. "See that stream up there, on the left bank? That's where we turn. We've got it made, son. Just follow that stream."

The stream was hard to follow from the air. In places it was completely closed over by the jungle, with only an occasional crease in the foliage to mark its channel, but old Mack was unconcerned. By now he seemed to know exactly where he was going.

Jimmy looked at his altimeter. He was still only a couple of hundred feet above the jungle, but the instrument indicated

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he had already climbed 2,000 feet. Up ahead lay an oddly motionless cloudbank, its wispy summit towering over 10,000 feet. It had none of the menacing look of a tropical storm, but it didn't look good either, and Jimmy expressed his concern.

"That isn't a cloud, son," said Mack. "That's fog lying on the damndest mountain you ever saw. That's where your lost world begins."

Jimmy flew on for another 30 minutes, but not in a straight line. The nameless, unmapped stream he was following twisted through the jungle like a tormented snake, and three or four times he lost it in its tunnel of foliage, and had to fly a full circle to pick it up again. The escarpment to his right, veiled in fog for the most part, offered only an occasional glimpse of a sheer wall or a long white plume of waterfall. But as Mack had promised, by 9:30 a.m. the tropical sun had reduced the fog to a haze, and visibility was increased to three miles. Even so, there was nothing very comforting



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about the increased visibility. The more Jimmy could see of the ominous wall, the more he could believe the Indian legends that this was *Auyan-tepui*, the home of devils and monsters.

Suddenly Mack gave an exclamation, and indicated a change of course. Straight up. Jimmy glanced at his altimeter again. He was at 3,000 feet, with the jungle-covered talus at the foot of the wall sloping up another thousand feet above him. Then another 3,000 feet of black, sheer cliff, sliced by the white line of a thin falls. He started circling for altitude, the thought occurring to him belatedly that if Mack was wrong about a landing space on top of the cliff, they were in a hell of a spot.

His altimeter was reading 8,000 when they topped the rim and looked across a vast, flat area as treeless as the surface of the moon. In the center of what they could see through the haze lay a small lake ringed by marsh grass, obviously a catch-basin for the rains that passed constantly across the plateau, and out of that

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lake flowed the small river that fed the falls.

"There she be," said Mack in a burst of excitement. "The river of gold!"

Jimmy brought the plane high over the rim, fighting it as it bucked through the massive thermal surging up the face of the wall. Mack pointed to an area beside the river, a thin strip about 1,500 feet long stretching back from the face of the cliff.

"Flat as a highway," Mack assured him.

Jimmy had his reservations about that, but with no place else to go, there was no point in stalling. He whipped around in the thin air, flattened out fast, and stalled in hard. The jolt took the wind out of Mack, but it limited the roll of the plane to a couple of hundred feet, and a good thing, too. The strip was flat enough, but it was paved with quartz-like fragments as sharp as broken bottles. A smooth, fast landing on that stuff would have shredded the tires in 300 yards.

However winded Mack might have been, he was out and running for the river the instant the plane stopped. Jimmy was no less eager. They plunged into the ice-cold water, not even feeling it, and then they were grasping madly, insanely at the yellow stuff strewn all over the river bed. They howled in their madness, and pounded each other with their fists, knocking each other sprawling in the water.

The icy shock restored some sanity, and then they proceeded along more orderly lines. The river flowed over uneven bedrock that formed natural riffles uncluttered by sand or gravel. The gold lay in those riffles as clean and glistening as anything ever processed by man, and in less than an hour they had recovered 75 pounds of the stuff. At least Mack turned over 75 pounds of gold to a Panama bank for some \$20,000 in cash, stating he could have brought more had the plane been able to carry it. That leaves some room for speculation. On leaving Ciudad Bolivar for the escarpment, the plane had carried full tanks and 300 pounds of extra gasoline in cans. Before taking off from the escarpment, Jimmy had used those cans for refueling, thus providing in the cockpit an allowance for an equivalent weight in gold. On the other hand, it was one thing to boost a plane into the air from a long, sea-level runway at dawn, and quite another to launch the same weight from a short runway in the hot, thin air of 8,000 feet. Had Jimmy made a conventional take-off, then even the 75 pounds of gold Mack brought out might have been excessive, but Jimmy had other ideas.

First he carefully covered all the ground between the nose of his plane and the edge of the cliff, tossing aside the most menacing-looking sharp rocks. Several times at the edge of the cliff he tested with the flat of his hand the powerful blast of air surging up from below, and at last he nodded as though satisfied.

"We'll give it another hour," he told Mack. And for another hour they dredged out gold in that semi-delirium that gold always produces, and whether

they carried 75 pounds of gold to the plane or 175 pounds Mack had no way of knowing.

At 1 p.m. Jimmy said, "That's all she'll carry. Let's go."

They climbed into the plane and fastened their safety belts. But as Mack was to relate with horror, they did not turn around and taxi back to the far end of the level area. Instead of trying to avail himself of as much runway as he could get, Jimmy began to roll slowly toward the rim, easing his tires over the sharp rocks. At 50 feet from nothing, he slammed on full throttle. The plane roared and lurched forward. Then, as Mack told it, the bottom fell out of the world.

Jimmy explained it differently. "I had a 3,000 foot runway, straight down."

Aided by the powerful updraft, Jimmy came out of his dive well above the solid green of the jungle, and once leveled off, he set a beeline for Ciudad Bolivar. If there were any customs regulations concerning the export of gold, he did not ask about them, and a week later they were back in Panama.

Mack did not tarry long. Once he had converted his gold into cash, he caught the first ship going through the canal to New Orleans, and his last words to Jimmy were, "If I ever need any more gold for my old age, I'll come back." He never needed it. Two weeks after his return to St. Louis, possibly because of a reaction to his experiences with Jimmy, he died of a heart attack.

The news of Mack's death was duly published in the Panama newspapers, and after that Jimmy was a man obsessed with a single notion. Jimmy had always been somewhat of a legend in Panama. But now he became a more mysterious figure than ever. He bought a new plane, and launched himself in the charter business. He had no lack of customers. The big oil and mining interests were busy surveying all of northern South America, and Jimmy was in constant demand to fly photographic surveys, to fly supplies to remote survey camps, to carry engineers in hours to sites they would be weeks in reaching by canoe or on foot. He became a familiar figure in Caracas, Trinidad, Colon, and Ciudad Bolivar, but somehow he was never around when the demand for his services was most urgent.

Jimmy had a stock answer to explain his long absences. "A big company hired me for a secret survey. You don't expect me to give away their secrets, do you?"

As it turned out, the secret missions that occupied Jimmy for months on end were his own, financed at costs far in excess of any visible means of income. He was after Mack's river of gold, and of all the tormenting frustrations endured by man, Jimmy's must remain in a private hell of its own. He had been there. He had picked up the gold with his own bare hands. He knew to within 30 minutes of flying time where it was—and he could not find it.

Old Mack had known the way back because he had crawled out of the country on his hands and knees. He had spent days on a route Jimmy had covered in minutes. He knew, by painful fall,

scratch, and insect bite, every curve of a single stream in a jungle in which scores of streams looked alike from the air.

And then there was the escarpment Jimmy had flown past when it was veiled in fog. But it wasn't the solid wall it had appeared to be when the valleys in between were filled with fog. It was a vast range of colossal buttes, each one with its catch-basin swamps, its rivers, its waterfalls as much alike as so many white feathers. More baffling still, beside none of these lost world rivers could Jimmy find anything resembling the landing strip to which Mack had guided him.

Jimmy found jungle clearings—sandy areas choked with scrub palms—at the foot of the escarpment, and into these he dropped his plane at the risk of his life. On foot he would plow his way to the base of some distant waterfall, always hoping he would find there the pool paved with gold that Mack had described. But he never did. Then it was back to his plane, and a worse problem. As any pilot knows, he needs only a fair shake to set a plane down, but he needs one hell of a lot more to get up again. With his own hands, and with no more machinery than an ax and a shovel, Jimmy built his own runways, and over a 10-year period he built at least a score of them. Some, that he used frequently, he stocked with cans of gasoline, cases of canned beans—in all his years in the tropics Jimmy was never known to waver in his belief that canned beans were the perfect, all-purpose food, morning, noon, and night—and a few bottles of snake-bite cure. He didn't have to worry about Indians discovering his caches. They never came near the towers in which their demons lived.

There can be no doubt that quite early in his solitary exploration of what is now known as La Gran Sabana, Jimmy discovered his falls. The first peak of La Gran Sabana east of the Caroni is Auyan-tepui, the Indian name for Devil Mountain. And right around the northeast corner of Auyan-tepui, concealed in a vertical gorge of its own making, is the breath-taking wonder that now bears Jimmy's name. On his first glimpse, he fell in love with it, but it was a private sort of love. When he circled down through its rainbow mists and saw on his altimeter that it had an uninterrupted fall of 3,200 feet, he knew that the beauty was his alone only as long as he kept her to himself. Once the word got out that he had discovered the highest waterfall in the world, the rush would begin.

Or, as some cynics have pointed out, Jimmy might have had another motive in keeping silent about his falls. Somewhere in the vicinity was another river and falls washing over what could be the richest gold deposit in the world, and it was not like Jimmy to bring in a flock of geographers, geologists, and general tourists until he had got what he felt was coming to him.

At any rate, whatever sources of cash Jimmy had, they were exhausted in 1934. If, and the figure seems reasonable, it costs \$30,000 a year to maintain an air service in the tropics, Jimmy had gone through some \$300,000, with less than \$100,000 of it accounted for by charter

fees. The other \$200,000? As they say in Panama, "¿Quien sabe?"

Jimmy came to New York in 1934 to raise more money, tackling nothing less than Wall Street itself. He had flown surveys for many of the companies he approached, but he soon discovered there was a big difference between being a pilot with a plane available in Caracas and a pilot wandering around broke and without a plane in New York. Nor did glib talk work on Wall Street. Even when he came clean, and told the whole story of his waterfall and the lost river of gold, the best he could raise was a down-payment on an eight-passenger Flamingo single-engined monoplane. That he got, not for his lost river, but as an advance payment on an aerial survey he was to fly for the company immediately upon his arrival at Paviche, the base of the company's mining operations some 60 miles north of Auyan-tepui.

Jimmy took delivery of the Flamingo in August and started south. At the same time the mining company sent its chief engineer, a man named Dennison, to Paviche to prepare a landing strip for him. Dennison arrived in September, and suspended all placer mining activities to turn a hundred employees loose on the construction of an airport. But no Jimmy. Months passed, while Dennison kept a crew constantly employed cutting back the lush vegetation that could choke the runway in a week, and filling the holes that developed after each rain.

Then on March 24, 1935, Jimmy breezed in, airily explaining that the Flamingo had been held up by customs regulations. "Tried to confiscate it as a military aircraft, but I finally talked them out of it," he said, but the story in Panama was that Jimmy had found his bright new plane to be such enticing sucker bait that he couldn't resist. According to one persistent rumor, he sold a 50 per cent interest in the Flamingo to so many backers that he could have financed an airline.

Jimmy was all business once he arrived at Paviche. His job was to fly Dennison over a 50-square-mile area while the engineer photographed the terrain in both black-and-white and color. Aerial mapping was still in the one-shot-at-a-time stage, and flight after flight had to be made over terrain that can now be accurately mapped at a single pass, but Jimmy was tireless. He was in the air as long as the light was right, and in three weeks completed a job that had been estimated to take three months.

Jimmy's favorite story of that experience concerns the time he secured a bolt of white cloth and used it to make large white flags to serve as windsocks and runway markers. But one afternoon when he and Dennison raced back to the airport ahead of a turbulent tropical storm, not a flag was to be seen. He nearly cracked up landing wide of the runway and downwind to boot.

"I was so mad I wanted to break someone's neck," Jimmy said. "I went to the police chief, and told him he had to catch the thief if he had to search the whole village. Well, sir, he sure didn't want to do that. Then I found out why. Some

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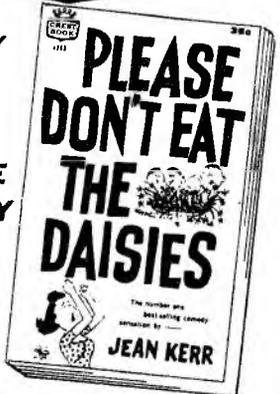
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dame had got the idea the flags could be sewn into wonderful bloomers, and the rush was on. If he was going to find the guilty ones, he would have to run around hoisting skirts, and not even I could ask him to do that. But, damn it all, why do things like that always happen to me?"

Things like that always did happen to Jimmy, but not always through the fault of others. Dennison's story is an example of another kind. On the day Jimmy finished his job at Paviche and was to fly Dennison and the undeveloped film to Ciudad Bolivar, he took off in ample time, and with plenty of fuel. But he could not resist turning south to see once more his beloved falls. Its lure must have been overwhelming. Not only did he take a stranger to see his secret love, but once there, he circled near it from top to bottom while the awed Dennison photographed it in all its rainbowed glory.

"That's my falls," Jimmy once told him fiercely. "Angel Falls."

When Jimmy at last turned reluctantly away, the afternoon was well gone, and an hour later the tropical night enclosed them as though they had flown into a tunnel. Jimmy turned on his instrument lights. They flared too brightly, and promptly burned out. The vastness of the jungle and the night around them was no longer dark. It was pitch black.

"There's a flashlight in the map compartment," said Jimmy calmly. "Just hold it on the instrument panel, and we'll be all right."

Then it became a race between the plane and the fading strength of the flashlight battery. It was close. Desperately close. By the time they saw the faint glow on the horizon from the lights of Ciudad Bolivar, their flashlight had dimmed to a freddy's glow.

Unerringly Jimmy made a straight-in approach on the unlighted runway south of town, his landing lights fortunately functioning. Just how fortunately was revealed a moment later. As long as he held the nose down on his glide, the landing lights held the south end of the runway in a bright circle. But as he pulled back on the stick to flatten out his approach, the landing lights swept up to reveal the whole length of the runway. It was packed with cattle that had chosen its smooth surface for bedding down.

Jimmy slammed on full throttle, and zoomed over the beasts by a margin scant enough to be felt. Jimmy circled the field, for once shaken enough to be mopping his brow. "I'll scare 'em away with another pass," he muttered. But the cattle didn't scare. Mixed in with them were some placid burros, and as long as the burros did not stampede, the cattle seemed content to remain. And more trouble developed. In making his extended visit to his falls, Jimmy had used up what should have been his two-hours' fuel reserve, and now, in the dying light of the flashlight, they saw they had but 20 minutes left.

Jimmy headed for town at roof-top level. He buzzed it fore, and aft, and sideways, and at last was rewarded by seeing a stream of cars heading for the airport. A French charter pilot named Jean Brossard had sensed Jimmy's difficulty,

and had gathered a group together to clear the runway.

Thirty minutes later Jimmy and Dennison were in jail. The most outraged governor in all South America was demanding their immediate execution. Jimmy's buzz job had arrived just as his guests were seating themselves at the banquet table, and in that sensitive environment they had all dived for the floor with but a single thought in mind. Another revolution. With them they had carried soups, gravies, jellies, wines, and a priceless collection of chinaware. Considering the remarkable mess that must have flourished under the table for a few frantic minutes, the wonder is that Jimmy and Dennison were not shot on sight.

The grand dames who had been up-ended and mopped through the wine-colored soup and gravy were months in forgiving Jimmy, but fortunately the governor was more tolerant. From a firing squad to a life sentence to freedom

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took him but three days, and Jimmy was gone within the hour, his plane refueled and the cockpit loaded with cases of canned beans. As far as is known, that was his only stretch in jail, a truly remarkable record for one whose fund-raising activities were so unique and varied.

But Jimmy's lost world was no longer his own. Once Dennison's photographs of Angel Falls reached the outside world, the discovery became a sensation. The American Museum of Natural History sent an expedition to confirm the discovery, and it returned properly impressed. Not only did it acclaim Jimmy's falls as the highest in the world, but it recognized his right of discovery, and used its powerful influence to make official the name of Angel Falls. Suddenly the quiet Jimmy, who preferred to move in mysterious ways, was world famous. His name would live forever on the maps of the world, along with names like Victoria Falls, Mount McKinley, Prince Edward Island, and St. Lawrence River. Truly distinguished company for a pilot-of-fortune to be keeping, but it didn't solve his problem.

Where was Mack's river of gold?

At some point during his career, Jimmy had married, and now, with his wife, he made his main base at one of his self-made airports near the foot of Auyan-tepui. His desperate search continued. He found gold, and he found diamonds—to what value no one knows because of his wary habit of seldom dealing with the same market twice—and he made some money flying passengers on sight-seeing trips to his falls. But he couldn't find Mack's river.

In March, 1937, an oil-rich Venezuelan sportsman named Gustavo Heny and his friend Felix Cardona engaged Jimmy and his plane to help them make an official survey of Auyan-tepui for their government. Once they had been flown to Angel Field, as Jimmy called his base with typical modesty, they proceeded to make all their preliminary surveys on foot, running lines to various prominent landmarks that could be used later in matching up their aerial photographs. In the course of their groundwork, they thoroughly examined the pool at the base of the falls, finding only a few traces of gold.

"I could have told you that," said Jimmy. The four of them, Jimmy, his wife, and the two Venezuelans, were sitting outside his comfortable thatched hut, looking up at the frowning black wall of Auyan-tepui and drinking bottled beer chilled in the nearby river. "I've gone over every riffle in that pool, and I've flown over the rim a hundred times. It's not Mack's river. Angel River flows through a marsh before it reaches the falls. There was no marsh bordering Mack's river. Just a flat stretch full of loose rock."

"I have another theory," said Heny. "You were there thirteen years ago, an exceptionally dry period. The last ten years have been very wet, and grass could be growing on your bare rock."

"But the gold in the pool..."

"It could have been cleaned out. A lot of prospectors have found fortunes in the last few years, and you know prospectors. They never say where they found their gold. It's a small pool, easy to work, and what Mack could find once, someone else could find again."

Jimmy listened to all this with growing excitement. He was a pilot, not a geologist nor a student of seasonal rains. But it had been March, at the end of the dry season, when he had flown in with Mack, and now it was March again. "We can find out soon enough," he said. "We'll fly up in the morning, as soon as the fog lifts."

That night he tossed so restlessly, moaning in his sleep, that his wife grew alarmed. At 10 a.m., with the fog thinned down to a haze, she announced her intention of coming along on the flight. "If you get any of your crazy ideas about landing up there," she said firmly. "I want to be there."

Cardona felt otherwise. He had chased enough lost gold mines in his time, and he wanted to finish a mapping job. So it was the two Angels and Heny who took off and circled for altitude.

Jimmy was tense as they topped the rim. He headed toward it, his tension

mounting as he felt the surge of the massive updraft sweeping up the face of the cliff. "That's the way it was," he muttered. "And look—the grass is turning brown!"

At 500 feet he flew the length of the river, and then circled around the marsh. "It's too big, but maybe it was dried up when I saw it first."

He coursed low over the river, and shot out into the void over the escarpment's edge, nodding his head. "That's it, that's it!" he exclaimed. "A hundred times I've flown over it, but always at the wrong time of the year."

He circled a mile above the jungle, and now he was bitter. "All these years, and it's been here all the time." He brought the plane around in a tight, vicious bank, and headed once more for the escarpment.

Three times Jimmy examined the terrain along the river's edge. It was obvious that he didn't like it, but whatever caution he had as a pilot was lost in the gold fever that gripped him. He circled the swamp for the last time, set his jaw, and squashed her in.

The wheels sank into the matted roots of the dying grass. The ship started to nose over, but with a powerful yank on the wheel Jimmy managed to wrench the tail down. Two frightful jolts later, and the Flamingo stopped abruptly. Jimmy cut the switch.

The silence was eerie. They sat there, slightly stunned by the violence of their landing. Jimmy was the first to recover. Through the silence he had heard a splashing noise, and it didn't come from the river. Then he was out of the plane and tearing at his cowling fasteners.

He was too late. The connecting line to the oil cooler had snapped with the first violent bounce, and by the time he reached it, the last of his oil supply trickled away.

"To hell with it," he said, and ran for the river.

But it wasn't his river. The bottom was covered with a foot of silt. He clawed it aside with his bare hands, roiling the stream, but the bedrock yielded nothing. His wife and Heny joined him, clawing until their fingernails were gone and their hands dripped blood. But there was no gold.

Jimmy couldn't believe it. He was still in the icy water at dark, and his wife was near hysteria before her pleas could force him to come out. A night of fitful sleep in the plane, and he was back in the water at dawn, kicking his boots to tatters and clawing with his wounded hands. When Heny argued with considerable logic that they should be starting down while they still had their strength, Jimmy answered with curses. Not until noon of the third day, as he neared total exhaustion, did he permit himself to be led away.

"Going down is not so bad," said Heny reassuringly. "Sometimes when climbing up is impossible, you go down with a single jump." He looked over the edge of the cliff and 3,000 feet straight down. "Just do not jump too far."

They were 11 days returning to Angel Field, and Jimmy remembered but little

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of it. Only Heny's mountaineering experience and junglecraft enabled them to survive. And they were another month waiting for another transient plane to visit the base. By that time Jimmy was sunk in some world of his own from which he rarely emerged. He had lost his plane, still to be seen on the plateau along with the ruts he plowed, and he had lost the golden dream that had kept him going for years.

During the next years, Jimmy managed. Some say he managed better than most, and it is true that always when his credit rating reached its lowest ebb, he always managed to turn up with enough raw gold or rough diamonds to start over. It is also true that eight years ago, a \$40,000 gold strike was made in the area he had staked for his own. And only four years ago Alexander Laime walked out with \$30,000 in rough diamonds. As Jimmy knew only too well, the stuff is there, but the tragic evidence would seem

to indicate that while he came tantalizingly close to the big one many times, he never quite made it.

In 1956 Jimmy showed signs of becoming his old self. He talked convincingly enough of a new discovery to promote funds for a fresh assault on riches. On May 16th, exuding confidence, he stepped into his plane at the Balboa, Canal Zone, airport, bound for La Gran Sabana, He crashed on take-off. For another six months, in Gorgas Hospital, he lingered on in a dream world, never quite conscious, but frequently smiling. Among his friends, the generally accepted theory is that up to his death on December 8th, Jimmy was back there in his own lost world. In his ears was the roar of his beloved falls, in his hut was a case of canned beans, in the river was a case of cold beer, and when he wasn't otherwise occupied, he was splashing around down there after the big find, up to his knees in nuggets of gold. •



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## GRAVEYARD RATS

Continued from page 32

in a frenzy of terror he kicked and screamed and fired until the hammer clicked on an empty shell. But he had driven them off.

He found himself crawling under a great stone, embedded in the roof, that dug cruelly into his back. It moved a little as his weight struck it, and an idea flashed into Masson's fright-crazed mind. If he could bring down the stone so that it blocked the tunnel!

The earth was wet and soggy from the rains, and he hunched himself half upright and dug away at the dirt around the stone. The rats were coming closer. He saw their eyes glowing in the reflection of the flashlight's beam. Still he clawed frantically at the earth. The stone was giving. He tugged at it and it rocked in its foundation.

A rat was approaching—the monster he had already glimpsed. Gray and leprous and hideous it crept forward with its orange teeth bared, and in its wake came the blind dead thing, groaning as it crawled. Masson gave a last frantic tug at the stone. He felt it slide downward, and then he went scrambling along the tunnel.

Behind him the stone crashed down, and he heard a sudden frightful shriek of agony. Clods showered upon his legs. A heavy weight fell on his feet and he dragged them free with difficulty. The entire tunnel was collapsing!

Gasping with fear, Masson threw himself forward as the soggy earth collapsed at his heels. The tunnel narrowed until he could barely use his hands and legs to propel himself; he wriggled forward like an eel and suddenly felt satin tearing beneath his clawing fingers, and then his head crashed against some thing that barred his path. He moved his legs, dis-

covering that they were not pinned under the collapsed earth. He was lying flat on his stomach, and when he tried to raise himself he found that the roof was only a few inches from his back. Panic shot through him.

When the blind horror had blocked his path, he had flung himself into a side tunnel, a tunnel that had no outlet. He was in a coffin, an empty coffin into which he had crept through the hole the rats had gnawed in its end!

He tried to turn on his back and found that he could not. The lid of the coffin pinned him down inexorably. Then he braced himself and strained at the coffin lid. It was immovable, and even if he could escape from the sarcophagus, how could he claw his way up through five feet of hard-packed earth?

He found himself gasping. It was dreadfully fetid, unbearably hot. In a paroxysm of terror he ripped and clawed at the satin until it was shredded. He made a futile attempt to dig with his feet at the earth from the collapsed burrow that blocked his retreat. If he were only able to reverse his position he might be able to claw his way through to air . . . air . . .

White-hot agony lanced through his breast, throbbled in his eyeballs. His head seemed to be swelling, growing larger and larger; and suddenly he heard the exultant squealing of the rats. He began to scream insanely but could not drown them out. For a moment he thrashed about hysterically within his narrow prison, and then he was quiet, gasping for air. His eyelids closed, his blackened tongue protruded, and he sank down into the blackness of death with the mad squealing of the rats dinning in his ears. •

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## PAUL HOWARD

Continued from page 35

After three years in the service, Howard had to jump back into civilian life without a rest. He went back to his old pre-war job as a salesman for an oil well pipe manufacturer. He knew that he could sell, but the trouble was, there wasn't too much of a demand for oil well pipe.

Racking his mind for something fresh, Howard turned to one of the oldest forms of self-employment. He began cold-turkey selling, the doorbell variety, as he dispensed kitchen knickknacks from coat pocket to housewife.

"It made a dime here and a quarter there," he says. "I was making enough money from selling oil well pipe to keep us, but we weren't having any cake."

Howard's extra earnings went for special needs for the family, but the day to day, door-to-door huckstering became more depressing.

His 1950 New Year's resolution was to switch to a job more suited to his endurance and patience.

It was about then that Howard remembered that his father had asked him to handle his business for him, the National Scent Company, maker of animal scents, in Chilhowee, Missouri.

Howard says, "The idea wasn't exactly appealing. Dad had been making scents of several animals, such as fox, wolf and coyote, for years, and he wasn't rich. I figured that if I had to spend the day in a cloud of skunk smell, I had to be paid well for it."

Howard took an early vacation and visited his father at Chilhowee, and he found that Paul Howard Sr. was as eager as ever to turn the whole smelly business over to him.

A few days later, he decided to go back

to California with a pocketful of recipes for stinks.

Howard had an idea that he now owned something commercial. Not only that, he was pretty tired of the meager paycheck from selling oil well pipe. Thinking the whole thing over one night back home in his garage, Howard made his big decision to sell pipe in the daytime and make scents at night. He walked back into the kitchen where his wife was washing dishes and said, "Honey, we're in the stink-making business."

The announcement startled her. "We're *what*?" she cried.

"I'm going to start making scents, and you're going to help bottle and package them for me. I think we'll make some money, and we'll use the garage for the plant."

Howard stacked the usual garage dust catchers into a corner and built a few shelves the next evening and started in.

His first batch of stinks was so successfully blended that he was compelled to make the garage as air-tight as possible to protect his neighbors.

The first year was the toughest. He worked eight hours at the pipe company and 10 more in the garage at night. Six hours he reserved for human frailties, like sleeping and eating.

He rarely saw his two sons, and his wife was just about ready to toss in the marital towel.

Then one day he said, "Well, I can finally quit selling that damned oil well pipe."

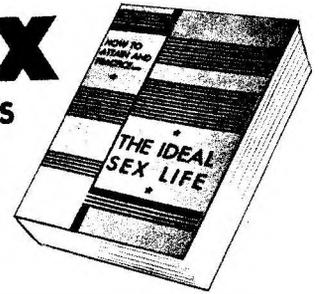
It was well into 1951, and his gross was \$10,000.



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Howard advised the oil well company to get themselves another salesman. He organized his Pacific Coast Scent Co.

He became the butt of more jokes than the first automobile, but Howard laughed all the way to the bank.

The next year he doubled the \$10,000, and he bought a Thunderbird for Dolly. He voted himself a \$200-a-week salary and purchased his own sports car.

Most of the money he made, however, he stuffed back into his stink business. In the next three years, his odoriferous operation expanded from the garage to a new stucco building with 3,000 square feet of floor space.

In 1956, he hired his first employee, Mrs. Lois Raymond, a secretary. How she adapted her sense of smell to handle such eye-watering stinks as skunk, bear, goat, lion and rabbit as well as many others Howard now finds it hard to explain. He credits it to loyalty and to good sinuses.

Howard campaigned that he had the stinkiest stinks this side of the animals from which the original base had been derived. Hunters and housewives believed him all right for he soon had to hire three men to bottle and ship the scents.

In 1957, his gross income from the sale of animal smells and scents for lap dogs was \$300,000. The audit for 1958 will be even better.

Between the coasts, some 5,000 dealers and 150 jobbers handle Howard's goods. His smelly products are distributed throughout sporting good stores and pet shops in the U. S. and Canada, and he still has the mail order business, now a bulky giant that brings him more than 100 order letters per day.

Howard has reduced his working hours to a soft eight a day, and he spends more time with Dolly and the boys. Yet he has taken on the furrowed brow of an executive with the threat of ulcers ever present.

From the dozen formulas his father gave him, he has increased through his own research and experiments a list of 59 different items, all relevant to scents. It is no wonder that at the end of the day he is a little shop-worn.

Hunters want his scents for either trapping, teaching a hunting dog to trail one certain animal or breaking a dog to follow the trail of unwanted game. Housewives buy the lap-dog items from pet shops to keep fido out of the roses and off the davenport. Incidentally, all of these products are absolutely synthetic.

The wildlife scents are big sellers, but the house-dog scents are his big money-makers, and they are purchased the year around, without regard to hunting seasons.

The lap-dog items are skillfully masked behind fancy names like Heat-X, Dog-Wick, Housebreaking Scent, Pet-Vet and Scent Parfum, all representing a bonanza to Howard.

A fluid chemically developed to take a dog's mind off old devil sex, Heat-X is a steady seller, mostly because there will always be lap dogs—and sex.

That this scent performs its duty to

put the freeze on canine love is proven in letters that Howard receives daily from satisfied customers.

Says Howard, "I sell a lot of it. Gallons, in fact."

On a preventive par with Heat-X, Dog-Wick's purpose is just as practical. It is supposed to stop a dog's devilish urge to dash out the front door for the first garbage can or rose bush in sight.

The stuff comes in a little jar, and as the commercial title implies, it is a solution-soaked wick that can be wrapped around the lid of a garbage can, rose bush, etc.

The Housebreaking scent works in reverse to Dog-Wick in that it helps to train a puppy to head straight for the want-ad section of a newspaper instead of the living-room carpet.

One testimonial on the Housebreaking Scent's effectiveness came from a jobber who says that for years his wire-haired terrier had liked a telephone pole near the street corner of his house.

"I doubted the stuff at first," he wrote, "but then I decided to give it a try. I put some on a metal lamp post not 15 feet from a telephone pole that had been a favorite of my dog for years. Do you know he went straight for it?"

It is obvious this scent would be a boon to the fire departments of the world.

Pet-Vet is a product that cures sore feet and bites on dogs with equal speed. Scent Parfum kills fleas and canine B.O.

Yet with Howard's entrance into the world of French poodles and such ilk, he has not forgotten the other phase of his business, that of selling smells of game birds and animals to hunters and trappers who have hound-type, working dogs.

Howard makes smells identical with those projected by wildlife like the fox, bear, lion, rabbit, skunk, mountain goat as well as partridge, quail, grouse, pheasant and duck.

The breaking scents now rendered at the little stink factory are bobcat, deer, opossum, squirrel, fox, rabbit, coyote, raccoon, mink and skunk.

When these scents are properly administered—by keeping a container of solution-soaked cotton around a dog's neck until it gets sick and tired of the smell—it will stop a dog from chasing any one of the animals that carries the natural deposits of the smell.

Howard makes the trailing scents to parallel most of the breaking smells. Say, you had a hound dog that loved to chase rabbits, but you wanted it to trail raccoons.

"If you loaded it with rabbit smell and teased it with 'coon stink," says Howard, "he would make the switch in a matter of hours. Moreover, he would probably never touch rabbit again."

The trapping scents are for the same game, although the category includes beaver and muskrat.

The trapping scents ranked at the bottom of Howard's three types from the dollars-into-the-till standpoint for a long time.

But now they're coming up on Howard's profit graph, and here is why: Some

20 years ago, when the fur market itself was skinned, the trappers slacked off and went into the big cities to work.

This would have put most scent makers on the road to poverty if they had relied principally on trapping scents.

Now, it is a different picture. The dress designers are putting fur like rabbit, fox, raccoon and skunk on dollar-day gowns, and the trappers are back on their trap lines, buying Howard's scents and making things sweet for him from a financial aspect.

The game bird smells are for training bird dogs, and they never have been made with equivalent breaking scents. The reason for this is that it is difficult enough to train a dog to point at birds without trying to break them from it.

That the bird smells are persuasive is depicted in a letter that Howard received not long ago.

A fellow wrote that he had bought a dollar's worth of Howard's quail scent to try out on his beagle. It took a few minutes to train the dog to have a nose for quail. The letter writer elatedly added that he had intended to spend \$1000 to have somebody teach his dog the same thing.

The animal scents are the most pungent. One day Howard's building might exude the brittle sweetness of a bordello, which means he is manufacturing buck or deer scent, or it might wither a man's nostrils with the electrifying tincture of sun-ripened Camembert, which means he is making skunt scent.

Generally, Howard is impervious to the overpowering odors, but on occasion an especially strong mixture will force him to retreat to the fresh air outside the plant.

To the uninitiated, the stinks Howard stirs up are compared to everything from roses to ripe Limburger. But the peculiar thing is that after an odor is inhaled for a while, a man's sense of smell either is immunized or completely dulled, so that what he breathes in isn't at all offensive.

Not long ago, Howard had a real scare. Garden Grove is in Orange County, and two Orange County Air Pollution Control District representatives, who are constantly on the alert for any odors to blame as the cause of the terrible eye- and nose-burning atmosphere called smog, paid him a call.

There was a lingering odor of mountain goat in Howard's plant, but luckily it had dissipated sufficiently to satisfy the investigators enough to keep from closing Howard's "Skunk Works."

Peculiarly, the worst smell he makes is rabbit. It is pulsating odor, springing out of the bottle like a gaseous cobra. Howard's employees agree that rabbit is the leading stink.

Skunk isn't so awful, but mountain goat has a nasal wallop that leaves the smellier a bit wobbly.

Marten, mink and weasel scents make the eyes water; bobcat makes you cough.

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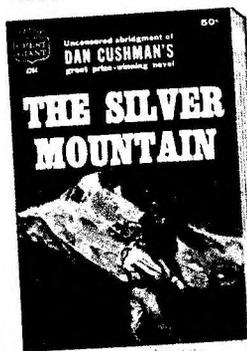
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The one scent that is most pleasant apart from the others is deer or buck scent. It has the sweetness of a jasmine garden. This scent, when applied to the boot soles and a cap of a hunter, has been known to lure a buck, thinking it another deer, right into camp for fun and/or fight.

The bird scents are the only smells of Howard's that aren't pungent or cloying. They're sort of mild, if on the sweet side.

Howard builds small batches of other stinks for which there isn't too much of a demand—boar, mountain sheep and goat, caribou, moose, wolverine, ape and woodchuck.

Because they smell up the place like a gut bucket, he prefers to mix them only in small quantities—and when the wind is from the East, blowing toward the Pacific Ocean to the West.

Howard has equipped his plant with all the facilities for making the scents and putting them into polyethylene squeeze bottles of one-ounce, two-ounce, four-ounce and 16-ounce capacity.

He holds the polyethylene bottles the greatest invention since sour mash.

For a while after World War II when there still was a critical shortage of packing devices, he had his problems.

Howard recalls that one establishment in St. Louis had to close down for three days when a bottle of skunk fragrance was broken. It emptied the joint quicker than a napalm fire.

The scents are bottled from a lidded stainless steel tank that holds 110 gallons at a crack. Sometimes there is enough stink in the vat to rout a Chinese army.

As an animal-scent maker internationally known, Howard gets requests for many scents he won't make. Not unless the price is right.

"I can't experiment and build up a barrel of scent for a guy who only wants to spend a dollar for an ounce," he says, "but for enough money, I will produce any kind of an odor you want."

He leans back in his office swivel chair, draws on a cigarette and adds, "This is a very complicated operation. If someone were to order kangaroo scent, I would naturally have to go to Australia. But I can't traipse all over the world without somebody footing the bill—and then some!"

What Howard means here, in so many words, is that the very base of his animal scents comes from scent glands of skunk, lion, wolf, bear, weasel, etc.—the animals themselves.

Howard maintains his father's farm at Chilhowee. Here, he raises some of the wildlife from which he gets the true musk for his various stinks. But the amount he collects from the farm is far short of the barrels he needs to give authenticity to his bottled smells, however.

So, he maintains an army of trappers and outdoorsmen who harvest the genuine smells. Howard is no exception. He is adventurous. He is zoologically trained to know what glands of animals and game fowl are his true source of supply for realistic reproduction, and where

they are located.

This often finds him the target of suspicious eyes as he tampers to remove fixtures of animals that most guys wouldn't touch with a 10-foot pole.

Howard explains in his replies to out-of-this-world requests for certain animal stinks that it takes the bonafide stink to start with.

He so advised a Tanganyika wild animal trapper who had wanted a jar of rhino phew to catch a calf rhino and its cow.

He sent the same message to another guy down in Venezuela. Seems like he wanted some jaguar stink.

And there have been other screwy inquiries:

"Will you make a stink to keep the rattlesnakes away from my cabin?"

"Can you make a stink that will lure flies into a trap?"

"Will you send me a quart of elephant scent? I am going to Africa to go hunting, and I want to know what they smell like."

"My dog hates porcupines. Can you mail me some porcupine scent to make him stop bothering them? I'm tired of pulling quills out of him."

"Please send me some monkey scent. I want to housebreak my pet chimpanzee."

"I get homesick for my days on the farm. Do you have anything that smells like a cow?"

Howard methodically answers with the explanation that he doubts that the interest in the mentioned stink would remain equal to the price he would charge to produce it.

Now, Howard sells buckets of raccoon and fox scents to hound-dog associations. In fact, the Pacific Coast Scent Co. holds The Certificate of Merit as a supplier approved by the American Hound Association. The scents are used in field trials, which are more or less a means to gamble on a hound's ability to trail.

Howard's plans right now are to increase the number of stinks he presently manufactures, starting this year.

He will appeal first to hunting archers with a stronger deer scent. A figure he saw in a sporting goods sales magazine prompted him to work on this angle. He read that in 1957 the deer kill by archers was 11,000.

He also wants to add turkey to his selection of game fowl smells.

A new fish scent, now being bottled, will hit most sporting goods stores before the full flush of spring. Howard developed the fish smell after entering a store where hundreds of fishing lures, plugs and flies were on display. He claims that one drop of this elixir on a hook does the trick. He predicts he will sell barrels of it.

A hard worker and a prosperous businessman, Howard looks forward to the greatest profit one man ever made off a mess of stinks.

If sometime you should ask him, "How's business, Paul?" and he should reply, "It stinks!" you can bet your last bar of soap the only thing that doesn't is his bank account. •



# WHAT'S THE BEST TIME TO MAKE LOVE?

Continued from page 33

distract the female but not the male.

The desire to rest after a lovemaking act is a physiological need. With the reaching of the climax there is a letdown all over the body, and the sleep thereafter is a profound and satisfying one, made more so when the husband and wife can cling to each other, drifting off to slumber together.

Twice as many men as women preferred the morning hours after sleep and before getting up for work. And more so on Sundays and holidays, when they did not have to get up for some time. They were more relaxed following a good night's rest. The close proximity to their

"Now how can you put a thing like that on a schedule, Doc," protested one man. "Anytime is the best time—when you're in the mood." Another said, "Anytime you can get it. That's the best time."

This seems to have been the opinion of many. It surprised me to note that more women than men agreed to this plan, since it is a known fact that many women are somewhat frigid in their approach.

Though the men would say, "Anytime," without embellishments, the women often insisted upon extras. One told me, "When you are exhilarated, or

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BY Milton Gross

A top sportswriter casts a dubious eye at baseball salaries and tells you that what you read in the papers about the money earned by Williams, Musial and others ain't necessarily so.

In the April CAVALIER

On Sale February 26

wives was stimulating. At night they were tired. A hard day at the office is not conducive to a quick letdown at night, and it took a night's sleep to get them in condition again.

Surprisingly, none of the "morning" men complained of bad breath or lack of glamor on the part of their wives. Nor did the "morning" women complain of lack of shaving on the part of their husbands. Apparently, love transcends all obstacles.

The need to be relaxed and rested was stressed by all. To one man, "No time" was all he would say. This sad sack was tired all the time, felt old, lacked pep, zest and vitality. Enjoyment of a love relationship goes up as tiredness goes down, whether it be morning, noon, or night. Several preferred the afternoon hours because they felt most vital at those times.

after a nice gift, or something nice has happened to you, maybe after a romantic movie, or a party with risque jokes."

This brings us back to the Kinsey researchers, for according to their findings,

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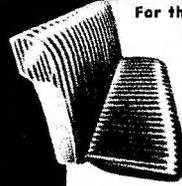
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women are rarely stimulated by the things that stimulate men. It is difficult for most men to comprehend that women are not aroused by seeing men's genitalia, and may even find such a display vulgar, whereas men are stimulated by the sight of nude women.

One of the few sources of psychological stimulation which seemed more significant for women were romantic movies, the so-called "women's pictures" which men so often avoid; also, the reading of romantic literature. The woman who made the preceding statement was different from many other women in one regard, and that was in her arousal by risque stories.

Most men are excited by "dirty pictures," which their wives find disgusting. Often the wife is at a loss to understand why a man who was having satisfactory relations at home should seek additional stimulation by looking at these photos.

Sometimes they are hurt to find that their husbands desire stimulation other than that provided by themselves, and not a few think of it as a kind of infidelity.

Then there are those fussy wives who must have everything just so: their housework done, everything cleaned up and in its place, before considering love in any form. One of my male patients complained that with his wife, "There must be a pink bedspread, the right kind of day, she's had her cup of tea, is relaxed, in the mood, built up to it. Everything has got to be just perfect. I tell her she's no Marlene Dietrich, no Kim Novak, no movie star. And she tells me that all I'm interested in is sex."

When is the best time to make love? When you feel the love of the person, you're not tired, the mood has hit you, and you've got the time. That's the best time to make love. •

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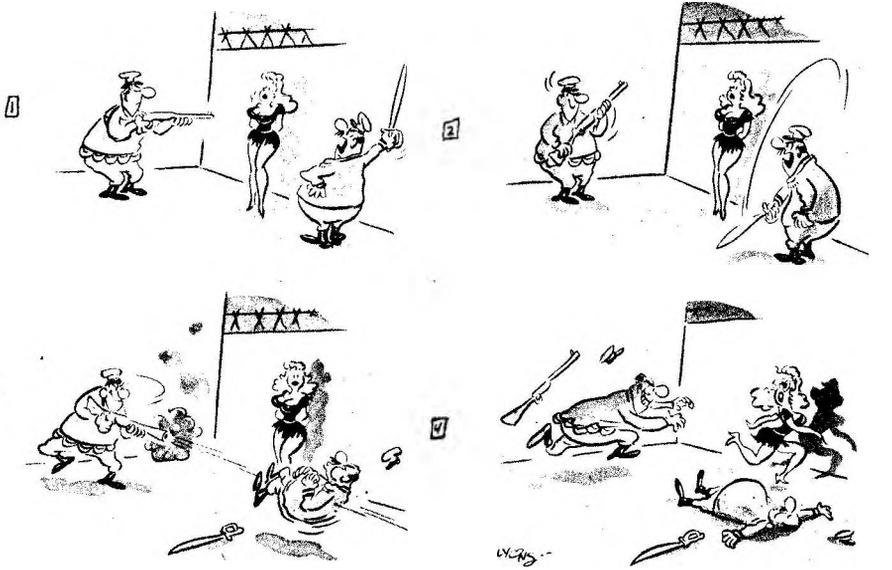
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# THE BLUNDER THE NAVY COULDN'T HIDE

Continued from page 15

and occasionally stars shone through. How peaceful it seemed, with no lights or noise about the deck, with only the sound of the water swishing by the hull, to pass astern in phosphorescent wake. The stage was set for the U.S. Navy's greatest tragedy at sea.

Lt. Cmdr. Kyle C. Moore relieved the gunnery officer, Cmdr. Lipski, on the bridge shortly before midnight. Both experienced watch officers, they exchanged a few words while Moore read the night order book. Capt. McVay had left the bridge just before 11 p.m., and retired to his sea cabin, directly behind the bridge. The moon had not been visible then, though now it was, if only for brief periods. Lipski went down to the wardroom for a final cup of coffee before turning in.

If Cmdr. Moore had had time to count, he might have noted there were thirteen men on the bridge watch, counting himself. But he had no time. Scarcely had he taken the watch when a stunning blow struck the bow. The ship shuddered to the keel, and a giant sheet of flame lit the dark sky forward in a great orange glare. Within three seconds a second great blast erupted, directly beneath the bridge, and the ship seemed to gasp and stagger, even as the men did. And as the twin roar died, for just a fraction of a second there was a strange silence, a fleeting instant when perhaps the soul was escaping from the ship. The time was 12:02 a.m., Monday, July 30, 1945.

Lt. John I. Orr, the OOD, knew instinctively what had happened. He had just come off a torpedoed destroyer, and no one had to tell him the meaning of those awesome thuds against the hull, the blast of the warheads in the Japanese torpedoes. Without hesitation he shouted to the messenger of the watch, "Go below and pass the word, 'All hands topside.'" This was no time for delay.

Casey Moore ran to the splinter shield and peered forward. Already the crackle of flame could be heard, and noxious smoke and fumes were rising from the shattered foredeck. As an experienced damage control officer, he took a most natural action—he hurried to the ladder and scrambled down to have a look. Coxswain Edward H. Keyes, bosun's mate of the watch, picked himself up from the deck and tried the public-address system. It was quite obviously dead. From his sea cabin, Capt. McVay appeared on the bridge, wide awake and stark naked.

He was not alarmed, even when Orr told him he had lost all communication with the engine room. The ship was still on an even keel, and they had saved her once before, at Okinawa, when a kamikaze exploded under the port quarter.

"I will send down word to get out a distress message," said the captain, almost subconsciously, for he realized the implications—no escort vessels and the

nearest help hundreds of miles away. He turned to get his clothes in his cabin, and almost before he returned the vessel had begun to plunge forward and list to starboard.

Following that instant of silence, all manner of noise had broken out about the ship, and all of them were the strange, ominous noises uncommon to a normally steaming vessel. Inside the steel skin of the ship hundreds of men sprang awake. Forward they found themselves engulfed in flame and twisted steel, darkness and dangling wires, burst pipes and sloshing oil and water. From then on it was a fight for the open deck, for clearly only death lurked down below. And it had already claimed many. The quarters of the Marines and stewards' mates in the forepeak were torn from the ship in the first blast. Farther aft officers' quarters, sick bay and the wardroom erupted into flame and soon the decks and bulkheads glowed cherry red in the darkness. And far astern, in the only partly safe haven, those still alive gathered on the fantail, waiting for the voice that never spoke.

The bridge voice was dead because all power was gone amidships. The second torpedo, blasting through below the armor belt, had devastated Central, the forward fire room and engine room. Besides the fire and blast damage, the ship was gulping water forward from the jaggedly torn-off bow and amidships through a great hole in the side. She couldn't last long.

Casey Moore grasped this quickly on his first trip below. For a few minutes he helped men grappling to close watertight doors, but the bulkheads were twisted and there was no stemming the water forcing in through a hundred rents. He returned to the bridge and told the captain "most of the forward compartments are flooding fast."

"Do you want to abandon ship," he asked.

"No. Our list is slight and I think we can hold her," McVay replied. "Go below and check again."

Moore left the bridge, and was never seen again.

Others were coming to the bridge fast now, and one after another McVay sent them off to the radio shack. The list was

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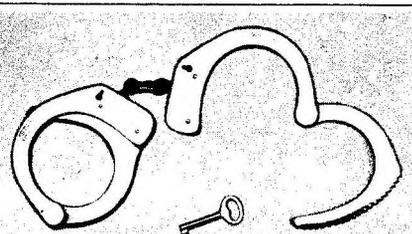
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steadily increasing; it was imperative that word get out.

Captain Crouch clambered up to the bridge, received a life jacket from McVay, and disappeared. That was the bitter end of him and a leisurely passage to Leyte which was usually so much better than flying.

Joe Flynn reached the bridge.

"We're badly damaged, Charlie," said the exec. "I think we are finished. I recommend we abandon ship."

Cmdr. Flynn's experience and judgment weighed heavily with the Captain, and the old ship was far over to starboard now.

"Okay, pass the word to abandon ship," McVay said. Flynn left the bridge.

There was only one thing remaining to be done: it must be certain that the distress message had gotten off. None of his messengers had returned from Radio I, so the captain decided to go himself. It was vital that that message get off.

But even as he put his foot on the ladder, the *Indianapolis* went full over on her starboard beam, with great crashings and rumblings within, as bulkheads burst, furniture and machinery crashed. The 10,000-ton giant was in her last wallow.

Captain McVay scrambled somehow across the now horizontal bulkheads, with here and there a helping hand, and soon stood upright on the port side. With hundreds of other men he walked down the sloping hull, across the red bottom nearly to the keel. And there the sea took them all. As the head sank the stern rose and for a moment the ship stood straight up, several hundred feet towering above the frightened men. But she went down straight and clean, and fast, heading for the bottom, more than 10,000 feet below. It was now 12:14 a.m., just 12 minutes from the first blast.

Perhaps the 900 men escaped from the ship, although "escaped" may be the wrong word. Few would understand the true magnitude of their position as fully as Captain McVay—almost certainly no distress message got off, it was 600 miles east to Guam, 600 miles west to Leyte, 250 miles south to the nearest of the Palau Islands, and to the north, nothing for a thousand miles.

But first thoughts were not for that. First thoughts were to get out of this choking oil, reach a raft, debris, a rope, anything to cling to. There in the darkness each man fought his own battle. Neither of the motor whaleboats got out of their chocks that night, and only a few rafts and floater nets floated free.

Chance quickly divided the men into two classes—the swimmers, those with life jackets or nothing, and the rafters, the few lucky enough to find a raft nearby in the darkness. And the sea quickly separated the two groups, with wind and current carrying the rafters steadily off to the north. By dawn Monday the swimmers were in several large groups at the southern end of the huge oil slick, and in "command" of the largest of these—perhaps 300 men—was Lew Haynes. Lt. Cmdr. Lewis L. Haynes, the ship's medical officer, took over by reason of his rank, his personality, and his medical skills. Badly burned himself about the

hands, he nevertheless set about organizing the men for what they thought, or hoped, would be a short struggle. The Guam-Leyte track was well-traveled by ships and planes. Surely someone would come looking for them soon.

Haynes became a swimming coroner, moving about in the group to determine which men were already dead in their jackets, so the vital kapoks could be salvaged for those who still needed them. Spirits were fairly high as the sun rose, but many men were in bad shape from burns, broken limbs, and fuel oil. It seared the eyes and nasal passages, and many men had swallowed it and were weak from vomiting. Cmdr. Lipski, horribly burned, and the chaplain, Father Tom Conway, were in this group, but Lipski was already far gone.

Before the sun got high, the men chattered about rescue—they were sure it would come—and about distress messages—they were sure (well, they hoped) it had gotten off. But as the sun rose, talk died down, for the sun beat on the blanket of fuel oil, blinding the men. The heat was stifling on this tropic sea, and dehydration was beginning to plague the men, especially those dried out by fits of vomiting.

Off to the north the rafters were in somewhat better position. Dawn found Dick Redmayne, the engineering officer, in charge of 120 men, including eight to ten officers, and three rafts, one floater net, some ammunition cans and other debris. Those who could, got on the rafts, and those who couldn't hung on as best they could, waiting for a chance to get aboard.

Ensign Ross Rogers, Jr., only two weeks at sea, was commander of four rafts with only 19 men aboard, and farthest off to the north was Captain McVay, his command dwindled to three rafts and nine men. This distribution, decreed by blind chance, disturbed and embarrassed McVay. He knew nothing of the huge groups of swimmers off to the south, and as he surveyed the few rafts and men around him he thought, "It might have been better if I had gone with the others."

But he put away this thought, and began to organize the only command left to him. His watch was still running, there was some food and fishing gear aboard, and, best of all, some cans of Very flares. If planes passed over—and they were bound to—they could signal to them.

For the swimmers, Monday was a day of hope. The dead, beyond help, were consigned to the deep, and among the living those without injury began to help the wounded and burned. Among these, Cmdr. Lipski was in very bad shape. In late afternoon Monday, nearly incoherent and blind, he gasped out to Doc Haynes "I'm going now Lew." They took off his life jacket, and he slipped beneath the water.

Shortly after noon Monday the first plane, a twin-engine bomber, flew directly over them, and two hours later another passed, far off to the south. About ten o'clock that night, a plane showing running lights droned by overhead, and flares went up from several rafts. But

there were no signs of recognition.

"Oh, they saw us all right," some men said. "They radioed in and pretty soon somebody'll come back for us." Even the men who said it, hardly believed it. Hope began to sink with the sun. It was fortunate that they could not know what was really happening—or not happening—at Leyte and Guam.

Leyte, where MacArthur returned to the Philippines, was now a rear area—busy, important, but definitely rear area, for the war had moved far off to the north, beyond Iwo Jima and Okinawa to the shores of Japan's home islands. The Philippine Sea Frontier (PSF for short), headquartered at the little town of Tolosa, on the eastern shore of Leyte, was responsible for "housekeeping" over a vast area including the Philippines and stretching westward nearly to Indo-China.

PSF, commanded at this time by Commodore Norman C. Gillette, was a service command, charged with convoy movements, ship repair, supplies, anti-submarine patrol and a thousand other support activities. It had no command or control over combatant vessels—the fighting fleet. Those were the domain of Seventh Fleet at Manila, or Fifth Fleet at Guam. PSF, when advised, did maintain a plot of fighting ships moving in its area. But often it knew nothing of these movements.

PSF did receive a copy of the *Indianapolis'* departure dispatch from Guam, and a routine plot was set up on the operations board. The same thing was done at Guam, and each day junior officers dutifully moved the plot along on their boards to the supposed position of the Fifth Fleet flagship. On Tuesday, the plot was erased from each board. The *Indianapolis* had arrived at Leyte—or,

that is, she was "assumed" to have arrived.

That was the procedure in effect, and it was done every day. It had worked every other time, and this case was no different from any other. Or was it?

At Tacloban, provincial capital of Leyte 20 miles north of PSF headquarters, was the subordinate command, NOB Leyte Gulf. This naval operating base had charge of all local movements in the huge Leyte Gulf Area. When the Port Director's office received the *Indianapolis* departure dispatch from Guam, Lt. Stuart B. Gibson, the operations officer, posted it for any who might care to see. It did not really mean the *Indianapolis* would arrive Tuesday noon, though that's what it said. It meant she would arrive unless diverted by higher authority, which happened often.

In any event, there was nothing for the Port Director's office to do. Orders then in effect said clearly: "Arrival reports shall not be made for combatant ships." The fighting fleet moved on its own, far outside the ken of a mere Port Director's office. So when Tuesday noon came, everybody did as usual. went to chow.

At Guam there had been something a little out of the ordinary. Early Monday morning an enemy dispatch was intercepted. A Japanese sub reported to its home base that it had sunk a "battleship of Idaho class" in the predicted position of the *Indianapolis*. CINCPAC Intelligence easily decoded the message and evaluated it. Decision: Another wild Japanese claim. Forget it! Everybody promptly did just that.

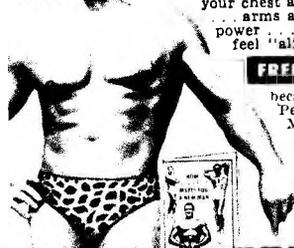
After the sun set Monday, the men in the water began to wish for it to come back. The tropic sea and air became incredibly cold, but worst of all, you couldn't see, or be seen. And what you

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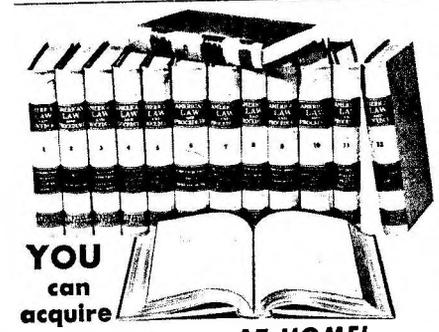
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couldn't see was terrifying.

There were many enemies. Sun by day, cold by night, water always, with the waves breaking over their heads relentlessly. And then there were the sharks. They appeared the first day, their presence announced by a scream, and a head bobbing under the water, followed by blood welling to the surface. Only then was the frightening dorsal fin noticed, cutting among the groups and waiting just outside.

Hunger and thirst there was, too, and worst of all—fear. Fear of being alone, fear of falling asleep, fear of going under when no one was watching. And later on, even more subtle fears—fear of having your life jacket stolen, snatched right off your body in the night. Fear of not being able to get out of it. More than one man was dragged slowly and inexorably under, unable to undo the knots as the kapok became waterlogged and the "life" jacket slowly sank, with him in it.

Tuesday there were men still alive, and they thought, "We'll be missed at Leyte at noon, and they'll come after us." Those still alive Tuesday night discarded that thought. They were a grim and desperate bunch now, and it was every man for himself. The hell with Guam, the hell with Leyte, the hell with you. It's me first. And there was fighting that night on the lines and the rafts. Knives flashed, and there were groans, and one man no longer needed his life jacket and another had it.

"Japs on the line," some men screamed, and lashed out at anyone near. This was the last extremity, and it was every man for himself. But it wasn't, really, and by Wednesday those still left had passed into another world—the dream world. After all the fears and the horrors of the first two days and nights, Wednesday was a delightful day.

Islands began to appear, planes flew over in droves, ships were bearing down on them, and, best of all, the Indianapolis hadn't really sunk. She was lying just below the surface, ice cold water flowing freely from the scuttlebutts, the gedunk stand open and selling a dozen different flavors, nice dry bunks for the men who were tired, so tired.

"Come on, let's swim over to the island," some said. "No, we're going below for ice cream," others replied.

"The hell with that," one Marine said, "I'm swimming to Leyte." And off he went.

It was pitiful, Doc Haynes and some of the others were too weak to stop them now. When they dove down, they never came up. When they swam off, they never came back. It couldn't be long now and there'd be none left. There was only one stage left—torpor: the torpor that precedes death.

Men began developing their own little worlds, fantasy worlds, to give them something to cling to when the going really got bad. Yeoman Second Class Victor R. Buckett developed a fruit store, with a friendly proprietor, who told him to help himself. Throughout the last two days, Buckett was sustained by watermelons, which he "ate" whenever the sun and the thirst drove him nearly out of his head.

Radarman 3/c Harold J. Schecterle had something more material to cling to—a gallon can of lard—and as the terrible hours went by he used the top for a heliograph to signal planes (vainly), the can as a float, and the contents for food. Later, in a safe hospital bed, he figured he had eaten about a pound and a half of lard, while sharing it with those who would join him. Meantime, his group shrank from 86 the first day to exactly 11 at the end. The sea took most of them, but sharks got at least 10.

Seaman first class Daniel F. Spencer had had about all he could take by Wednesday morning. He told his mates around him he was going to drink some salt water and get it over with. What's the use of hanging on like this? But as he opened his mouth to gulp his death, a big movie screen flashed in front of him. On it were his wife and kids, clear as day, and they were reading a telegram with the fateful words "missing in action." Spencer was so shocked he snapped his mouth shut, without drinking, and resolved to try once more.

"I couldn't give up with them waiting for me."

It is not possible to say how so many men lasted, but they did, and there were still men alive on Thursday morning. Father Conway was not one of them. The young parish priest from Buffalo died in the night, in a final wild paroxysm of dementia that nearly dragged Doc Haynes under.

There were no complaints when the broiling sun rose higher Thursday morning. There were no complaints about that or anything else. There was no strength left to care about anything. Just before noon a plane appeared from the south, but the men paid no attention to it. They'd been through all that before. He'd just go over like the rest. But wait, he wasn't! Here and there a groggy head rose from the water, and eyes baked nearly shut squinted up.

"He sees us," someone shouted, and more men roused. "He's turning, he's turning. They're coming, they're coming." Some men said nothing, nor even looked up. They were moribund in the hour of rescue.

Three and one-half days it had been; 84 hours. Eighty-four hours alone in that wretched sea, and finally someone came looking for us.

They couldn't know, of course, that this plane hadn't been looking for them. When he found them, it was an accident! But for that, given a few more hours—maybe nobody would have been left.

Lt. Wilbur C. Gwinn, out of Peleliu, was in command of that Ventura. He was on routine anti-submarine patrol and when he saw that oil slick he thought, "At last, a little action." He ordered the bomb bay doors opened and took the plane in on a bomb run.

But wait, there are heads in that slick. Drop the raft, not the bombs. The crew threw over everything they had, including their own life jackets, then they took the plane up again to send to Peleliu.

"Sighted 30 men in water, position 11:30N, 133:30E," he radioed. And a few minutes later he keyed off another message—150 men now.

Back at Peleliu, as these and subse-

quent messages crackled in, there was disbelief at first. Even if it was a Jap submarine, there couldn't be 150 men in the water. Nonetheless, the magnitude of the situation was gradually borne in on them, and Rear Admiral Elliott Buckmaster was summoned. Every plane in the area was ordered to the scene, and vessels were summoned from the far reaches of his command.

First plane off the Peleliu airstrip was Lt. Cmdr. George C. Atteberry in another Ventura, followed closely by Lt. R. Adrian Marks in a lumbering PBV. But the PBV was loaded with survival gear. The Ventura, far faster than the PBV, streaked on ahead, but as Marks passed the north end of Babelthuap he saw a DE heading back for Peleliu.

The DE rang him up on voice radio, asking what was up. Marks filled him in and the DE, without waiting for orders, swung around and headed north. It was the Cecil J. Doyle (DDE 368), commanded by Lt. W. Graham Claytor, Jr., destined to be the first vessel to reach the scene. But that would be at least 8 hours later.

In the oil slick, exhausted men summoned strength from somewhere and swam after the help being rained on them from above. After Gwinn's drop, a PBM en route from Guam to Leyte happened by, dropped three life rafts, sent a hot dispatch to Guam and continued on. Atteberry arrived with another load of survival gear and relieved Gwinn, whose Ventura was running low on fuel. Marks was next in, with his truck-load of inflatable rafts, life jackets, nets, water casks and first aid kits, which he distributed around the perimeter of the pitiful band of swimmers.

When a rescue plane dropped a three-man raft, 15 men climbed in it and Dan Spencer undertook to catch their dinner. As he stood in the boiling sun, naked as a poached egg, he twirled the raft's fishing line over his head and cast. The line snagged and the Illinois farm boy hooked

into his buttock.

"I'm hooked, I'm hooked," he screamed.

Delirious men roused in the raft and numbed, "Pull him in, pull him in, we're hungry."

And out in the water men who had beaten everything else nearly drowned with laughter.

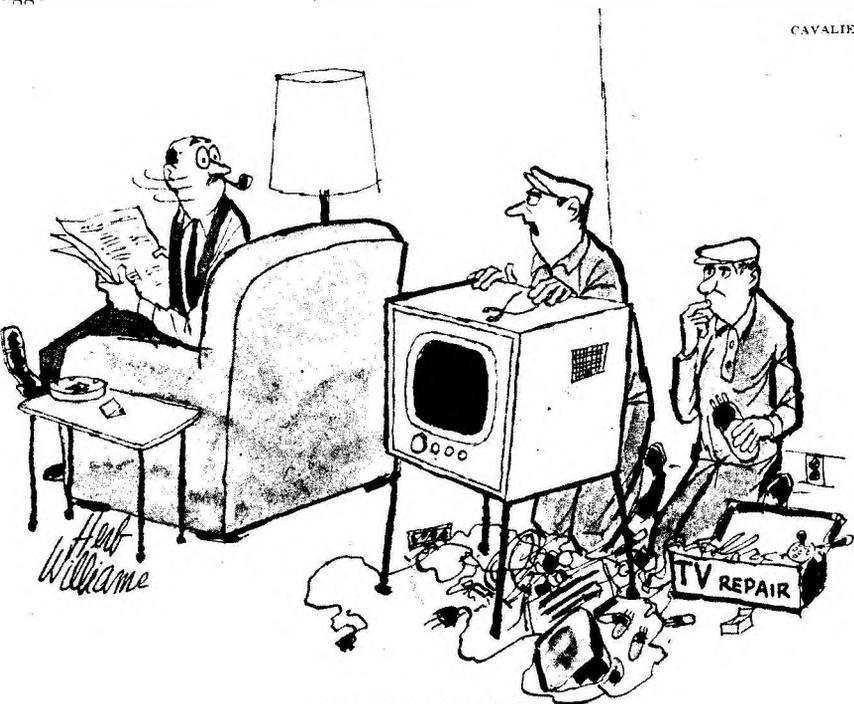
But the sun was waning; soon it would be dark and no ship could reach the scene before midnight. Marks decided to land, offering his plane as an island of refuge in this landless ocean. It was a hazardous undertaking, with the ground swell running 12 to 15 feet high, but with men dying hourly below him, there was nothing else he could do. Coming in low and slow, he put the huge plane into a power stall, hit the sea with three mighty bounces and settled safely on the water. Strangled cheers went up from nearby swimmers.

Taxiing slowly about as night fell, Marks' crew gaffed 56 men from the sea until the plane staggered to a halt. Men were jammed inside and sprawled over the high wing—there was no place left to put them. The crew clambered among this tangle of exhausted men and quickly used the 16 gallons of water aboard slaking their monumental thirst.

One other plane landed that day, just at sunset; an Army PBV of the 4th Emergency Rescue Squadron based on Peleliu. In the failing light he picked up only one man—an isolated miracle for one of God's people.

Planes poured in now from Peleliu, dropped anything floatable they could scrounge from the island in their rush to get off, and three B-17's passed over from Samar, their bellies disgorging the stuff of life for desperate men below.

From Peleliu, Ulithi and Leyte, now fully aroused, surface vessels were converging at flank speed on this suffering oil slick in mid-ocean. None knew what to expect, except hundreds of men in extreme need, as they raced in from east,



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west and south. Claytor ordered his lights on at 9 P.M., and trained one 24-inch searchlight straight up—a shaft of hope in the night—and the other beamed forward to avoid running down the men he came to help.

Shortly before midnight, the Doyle was among them and took a radar heading straight for Marks' PBY. The motor whaleboat quickly crossed and returned to the Doyle with a load of survivors. As strong arms pulled them aboard from the heaving boat alongside, the Doyle men asked "Who are you, who are you?" And the reply came back, "We're from the Indianapolis."

Dr. Haynes made his way straight to the bridge and told Claytor "This is all that is left of the Indianapolis. We have been in the water four days."

Marks had known the potent secret since afternoon, of course, when he picked up his first survivors. But he had no secret code books aboard the plane, and he dared not put the message on the air plain. So it fell to Claytor to relay the stunning news to Guam.

He ordered his communications officer to code and send to Guam: "We are picking up survivors of USS Indianapolis, torpedoed and sunk Sunday night. Urgently request surface and air assistance." Tagged "top secret and urgent," Guam cleared the air and took in the message. The reaction at CINCPAC is not recorded, but it must have been staggering.

Curiosity at the western end was no less intense. Lt. Cmdr. Harold J. Theriault, racing in from the west in the APD Bassett, was under orders from PSF to inform Commodore Gillette at the earliest possible moment what ship the survivors were from and the cause of sinking. He arrived on the scene shortly after 1 a.m. and at 1:53 a.m. sent this rocking message: "USS Bassett sends. Survivors from USS Indianapolis, torpedoed July 29. Continuing to pick up survivors. Many badly injured." "Shorty" Gillette, roused from bed, was astounded. To both Guam and Leyte the implications were instantly apparent—Admiral Spruance's flagship was being sunk and no one had known it for four days!

Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz and a few other very high officers around him knew another facet of intelligence they had not disclosed—one week before, on Thursday, July 26, the Indianapolis had delivered at Tinian, a few miles north of Guam, the vital Uranium 235 for the Hiroshima atomic bomb. That had been the reason for her secret speed dash from San Francisco to Tinian. At the time, no more Uranium 235 was available from the giant plant at Oak Ridge, just coming into production. Had the Indianapolis been sunk before she reached Tinian, instead of just after—who can say what the course of the war might have been?

But the mere fact of her sinking, and the Navy's ignorance of the catastrophe for four full days—that alone was enough to cope with at the moment. In nearly four years of history's greatest war, nothing remotely like this had occurred. Obviously, there was a vast task of explanation ahead. How could this thing have happened, who was responsible,

how could a recurrence be prevented?

Now that the entire area was aroused, rescue went forward smoothly. From midnight Thursday on, vessels arrived on the scene until by dawn Friday five were on the scene. Cmdr. Donald W. Todd in the destroyer Madison, which had arrived at 32 knots from Ulithi, took over as SOPA (senior officer present afloat), and in daylight coordinated the night's haphazard search. Most of the swimmers were out of the water by then, but at 10:20 a.m. the Ringness came on three rafts and 9 men at the northern rim of the search area. Lt. Cmdr. William C. Meyer welcomed aboard his ship none other than Captain Charles Butler McVay III, sunburned but strong.

In a noontime count by TBS, Cmdr. Todd found 320 men had been picked from the water. At 6 a.m., Cmdr. Theriault had left the area bound westward for Samar, with 151 survivors aboard, the largest number rescued by any ship. Vessels still present had 169 more aboard, and the Doyle departed immediately southward for Peleliu with 93 men. These included the 56 taken from Marks' PBY, which had then been sunk by gunfire. Frantic men clambering aboard had kicked holes in the fuselage and wings, and it was obvious she could never take off again. During the afternoon, the register and the Ringness took off for Peleliu, the former with 37 survivors and the latter with 39.

There was nothing else to be done but recover bodies from the water, and destroy all debris. Where possible, bodies were identified by dog tags, scars, jewelry, tattoos or dental work, and then they were committed to the deep, weighted down with shell cases or other heavy objects. In all, 88 bodies showed evidence of attacks by sharks. Of those taken alive from the water, two died in the hospital on Samar, and two on Peleliu. The final death toll was 880 men, by far the largest single catastrophe at sea in the history of the U.S. Navy. Only 316 survived from the 1,196 men aboard.

Even before the rescue was completed, the Navy swung into action to find out what had happened and why. Vice Adm. Charles A. Lockwood, Jr., commander of Pacific submarines, was named president of a Court of Inquiry and the first session was ordered Aug. 9, 1945, at Guam. But that date was not met; events were rushing on too fast. The atom bomb obliterated Hiroshima on Monday, Aug. 6. Russia entered the war against Japan on Wednesday. Nagasaki was atom-blasted on Thursday, and on Friday morning word came through that Japan was ready to surrender.

In this supercharged atmosphere, the Court finally convened on Monday, Aug. 13, ignored the end of the war the next day, and stayed in secret session until Aug. 20. Besides survivors, the Court heard officers from Guam, Leyte and Peleliu. Their testimony will probably never be made public, but one immediate result of the Court is known. On Aug. 25 an order went out to all Pacific commands: Any ship traveling alone shall be reported when 8 hours overdue. No longer would port directors be ordered not to report arrivals of combatant ships,

and no longer would they be "assumed" to have arrived at intended destination.

Meantime, the Navy had to break the news at home. It chose to do so exactly one hour after President Truman announced the end of the war. Communique No. 622 said merely: "The USS Indianapolis has been lost in the Philippine Sea as the result of enemy action. The next of kin of casualties have been notified."

They had indeed, with nearly 900 "missing in action" telegrams, many arriving at homes across the nation on V-J Day. And the newspapers carrying the screaming headlines "War Ends" also had long accounts of the Indianapolis saga, now released from censorship. There was no clear account, of course, of why the men had been required to battle the sea four days. The Navy scarcely knew yet, and certainly Captain McVay and the survivors did not know what had gone wrong when they told their stories to newsmen at Peleliu and Guam. That story never really did come out, until now.

At home the storm rose slowly, but steadily, and it became obvious within the Navy that some action had to be taken. In late November it was announced that Captain McVay would be court-martialed on two charges: Failure to zigzag, and failure to give timely warning to abandon ship. This action was without precedent. Though the Navy had lost over 400 vessels during the war, no other commanding officer had been court-martialed. Reaction was quick, and the question was asked in many forms: Why try McVay when he had nothing to do with death of over 500 men in the water, vainly waiting rescue by a Navy that didn't even know the flagship was missing?

Nonetheless, court convened in Washington on a raw, damp Monday morning, Dec. 3. Special spectator stands were crowded as Captain McVay entered the court room, his wife at his side. It was a bitter pill for McVay, whose father, Admiral Charles B. McVay, Jr., once Commander-in-Chief, Asiatic Fleet, had commanded this very Washington Navy Yard. Now his son was on trial here.

Court droned on daily, and the audience dropped steadily. No testimony was allowed of events in the water, the rescue, or the Court of Inquiry. It was a prosaic recital of a sinking, and some 800 or 900 men getting safely off the ship. Prosaic, that is, until Dec. 8, when the Navy announced it was bringing in Cmdr. Mochitsura Hashimoto, a virtual prisoner of war, to testify against McVay. A nation only now learning the true perfidy of Pearl Harbor and full degradation of Japanese atrocities was profoundly shocked. That a Japanese submarine commander should give evidence against a high officer of a victorious nation was strong medicine, and the Navy heard about it immediately—from Congressmen, from civilians and from veterans leaders. But the trial went on.

Hashimoto was called to the stand Thursday morning, Dec. 13. He emerged from the witness room in ill-fitting civilian clothes, looking small and properly impassive, if not a little dazed, but

by no means servile. He was a career officer of the Japanese Navy, a family man with three sons, and proud of his personal and professional conduct. He had participated in no Japanese atrocities, nor did he condone them, and he kowtowed to no man. Furthermore, he had scored one of the biggest single Japanese successes of the war—alone and unaided he had sunk the flagship of the Fifth Fleet, the USS Indianapolis.

Over strident objection by Captain McVay, the court agreed to allow Cmdr. Hashimoto to testify after he was given the oath contained in Naval Courts and Boards and the Japanese civil oath. The latter was entered in the records in both Japanese and English, being translated "I swear to tell the truth, neither adding thereto nor concealing any matter whatsoever." Hashimoto brushed his signature in Japanese calligraphy and took the stand. The courtroom, crowded with 150 spectators, biggest audience of the trial, fell hushed.

In sum, his testimony was brief and unspectacular. He had been nearly four years at sea and hadn't found the hunting good. On the night of July 29, 1945, now in command of a big new boat, the I-58, he surfaced in the Philippine Sea to vent his boat. As he reached the open deck the navigator spied a dark object on the horizon, limned by a fitful moon. The boat immediately dived, and through the periscope watched the object approach on collision course, growing larger every moment. The target, not zigzagging, was making about 15 knots.

The vessel, large enough to be a battleship, was in the sights for 27 minutes, and at 1,500 yards the I-58 launched a full spread of six torpedoes. At that range, they couldn't miss. Hashimoto watched breathlessly, and at the predicted instant a huge orange plume of flame shot up from the target, followed quickly by a second and, he maintained, a third. Without waiting longer, Hashimoto took the I-58 down for reloading. When he surfaced an hour later, seeking evidence of his kill, he found nothing. Clearly the ship could not have escaped so he must have surfaced some distance from the kill. Fearing detection, he made off to the north and during the early morning hours encoded and dispatched the radio report which CINCPAC intercepted, evaluated and discarded.

The Japanese was questioned closely on the subject of zigzagging, and whether it would have made any difference in this case. Summarized, his answers were that it would not. After 50 minutes on the stand, he made a low bow to the court and exited, a Marine guard at his side.

Testimony continued, day after day, survivors testifying in total that Captain McVay was a competent skipper, the ship was darkened and watertight integrity was maintained as well as conditions allowed. The principal outside testimony was on zigzagging, and its value, and here the most cogent testimony came from a salty little Texan, Captain Glynn R. Donaho, a sub commander with the amazing record of 28 Japanese ships to his credit. He had won the Navy Cross four times, the Silver Star twice and the Bronze Star twice. The prosecution ham-

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mered away at him, but there was no shaking Donaho—zigzagging would have made no difference in this case.

The final witness was Captain McVay, who took the stand on Dec. 18. He stood by his watch officers (none from the last watch survived) as fully competent men who would not have hesitated to order zigzagging resumed had they felt it necessary after he retired. In 90 minutes Captain McVay stepped down, and the court adjourned at 11:43 a.m.

Two hours later court reopened and McVay stood before the bench. He was informed that he had been acquitted of the charge of failing to give timely orders to abandon ship. He turned and left the court, knowing full well what that meant—he had been convicted of hazarding his ship by failure to zigzag. It only remained now for the case to go through the usual review, and eventually his sentence would be announced. Whatever it was, he was through. A career officer cannot stand a conviction like that and still hope for advance in the service.

What he did not know was that the court appended, and all seven members signed, this statement:

"In consideration of the outstanding previous record of the accused, and our belief that no other commanding officer who lost his ship as a result of enemy action has been subjected to a court-martial, we strongly recommend Charles B. McVay III, captain, U. S. Navy, to the clemency of the reviewing authority."

The verdict was not well received. People could not see what failure to zigzag might have to do with the Navy allowing men to struggle unaided in the water for four days without even knowing a capital ship had been lost. The press said as much, and bereaved kin of lost sailors continued to write the Navy, asking when "the real culprits" would be brought up on charges. The storm boiled within the Pentagon, and even Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal took a hand.

Finally, newsmen were summoned to a press conference on Saturday morning, Feb. 22, 1946. Fleet Admiral Nimitz, now Chief of Naval Operations, presided, flanked by his deputy, Vice Adm. Forrest P. Sherman and Vice Adm. Louis E. Denfeld, Chief of Naval Personnel. Nimitz read a short statement that Secretary Forrestal, on reviewing the court-martial, "has remitted the sentence of Captain McVay in its entirety, releasing him from arrest and restoring him to duty."

This had been expected, but the Navy also handed out a 4,500-word document entitled "Narrative of the Circumstances of the Loss of the USS *Indianapolis*." Here was the full story at last—or was it? A task force headed by the Navy's ace public relations man, Rear Adm. Harold B. (Min) Miller, had put the document together with great care, and it recorded quite clearly that four officers on Leyte, two Regulars and two reserves, had been responsible for this greatest snafu in Navy history. They had been reprimanded, the Narrative said, and press and radio quickly drew the inference—these were "the real culprits." The Sunday papers were full of it, and the radio blared it from coast to coast. It was a one day sensation, neatly tying up a complex problem and giving the public four easily-identified villains.

#### PHOTO CREDITS:

Pgs. 10-11, Neb. State Historical Society; 14, U.S. Navy (2); 20, UPI, 22, UPI, 23 top, Topix bottom, Wide World (2); 34-35, Bill Homan.

But what of these villains—Commodore "Shorty" Gillette, his chief of staff at PSF, Capt. Alfred N. Granum, and the two reserves, Lt. Cmdr. Jules C. Sancho, acting Port Director at Tacloban, and Lt. Gibson, his operations officer? No one had warned them of the public condemnation to be heaped upon them. Gillette and Granum, being in the inner circles, had been tipped by telephone the previous afternoon that Letters of Reprimand were being issued to them. Sancho and Gibson had been told nothing. When the newsmen found them, only Gillette was ready. He rapped out a statement denying any fault or blame in the *Indianapolis* debacle, adding:

"I base this statement upon directives and orders existing at the time."

His disclaimer, equally applicable to all four, was buried under the avalanche of the full-dress press conference and the Narrative: The public made its judgment, filed it and forgot it. For them, the case was closed.

But not for the two Regulars, Gillette and Granum. They immediately began a counterfire within the Navy. It raged all summer behind the scenes, with powerful brass on either side, and finally wound up, again, on Secretary Forrestal's desk. There was no press conference this time. On Dec. 9, 1946, he quietly signed four identical letters, one each for Gillette, Granum, Sancho and Gibson.

It said simply that "careful reconsideration convinces me that the disciplinary action heretofore taken in your case was more severe than the circumstances warranted. Consequently (that action) is hereby withdrawn."

Net score—no villains left anywhere. Who was to blame? Whatever brings together a set of circumstances, natural and human, as perfect as this one. Had any one of a dozen circumstances been altered, this tragedy could never have happened—but it did! •

(Author Newcomb also has written a book on the *Indianapolis* titled "Abandon Ship," and published by Henry Holt & Co.—Ed.)

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