

This Week

MAGAZINE

Minneapolis Sunday Tribune

Beginning In This Issue:

"Mutiny In Paradise"

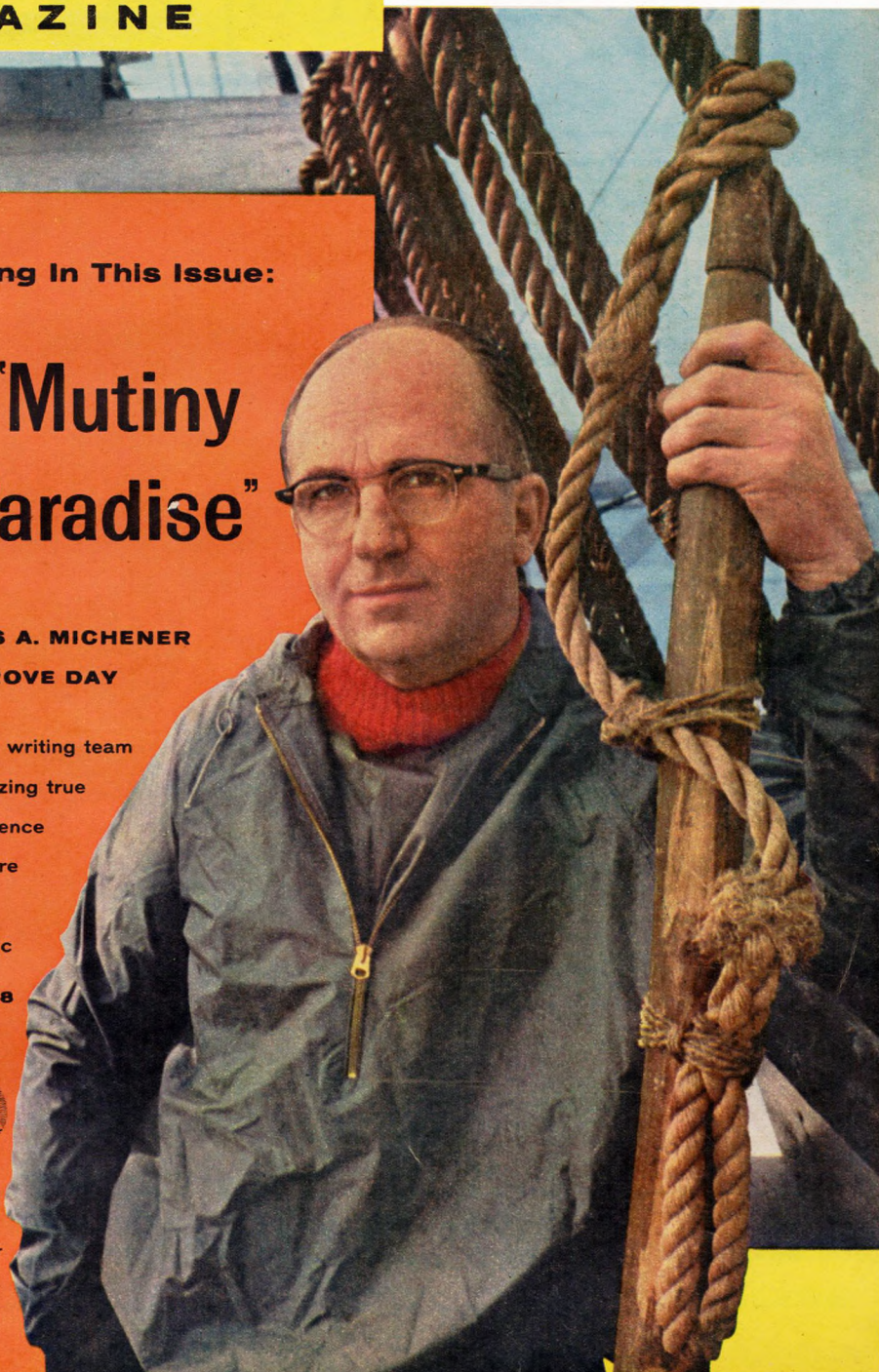
By **JAMES A. MICHENER**
and **A. GROVE DAY**

A great new writing team
tells an amazing true
story of violence
and adventure
in the
South Pacific

—PAGE 8



James A. Michener
aboard the
last wooden whaler
at Marine
Historical Museum
in Mystic, Conn.



The Faith of A Queen

A disaster brought these heroic words from Frederika of Greece. Think about them — they can help you, too

Queen Frederika had just returned with King Paul from an inspection tour of the little Greek island of Santorini, where an earthquake had left death and destruction. I, a visitor to Athens, asked her to tell me the greatest truth she had learned from life.

Her answer came promptly in lines from Walt Whitman. Without doubt she had held these lines close during the visit on Santorini and so they were fresh in her mind; it wasn't the first time she had had need of the truth they express:

*"From imperfection's murkiest cloud,
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light,
One flash of heaven's glory."*

For one so young — she was only 40 on her last birthday — she has lived through a number of shockingly tragic years. When she and King Paul came to the throne in the spring of 1947, Greece was in the throes of civil war. Before it ended, Frederika had seen 20,000 children made homeless and, in many instances, also motherless and fatherless; another 28,000 kidnaped and whisked behind the Iron Curtain; thousands more dead of cold and starvation.

While the war was still raging, and frequently since, she has traveled on donkey back to the rugged mountain sections of Greece where the suffering was greatest to set up "Children's Villages" and to put heart into the people. Weeping mothers have clung to her; broken, old-before-their-time fathers have wrung her hand and lonely children rushed into her arms.

Knowing these facts, I wasn't surprised when she answered my question by quoting the lines from Whitman.

And then she added, in explanation, these simple words:

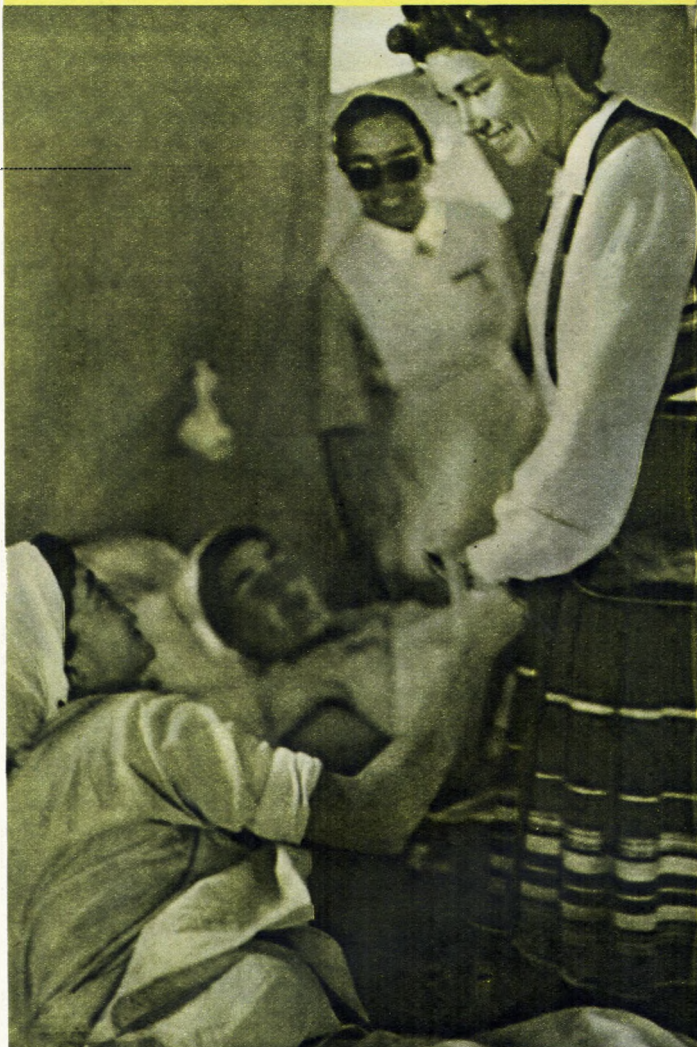
"This is one of the things I have found very true in life: that it is our duty, no matter how difficult things are, to find that 'flash of heaven's glory.'"

"It may be in the smile of children, in the expression of old women by the roadside, or any unexpected little event that gives one courage to go on."

Here, it seems to me, are true Words To Live By, for they show how one can find courage and hope even among all the setbacks of an imperfect world.

By **WILLIE SNOW ETHRIDGE**

Author of "It's Greek To Me,"
"Let's Talk Turkey," etc.



David Seymour

MESSAGE OF HOPE: Queen Frederika comforts and cheers the victims of an earthquake

May 5, 1957

This Week

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE

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485 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

WILLIAM J. NICHOLS, Editor and Publisher
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New 1957 Westinghouse Frost-Free* Defrosts the Freezer Automatically



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Entire Refrigerator defrosts itself automatically!

Most brands which claim "automatic defrosting" do not defrost the freezer! But with the Westinghouse patented Frost-Free System, a special button counts door openings. When enough openings cause the slightest frost to form in the freezer, Frost-Free melts it away 100% automatically . . . so fast even ice cream stays firm! Defrost water evaporates automatically. No more messy freezer defrosting! And no frost forms in the refrigerator section.

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New sheen even for dry hair—the only shampoo-with-egg made two ways

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This Week MAGAZINE

For A Better America

Sidelines

PITY THE SITTER. On Page 12 we reveal the fascinating results of a nationwide survey important to all parents of young children — parents, that is, who like to get away from the small fry now and then.

A reader's question prompted us to send Reporters Lester and Irene David out to check up on the baby-sitter situation. The Davids, who have two children of their own, figured they already knew about the parents' side of the sitting operation, so they set out to get the sitters' views. The sitters turned out to be a pretty articulate bunch of girls (and some boys). For their valuable suggestions, turn to "What Your Baby Sitter Thinks Of You," and its accompanying "Baby Sitter's Guide," which you can post near your telephone (see above).



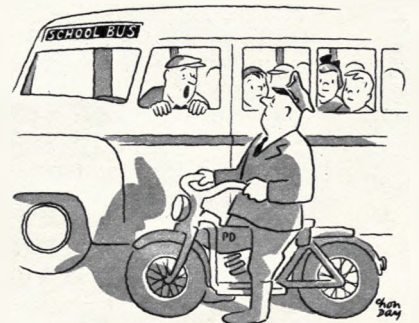
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SUPER-MAGAZINE: Next week's 72 pages will be our biggest issue ever, jammed with 22 exciting features, including the second installment of "Mutiny In Paradise." Don't miss it!

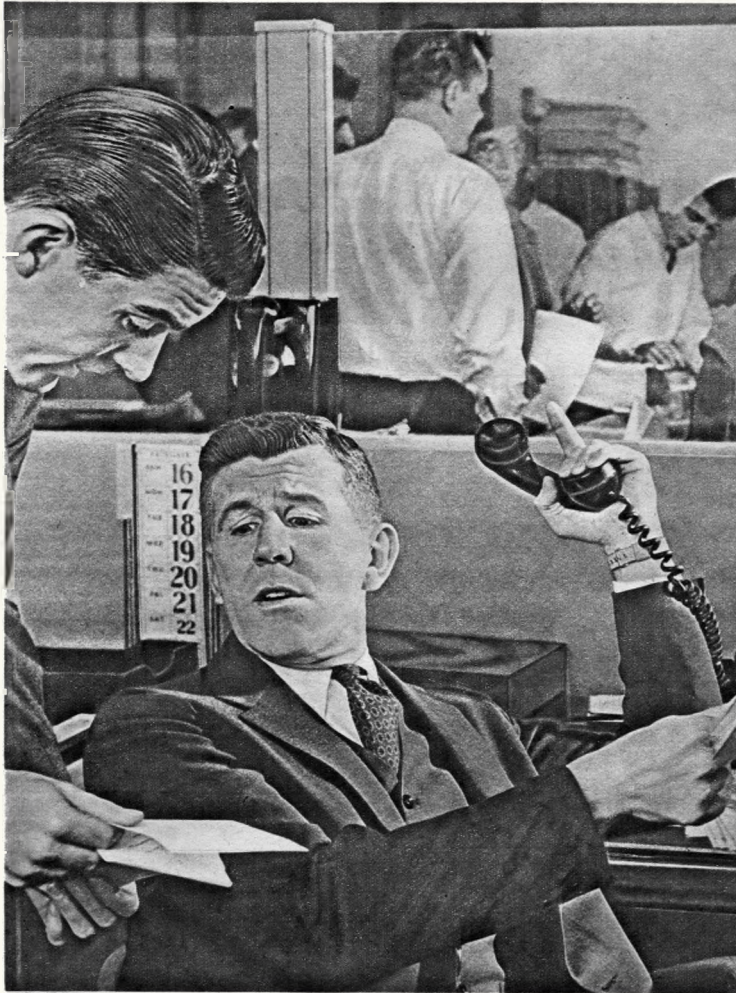
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Family Album!



"You'd be weaving all over the road, too, with a dozen water pistols trained on you!"

How alert young men are starting retirement plans - for less than \$20 a month!



New York Life's Whole Life policy lets a man build a lifetime income for his retirement years at a cost he can afford today!

Today's young men, aware of the great strides being made in medical science, know they can look forward to enjoying a longer life than their forebears did. But they know, too, that really enjoying those extra years will depend in large measure on the kind of financial security they are able to set up beforehand.

That's why so many far-sighted men are starting retirement plans early in life through New York Life's Whole Life policy. Even a slim budget is no barrier, because premiums are low. Yet the cash values it builds during your working years can, at retirement, pay you a *monthly income for the rest of your life!* That means cash to supplement Social Security, pension plans, savings and the like. It means cash for travel, hobbies or necessities. And during the years *before* retirement, the policy's cash values offer you a constant source of funds for emergencies.

Even more important, Whole Life protects your family if you should die before you retire. Yet, with all these benefits, the cost is small because Whole Life's \$10,000 minimum face amount permits savings which are passed along to you in low premiums. For example, issued at age 30, the annual premium for \$10,000 of Whole Life is only \$202.40, which means setting aside only about \$16.87 a month! And dividends can be used either to reduce premium payments still further or to increase cash values or income at retirement.

Ask your New York Life agent about this insurance that can make a retirement program practical for you—right now! And mail the coupon for New York Life's free booklet, "How Much Life Insurance Is Enough?"

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STARTING ON THE NEXT PAGE

"Mutiny In Paradise"



By a great new writing team

JAMES A. MICHENER and A. GROVE DAY

This thrilling new tale of the South Pacific is an important contribution to American history

Back in 1944, James A. Michener started gathering notes for a book about 10 of the most violent and colorful figures in the history of the Pacific, to be called "Rascals In Paradise." Of these the most violent and colorful was a New England Quaker named Samuel Comstock, whose story begins on Page 8.

Behind the story is a remarkable writing team. James Michener, of course, is the author of "Tales Of The South Pacific," which won the 1947 Pulitzer Prize. Since then he has published a succession of brilliant books, but all the time the Pacific's

swashbucklers were in the back of his mind. Then he met A. Grove Day, a professor at the University of Hawaii and the world's foremost historian of the Pacific. Together they produced a great adventure story of true historical importance.

The editors of THIS WEEK are proud to present the first published work of a team which readers will compare to Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, collaborators of "Mutiny On The Bounty" fame.

Here are some of the characters you'll meet in the first installment of "Mutiny In Paradise":

The Mutineers

SAM COMSTOCK: Merciless killer who yearned to be king of an island

SILAS PAYNE: Surly and rugged, he hated officers

JOHN OLIVER: He was willing to consider anything, even mutiny

WILLIAM HUMPHRIES: A Hawaiian beachcomber who distrusted everyone

JOSEPH THOMAS: A chronic troublemaker — his flogging triggered the mutiny

The Victims

CAPTAIN THOMAS WORTH: Veteran skipper, strict disciplinarian

FIRST MATE WILLIAM BEETLE: The men thought he told lies about them

SECOND MATE JOHN LUMBAR: His job was doling out lashes

THIRD MATE NATHANIEL FISHER: Doomed by his wrestling prowess



TEAM: Pulitzer Prize winner Michener (right) and Pacific historian Day

(Looking for The Cerfboard? It's on Page 38 today.)

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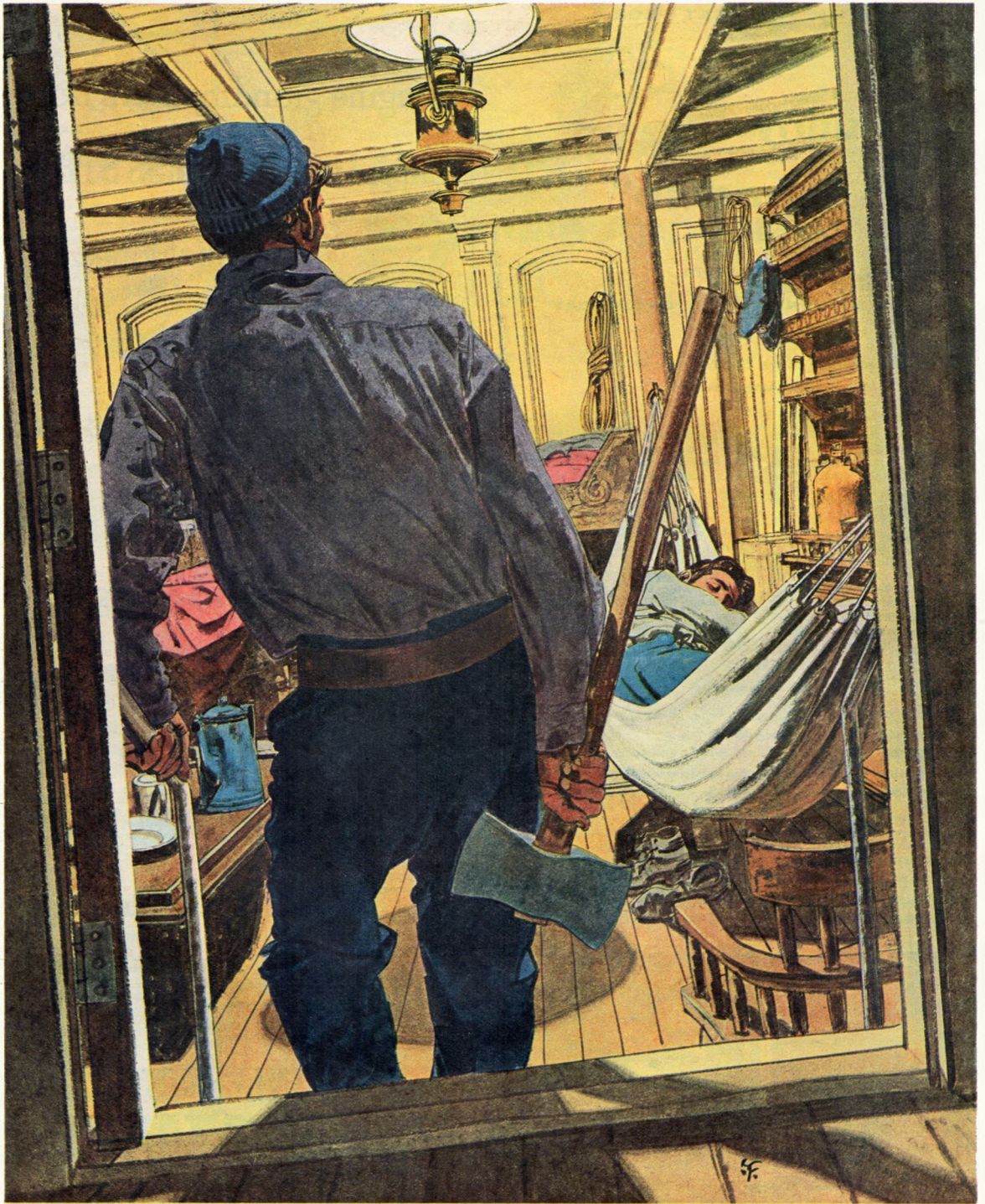


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A FEW MINUTES AFTER MIDNIGHT Sam Comstock glided into the cabin with an ax in his hand. It was a warm night. . . Captain Worth was sleeping in his hammock

Mutiny In Paradise

By **JAMES A. MICHENER** and **A. GROVE DAY**

Illustrated by *Robert Fawcett*



THIS WEEK presents the most exciting South Sea adventure since "Mutiny On The Bounty." A harrowing true story by a great new writing team



© 1957, by James A. Michener and A. Grove Day

PART I — "Call Me Murder!"

Call him Ishmael. Or Cain, or Long John Silver, or a seagoing Billy the Kid. Call him Murder.

His real name was Samuel B. Comstock, harpooner, of Nantucket, Mass., and in 1824, when only 22 years old, he engineered the most horrible mutiny in the annals of the Pacific. With almost fiendish fury he personally murdered every one of the officers of his whaler, highjacked a full-rigged ship, captured a Polynesian island (see map on page 32) and set himself up as king. Compared to his gruesome one-man mutiny more notorious ones like that of the *Bounty* seem commonplace and lacking in passion.

Sam Comstock was a Quaker, the blonde-haired son of a respectable schoolmaster of Nantucket. A resident of the town, Captain Mayhew Folger, used to thrill Sam and other youngsters with the amazing story of how he had by chance in 1808 discovered on lonely Pitcairn Island the survivors of the *Bounty* mutiny against Captain William Bligh.

As Captain Folger told the yarn, its inescapable moral was that mutiny never pays, for he described the pitiful aftermath that transpired on Pitcairn, where the successful mutineers quarreled about their native women and brutally stalked one another to death or fell to the muskets and spears of the brown men whose women had been taken.

But young Sam did not listen to this part of old Captain Folger's narration, for dreams of mutiny, high adventure on the

seas, and sovereignty over some savage island had already inflamed his imagination. He was impatient to be off.

Sam was only 15 when he trod the deck of his first whaling ship. His inaugural trip was exciting enough to please even Sam, for in the first months of the voyage the ship was seized by Chilean pirates. Sam, thrown ashore in South America, beat his way back to Nantucket.

Ablaze with dreams, he haunted the waterfront until he found a berth with the *Whaler Foster*, new-built and starting on her maiden voyage. From her decks he first spotted a lonely South Sea island, rising slowly through morning mists. He rushed up to Captain Shubael Chase and pleaded to be set ashore at any one of the islands the whaler was passing. Captain Chase ridiculed the idea and refused.

But Sam never overcame that first, almost uncontrollable urge to break loose, invade an island, and establish his own kingdom. He was a wily lad and realized that he lacked one of the prime essentials for success as a mutineer. He could not navigate and would thus be at the mercy of whomever he stationed beside the helmsman of a captured ship. Accord—

Continued on next page



Sam's dream . . . to make himself king of a South Sea island



great performers: Jaymar luxury slacks keep their shape . . . thanks to Acrilan

These lightweight slacks deserve star billing. Not just for their well-groomed good looks and luxurious texture . . . but because they act the way fine slacks should. They won't sag in the seat or bag at the knees or get easily rumpled. Instead, they hold their smart lines and keep that well-pressed look

day after day. Credit this terrific performance to Acrilan acrylic fiber. It makes these Golden Label Jaymar slacks of worsted and Acrilan down-right indispensable. In spring shades of blue, grey, brown.

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Continued from preceding page

Bad Luck Dogs The Ship

ingly, Sam soon became a model young mariner. He studied navigation diligently, practiced the difficult art of harpooning until he was one of the best hands in the Pacific, learned to ingratiate himself with the ships' crews, and studied patiently for the day when he would take command of a ship and send it hurtling toward some South Pacific paradise.

Not long before his twenty-first birthday he found his ship.

The famous whaler *Globe* was being refitted in Nantucket waters. Eagerly, Sam presented his papers and was signed on, along with his younger brother George, for a cruise of two or more years through the Pacific. His hour had arrived.

On Dec. 15, 1822, the *Globe* sailed from Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard. At that time a sand bar had begun to impair Nantucket harbor, so large vessels used other ports.

As the whaler stood out to sea, Comstock had his first chance to see the four officers whom he would have to murder before he could commandeer the ship.



Captain Thomas Worth was a competent, salty seafarer with two weaknesses. He was apt to sign men on in a hurry and then discipline them sharply if they turned out to have been poor choices. For these errors he would have his head chopped off.



William Beetle, first mate, was a good officer, but his men suspected him of gossiping about them, and for this weakness he would have his skull fractured.



John Lumbar, second mate, was as brave a man as any who ever sailed the Pacific. He was a big man, and to him usually fell the job of administering such lashes as his captain ordered.

For this he would die, and his death would be hideous beyond imagination; yet in his dying he would create a haunting symbol of fortitude that would live forever.



Nathaniel Fisher, third mate, was a tremendously strong man and a champion wrestler. That would be the cause of his death. Yet for one brief moment, he could have forestalled the trag-

edy that overtook him and his ship.

The cruise began with bad luck. On the very first day out the cross-jack yard was carried away in a high wind. The *Globe* limped back to port and refitted. Then head winds rose and pinned them down inside the breakers for several days.

Bad luck continued to dog the ship around Cape Horn and across the Pacific, but finally good times arrived. Within a few months Sam Comstock led his boat to numerous kills. The *Globe* rode lower in the sea, burdened with 550 barrels of whale oil.

To celebrate their growing wealth, the officers of the *Globe* hailed a passing Nantucket whaler and the two ships declared a holiday, joining in a day's festivities. The highlight of the celebration was a furious wrestling match between wiry Sam Comstock and big Third Mate Nathaniel Fisher.

For a few minutes, Sam held his own, but then Fisher's superior size and skill told, and he threw the harpooner firmly to the boards.

Comstock leaped to his feet in a blind rage and slugged the officer savagely in the face. But Fisher grabbed the wildly swinging harpooner, lifted him high in the air, and slammed him onto the deck. After two more attacks, Sam lay dazed.

He croaked in an awful voice, "I'll have your heart's blood for this, Fisher!"

It was about this time that Captain Worth decided his crew needed fresh food and shore leave. Accordingly he headed for one of the wildest and loveliest ports that ever flourished in the Pacific—Honolulu, a whaler's paradise.

One of the chief reasons why young fellows like Sam Comstock dreamed of escaping from the rigors of New England was that returning sailors boasted about the Massachusetts coast of the strange and lusty times they had enjoyed with the sunburned women of Hawaii.

There were all kinds of women. There were plump Samoan girls who had come thousands of miles north as playmates aboard wandering ships that had touched their islands. There were lovely Tahitian girls who might have crisscrossed the ocean many times. There were some girls from Boston who had broken away from the puritanical groups with which they had come to the islands, and there were the usual roving lights of love of German, Scandinavian, and British origin.

In fact, Honolulu was such an alluring port that many captains refused to touch there, for desertions of nearly half a ship's complement were not uncommon. In time the problem became so acute that ship-owners ——— Continued on page 32



Sizzle 'em in 4 to 7 minutes

CHOP-ETTES

crispy, breaded "chops" of real corn-fed meat

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...FOR SANDWICHES

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Quick-frozen "chops" of Rath's famous meat! The tastiest...juiciest...tenderest "chops" that ever sizzled to a crusty, nut-brown goodness in just 4 to 7 minutes.

No defrosting. No work at all. And every bite is scrumptious pure meat with Rath's special milk-and-egg breading. Men folks like these delicious boneless "chops" for dinner. Small-fry love 'em in sandwiches, for a speedy, nourishing lunch.



Louis Schliever

GUARDIAN ANGEL: She'll be just that if she can answer 20 questions (see Page 14)

Here's What Your Baby Sitter Thinks Of You

If you have problems with her, wait till you hear about the ones she has with you!

Here's advice no parent can afford to miss

By **LESTER** and **IRENE DAVID**



QUESTION: "When my husband and I go out for an evening I always feel somehow worried leaving the children with the sitter," writes Mrs. Robert Woods of Norwalk, Conn. "Our sitter is perfectly reliable, but what if an emergency occurs? Is there anything I can do to feel safer?"

We felt the people most likely to have the answers were the baby sitters themselves. So we assigned Reporters Lester and Irene David to interview sitters and sitters' agencies all over the country. Here is their fascinating report:

ANSWER: Yes, Mrs. Woods, there is something you can do to feel more secure when leaving your children with a sitter. We talked with child-guidance specialists, safety experts and scores of baby sitters in several parts of the country and they agreed that the most important thing for parents to do when they go out at night is to make sure their baby sitter knows everything she needs to know. Out of their recommendations we've compiled

a check list and a "Baby Sitter's Guide" which you'll find on Page 14.

Baby sitters, we discovered, are an exceptionally articulate group and very much concerned over the carelessness of some of the parents for whom they work. They aren't ones to hide their gripes, either. Here are six things they warn you *not* to do if you want a happy sitter.

1. **Duck out of the house without telling Junior you're leaving.** "People who do this," says a Chicago girl, "know that the kid's going to raise heck and they don't want to face the storm."
2. **Fail to tell the sitters how many children they're expected to mind.** A Long Island girl was hired to look after two and wound up with five. A New York teenager was once responsible for eight children from three families. ("I thought I'd have three!")
3. **Neglect to tell them where the phone is.** Sitters grit their teeth trying to ferret out a hidden phone ringing angrily for attention.
4. **Leave the sitter ignorant of your child's name or nickname.** A surprising number of parents do this!
5. **Leave all the dinner dishes stacked in the sink** — then tell the sitter to wash them in her spare time — at no extra fee, of course.
6. **Overstay the time you say you'll be home.** Sitters want you to know they may have school the next day, and that their parents worry about them, too.

These six complaints were the ones we found popping up most often. Not all sitters had gripes, of course. But many had serious criticisms.

Over and over, sitters admonished parents for forgetfulness. In Chicago, for instance, a young sitter was engrossed before a TV program when a huge dog ambled from a bedroom. "I was petrified," she told us. "I've always been scared of dogs. I was so panicky I even thought of running right home. But the dog just yawned and went to sleep on the floor. I stayed, but why didn't those parents warn me?"

Declared a freshman at Mary Hardin-Baylor College in Belton, Tex.: "They're in such a rush to get out they forget to tell us what to let the child eat. How are we supposed to know if a two-year-old has an allergy or something? Ask him?"

An older woman in New York had a frightening experience with a little girl to whom she had given a couple of cookies. The parents hadn't told her the child had celiac disease and could not absorb fats. The cookies produced illness in a couple of hours.

Many sitters chided parents for not being careful in selecting the right person.

A Garrison, N. Y., girl got a call from a mother for a sitting date. She apologized, saying she had a cold and ought not be around children. The mother wasn't fazed. "Come along," she insisted. "The baby sleeps like a rock and you wouldn't ever be near him." The sitter turned the job down. "Wasn't she dumb?" she asked us.

In Detroit, a high-school girl was approached in a supermarket by a woman and asked if she was available that evening. "She just said she had seen me around," the girl reported. "How did she know I was honest? Gosh, what a mother!"

This is a serious problem, for picking the wrong person can lead to trouble, even tragedy, and the sitters know it. They reminded us of the 18-year-old sitter in Evansville, Ind., who was "crazy about babies" and abducted a five-month-old boy. Of the woman who was arrested in New York on charges of severely beating a boy of four and his nine-month-old sister. And of the three teen-age girls who took \$18,000 from a doctor's home in Nahant, Mass.

These are exceptional cases, of course, but sitters know that can happen again. They want you to see that they don't happen to you.

And that, parents, is what your baby sitters think about you. Add up their comments, suggestions and opinions, and they simmer down to the wise observation of one New York college girl. Says she:

"All my parents are okay, but they sure need some straightening out sometimes!"

The
Got A
Question

For the Baby Sitter's Guide, turn to Page 14

"love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair"



Your hair remembers its loveliest lines . . . when it's

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trains as it sets pincurls . . . trains as it holds your wave

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trains most hair and hair styles beautifully.
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Low-Suds Discovery

AD



AD makes it "child's play" to get the cleanest wash yet ... because **AD** gives you all these extras!



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Extra cleaning ingredients for the cleanest wash you ever had ... right amount of suds makes your machine work better.



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Prove it yourself! Try **AD** in the large 19-oz. size at the **NEW LOW PRICE**. Then economize and buy the big 10-lb. size for big savings!



SPECIALLY MADE FOR AUTOMATICS!

HERE'S WHAT YOUR BABY SITTER THINKS OF YOU

Continued from page 12



Sitter's Guide: Cut Out And Save

Before you and your wife leave home for the evening, make sure your sitter is thoroughly briefed. Does she know . . .

1. If there are any special hazards about the house that attract your child, or if he should be watched for any special reason?
2. If the child is taking medication?
3. What the child is permitted to eat and when?
4. Where the stove and other appliances are and how to use them?
5. Where the electric light switches are located?
6. Where you keep the first-aid supplies?
7. Whether the child has a favorite toy or game that pacifies him?
8. Where she can get her hands quickly on a flashlight if the lights should suddenly conk out?
9. If you have any kind of family pet on or about the premises?
10. If there are any strange but harmless noises that might frighten her? (Shutter banging, radiator clanking, etc.)
11. How to leave the house the safest way in case of fire? And where the child's shoes and clothing are?
12. What to do or whom to call if the heating system breaks down?
13. Whom to expect, or if she ought to admit anybody at all?
14. Whether your child is prone to nightmares and how best to handle the situation?
15. She should check the child to see that he's covered?
16. What bedtime and TV-viewing rules are?
17. How to lock outside doors, adjust windows and control heat?
18. She should keep TV or record player tuned low so that she can hear the child's cries?
19. What your own rules are about the company sitter may have?
20. What she may take from the refrigerator if she gets hungry?

Post This Near The Telephone!

Tear out this page and fill in the permanent information now. Data that change can be filled in when you leave the house. These rules are a

roundup of the instructions for sitters offered by the National Safety Council, Child Study Association of America and other organizations.

Doctor's phone: _____

Neighbors' phone: _____

Police Department: _____

Fire Department: _____

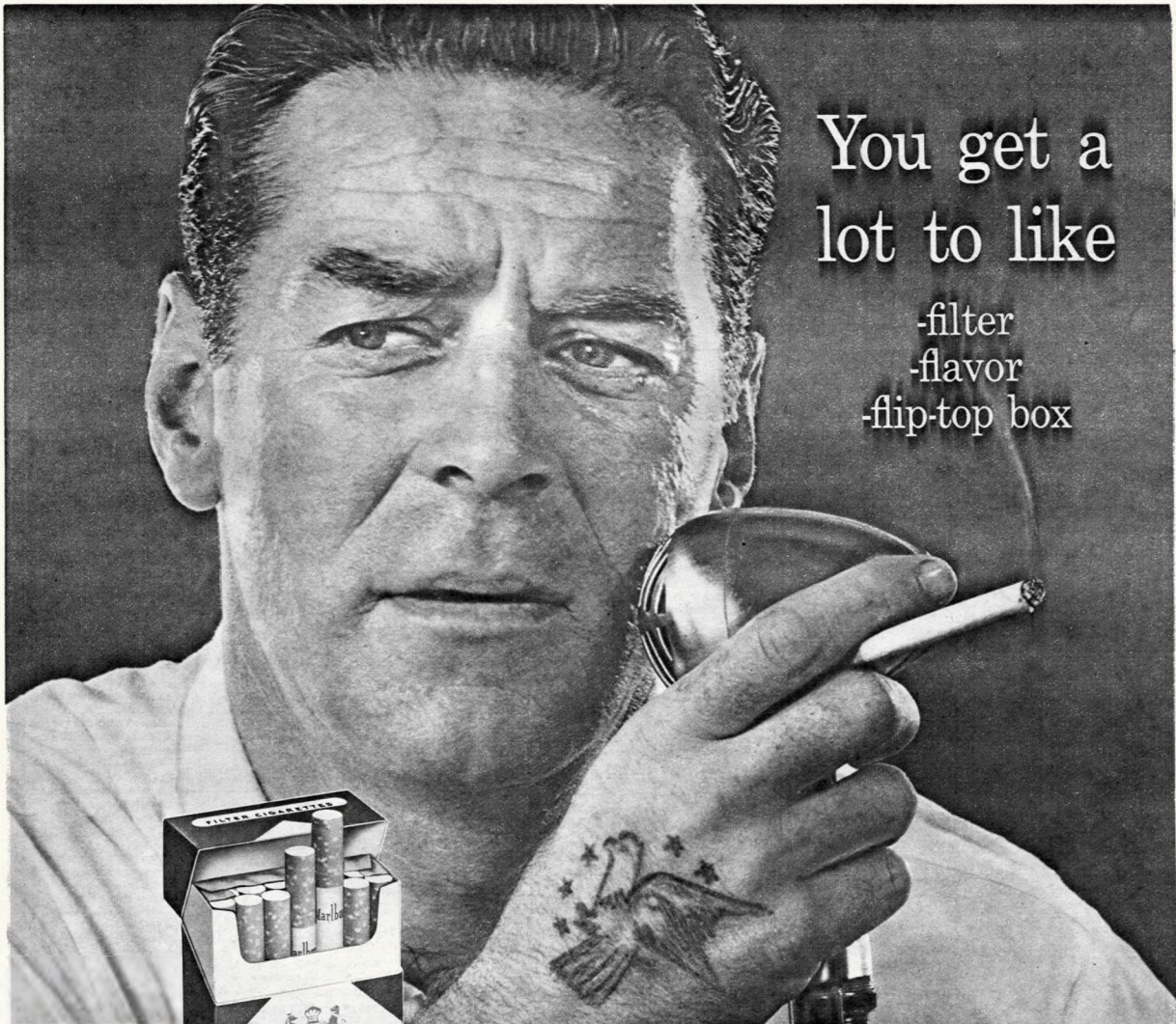
Kids' nicknames: _____

Where we'll be: _____

We'll be back: _____

Special things to remember: _____

Marlboro



You get a
lot to like

-filter
-flavor
-flip-top box



**NEW
FLIP-TOP BOX**
Sturdy to keep
cigarettes
from crushing.
No tobacco in
your pocket.
Up to date.

**POPULAR
FILTER PRICE**

Here's old-fashioned flavor in the new way to smoke. The man-size taste of honest tobacco comes full through. The smooth-drawing filter feels right in your mouth. Works fine but doesn't get in the way. The modern Flip-Top Box keeps every cigarette firm and fresh until you smoke it.

(MADE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FROM A NEW MARLBORO RECIPE)

New Jacobsen Turbo-cut

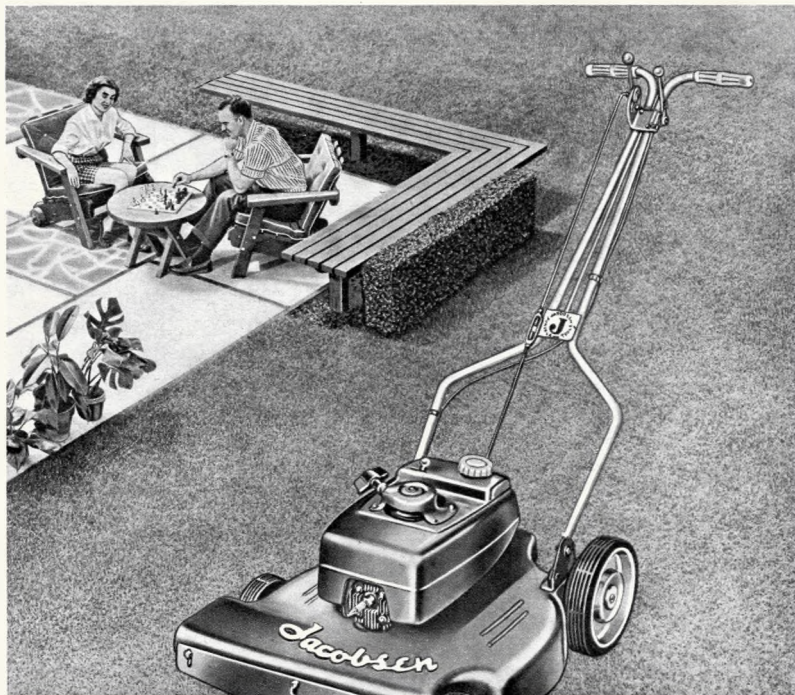
...Mows the Way to
Easy Outdoor Living

A cool smooth carpet of green for your "outdoor living room" comes easy with the Jacobsen Turbo-cut rotary mower.

Turbo-cut . . . an engineering triumph combining a unique suction lift rotor with the Jacobsen Hi-Torque Engine . . . advances far beyond accepted ideas of what a rotary mower can do. It provides smoothness and crispness of cut comparable only to the scissors-like action of the Jacobsen reel type mower.

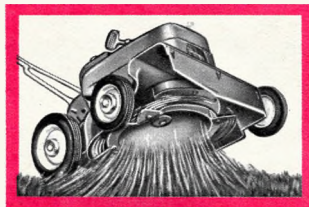
Exclusive with Jacobsen . . . just what you would expect from the world leader in the design and construction of fine power mowers since 1921.

See it demonstrated by your Jacobsen dealer—a reliable authority carefully selected for his experience and standing in your community. If you do not find a Jacobsen dealer in your community listed here, write the factory for full information.



This aero-dynamic suction-lift rotor literally draws up limp grass or flat lying runners and shears them evenly and cleanly with four razor-sharp blades, whirling at high velocity. At the same time, it will cut tall, dense weeds or stems that either stall ordinary mowers or are merely pushed over. Blades are replaceable.

Illustrated—
The 21-inch Power Propelled Rotary by Jacobsen
One of a complete line of 14 reel and rotary mowers



JACOBSEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. TW-55, Racine, Wisconsin



SUBSIDIARIES: JOHNSTON LAWN MOWER CORPORATION, BROOKHAVEN, MISSISSIPPI, WORTHINGTON MOWER COMPANY, STROUDSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

MINNESOTA	BRAINERD Patrick's Fix-It Shop	FULDA —Hystop Hardware	MADISON —Berg Hdwe. Co.	ROCHESTER —Walker Hdwe.	WARREN —Wall's Fix-It Shop
MINNEAPOLIS	BREWSTER —Brewster Hdwe.	GLENCOE Walter Beneke Garage	MANKATO —Mahewald's	ST. JAMES St. James Implement Co.	WARROAD Carlson Radio Service
Boahna's Inc. Garden Store	BUFFALO Peterson & Benson Hardware	GLENVILLE —K & H Motor Co.	MELROSE —Melroe Hdwe. Co.	ST. PAUL Giffilian Hardware	WATERTOWN —Fratzke's
8010 Lyndale Ave. So.	CANBY Gubrud Electric and Hardware	GLENWOOD —Callaghan Hdwe.	MESSEVILLE —Niabur Garage	2946 St. Clair Ave.	WAZATA Wazata Lawn Mower Shop
Carlson Hdwe. Co.	CANNON FALLS Cannon Falls Produce	GROVE CITY —Holm Brothers	MONTEVIDEO Campbell Implement Co.	R. L. Gould & Co.	800 Jackson St.
2118 Penn. Ave. North	CASS LAKE Ulrich Auto Service	HASTINGS —Bairick's	MONTICELLO Marty Kjellberg	Vern Niemas, 751 E. Ivy St.	The Park Store
Gabbert's Inc.	CHATFIELD —Kivell Hdwe. Co.	HAYFIELD —Nelson Hardware	NEW BRIGHTON Rellings Sales & Service	2290 West Como Ave.	ST. PETER—Bill's Hardware
5638 Nicollet Ave.	CHISAAGO CITY S. E. Johnson Co.	HECTOR —Johnson Hdwe. Co.	1201—5th Ave. N. W.	SAUK CENTRE Sauk Centre Hatchery	SPICER —Farness Hardware
Gabbert's Inc.	COKATO —Cokato Hdwe. Co.	HERMAN —Wells-Olson Co.	NEW LONDON —Holm Bros.	SPRING GROVE Myhra Hardware Co.	STARBUCK Marshall-Wells Stores
706 W. Broadway	COMFREY Comfrey Produce & Hdw.	HOFFMAN —Arnauld Hdwe.	NEWPORT—Kramer Bros.	STILLWATER Thompson Hardware	STORDEN —Storden Hdwe.
James Peterson Hdwe. Co.	CROOKSTON Andy Carey Hdwe. & Appl.	HOKAH —Hokah Hardware	NEW ULM Robert Fesenmaler, Inc.	STORVEN —Storven Hdwe.	THIEF RIVER FALLS The Fix-It Shop
703 W. Lake	DASSEL —Holm Bros.	HOLLANDALE Hollandale Hardware Co.	NORTHFIELD Schrader Hardware	TYLER —Tyler Hardware Co.	VIRGINIA Central Sup. & Appl. Co.
S. J. Rutherford Co.	DETROIT LAKES Barney's Body Shop	HOPKINS —Kokeah Hardware	NORTH ST. PAUL Schleck Co., Inc.	WABASHA —Andy's Hardware	WACONIA —S & S Hardware
4988 Excelsior Blvd.	DODGE CENTER Dodge Center Hardware	Shady Oak Hardware	OSAGO Osseo Power Mower Serv.	WALDORF —Oscar Butzmeister	WALTERS Ray's "Fairway," Inc.
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3818 W. 50th	EDGERTON Vander Stoep Hdw. & Furn.	KANDIYOHI —Holm Brothers	PERHAM —Bauk's Hardware		
Town & Country Ace Hdwe.	ELGIN —Scheuneman's Our Own Hdwe.	KASSON —Beaver Hdwe. Co.	PETERSON J. Orin Agrimson Appl.		
8510 Highway #7	ELMORE —Elmore Nursery	KENYON —Jorstad's Hdwe.	PIPETONE Plovman Hardware, Inc.		
ADAMS —Osmundson Impl.	EXCELSIOR Excelsior Farm Store	KERKHOVEN Williams Implement Co.	PLAINVIEW —Pierce Auto Elec.		
ADANTON —Atton Appliance	FAIRMONT —Mahewald's	LAKE PARK —Vigen & Sons	PRESTON —Ebert Hdwe.		
AITKIN Power Tool & Service Co.	FARIBAULT —Mahewald's	LAMBERTON Olson Service Inc.	RED LAKE FALLS O. O. Bjerke Hdwe.		
ALBERT LEA Farmers Supply Store	FERGUS FALLS —Dorn's Hdwe.	LANESBORO Gosselin Implement	REDWOOD FALLS Widlung-Nelson		
ALDEN —Ebert Co.	FERTILE —Fertile Hardware	LA SALLE —Markeson Hdwe.	ROBBINSDALE Moeller Hardware		
ALEXANDRIA Nawhouse Machinery Co.	FOSSTON —Sattraf's	LE ROY —Lageson Hdwe.			
APPLETON Stromawald & Irgens		LE SUEUR Easterlund Implement Co.			
ATWATER —Holm Brothers		LITCHFIELD Litchfield Hardware Company			
AUSTIN —"Axe" Johnson Hdwe.		LIVERNE —Nelson Brothers			
BADETTE —Farrell Hdwe.		MADALIA —Sebo Impl. Co.			
BEMIDJIE —Bentley Hardware					
BENSON —Quinn Brothers					
BLOOMING PRAIRIE Johnson Hardware					
BLUE EARTH —Rome Hdwe.					
BOVEY —Bovey Mercantile					



THE CHASE: De Beer's catching truck takes off across the veldt after a young giraffe

The Giraffe That Was Too Tall

By NIMROD JONES

Giraffe-hunting in Africa is tough — when you catch one, he has to be the right size

The rising cost of giraffes is of grave concern to some people today, though not many.

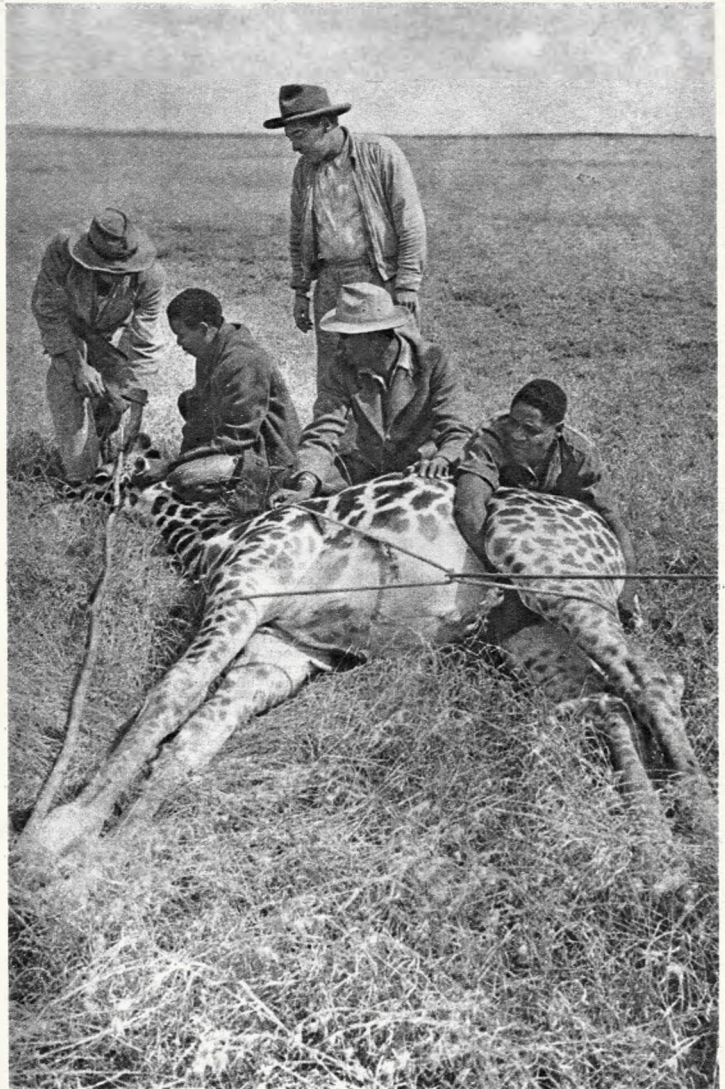
The retail price of half-grown giraffes is a stiff \$3,000, but if you'll study the accompanying pictures, you will realize the tremendous labor costs involved in catching them.

The pictures were taken at Willi de Beer's animal farm in Tanganyika, East Africa. Mr. de Beer, at 69, is probably Africa's foremost animal catcher, and he specializes in giraffes.

Mr. de Beer explains that there's a good deal of gamble in giraffe-hunting. You work like a demon all day to bag one — perhaps wrecking a truck or jeep in the wild chase across the veldt. Then, if he measures less than seven feet tall, you have to turn him loose because he's probably not weaned, and you'd have to feed him with a nursing bottle. It is very hard to bottle-feed a giraffe, even with a stepladder.

To make matters worse, if your catch measures more than nine feet tall, you have to turn him loose because it is too difficult to transport animals of such height.

Photographer Arthur Shay, who took these pictures, reports that a giraffe hunt is a really hair-raising experience. "I was on a 'Zoo — Continued on page 19



THE CATCH: De Beer measures giraffe. Under seven feet he's too small — over nine too large to ship

Arthur Shay Photos

Go **SEE** the
Difference in a
DORMEYER

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis
The Dayton Co.
7th & Nicollet
L. S. Donaldson Co.
6th & Nicollet
Northern States Power Company
15 So. 5th Street
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1000 W. Broadway
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Badinet Jewelers
14 S. 7th St.
Johnson-Neuman Co.
1405 Glenwood
National Jewelry Co.
425 Nicollet
Cashway Furniture Co.
310 E. Hennepin
Moderne Sales
29th & N.E. Johnson
Goodman Jewelers
32 S. 7th Street
Lyndale Hardware Co.
6616 Lyndale
Gahberts
3035 Nicollet
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Fleet & Farm Supply Co.
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Alex Farm & Home Supply
Aurora
Aurora Cooperative
Bwabik
Bwabik Cooperative
Dawson
Givens Farm Supply Co.

Deer River
Farmers Cooperative

Duluth
The Glass Block
Credit Sales Co.

E. Grand Forks
Economy Supply Co.

Finlayson
Finlayson Cooperative

Hibbing
Consumers Cooperative

Mahnomen
Lee's Farm Supply Co.

Menasha
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Montevideo
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Moorhead
A & T Supply Co.

Nashauk
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New Ulm
Eichinger Supply Co.
Alwin Electric

N.Y. Mills
Cooperative Service

Rechasler
The Dayton Company

St. Paul
The Golden Rule
95 E. 7th St.
The Emporium
121 E. 7th St.

Northern States Power Company
360 Wabasha

Goodman Jewelers
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Butwinck Bros. Furn. & Carpet Co.
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**MINNESOTA, NORTH DAKOTA,
& WISCONSIN**

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DORMEYER

Spring Carnival of Values!



Fri-Way Electric Skillet. New, immersible electric skillet has every convenience. All controls are on handle where they're easiest to use; big family-size frying area. Separate high dome copper-tone cover only \$2.00.

Model 8301 **\$19⁹⁵**



Big 4 to 10-Cup Coffee-Well. Chrome-finished aluminum coffee maker with no-drip spout and Dormeyer's famous dual heating controls. One control makes coffee to any strength, the other heats cold coffee without re-brewing. Has extra-wide opening for easy washing.

Model 6901 **\$19⁹⁵**



Chrome Silver-Chef. Most impressive mixer you can own because it's of sparkling, never-stain chrome! Head is portable, has 10 different speeds, automatic beater release. Comes with 2 stainless steel bowls, exclusive \$15.00 food grinder and pestle at no extra cost.

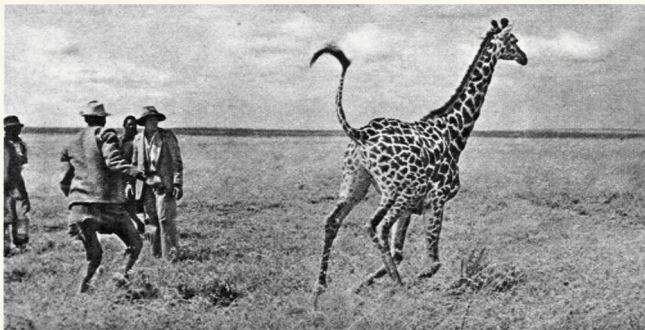
Model 4300 **\$57⁵⁰**



New 9-Speed Portable Dormey. Here's the first 9-speed portable mixer in the world! Does every kind of mixing job yet is so lightweight it's not tiring to hold. Has full-size beaters, automatic beater release. In white, pink, turquoise, or yellow.

Model 9500 **\$19⁹⁵**

Go **SEE** the Difference in a **DORMEYER!**



SO LONG! Giraffe eludes captivity by being two inches over top limit. So, away he goes . . .

GIRAFFE WAS TOO TALL

Continued from page 17

**One Got
Away — And
One Didn't**

Parade safari headed by Marlin Perkins, of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo," he says. "The day of the hunt, Perkins and I got into a jeep and drove like mad after de Beer's catching truck. The ground was so rough it was next to impossible to hang onto the jeep, let alone take pictures.

"After what seemed hours, the noose man (who somehow managed to stick on the fender of the truck) got close enough to a giraffe to snag it around the neck. We all piled out and watched as some of the natives grabbed hold of the tail and others started hog-tying the beast, which was kicking in all four directions. When they finally got it to ground, de Beer measured it with his tape.

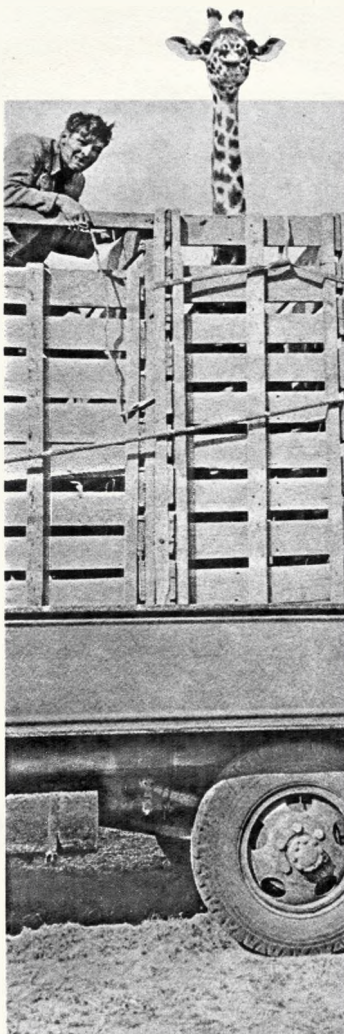
Two Inches Over

"It looks about right to me," said Perkins. "Ach, no!" sighed de Beer. "It's two inches over nine feet."

"So they untied it and let it streak away. Next day we had to go through the whole wild business again, and by very good luck we got one that measured up fine. The natives crated it on the spot."

Next time you go to the zoo, have a special look at one of these fantastic beasts. You'll probably agree with the zoo directors that he's a sound investment at any price.

But don't get too fascinated by that fine long neck. Even though you could afford \$3,000, a giraffe is not practical in the back yard. If you want something with a long neck, try an ostrich at \$500. — The End



NEXT DAY: Here's one that measured up fine



Bright
idea!



Fresh
lemon
in frozen
orange
juice!

Frozen orange juice can be pretty humdrum and taste as pale as it looks. Add a "magic" squeeze of fresh lemon and ordinary frozen orange juice becomes bright and bracing—all perked up with a fresher, brisker taste. New idea. Good idea. Surprise your sleepyheads at breakfast tomorrow.

Remember to remember



FRESH
Sunkist
LEMONS

Look for the Sunkist quality stamp

Let 'em eat summer pie
made with fresh-shelled
DIAMOND WALNUTS

These shelled walnuts are guaranteed fresh and crisp
—they're vacuum-sealed in new stay-crisp cans!



The filling is ice cream and strawberries! The crust is made of chocolate wafers and crunchy *Diamond* Walnuts!

And the easy part is, you use shelled *Diamond* Walnut halves and pieces right from the can. And you simply can't buy fresher shelled walnuts!

The kernels are the plump, meaty kind,

carefully cracked from choice *Diamond* Walnuts—then vacuum-sealed in our new stay-crisp cans. It's the only packing method that guarantees you all the original walnut crispness and flavor.

In convenient 1-cup and 2-cup can sizes. And they cost no more than shelled walnuts packed some less dependable way.

DIAMOND ICE CREAM SUNDAE PIE

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|--|
| 1 cup chocolate wafer crumbs | 1/4 cup softened butter or margarine | 1 cup (10 oz. pkg.) frozen strawberries, slightly thawed |
| 1/2 cup finely chopped <i>Diamond</i> Walnuts | 1 qt. vanilla ice cream | |

Mix wafer crumbs, *Diamond* Walnuts and butter or margarine together till crumbly. Press into bottom and sides of 9" pie plate. Bake at 375° about 7 minutes. Refrigerate till well chilled. Spoon half of softened ice cream into shell. Spread with half of strawberries. Cover with remaining ice cream and strawberries. Garnish with whipped cream and golden *Diamond* Walnut halves. Place in freezer or coldest part of refrigerator till ready to serve.

You can work wonders with
your imagination and *Diamond* Walnuts
in vacuum cans or in-the-shell



Herbert Lank

HELICOPTER: How did it help on a salvage mission?

Quiz 'Em

Questions and answers from the news

By **TOM HENRY**

Whirlybird . . . How did a helicopter figure in the successful attempt to salvage a cargo plane recently?

It hovered over a giant Globemaster which was wallowing among ice floes in Cook inlet and blew it toward shore at Anchorage, Alaska. —G.E.T., Baltimore

Boomerang . . . What was ironic about a "pay up" ultimatum that Japanese officials sent to reluctant taxpayers?

They discovered that 10 of the most reluctant were tax collectors. —R.F., New York

Wedding Bells . . . Incomplete returns show that in 1956 about 11,000 American servicemen found foreign brides during their hitch in Europe. Which country supplied the most wives?

Great Britain, with Germany second. Some 300,000 Americans are stationed in European countries and the Mediterranean area. —N.B., Rochester, N. Y.

On The House . . . What drink is served exclusively in a free bar opened recently in Chicago's Skid Row?

Milk. —G.E.F., Providence, R. I.

NOTE: We will pay \$2 for a question and answer used in this column. Questions are based on current news, and clipping of news source must accompany answer. Address: Tom Henry, THIS WEEK, 485 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.



"Well, that's half the battle!"



“SEW AND GO” KIT

The sophisticated sewing kit you can use as an evening purse!

Fitted with 15 spools of Belding Corticelli thread—needles, thimble, handy needle threader. Remove the sewing aids and it becomes an evening case to hold your glamour accessories.

Black and gold faille, lined in red satin, with a mirrored inside cover. To get yours, just buy Modess with the fabric cover that's soft as a whisper, and follow directions on coupon.

Yours for only
\$100
 with Modess

PERSONAL PRODUCTS CORP. BOX 127
 BROOKLYN 1, NEW YORK

Please send me () “Sew and Go” Kit(s). I am enclosing one perforated box flap from Modess package (or one box top from Modess Belt package) and \$1 in () cash, () money order for each kit. Offer expires July 31, 1957.

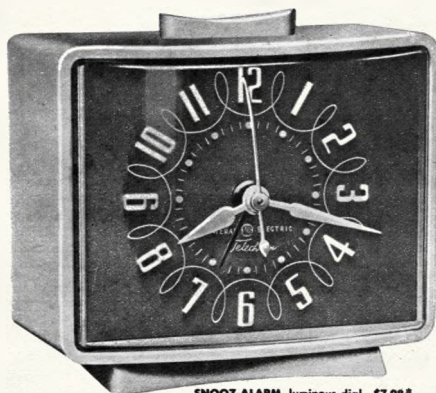
NAME _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Offer good in U. S. A. and Territory of Hawaii only. It is void in any state or locality where prohibited or otherwise restricted. Allow 3 weeks for delivery, except in Hawaii.

new kind of alarm

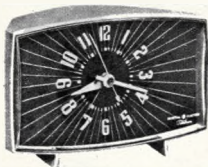


SNOOZ-ALARM, luminous dial. \$7.98*

When this amazing new General Electric-Telechron Snooz-Alarm calls, tap the control bar on top. The alarm shuts off, and you lean back for a luxurious extra "40 winks." In a few minutes, Snooz-Alarm calls you again—automatically! If there's still time, tap the bar again, and enjoy another snooze. Alarm will wake you again!

Snooz-Alarm is electric. Like all General Electric-Telechron electric alarms, it'll wake you for sure, because it

1. sounds off for 45 minutes unless shut off
2. can't run down during the night
3. never needs winding
4. stays on time to the minute



Modern new Radial alarm. Ivory color case, plain dial. **\$5.98***
Beige case, fully luminous. **\$6.98***



Smart Kitchen-Mate. Chrome color on white case or copper color on turquoise case. **\$5.98***

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Telechron

*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price, plus applicable taxes. Clock and Timer Department, General Electric Company, Ashland, Mass.



AMATEUR HOUR: Over his head in camera, author plots new angle; Huston plots mischief

"Anyone Can Direct A Movie" By LOUIS BERG

This Week Movie Editor

Our movie editor said that. But Robert Mitchum and Deborah Kerr made him wish he hadn't

To those who have seen the new John Huston film hit, "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," we want to call attention to one particular scene: the cave sequence. Because that's the one we "directed."

The whole thing started when we asked Mr. Huston some questions about movie directing that may have annoyed him. All he said was: "Come down to Tobago and direct a scene in 'Mr. Allison.' Find out for yourself."

We had always wanted to visit Tobago, a jewel of an island in the British West Indies. We had also nursed a secret ambition to stand behind the cameras and yell, "Quiet, please! Rolling!"

We accepted Mr. Huston's invitation eagerly. And that is how we turned up one day on a tropical island, parched of throat and lips a-quiver, trying to tell Deborah Kerr and Bob Mitchum how to act.

The scene was an "interior" studio set-up. The local community center had been converted into a sound stage, with doors and windows tightly sealed and no air-conditioning. When the lights were on, temperatures rose to 140 degrees. That was the only reason, of course, that



RESCUE: Actress saves Editor from mud

— Continued on page 24

If you like to mix and match colors (and we know you do)

You'll love LUX



lovely sky-blue

... sunny yellow

... cool, refreshing green

... soft, delicate pink

Now in 4 new colors

as well as pure white

This is the famous Lux Soap you know ... mild and gentle ... with its exclusive fragrance ... its rich Cosmetic lather

One or more of the new Lux colors is sure to harmonize or contrast beautifully with your bathroom décor. We're sure you'll want to use Lux in Color—right along with your favorite White Lux.

Of course, every one of the four new pastels is the same wonderful Lux you know ... with its creamy *Cosmetic* lather and cosmetic action, to help keep your skin fresh and glowing.

Famous Lux is the beauty care of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars. Like White Lux, Lux in Color is guaranteed by Lever Brothers to satisfy you completely or your money back.



You'll find your favorite pure white Lux in familiar gold foil

Buy new color Lux by the color of its foil wrapper choose from lovely shades of

Pink Green Yellow Blue

as well as white

Continued from page 22

Deborah Shrugged, Mitchum Sneered

perspiration rolled from us in rivulets.

After all, there was nothing to be afraid of. We had watched, as a critical observer, thousands of pictures being made. Then there had been two days' experience as Mr. Huston's assistant, so to speak. True, our functions had been limited to peering wisely through the range-finder and showing Deborah Kerr how to run down a steep and slippery slope. (It was gracious of her to pick us up out of the mud, but it did nothing for our self-confidence.)

Then came the big day. Rehearsals first, and then—our big scene! With dialogue!

The story of "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison" has to do with a Marine sergeant and a young nun, both escaped from the Japs and stranded on a desert island.

A delicate theme, and our scene was the most delicate of all, thanks to Mr. Huston. Sister Angela wakes from a fever to find herself under blankets, Sergeant Allison standing over her, and

her habit hanging out on a rock to dry.

"All right," we said briskly. "Let's rehearse."

"Sure," sneered Mitchum. "Where do you want us?"

We referred to the script. "Say here you are asleep, leaning against the rock. Haven't you read the script?"

"Who, me? I never read the script. I do what the man tells me to do. He says lean, I lean. He says smile, I smile."

Berg's Dilemma

We turned helplessly to John Huston. "Actors are temperamental," he said unsympathetically, and walked away.

"Okay," we said. "Lean!"

Mitchum leaned.

We turned our attention now to Miss Kerr, a most co-operative actress, and one of the sweetest girls who ever lived.

"Your line," we said.

"Do you mind giving me a reading?" she asked.

We read the line, perhaps a little too feverishly. Miss Kerr frowned. "I don't



PLACES! Berg outlines scene to Kerr and Mitchum, arouses complete apathy

agree with your reading, I must say."

Miss Kerr, we decided, was going to be trouble.

"All right," we bellowed in desperation. "Let's get started. Lights! Camera! This is a take." We had heard directors say this, and when they did everyone sprang into action. Now, nobody moved.

We turned to the cameraman inquir-

ingly. "The set-up," he said cryptically.

We looked blank.

"Where do you want the camera?"

We turned for help to our assistant director—Mr. Huston's actually, but ours for now. He gave no assistance.

"Anything you say, sir," was his answer. "I'm here to carry out your orders, sir."

"All right. The camera... let's see

A new kind of deodorant ...

ban rolls on!

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other leading
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AT SEA: Director plans retirement

now... we have to show the clothes drying. That's crucial. Not much room here, is there?"

"It's a small set," said the assistant director unnecessarily.

"Hm... If we put the camera here, we get the back of Miss Kerr's head. Over here, we lose Mitchum, and we do have to watch him react... Just move

the camera three feet to the left... that's the best we can do, I guess."

"Very good, sir," said the cameraman, his face bleak with disapproval.

Let us pull a merciful "lap dissolve" over the scene. We finally got the cameras rolling. But no retakes — we just up and quit.

Mr. Huston reappeared mysteriously from nowhere. "Well," we asked resignedly. "What did I do wrong?"

"Lou," he said gently. "don't you think the set-up was too much like the preceding sequence?"

"Sure," we answered. "But how could that be helped? There's no room here for camera movement. In fact, no room, period."

Huston's Solution

Huston grinned. This was what he was waiting for. "I was planning a dolly shot for the scene."

A dolly shot involved mounting the camera on wheels and moving it in on rails.

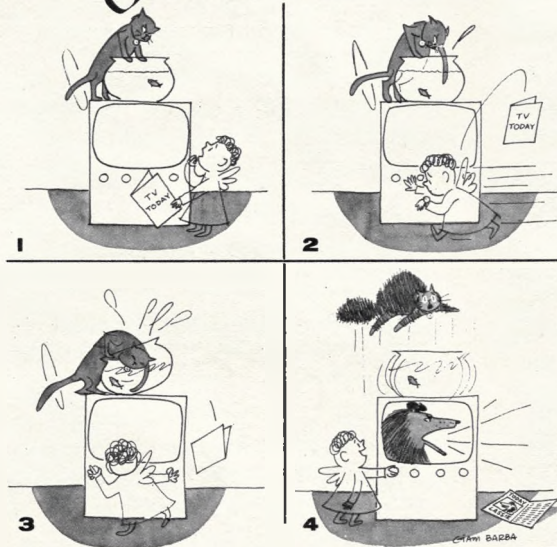
We gasped. "Where's the room for the tracks? Where could you move in from?"

"Simple," said Huston. "We tear down the wall and come in from outside."

And that's what he did. Tore down the side of the building. And then built it back again when the sequence was over. It's that kind of vision that makes a director. They better not let us direct another picture. We'll tear down the blinking studio. — **The End**

Angelino... A Fish's Best Friend

By GIAM BARBA



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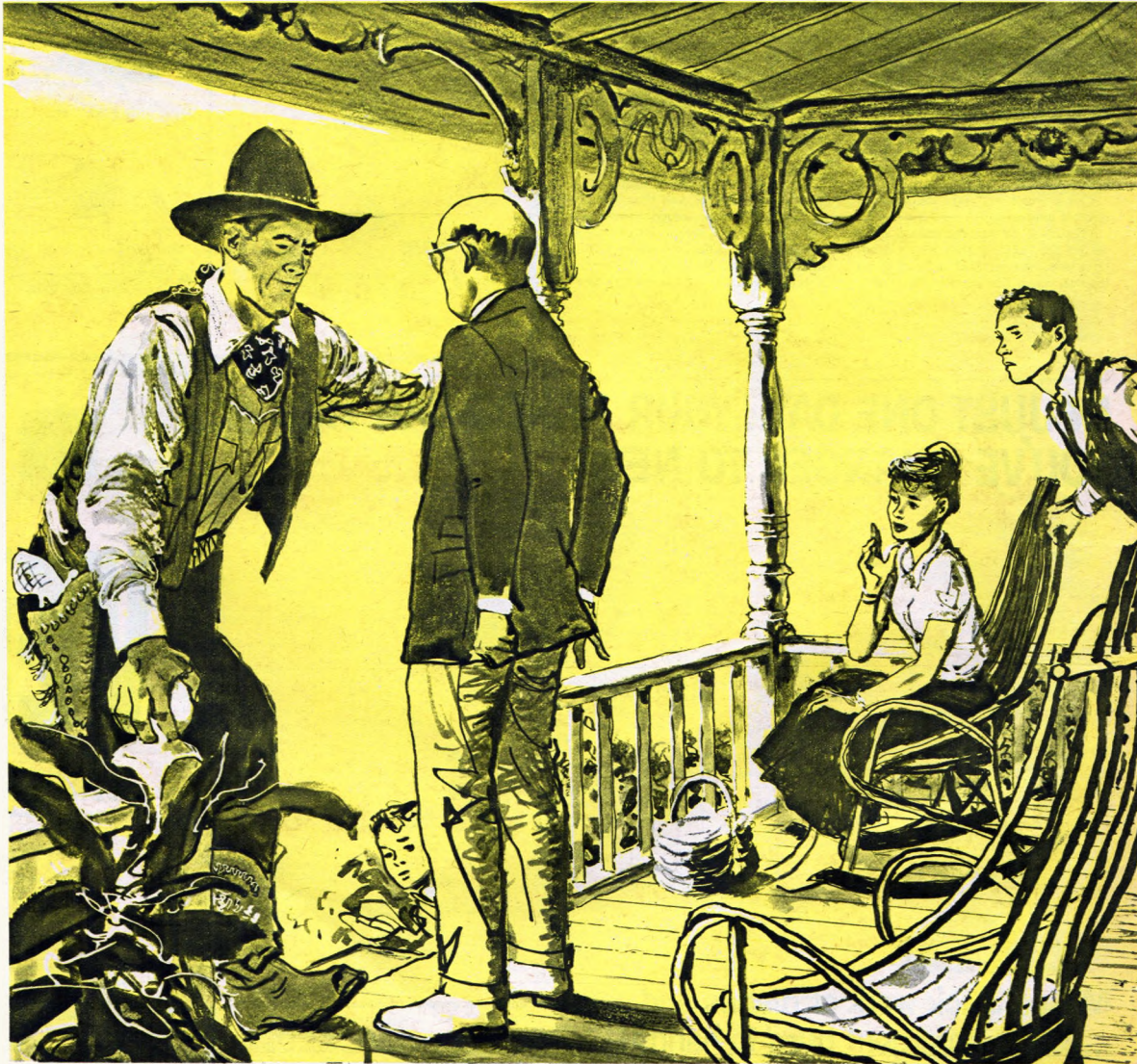
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The Giant Who Came to

He was huge, and slow, and very powerful. And the family was never the same again

By **JOHN D. MacDONALD**

Illustrated by Thornton Utz



"NOW YOU CAN TELL your friends you shook hands with a freak," the giant said, and he towered over a strangely shrunken Ed Wadley

Our House



Harry stood tall, dominating the pygmy world

It happened on a Sunday long ago, on one of those hot still days in late summer. I was ten that summer, and it was a bad summer for me because of my father. It wasn't that I was ashamed of him. I just felt sort of let down. I think my mother felt the same way, but there wasn't anything we could do about it.

Everything had been fine until my father had gone into partnership with big Ed Wadley. My father had owned the mercantile store in town and Ed Wadley had owned the feed business, and then they went into partnership and made it a big general store called the Wadley and Barrel Company.

That Ed Wadley was a big man, with a head getting bald, a red face and small blue eyes. And he had a very loud voice. He kept coming over to our place all the time that summer. He and my father would argue about the business, and Ed seemed to think that every idea my father had was no good at all. And somehow he had started calling my father Shorty.

But before I can tell what happened on that Sunday when the tension between Ed and my father reached its greatest peak, I must tell about the giant.

I had come home from swimming at about three o'clock on a July day and found him cleaning out the barn. All my breath left me when I saw him, and I ran into the house. Mother told me that he had come to the house asking for work. She said his name was Harry Sturmer and he had been in a road show over in Cincinnati and it had folded up and somebody had stolen the money he had kept hidden against the times such things happened. She said the name printed on his trunk was Big Tex. He was going to sleep in the barn, and he was going to prune the dead limbs off the apple trees in the orchard behind the house. And I shouldn't stare at him.

After an hour of staring and moving closer as my courage improved, I got close enough to start asking questions. His voice didn't sound the way a giant's should. It was thin and kind of rusty sounding. All in all, I guess he was a disappointing sort of giant. Unfinished looking. And nothing fit just right. He was powerful, but slow and awkward and clumsy. His face was long and had a sad look and he sunburned easy.

Every time I asked a question, he had to think over his answer and then he made it short. But I learned he was seven foot four and weighed three hundred and twenty pounds. In the show he wore a cowboy costume with seven-inch heels and a thirty-gallon hat. His work pants and shirt had been made by one of the women in the road show. He'd made his canvas shoes himself. They looked it. He made himself a bed in the barn with straw on the floor and canvas over it.

When my father got home about six o'clock, he put the Oakland in the barn and started to trudge toward the house. He had his head down, and I guess he was worrying about the business. I started to run toward him to tell him about the giant, but I didn't make it. My father met the giant right at the corner of the barn. His head snapped up and he made a funny grunt and jumped backward about five feet and landed with his knees bent and his mouth open.

After that frozen moment it was as if his legs took over and carried him a dozen running steps toward the house. — Continued on next page

JOHN D. MACDONALD'S latest paperback novel is the highly praised mystery, "Death Trap"



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THE GIANT WHO CAME TO OUR HOUSE

Continued from preceding page

It Bothered My Father To Have The Giant

making a sort of half circle around Harry. I was saddened to see him run, because it seemed all tied in with the Ed Wadley thing. Then he stopped and stared at Harry for a second or two, and went on into the house at a brisk walk.

When I got inside I heard him saying, "Ye gods, Sarah!"

"He's really very nice and Sam Horsch has been stone drunk for five weeks so there's a lot to be done around the place, things Billy can't do and you haven't got time for. Anyway, it's only a dollar a day and his keep, and he says he'll get an answer to the letters he's going to write and get another job in his trade."

"Have you stopped to think, woman, what a thing like that might eat? How many chickens will he want on Sunday?"

"I asked him and he told me he doesn't eat as heavy as folks might think. When I gave him his dinner this noon, he said I gave him too much."

"Sarah, it unsettles me to have... something like that around the place."

"He's cleaned the barn and pruned half the orchard already. So you go on out and tell him to move along, and give him his

dollar and maybe he can find a field to sleep in."

Harry stayed, of course. By the very next day the whole town knew about him. I guess every kid for miles around came over one time or another to stand around and stare at Harry and ask questions. Harry was a slow but careful worker. He spent a lot of time on the yard, inching along on big pads he'd made for his knees, taking out the weeds. And he wrote letters. I sneaked out to the mailbox and looked at some of them. He printed the addresses and I could print better. He made backward N's and S's. They were to places I never heard of.

I got used to Harry. I got to like him. That was why, when on that awful Sunday when Ed Wadley said that terrible thing, I wanted to cry or kick Ed Wadley or something. And the worst of it was that my father didn't do anything.

It was a Sunday afternoon and my father and mother and Ed Wadley were on the front porch. I was down on the ground below the porch with Davey from down the road, playing mumblety-peg.

Mother was sewing. My father and Ed were arguing about some kind of yard goods my father wanted to buy for the store. And Harry was edging the driveway, working about twenty-five feet from the porch. Though my mother didn't hold with working on Sunday, she let Harry work because he said he would rather than just sit out there by the barn.

Suddenly, in a loud, nasty, laughing voice, Ed Wadley said, "Now honestly, Shorty, how much respect am I supposed to have for the business judgment of a man who'd hire a freak to take care of the work around his place?"

There was a strange silence. The whole afternoon seemed to stop, even the birds. I was close enough to barely hear my mother whisper, "That was rude, Ed Wadley. Very rude. You've hurt his feelings."

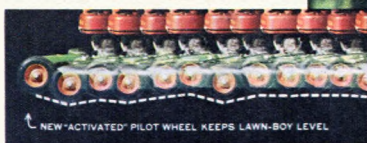
I had watched Harry. He paused in the middle of a stroke, arm raised. I hoped he'd go up on the porch and grab Ed Wadley and throw him all the way out into the country road. But after being very still, he began to work again.

Ed said, just as loud as before, "Non-

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Around

sense, Sarah. Those freaks haven't any feelings, and they have about as much brain power as a moo cow. As I was saying, Shorty, it's your job to handle the trade. I'll do the buying and set the policy. That way we'll get along fine."

And my father didn't do anything. He didn't tell Ed Wadley to get off the place. I felt sick inside. I wanted to make it up to Harry somehow, but there just wasn't any way I could think of.

I didn't want to play any more. I told Davey and he went on home. I went outside and sat for a while under our old maple tree. I had a book and I tried to get so deep in it that I could stop feeling ashamed of the whole family. It must have been an hour later when I heard my father say, "Great Scott!" He used a tone of voice that made me sit up and come running.

I was glad I ran, because I was in time to see Harry come across the yard. He had put on his whole cowboy costume. A huge, high, dark hat, red neckerchief, fringed buckskin shirt, fringed chaps and big cowboy boots that gleamed in the sun. He had no expression on his face. He moved differently, with a kind of sureness and pride, as if he was the biggest man in the world and knew it. He stopped at the foot of the steps and looked onto the porch. There wasn't enough roof clearance for him to come up, and he had the look of a man who wasn't going to scrunch over.

"I thought I'd tell you I'm leaving tomorrow, Mr. Barret. I'm joining a circus in Toledo. I got the word in the mail yesterday." His voice wasn't faint and rusty.

"That's fine, Harry. Splendid!" my father said.

"I'm so glad, my mother said. "I hope it's a nice circus."

"You've been kind, ma'am," Harry said. He looked complete, as if he had moved into his own place in the world again. Then he stared at Ed Wadley. Harry was on the lawn and Ed on the porch, but he looked down at him. He slowly reached his big hand out and said, "I've never met your partner, Mr. Barret." My father quietly mumbled an introduction.

Ed said, "Pleased to meet you." He bobbed his head, and his voice was slightly squeaky.

Harry still held his hand out, patiently. It was the size of a side of bacon. "You'll shake hands, won't you, Mr. Wadley?" We all knew what Ed had called him. Ed's face got white, and then redder than usual. But I must say that he made himself move gingerly to the porch steps and go down and stick his hand out. It disappeared into that grip like the hand of a little child. He stared up at Harry and Harry looked down at him somberly. There must have been strength in that grip because I saw Ed's knees buckle and saw him bite his lip. "Now," Harry said, "you can go tell your friends you shook hands with a freak."

"I . . . I didn't mean to call . . ."
For the first time we saw Harry smile. It was a wide crooked smile that unveiled an expanse of huge yellow teeth. In that instant



Harry seemed to grow even taller, and Ed dwindled. "I didn't mind what you called me . . . Shorty," Harry said.

He released the hand, nodded to us, and walked back across the yard, his hat higher than the eaves trough, and was gone.

Ed massaged his hand. His face looked purple. "That damn freak!" he said, not too loudly. "Try to bust my hand. I'll get the law on him! I'll . . ."

My father had been looking thoughtful, his head tilted to one side as though he was listening to something a long way off.

He interrupted Ed sharply, but he didn't sound angry. "You'll do one thing, Ed. You'll watch your language."

"I'll talk as I please."

"Then get off the place. Now!" The two partners stared at each other. I wanted to holler. My father was back the way he used to be, and I knew we'd never have another bad summer.

Ed was the first one to break the locked stare. He looked away, looked down the road toward the town and then looked back. "All right . . . Sam," he said meekly. "Sorry, Sarah." He lowered his eyes.

"How about some nice iced tea," my mother said.

Three summers later, when I was thirteen, Davey's father drove a bunch of us kids over to see a small circus in Elmira. And Harry was in the side show. I expected that he would know me right away, but he didn't. It disappointed me a little, but I guess I'd changed a lot and he saw a lot of kids every day. I went over to him when the barker was taking the people around to the other parts of the show.

"It's me, Harry," I said. "Billy Barret."

After slow seconds his eyes came alive and he said, "Well, hello, Billy. How are things with your folks?"

"Things are fine. The store is doing real good. My father bought out Ed Wadley over a year ago."

He nodded his big slow head, and I thought I could see a change of expression, a look of both amusement and satisfaction, but I couldn't be sure. Then the crowd came over in front of Harry and the barker started his spiel. I moved back away from all the others.

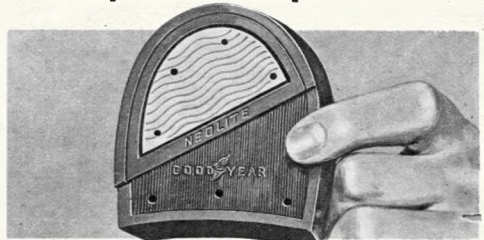
Harry stood up. The sun came golden through the canvas, and the black boots were shiny. He stood to his full height and the people stared at him there on his platform. He towered high, looking over their heads, a somber and golden giant, standing in pride over the pygmy world, fitting in only this one place, yet making me think then, as I watched him, that in that great slow head were long dreams of a world where all were as large as he. A world of the remote past, or the equally distant future.

— The End



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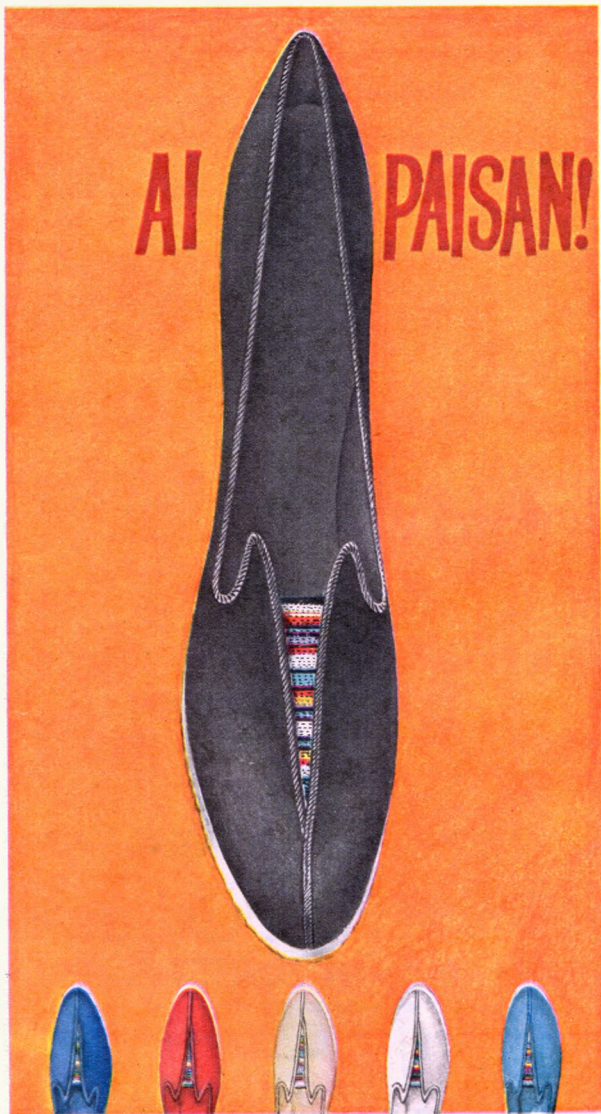
Recommended by Best Authorities

Sweaters Break Into Print!

Science is not only developing electronic kitchens and solar heating, but it's making itself felt in fashion too. Of course, everyone knows about such things as miracle fabrics and built-in mothproofing, but here's a new one — printed sweaters.

These sweaters are hand-screen printed by a new process on high-bulk Orlon and can be made to match any fabric. The one we show matches a cotton pique sun dress. The dress has a low scoop neck in back, a high bateau in front.

Sweater and dress by Alex Colman. They are washable, sell together for about \$40. — **JOAN RATTNER**



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CAPTAIN WORTH himself
lashed the offending Thomas

A Flogging Triggers The Mutiny

those three plus as many others as wished would simply make a break for it. Here Sam would establish his kingdom.

A more unlikely spot for an island paradise than this footprint-shaped atoll could not have been found: knife-sharp coral reef, swampy lagoon, inadequate food supply. But Sam was determined.

He found that all the seven beach-combers taken aboard at Honolulu were willing to jump ship at Fanning. Toward noon he edged up to a young boy of 17 or 18 who was musing at the maintop masthead. He was an attractive-looking youngster, a bright and willing worker, and during the long voyage he had given some signs of admiring the harpooner.

"**W**hat shall we do, Will Lay?" Costmock whispered.

"What do you mean?" the boy asked. "We've had bad usage, Will! What shall we do? Run away or take the ship?" Lay mumbled something incoherent and turned aside. Twice he attempted to get word of the plot to the officers, but Costmock kept close watch on him.

"At midnight!" ran the whisper from one member of the gang to another. At midnight they would jump ship.

In many respects what now happened on the *Globe* is one of the strangest stories in seafaring annals. Possibly the weirdest aspect of the mutiny was this: on that fateful Sunday the whaling ship *Lyra* was sailing in company with the *Globe* only a few hundred yards away. In the late afternoon a contingent of officers from the *Lyra* even visited the *Globe*. The captains agreed that the two whalers would sail together through the night and that the *Globe* would hoist a lantern toward midnight. The two ships would simultaneously shift to a new tack.

Therefore, during all the events that were to follow that night, a full-rigged consort ship, in complete control of its officers, would be riding with full lights only a few hundred yards away.

Yet strangely no sound of the *Globe* mutiny ever reached the *Lyra*.

At 10 o'clock that Sunday night Sam Costmock relieved the deck watch and found his brother George at the helm. "Keep her a good full," Sam ordered.

Sometime in the next hour or two Costmock changed his mind. He would not

banded together and paid native gangs to haul in deserters from the hills or lush valleys. So it's not surprising that when the *Globe* pulled into Honolulu six men promptly deserted.

Captain Worth was thus left short-handed. But one way or another he lined up seven replacements. Obviously the quality of sailor available in Honolulu at this time was not very attractive, but the seven monsters that Captain Worth dredged out of the groghops, the houses of ill repute, and the palm-frond shacks were almost unbelievably evil. Three of them played only minor roles in what was to follow, but four of them passed from the dives of Honolulu into the history of the Pacific.

We can picture these four worthies mustering in the bright sunlight on their first sober day at sea after the *Globe* cleared Honolulu on December 29, 1823. Tall, unshaven, surly and rugged, *Silas Payne* of Sag Harbor, Long Island, was clearly the leader. He hated officers and early in his stay aboard caused minor trouble.

John Oliver was a stocky Englishman, a sailor who had knocked about the merchant fleets of the world. He was willing to consider anything, even mutiny.

William Humphries said he was a steward but showed little aptitude for that work. Probably because he had usually been mistrusted by his shipmates, he is turned distrustful them.

The last member of the foursome was *Joseph Thomas*, who knew a hundred ways to irritate ship captains. The trick that irked Captain Worth most was Thomas's habit of dawdling at meals and then rising in a surly manner just as the captain's patience seemed about to break.

Trouble erupted on Sunday, Jan. 25, 1824, when Second Mate Lumbarb summoned the men. Thomas snarled, "I'm still eatin' me breakfast!" This was more than Captain Worth could stand. Banging on the scuttle, he ordered Thomas to come above. Thomas ambled slowly on deck and started to argue.

Captain Worth well knew what happened at sea when insolence went unrestrained. "I'll have you whipped for that!" he rapped out.

"It'll be a dear blow for you if you do!" Thomas threatened.

That was enough. Captain Worth grabbed Thomas by the collar. The three mates were ordered to summon the crew at once to witness the punishment. Taking the rope in his own hands, Captain Worth personally beat the sailor.

Apparently it was at this instant that harpooner Costmock made his decision. It seems that he first proposed to Payne and Oliver that when the *Globe* reached Fanning Island, due south of Honolulu,

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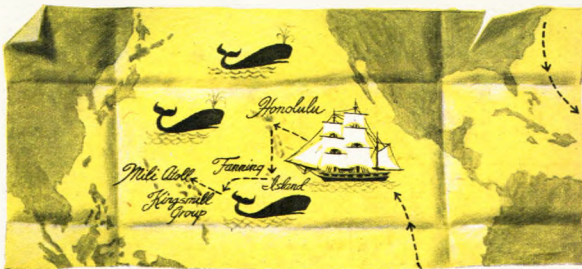
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COURSE of the *Globe* on its bloody cruise into history is shown on the map

And Comstock Takes Command

jump ship at Fanning. Since he was in command of the deck, he would take the ship, murder the officers, desert the *Lyra*, and speed away to a better island in the Marshalls. He reported these new plans to his fellow conspirators, and they agreed.

At midnight sharp, young George Comstock lifted the rattle by which the steersman traditionally summoned his replacement. He fell back in terror when Sam appeared in the darkness, grabbed the rattle, and rasped: "If you make the least damned bit of noise, I'll send you to hell!"

Frightened, George saw that his brother had a knife, two-edged, four feet long, used for stripping blubber.

Sam then leaped down the gangway. Behind him loomed three grimly determined figures, all from the Honolulu

beach: Silas Payne, John Oliver and William Humphries. Joseph Thomas, who otherwise would certainly have been with the mutineers, still lay in his bunk, whimpering with a slashed back.

"This is the captain's cabin," Sam Comstock whispered. He exchanged the knife for an ax that Payne had thoughtfully provided. Sam felt his way through the cabin door.

Things might have gone awry at this critical moment, for the night had turned unexpectedly warm and Captain Worth had forsaken the stuffy berth in his stateroom in favor of a hammock which he had slung from the low cabin ceiling. Thus his head provided a swaying target. But the harpooner was well versed in striking a

shifting target. His powerful arm swayed to match the motion of the hammock.

At the binnacle George Comstock heard the sickening crunch of the ax as it slashed into the captain's head.

Seconds later Silas Payne burst in the door of First Mate Beetle's cabin and stabbed at him. Beetle awoke, wounded and terrified. Then he saw the grim faces of Payne and Comstock. "Don't kill me!" he cried. "Haven't I always —"

"Yes," broke in Sam, "you have always been a damned rascal! Tell lies about me, will you? It's a damned good time to beg now — but you're too late!"

At this Beetle sprang up and grabbed Sam by the throat, knocking the stained ax to the floor. The lantern fell and went out. In the darkness Sam choked out an order to Payne to get back his ax. Payne slipped it into the murderer's hand.

Sam broke loose from Beetle's grip and struck the mate a tremendous blow that fractured his skull.

Sam now ordered his henchmen to barricade the cabin where Lumbard and Fisher, the remaining mates, lay listening, fearful of the worst, but hoping to be spared.

By this time Sam had wearied of his

ax, so he went to the captain's cabin, took down two ship's muskets, and fixed the bayonet on one of them. Then he went to the room shared by Lumbard and Fisher. Through the door he heard Lumbard cry out: "Comstock, are you going to kill me?"

"Oh, I guess not," Sam said. He then fired a blast through the door in the direction of the berths. As the smoke cleared, he asked solicitously, "Any of you hurt?"

"Yes, I'm shot in the mouth," mumbled Fisher.

Flinging open the door, Sam burst through and stabbed with his bayonet at Lumbard. But he missed, and staggered clumsily into the stateroom. Lumbard collared him, Sam wrested free. But Fisher had grabbed the musket and, spitting blood, pointed the bayonet full at the murderer's breast.

AT THIS POINT Sam Comstock's plan should have collapsed, but . . . Don't miss next week's thrilling chapter, "The Island Of Horror," when Comstock wins — and loses — his kingdom.

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How America eats

Cooking For Mountain Appetites

By CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD — This Week Food Editor

Out in Wyoming, they serve hearty food for big eaters

Here in the country of the big sky, of blue lakes forest-locked, stands the \$6,000,000 Jackson Lake Lodge facing the mighty Teton. In frontier days this area was a hunting rendezvous for leathery trappers. Today it is a part of the Grand Teton National Park, a holiday gathering spot for the nation's travelers.

Even in this ultra-modern 300-room lodge, I could sense a certain rangeful flavor of the West's old days. Below my bedroom windows, in the Alpine meadow, moose come to graze at sunset. A hotel attendant pointed out the beaver dam.

Money to build this lodge was a gift to the American people from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and so is run on a non-profit basis. And there are other facilities here, something for every pocketbook. A few miles along the highway is Jenny Lake Lodge with guest cabins located at secluded distances. Opening this year nearby at Coulter Bay, are 125 new cabins, a little city in themselves. Add to this 112 trailer sites, the first trailer accommodations in our national park system. There are 250 camp sites, also many public conveniences—a cafeteria, general store, self-service laundry, public showers. But no matter where you stay, you can visit the Jackson Lake Lodge and enjoy the breathtaking view from the vast lounge with its 60-foot-high glass window-wall.

Breakfast For Mountain Climbers

Look down over beautiful Jackson Lake and directly beyond to the stone-spired Teton. You can have luncheon or dinner here, or arrange to attend a chuck-wagon crowd dinner, served in the open with sourdough biscuits. Enjoy drinks at the bar or in the Fountain Room. The food here rivals that served in the big-city hotels, but with an extra heartiness, to satisfy mountain-aided appetites.

Breakfast is designed to fortify horseback riders, fishermen and mountain climbers. Choose as you will cereal, pancakes, waffles, eggs, crisp bacon curls. Don't miss the fun of a breakfast ride. Our party of 16 set out on horseback, and after a one-and-one-half-hour trot came to camp by Pilgrim Creek. Breakfast was waiting; the chuck-wagon truck had gone on

ahead. Cook Paul Lawrence had the coffee bubbling. While we drank mugs of the black nectar, he fried the bacon and eggs, and had the ready-mix buckwheat cakes coming down the line. Ready-mix, yes, but with a few tricks, as you will see by the recipe. There was fruit juice with milk and cocoa for the children. Always the children. This is a family vacation spot where Dad and Mother and the kids, right down to the high-chair set, come to have fun together.

I had luncheon the following day at nearby Jenny Lake Lodge. The food here is out and out "plain American"—roast turkey, thick steaks, chops, hash, ham, chicken. The old-time Waldorf salad appeared in new dress, spooned into red Delicious apples, one to a portion. Each apple is cut into six sections—not through the base, yet far enough so the sections fan out to make a holder. The salad is spooned in and a dressing added, made of mayonnaise blended half and half with whipped cream.

Catch a trout for your dinner. The Jackson Lake Lodge kitchen makes a point of catering to the special needs of the guests. A fisherman, for instance, can put his catch into a plastic bag and store it in the cooler to be prepared to order. My take was two Snake River cutthroat trout.

So, eagerly to dinner! The peaks were wearing ruby halos in the sunset's afterglow. When the trout was introduced, it was bedded on parsley, the platter decorated with radish roses and rings of green pepper. The fish had been boned, heads left on, then stuffed with a forcemeat made of finely ground sole.

After stuffing, the fish were dipped in an egg-and-milk wash, rolled in cornmeal and fried in bacon fat for 7 to 8 minutes, then to bake 10 minutes.

While the guests from the Lodge and nearby cabins square-



Catch a fish for your

This Week's

Quick Trick

Salad Dressing in a Hurry

Mildred M. Mace of Wauwatosa, Wis., can make a de luxe salad dressing in the shake of a lamb's tail. Her trick is to keep ever ready in the refrigerator a simple stock dressing in a screw-top jar. A good shaking and it may be used just so, or as a base for adding fancy fixings.

Mix together ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ cup cider vinegar, ½ cup oil, and beat thoroughly.

Variations: Add 2 tablespoons finely chopped anchovies; or, ¼ teaspoon curry powder and 2 hard-cooked, sieved egg yolks.

A lovely fruit dressing is made by the addition of 3 tablespoons pineapple juice, 3 tablespoons orange juice and 1 teaspoon sugar. Roquefort dressing is as easy as this: add 4 tablespoons crumbled Roquefort cheese. Shake well after the additions.





dinner — the chef will store it, prepare it to order

Bernstein

danced in the recreation hall, 40 states represented, I visited with the chef. Here are some recipes, he told me, that go over in a big way with the visitors. The apple pie has a secret — caraway seeds instead of cinnamon.

Campfire Buckwheat Cakes



- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 3 eggs | 1/2 cup pancake syrup |
| Milk to make 1/2 gallon batter (about 5 cups) | 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine |
| 2 pounds buckwheat mix | |

Stir eggs into mix. Add milk and beat to a smooth batter. Add syrup, which the cook claims makes the cakes brown better. He adds butter to keep the cakes from sticking. Bake on a hot iron griddle over low and steady heat. Yield: about 4 dozen 4-inch pancakes.

Teton Dressing



- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| 1 cup sour cream | 1 clove garlic, minced |
| 1 cup mayonnaise | 1 (1 1/2-ounce) wedge bleu cheese, crumbled |
| 1 1/2 teaspoons lemon juice | 1/2 teaspoon celery salt |

Combine all ingredients and blend well. Yield: 2 cups.

Apple Caraway Pie



- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1 tablespoon flour | Pastry for 2-crust pie |
| 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar | 5 cups (2 cans) canned apple slices, drained |
| 1 cup granulated sugar | 2 teaspoons lemon juice |
| 2 teaspoons caraway seeds | 2 tablespoons butter or margarine |
| 1 teaspoon nutmeg | |

Combine flour, brown sugar, granulated sugar, caraway seeds and nutmeg. Sprinkle 1/2 of sugar mixture into 9-inch pastry-lined pie pan. Cover with half of sliced apples; sprinkle with 1 teaspoon lemon juice and half of remaining sugar mixture. Add remaining apples; sprinkle with remaining lemon juice and sugar mixture. Dot with butter and cover with pastry. Make slits in top of pastry. Flute edge of pastry. Bake in a 425°F. oven for 40 to 50 minutes. Cool. Yield: one 9-inch pie.

— The End

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SCOTLAND YARD'S Case of the



Britain's Donald Gray is probably the only TV star who had to call on the Yard for protection

If you've ever seen the TV detective serial called "The Vise"—and it would be deucedly clever of you to dodge it since it appears several times a week under various titles both on ABC and NBC—you undoubtedly have already been smitten with its debonair hero, Donald Gray. Mr. Gray plays the role of Mark Saber, one of those excruciatingly shrewd Hawkshaws who stand around corpses, puffing pipes and making snide remarks about Scotland Yard.

Well, sir, if you're a fan of "The Vise"—and especially if you're a happily married man—there's an astonishing fact about Donald Gray we think you ought to know: not too long ago, before his role in "The Vise," Mr. Gray lost his several-months-old job as a TV announcer for the British Broadcasting Corporation. Why? Rugged, six-foot, 43-year-old Donald was adjudged just too handsome and charming to face the nation.

Here's what happened: on a stifling August afternoon the future Mark Saber got a scrawled note from an irate husband which said: "Ever since you've been on TV, I get as much affection from my wife as from the cat next door. Your face and your voice have wrecked my life. I hate everything about you. You have seven days to resign your BBC job. Before I kill myself I will kill you."

The BBC reacted as if the British Isles were under siege. Mr. Gray trembled like an aspen leaf. "I am taking this one seriously," he told anxious newspapermen. "Tonight I bolt my doors and sleep with a shotgun by my side."

Alerted by BBC officials, Scotland Yard assigned two plainclothesmen to guard the dashing announcer day and night.

British newspapers rushed into the fray with outraged headlines. The "Daily Sketch" expressed concern because the "glass studios from which Gray broadcasts are not bullet-proof." Liverpool's "Daily Post" announced that, although the intrepid announcer had courageously agreed to serve as a judge in a personality parade at a seacoast resort, he would travel from London by secret helicopter. The "Daily Mirror" received and published a second death-threat letter. This one promised the BBC "a new announcer" if Gray were still on after August 24.

Too Much For BBC

Other newspapers thought Scotland Yard shouldn't come into the case until after Gray was murdered. And in the "Daily Express," Actor Robert Morley growled that it was a wonder to him that everybody on BBC hadn't been assassinated long ago.

"The Vise," by the way, is filmed in England for U.S. consumption. Recently Mr. Gray took time off to visit New York where we had a chat with him about his ordeal in a rendezvous of his own choosing—one of the darkest cocktail lounges in Manhattan.

"More crank letters from husbands came in," he told me, "and the BBC finally decided that the best way to tranquilize the island was to take me off TV."

But to any American husbands watching "The Vise" who develop homicidal ideas, a warning! Despite the fact that Gray has only one arm (he lost the other in combat as a major in the Normandy campaign), he's one of England's crack rifle shots. "The Vise" is a very lucrative job and, this time, Donald Gray intends to keep it. — The End



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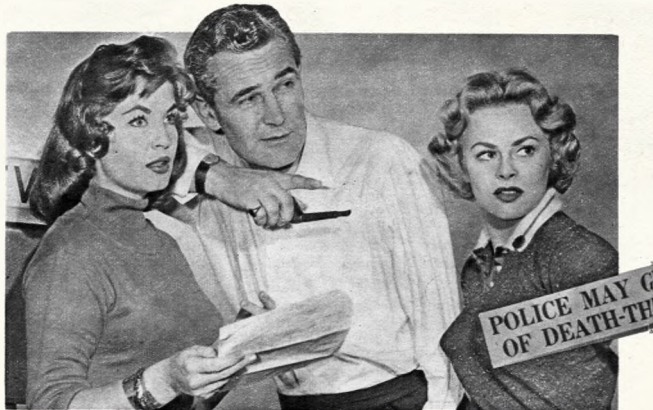
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Gary Wagner

ON AMERICAN TV Gray plays the part of a detective (Mark Saber in "The Vise")

POLIDENT

By **LESLIE LIEBER**

This Week Television Editor

TV Lady-Killer



TV announcer gets
'I'll kill you' note

HARD HOME
EAT ACTOR

TV ANNOUNCER GUARDED
AFTER DEATH THREAT
Viewer Has "Loat Wife's Affections"

"I Hate Your Face, Voice"
HUSBAND'S DEATH
THREAT TO TV MAN

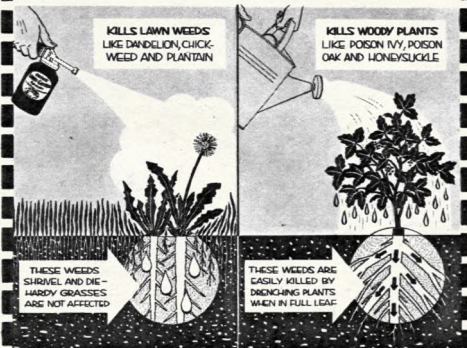
Combin

ON BRITISH TV he had to call in a detective to guard him from irate husbands

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THE GERFBOARD



By BENNETT CERF

Mashie Notes

Golf was invented at 11:10 a.m.

At noon the first golf joke came in

"To H--- With Golf" is the chant of West Coast wit Fred Beck, but he doesn't really mean it. It's a title he's given to a funny collection of yarns about a game that has equal allure for presidents and paupers, octogenarians and rock 'n' rollers, experts and hackers like myself.

My game is painfully like that of the duffer who was asked, "What's the nearest you ever came to a hole-in-one?" He answered, "Six." Even my wife beat me one day. Never underestimate the par of a woman!

An accident led to the beginning of golf, to hear Fred Beck tell it. One fateful day a Scotsman took a swing at a sheep with a stick, cut under it and accidentally connected with a small, round rock which went sailing down the fairway. He took another whack at the stone, which this time hit his mother-in-law. Delighted, he cried, "Hey, Mac, watch me swat this one into yonder rabbit hole." No more sheep-herding was done that day. The game of golf was launched at 11:10, the first lie about a score at 11:22 and the first golf joke at noon sharp.

George Burns persuaded his wife Gracie to come to the links with him one morning. "Want some lessons?" he asked. "No, thanks," she replied. "I learned yesterday." George did show her how to sink a 20-footer from the back of a Great Dane. He called it "putting on the dog."

Palmer Hoyt, of "The Denver Post," knows one golfer with a wee idiosyncrasy. Every time his ball lands in the rough, he nudges it back

onto the fairway with his foot. For his birthday, they gave him a shoe with the head of a No. 9 iron inside.

"I've been playing with him now for twenty-one years," recalls Hoyt, "and he hasn't had a bad lie yet."

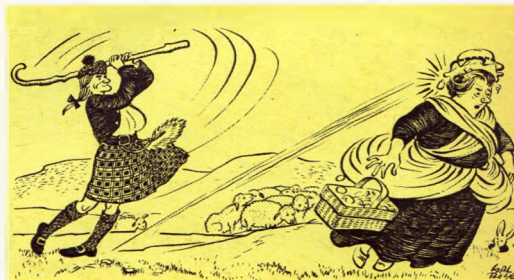
The most unusual hole-in-one of all time, avers Fred Beck, was



George and Gracie: Great golfers

scored in 1948 by a golfer named Benny Trevine, in San Antonio, Texas. Benny teed off on the first hole — and a mighty swat it was. He made the whole course in one! His ball first struck a link-chain guard, ricocheted off a tree, hit the roof of the caddie house, bounced onto a paved road and from there to the eighteenth green — where it rolled gently into the cup!

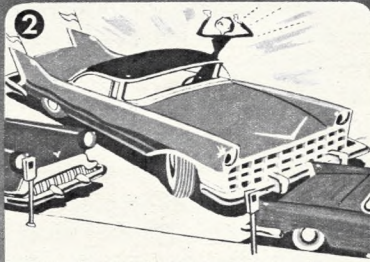
The last straw. Prize golf alibi of the year was pulled by reader Allan Wilson. After whiffing his tee shot three times, he glowered at his companions and announced, "Somebody has been cracking walnuts with my driver."



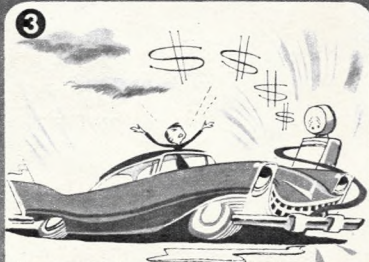
GOLF WAS BORN: A great game, he thought — and quit sheep-herding



1 **THE LITTLE WOMAN AND THE BIG MAN**
Once there was this real Little Woman whose husband was a very Big Man. And he bought a great Big Boat of an automobile.



2
When the Little Woman drove it, she thought she was piloting a battleship. It was hard to drive. It was hard to park. It was hard to garage.



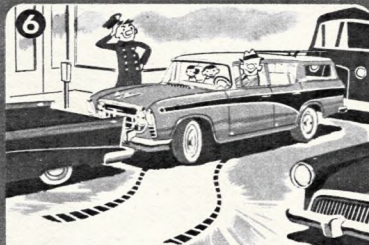
3
This buggy drank gas like a B-52. "Why," asked the Little Woman, "should I drive two tons of steel to take the kids to school, to shop, or go to the beauty parlor?"



4
So she took her Better Half by the hand, and they looked at a cute little imported car. But it wasn't big enough to hold the Big Man, the Little Woman and the kids. So then they found . . .



5
Rambler—only car with "big car" roominess, foreign car maneuverability and economy, the "6", that holds the cross-country economy record, a penny a mile for gas, with overdrive.



6
Was the Little Woman happy! Rambler handled like a dream. Sipped gas, instead of guzzling it. Fitted in the garage with room left over. Now the Little Woman laughed at friends with big, overgrown cars.



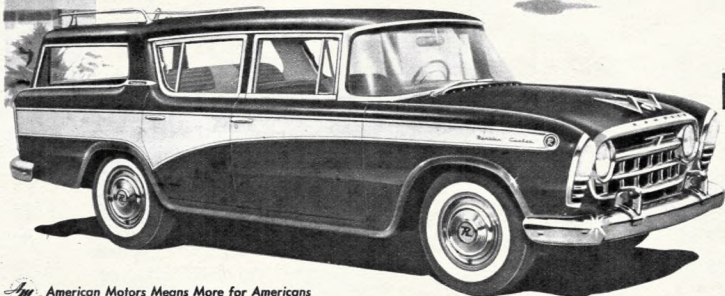
7
Her Rambler had Airliner Reclining Seats that made up into nap couches for small kids. It had All-Season Air Conditioning, worth its weight in gold come trade-in time. It had luxury features galore.



8
When she and the Big Man figured costs, counted the fact that among all low-priced cars, Rambler is 'way up in trade-in value, they found they could own and operate two Ramblers at the cost of their old Big Boat.



9
So the Big Man bought a new '57 Rambler V-8 for himself. Little Woman's happy. Big Man's happy. So will you be when you discover how much car you get in Rambler. Try one! Have fun driving!



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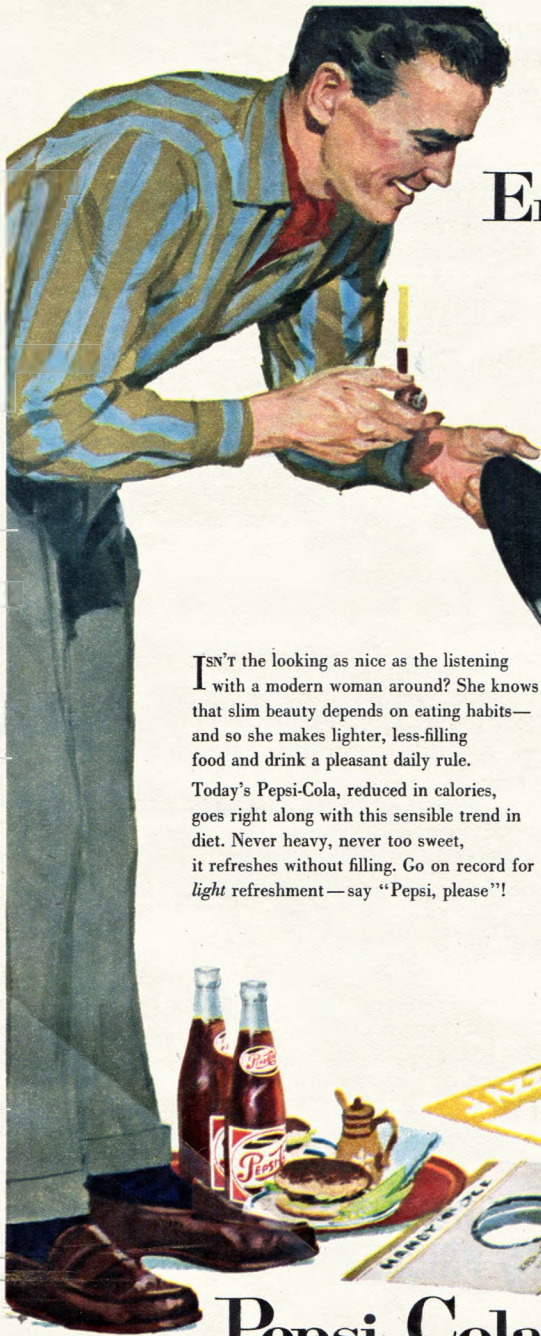
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Pepsi-Cola
refreshes without filling

