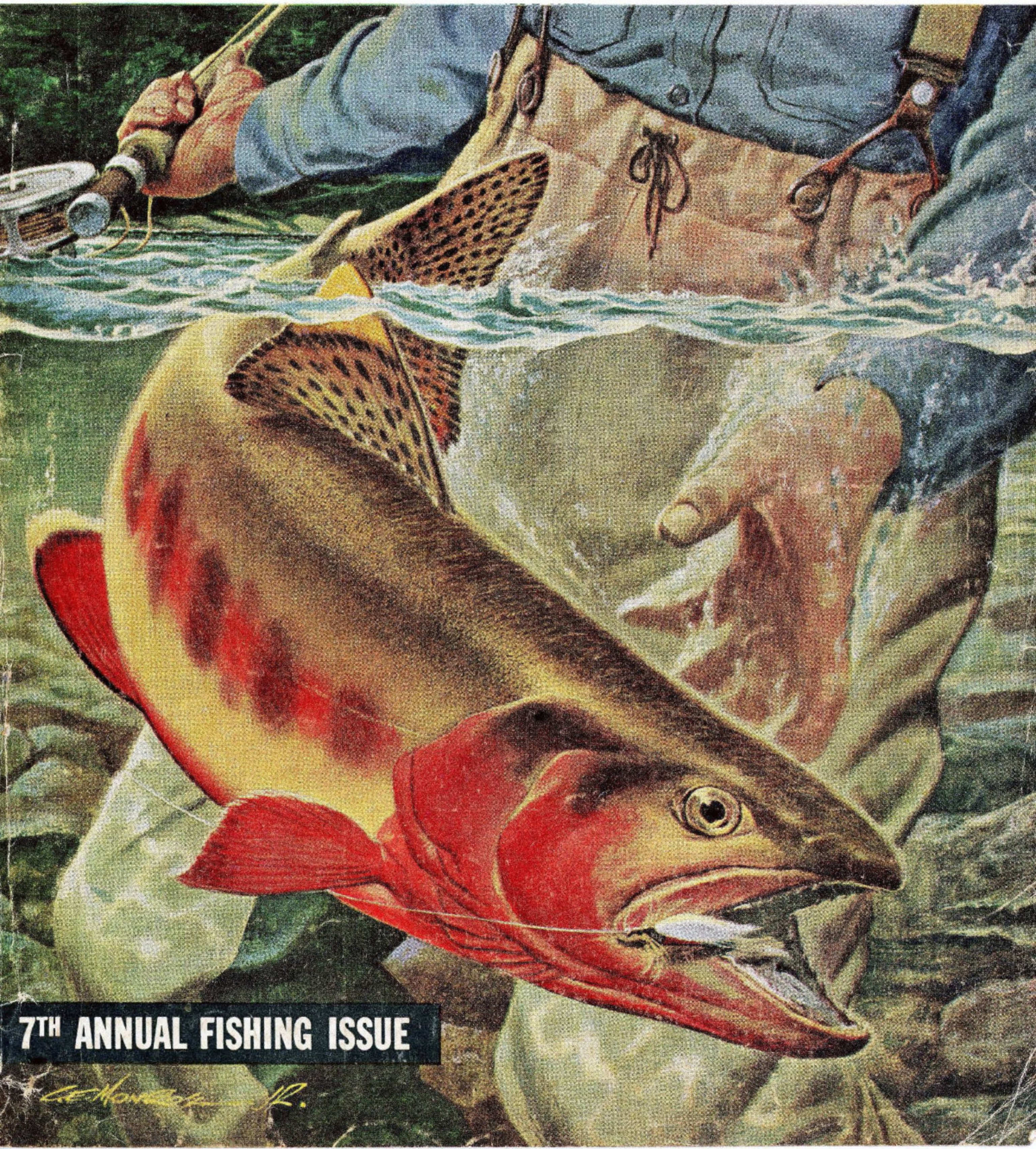
A Fawcett Publication

# TRUE

## THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

25c APRIL 1955

**GREAT BLUE RIVER**
**By**
**ERNEST**
**HEMINGWAY**



**7TH ANNUAL FISHING ISSUE**

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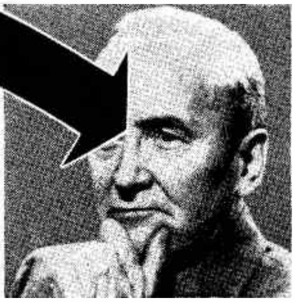

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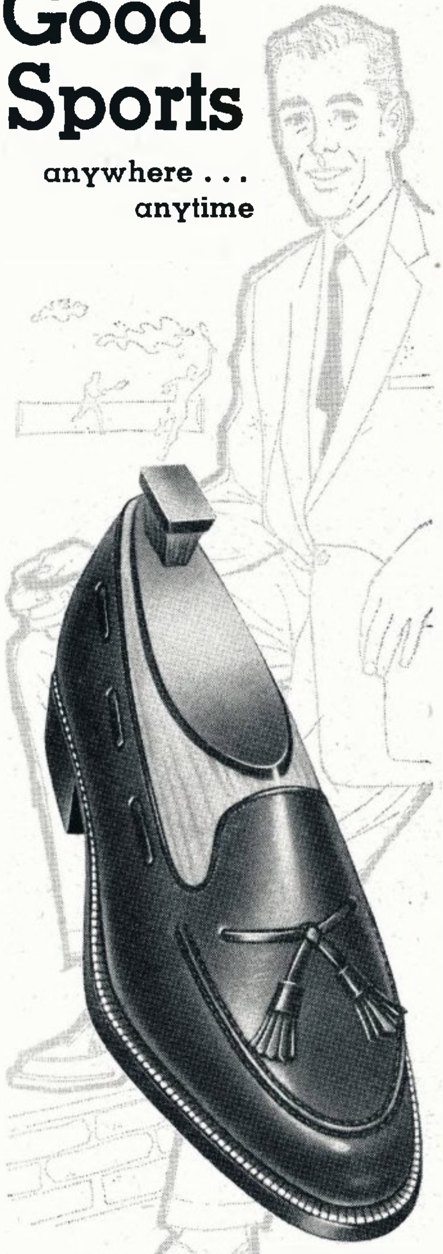

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**APRIL 1955**

# TRUE

**the man's magazine**

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*'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.*—Byron

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*Just chuting out of a plane wasn't enough. The author wanted to spread his arms like wings and soar through the sky. Here is the astounding story of a man who really flies—and tells you how he does it.*

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COVER PAINTING: GOLDEN TROUT BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

**VOL. 35** **A FAWCETT PUBLICATION** **No. 215**

**THE FACT STORY MAGAZINE FOR MEN**

Frederic N. Dodge, *National Advertising Manager*

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TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial offices: 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. Advertising offices: 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.; 672 S. Lafayette Park Place, Los Angeles 57, Cal.; 110 Sutter St., San Francisco 4, Cal.; 1659 Guardian Bldg., Detroit 26, Mich. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Louisville, Ky. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright 1955 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the publishers. Address manuscripts to New York editorial office. Unacceptable contributions will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos. All remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions as well as notification of change of address should be addressed to TRUE Circulation Dept., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Price 25c a copy. Subscription price $3.00 a year in U. S. and possessions; 35c a copy in Canada. Canadian subscription price $4.00 a year. All other countries $6.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U. S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn.

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# Truely Yours

### SEWED UP

Alan Hynd is terrific and his story of Isaac Singer is par for his course.

—*AC 2 J. H. Squier*
*Royal Canadian Air Force*

Every line of Alan Hynd's excellent account of Isaac Singer had the ring of truth—except the last line: ". . . an old man who, starting with nothing, winds up with everything. Everything, that is, except the respect of his fellow men."

The last line should have read: "Everything, that is, including the ENVY of his fellow men."

—*Kent Bellah*
*Saint Jo, Texas*

What's the matter with you birds anyway? At a time of year when people have "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" on their minds, you put out *How Isaac Singer Kept Five Women in Stitches*. It's an article to cause shame and evil intent.

TRUE has fallen. With it, the whole nasty bunch of you.

—*W. H. Mitchell*
*Cornersville, Tenn.*

I hope you'll correct Mr. Hynd's error in saying: "Isaac Singer learned that a tenet of the Mormon Church entitled a man to as many wives as he could take care of."

The Church gave permission ONLY to those worthy of plural marriage. I doubt if Singer would fit in that category.

—*T/Sgt. Donald Hathaway*
*Biggs Air Force Base, Texas*

**No, not worthy—just willing and able.**

### RARE TREAT

Your enjoyable article on cheese in the January issue neglected a famous cheese of the Mediterranean area: Wormy cheese. That's right, WORMY cheese. The worms evidently are maggots, but the cheese is good, anyway.

I had the good fortune to become acquainted with this cheese in Corsica when I was with the Air Force in 1944.

—*Richard A. Rogers*
*Wenatchee, Washington*

### WILD-EYED BLUE YONDER

I'm damned tired of you ground-pounding writers libeling us ex-combat pilots. In your story on helicopters, *All Their Eggs in One Eggbeater*, you infer that all odd-ball pilots were sent to combat while the aces were kept home to instruct.

It so happened that during World War II a pilot's assignment on graduation depended on where he was needed most at the time. He may have been assigned instructor's duties or he may have been given operational duties. Gawd, we'd have been mighty superior to whip the Luftwaffe with our second team.

—*J. W. Conley*
*Huntington Sta., N. Y.*

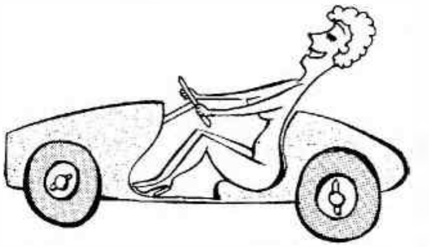
**Don't go into a spin, Conley, we merely said . . . "so did Bill's adeptness in handling aircraft trap him into becoming an instructor." Just like you said—they needed instructors at the time.**

### NO CLOTHES WANTED

Who cares what some rich loafer wears when he drives a custom-built car around? (*Styled for Speed—Sports Car Wear*; TRUE, January 1955.) Anyway, the terrific photograph of Marilyn Monroe in the same issue made up for it.

—*Walter Thayer*
*Chelan, Washington*

**Where'd you get the idea sports-car drivers are loafers, boy? Some of the hardest working guys we know drive sports cars, and many buy them on time. Fact is, they're cheaper to keep up than Marilyn.**



### ESCAPE TO PRISON

You may be interested to know there was another major submarine disaster, besides the S-5, where there was no loss of life.

I was aboard the U.S. Submarine Grenadier when it was sunk by a Japanese bomber in the Bay of Bengal on April 21, 1943. Thanks to the "savvy" of Capt. Fitzgerald, the entire crew of 72 officers and men escaped safely.

All survivors were picked up by a Japanese gunboat and we spent 2½ years in a prison camp near Yawata. Four members of our crew died in this camp from inhumane treatment. The rest of us will never forget the unselfishness, loyalty, and courage of these four men.

—*T. R. Courtney*
*San Carlos, Calif.*

[*Continued on page 6*]

# REWARD YOURSELF

## with the pleasure of smooth smoking

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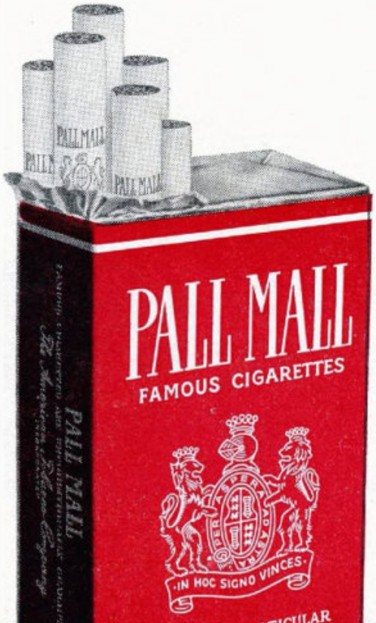

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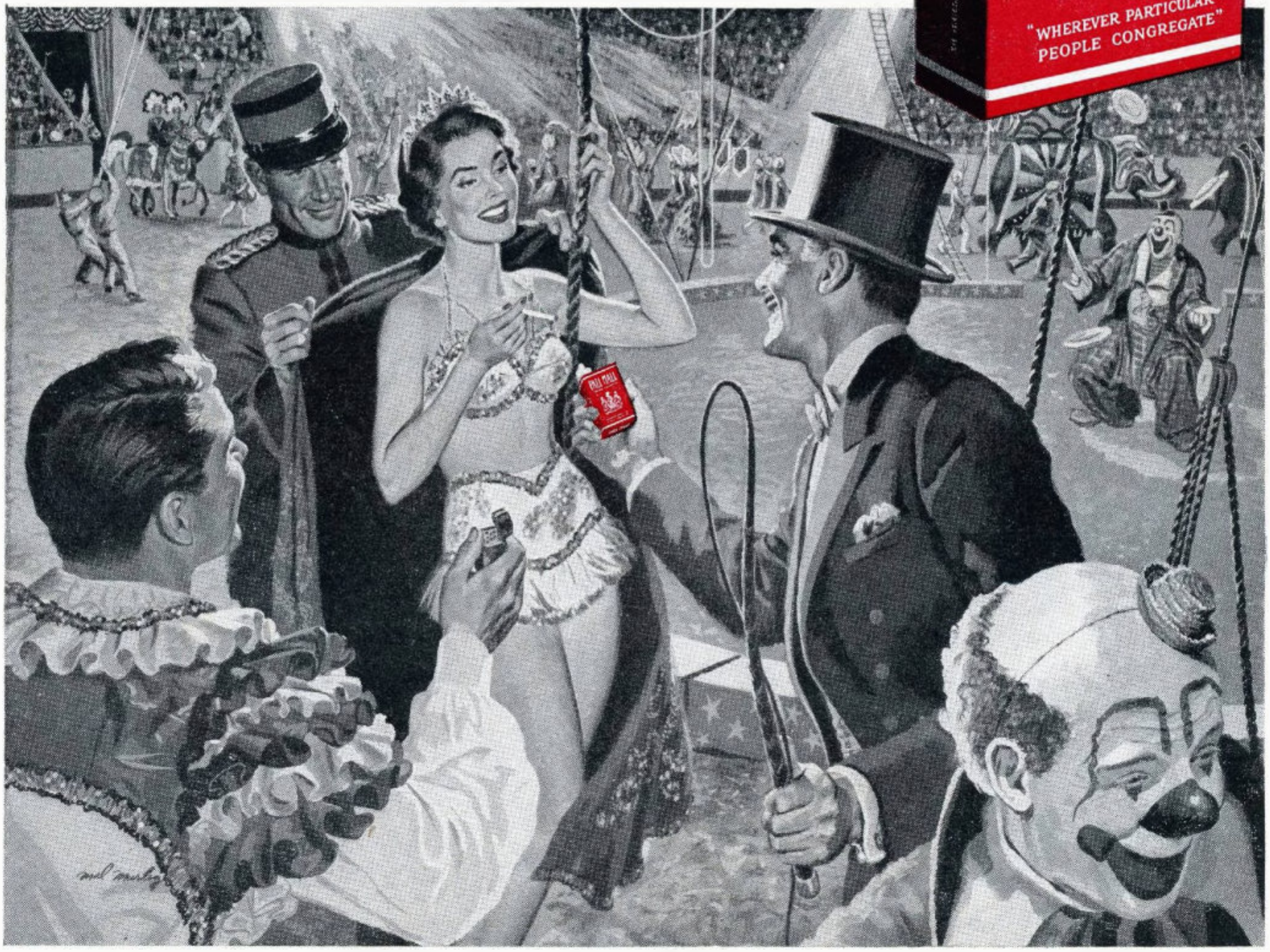

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## Truely Yours

[*Continued from page* 4]

### Bare Facts

When are you going to publish more "objectionable pictures of undraped women"?

I enjoy the readers' letters threatening to quit reading True if you continue printing honest stories and honest pictures.

I enjoy even more the fearless answers to these letters. Keep up the good work.

—*R. M. Schatz*
*Seaview, Washington*

Don't worry about the prudish characters. Bring on the girls!

—*Vinton Pope*
*Lakeview, Oregon*

**You bring the girls. We'll bring the beer.**

### Ari's Beach Boys

It's because of such characters as Aristotle Onassis that hundreds of American Merchant Seamen are on the beach.

—*Don Lane, S.S. Hawaiian Craftsman*

### Your Feet's Too Big

You say 43,560 feet in an acre? I sure hope you're all wrong, because around my part of the country we think an acre has 65,960 sq. feet.

—*Marvin Rudolph*
*Denver, Colorado*

**You thinking of selling or buying, Marvin? 43,560 is correct.**

### Dreamboat

I'm a student with a four-month vacation coming up this summer. I was going prospecting for uranium, but instead I'd like to contact other True readers about digging up that buried Missouri River steamboat that has the cargo of whisky *Oldest Hooch in Kansas*, True, Dec. 1954.

—*N. Spohn*
*Edmonton, Alberta, Canada*

The True story of the sunken river-boat, Francis X. Aubrey, was very inspiring.

You said the boat was hard to locate because after it had sunk in the mud, the Missouri cut a new channel a mile away.

The Missouri didn't cut the channel—it was torn out by an earlier bunch of whisky hunters. This party worked so secretly at night, they started digging in the wrong place. Even so, they wouldn't give up until the river broke in and forced them out of their own excavations which were strung out for miles.

—*Bill McCormack*
*Lincoln, Illinois*

Your article, *Oldest Hooch in Kansas*, is an old story to me.

George Summers was my uncle and not an illiterate farmer as you pictured him.

I still have a mahogany table taken from the wrecked ship you describe. I prize it very much.

—*Mrs. M. E. Phillips*
*Parkville, Kansas*

**Now, now, Mrs. Phillips—your uncle was described as "a sun-browned old farmer." That's a lot better than being a pasty-faced old editor.**

### Owl Howls

I read with interest Russell Annabel's description in the January True of a horned owl attacking a man *(Great Cat-Eyed Bird)*. I think an explanation for this attack can be found in one sentence of the account: "He clapped a frazzled muskrat-skin hat on his head."

In the darkness, the owl could have mistaken this furred cap for a small animal of prey.

—*William Sanbrecla*
*New York City*

I think author Russ Annabel once saw an owl rough-up our national symbol; but sometime or other he must have seen the little Kingbird do the same thing. So why pick on the owl?

Most ornithologists agree that the Great Horned Owl is more beneficial than destructive, because they prey on rodents. Let's leave the owls alone.

—*Rudy "Owly" Dettwyler*
*Casper, Wyoming*

In the *Great Cat-Eyed Bird* article, I don't agree with your translation of Kat Ugle as meaning Cat Eagle. Ugle is Scandinavian for owl.

—*A. D. Larson*
*Lemmon, S. Dakota*

**Maybe you can't see as well as an ugle, Mr. Larson, because on page 62 Kat Ugle is identified plainly as a horned owl.**

### Blind Justice

The mild disciplinary action taken against Lt. Col. Fleming compared to the sentence given Corporal Dickenson is a typical example of discrimination against enlisted men in our armed forces.

Our military leaders express bewilderment that few men want to re-enlist; yet, they do nothing to alleviate the situation.

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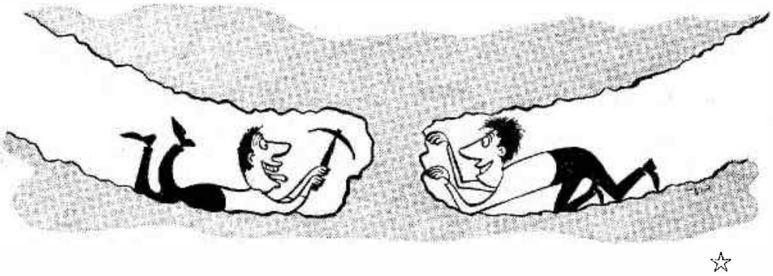

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New York State

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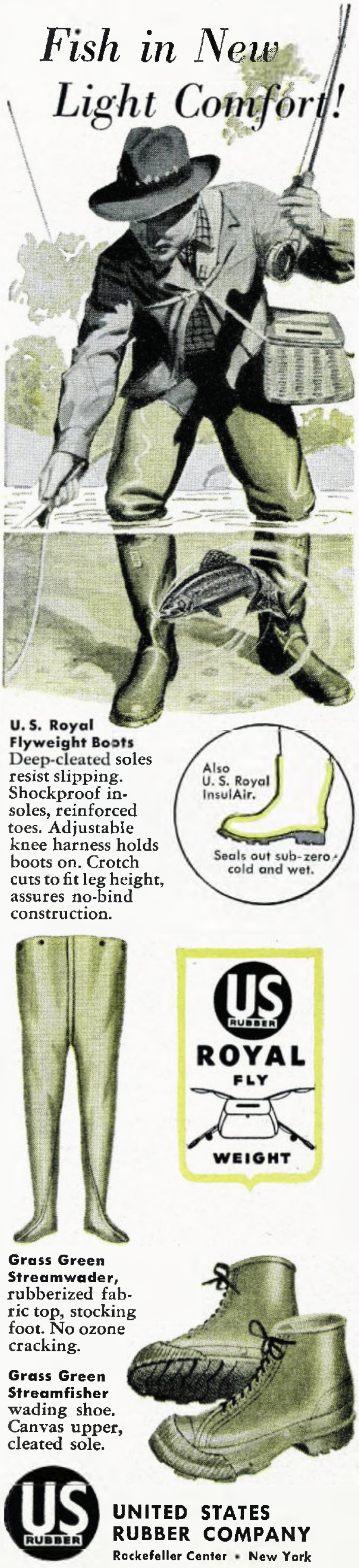

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**Grass Green Streamfisher** wading shoe. Canvas upper, cleated sole.

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UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
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## Truely Yours

[*Continued from page* 6]

With only a few weeks to go of a four-year enlistment, I feel qualified to make this statement.

—*John Orlando*
*U.S.S. Hornet*

A few well chosen words from General Dean might help Corporal Dickenson.

—*J. Poland*
*Frankford, Ontario, Canada*

Each parent of a serviceman should take note of the Dickenson case, and each serviceman should ask himself: "Could it happen to me?" It could if something isn't done.

—*Pvt. W. R. Belcher*
*U.S. Army, Korea*

If Stern is successful in his rabble-rousing and gets Dickenson off the hook, it will be a bad example for men entering the service.

Why did Stern drag the good name of General Dean into this mudfight? General Dean was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroism *before* he was captured.

Tell us about the good men who didn't break, or who are in unmarked graves. Don't sing the praises of a jellyfish.

—*M/Sgt. E. Bradford, U.S. Army*
*Salzburg, Austria*

The Dickenson frame not only adds grist to the Communist propaganda mill, but puts a big, ugly dent in the Liberty Bell.

At any rate, it's reassuring to know that journalism still helps the underdog—rich or poor, black or white.

—*Bob Wenger*
*Los Angeles, California*

The disgust and horror I felt reading about Corporal Dickenson prompts me to write.

Can't TRUE and Mr. Emery tell us common people how to address our protests to insure their reaching the proper authority?

What can we now say to our boys when they ask our advice about joining the Army? Should we remember "The Example of Dickenson" and advise them not to volunteer? Can I be sure my sons won't be used as other "Examples"?

—*Mrs. Ralph Hartung*
*Craig, Colorado*

**As reported in the last issue of TRUE, a defense fund has been established for the legal assistance of Corporal Dickenson. Contributions can be made in care of Emery at Ansell & Ansell in the Tower Bldg., Washington, D. C.**

### HIP, HIP FOR VIP

Regarding Vip's "Always Tip Your Hat to the Opposite Sex," what is the viewpoint limit from the rear—before the frontal perspective of the opposite sex vanishes in entirety?

—*George A. Quinn*
*Alameda, Calif.*

### RESPONSES ON RUNT

In the fascinating account of Jimmy Wilde (*Boxing's Remarkable Runt*) in the December '54 TRUE, the author overlooked or did not know, that Tancy Lee shed 16 lbs. to fight Wilde. Tancy Lee was also 33 years old when he kayoed Wilde. Tancy was a brilliant fighter—a product of the old school, and a gem in the rough.

—*George Bain Sutherland*
*Ex Amateur Bantam Champ*
*Of Scotland*
*Banff, Canada*

I question your statement that Jimmy Wilde was a perfectly normal specimen. Isn't it unusual for a man 62½ inches high to have a reach of 68 inches?

I've always advocated "Hands across the sea" but this is stretching the hands a bit too far.

—*H. Robert Eigner*
*Baltimore, Md.*

**A man's reach approximately equals his height. Wilde's reach was longer than usual, but not abnormally so.**

### "YOU CUR, YOU," DEPT.

I believe every young girl should study TRUE prodigiously. It has been an aid and a boon to me.

The vital and important message in TRUE should be impressed indelibly on the young female mind: A WOMAN IS A FOOL TO TRUST A MAN.

I thank you for your marvelous counsel.

—*An Innocent*
*Boston, Mass.*

**Come clean now, baby. You didn't learn that from TRUE. Come on, now, give us his name.**

### NOTHING UP THE SLEEVES

The article, *How Houdini Did It* is truly interesting, but the exposure of professional secrets is unfair to legitimate entertainers and the mystery-loving public. Nevertheless, it is a worth-while contribution on a top showman who disclaimed supernormal powers and even exposed those that did.

—*Charles Ruben (Magician)*
*Los Angeles, California*

The Houdini article left me confused about his escape from the Russian police van.

After Houdini cut an escape hole in the floor of the van, the article says the Russian cops claimed Houdini used occult powers to draw back the bolt of the locked door which was on the outside of the van.

If those cops didn't notice the hole in the floor they must have had holes in their heads.

—*Ivan Leister*
*Westwood, Calif.*

**Checked *your* head lately, Ivan? The article said the *prudent* Russian cops claimed Houdini used occult powers. The cops didn't want their public to know an escape could be made by mechanical means.**

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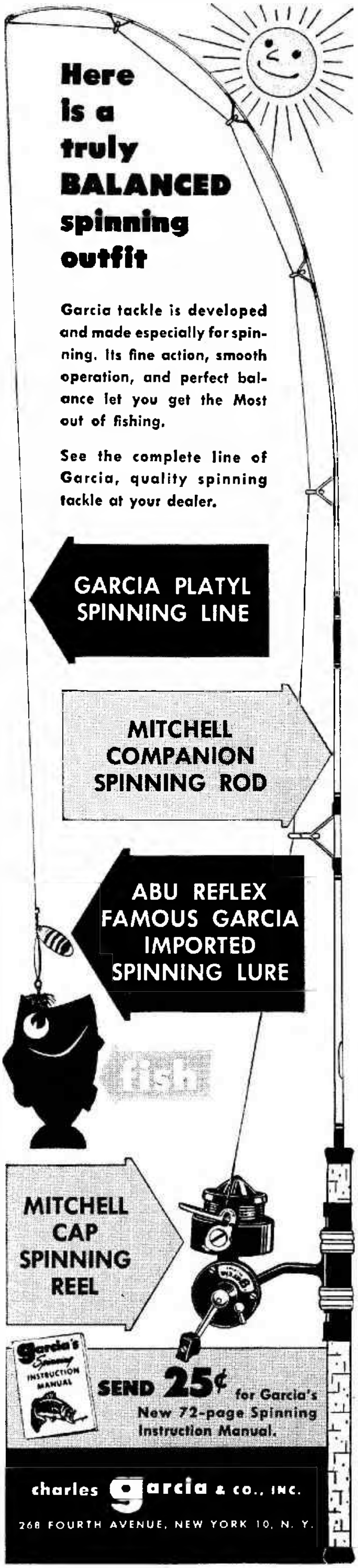

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# the EDITOR speaking

Artist C. E. (Ed) Monroe, Jr.—one of the top men in the field in our estimation—was given a tough assignment when we asked him to paint the picture at the left. The assignment: give us a shocker, an unusual looking fish that will whet the reader's interest and curiosity. Monroe, a handy man with a rod as well as a brush, pondered, mulled and wrought. The result, we think, met the specifications of the assignment. Curious? Well, it's a golden trout. And if you want to know more about this elusive fish, consult your back files of TRUE (July, 1952) for the story, *The Trout That Lives in the Clouds*. And if by some strange chance you don't happen to have a file of TRUE handy, we suggest that you could do worse than to start your file with this particular issue. We think, in all modesty, that it's pretty damned memorable.

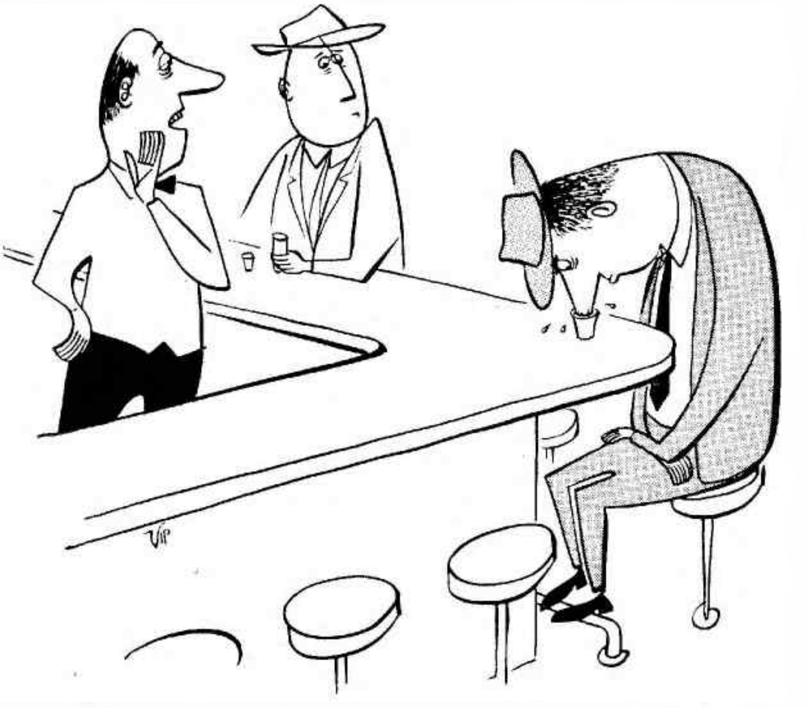
Take, for example, a fishing trip with Ernest Hemingway, starting on page 21 (and note the whopping color photographs of the old pro by George Leavens). Don't want to fish? Try flying with the astonishing *Bird Man*, Leo Valentin, on page 44. Like adventure? Read *The Captain They Couldn't Lick* on page 54. We also recommend, and you should be able to figure out what it's about from the title, *From Her to Paternity* on page 42.

Next month, we promise, will be just as memorable. The feature: the intimate life story of Willie Mays, told by baseball's most valuable player in his own words.

* * *

*The Crucifixion of Corporal Dickenson*, TRUE's lead story last November, brought us a flood of mail and a batch of funds for the boy's defense. We didn't know what to do with the money at the time. But we know what to do with it now. The other day the mail brought us a letterhead which read: DICKENSON DEFENSE FUND COMMITTEE, R.F.D. 1, ORANGEBURG, N. Y. The letter was from writer Dick

TRUE MAGAZINE



"Watch Joe. He can get a snootful quicker than anyone."

Stern, a close friend of Dickenson's defense counsel, Guy Emery. The letter reads, in part:

Dear Doug:

I doubt if any of the three of us—you, Emery or I—had any idea when we first talked about the doing of the Dickenson article, that the mail response from all over the country would be the deluge that it has been. The mail I've seen has been over 40-1 that the boy didn't get a fair break; Emery's mail has run about the same.

The response I have seen has been limited to no category of occupations. Congressmen and ex-GI's, doctors and researchers, housewives and retired Army officers, current enlisted men and retired teachers—the list goes on and on, and the theme of the letters is almost always the same: "I think the handling of the case has been shameful. What can I do to help?"

Some of the letters have enclosed money to help finance the boy's appeals—a dollar, five dollars, twenty-five dollars. Last night we got a check for *one thousand dollars* from Mr. W. A. Van Winkle, a retired professor of the Kansas State College.

Every penny of this money is helping to pay the costs of trial, of appeal to the Army Board of Review, to the Court of Military Appeals.

Emery has taken no fee. In the months since he accepted the case, he has worked and fought without recompense for what he believed was, and still believes is, a matter of basic justice. At times he has dug into his own pocket.

The end of the fight is not yet in sight. No man can say how much more will have to be done, how many more briefs prepared, how much more argument presented, how many more witnesses called, new or old, how much more testimony given before the boy is set free. And the costs continue, day by day, week by week, inexorably.

A Dickenson Defense Fund Committee has been formed. There are three of us, all volunteers: Edwin H. Canning, of Cleveland, Ohio; Harry J. Polley, of Sandston, Virginia; and myself. We have set up an account in the First National Bank of Arlington, Virginia, under the name *Dickenson Defense Fund*. Any checks sent should be made payable to the account.

In order to make handling easier, we request that all donations, check or cash, be sent to the Committee at my address—R.F.D. No. 1, Orangeburg, New York.

I don't know what else to say. It is months since the article appeared in TRUE. It is possible that many of the readers who wrote in then will have forgotten by now. I hope not. Dickenson is still in prison, still under the sentence of 10 years, dishonorable discharge, loss of pay and allowances. The fight goes on; it will continue to go on; but money is needed.

Sincerely,
Richard Stern
Secretary
DICKENSON DEFENSE FUND
COMMITTEE

TRUE's editors feel that this letter eloquently expresses our own continuing interest in Dickenson.—doug kennedy

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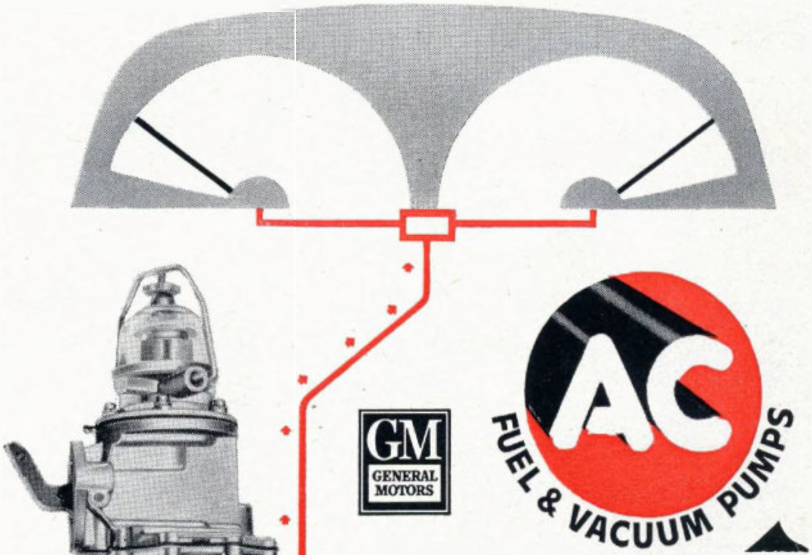

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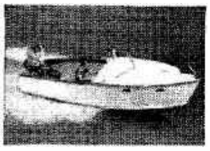
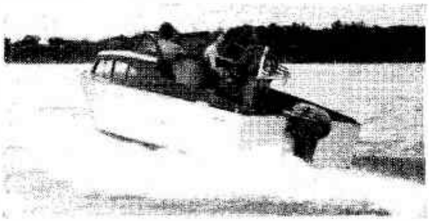
12-ft. Vagabond; kit $124

14-ft. Dolphin; kit $153



16-ft. Express; kit $347



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# THIS funny life

A young Army officer, soon to be married, was shopping for furniture. He quickly selected the living and dining-room furniture, then decided to choose the bedroom suite. After inspecting and carefully testing a number of beds for sturdiness, he explained to the clerk: "We'll need a good strong one, because my wife and I expect to be moving around a lot."

—*N. W. Emmott*
*Ottawa, Canada*

While touring Mexico I happened to stop at the Ambassador Hotel in Monterey. The hotel's rules and regulations had this stern order posted:

> Ladies are not permitted to visit the rooms of single gentlemen, and visa-versa. Guests will convene in the main lobby for this purpose.

—*Lt. Val F. Kolane*
*Bryan, Texas*

A friend of mine and his city-bred wife were on vacation in Idaho where they stopped at a small resort in the woods. They had driven a long way to reach the resort, so were very happy to be shown to their cabin—even though it lacked modern plumbing facilities.

As the husband stretched out on the bed to relax after the drive, his wife stepped out to the little houses behind the cabins. She immediately stormed back into the cabin, angry and flustered. When the astonished husband asked what was the matter, she stammered, "I don't know which outhouse to use! One has a sign that says "Setters" and the other one says "Pointers."

—*C. Dean Conley*
*Nampa, Idaho*

While I was riding on a small branch railroad in a remote corner of the West, an aggravated eastern cattle buyer took the conductor to task. "Look here," complained the easterner. "Don't you think 10 cents a mile on this doodlebug is pretty expensive?"

"Well," drawled the conductor, "it all depends on how you look at it. I'll agree that 10 cents a mile is pretty high, but on the other hand, where else can you get transportation for 35 cents an hour?"

—*Frank Ott*
*Clockamas, Oregon*

While in Alaska recently, a friend of mine, who lives there, described the difficulties he'd had in trying to compliment an Eskimo. My friend was in a store where an Eskimo with a cute little child also was making some purchases. My friend smiled at the Eskimo and remarked, "That's a fine little boy you have there!"

The Eskimo looked startled and replied, "That's not a boy; that's a girl."

My friend was surprised, but said, "I don't see how you can tell—with all that clothing on."

The Eskimo quickly retorted, "That's easy, I'm her mother."

—*Norman Loronger*
*Monterey, California*

TOMATOES
BABIES

A lady friend of mine has a 5-year-old daughter who helped her daddy plant a small vegetable garden last spring. She was most helpful by holding the packages of vegetable seeds while her daddy planted.

Two weeks passed by, and the daughter was in the kitchen helping Mommy. She was asking questions about babies and the inevitable one came up: "Where do babies come from?"

The mother explained, as well as one could to a 5-year-old, that babies grow from a seed planted in Mummy's tummy.

The thoughtful little girl pondered this a moment then asked, "When I was planted, was my picture on the package?"

—*Mrs. H. C. Cos*
*Vancouver, B. C., Canada*

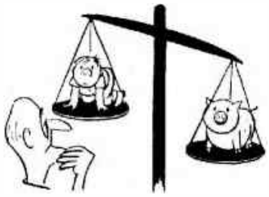
One of my fellow nurses recently completed her training and was working in a mental institution in Colorado. She had been cautioned by the doctors to be very careful and not excite the patients lest they do her bodily harm.

A short time later she was out walking with two men patients when several birds flew overhead. One of the birds happened to score a direct hit on one of the patients.

Remembering the doctor's advice, my friend advised her patients to remain right where they were. She said she would run to a nearby building for some toilet paper.

She was not yet out of earshot when she heard one of the patients observe to the other, "That girl is crazy. Those birds will be miles away from here by the time she gets back."

—*Wm. M. Schoning, Major USAF*
*Riverside, California*



As a principal of a North Carolina high school, I had to pay a visit to a farmer and ask why he wasn't sending his son to school regularly. The farmer listened patiently while I explained the importance of keeping his boy in regular attendance. I also pointed out that he violated the compulsory school law by keeping his boy home.

"Well, Mister," the farmer drawled, "I just don't like the way they're doin' things nowadays. As soon as a kid is old enough to work a little, the Law says we gotta send him to school. Then as soon as he finishes school, the Law says he's gotta be drafted into the Army.

"Hell, Mister, it's gettin' so there ain't no profit in raisin' children any more."

—*Fred Knobloch*
*Millboro, Virginia*

*TRUE pays $50 for each of these true, humorous anecdotes. They must be original, not previously published, preferably taken from your own experience. Payment is made on acceptance; if you do not hear from your submission within four weeks, consider it rejected. None can be acknowledged or returned. Address True Magazine, Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.*

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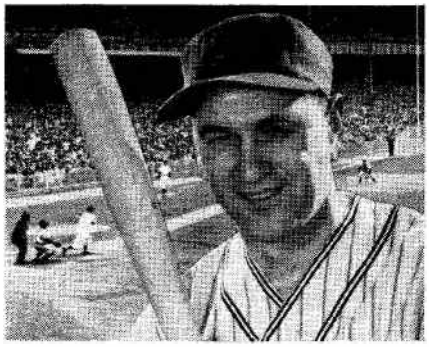

I tune up my car like auto engineers do

A friend and I were gab-festing with an auto engineer. "I start tuning up new cars before they go a mile," he said.

"No, I'm not crazy. It's a matter of lubrication. Oil alone just can't lubricate modern high-compression engines. They develop heat as high as 1400°F—and even the finest oils burn off at 550°F. And oil that's burned can't lubricate. That's why many new, expensive cars have sluggish pick-up, rough idling, and hydraulic-valve clatter.

"I stop trouble before it starts by pouring Miracle Power into gas and oil. It contains colloidal synthetic graphite in suspension. The graphite forms a lubricating film that sinks into metal like butter into bread. This coating neither burns off nor builds up a deposit. It frees sticky valves and hydraulic lifters, cuts oil consumption, keeps the engine tuned, prevents dry-starting damage."

That's a tip from the horse's mouth, I figured. So I tried Miracle Power—and my sticky valves were free in no time. Now even my 4-year-old car gives me peak performance. You can get Miracle Power at gas stations, garages, car dealers. Use the 85¢-size in gas and oil every 1000 miles and the 39¢-size in gas between treatments. Miracle Power treats the the engine, not the oil.

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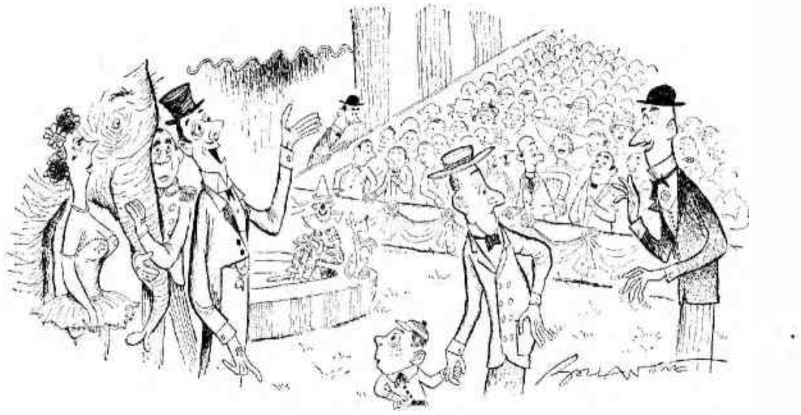
# strange but TRUE

### by George R. Martin

**One of the cleverest spies** in the first World War was a German who had a unique method of transmitting information to Berlin from his hotel room in Stockholm. Being instructed to watch this suspect, Allied counter-espionage agents took an adjoining room, shadowed him day and night, tapped his telephone and read his mail for weeks without finding any evidence. Finally they discovered he was sending messages to a confederate in the other adjoining room by singing loudly in his bath every morning such seemingly innocent gibberish as "do-do day-did-do-do- dum-dee," which meant Ajax in the message "Ajax sails at five Monday." *By Arnold Moran, Washington, D. C.*

**Few monarchs ever lived in** greater fear of assassination than Abdul Hamid II, Sultan of Turkey from 1876 until 1909 when he was deposed and exiled. His Yildiz Palace in Constantinople was heavily guarded and contained only one room in which he would allow himself to be interviewed by outsiders. During such a meeting, the visitor would sit alone in the center of the room and Abdul Hamid would talk to him from behind a fine grillwork. Therefore, the Sultan was not only invisible, but he would walk up and down, fearing that the visitor might whip out a revolver and fire in the direction of his voice. Moreover, Abdul Hamid's private rooms contained alarm systems, trap doors and mirrors set at angles—as well as life-sized models of himself—standing at windows, sitting in chairs and reclining on lounges—which he hoped would receive any knives or bullets intended for him. *By Reginald Massie, Westport, Conn.*

**Cilia, the hairlike extensions** of the cells that line the tissue of the human respiratory tract, filter the inhaled air with a peculiar rhythmic motion. The hairs slowly bend inward and then suddenly snap back, expelling the dust particles they have caught. The remarkable strength of this propulsive force has been demonstrated by removing and keeping alive pieces of ciliated tissue. When moistened for lubrication, the cilia, still attempting to perform their normal function, have caused the tissue to creep across a smooth table, even passing up and over such an obstacle as a thin book. *By Dr. Earle Canfield, Panama, Canal Zone.*



**As late as 1900,** a number of the small circuses that traveled about the United States still made each ticket seller pay the circus up to $35 a week for the job because it was so easy and profitable to shortchange the excited patrons. The privilege of picking the customers' pockets while they were leaving was also sold each season to gangs of thieves. To assist the crooks, the circus owner would have his master of ceremonies, near the end of each show, warn the spectators to beware of pickpockets. Consequently, every man in the audience would quickly feel his wallet and unwittingly reveal to the watching thieves the pocket in which he carried it. *By William de la Torre, Los Angeles, Calif.*

*For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, True will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, True, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.*

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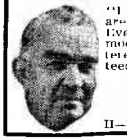

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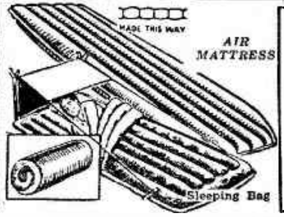

**AIR MATTRESS SALE PRICE $9.88 EACH**

**EXTRA SAVINGS:**

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| 2 | for | $18.76 |
| 4 | for | $35.52 |
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The miracle of DACRON and FIBREGLAS makes this bag non-allergic, mildew-proof, buoyant, resilient . . . and most important, cold proof and light as air. ARK-TIK water repellent ground cloth. Hunter red flannel lining. Full zipper. Extra large 34″ x 83″. Weighs only 9 lbs. Zip 2 together for double bag. **All first quality.**

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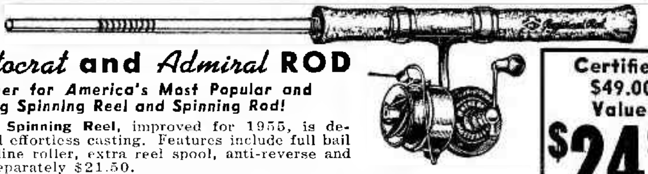

## AIREX *Aristocrat* and *Admiral* ROD

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- **Airex "Aristocrat" Spinning Reel,** improved for 1955, is designed for hard use and effortless casting. Features include full bail line pickup, Carboloy line roller, extra reel spool, anti-reverse and folding handle. Reel separately $21.50.
- **The $27.50 H-I "Admiral DeLuxe" Spinning Rod,** 1955 Model, is custom built and individually registered. The 2-section Power-Glass shaft is further strengthened by 25% Nylon. Special cork handle construction and new reel retaining rings assure firm seating of reel and extra long rod life. **State choice** of 6½ or 7 ft. Tubular Power-Glass or 6½ ft. Solid Power-Glass in medium action or 6½ ft. Tubular Power-Glass in light action.
- **Fiber and fabric protective rod cases and spinning instructions included.**

**Certified $49.00 Value**
**$24.95**
**Rod & Reel & Extras**
*Pay $2.00 Down*

### MITCHELL CAP OUTFIT

**The Mitchell "Cap" Full Bail Spinning Reel and the H-I "Admiral DeLuxe" Registered Rod** (see rod description above) is a balanced combination of thoroughly dependable quality at a really sensational price. Reel separately $16.95. **"Cap" Reel, your choice of any "Admiral DeLuxe"** Rod, and Rod Cases, a Certified $44.45 Value **$19.95**

### ZEBCO SPINNING OUTFIT

You get the All-New **Zebco Model 33 Spinning Reel** (described below—separately $19.50) **plus any "Admiral DeLuxe" Registered Spinning Rod** (described above), **with Line & Rod Case.**
**Certified $47.00 Value...... $24.95**

### SHAKESPEARE 1755 OUTFIT

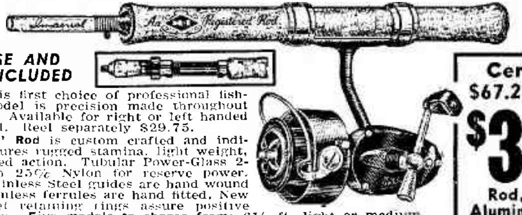
You get the all new **Shakespeare Spin-Wondereel** Model 1755 for right handers or Model 1760 for left handers (separately **$16.50**) **plus** any **"Admiral" Registered Rod** described above, with Rod Cases.
**Reel, Rod, & Cases**
**Certified $44.00 Value........... $21.95**

### SPINSTER *MARK V* OUTFIT

You get the all new 1955 **Airex "Spinster Mark V"** Spinning Reel with full bail (separately $13.50) **plus** your choice of any **H-I "Admiral" Registered Rod** described above, with Rod Cases. **Reel, Rod, & Cases.**
**Certified $41.00 Value........... $18.95**

## *Mitchell* SPINNING REEL and *Imperial* SPINNING ROD

**SAVE $31.37!**

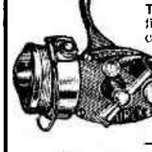


***ALUMINUM ROD CASE AND EXTRA REEL SPOOL INCLUDED***

- **The Mitchell Spinning Reel** is first choice of professional fishermen. New 1955 full bail model is precision made throughout and has every desirable feature. Available for right or left handed casters. Comes with extra spool. Reel separately $29.75.
- **The Imperial "Crown Grade" Rod** is custom crafted and individually registered by H-I. Features rugged stamina, light weight, balance and scientifically designed action. Tubular Power-Glass 2-section shaft is reinforced with 25% Nylon for reserve power. Lifetime Carboloy tip-top and Stainless Steel guides are hand wound with two-tone Nylon. Drawn seamless ferrules are hand fitted. New type rod handle and flared reel retaining rings assure positive reel seating and comfortable grip. **Five models to choose from:** 6½ ft. light or medium action, 6½ ft. medium-stiff action with screw locking reel seat (as shown in inset), 7 ft. medium action, or the new Telespin model with chuck that adjusts from 6½ to 7½ ft. A Certified $37.50 Value Rod that is a thorobred from handle to tip!
- **Aluminum Rod Case with Cloth Bag will protect rod for life. Spin instructions included.**

**Certified $67.25 Value**
**$35.88**
**Rod, Reel, Aluminum Case & Extras**
*Pay $2.00 Down*

### *LARCHMONT* Spinning Outfit



The "Larchmont," Airex's newest and finest spinning reel, together with your choice of **Imperial "Crown Grade"** Registered Rods as described above, extra Reel Spool, zippered Reel Bag, Aluminum Rod Case and Cloth Bag. Reel separately $25.00. **Complete Outfit, Certified $62.50 Value.... $32.95**

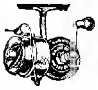
### PFLUEGER *PELICAN* OUTFIT

**A great buy! Pflueger "Pelican"** Spinning Reel (separately $22.95), available for Right or Left Hand Casters, plus your choice of **Imperial "Crown Grade" Registered Rods** as described above, with Aluminum Rod Case and Cloth Bag.
**Complete Outfit,**
**Certified $60.45 Value...... $29.95**

### SHAKESPEARE 1800 OUTFIT

**Shakespeare Model 1800 Spinning Reel** (separately $27.50) **plus** your choice of **H-I Imperial "Crown Grade" Registered Rod, Aluminum Rod Case & Cloth Bag. Certified $65.00 Value... $34.95**

### AIREX *ARISTOCRAT* OUTFIT

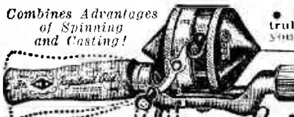


**Airex "Aristocrat" Spinning Reel** with new full bail line pickup and extra spool (separately $21.50) **plus H-I Imperial "Crown Grade" Registered Rod, Aluminum Rod Case & Cloth Bag.**
**Certified $59.00 Value........ $29.95**

### ALCEDO *MICRON* OUTFIT

**Alcedo Micron Spinning Reel** (separately $41.50) plus **H.I. Imperial "Crown Grade" Registered Rod, Aluminum Rod Case & Cloth Bag.**
**Certified $79.00 Value........ $44.95**

## NEW! ZEBCO *Spinning* Reel and *Imperial* $25 Value ROD


Combines Advantages of Spinning and Casting!

- **The entirely new Zebco Model 33 Spinning Reel** is truly ingenious . . . lures can be cast great distances, your thumb permits delicate control for accuracy. Can be used with any casting or spinning rod. Adjustable drag prevents line breakage; enclosed spool prevents fouled line at night or in wind. Interchangeable spool comes with 150 yards of line. Reel separately is $19.50.
- **Imperial "Crown Grade" Rod,** elegantly made and individually registered, is strong, durable and powerful yet light in weight with fast, smooth tip action and lots of backbone. Shaft is tubular Power-Glass reinforced with 25% Nylon. Diamond-hard Carboloy tip-top and Stainless Steel guides are hand wound with two-tone Nylon. Handle is finest made—cork grip and finger hook adjustable for any size hand or casting position. All metal chuck holds rod shaft firmly. Reel seat is positive—reel cannot come loose. **State choice** of 5½ or 6 ft. rod with one-piece shaft for ¼ to ⅝ oz. lures, or 6½ ft. rod with two-piece shaft for ⅛ to ½ oz. lures. **Durable rod case included.**

**Certified $44.50 Value**
**$24.95**
**Rod, Reel & Line**
*Pay $2.00 Down*

## SAVE $20.62! SUPER ZEBCO CASTING REEL AND "IMPERIAL" CASTING ROD

*Interchangeable Spool—NO BACK LASH!*

Pay only $2.00 down on the improved 1955 **Super Zebco Model 22 Casting Reel** with 100 yds. of prespooled line (separately $17.50), **plus** your choice of **Imperial "Crown Grade" Casting Rods** as described above in 5, 5½ or 6 ft. tubular Power-glass or 5 or 5½ ft. clear **solid** Power-glass.
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$2.00 delivers the 1955 **"Supreme"**—greatest casting reel ever made—together with any **Imperial "Crown Grade" Registered Casting Rod** described above. Reel separately $35.00.
**Certified $60.00 Value,**
**all for only....................... $35.88**

## COMPLETE $9.00 VALUE SPIN KIT

- You get two spools (100 yds. each) of finest DuPont monofilament line, 6 specially selected famous spinning lures, handy plastic pocket tackle box, anti-twist keels, plastic bubble float, snaps and swivels, line clips, reel grease, cork float, stringer and hook disgorger, assorted hooks and leaders. Perfect for light casting, too! Terrific bargain! **Kit contains 147 pieces!**

**Spin Accessory Kit. Certified $9.00 Value........ $4.95**

### EXTRA SPIN-REEL SPOOLS . . . WITH LINE

**Sale!** Get an Extra Spool for your Reel plus 200 yds. of 4, 6, 8 or 10 lb. finest Du Pont Monofilament Line. For Zebco Model 22 or 33—$1.98; for Spinster, Shakespeare 1755 or 1770—$2.79; for Pelican—$3.49; for Micron—$4.49; for Beachcomber—$2.98; for Mitchell Salt Water—$6.49; for "Cap" or Shakespeare 1800—$2.98.

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# man to man answers

### conducted by Robert E. Pinkerton and the staff of True

Swift development of the frozen-food industry and growing use of quick-freeze units in the home have been casually accepted marvels of American life. We have vegetables, berries, fruits, fruit juices, fish, meats, soups, pies, bread, available in a finely preserved state, and even whole cooked meals are on the market. You need only thaw and heat them. This development came about so swiftly that Martin Jankowitz of Seattle, Washington, has asked if the frozen-food idea was known before World War II.

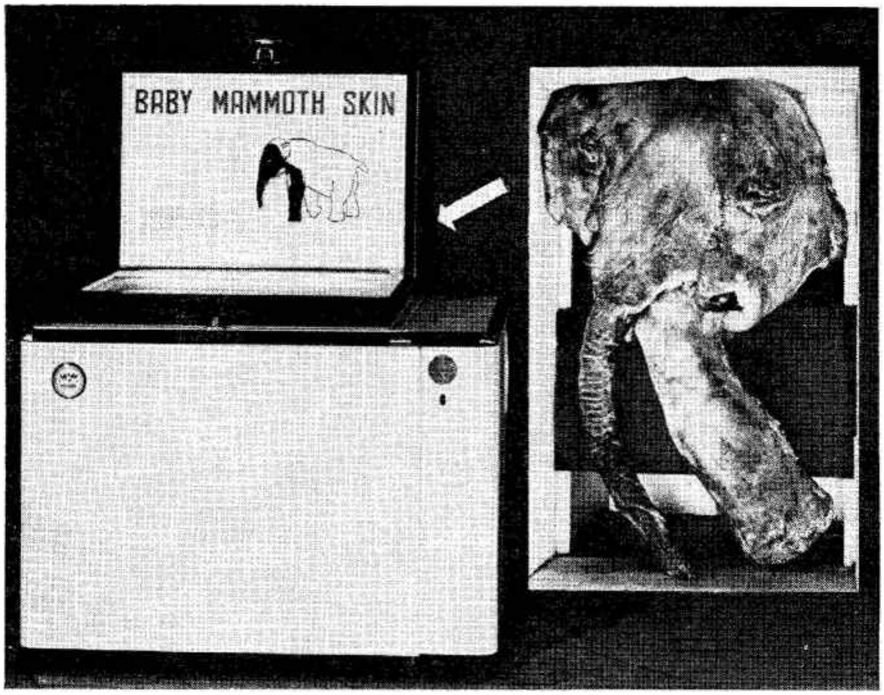
Only the sudden and widespread use of deep freezing is new. It is conceivable that men once ate meat that had been frozen for many centuries. That would be at least 30,000 years ago, after the last glacial period. Many huge animals inhabited northern Europe then and it is inevitable that some were trapped by the incoming ice and frozen, just as in later times mammoths were trapped in the tundra of Siberia. Men of that day were not good hunters, were always hungry, and when the ice retreated to expose the frozen meat thousands of years later man undoubtedly consumed it. In 1901, when scientists first discovered one of the huge creatures in a frozen state, they sampled the well-preserved meat and found it edible.

Man began to freeze his own food long before he learned to write that he had done so. This was true in America, Asia and Europe, all around the pole where cold was intense. In fact, natives could not keep their game from freezing, but they did know how to care for it and depended on freezing to preserve meat and fish. Eskimos have done this for 10,000 years.

Work had been done on the freezing of food, both here and in Europe, early in the century, when meat, fish and poultry were preserved by the brine and convection method. The first freezing by modern methods, about 1907, was confined to fruits and berries for manufacturers. In 1926 the quick-freeze method was first used for preserving fish.

Later the community locker system appeared, first in the Northwest. Deer hunters made it popular as they could keep venison all winter. Duck hunters followed, and soon people were buying quarters of beef. Butchers cut up the meat and locker owners could get a roast or steak whenever they wished. Since the end of World War II the home-freeze unit, more convenient than the locker system, became available and popular.

A few years ago a baker announced a new and radical means of supplying oven-fresh bread. He quick-froze it. This brought a smile in our home as we had done it forty years earlier. When living in the Canadian wilderness we had temperatures of 50-55 below zero each winter and no thaws for five months. In the fall we butchered one or two moose, froze the steaks, roasts and other parts and used each as needed. Every two weeks we had a baking day, made a dozen loaves of bread, as many pies, and a bushel of doughnuts and cookies, took them from the oven to the intense cold, where they quickly froze. When thawed later and then heated, they were exactly as good as when fresh—we thought the bread even better. And the three-inch steaks aging four months—we've had nothing since to compare with them.



**This baby mammoth was preserved in Alaska's tundra for some 15,000 years, now in this Deepfreeze at the Museum of Natural History. *At right:* view looking down.**

**Q: What is a yogi?** ***Eugene Sickels, Louisiana, Mo.***

A: Yoga is a comparatively recent offshoot or development of Hinduism, and one who practices it is a yogi. Not only does he seek to escape from the illusory world of phenomena by concentration of thought through staring at his nose or navel but he practices various physical feats, such as assuming difficult postures for long periods. They learn to breathe through either nostril at will, and to hold their breath for as long as half an hour. During the last, they achieve the inner illumination they desire.

**Q: Is faro, the gambling game, still played?** ***Jack Wenzel, Reno, Nev.***

A: If so, it is more likely to be found in your city than anywhere else in the United States. In the last century it was called our national card game and it is said to have been played in each of the 163 gambling houses reputed to be operating in Washington, D. C., in 1864. It was the favorite game in our gambling houses until this century, hung on longest in the West, and has now all but died out. But undoubtedly there are a few old-time dealers in Nevada, and also older men who still like to play it.

**Q: What land animal has the most acute sense of hearing?** ***Jack Hoyt, Chicago, Ill.***

A: Authorities in the American Museum of Natural History will not take a stand but suggest it may be the fox.

**Q: Does the Golden Gate bridge in San Francisco have to be opened or raised for large ships?** ***Anna Helderman, Eureka, Calif.***

A: No. It is a suspension bridge and cannot be moved or opened. This would be unnecessary as it is 238 feet above water, far higher than any ship ever launched. It has the longest span in the

**This super-sensitive valve lifter can put a $4,000 car out of business!**

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Let me give you the picture. I started the car one morning and suddenly heard a strange noise in the engine. Kind of a low clatter. I thought it would go away. But it didn't. It got louder . . . slapping and banging away until I was ready to chuck the whole works. So, off to a mechanic. The verdict: *valve lifters stuck* . . . sealed tight by a gummy mixture of gas residue and gunk which accumulated in the oil.

When the repair bill came, I fired the natural question. *How do you prevent these new valve lifters from fouling up in the first place?* The answer came back, "BARDAHL."

So I tried it. Added a quart of BARDAHL to my regular crankcase oil. Brother, you don't hear those lifters now. My engine runs sweet as can be. The secret, they tell me, is that BARDAHL reduces the gum and varnish deposits inside the lifters. Furnishes extra lubrication you can't get in *any other oil*.

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Pat O'Brien

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world, 4,200 feet, and its total length is 9,266 feet.

**Q: Do I need a license to go to Florida in a 15-foot open boat with outboard motor?** ***J. R. Mc Fate, New Castle, Pa.***

A: Once you have registered a motor craft you may go anywhere you choose. However, the Coast Guard tells us that your cruise in the intracoastal waterway is long and tough for so small a craft.

**Q: What has become of the prairie chicken once known here?** ***James Winkler, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.***

A: The prairie chicken originally spread from Indiana to the Rockies and north on the prairies of Canada. It has been exterminated over a large part of its former range but it is still found in sections of the central states. The prairie chicken is a member of the grouse family and the sharp-tailed grouse of the far western plains is often confused with the prairie chicken.

**Q: Is there an American chestnut today?** ***Jimmie Flood, Madison, Wis.***

A: Chestnut trees were once plentiful in the United States but were practically wiped out by a blight which started in 1904 on nursery stock from Asia. The Asian tree was immune to blight but the American chestnut was very susceptible. The Department of Agriculture has been working to cross the Asian and American stocks and thus introduce the blight-resistant genes. The experiment has succeeded to a point where hybrid nursery trees are for sale and it is hoped that America will again have its gorgeous chestnut trees.

**Q: What makes the ocean salty?** ***Miss R. M. Sonnendecker, Cleveland, Ohio.***

A: Nearly all geologists believe the oceans were practically fresh water in the beginning. Salt is found almost everywhere in nature, in rocks, minerals and soils. As rocks disintegrate, salt and minerals are freed and creeks and rivers carry them to the oceans. In the last billion or two years this carry-off has amounted to more than 3 percent of ocean water. Practically all lakes and rivers thus have a certain percentage of salt but it is too minute to be noticeable. Oceans give up vast quantities of water through evaporation and the salinity gradually increases. Several inland salt lakes have greater salinity than the oceans. While there are 31 pounds of salt to a ton of water in the Atlantic, the Dead Sea has 187 pounds. This prevents growth of vegetation and permits only a few forms of marine life.

**Q: Which is the most expensive automobile made in the United States?** ***Iverson W. Cheatham, Hayti, Mo.***

A: The most expensive mass-produced automobile is the eight passenger Sedan Imperial Cadillac. But you needn't stop there. With special bodies and chassis and hand-made motors such as those used in the Indianapolis races, it is difficult to imagine a limit in cost.

**Q: I saw a fly drowned in water and then revived by sprinkling salt on it. How come?** ***Daniel F. O'Mara, Jr., New Horn, Conn.***

A: The fly wasn't drowned, was only in a state of suspended animation. A day's immersion would be necessary to kill a fly. The salt only hastened drying him off.

**Q: What are record high and low barometer readings?** ***Dick Fedro, Dallas, Iowa.***

A: Tarim Basin in western China has a mean pressure in Januray of 30.8 inches due to the intense dry cold of central Asia. The basin is 100 feet below sea level, which would make little difference. The highest recorded is believed to have been in Irkutsk, U.S.S.R., only a fraction above that of Tarim Basin. Since pressure falls about one inch for every 900 feet of elevation, the top of Mount Everest would probably produce the lowest mark. Near sea level the lowest marks undoubtedly would be in the center of circular storms, especially our tornados.

**Q: What is the average longevity of a wild goose?** ***Howard Cox, Kevin, Mont.***

A: Generally speaking, geese in captivity live to 25 years, and it is believed possible that some have attained the age of 30. There seem to be no records, however, of the ages attained by wild geese.

**Q: When and where did television originate?** ***R. D. Mitchell, Anniston, Ala.***

A: Men became interested in the idea of television as early as 1873 when it was discovered that, if exposed to light, selenium's electrical conductivity varied. Paul Nitkow received a German patent in 1884 and did much pioneering work. In 1926, J. L. Baird in England and C. F. Jenkins in the United States used mechanical scanning discs. Electronic scanning was patented by V. K. Zworykin in 1928. His camera tube is now in wide use. P. T. Farnsworth, working separately in California, developed the image dessector tube. Laboratory perfection was achieved between 1930 and 1940 but sets did not reach the general market until 1945. First general broadcasting stations were WNBC and WCBS of New York and the Du Mont Company. The first color television process was completed in 1944 by Baird of England.

**Q: How does a whale get water to drink?** ***Chris Wagner, Jr., Greenberg, La.***

A: He and all other mammals living in the oceans, as seals, sea lions, walruses, manatees, blackfish and porpoises, drink sea water. So do many sea birds, as the albatross, which spends weeks far from land. Whales have no opportunity to get fresh water as they never go near shore except to scratch huge barnacles off their hides. Fur seals, after breeding on the rocky Poribilof Islands, never see land for nine months. Kidneys of humans, accustomed only to fresh water, cannot handle more than 2 percent salt, the U. S. Navy has learned, although we knew a Canadian who drank a large glass of salt water every day and enjoyed it. The Navy is still working on the subject to help downed aviators and shipwrecked seamen.

**Q: Can anyone read your thoughts or predict the future?** ***George Purser, Youngstown, Ohio.***

A: Psychical research has been conducted in America and England for 75 years. Much experimenting has been done at Duke University and the University of Gröningen, and fellowships have been established in Cambridge and Harvard Universities. Although scientists of standing have made positive claims of success in extrasensory preception, a large body of their fellows believe these claims are not proven.

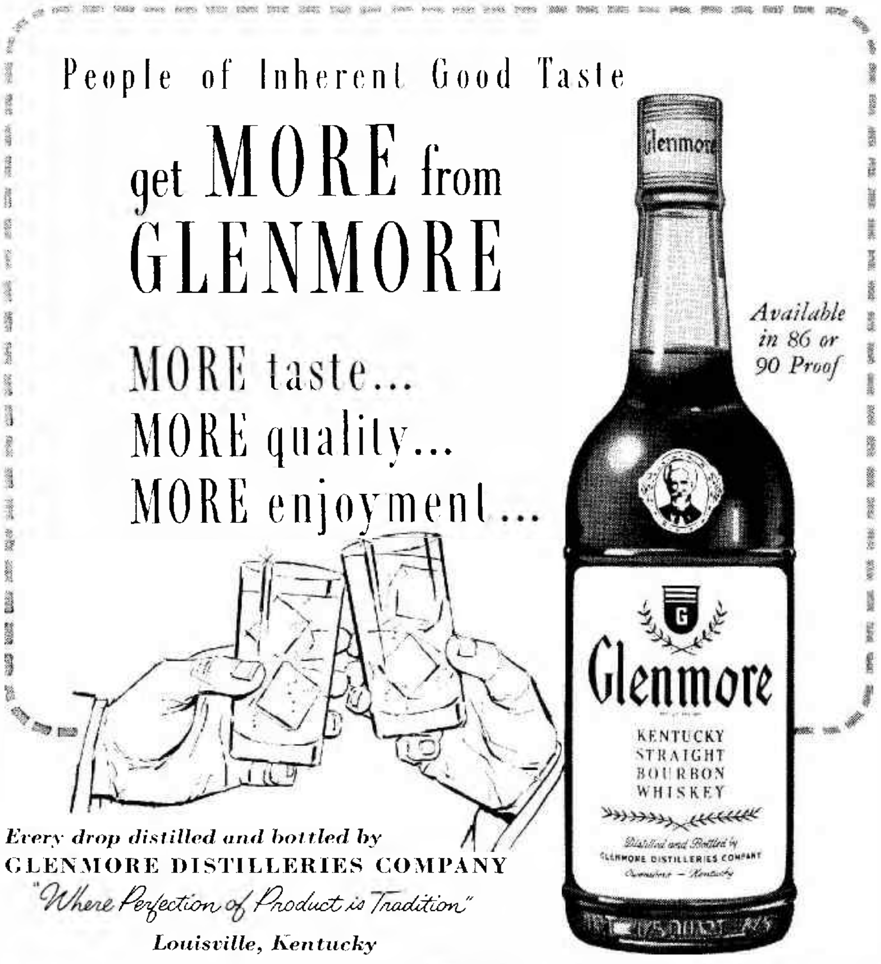
**Q: When a plane crashes through the sound barrier, are the controls reversed?** ***Walter J. Hintz, Willoughley, Ohio.***

A: The Civil Aeronautics Administration tell us that, in effect, the controls do not reverse at the speed of sound. As the speed of sound is approached, changes in flow occur over the aircraft surfaces, and controls become less effective. Elevator motion, for instance, changes the pressure distribution on the stabilizer in front of it. Thus, if the aircraft is traveling nearly at the speed of sound, the elevator control effectiveness is mainly limited to its own direct effect and no longer includes the effect of the stabilizer. This is because pressure changes cannot travel forward at the speed of sound. Changes in pressure distribution on the wing also complicate what is not a simple problem.

**Q: What became of George Maledon, hangman under Judge Parker?** ***Arnold L. McLain, BM 2 USN, USS. Comstock.***

A: George Maledon was hangman for the federal court in Fort Smith, Arkansas, when Isaac C. Parker was named judge in 1875. (The judge sentenced eighty-eight men to death in his 21 years on the bench.) Maledon served throughout the judge's term and asked to be excused only once, when the criminal was a fellow Union soldier. Maledon was proud of the scaffold he built, on which he once hanged six men simultaneously. He was particularly proud of his ropes and of his knots, which always broke the man's neck. Maledon boasted that all died "without a twitch." He received $100 for each hanging, but out of that, he had to pay the funeral expenses, which, however, were slight. Hanging was only a side job with Maledon. He was a guard in the prison and five times when men attempted escape he killed each with one shot from his revolver. After Judge Parker's court was dissolved in 1896, S. W. Harman, co-author of *Hell on the Border*, a history of the hangings,

[*Continued on page 32*]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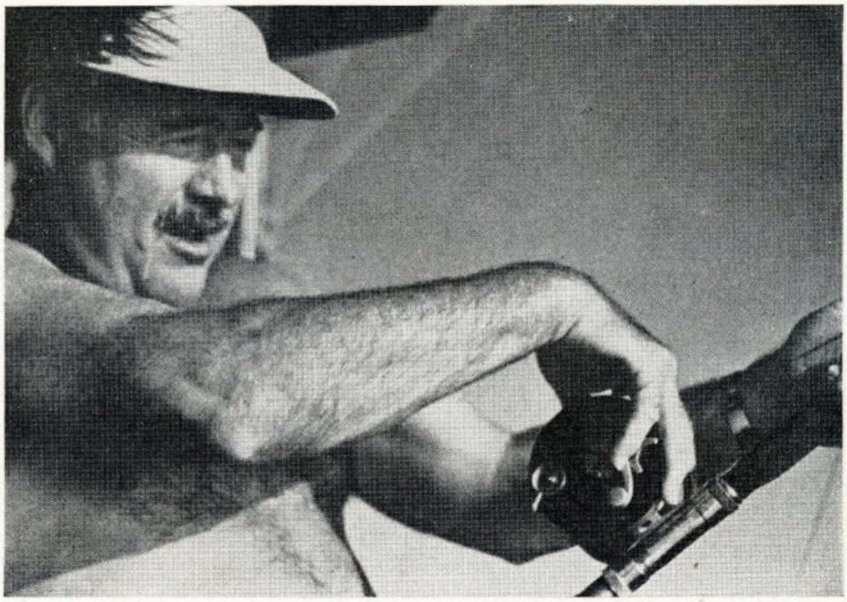


# GREAT BLUE RIVER

**TRUE takes you fishing with . . .** Ernest Hemingway.

People ask you why you live in Cuba and you say it is because you like it. It is too complicated to explain about the early morning in the hills above Havana where every morning is cool and fresh on the hottest day in summer. There is no need to tell them that one reason you live there is because you can raise your own fighting cocks, train them on the place, and fight them anywhere that you can match them and that this is all legal.

Maybe they do not like cockfighting anyway.

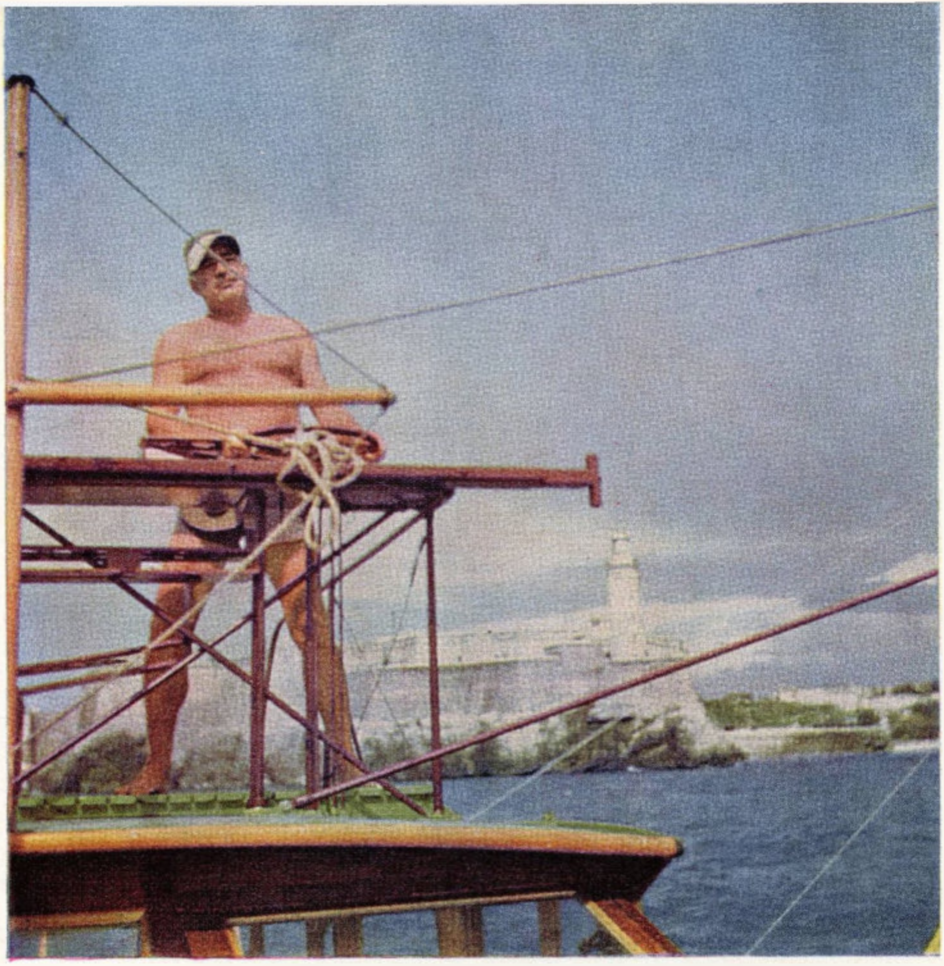
You do not tell them about the strange and lovely birds that are on the farm the year around, nor about all the migratory birds that come through, nor that quail come in the early mornings to drink at the swimming pool, nor about the different types of lizards that live and hunt in the thatched arbor at the end of the pool, nor the eighteen different kinds of mangoes that grow on the long slope up to the house. You do not try to explain about our ball team —hard ball—where, if you are over 40, you can have a boy run for you and still stay in the game, nor which are the boys in our town that are really the fastest on the base paths.

You do not tell them about the shooting club just down the road, where we used to shoot the big live-pigeon matches for the large money, with Winston Guest, Tommy Shevlin, Thorwald Sanchez and Pichon Aguilera, and where we used to shoot matches against the Brooklyn Dodgers when they had fine shots like Curt Davis, Billy Herman, Augie Galan and Hugh Casey. Maybe they think live-pigeon shooting is wrong. Queen Victoria did and barred it in England. Maybe they are right. Maybe it is wrong. It certainly is a miserable spectator sport. But with strong, really fast birds it is still the best participant sport for betting I know; and where we live it is legal.

You could tell them that you live in Cuba because you only have to put shoes on when you come into town, and that you can plug the bell in the telephone with paper so you won't have to answer, and that you work as well there in those cool early mornings as you ever have worked anywhere in the world. But those are professional secrets.

There are many other things you do not tell them. But when they talk to you about salmon fishing and what it

*Copyright 1949 by Ernest Hemingway*



**Hemingway cons the *Pilar* off Havana, toward the Gulf Stream's great blue river.**

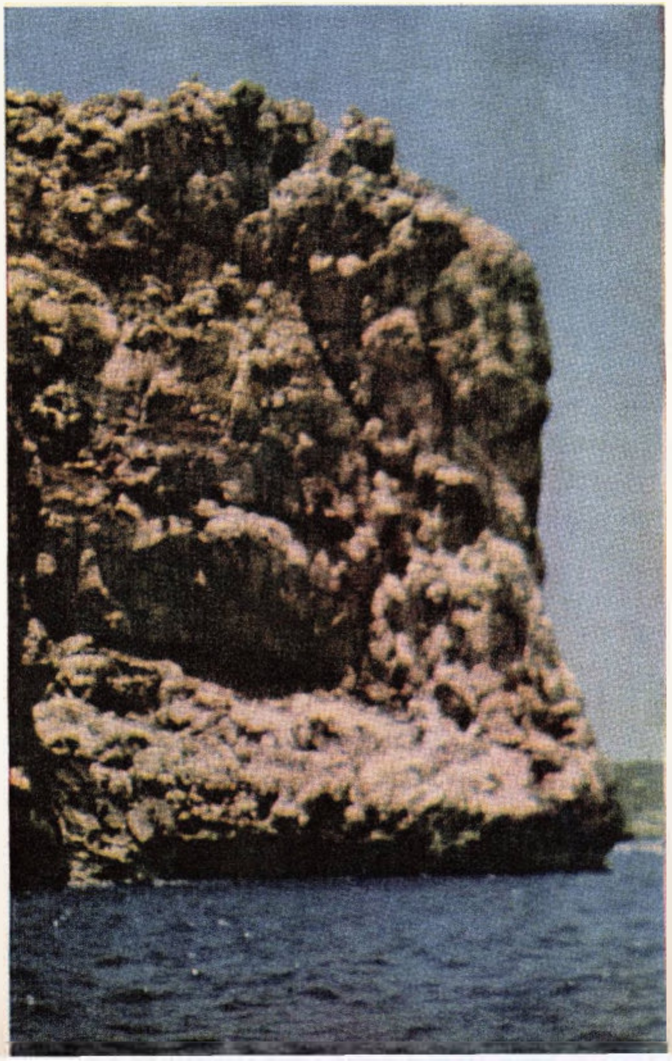
costs them to fish the Restigouche, then, if they have not talked too much about how much it costs, and have talked well, or lovingly, about the salmon fishing, you tell them the biggest reason you live in Cuba is the great, deep blue river, three quarters of a mile to a mile deep and 60 to 80 miles across, that you can reach in thirty minutes from the door of your farmhouse, riding through beautiful country to get to it, that has, when the river is right, the finest fishing I have ever known.

When the Gulf Stream is running well, it is a dark blue and there are whirlpools along the edges. We fish it in a 40-foot cabin cruiser with a flying bridge equipped with topside controls, oversize outriggers big enough to skip a 10-pound bait in summer, and we fish four rods.

Sometimes we keep *Pilar,* the fishing boat, in Havana harbor, sometimes in Cojimar, a fishing village seven miles east of Havana, with a harbor that is safe in summer and imminently unsafe in winter when there are northers or nor'westers. *Pilar* was built to be a fishing machine that would be a good sea boat in the heaviest kind of weather, have a minimum cruising range of 500 miles, and sleep seven people. She carries 300 gallons of gasoline in her tanks and 150 gallons of water. On a long trip she can carry another hundred gallons of gas in small drums in her forward cockpit and the same extra amount of water in demijohns. She carries, when loaded full, 2,400 pounds of ice.

Wheeler Shipyard, of New York, built her hull and modified it to our specifications, and we have made various changes in her since. She is a really sturdy boat, sweet in any kind of sea, and she has a very low-cut stern with a large wooden roller to bring big fish over. The flying bridge

**The *Pilar:* forty feet of marlin-catcher, outriggers set to troll.**



is so sturdy and so reinforced below you can fight fish from the top of the house.

Ordinarily, fishing out of Havana, we get a line out with a Japanese feather squid and a strip of pork rind on the hook, while we are still running out of the harbor. This is for tarpon, which feed around the fishing smacks anchored along the Morro Castle Cabañas side of the channel, and for kingfish, which are often in the mouth of the main ship channel and over the bar, where the bottom fishermen catch snappers just outside the Morro.

This bait is fished on a twelve-foot No. 10 piano-wire leader from a 6/0 reel, full of fifteen-thread line and from a nine-ounce Tycoon tip. The biggest tarpon I ever caught with this rig weighed 135 pounds. We have hooked some that were much bigger but lost them to outgoing or incoming ships, to port launches, to bumboats and to the anchor chains of the fishing smacks. You can plead with or threaten launches and bumboats when you have a big fish on and they are headed so that they will cut him off. But there is nothing you can do when a big tanker, or a cargo ship, or a liner is coming down the channel. So we usually put out this line when we can see the channel is clear and nothing is coming out; or after 7 o'clock in the evening when ships will usually not be entering the harbor due to the extra port charges made after that hour.

Coming out of the harbor I will be on the flying bridge steering and watching the traffic and the line that is fishing the feather astern. As you go out, seeing friends along the waterfront—lottery-ticket sellers you have known for years, policemen you have given fish to and who have done favors in their turn, bumboatmen who lose their earnings standing shoulder to shoulder with you in the betting pit at the jai-alai fronton, and friends passing in motorcars along the harbor and ocean boulevard who wave and you wave to but cannot recognize at that distance, although they can see the *Pilar* and you on her flying bridge quite clearly—your feather jig is fishing all the time.

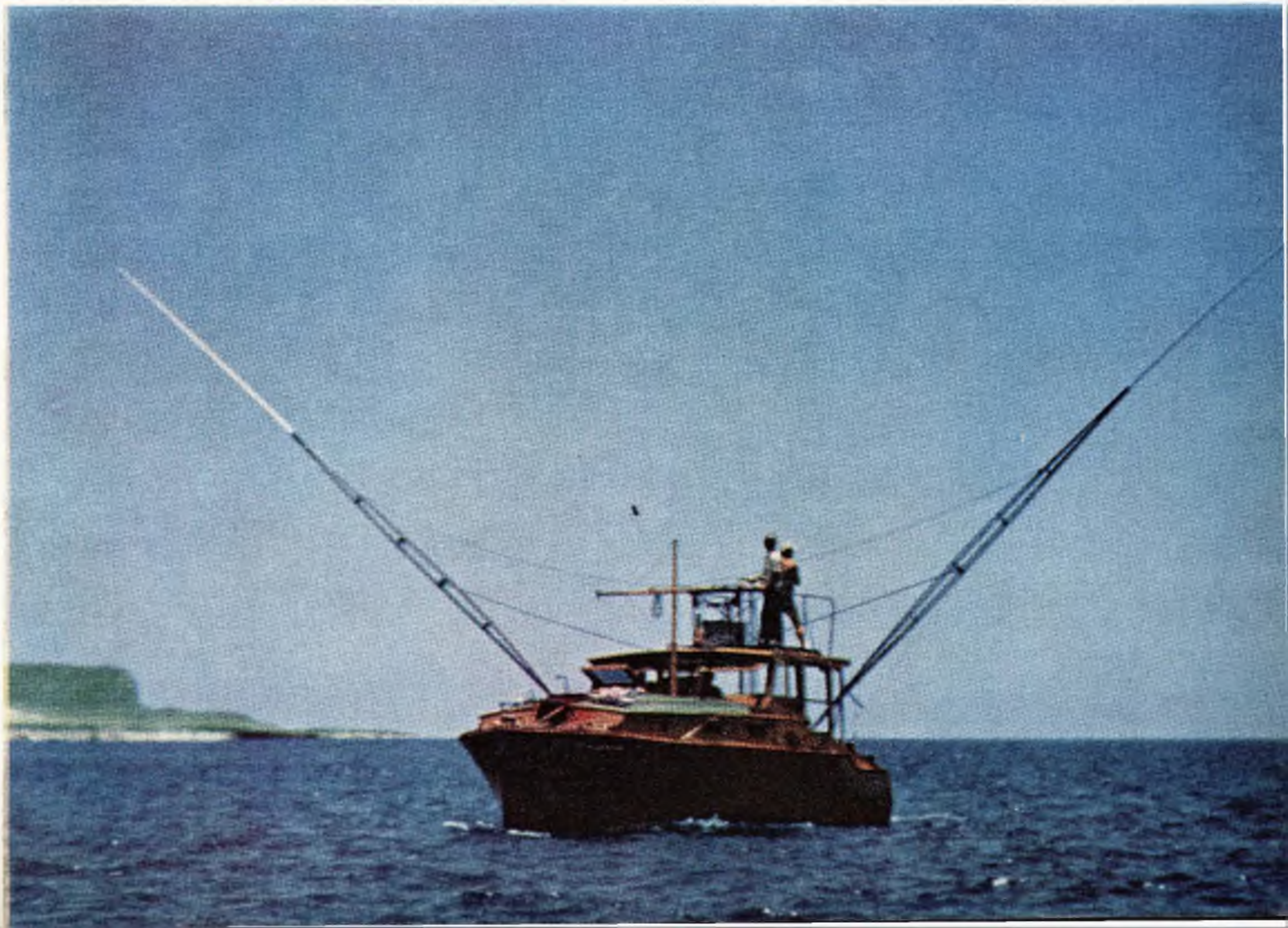
Behind the boulevards are the parks and buildings of old Havana and on the other side you are passing the steep slopes and walls of the fortress of Cabañas, the stone weathered pink and yellow, where most of your friends have been political prisoners at one time or another; and then you pass the rocky headland of the Morro, with O'Donnell, 1844, on the tall white light tower and then, 200 yards beyond the Morro, when the stream is running well, is the great river.

Sometimes as you leave the gray-green harbor water and *Pilar's* bows dip into the dark blue water a covey of flying fish rise from under her bows and you hear the slithering, silk-tearing noise they make when they leave the water.

If they are the usual size flying fish it does not mean so much as a sign, unless you see a man-of-war hawk working, dipping down after them if they go up again; but if they are the big 3-pound, black-winged Bahian flyers that come out of the water as though they were shot out, and at the end of their soaring flight drop their tails to give the flight a new impulse and fly again and again, then it is a very good sign. Seeing the big Bahian flyers is as sure a sign as any, except seeing fish themselves.

By now, Gregorio, the mate, has gotten the meat line out.

**Photographed by George Leavens**



**Nobel Prize Winner Hemingway eases back to await the strike of a marlin, his strongman's arms set for action.**

The meat line is a good trick that I'll tell about later because once it is out, and he wants to get it out fast to cover this patch of bottom before we get outside of the hundred-fathom curve, he must get outrigger baits out, since marlin will come in over this bottom any time the stream is running and the water is blue and clear.

Gregorio Fuentes has been mate on *Pilar* since 1938. He is 54 years old this summer and went to sea in sail from Lanzarota, one of the smaller Canary Islands, when he was 4 years old. I met him at Dry Tortugas when he was captain of a fishing smack and we were both stormbound there in a very heavy northeast gale in 1928. We went on board his smack to get some onions. We wanted to buy the onions, but he gave them to us, and some rum as well, and I remember thinking he had the cleanest ship that I had ever seen. Now after ten years I know that he would rather keep a ship clean, and paint and varnish, than he would fish. But I know, too, that he would rather fish than eat or sleep.

We had a great mate before Gregorio, named Carlos Gutierrez, but someone hired him away from me when I was away at the Spanish Civil War. It was wonderful luck to find Gregorio, and his seamanship has saved *Pilar* in three hurricanes. So far, knocking on wood, we have never had to put in a claim on the all-risk marine insurance policy carried on her. Gregorio was the only man to stay on board a small craft in the October 1944 hurricane when it blew 180 mph and small craft and Navy vessels were blown up onto the harbor boulevard and up onto the small hills around the harbor. He also rode out the 1948 hurricane on her

By now, as you have cleared the harbor, Gregorio has the meat line out and is getting the outrigger baits out and, it being a good day, you are getting flying fish up and pushing to the eastward into the breeze. The first marlin you see can show within ten minutes of leaving your moorings, and so close to the Morro that you can still see the curtain on the light.

He may come behind the big white wooden teaser that is zigzagging and diving between the two inside lines. He may show behind an outrigger bait that is bouncing and jumping over the water. Or he may come racing from the side, slicing a wake through the dark water as he comes for the feather.

When you see him from the flying bridge he will look first brown and then dark purple as he rises in the water, and his pectoral fins, spread wide as he comes to feed, will be a light lavender color and look like widespread wings as he drives just under the surface. He will look, in the sea, more like a huge submarine bird than a fish.

Gregorio, if he sees him first will shout, "Feesh! Feesh, Papa, feesh!"

If you see him first you leave the wheel, or turn it over to Mary, your wife, and go to the stern end of the house and say "Feesh" as calmly as possible to Gregorio, who has always seen him by then, too, and you lean over and he hands you up the rod the marlin is coming for, or, if he is after the teaser, he hands you up the rod with the feather and pork rind on.

All right, he is after the teaser and you are racing-in the feather. Gregorio is keeping the teaser, a tapering, cylindrical piece of wood two feet long, with a curve cut in its head that makes it dive and dance when towed, away from the

**Mate Gregorio who began the battle with the cry, *"Feesh, Papa!"* now proudly claps Hemingway's back.**

marlin. The marlin is rushing it and trying to grab it. His bill comes out of water as he drives toward it. But Gregorio keeps it just out of his reach.

If he pulled it all the way in, the fish might go down. So he is playing him as a bullfighter might play a bull, keeping the lure just out of his range, and yet never denying it to him, while you race in the feather.

Mary is saying, "Isn't he beautiful? Oh, Papa, look at his stripes and the color of his wings. Look at him!"

"I'm looking at him," you say, and you have the feather now abreast of the teaser, and Gregorio sees it and flicks the teaser clear, and the marlin sees the feather. The big thing that he chased, and that looked like a crippled fish, is gone. But here is a squid, his favorite food, instead.

The marlin's bill comes clear out of water as he hits the feather and you see his open mouth and, as he hits it, you lower the rod that you have held as high as you could, so the feather goes out of sight into his mouth. You see it go in, and the mouth shuts and you see him turn, shining silver, his stripes showing as he turns.

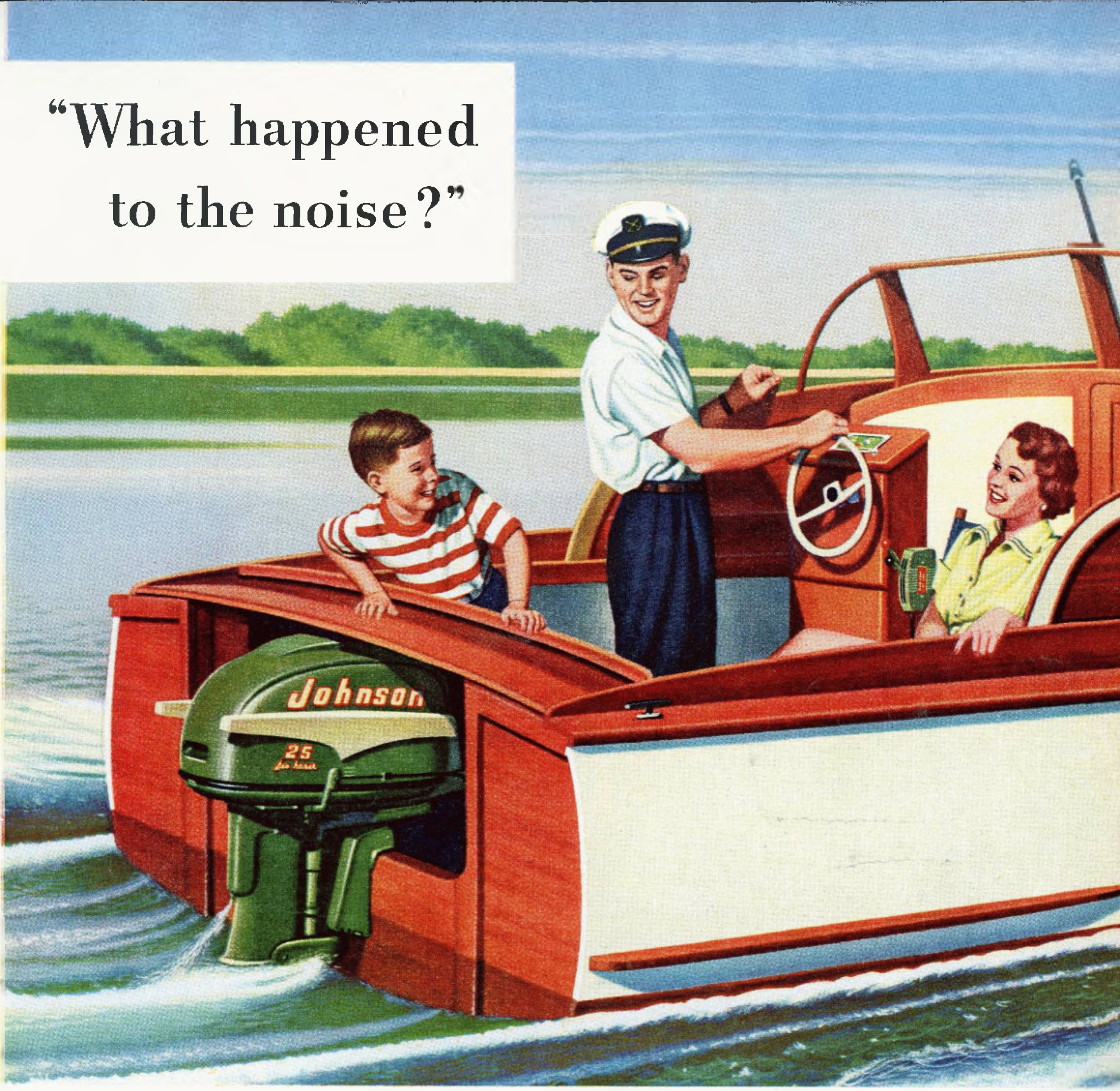
As he turns his head you hit him, striking hard, hard and hard again, to set the hook. Then, if he starts to run instead of jumping, you hit him three or four times more to make sure, because he might just be holding feather, hook and all, tight in his jaws and running away with it, still unhooked. Then he feels the hook and jumps clear. He will jump straight up all clear of the water, shaking himself. He will jump straight and stiff as a beaked bar of silver. He will jump high and long, shedding drops of water as he comes out, and making a splash like a shell hitting when he enters the water again. And he will jump, and jump, and jump, sometimes on one side of the boat, then crossing to the other so fast you see the belly of the line whipping through the water, fast as a racing ski turn.

Sometimes he will get the leader over his shoulder (the hump on his back behind his head) and go off greyhounding over the water, jumping continuously and with such an advantage in pull, with the line in that position, that you cannot stop him, and so Mary has to back *Pilar* fast and then turn, gunning both motors, to chase him.

You lose plenty of line making the turn to chase him. But he is jumping against the friction of the belly of the line in the water which keeps it taut, and when, reeling, you recover that belly and have the fish now broadside, then astern again, you have control of him once more. He will sound now and circle, and then you will gradually work him closer and closer and then in to where Gregorio can gaff, club him and take him on board. . . . That is the way

**Hemingway watches the sea, takes a long cold drink after the marlin has been put on ice.**

# "What happened to the noise?"



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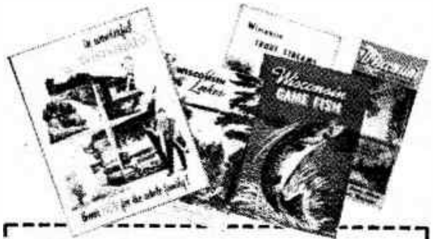

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Please send me complete fishing kit including new book in color, maps, fishing regulations, and sources of additional regional information. Also send ☐ *Wisconsin Game Fish*, ☐ *Wisconsin Trout Streams*, ☐ *Wisconsin Lakes*.

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it should go ideally; he should sound, circle and you should work him gradually alongside or on either quarter of the stern, and then gaff him, club him and bring him on board. But it doesn't always go that way. Sometimes when he gets up to the boat he will start the whole thing all over again and head out for the northwest, jumping again as fresh, seemingly, as when he was first hooked, and you have to chase him again.

Sometimes, if he is a big blue marlin, you will get him within thirty feet of the boat and he will come no farther, swimming, with his wings spread, at whatever speed and direction you elect to move. If you don't move, he will be up and under the boat. If you move away from him, he will stay there, refusing to come in one inch, as strong a fish for his weight as any in the world and as stubborn.

(Bonefish angler. On your way! You never saw a bonefish in mile-deep water, nor up against the tackle that our marlin have to face sometimes. Nor did you know how your bonefish would act after he had jumped forty-three times clean out of water. Your bonefish is a smart fish, very conservative, very strong too. Too smart by far to jump, even if he could. I do not think he can, myself. And the only nonjumping fish that has a patent of nobility in our books is the wahoo. He *can* jump, too, if he wants to. He will do it sometimes when he takes the bait. Also, bonefish angler, your fish might be as fat and as short of wind, at 400 pounds, as some of the overstuffed Nova Scotia tuna are. But do not shoot, bonefish angler; at 400 pounds, your fish might be the strongest thing in the sea, the strongest fish that ever lived; so strong no one would ever want to hook into one. But tell me confidentially: would he jump? . . . Thank you very much. I thought not.)

This dissertation has not helped you any if you have a strong, fresh male marlin on and he decides he won't be lifted any closer. Of course you could loosen up the drag and work away from him and wear him out that way. But that is the way sharks get fish. We like to fight them close to the boat and take them while they are still strong. We will gaff an absolutely green fish, one that has not been tired at all, if by any fluke we can get him close enough.

Since 1931, when I learned that was how to keep fish from being hit by sharks, I have never lost a marlin nor a tuna to a shark, no matter how shark-infested the waters fished. We try to fight them fast, but never rough. The secret is for the angler never to rest. Any time he rests the fish is resting. That gives the fish a chance to get strong again, or to get down to a greater depth; and the odds lengthen that something may close in on him.

So now, say, you have this marlin down thirty feet, pulling as strong as a horse. All you have to do is stay with him. Play him just this side of breaking strain, but do it softly. Never jerk on him. Jerking will only hurt him or anger him. Either or both will make him pull harder. He is as strong as a horse. Treat him like a horse. Keep your maximum possible strain on him and you will convince him and bring him in. Then you gaff him, club him for kindness and for safety, and bring him on board.

There is tackle made now, and there are fishing guides expert in ways of cheating with it, by which anybody who can walk up three flights of stairs, carrying a quart bottle of milk in each hand, can catch game fish over 500 pounds without even having to sweat much.

There is old-fashioned tackle with which you can catch really big fish in a short time, thus ensuring they will not be attacked by sharks. But you have to be a fisherman or, at least, in very good shape to use it. But this is the tackle that will give you the greatest amount of sport with the smaller and medium-sized marlin. You don't need to be an athlete to use it. You ought to be in good condition. If you are not, two or three fish will put you in condition. Or they may make you decide marlin fishing in the Gulf Stream is not your sport.

In almost any other sport requiring strength and skill to play or practice, those practicing the sport expect to know how to play it, to have at least moderate ability and to be in some sort of condi-

### HEMINGWAY'S TACKLE SPECIFICATIONS

WHITE MARLIN RUN: *April–May–Early June.*

Gear for feather jig, fished astern, with pork-rind strip on hook:

Rod, 9 oz. or 12 oz. tip; Reel, 6/0; 500 yards No. 15 thread line; 12-foot piano-wire leader No. 9 or No. 10; 8/0 or 9/0 O'Shaughnessy hook, or 8/0 Mustad, smallest type of Japanese feather jig (white) and three-inch strip of pork rind attached. Of white marlin we average six out of ten on feather compared to baits.

First rod (light for smaller bait) of the two outrigger rods:

Rod, 14 oz. tip; Reel, 9/0; 600 yards of No. 18 thread line; 14-foot piano-wire leader No. 10 or No. 11; 10/0 Mustad hook.

Baits: small mullet, strip bait, boned needle fish, small cero mackerel, small or medium size flying fish, fresh squid and cut baits.

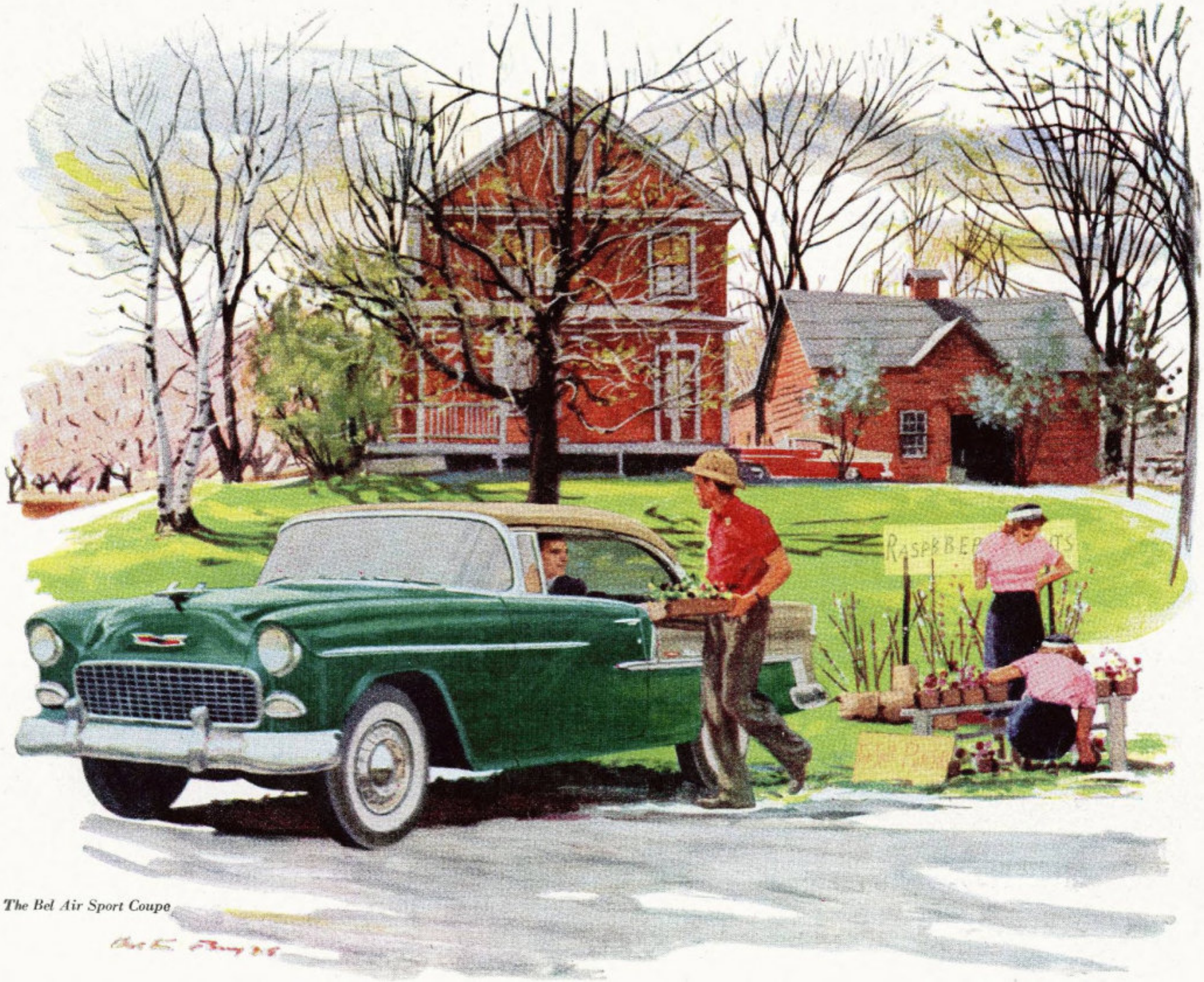
Second rod of two outriggers:

14 oz. tip; Reel, 9/0; 400 yards of No. 18 thread line, spliced to 150 yards of No. 21 thread, on the outside for when the fish is close to the boat. 14-foot piano-wire leader No. 11; 11/0 or 12/0 Mustad hook.

Baits: big cero mackerel, medium and large mullet, large strip baits, flying fish and good-sized squid.

Above rod is designed to attract any big fish mixed in with the smaller run.

☆



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A realist might say that a young lady is more likely to arouse thoughts of love than an automobile. But it would be obvious to the informed that a realist with such a literal outlook had never commanded a new Motoramic Chevrolet with a "Turbo-Fire V8" (or with one of the new 6's) under its bonnet!

There are many new features about the new Chevrolet that the cold-minded will embrace with all the logic and reason at their command . . . just as Chevrolet's fresh styling and gay colors and great power will send the fanciful soaring! Won't *you* take the time to see your Chevrolet dealer and drive the new Chevrolet? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

*Motoramic* **CHEVROLET** *Stealing the thunder from the high-priced cars!*

tion. In big-game fishing they will come on board in ghastly shape, incapable of reeling in 500 yards of line, simply line, with no question of there being a fish on it, and yet full of confidence that they can catch a fish weighing twice or three times their weight.

They are confident because it has been done. But it was never done honestly, to my knowledge, by completely inexperienced and untrained anglers, without physical assistance from the guides, mates and boatmen, until the present winch reels, unbreakable rods and other techniques were invented which made it possible for any angler, no matter how incompetent, to catch big fish if he could hold and turn the handle of a winch.

The International Game Fish Association, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, has tried to set a standard of sporting fishing and to recognize records of fish taken honestly and sportingly according to these standards. It has had considerable success in these and other fields. But as long as charter boats are extremely expensive, and both guides and their anglers want results above everything else, big-game fishing will be closer to total war against big fish than to sport. Of course, it could never be considered an equal contest unless the angler had a hook in his mouth, as well as the fish. But insistence on that might discourage the sporting fishermen entirely.

Education as to what makes a big fish legitimately caught has been slow, but it has progressed steadily. Very few guides or anglers shoot or harpoon hooked fish any more. Nor is the flying gaff much used.

The use of wire line, our meat line, is a deadly way of fishing, and no fish caught that way could possibly be entered as a sporting record. But we use it as a way of finding out at what depths fish are when they are not on the surface. It is a scientific experiment, the results are carefully noted, and what it catches are classed in our books as fish caught commercially. Its carefully recorded results will surely provide valuable information for the commercial fisherman, and its use is justified for that end. It is also a very rough, tough, punishing way to catch big fish and it puts the angler who practices it, fishing standing up, not sitting in a chair, into the condition he needs to be able to fight fish honestly with the sporting tackle that allows the fish to run, leap and sound to his fullest ability and still be caught within an hour by the angler, if the angler knows how to handle big fish.

Fighting a really big fish, fast and unaided, never resting, nor letting the fish rest, is comparable to a ten-round fight in the ring in its requirements for good physical condition. Two hours of the same, not resting, not letting the fish rest, is comparable to a twenty-round fight. Most honest and skillful anglers who lose big fish do so because the fish whips them, and they cannot hold him when he decides, toward the end of the fight, to sound and, sounding, dies.

Once the fish is dead, sharks will eat him if any are about. If he is not hit by sharks, bringing him up, dead, from a great depth is one of the most difficult phases of fishing for big fish in deep water.

We have tried to work out tackle which would give the maximum sport with the different fish, small, medium, large and oversize, at the different months of the year when they run. Since their runs overlap it has been necessary to try to have always a margin of safety in the quantity of line. It would not suit purists, or members of some light-tackle clubs; but remember we fish five months out of the year in water up to a mile deep, in a current that can make a very big sea with the trade wind blowing against it, and in waters that are occasionally infested with sharks. We could catch fish with the very lightest tackle, I believe. It would prove nothing, since others have done it, and we would break many fish off to die. Our ideal is to catch the fish with tackle that you can really pull on and which still permits the fish to jump and run as freely as possible.

Then, altogether apart from that ideal, there is the meat line. This is 800 yards of monel wire of 85-pound test which, fished from an old Hardy 6-inch reel and old Hardy No. 5 rod, will sink a feather jig down so that it can be trolled in thirty-five fathoms if you put enough wire out. When there are no fish on the surface at all, this goes down where they are. It catches everything: wahoo out of their season when no one has caught one on the surface for months; big grouper; huge dog snappers, red snappers, big kingfish; and it catches marlin when they are deep and not coming up at all. With it we eat, and fill the freezing unit, on days when you would not have caught a fish surface-trolling. The fight on the wire which actually tests no more than 39-thread line but is definitely wire, not line, is rugged muscle-straining, punishing, short and anything but sweet. It is in a class with steer bulldogging, bronc riding and other ungentle sports. The largest marlin caught in 1948 on the meat line was a 210-pound striped fish. We caught him when we had fished three days on the surface and not seen a thing.

Now we are anxious to see what the meat line will dredge into during those days in August and September, when there are flat calms, and the huge fish are down deep and will not come up. When you hook a marlin on the wire he starts shaking his head, then he bangs it with his bill, then he sees if he can outpull you. Then if he can't, he finally comes up to see what is the matter. What we are anxious to find out is what happens if he ever gets the wire over his shoulder and starts to go. They can go, if they are big enough, wire and all. We plan to try to go with him. There is a chance we could make it, if *Pilar* makes the turn fast enough. That will be up to Mary.

The really huge fish always head out to the northwest when they make their first run. If you are ever flying across between Havana and Miami, and looking down on the blue sea, and you see something making splashes such as a horse dropped off a cliff might make, and behind these splashes a black boat with green topside and decks is chasing, leaving a white wake behind her—that will be us.

If the splashes look sizable from the height that you are flying, and they are going out to the northwest, then wish us plenty of luck.

In the meantime, what we always hope for is fish feeding on the surface, up after the big flying fish, and that whoever is a guest on the boat, unless he or she has fished before, will hook something under 150 pounds to start with. Any marlin from 30 pounds up, on proper tackle, will give a new fisherman all the excitement and all the exercise he can assimilate, and off the marlin grounds along the north Cuban coast he might raise twenty to thirty in a day, when they are running well. The most I ever caught in one day was seven. But Pepe Gomez-Mena and Martin Menocal caught twelve together in one day, and I would hate to bet that record would not be beaten by them, or by some of the fine resident and visiting sportsmen who love and know the marlin fishing of the great river that moves along Cuba's northern coast.

**—Ernest Hemingway**

☆

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Outrigger rods: Either 22 or 24 oz. tips. (The best I have found, outside of the old Hardy Hickory-Palakona bamboo No. 5, are those made by Frank O'Brien of Tycoon Tackle, Inc.)

Reels: 12/0 or 14/0 Hardy, and two 14/0 Finor for guests. If inexperienced anglers want to catch big fish they need the advantage the Finor changeable gear ratio reel gives them.

Line: all the reels will hold without jamming of either 36 or 39 thread good Ashaway linen line. We use this line for years, testing it, discarding any rotted by the sun, and splicing on more as needed.

Leaders: 14½′ stainless-steel cable.

Hooks: 14/0 Mustad, bent in the crook of the shank to give the point an offset hooking drive.

Baits: Albacore and bonito, whole, up to seven pounds and barracuda, whole, up to five and six pounds. These are the best. Alternative baits are large cero mackerel, squid, big mullet and yellow jacks, runners and big needlefish. The whole bonito and albacore have proved, with us, the best for attracting really big marlin.

The wire line has been described in the article.

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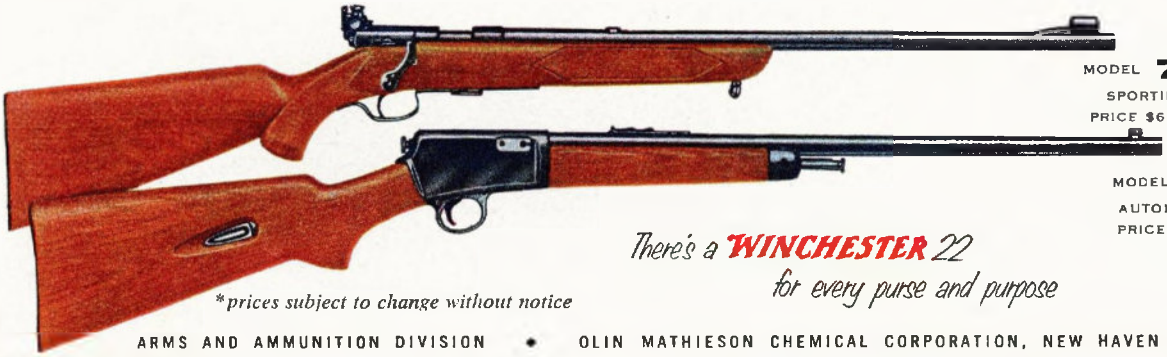

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# Man to Man Answers

[*Continued from page* 19]

teamed up with Maledon and toured the border country in a wagon. Maledon had his hanging gear and related his experiences before the book was offered for sale. Homer Croy has told Maledon's story and that of Judge Parker in *He Hanged Them High* (April 1952, TRUE). After failing as a farmer in Arkansas, Maledon went into the Old Soldiers' Home in Tennessee, where he died May 6, 1911, at the age of 81.

**Q: Is it possible to grow English walnuts on a commercial basis in East Tennessee? *H. C. Smith, Greenville, Tenn.***

A: English walnuts are not adaptable to the climate of east Tennessee, from a commercial standpoint. They may be classed in the same category as pecans which are grown commercially in all the states immediately south of Tennessee, but are not hardy enough for east Tennessee. Walnut trees are not winter-killed, but produce nuts only intermittently, a nut-crop occurring perhaps once in ten to fifteen years which makes them unprofitable commercially.

**Q: How high and how low can a human voice sing? *L. F. Wolgram, Vernon, British Columbia, Canada.***

A: The range of the individual voice averages about two and a half octaves. The extreme range covering bass and soprano is nearly six octaves. Choral singing requires a range of an octave and a half. At least two octaves are required of a solo singer, but some have had a range of three and three and a half. The highest pitch ever reached by singers was undoubtedly attained by the *castrado*, the eunuch, in the early Naples opera. No singing like theirs can be heard today.

**Q: How are bulls prepared for the bullring, and when and how are they tested? *2nd Lt. Charles J. Hilbert, USMCR, Camp Pendleton, Calif.***

A: Fighting bulls have as little contact with man as is possible. The idea is to keep them unaware that men even exist until they see them in the ring. Previous contact with men occurs only three times: When he is branded at the age of one; tested for bravery at 2; and when he is shipped to the bull ring. This comes when he is 3 years old, if for novice fights, when 5 for professional fights. The reason for this isolation is to prevent their remembering how men act and, therefore, proving dangerous and almost unkillable in the ring. In Spain an amateur fighter may be shot under the law if he sneaks a test of his skill on the range.

**Q: Does the German shepherd dog deserve its great popularity? *Delores Roe, Clay Center, Ky.***

A: He wouldn't have gotten as far as he has if he didn't deserve it. Motion pictures made him well-known long ago and since then he has gone to the top as a guide dog for the blind, in obedience contests, in military and police service, and as guards in commercial establishments. In 1948 alone more than 5,000 were registered in this country. His actions in military and police work are astonishing but he is not hostile as a pet. He develops great devotion and loyalty but doesn't make quick friendships.

**Q: Who said, "What this country really needs is a good 5-cent cigar?" *M. F. Stevens, Jonesport, Me.***

A: Thomas Riley Marshall, vice president during the two terms of President Wilson. When presiding over the senate during a long and tiresome debate on the country's needs, he became bored and interjected his since famous remark.

**Q: Which are the seven seas? *Joseph A. Lapinsky, Rehoboth Beach, Del.***

A: This seems to be only a flowery phrase. Men used it long before some of the oceans it now refers to were known and the term was used in ancient times by Chinese, Hindus, Persians and Romans, though none were speaking of the same bodies of water. Rudyard Kipling explained that he used *The Seven Seas* as a title for a volume of verse, as an old figurative name for all the world's waters. Today we loosely apply the words to the North and South Atlantic, North and South Pacific, the Indian, Arctic and Antarctic Oceans.

**Q: What is the origin of the mathematical term "degree" and who first used it as a measurement of a circle? *R. W. Shoenfeld, Butler, Pa.***

A: The word itself comes from the Latin *degradare*, which means a step, or a degree down. Whence our word degrade. Early astronomy, originated by Egyptians and Babylonians, was largely practical. The Greeks developed the theoretical side. Some authorities give them credit for dividing the circle into 360 parts, or degrees. Others believe the Greeks got it from the Babylonians.

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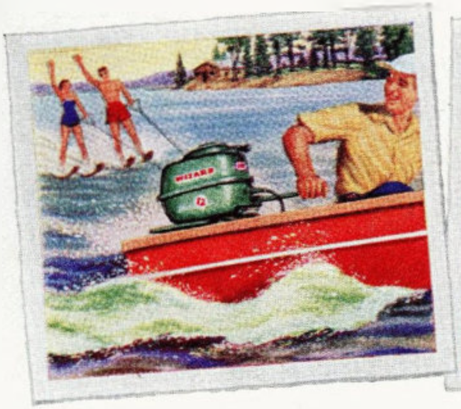

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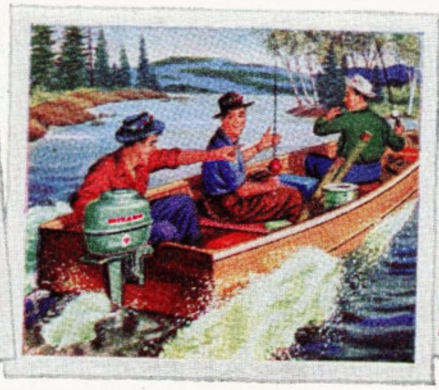

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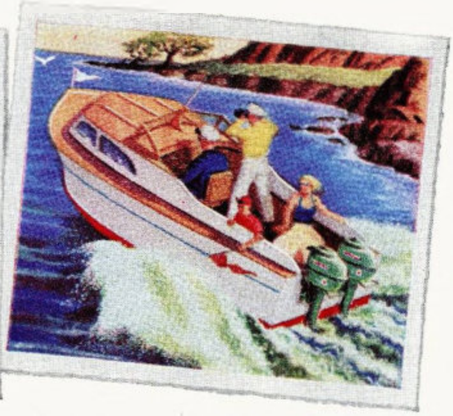

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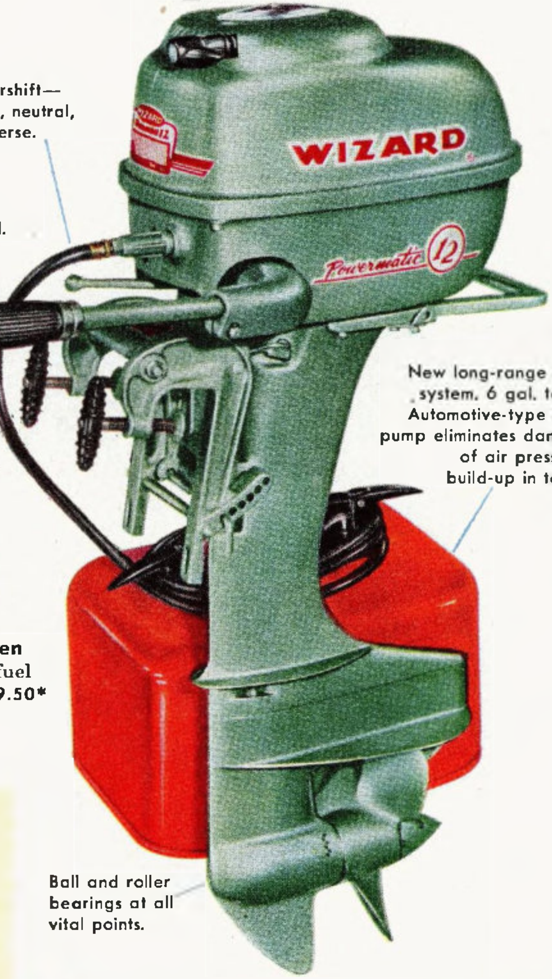

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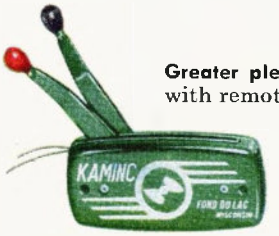

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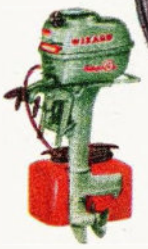

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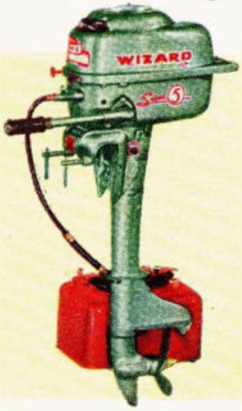

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# Secrets of the Sleep Merchants

**A good hypnotist can put a hungry cannibal to sleep. But if the mesmerizing stare doesn't turn the trick, the hypnotist is always ready to throttle the victim**

BY WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

Before a hushed audience of perspiring farmers and their wives, the latter wearing the pompadour hairdos and the puffed sleeves of the era, a gaunt, sallow man with lank hair falling to his shoulders motioned for quiet. Behind him, on a stage lit with candles backed by tin reflectors, a boy of 12 lay with his feet on one chair, his shoulders on another. On his mid-section reposed a king-sized rock.

The hypnotist announced in his melodious voice, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, a demonstration of the uncanny powers of mind over matter. You see here a young man in a perfect cataleptic trance in which his body assumes the rigidity of an iron bar. I shall take this sledge hammer and apply force to this paving stone sufficient to smash it, without waking the lad or causing him the slightest injury."

He swung the sledge. The rock cracked and fell to the floor with resounding thumps. The boy remained stretched between chairs, as immobile as a statue.

At this moment a sound from the back of the theater made heads turn. A brisk little woman with fierce black eyes, her Sunday bonnet tied determinedly under her chin, was sailing down the aisle with all the vigor of a policeman wading into a barroom fight. Instead of a nightstick she carried an umbrella, gripped well along the shaft to serve as a bludgeon.

Holding her skirt primly with one hand, she marched up the steps to the stage and approached the hypnotized subject. "Young man," she snapped, "you stop all this foolishness and come home with me this very minute."

In vain did the master of mesmerism expostulate—the boy was in a cataleptic trance from which only the operator could awaken him. But snickers from the audience, blossoming into a general belly-laugh, made him turn and look for his subject. At the first words from the grim little lady the supposed case of catalepsy had leaped from his perch between the chairs and scooted out the back door into the night.

I did not witness this little drama for a good reason—the boy was my father. When grandmother caught up with him later, she dragged him out to the woodshed by his suspenders. Applications of a barrel stave immediately cooled his ardor for acting as a professional hypnotist's "horse"—a confederate, supposedly a volunteer from the audience.

How my father first contacted the mental wizard and what was to be the reward for his services have not been recorded. But it was from my dad that I got my first glimpse into some of the tricks of the professional stage hypnotist.

It began with my father's ability to hypnotize a baby alligator, simply by turning it on its back and holding it still for a moment. He did not know exactly why animals behave like this, but said he could hypnotize a rabbit or a guinea pig or a chicken the same way.

**Illustrated by Earl Oliver Hurst**

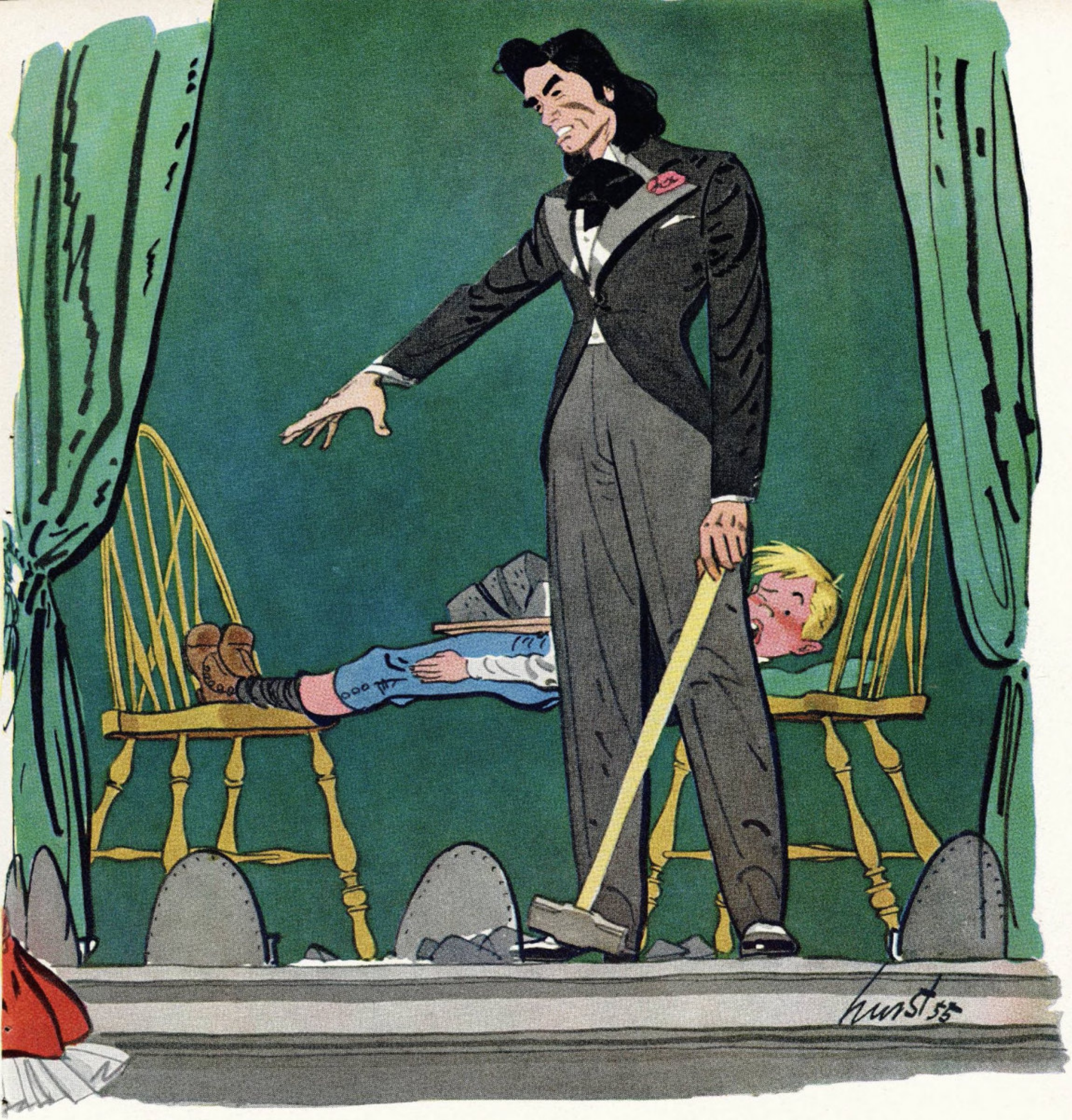
"Even you," he added. "I can make you think you have a bug in your ear. Just by suggestion." My response was automatic: "Go on, do it." He fixed me with an intense eye, pointed his index finger at my ear, and declared, "You've got a bug in your ear!"

Suddenly I could feel it tickle and made frantic swipes at it to chase it away. It was one of the weirdest sensations of my life. My dad, looking sardonic and mysterious, said softly, "You see all it takes is the *Power*. Here, I'll give you another demonstration. Lie down on the floor." I did so, curiosity overcoming my natural caution. "Now then, until I say so, you cannot rise from the floor. Any attempt to raise your head will make you feel a sharp point like an ice pick jabbing you on the end of your nose. Go on, try to get up."

I raised my head a fraction toward his pointing finger and he was right again—I felt a needle-sharp point jabbing the end of my schnozzle. When I relaxed and lay flat, the jab stopped. I tried to get up but couldn't.

With a few mystic passes of his hands my old man seemed to remove the "influence." Then he said heartily, "All right—now you can get up. The spell is broken." It was.

Naturally I began a teasing campaign to learn how he did it, and he demanded in turn that I try to figure it out



Grandmother Gresham marched grimly up to the front of the audience and ended my father's acting career in a hurry.

for myself. He did concede that it was not real hypnotism. I puzzled out loud over the problem for a day or so and finally my mother gave up in despair. "For heaven's sake," she told my father, "let the child know how it's done and stop him from worrying me to death."

My dad made his revelation dramatic by reproducing the bug-in-the-ear and needle-on-nose phenomena. Then he said. "Look at my finger."

Attached to the end of it by a drop of candle wax under his fingernail was a 6-inch length of horsehair which he had secured from the padding in a coat. That was all there was to his mysterious power. I felt twin emotions: regret that the uncanny experience should have so simple an explanation, and secret glee at the ingenuity of whatever genius had invented the trick in the first place.

The effect that this trick can produce, given the proper build-up of mystery, is unbelievable. If you don't think so, try it. Set the stage right, turn down the lights for effect, talk about the powers of suggestion, and you can build it into a miracle.

Showing me the gag led my father off on his memories of being a hypnotist's horse. The stone-breaking routine is as old as the hills, but it is still in use. The rigidity of catalepsy is imitated by taking a [*Continued on page 77*]

# With Their Muscles Sheathed in Silver

*In spring the shad swarm into the cold West Coast rivers looking for a fight, each fish thinking he's tougher than a steelhead trout twice his size. The strange thing is that when you hook one, you think he is, too*

### BY TED TRUEBLOOD

*Photographed for* TRUE *by the Author*

**Bill Schaadt rolls out a fly in search of finicky Russian River shad. These bright river runners behave in the crazy tumultuous way of baby tarpon.**

This story is about a man and a fish. Both are unique. Strangely, both have the same name. Bill Schaadt (pronounced shad), the man, lives in Monte Rio, California, on the Russian River. He is 31 years old and a bachelor. He likes to fish. That is a colossal understatement. He loves to fish so much that he does practically nothing else. He fishes every day when there are fish to be caught, and in that part of California few days are fishless.

Bill is an artist. He paints signs, makes newspaper layouts, designs letterheads, draws cartoons for the local paper and makes showcards. He said to me, "I don't mind working. In fact, I like to work. The only trouble with work; it takes so damn much time."

So he goes fishing while the work waits.

The aquatic member of the shad duo is a slab-sided silvery, big-scaled sea-run fish that looks and, in some respects, acts like a baby tarpon. He matures in the sea and runs, in countless thousands, up the rivers to spawn. And he hits a fly.

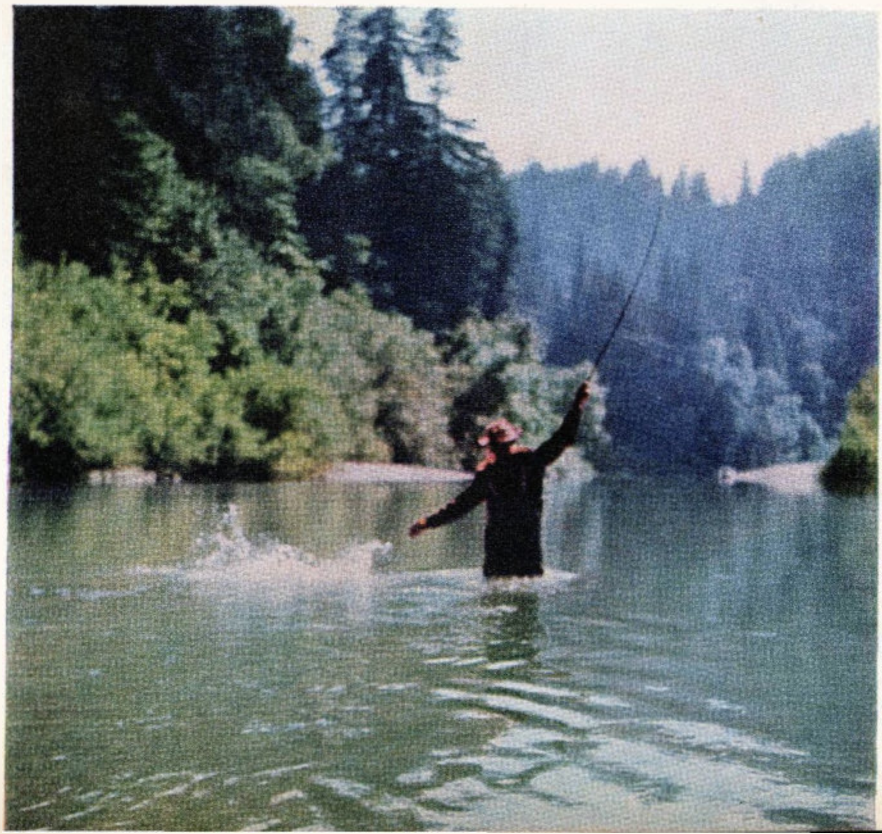
Connect Schaadt, the man, and shad, the fish, by a throbbing rod, a sizzling, singing line and a slender, water-slicing leader and things happen. They happen quickly, violently and in rapid succession.

I was fishing a northern California steelhead river late last winter with Myron C. Gregory, one of the finest distance fly casters in America and a splendid angler, when we bumped into Bill Schaadt. Myron and I fished with Bill for several days. I met a lot of other fly fishermen and all of them told me at one time or another about shad fishing. When they mentioned it, they got a look in their eyes. They gestured excitedly. Their speech quickened and they ran out of adjectives.

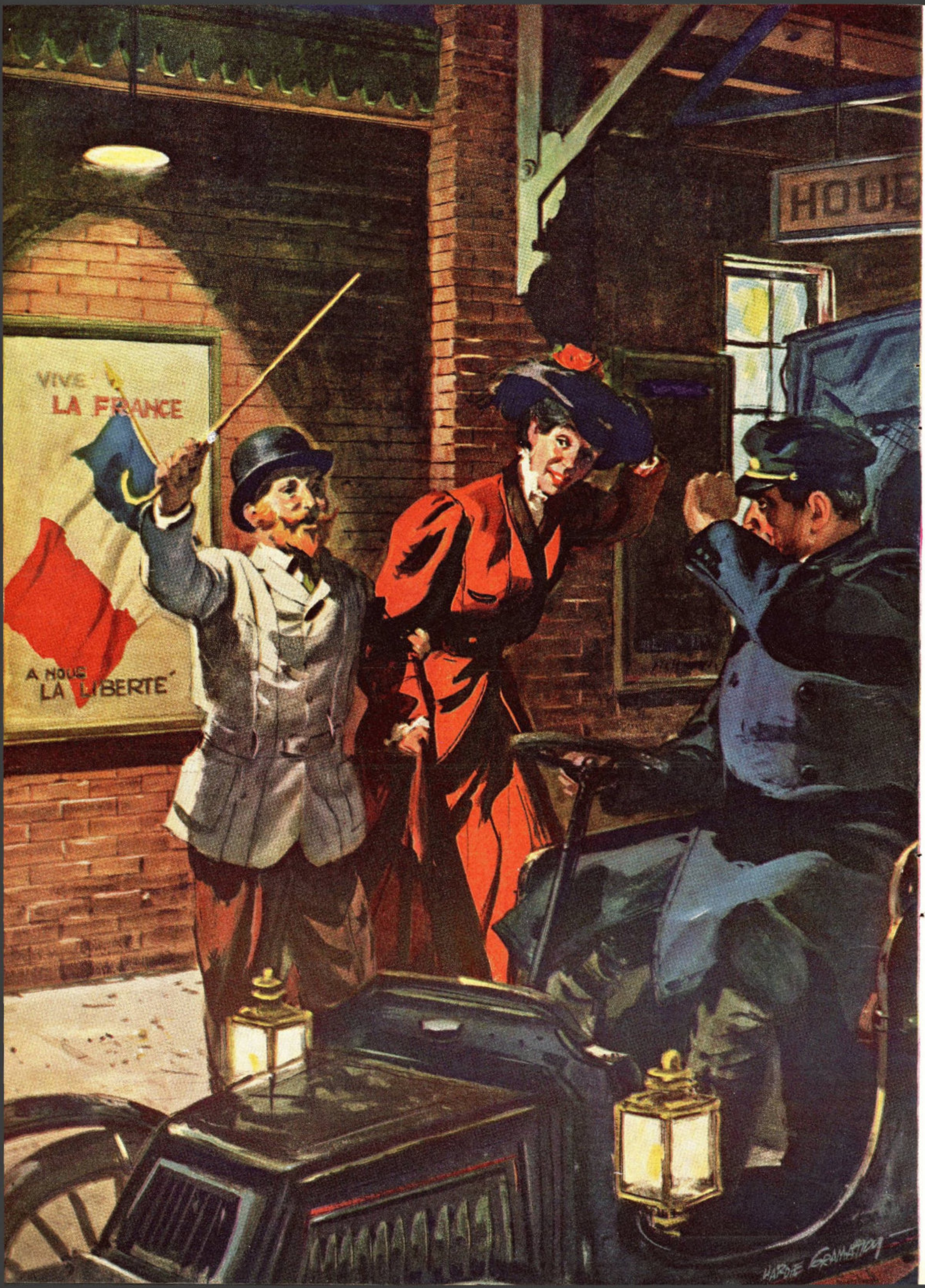
When men who have caught big steelheads and silver and Chinook salmon on flies, as all of these had, become visibly excited in telling about a fish that seldom weighs more than 5 pounds you can be sure it has something. I was convinced.

Three months later, Myron met me as I got off a plane at the San Francisco airport and in a few hours we stopped the car in front of Bill Schaadt's place in Monte Rio.

Bill was painting a sign. He left his brush and paint hanging in midair, gave his hands [*Continued on page* 89]



**Schaadt and shad collide. Water flies as the flurrying fish dodges the net. Later the catch will cure in the smokehouse, and the roe will sizzle in a frying pan.**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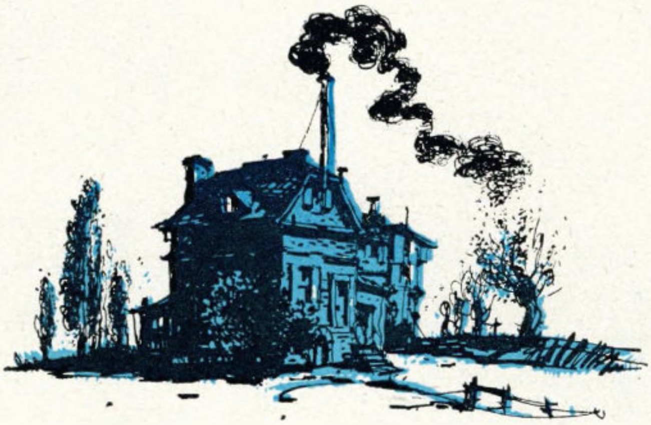


# THE CASE OF THE

# BUSY BLUEBEARD

***Henri Desire Landru was short on stature, long on passion. But thanks to a little black book his fantastic crime career —like so many of his victims—suddenly went up in smoke***

### BY ALAN HYND

*Illustrated by Hardie Gramatky*

On a salubrious Sunday afternoon in May 1914, Henri Desire Landru, a little man of many secrets, was walking along a tree-lined boulevard in Paris when he noticed a well-dressed, middle-aged woman coming toward him. As he drew abreast of the lady, Landru—45, neatly turned-out, and with the sun glinting on his ginger-colored mustache and pointed beard—lifted his derby and twinkled his small brown eyes. In a little while, Landru and Mme. Georges Cuchet, a widow, were sipping aperitifs in a sidewalk cafe.

Landru, his drink finished, crossed his legs, folded his hands on his knee, and began to pump information out of Mme. Cuchet. Madame, who had a 17-year-old son, lived in a little apartment on the Left Bank and worked as a seamstress. Her husband, who had gone under the sod five years before, had left her some rather expensive furnishings and a modest savings account.

Identifying himself as Raymond Diard, an engineer, Landru divulged to Mme. Cuchet, in a rich voice throbbing with emotion, that he had never married because of his devotion to an invalid mother who had recently died. He whipped a handkerchief from his Norfolk jacket, dabbed his eyes, managed a smile, then confessed that he was now interested in matrimony. Mme. Cuchet, completely fascinated by the little man, suggested that he call on her the next night.

When he left Mme. Cuchet that Sunday afternoon, Landru went home to a mean little house in Clichy, a manufacturing suburb, and partook of supper with his wife of 25 years, two grown sons and two small daughters. After the meal, Landru, who was known to his neighbors as François Petit, led the family in evening prayer, helped his daughters with some school problems, listened to some phonograph records, and retired early.

On Monday morning, Landru got into a small car and was off to his place of business—a garage that he ran in Neuilly under the name of

[*Continued on page* 93]

Henri would meet the women at the railroad station and take them by taxi to the little house with the ominous chimney.

Russell Patterson

*Illustrated by Russell Patterson*

# FROM HER TO PATERNITY

**When a blushing mother-to-be points an accusing finger your way, brother, you're elected. Every year thousands of framed males are taken for painful, one-way rides in paternity suits. What can you do about it? Practically nothing**

### BY SIDNEY B. SCHATKIN
### as told to Jay Breen

**As assistant corporation counsel for the City of New York, Sidney B. Schatkin has spent 25 years investigating and trying disputed paternity cases and is the author of a recent legal text, *Disputed Paternity Proceedings,* which is nationally recognized as the foremost authority on the subject. The opinions expressed in this article are his own, and Mr. Schatkin has no intention of implying that they are accepted or endorsed by any city or state government he has represented.**

After 25 years of representing unwed mothers, it would be nice to be able to say I thought all men I've helped convict of fatherhood got just what they deserved. It would be comforting, but it just doesn't happen to be the truth.

I've personally worked on close to 10,000 cases and checked the records on twice that number of disputed paternity trials in the last quarter century. It's my conservative opinion that at least 30 out of every 100 such accusations are in error. Some are genuine mistakes, others downright fraud. In any case, they add up to nothing less than legal shakedowns.

Cynical, you say? Perhaps, but let me quote the far more cold-blooded interpretation of our paternity laws, as actually written into the records of a case in which an Ohio judge found a protesting male guilty of fatherhood.

"In paternity suits," his honor wrote, "when the man's nominated, he's elected."

I have on my desk the card of a lawyer who has made a

Three who were trapped: Charlie Chaplin, millionaire Reible and baseball pitcher Hugh Casey—who shot himself.

special practice of defending men named, justly or unjustly, as errant dads. On the back is the following inscription:

"All ye who enter here, leave all hope behind."

Rather grim, admittedly. On the other hand, he deserves credit for not being unduly optimistic with his clients. I would hesitate to endorse a view quite that dismal, but the situation is almost that bad. As an authority on paternity cases, I'm frequently called out of town to testify on some facet of the law or advise a client who has had an unladylike finger pointed at him. I shall long remember a recent case as an example of how merciless a jury can be toward a man charged with illicit parenthood.

The defendant, G. Graf Reible, was a Cleveland millionaire who was being sued for $1,000 per month for the maintenance of a second child born out of wedlock. The facts of his generosity to the plaintiff were staggering. He had taken her from a brothel, where he had met her, and had furnished her with an apartment, clothes, a car and half a dozen charge accounts. Shortly afterward, she announced the coming of a first child, whereupon Reible had an agreement drawn up providing her with a flat sum of $100,000, plus $500 per month maintenance. Because he was genuinely in love, he also gave his paramour a $50,000 home in Cleveland's swanky suburb, Shaker Heights.

Some years later, she became pregnant again and demanded her maintenance income be increased to $1,000 per month. Reible balked, protesting that he had nothing whatsoever to do with the second blessed event. When he decided to fight the charge, I was summoned as his adviser. I reviewed the circumstances, the Ohio law, and told him flatly that he was bound to lose. Reible still elected to fight and went to court, where a jury promptly found him guilty. He's now paying the $1,000 a month.

He didn't stand a chance, and neither did a New York cop who's now just another file number in my records. He was the married father of two children and sole support of his aging mother, for whom he'd borrowed $1,000 about the time I met him so she might have an operation to remove cataracts from her eyes.

Then a nurse with whom he had once had an affair called him on the phone and told him he had sired a child by her. Dumbfounded and bewildered, he came to my office to admit that he had once had relations with the girl but had stopped seeing her nearly nine months before the telephone call. In all that time, he protested, she had made not the slightest effort to reach him with the facts of her condition.

I later questioned the woman and, although she was a trained nurse, she claimed she had said and done nothing because she *was unaware she was pregnant until the very day her baby was delivered.* I have the word of top New York gynecologists that such a state of ignorance would be literally impossible, unless the woman involved was an "extremely obese moron." Our nurse was neither fat nor foolish. She had a trim, 105-pound figure, plus an excellent working knowledge of the paternity laws of New York. Threatened with public embarrassment, which might have brought his dismissal from the force—whether he was proved guilty or not—the policeman settled out of court. As far as I know, he's still paying.

I wish I could term the above cases unusual, but the sad truth is they are typical. My colleagues-at-law are only too willing to concede the shocking manner in which all paternity suits are "loaded" in favor of Eve and against Adam. Once upon a time, there was a good reason for the discrepancy. It was truly a man's world and women needed all the protection they could get in court to equalize their handicap. It seems hardly necessary to point out that the balance has swung quite the other way. But the law has hardly budged. The result, so far as my business is concerned, is a set of deadly traps for any male stupid or chivalrous enough to think he is meeting a twentieth century maiden on equal grounds.

As a bracing chill for their boudoir antics, I recommended that inspired Lotharios consider how the calendar can be flip-flapped in their faces. The reader may be one of those falsely lulled individuals who believes the delivery date for babies is nine months after the laying of the keel, give or take a couple of weeks.

The law says not so! I have before me the case of a New York pair who stated under oath they had intercourse on one single occasion, the night of February 21, 1944. Neither party debated the fact that that was the one and only night.

But the plaintiff charged that their February gambol resulted in a child born to her

[*Continued on page* 74]

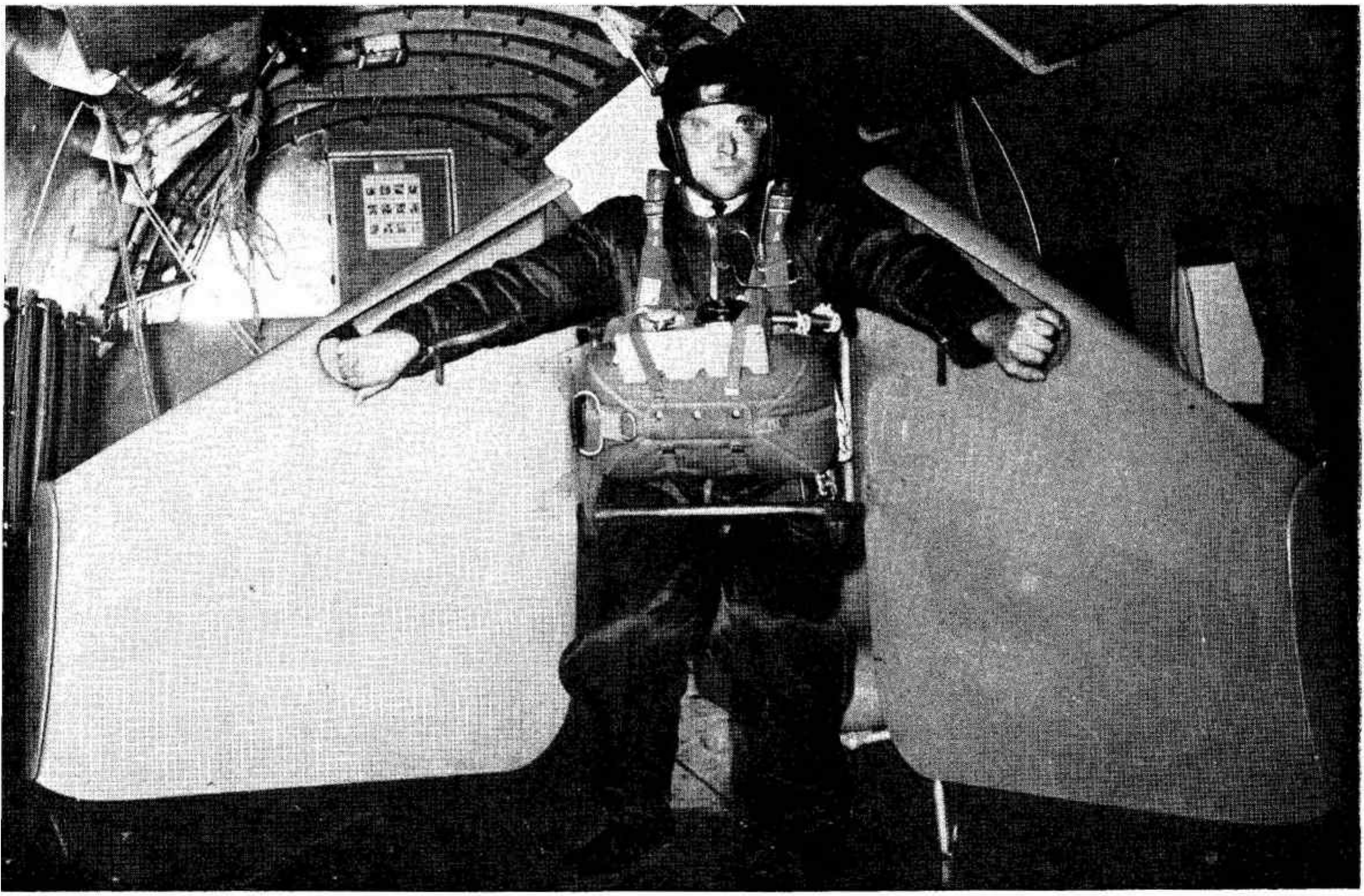
Making a final check, Valentin gets ready.

### A TRUE BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE

# BIRD MAN

**Just chuting out of a plane wasn't enough. The author wanted to spread his arms like wings and soar through the sky. Here is the astounding story of a man who really flies—and tells you how he does it**

### BY LEO VALENTIN



He's all set. Goggles on, front and back chutes in place, altimeter handy, the author flexes his wings before the leap.

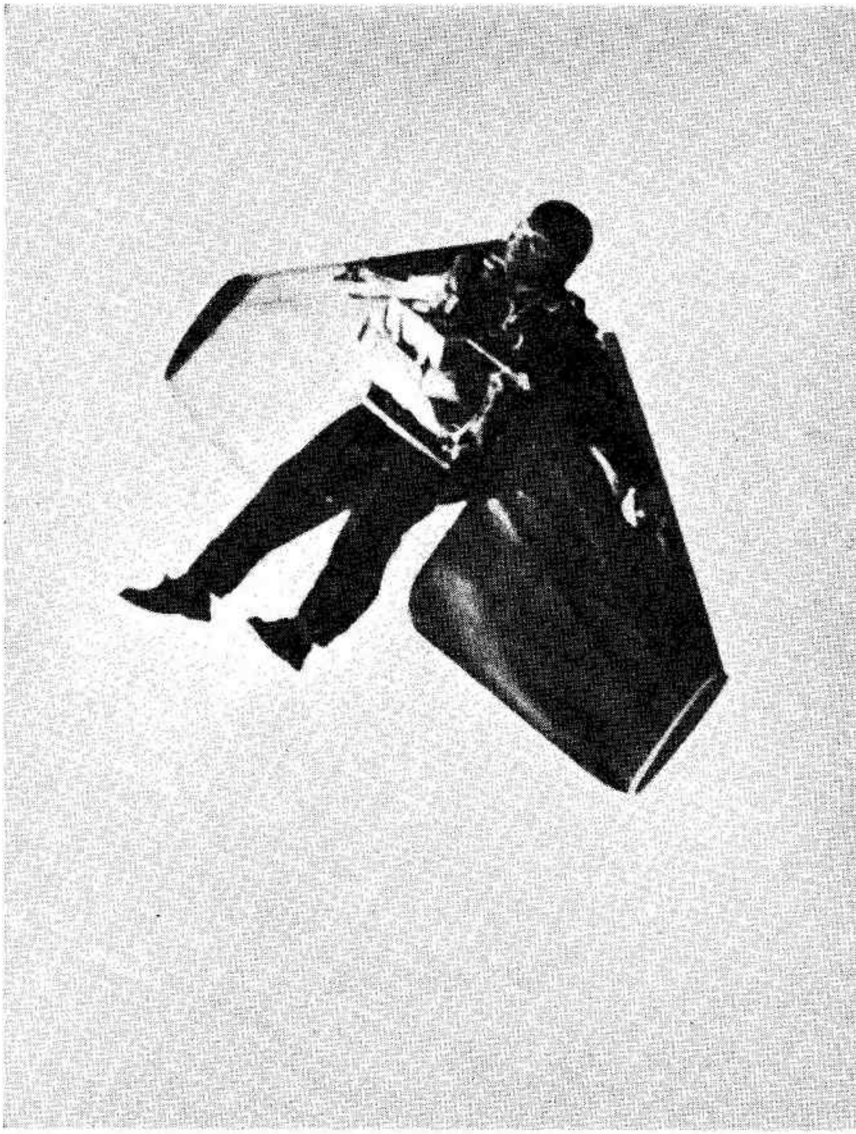
When you lie on your back on the sunny slope of a hill, with nothing to do but look up at the clouds, it is not long before you find yourself flying up there. You arch your back for great loops, bank gently with a twist of the wrist, and then end your glide with an exuberant somersault into a billowing cushion of cloud. From the ground this maneuver works very well and is quite safe. In the air it works very well, too, but its safety is only an enticing illusion. When you realize this with a start, you tell yourself that in the future you will not let yourself be tempted into flying so low. But your future may have only three seconds to go.

The day I discovered the limitations there might be on my future was the day I discovered I could really fly. Not in an airplane, or in a glider, or even dangling from a parachute, but with only my body and my extended arms and legs. Yes, I had been in the air countless times, taking a plane as a workman takes the bus, ready to step out at the proper time to do my job. That job was parachute jumping, and in not too long a time I was to set some new records in the sport, if you can call it that. But taking a plane, and jumping itself, are not what I mean by flying.

That day I learned I could really fly was the 23rd of May 1947. A bright day, with just small puffs of cloud loafing above the city of Pau in southern France. From a couple of miles above the earth I could look across to where the Pyrenees Mountains were making the clouds, pulling them up with a white mist and turning them loose on a layer of south wind. With an idea, a dream, in my mind I adjusted my parachutes and jumped out of the airplane, diving to meet them.

That first trial flight was really no good at all. There is in every man, whether he is making his first parachute drop or his thousandth, an overpowering instinct to grasp his ripcord the instant he leaves the mother plane. Once in thin air, the ripcord is man's only hold on reality. It represents salvation and life, and from these man does not readily let go. Somehow, I did not know this, though I had made hundreds of jumps, and scores of delayed drops. I had thought it a simple thing to plunge into the void and extend my arms in wonderfully free flight.

There was something else, too, in diving from a plane, that had never engaged my attention before. Always I had thought of myself as dropping straight down, with the plane hurtling on by. This was a very vivid thought because I always wanted to be well down on my drop before the tail of the plane sliced the air where I had been. But you do not drop straight down. When your mother plane is cruising at a hundred miles an hour, you are hurled through the slipstream and into the still air at a hundred miles an hour, and at this



He's out. His wings have snapped open, and he's flying.

The wings did well. He's alive to fly again—and farther.

speed your impetus carries you a long way before you are into a vertical fall. Later, when I dropped from a captive balloon at 3,000 feet, the dead-weight fall so filled me with fear that I became sick.

Thus I had no real idea of what I was diving into when the mechanic in the plane said, "Leo, we're there, old chap. Cruising in the right direction. You give the signal whenever you like." I gave the signal and dived.

What I wanted was the position of a swan dive, but the slipstream slapped my arm down with a wrench, and then my trajectory through the still air started me tumbling. Every ounce of physical strength was needed to unfold my body and arch my back, and every ounce of mental effort was needed to instruct my arms to stretch out. Particularly my right arm. It did not seem to know how. I looked to make sure it was outstretched. It was out there, all right, where it belonged, but now, suddenly, I realized it didn't belong there at all. It belonged on my ripcord.

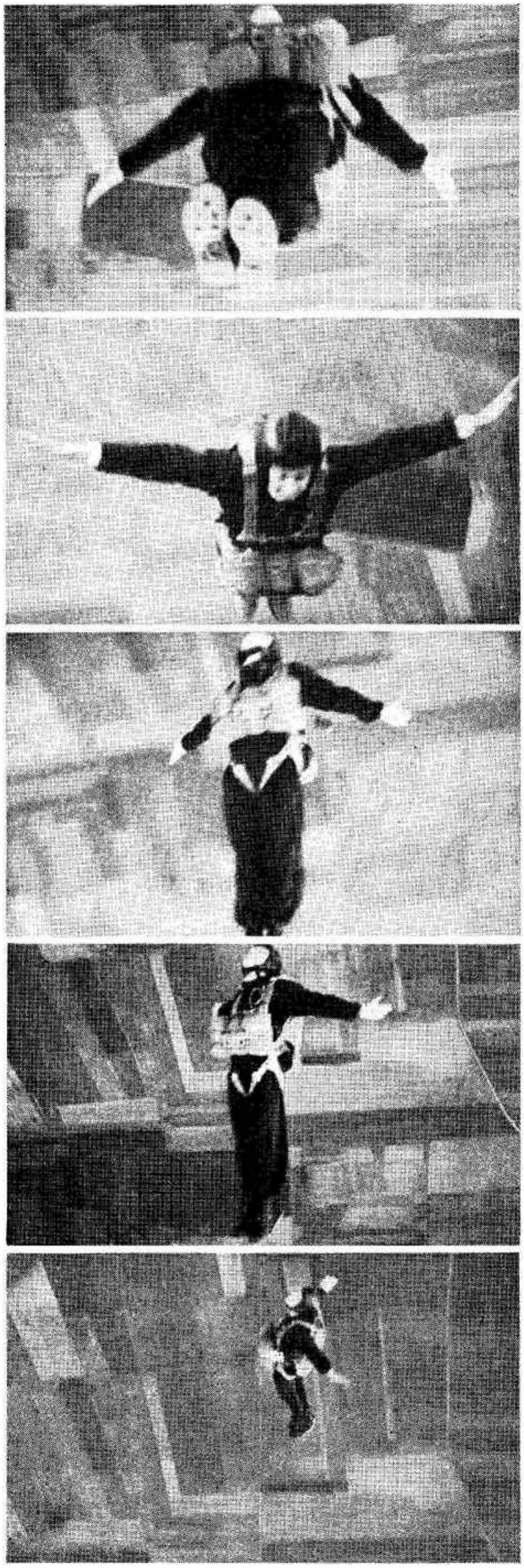
Right then I panicked. I was falling, with that horrible sensation of falling that sometimes accompanies nightmares, and with that same helplessness. I had never experienced anything like that panic in a delayed drop. In such drops my hand had always been on the ripcord in full control of the situation, ready to yank away when discretion told me the earth was getting too close. Now the earth was much too close, and my hand was still way out there where it could do me no good. My mind froze.

It is well that it did. Freed of its control, my hand instinctively sought the ripcord, and the painful, delightful wrench of the parachute whoomping open brought me back to my senses. The dumb animal in me, acting by instinct, had scored a life-saving victory over a mind not yet ready to cope with the air. I was still 1,200 feet above the ground, and the ride down seemed to take a long time.

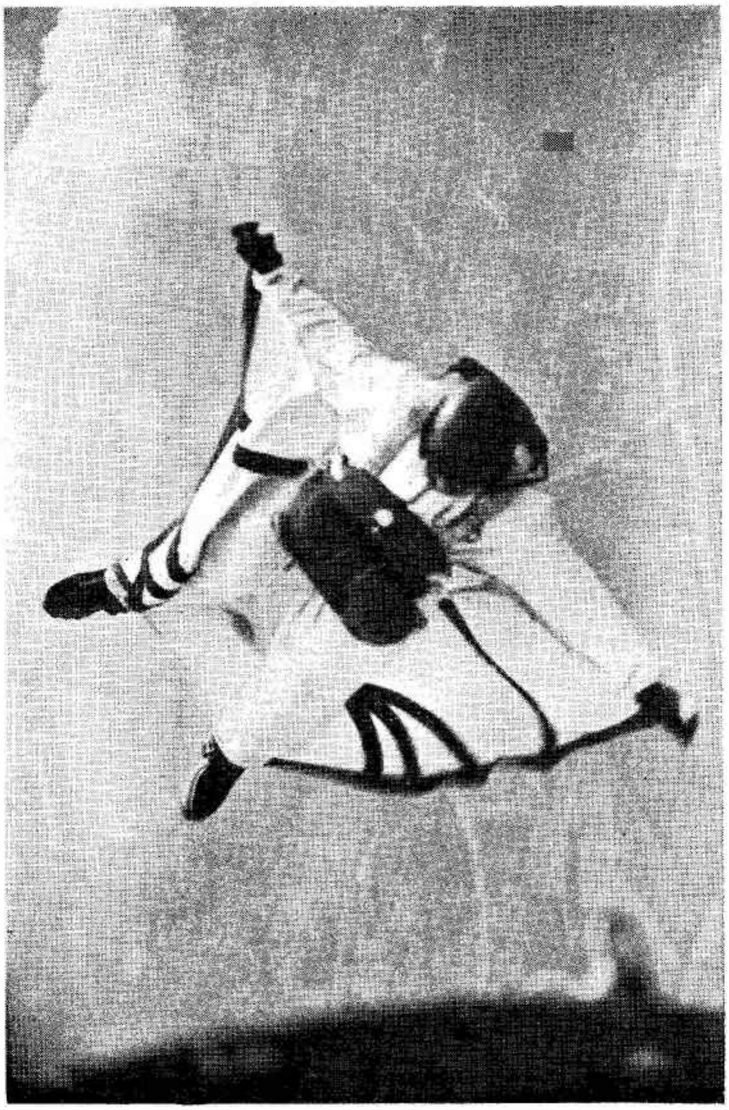
Had I flown? I couldn't remember. Had this position, with outstretched arms, given me any control at all? I couldn't remember. Had the experience taught me anything? That I couldn't answer either, but even as I was gathering up my chute at the edge of the Pau flying field, I was scanning the sky for a sight of my returning plane. I had to get right back upstairs to find out.

An hour later, in the old Junkers, I was over the field again at 9,000 feet. The plane slowed down at my instructions, wallowing in a near-stall. This time, knowing what to expect, I faced the direction of my trajectory, dropped through the slipstream in my accustomed manner—loosely half-somersaulting—and let my body gain terminal velocity. At 170 mph I knew I would fall no faster.

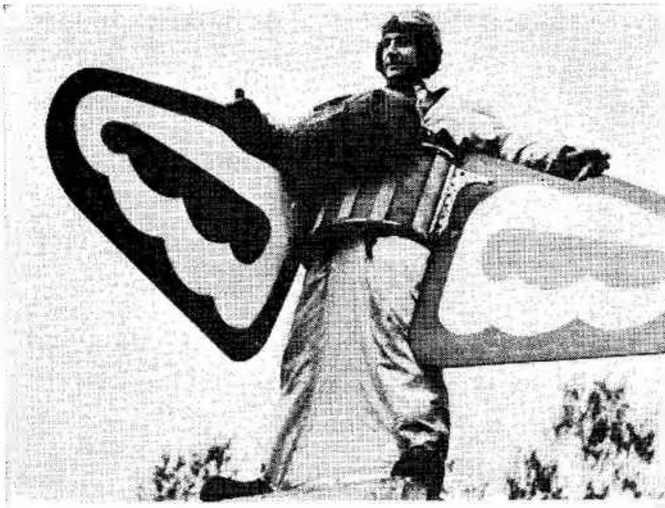
Straight for the earth I dived. My hands no longer sought the ripcord but pointed straight down. My back was arched and my toes were pointed in the classic position of a dive into water. The palms of my hand tilted upward, and my body seemed to follow upward, too, in a spine-cracking zoom. My falling speed dropped to 120 mph. Now I was flying flat, arms extended like wings, and when I twisted my wrists, I banked into a wonderful floating turn. When I crossed my legs, the turn became an alarming spin, with me speeding down the sides of a tightening funnel that seemed to be sucking me into a vortex. Hastily I uncrossed my legs and reversed the position of my palms. Once more I was flying free.



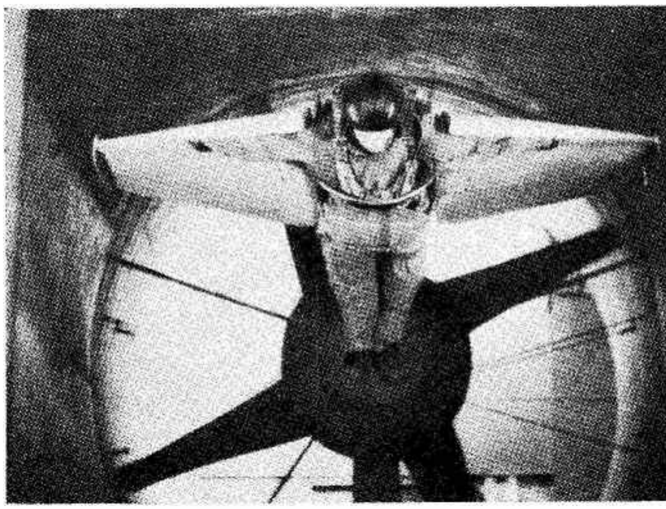
**Demonstrating his "position," the author moves arms, legs to control free fall, get best angle for chute opening.**



Valentin first tried canvas wings, almost lost his life.



These wood wings came next, did not give enough control.



Final version was tried out in wind tunnel, then in air.

A cloud made of thistledown fascinated me, and I glided over to it, my banking turn made with such ease that I was all but intoxicated by my conquest of the sublime air. It was such a soft cloud, and so welcoming.

It was gray inside. Cold and frightening. I did not know which way was up or down. I hadn't landed softly, or landed at all, but had pierced it with what seemed to be an audible plop.

And there was the earth. Right there, below my face. Not the crazy-quilt pattern I had seen from above the cloud, but a bare field, creased by furrows like a washboard.

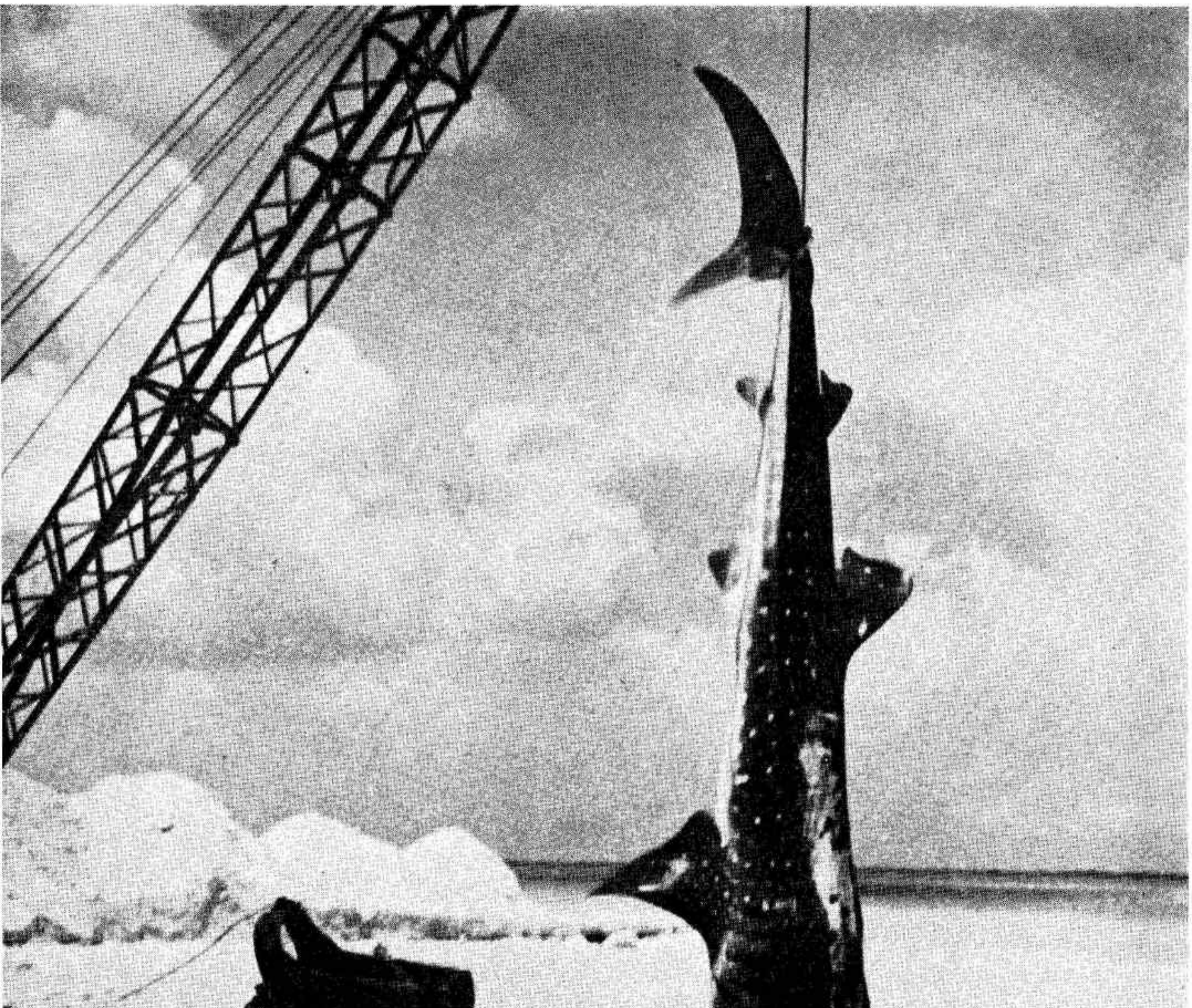
"Not so close next time," I said to myself. Next time?

Between the time I snatched at the ripcord and the crack of the opening chute, I had shrunk so far within myself in my effort to shrink away from my impact with the earth that it seemed I must fall through my harness. The chute was open, but I had no time to tell if I was falling like a petal or a meteor. There was the ground. "Don't hold back from it," I cried to my legs. "Reach." They had to be fully extended to take up what shock they could.

They touched, and in that same instant I heaved on the lift-webs with all the strength in my arms. Then I crumpled hard on my haunches, and the secondary bounce threw me hard on my shoulder, burying the side of my face in the plowed earth. The parachute tugged at me once, and collapsed. The ground felt so good that I was quite content to lie there for awhile, in no hurry at all to stretch my limbs to find which were broken. Let me worry about the plaster casts later. This was a time when it was enough just to be alive.

No bones had been broken. But it had been close. And hard. So I absorbed the earth awhile longer before getting up, and while I did so, I told myself, "Go easy, Leo. The time has not yet come, but it is never very far away."

As I experimented day after day, working out the best body form for free flying—arched back, arms and legs outspread—I dropped from ever-increasing altitudes to give me more time in which to exult in my new-found freedom. I was lost in the discovery of a new existence, momentary though it was, and in my mind there was no slightest dream that this new life, this form for flying, which French paratroopers have since accepted as the "Valentin position," would itself one day be saving life. [*Continued on page 106*]



Captain Johnny Cass's record whale shark being pulled out of Bimini's shoal water against a background of coral.

# BIGGEST FISH IN THE WORLD

*Ever since the first bone hook was lowered into the briny, anglers have been adding a couple of feet or a few hundredweights to the size of the one that got away. With whale sharks, the truth is more than enough*

BY GEORGE X. SAND

On May 24, 1947, half a dozen helpless adventurers, adrift on a tiny raft a thousand miles off the coast of Peru, had a run-in with the biggest fish in the world. Of this dangerous encounter, Thor Heyerdahl, the author of *Kon-Tiki,* wrote:

"Knut had been squatting there, washing his pants in the swell, and when he looked up for a moment he was staring straight into the biggest and ugliest face any of us had ever seen in the whole of our lives. It was the head of a veritable sea monster, so huge and so hideous that, if the Old Man of the Sea himself had come up, he could not have made such an impression on us. The head was broad and flat like a frog's, with two small eyes at the sides, and a toadlike jaw which was four or five feet wide and had long fringes drooping from the corners of the mouth. Behind the head was an enormous body ending in a long thin tail with a pointed tail fin which stood up and showed that this sea monster was not any kind of whale. . . . Walt Disney himself, with all his powers of imagination, could not have created a more hair-raising sea monster. . . ."

That description should provide some idea of the effect which *Rhinedon typus*, otherwise known as the whale shark, can have upon strong men. According to the *Kon-Tiki* author, these great fish have an average length of 50 feet and a weight of 15 tons. "It is said that large specimens can attain a length of 65 feet; one harpooned baby had a liver weighing 600 pounds and a collection of 3,000 teeth in each of its broad jaws."

Obviously no man should make an attempt to get fast to one of these submerged express trains for the purpose of playing it like an oversized trout.

Yet history reveals that over the years men have tried repeatedly to do just that—and some have succeeded. Whenever this world's largest specimen of true fish is sighted, there appears to come upon the watcher an overpowering urge to subdue it.

"Our monster was so large that, when it began to swim in circles around us and under the raft, its head was visible on one side while the whole of its tail stuck out on the other," continues Heyerdahl. "We stood . . . with hand harpoons ready for action, but they seemed to us like toothpicks in relation to the mammoth beast. . . . At last it became too exciting for Erik, who was standing at a corner of the raft with an 8-foot hand harpoon, and . . . he raised the harpoon. . . . As the whale shark came gliding slowly toward him . . . Erik thrust the harpoon with all his strength down between his legs and deep into the . . . gristly head. It was a second or two before the giant understood properly what was happening. Then in a flash the placid half-wit was transformed into a mountain of steel muscles.

"We heard a swishing noise as the harpoon line rushed over the edge of the raft and saw a cascade of water as the giant stood on its head and plunged down into the depths. The three men who were standing nearest were flung about the place, head over heels, and two of them were flayed and burned by the line as it rushed through the air. The thick line, strong enough to hold a boat, was caught on the side of the raft but snapped at once like a piece of twine. . . . A shoal of frightened pilot fish shot off through the water in a desperate attempt to keep up with their lord and master. We waited a long time for the monster to come racing back . . . but we never saw anything more of him."

While the relieved *Kon-Tiki* sailors escaped without damage, there have been other intrepid mariners who have not had such an easy time of it. From their hair-raising experiences, and by reviewing the facts that zoologists have managed to assemble concerning this rare and enormous fish, we emerge with a clear picture of whale sharks in general.

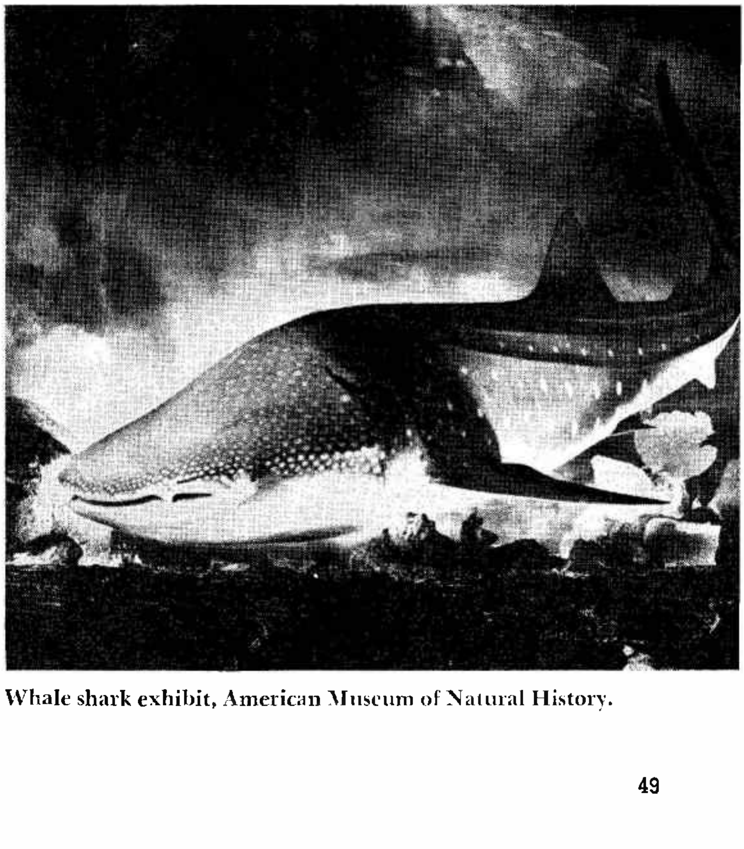
The most recent encounter between man and the immense *Rhinedon* took place last July during the annual Bimini Marlin Tournament. The five-day tourney was about to end with not a single marlin boated by the twenty-two craft participating, and the patience of the anglers had worn thin. It served as a welcome relief, therefore, when the radio channel suddenly announced that someone had discovered a large "whale" on the surface nearby.

Among the dozen-odd white-hulled boats that ploughed through the blue Bahama waters to converge upon the site was the *Alberta,* a 45-foot cruiser owned by George Albert Lyon, Detroit auto-parts manufacturer. On board were husky 46-year-old Captain Johnny Cass, a rabid light-tackle enthusiast; Mrs. Constance Earl of Grosse Point Farms, Michigan, who was a guest of Lyon's at the latter's Bimini vacation home; and Reginald "Shoestring" Rowle, a Bahama Negro, who was serving as the *Alberta's* mate.

As the cruiser nosed her way close to the milling boats that warily circled the huge fish, Mrs. Earl took one look at the cavernous mouth—which made an ominous sighing sound as it slowly opened and closed at the water's surface—and immediately gasped, "Jumping Caesar! You're surely not going to try to tangle with *that* thing?"

No sooner had she finished the question, however, than it became evident from her grin that the lady couldn't help but appreciate the high humor of the situation. Mrs. Earl is a confirmed devotee of ultra-light tackle for big fish. She has more blue marlin records to her credit (five) on 9-thread line than any other woman. During this tourney, however, she had caught nothing. So why not bring back a whale-size trophy just for the devil of it?

As the mammoth beast glided slowly through the tepid blue sea, its high tail erect like a small sail and water swirling across its broad back as from a submerged reef, Captain Johnny got a quick fill-in via the radio as to what had taken place so far. Captain Kenny Lyman, out of Delray Beach, Florida, with his *Lucky Penny*, had gotten a flying gaff



Whale shark exhibit, American Museum of Natural History.

(a form of harpoon with self-releasing wooden handle) into the great fish, which was estimated to be 37 feet long with a girth of about 20 feet and a weight of 20,000 pounds. The *Lucky Penny* still had contact with the annoyed monster, but was unable to overcome it.

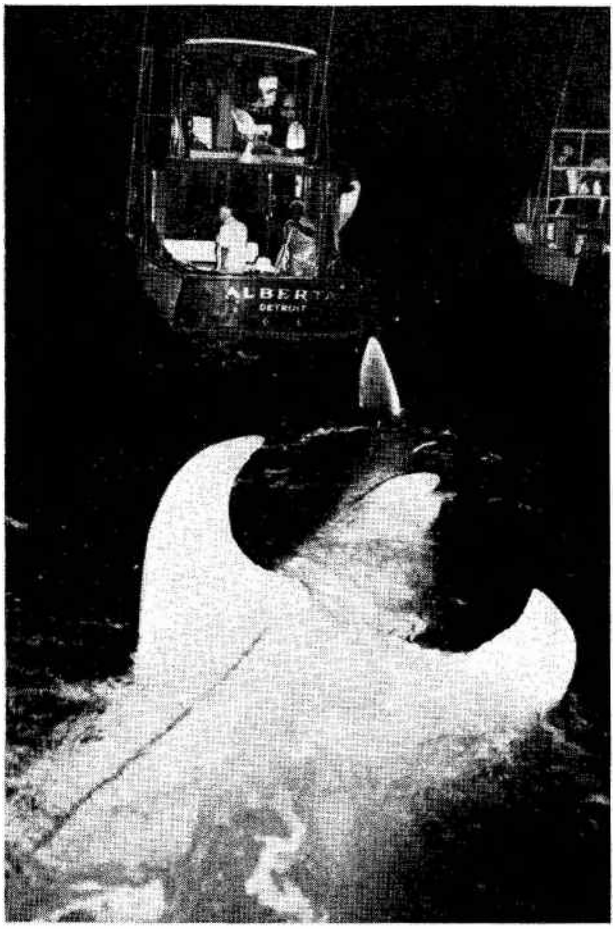
Cass moved closer with the *Alberta*. "We've got a grapnel and chain and some 1¼-inch line aboard here," he called to Lyman. "You are welcome to use it."

The other skipper refused, suggesting that the *Alberta* try to get fast herself.

Meanwhile, the wary whale shark had quietly submerged to a depth of about 40 feet. It lazed watchfully there, its little pig-like eyes unwinking as it stared coldly upward at its tormentors through the sunny surface of the calm sea. Even at that depth, it appeared tremendous. The long body was greenish-brown in color and amply splotched across the back and fins with white spots of varying sizes, some as large as teacups.

Johnny Cass inched the cruiser forward until it was right above the great shark. The grapnel and chain were carefully lowered into position beneath the grinning, toadlike jaws. Then the grapnel (an oversized version of the many-tined snatch hook with which fishermen are familiar) was jerked sharply upward so that it imbedded itself firmly in the beast's neck. Then the *Alberta* was thrown into reverse.

In the resultant flurry of activity, as the *Alberta* swung wide in a lather of white water to remain clear of the submerged danger, the *Lucky Penny's* line whipped under the heavier boat's counter and was parted by the churning propellers. Cut off from the fish, Captain Lyman indicated no desire to get fast again.



The huge whale shark, still very much alive and kicking, being towed into Bimini harbor by Captain Cass' *Alberta.*

The time was now shortly after midafternoon.

The hooked shark, heretofore sluggish, now began to show signs of temper. Hauled to the surface by the *Alberta's* steadily shortening 1¼-inch line, it bumped repeatedly into the 19-ton cruiser, shaking her badly each time.

This worried Captain Cass, who was likewise concerned over the depth in which they were obliged to work this big fish. "There was 2,500 feet of water under our hull and 10 tons of fish on our line. He could have decided at any moment to sound . . . in which case, all would not have been well."

Three hours later, the weary three aboard the *Alberta* were agreed upon one point: they had "caught" themselves one damn big fish! And the incredibly grotesque behemoth from the depths continued to fight stubbornly, pausing only now and then to raise its froglike head from the darkening sea.

By this time, owner George Lyon had put out from nearby Bimini aboard the 23-foot *Windy*, a supply cruiser for the three-craft sport-fishing fleet, which he maintains at his island home. With him came several others.

After these reinforcements transferred to the *Alberta*, Captain Cass ordered his mate, Shoestring, to join a second native Bahamian who had run boldly out from shore in an outboard skiff to share in the excitement.

"Why should I go with him?" Shoestring asked worriedly.

Cass indicated several lengths of the heavy manila that until now had been lying useless on the cruiser's afterdeck. "If we don't bend a couple lines about his tail before night falls, we will lose him."

Shoestring moaned. Through the settling dusk, he could make out the half-submerged leviathan as it swam on the surface less than a boat length away. Its slightly protruding rheumy eyes appeared to be regarding its captors with mounting anger and occasionally it would emit a loud and awesome burp, which undoubtedly served to make Shoestring think of that other great fish, the one that had belched up Jonah. Surely, the jaws of this beast were large enough to close easily upon a man.

Nevertheless, he got into the smaller boat as directed.

Several times, the two natives attempted without success to pass one of the *Alberta's* heavy lines beneath the tail of the restless *Rhinedon*. On each occasion, the wary fish slid out of reach.

One time it turned upon them unexpectedly and, bringing its heavy tail clear of the water, made a wicked sideways slap that sent one of the men in the skiff tumbling backward. He regained his feet, frightened but unhurt.

In time, however, the two lines were secured and the struggling prize was hauled into the laboring cruiser's wake with the flailing tail just clearing the stern. Then began the painful tow to Bimini harbor, half a dozen miles eastward.

Upon arrival there, three and a half hours later, Cass and his companions discovered the dock and the harbor shore swarming with natives who had come running through the night at the exciting news. Practically all of the tiny island's 750 population had turned out. An awesome chatter ran through the gaping crowd as the *Alberta* inched into view, its spotlight focused upon the great thing that twisted and sighed in its wake. Few of them, indeed, had ever seen a sight to equal this.

"We had one hell of a time getting him here," Captain Cass confessed in reply to the questions hurled at him. During its ride, the huge shark could [*Continued on page* 105]

The Indians' Al Rosen, a star at first and third base.

# A PRO CAN PLAY ANYWHERE

**Everybody thought it was a gag when Yogi Berra headed for third base wearing shin guards, but it is all part of a new concept in baseball that is de-specializing the specialists**

### BY STANLEY FRANK

Casey Stengel has made many strange noises in his time, but the Yankee manager exceeded his capacity for tying the mother tongue into bowknots just before the final game of the 1954 season.

"The little guy, that Berry, can cut the cake all right out there on account of he ain't no ribbon clerk," Stengel said in the dugout, waving vaguely toward the infield, "and the kid I got next to him has the racket licked pretty good too. Watch my other feller, that Moose, give a riffle to the bag I told him to learn which is more than a lot of fellers which learn nothin' will do and which is why I'm gonna find a spot on the ball club for him."

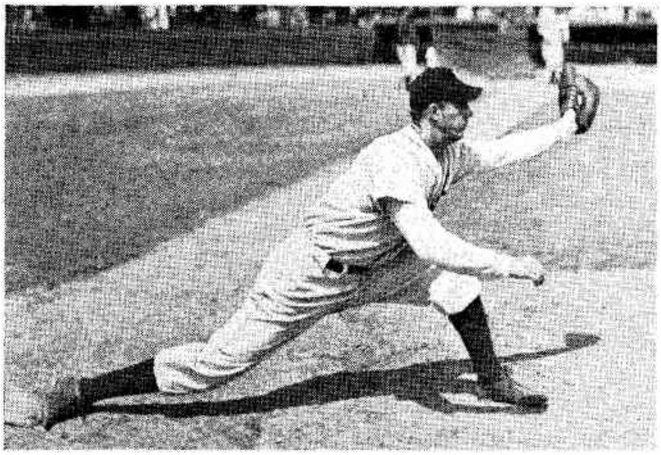
Freely translated from the Stengelese, a language understood by veterans on the baseball beat but spoken only by the inventor, Casey's pronouncement meant as follows: Yogi Berra, the little guy, is a competent professional who can perform acceptably at any position. Mickey Mantle, the kid, is an authentic major-leaguer who also can handle any assignment. Bill Skowron, the Moose, is an earnest, ambitious youth willing to take a shot at a new position to further his career, a commendable attitude that will be rewarded with steady employment on the Yankee varsity.

Stengel's scrambled syntax did not baffle his audience nearly as much as his scrambled lineup. Berra, challenged only by Roy Campanella for ranking as the best catcher in the business, played third base in the Yankees' windup. Mickey Mantle, the slightly tarnished golden boy who once was touted as a sure bet to make the addicts forget Joe DiMaggio, his predecessor in center field, was stationed at shortstop. Bill Skowron, a first baseman by trade, was at second base. Berra and Skowron were having a go at new positions for the first time in their lives. For Mantle, the game marked a return to the spot where he broke into organized baseball—and made the large total of fifty errors in one season at Joplin in the Class C Western Association.

As a gag, Berra started from the dugout for third base wearing shin-guards. But he and his associates did all right. Among them, the three transplanted Yankees had nineteen fielding chances and Skowron alone was charged with one error. Mantle was particularly impressive, coming up with two fine plays on difficult ground balls and functioning as the pivot man in a fast double play.

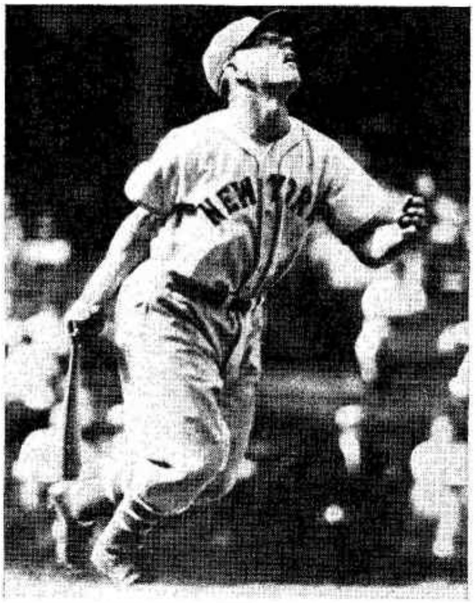
Skeptics shrugged off Stengel's crazy-quilt lineup as merely a stunt designed to give the box office a hypo in a meaningless finish of a season in which the Yankees failed to win the pennant for the first time in six years. They began to take Stengel seriously, though, when he repeated his intention of continuing the experiments in training

A great pitcher, Ruth's bat revolutionized baseball.



1935's MVP at first—Greenberg was 1940's MVP in left.

First baseman Foxx caught, played third and outfield.



McGraw sent catcher Ott into the outfield.

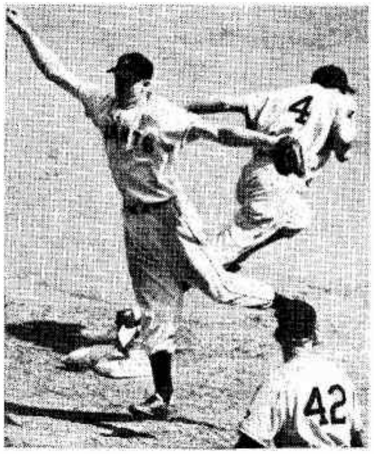
camp this spring. The experts suddenly remembered Casey's shifts of players, as though they were pieces in a jigsaw puzzle, while he was running up his unprecedented streak of five straight pennants and World Series.

Maybe Berra and Skowron lack the agility to handle ground balls in big-league fashion. It could well be that shortstop will impose too much of a strain on Mantle's trick knee. In the meantime, though, Stengel is not standing pat with a team that accounted for 103 victories—more than the Yankees won in any of the five preceding championship seasons—and still wound up behind the Indians. More pertinently, this spring Stengel is observing one of the first axioms of baseball:

A major-leaguer playing a strange position figures to do a better job than an experienced bum.

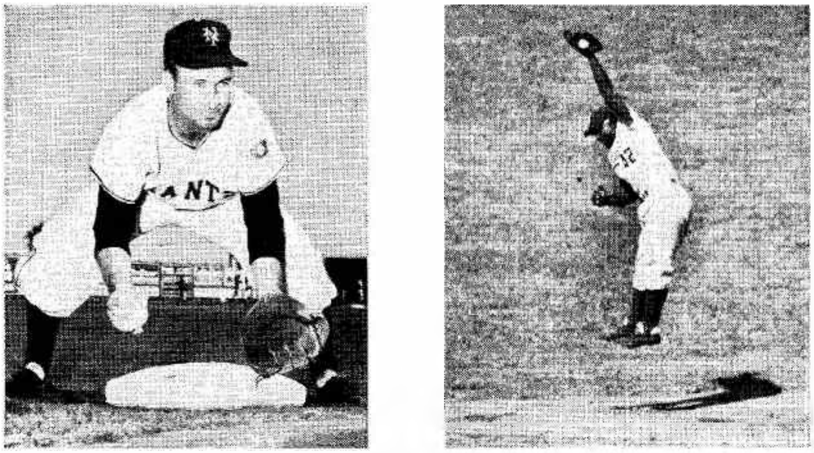
No trend in recent years is likely to exert a more significant influence on the future development of young ball players than the present inclination of managers to shift men to fit the needs of their teams. The day of static lineups with labels stuck on players is as dead as the Philadelphia Athletics. A smart young fellow who wants a career in baseball will do well to cultivate versatility instead of setting up light housekeeping in one spot on the diamond. The advantage of having versatile men is so obvious that it is

Ex-outfielder Bobby Avila.



Slugger Kiner beats out a bunt.

A flop at third, Bob Lemon is now top pitcher.



Al Dark *(left)* and Jack-of-all-trades Robinson *(right)*.

being adopted even by managers who ordinarily must be beaten over the skull with a ball bat before their minds are opened to a fresh idea.

"There's no question we're going to see a lot more switching of players," says Fresco Thompson, vice-president in charge of the Dodgers' farm system. "The success of experiments in the last few years has convinced all baseball men that there is only one specialist on the field—the pitcher.

"You can put it down as a flat statement that all other candidates who are good enough to reach the big leagues have the necessary physical and technical qualifications to play practically anywhere.

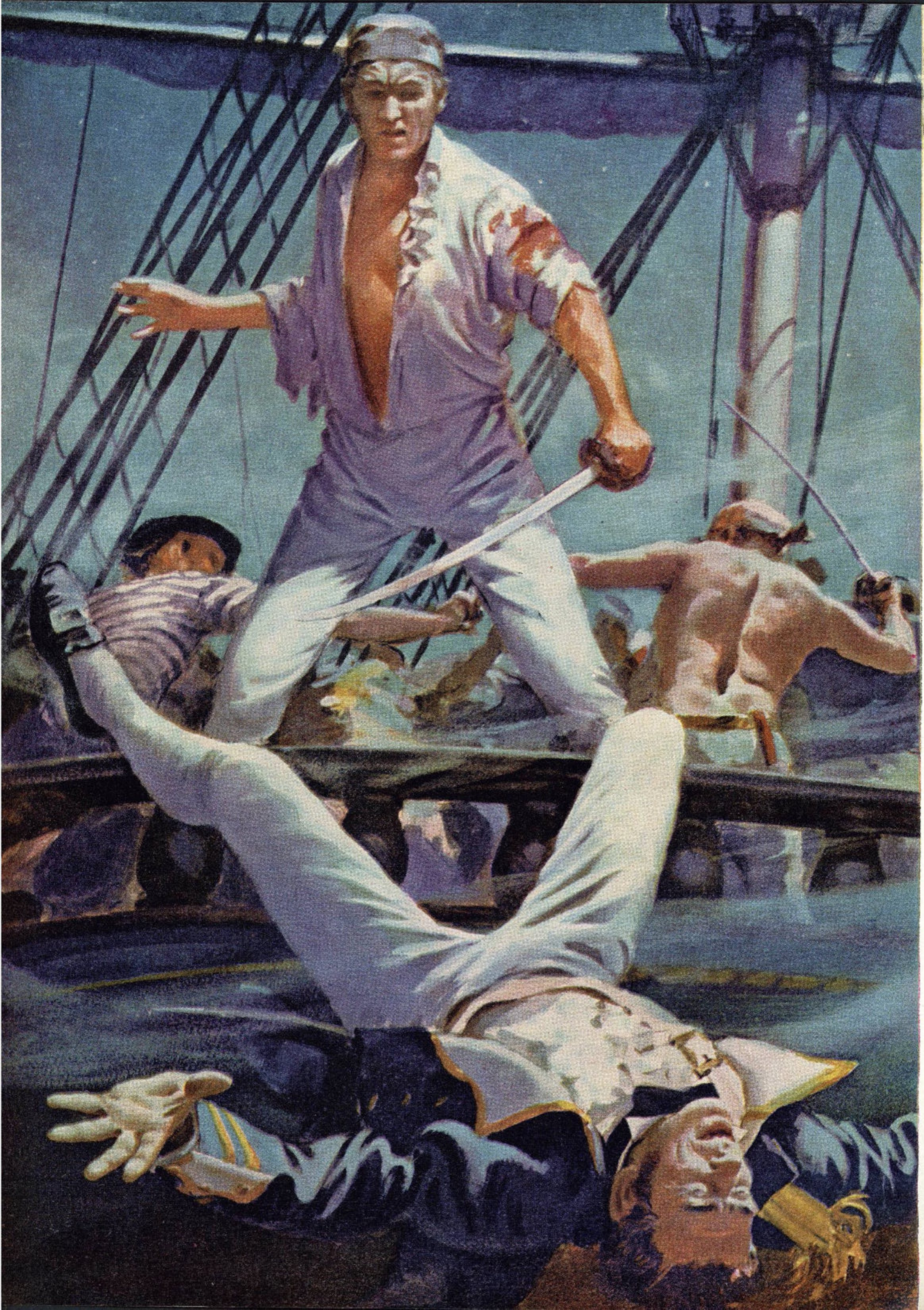
"In the past, players didn't like to try various spots because they couldn't establish themselves at one position. Looking at it from their angle, you couldn't blame them. Scouts had a tendency to concentrate on replacements for specific positions. They regarded a jack-of-all-trades as nothing more than a utility man, an inferior player who wasn't good enough to nail down a regular job.

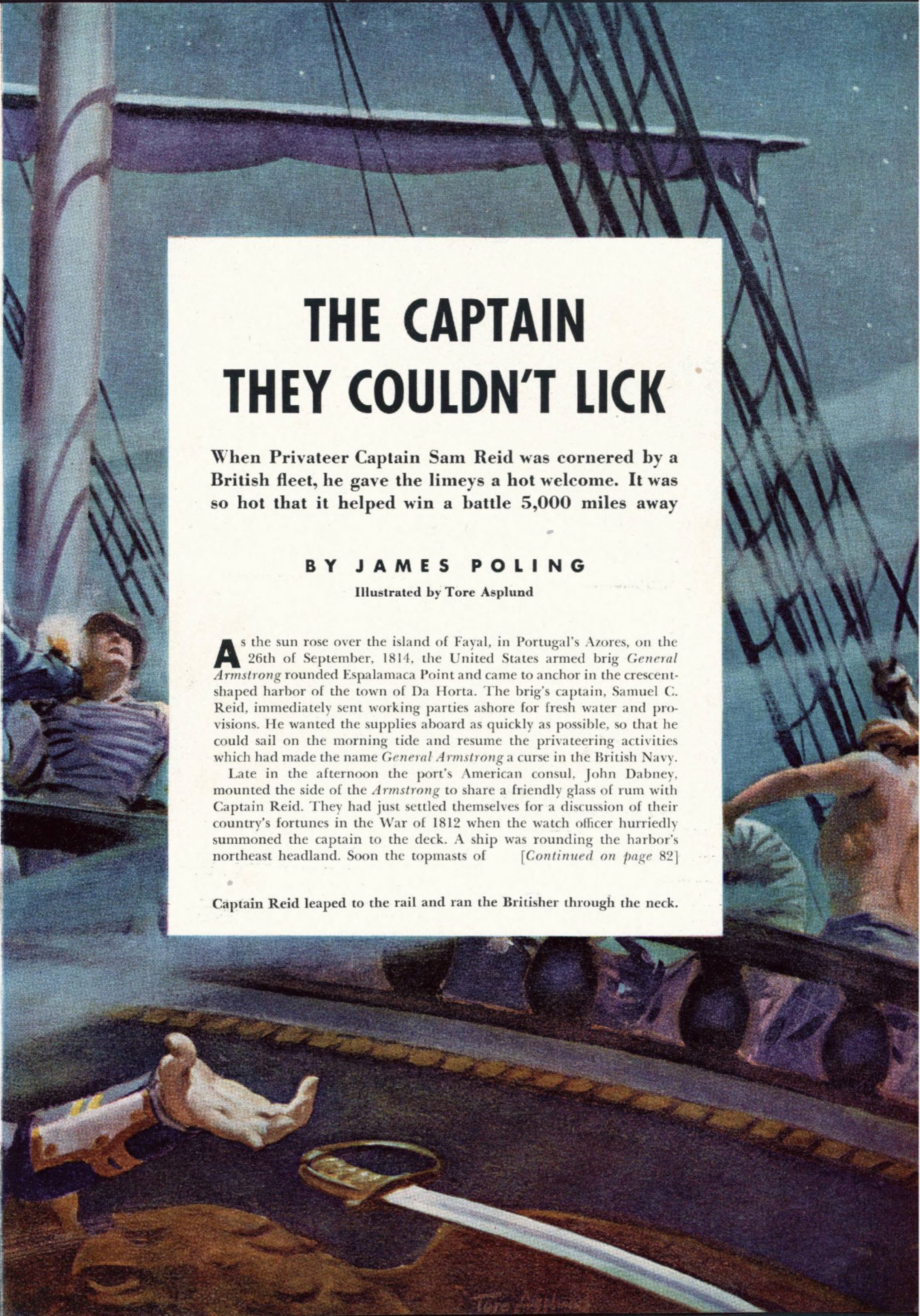
"The exact opposite is true, of course.

"The most valuable man on a ball club is the guy who can jump in anywhere and spell a player who's in a slump. It's a cinch that every man who

[*Continued on page* 101]

Catcher Yogi Berra grabs a hot grounder at third.





# THE CAPTAIN THEY COULDN'T LICK

**When Privateer Captain Sam Reid was cornered by a British fleet, he gave the limeys a hot welcome. It was so hot that it helped win a battle 5,000 miles away**

### BY JAMES POLING

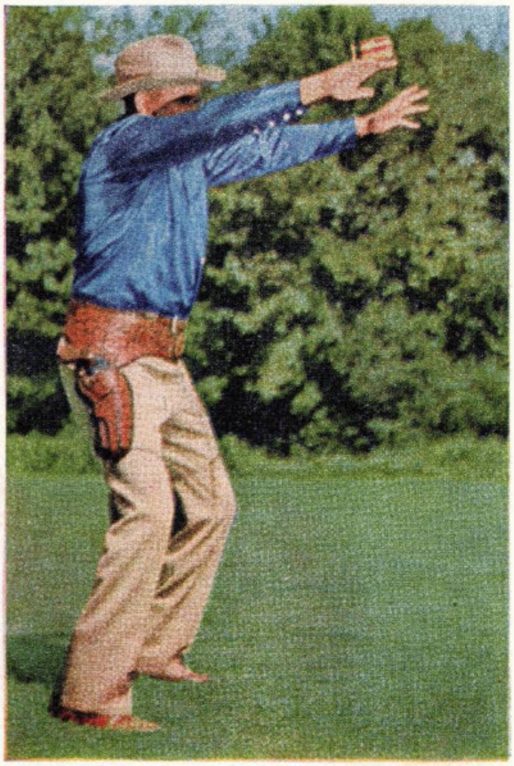
**Illustrated by Tore Asplund**

As the sun rose over the island of Fayal, in Portugal's Azores, on the 26th of September, 1814, the United States armed brig *General Armstrong* rounded Espalamaca Point and came to anchor in the crescent-shaped harbor of the town of Da Horta. The brig's captain, Samuel C. Reid, immediately sent working parties ashore for fresh water and provisions. He wanted the supplies aboard as quickly as possible, so that he could sail on the morning tide and resume the privateering activities which had made the name *General Armstrong* a curse in the British Navy.

Late in the afternoon the port's American consul, John Dabney, mounted the side of the *Armstrong* to share a friendly glass of rum with Captain Reid. They had just settled themselves for a discussion of their country's fortunes in the War of 1812 when the watch officer hurriedly summoned the captain to the deck. A ship was rounding the harbor's northeast headland. Soon the topmasts of

[*Continued on page* 82]

**Captain Reid leaped to the rail and ran the Britisher through the neck.**

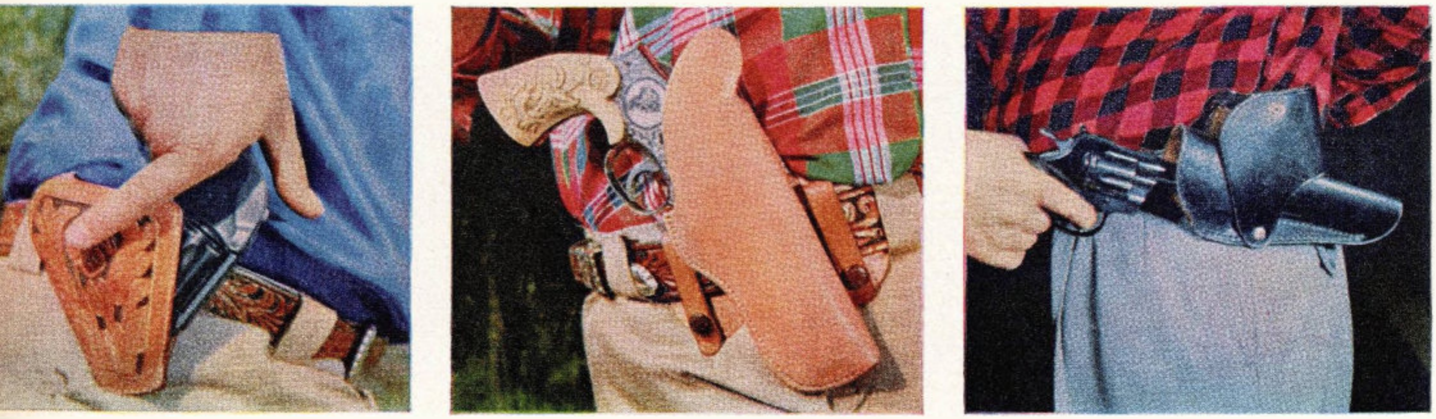


# THE HITCH IS IN THE HOLSTER

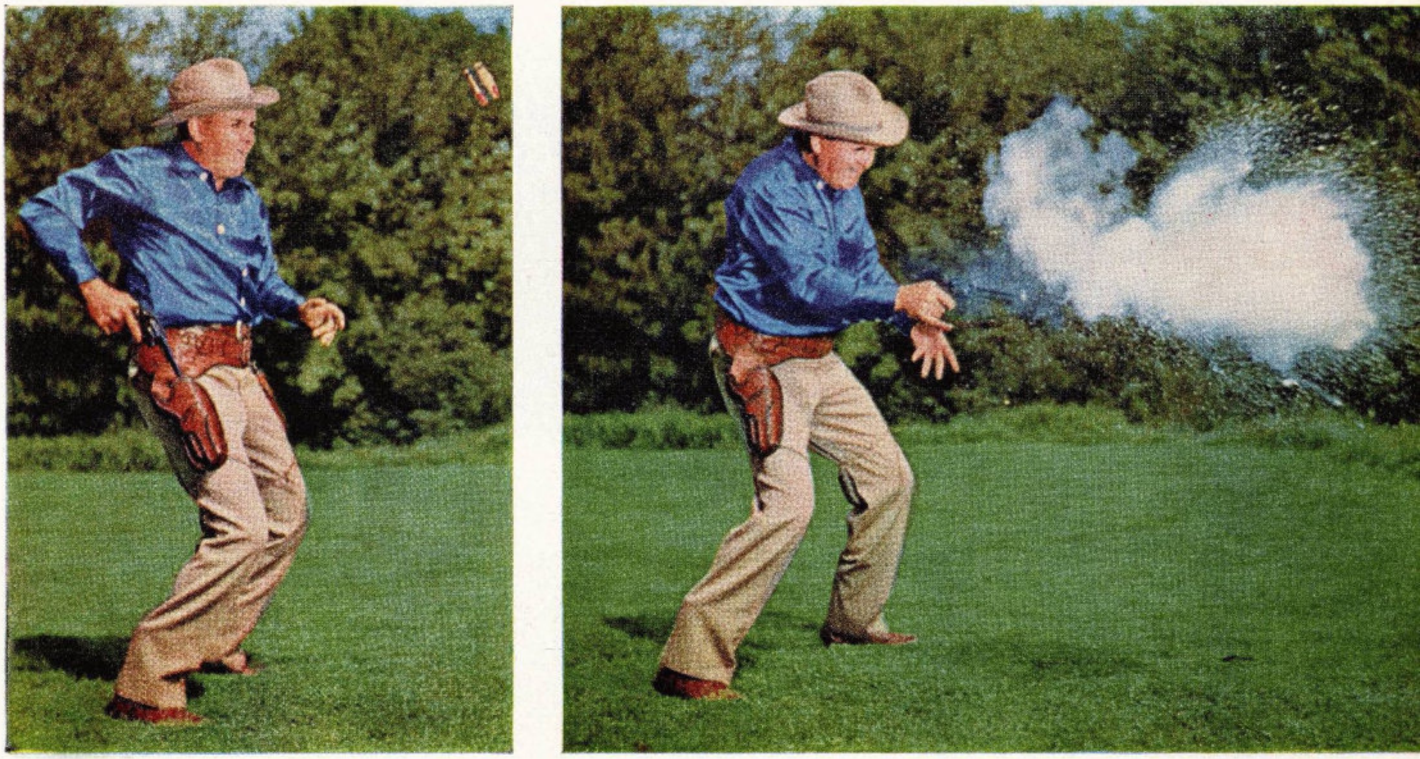
*Ever since the days of the Old West, when holsters were stitched up by saddle makers, men have been trying to design perfect pistol packers—free and easy on the draw. It is time they succeeded, and now perhaps they have*

### BY LUCIAN CARY

***Photographed for* TRUE *by David B. Eisendrath, Jr.***



*Left to right:* Berns-Martin holster speeds gun through slot; Heiser high-ride and Gaylord hinge quicken crossdraw.



Buscadero-belted Lind beats box to ground, demonstrating double-action revolver with Myres holster.

Anybody who wants to pack a gun can shove it in his pocket if the pocket is deep enough; or stick it under his belt if he has room for it. In the glorious days of buccaneers and flintlock pistols, a man carried his sidearms under his sash. I suppose every now and then a carelessly cocked weapon went off unexpectedly. Maybe that is why there aren't as many buccaneers around as there used to be.

Men can be fashion conscious, and always have been to a limited degree. Try wearing spats to work next Monday. Spats are out of style, but once they had their purpose. Holsters also caught on because they made sense—the principle of the revolving cylinder brought more steel into a handgun (two Colt Frontiers—6 pounds) and long hours in the saddle made this weight tougher to carry. A holster slung the weight comfortably and evened up the strain. Comfort was one thing, love of life was another. If a man liked living, he liked the idea of being within calling distance of his protection. He figured a holster—the right holster—would shorten the calling time. Fast draw. The faster the better. But the fast draw was only one of the problems in modern holster design.

Anyone who has seen Western movies has seen the *buscadero* belt and low-slung holster used in early times. The belt is a comfortably wide piece of heavy leather, usually carved for decoration, with holsters that drape almost to a man's knees. The lower ends of the holsters are tied with thongs so they won't flop in the half-crouch of a man on horseback. It was also equestrian necessity that brought the guns so far down on the man's thigh.

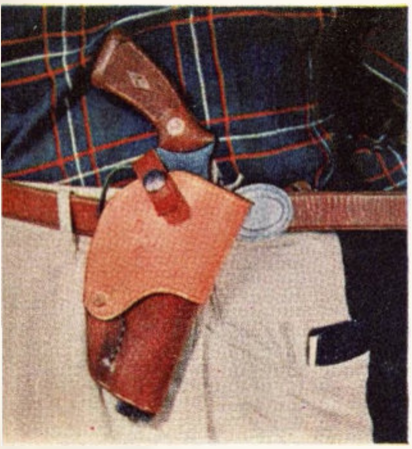
Ed McGivern, who has spent a lifetime studying the ways of the Old West, and many years as an exhibition shooter of revolvers, says buscadero is Spanish, meaning he who hunts or he who is hunted. This was usually true of the wearer of even the most ornamental rig.

If the holsters hanging from a buscadero are properly made and rigged it is possible to draw fast from them. Ernie Lind, one of the country's top exhibition men, has been using the same buscadero, made by Sam Myres of El Paso, for a dozen years in his exhibition shooting. Lind is a showman and he likes the buscadero, low-holster rig because it is strikingly handsome and because it ties in to a spectacular era in our nation's history. But the holsters Myres made for him are improvements on the old design—he cut away excess leather for Lind, to fully expose the trigger.

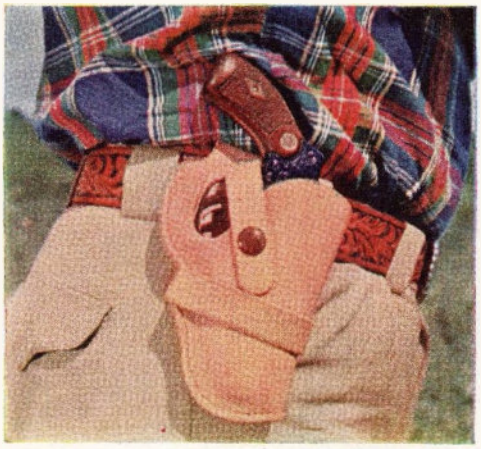
Actually the buscadero was never too common. It cost money. Most men wore a deep, simply designed gun sheath and they wore it high on the belt so as not to let it interfere with leg movement. And there were those who simply stuck the gun under the belt itself.

On the usual buscadero belt the holsters are angled forward. Quick-shooter Lind has his holsters angled back because he doesn't perform on a horse. He demonstrates fast draw by putting a small pasteboard box on the back of his right hand and holding it out shoulder high. When he reaches for a gun the box falls. He is able to draw a revolver and put a bullet in the box before it reaches the ground. The box is filled with powdered kalsomine so the hit will show. He shoots dropping into a crouch because crouching moves the gun toward his hand and into position. Try it yourself.

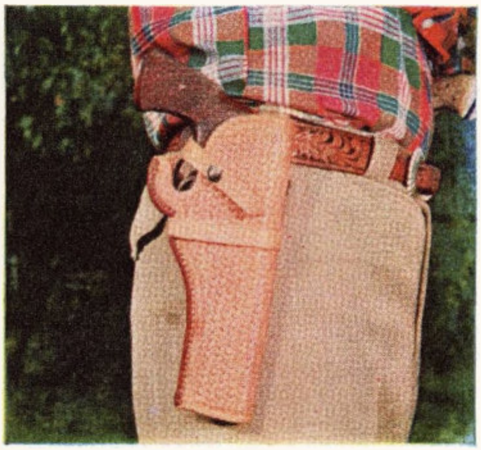
But for practical purposes the buscadero belt, or any combination of belt and holster that lets a revolver hang low, is as outmoded as the side-bar buggy. And, in a manner of speaking, for the same reason. The internal-combustion engine mounted under the hood of a motor car put the buggy out of business. It also put low-hanging holsters out of business. You could wear a buscadero belt with 6 pounds of revolvers hanging from it when riding



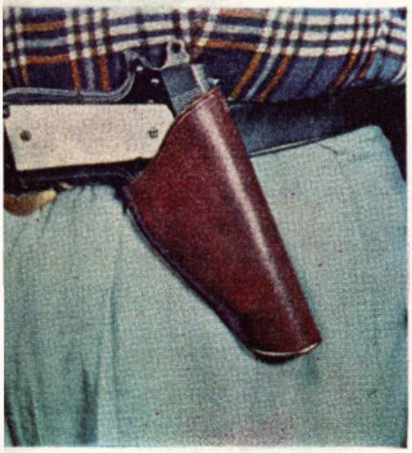
Smith & Wesson Kit Gun in Gaylord's crossdraw rig.



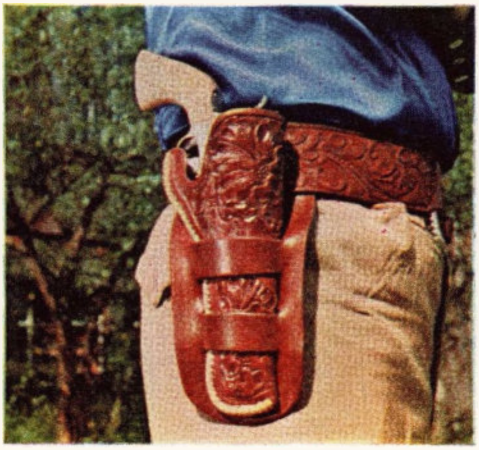
A Heiser holster coddles a Colt. The snap-strap shield provides important trigger access.



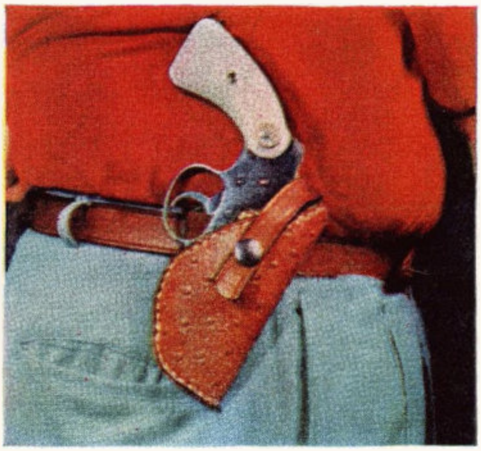
A Lawrence hip-draw holster decorated with basket weave, with safety strap.



Colt Commander .45 hung in a Gaylord crossdraw job.



Lawrence's finely carved holster for the Colt single action. Cutaway to trigger means speed.



Gaylord's high-ride for Colt Detective Special .38. Strap flips during draw.

a horse or even when walking from the hitching rack to the front door of a saloon. You cannot wear such an outfit for long when sitting in a car.

Ernie Lind said he had seen old-time holsters so badly designed that a man had to use one hand on the gun and the other on the holster to get the two apart. Charles Askins in his *Pistol Shooters Handbook* remarks of some old-time holsters: "How a quick draw was made from such harness is a mystery."

The truth is that a Western gunman using the gun and holster of the 1870's would stand no chance against an equally good man using a modern rig and a modern revolver. Credit goes to modern weapons and modern holsters, too. Take the gun first.

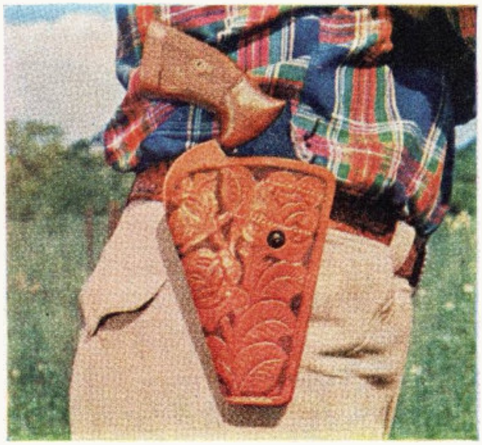
The gun seen in Western movies is almost always the single-action revolver that Colt introduced in 1873. This gun has a grip that most men like. It is easy on the hand when shooting the heavy charges for which the revolver was originally made, such cartridges as the .45 Colt and the .44-40 Winchester. In recoil the muzzle rises majestically up. Modern revolvers recoil just as much provided the weight of the gun and the power of the charge are the same. But a modern revolver goes deeper in the hand so the recoil comes nearer straight back, in line with wrist and forearm, and the muzzle does not rise so much.

However, the big difference between the single-action and a modern double-action revolver is in speed of fire. The single action must be cocked by a separate motion before it can be fired. A modern double-action revolver will fire as fast as you can pull the trigger.

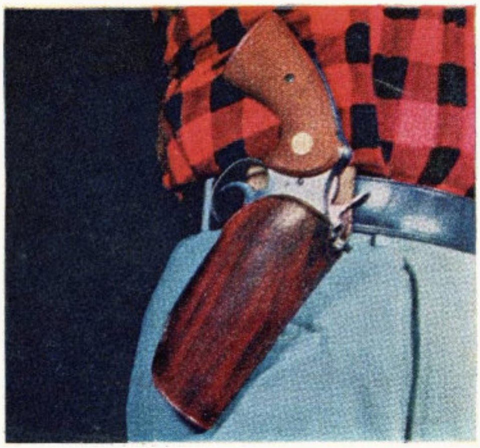
Ed McGivern frequently fired five shots in 3/5 of a second at a range of 10 yards and grouped the shots closely enough so they could be covered with a man's hand. On more than one occasion he got off the five shots in 2/5 of a second. Such feats are impossible with a single-action revolver.

McGivern found, after many experiments, that the fastest way to fire a single-action is by fanning it. This requires two hands. The gun is held in one hand while the hammer is struck back with the heel of the other hand. The action is more certain if the trigger is taped to the rear of the trigger guard so it cannot engage the sear. McGivern proved that it is possible to shoot with reasonable accuracy at close range when fanning the single-action. But he found that he could fire five shots from a double-action revolver in about half the time it took to fire five shots when fanning a single-action. So much for the gun. Now compare holsters.

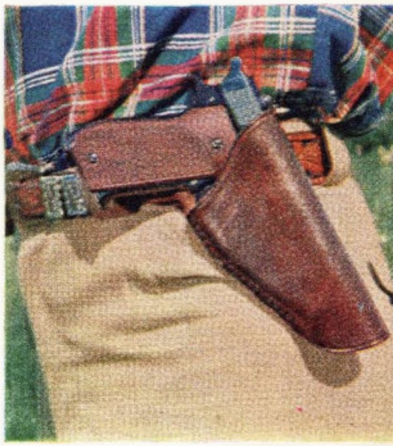
Modern holsters designed for quick draw are almost as great an improvement as the double-action revolver. Innovations in style have been astonishing: the Heiser high-ride crossdraw holster that perches a gun up along-



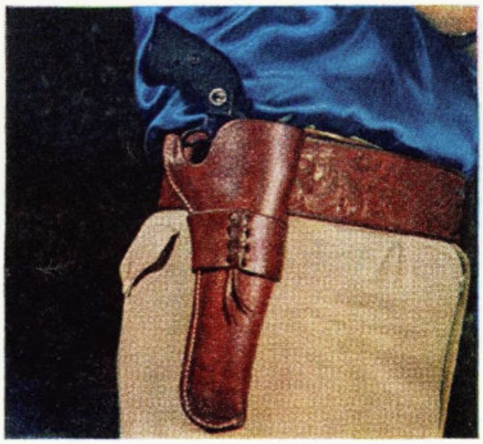
**S & W Military and Police .38 in Berns-Martin carved spring-equipped holster.**



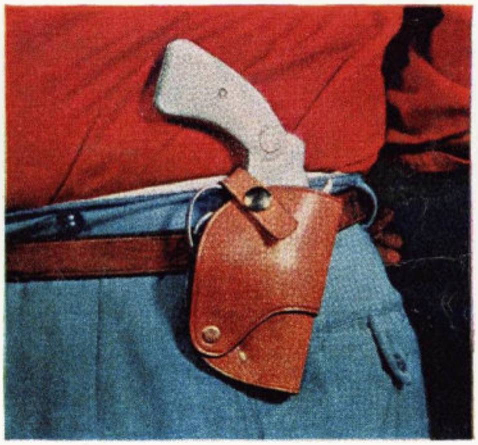
**Colt's .357 Magnum in Gaylord's "pistol scabbard." The leather is boned for a tight fit.**



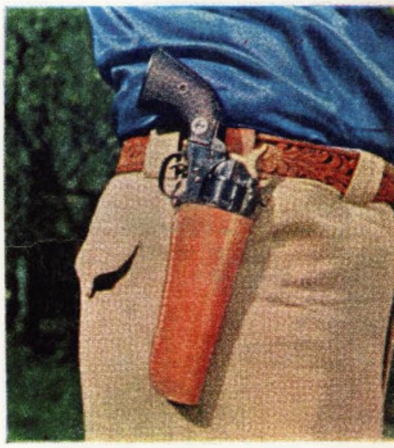
**S & W semiautomatic in abbreviated, modern sheath.**



**The Ruger Single Six .22 in a Lawrence holster modeled after old-time design.**



**The Colt Detective Special .38, in a Chic Gaylord hinged holster using a snap retention.**



**The Missouri: cut back for rapid draw of Colt Frontier.**

side your belly like a cat waiting to be petted; the Gaylord two-piece hinged holster that breaks apart to lay the revolver in your hand; the holsters by Berns-Martin, Calhoun City, Mississippi, or Dick Hoyt of El Monte, California, where the gun is retained by a spring clip that allows it to be drawn directly into line for firing.

Go back to the 40 years that bridged the turn of the century. Hoslters then were simple scabbards at first. The object was to protect the gun, so soft leather was used and lots of it. The burden was on the shooter to get the damned gun out. The holsters of Billy the Kid, Sam Bass and other desperados sheathed a gun almost to the end of the butt. I suppose a man had to shove his hand down inside the holster itself to draw the revolver.

Evolution toward better holsters was simple—eliminate excess leather and harden it. The extreme result of experiment was the popular Missouri type which hugged a Colt by the barrel and cylinder alone. The gun was jammed in almost to a force fit. But direct pull brought it out handily enough.

Sam Myres of El Paso, Texas, and George Lawrence of Portland, Oregon, also make holsters which are designed for quick draw.

What makes a fast-draw holster? This is much debated. Only one thing can be said with certainty. This is that the whole butt of the gun, the hammer and the trigger guard must be exposed. A fast draw is impossible unless the man making it can grab the gun butt so he does not have to shift his grip and so his trigger finger is inside the guard. This is fundamental. In addition the holster should be so angled that the gun can be drawn and fired in one flowing motion, not placed in a position that requires interrupted action.

Chic Gaylord suggests a parallel. Suppose two men are seated opposite each other at a table with a penny in the middle. At a signal the two reach for the penny. Most men would reach forward, pick up the penny and pull back. But the fastest way to pick up the penny is with one sweep across the table. It may take some practice to pick up the penny when sweeping across the table—more than it would in picking up a saltcellar. But it can be done.

Tom Threepersons designed a holster for fast draw that was first made by Sam Myres. This Threepersons person, an Indian by birth, knew what he was about. He served with the Canadian Royal Mounted Police, with the El Paso police department, and several other outfits. He was in more gun fights than some early Western sheriffs famed in story ever knew. The Threepersons holster exposes the butt of the gun, the trigger guard and the hammer. The gun stays in the holster because it is tightly fitted, but a retaining strap with a snap fastener is sometimes added. The angle of the holster on the [*Continued on page* 87]

# "WHERE THE HELL IS PARKER?"

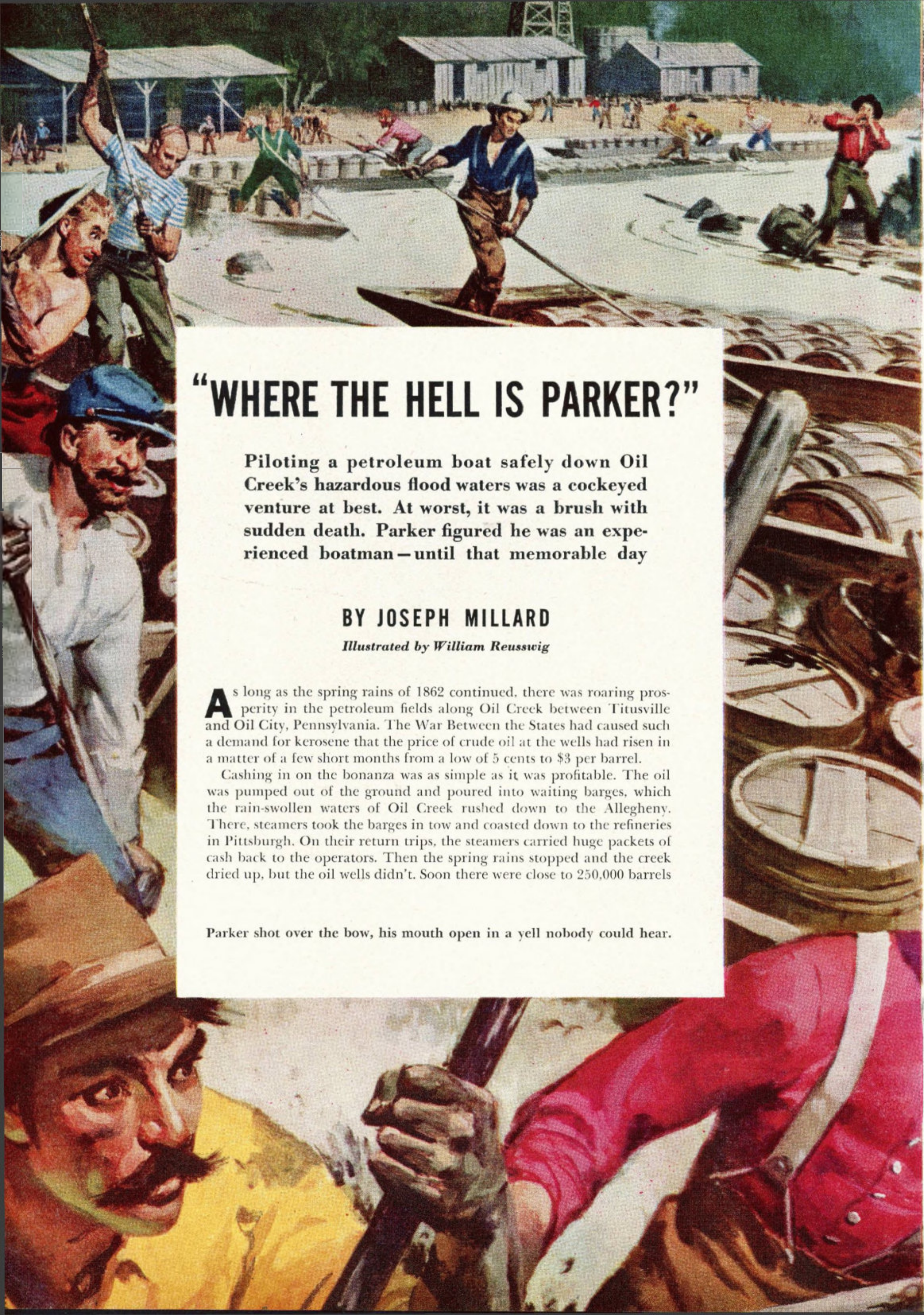
**Piloting a petroleum boat safely down Oil Creek's hazardous flood waters was a cockeyed venture at best. At worst, it was a brush with sudden death. Parker figured he was an experienced boatman—until that memorable day**

### BY JOSEPH MILLARD

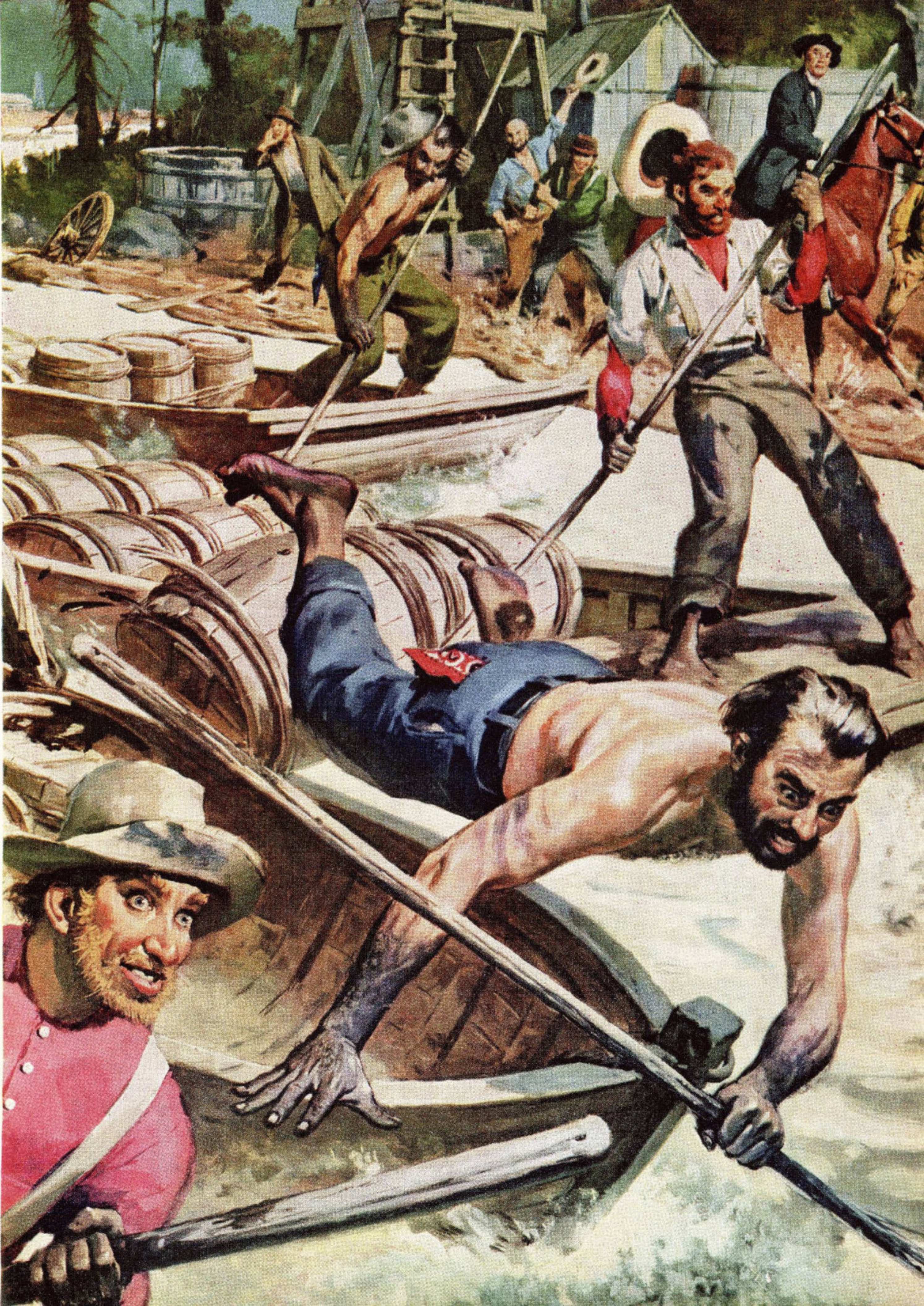
*Illustrated by William Reusswig*

As long as the spring rains of 1862 continued, there was roaring prosperity in the petroleum fields along Oil Creek between Titusville and Oil City, Pennsylvania. The War Between the States had caused such a demand for kerosene that the price of crude oil at the wells had risen in a matter of a few short months from a low of 5 cents to $3 per barrel.

Cashing in on the bonanza was as simple as it was profitable. The oil was pumped out of the ground and poured into waiting barges, which the rain-swollen waters of Oil Creek rushed down to the Allegheny. There, steamers took the barges in tow and coasted down to the refineries in Pittsburgh. On their return trips, the steamers carried huge packets of cash back to the operators. Then the spring rains stopped and the creek dried up, but the oil wells didn't. Soon there were close to 250,000 barrels



Parker shot over the bow, his mouth open in a yell nobody could hear.



of high-priced petroleum piled up along the creek.

The operators couldn't shut down the wells; if they did, the paraffin in the crude oil might coagulate in the shafts and choke the wells forever.

Over 12,000 horses and wagons were pressed into service, hauling night and day, but they couldn't begin to handle the job of removing the surplus oil. Since a barrel of crude oil weighed 360 pounds, five or six barrels was the most a team could drag over roads that were axle deep in slime from oil spillage. Worse, the teamsters, knowing they had the whip hand, jacked up freight rates to as high as $1 per barrel per mile—and threatened to go higher.

The oil producers held a number of meetings, and at one of these, Jonathan Watson came up with what he figured was a good idea. Watson's firm, the Brewer & Watson Lumber Company, had logged off the region before the oil boom started and had faced a similar problem trying to float logs down to the Allegheny. They'd solved it by using the pond-freshet system. They built dams on the twenty or so tributary streams that ran into Oil Creek. When all the ponds thus formed were full of logs, the company cut open the dams. The artificial flood that was loosed went boiling down to the Allegheny, carrying the sawlogs along with the roaring crest of the man-made flood.

Now Watson said, "It appears to me we could do the same thing with boatloads of oil. Fill 'em along the banks and let 'em ride the flood. If the pond-freshets would float logs, why wouldn't they float flat barges?"

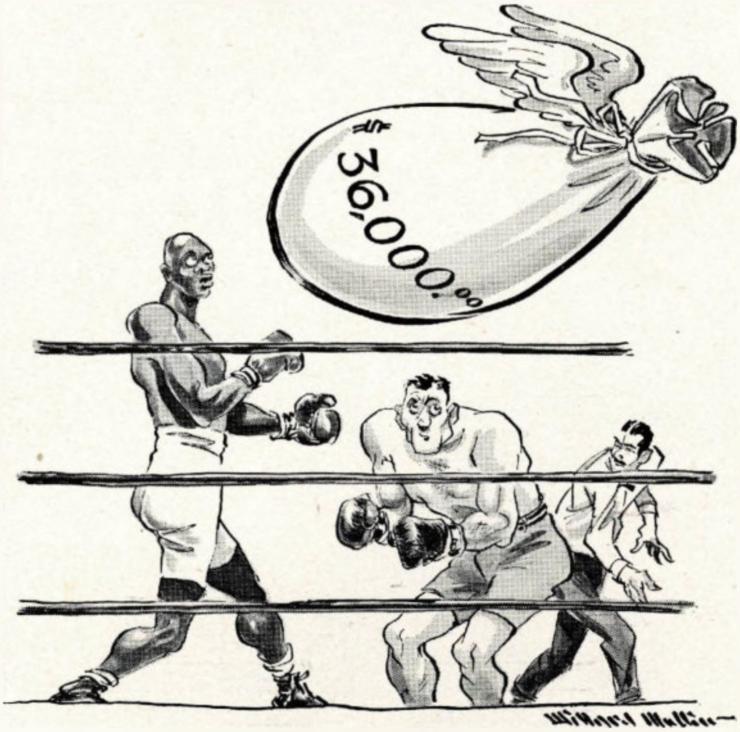
There was plenty of argument, of course, but the oil producers were desperate enough to try anything; so the pond freshet was given a trial—and it worked. Losses were staggering, but about a third of the oil survived to reach Pittsburgh, and a third of a loaf is better than none. The pond freshet became a regular Wednesday and Sunday event. It was a carnival and a Roman Holiday all in one. There was always a desperate need for boatmen. That's how a man named Parker came to make his notable contribution to the annals of the Oil Regions.

Parker remained on the scene only 24 hours, but he was around long enough to inspire a crazy catch-phrase that became a part of the lingo of the oil fields.

"Where the hell is Parker?" was a cry that wouldn't mean a thing to a stranger. But [*Continued on page* 68]

# IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

BY JOHN LARDNER



## THE PARALYZED PURSE

To this day, old-time boxing men still talk about the Missing Purse (sometimes called the Paralyzed Purse) of Paris. This satchel is involved with two prizefighters who fought for the world's heavyweight championship.

In 1914, Jack Johnson was living in Europe as a fugitive from a Mann Act charge at home. Johnson was still the champion, but he was hungry. Johnson found a challenger in a red-haired sailor named Frank Moran, who also was hungry. Moran had a manager named Dan McKetrick who was promoting the bout. McKetrick was angry, as he had heard that Moran planned to ditch him for another manager after the fight in case he won the title. Shortly before the fight, which was scheduled for June 27, 1914, McKetrick asked Moran to sign a new contract with him. But the redhead refused to sign, saying: "The world needs faith, Dan. Let's just trust each other."

McKetrick turned white with rage and snarled, "I swear that you or I or nobody else will ever touch a dime of the money from this fight."

He tied up the profits of the fight by claiming that Moran owed him old loans. His French lawyer impounded the money in the Bank of France.

On the night of the fight, the champion and the challenger were the world's most reluctant fighters. They knew they were fighting for nothing.

"I won't fight," Johnson grumbled in his dressing room.

"You'll fight," said Charlie McCarthy, a promotive handy man. He pushed a gun in Johnson's ribs and herded the champion into the ring.

The battle went 20 rounds in a blaze of fear and frustration. Moran got his glove on Johnson twice all night: "When they shook hands before and after," said a witness. Johnson, the master boxer, won when he pleased. Then McKetrick spilled the bad news, grinning as he did. The paralyzed profits it turned out, amounted to about $36,000.

"That money," said McKetrick, "will be released when I sign a paper saying to release it—and that will be never!" He was more right than he meant to be. A few weeks later the first World War exploded, the banks of France declared a moratorium, and McKetrick's lawyer was killed in action. Came the Armistice and the banks could find no record of the money. The paralyzed purse was gone forever.

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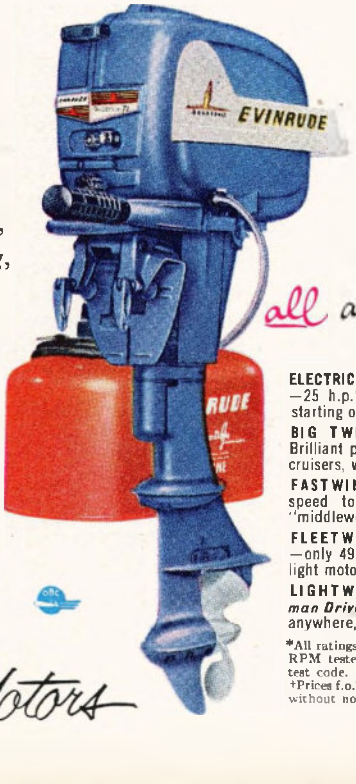

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# Everything's Plastic but the Fish

The Rettinger nylon parka and trouser set, Bancroft magnetic fly hat, Stream-eze nylon net and arctic jacket are worthy fishing companions of the Orchard casting rod.

**In Izaak Walton's day the well-dressed fisherman wore moldy tweeds and carried a sapling pole. The 1955 fisherman, outfitted from hat to waders in synthetics, can haul in his big ones by using a Fiberglas rod, nylon lines and an array of Tenite lures**

A TRUE TESTED TREND
Approved
by
TRUE, the Man's Magazine

ACCORDING TO THE U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service there are close to 20 million fishermen in the country. And the chances are good that more than half of them have, by now, discovered the advantages (and perhaps some of the disadvantages) of the newest plastic and resin equipment.

A quick look at the eager fisherman flexing his glass fly rod on the next page shows that synthetics have gone a long way from just rods and bait boxes. Everything he's wearing is synthetic, practical heavy-duty gear from nylon mesh fishing hat to chest-high waders.

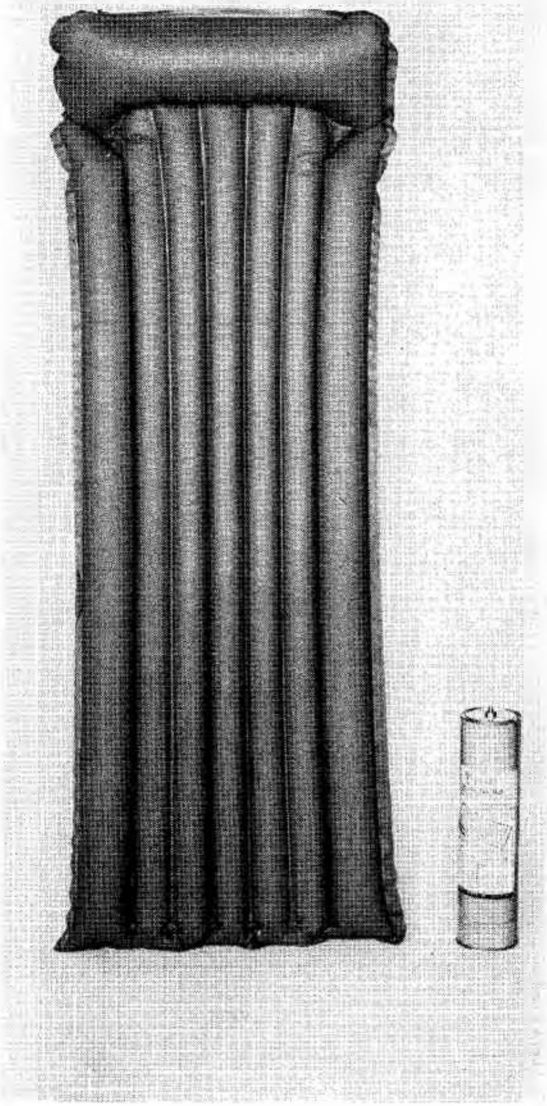
All those canvas and leather straps and glass vials for line dressings are almost as much a thing of the past as Izaak Walton's costume. Most all have been replaced with light, water- and rot-proof plastic belts, bottles and kit bags making the sport easier, lighter and drier.

In addition, most of the new plastic fishing gear is also relatively inexpensive; in comparison to the nonplastics it is also relatively unbreakable. Most any plastic item can still be crammed into the car without damage after all the rods, duffle bags, tackle boxes and luggage have taken more than their share. Then too, anybody who has cramped his legs wading a frigid trout stream will jump at the chance to wear heavy clothing under light plastic covering without feeling as stiff as a deep-sea diver.

Last, but not least, if you ever step into a pot hole or the canoe tips over, these buoyant and light plastic items will make it a lot more certain you come up for the third time.

**FISH AS SMART AS YOU ARE!**

At right, a nylon net over the hat thwarts black flies; a McGregor nylon shirt keeps the chill out and canvas shoes slip over the wader feet for rock protection.



This Hodgman Pak Mat air mattress means you literally sleep on air. Container doubles as the pump.

It may be hard to believe, but everything on these two pages is plastic or synthetic fiber. In the case of the reels on the opposite page, the Thommen Record 400 spinning reel at top left has a plastic spool and the Shakespeare F6 casting rod at the bottom has solid nylon gears.

Anyone who's ever stepped into a tackle shop will recognize such old favorites in the tackle-box tray opposite as Tenite Heddon River Runts, Crazy Crawlers, Hula Poppers, Flatfish and Jitterbugs. However, something new you can put in your tackle box mostly for fun (we can't guarantee any other results) is a faithful plug reproduction of a Mermaid with all the essential anatomical details. Howard Hughes Industries makes this item—and they should know. Incidentally, the jumble of red spaghetti in the middle of the top tray is a set of Creme Lure Company's plastic Wiggle Worms that are so much like the real thing you're bound to get a fast rise out of the distaff side at least!

Worthwhile additions, just under the plastic accessory belt, to the plastic fishing accessory list are the Orvis magnifying fly box, A & H hook remover and the Phillips magnetic fly box.

Incidentally, that gadget just above the hook remover that looks like a battery hygrometer is nothing less than a depth indicator—mighty handy when lake trout are lurking just under the 40-foot mark.—**Fred W. Roloff**

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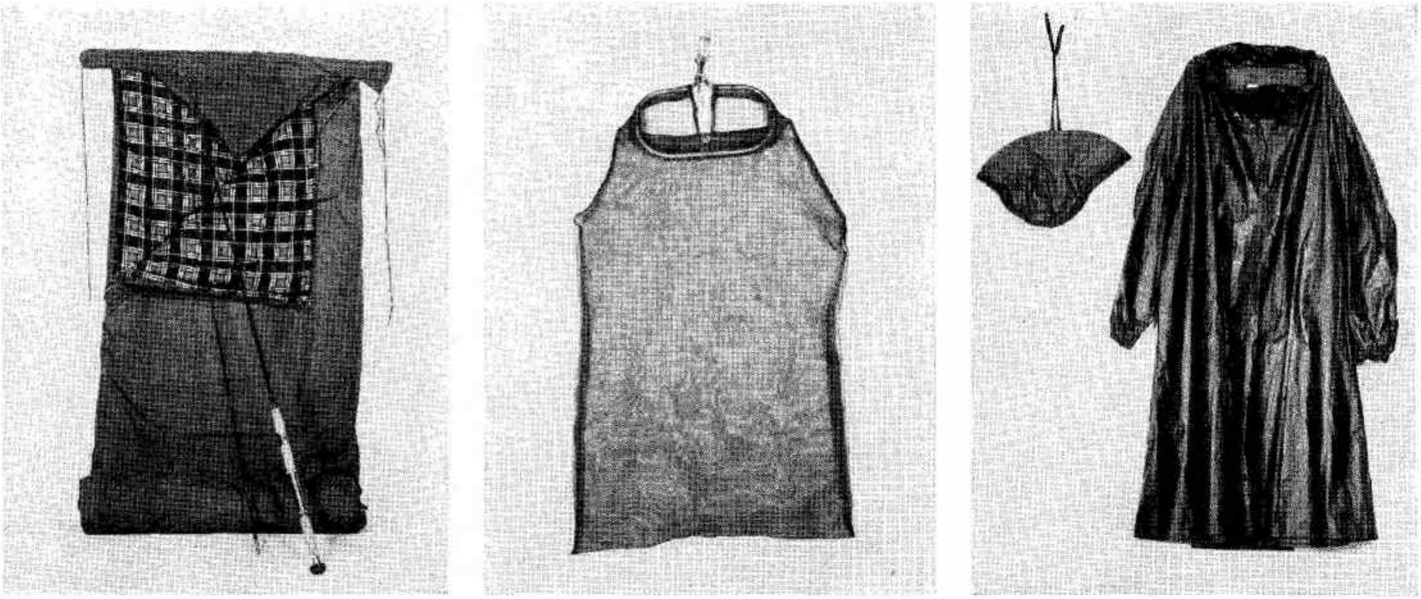
*Equipment this issue courtesy of David T. Abercrombie Co. and Trail & Stream, New York City.*



It's a treat to crawl into this light Dacron Alaska sleeping bag *(left)*. The giant Plasto-net fish bag *(center)* goes on the gun'l, holds really big pike. Dry is the word for Alligator's new Vinyl Resin fishing shirt and Sou'wester *(right)*.

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#9071—Maple Mocco Oxford, Sand Cush'n Rubber Sole and Heel.

Mansfield Shoes —*by the makers of famous BOSTONIANS®*

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## "Where the Hell Is Parker?"

[*Continued from page 62*]

to oil men who knew the circumstances, it was funny enough to break up a wake. They wore it out whooping it back and forth among the derricks.

The first time it was yelled, Parker couldn't hear it. He was under three feet of wicked water with a boatload of oil on his back and his face in a gravel bar. After that, he heard it all he wanted to, but he never did see anything funny in it.

Parker was a wild-water man, a riverman who ran keelboats down the falls of the Ohio for $10 a trip. When he heard that some lunatics over in Pennsylvania were paying $100 to $150 to run a scow down a few miles of shallow creek, he lit out to see for himself.

He reached Oil City on a Tuesday morning, coming up from Pittsburgh on Captain Ezekiel Gordon's *Echo*. The last few miles, the steamer had to stay in midstream to avoid a number of rough jetties and timber booms that reached out from both banks.

Alf Russell, the steamer clerk, explained to Parker that these were oil traps. After every pond freshet, the river would be coated with spilled oil that belonged to anybody who took it. Fellows who wanted a start in the oil business would lease ground along the banks, throw out booms and skim a mighty good living off the eddies. "I was reading in the *Venango Spectator* just the other day about a feller who skum $900 worth off Moran's Eddy in one afternoon."

Parker snorted. "Migawd, if that much oil gets spilled, it's high time a real riverman like me come along to take over."

Alf Russell shook his head and went off to collect the cash he was dropping off at Hanna's Warehouse for some of the shippers. The *Echo* dropped passengers at the Moran House, then skirted the bar at the mouth of Oil Creek and tied up at Abrams' Landing. Parker jumped off the gangplank and landed in oily mud to his knees. He plowed up to solid ground, swearing. It was his first meeting with Oil Creek mud.

The town of Oil City had a holiday air. There were crowds on the river bank and the muddy streets; every saloon was jammed. The talk was all of oil and the next day's pond freshet. It would be an almighty big one, they said, with twenty towboats coming up to take over the craft that survived the run.

The mouth of Oil Creek was filled solid with a weird variety of boats. There were guipers (boats with pointed ends that could carry fifty barrels of oil), bulk boats, floating tanks decked over and rafts made of empty barrels lashed together or fastened into ladderlike frames of wood. The biggest boats were the French Creekers, flat-bottomed scows with capacities of 800 to 1,200 barrels.

Parker had no trouble landing a job. He demanded and got $150 to run a fifty-barrel guiper down from one of the wells below Shaffer.

The gentleman who hired him was called "The Deacon" by everybody. That's name enough; some of the Deacon's descendants around Oil City might not take kindly to having their granddaddy's fall from grace too widely advertised.

The Deacon was a pillar in the Presbyterian church and an almighty enemy of sin; a pudgy, pink-cheeked man with a rolling voice and a nugget watch chain across his vest. He didn't own an oil well, but like plenty of others he was headed for it. He would contract to buy fifty barrels of oil at the well and gamble on getting it to the refinery for the delivered price. That was a kind of gambling that wasn't listed under sin in the Deacon's book. But Parker found out mighty quick what was.

When the deal was closed, he remarked innocently, "Let's have a drink on it, Deacon."

The Deacon fired up and let go with a hell-and-brimstone temperance lecture that lifted hats two blocks away. Parker was so stunned he could only gasp, "I'll be damned!"

That really set things off. It turned out the sermon on the evils of drink was only a warmup to what the Deacon thought about the use of profane language. The way he blistered the air, Parker was willing to concede the Deacon had a point. Anybody who could chew a man out like the Deacon did, with never a hell or a damn in a mouthful, was worth listening to.

According to the agreement, Parker was to be at the well by nightfall to make sure everything was ready. The pond freshet was due to hit there about dawn. The men whose job was to cut the dams would start upcountry at midnight on fast horses. They would open a dam, then race the flood to the next one at breakneck speed. These were old-timers who had worked with Brewer & Watson, so they knew the exact timing that would bring the maximum wall of water rushing into Oil Creek from all the little streams at once. Timing was the essence of the whole maneuver. The oil-laden boats rode so low that they would scrape bottom even at the height of the freshet, so as little as an inch drop at the wrong time would wreck the whole operation.

Parker caught a ride upstream on the guiper he was going to pilot back. A profane and whiskered teamster drove the horses that snaked it up the shallow, twisting creek bed past the hundreds of craft already tied up and loading. The whole creek was lined with wells and receiving tanks of all sizes and shapes.

For the first time, some of Parker's cockiness began slowly to slip away. His boatman's eye was noting and cataloging the obstacles he'd have to avoid. This wasn't by any means the easy run he'd figured. But on the other hand, it didn't look too tough, either. Not to an Ohio wild-water man.

"I don't figure out," he told the driver, "how the Deacon makes a profit. He has to buy the oil and the boat and then pay for you and me and the team besides. Like as not, the barrels cost him, too. Then there's shipping from Oil City to Pittsburgh on top of all that."

The teamster spat into the creek. "If there warn't profit, you'd never catch the

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Deacon in it. You figger it out, son. He pays maybe $3 a barrel at the well. With luck, he'll get as much as $14 at the refinery. Now that ain't too awful much between, but on fifty barrels twice a week, it adds up."

They splashed and plodded up past the Clapp Farm wells, Ham McClintock's and Coal Oil Johnny Steele's, past Rynd's and Blood's and Story's tracts, all crowded with boats. Most of the oil was being rolled aboard in barrels, but here and there he saw crude being pumped directly into bulk boats, the vapors hanging blue and shimmery in the air above. Boatmen yelled curses at the bulk-boat men as they passed, but Parker had no idea why and he was too proud to ask.

The thin, reedy whine of a horn came at them from around a bend and the teamster, swearing, hauled the guiper close against the east bank. A moment later, Pomeroy's *Express* burst into view, racing the Rouseville stage on the run down from Shaffer to Oil City. This was a big, flat-bottomed scow with chairs for the passengers and a canvas awning overhead. The driver sat in the bow blowing his tin horn while his helper perched on the gunwale, ready to run ahead and lead the team around hidden rocks. In the rainy season, the *Express* was hauled to Shaffer by team and allowed to float down again on the flood. Now it took a four-horse team to drag it up and down again.

By the time the guiper was tied up at the well where the Deacon's oil waited, Parker had lost most of his self-confidence. He'd counted close to 200 assorted boats tied and loading along the way and there seemed to be as many more moving on upstream. Somehow the idea of bucking that whole fleet didn't seem quite as simple as running a lone boat down a wide river.

The driver unhitched and splashed away, heading down for another haul. Parker wandered around, looking and listening, while the fifty barrels were rolled into the guiper. Presently the Deacon rode up and started a long wrangle on price with the well superintendent, flinching every time a good cuss word came ripping out.

The loading was about finished when the Reverend Mr. A. L. Dobbs rode up on a bony horse. He was superintendent of Pond Freshets, a job to which he had been appointed from the beginning. It was his business to collect the fixed toll on each barrel of oil to cover the costs of the freshet. He counted the fifty barrels carefully. "That'll be $2, Deacon."

"*What?*" The Deacon's howl of outrage bounced off the dark hills. "Four cents a barrel? That's plain robbery. We used to pay two cents, and that was plenty."

"We used to pay far less for cutting the dams and the use of the mill-pond water," the parson explained patiently. "All the dams have raised their prices. The Kingsland only charged us $55 a freshet at first. Now they want $200, which is not too unfair. After all, they do have to shut down the sawmills until the water builds up again, and with so many new wells going down, the demand for lumber has multiplied."

"It's outrageous just the same," the Deacon growled as he counted out coins. "It's not that I am blaming you, Reverend. We're honest men at the mercy of thieves." He stalked off to lecture one of the well hands for swearing at a broken cleat on a calf wheel.

Parker stayed at the well that night. From what he'd been told, a blanket on the engine-house floor would be a luxury compared to what he'd get at Person's Hotel in Shaffer. He was too restless and keyed up to sleep, however, so he spent most of the night prowling, watching the loading that was still going on by torchlight all along the creek.

Around 11 o'clock, a rolling cry of "Pull the shoats!" came echoing up Oil Creek and was taken up by hundreds of throats. That was the call that meant "Cut the dams!" Presently a knot of riders pounded by on their way to start opening the most remote dams at the stroke of midnight. Parker shivered unaccountably and went down to where the loading crew was passing a jug of Monongahela. He looked around carefully, though, to make certain the Deacon had really gone home for the night.

He was at his post with the other boatmen when the first light of dawn grayed the hills. Like the rest, he stood barefoot in the guiper's bow, a stout pole in one hand and the dockline in the other, ready to cast off when the flood hit. His craft was jammed tight between another guiper and a French Creeker. A dozen or so other boats lined the bank. An air of excitement and tension gripped them all as the moment approached.

A crowd had gathered before daylight. Some were mere spectators, others like the Deacon were owners of one or more cargoes of oil. The Deacon was as jumpy as a flea on a griddle. A dozen times he ran down to give Parker instructions or badger him with silly admonitions. Finally Parker's patience wore thin and he snapped, "Dammit, I told you I know my business."

The Deacon turned purple and got set for his lecture, but the din and the atmosphere of excitement were too strong. Instead, he gave Parker a furious glare and went bouncing off.

The boatman on the French Creeker looked at the brightening sky. "They'll be cutting the Kingsland about now. Get set." He glared fiercely at Parker. "This your first freshet?"

"Yeah," Parker said. "But I've had plenty of exper. . . ."

"Don't mean a damn thing," the boatman interrupted. "Listen, just you see you don't cast off before the crest is past, you understand?"

Parker's nerves were raw. "You telling me how to handle a boat?" he yelled.

"I'm tellin' you. A boat somewheres else ain't a boat in a pond freshet and you get that straight. You cast off too soon, you're gonna ground and roll and that'll land you square under me. You cast off when I holler and not before, and then you keep clear all the way down."

Parker had his mouth open to make a furious argument of it when his ears caught a rising roar from upstream. For a moment he thought it was water and then he realized it was the roar of human voices caught up and swept along from lip to lip. The pole was suddenly sweat-slippery in his hand and he had to fight down a rising panic that came out of nowhere and made him feel like a dumb amateur. He swore at himself furiously, but under his breath so he wouldn't have to tangle with the Deacon again.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

The sound rolled closer and louder. Suddenly a blast of cold air came out of nowhere to strike Parker's damp cheek. An instant later, somebody yelled, "Stand by! Here she comes!"

The pond freshet swept into sight, a frothing, boiling wall of water paced by the drum-roar of the crowd that was racing it down the stream. It wasn't high. Parker estimated the crest at maybe 2 feet, but suddenly he didn't feel one bit cocky. Not when he got a good look at that crest.

It was carrying a tangle of barrels and boat ribs and great raw splinters of wood that rolled and twisted in the white water. Moments before some of those had been boats loaded with oil. They were nothing but debris now, the result of casting off a moment too soon and being caught by the flood crest.

Behind this tangle came a solid mass of bobbing boats with yelling boatmen hurling their poles right and left as they made their fight to stay in place and avoid destruction. Panic got a claw hold on Parker's nerves. He was ready to throw off his rope and start digging his pole, but a hoarse warning bellow from the French Creeker froze him. "Damn you, stand tight now!"

In that moment, the freshet hit. The guiper reared up under his feet, almost throwing him. The air was filled with the voiceless thunder of water, the crashing of wood, the wild curses of boatmen and the cry of the crowds along the bank. Wood screeched against wood with a wild, grinding howl and oily spray blinded him.

The boats lifted and lurched downstream, clashing together. Parker was almost jerked off balance by the sudden tightening of the rope he held. Then a dozen voices were yelling, "Cast off! Cast off!"

He let go and shot out into the microscopic space between the racing flood crest and the oncoming boats behind. He had thought he was accustomed to split-second judgments and actions, but never in his life had so many things seemed to happen so fast and so simultaneously. Before he could dig in his pole, the big French Creeker slammed him and smashed him into a box barge on his right. Another French Creeker was at his stern, rearing up as if it would ride over him on the next surge. Voices bawled threats and imprecations, hurling them into the din of thundering water and crashing wood.

Parker had his balance now and was poling furiously right and left to hold his place. Over toward midstream he glimpsed a huge bulk boat at the moment it dug its nose into a sandbar and upended in a crazy cartwheel with black oil sheeting out over the white water. He saw the boatman, arms threshing, disappear in the tangle as onrushing boats

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smashed into the wreck and tore it to fragments. In that moment, he understood why men had cursed the bulk boats so savagely. Once their fluid cargo began surging back and forth, nothing could halt it short of total catastrophe.

Parker was catching up with himself now, his mind and his muscles beginning to coordinate and function. He had a narrow open space and he fought to preserve it, his pole shoving back at encroaching boats. At cast-off, his guiper had been almost at the front, but as the pond freshet's crest raced on ahead, new fleets of waiting boats cut in behind it until now he was far back.

Every few yards, the guiper tore through a patch of oil and splinters that marked the destruction of another boat up ahead. Some caught on rocks or sandbars. Some were crowded to the edge and smashed against the shores. Others got themselves caught in eddies or whirlpools and were simply ridden down by onrushing boats.

By some miracle, Parker's guiper avoided disaster a dozen times. It was rammed and squeezed and battered, but it had been sturdily built and somehow it survived. It was no comfort to Parker to realize that a good share of these narrow escapes were due more to luck than to any prowess on his part.

He nosed out another guiper and shot through the narrow space under McClintock's new bridge, hearing the crash as his rival piled into the rock foundation of the bridge pier. The crest of the pond freshet had fled on so far that he could no longer see anything but the tangle of boats ahead. Behind him, at the tail of the weird tangle, boats were already running aground to roll and smash as the slackening water caught them too far behind.

Parker shot past the frame of an oil derrick in midcreek, missing it by inches. A few moments later, he fought and won a space through the narrow gap in Forge Dam and he began to get back some of his cockiness. So he hadn't realized at the start what he was getting into? He was still a boatman and the way he was handling the guiper proved that.

He turned his head to see if the Deacon was watching and appreciating the job he was doing. It was at this moment that the guiper scraped a sandbar.

It wasn't much of a bump and there was no damage. It was, however, just enough to check the guiper's downstream plunge. Parker was leaning forward at the moment, his head turned toward shore and his muscles unprepared. When the guiper slowed, he shot forward over the bow with his arms windmilling and his mouth wide open in a yell nobody could hear.

He struck and gulped a mouthful of oil and water. His face ground into the coarse gravel of the bar and then the charging guiper rammed its keel between his shoulder blades. He felt it shoot its full length along his back, tearing shirt and flesh, grinding his face into the gravel.

Then it was past and his wildly flailing arms shot him to the surface. He was too blinded by oil and water to see anything, but a hand clawed into his hair and he felt himself dragged over a gunwale. He sprawled across oil barrels, gagging and retching from the oil he had swallowed, pawing at his streaming eyes.

This was the moment when he heard the voice of the Deacon rising in a superhuman howl that cut above all the din of water and boats and crowd.

"Where the hell is Parker?" the Deacon was screaming at the top of his lungs. "Goddammit, where the hell is Parker?"

That's how the whole crazy phrase got started. The crowd knew the Deacon and the way he felt about profanity. When they heard that, they went wild. Every voice took up the cry and turned it into a delighted chant. "Where the hell is Parker? Where the hell is Parker?"

Parker got his eyes cleared and his stomach emptied and he scrambled onto hands and knees, madder than a wet tomcat. He saw that he was on the French Creeker that had been riding his tail all the way downstream. He had apparently bobbed up into its path and the boatman had snatched him aboard.

Without taking his eyes from the water, the boatman yelled, "Damn yuh, get back up there and straighten out. Your guiper's gonna smash any minute and it'll be right in my path."

Parker looked and saw his unmanned craft two boats ahead. It was jerking back and forth, slamming against the adjoining vessels as it fought to swing broadside to the swift current. At any moment it was going to ram itself enough space to turn in and all hell would break loose.

"Jump!" the boatman howled. "Get up there before it wrecks us all, you idjit!"

Parker jumped. He landed on the guiper ahead, leapfrogged to a barge and made it to his own craft. On the way, he scooped up a pole that was bobbing loose in the water and in a moment he had the guiper straightened and charging along.

He had a right to be proud of himself then, but all he had in his mind was that silly chant booming up from the crowds on both banks. "Where the hell is Parker? Where the hell is Parker?"

Oil City burst into view ahead with immense crowds jamming the banks and the bridge to watch the grand finale of the pond freshet. They got their money's worth in excitement as the bars and rocks at the mouth of Oil Creek took their toll. A French Creeker up ahead caught a shoal that swung it broadside. Before the boatman could straighten it out, the big craft bent itself double on the center pier of the bridge. Half a dozen other onrushing boats smashed into it, reducing everything to greasy splinters in the wink of an eye. Barrels, some sound and some broken, went bobbing and dipping off into the river.

A man's head broke the water beside Parker's guiper. He made a frantic grab and missed and the head was gone into the charging mass behind. The echo of a yell floated back.

Then Parker was skirting the pier, flashing under the big bridge and out onto the broad sweep of the Allegheny. At the last moment, he remembered the sandbar at the mouth of Oil Creek and his muscles bunched as he drove around it and floated safe and free at last. He had made it.

He was part of a swelling fleet of successful boats, their momentum lost, poling around the bar to tie up at Moran's Eddy. Behind them, boats were still bursting out under the bridge, some to swing clear, others to pile up on the sandbar. With them came a chaotic tangle of barrels and wreckage, all black with crude oil.

The whole surface of the Allegheny was dotted with wreckage that danced sluggishly in the dying swells of the freshet's crest. The water held great patches of oil that formed rainbow swirls here and there. Above the river hung a bluish haze of vapor as the more volatile gasses lifted. In Moran's Eddy and down river, whole families of men and women and children were wading out into the water to their waists, towing buckets and wash tubs. Here or there someone had a skiff or canoe in tow. One and all were skimming the surface with wooden paddles and scraping the thick residue into their assorted vessels. Out of that day's spillage might come the financing for a new oil well or the start of a small refinery.

After his dip in Oil Creek, Parker looked like a greasy scarecrow, as did a great many of the other boatmen. No person could possibly have recognized him, but still he flinched and cringed as he joined the crowd on the riverbank.

He slunk through the crowd of spectators, oil buyers and boatmen, looking for the Deacon and not finding him anywhere. Up Oil Creek, the bed was dotted with stranded boats that had hung up when the last of the flood waters slid from under them before they had made their goal. Teamsters were already splashing up through the shallows to hitch on and snake the loaded boats the rest of the way. The steamer fleet was moving in Moran's Eddy, hitching on to tow the big barges down river or getting set to transship the oil from the smaller craft.

Some joker in the crowd chose that moment to loose a whoop. "Where the hell is Parker?"

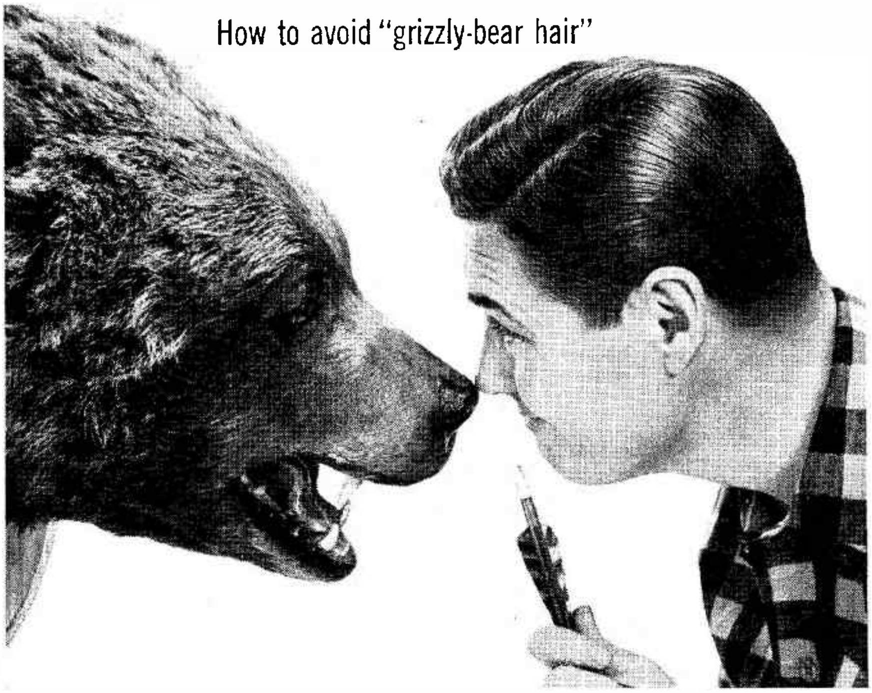
The crowd took up its now familiar chant. "Where the hell is Parker? Where the hell is Parker?"

A man jostled Parker in the crowd and said, "Hey, you brung a boat down, didn't you? You figure to run another'n on Saturday? I can make you a good proposition."

Parker answered him in a manner that would have blown the Deacon's hat off. Then he turned and plunged out through the chanting crowd and was gone. That was the last the Oil Regions ever saw of Parker. They figure he caught one of the tow boats to Pittsburgh and kept right on going.

The pond freshets continued through dry seasons until the summer of 1864, when a railroad from Corry to the oil field was finally finished. But right up to the very last, they say there wasn't a pond freshet held but somebody would let go the war cry, "Where the hell is Parker?" and a laughing crowd would take it up.

Nobody ever did know the answer, though!—**Joseph Millard**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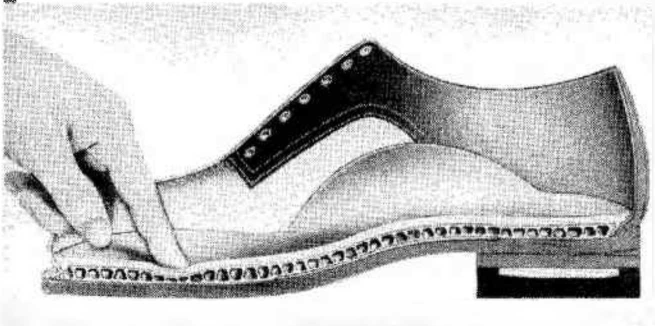

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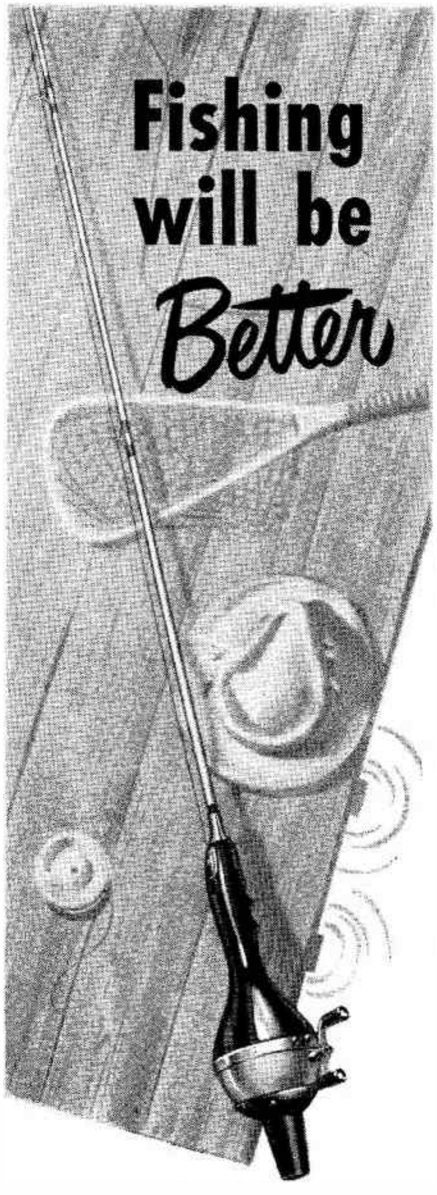

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## From Her to Paternity

[*Continued from page* 43]

January 9, 1945—nearly a full year later. The defendant relied on the calendar to prove his innocence. He lost.

The law can be even rougher on an indignant husband attempting to disclaim responsibility for a new arrival at his house. I have the records on such a case where the man was judged father of the child after a period of gestation of 355 days, even though he was *out of the country during the entire period of possible conception.*

Two years ago, I completed a legal textbook of some 820 pages, most of them crammed with substantiation of a British writer's acid observation that, "maternity is a matter of fact; paternity is a matter of opinion." Some of the conclusions in the book should provide food for a lot of sober thought among males anxious to preserve their reputations—and bank balances. Our paternity-suit laws are a crazy quilt of confusion, conflict and contradiction. About all you can say in general is that, in most states of the Union, the odds of getting a conviction are *considerably better* than in traffic court. Let's take a brief stroll through the legal thicket.

In every state except New York, a paternity suit defendant is entitled to trial by jury if he so requests and in a good number of states he *must* be tried by a jury. Yet the man's best chance is before a judge! In New York City, we win 75 percent of our cases. Across the Hudson River in Jersey City, where a jury takes over, we win only 10 percent. We win even fewer cases in other communities where the plaintiff is allowed to walk up before "twelve good men and true" with an appealing baby in her arms.

Or consider another monumental obstacle to a satisfactory defense in a bastardy trial. It was once possible to produce witnesses who also had "carnal knowledge" of the plaintiff, as a satisfactory defense. Now most states demand corroborative proof from such witnesses, ranging from photographs of an amorous event to sworn testimony from other witnesses who watched the affair. And in the unlikely event that such proof might be available, two states—Pennsylvania and Massachusetts—have gone a step farther and made such admissions tantamount to a direct confession of fornication, which is a criminal offense in those states. In other words, a witness for the defense discovers he has convicted himself of a crime with his own words!

In point of fact, it can be said that the only significant "break" for the usually scorned defendant in the last 100 years has been the painfully slow adoption of blood tests as a "possible proof" of innocence. Without digging too deeply into medical technicalities, it can be noted here that they are now accepted scientifically as being every bit as reliable for identification as fingerprints, although by no means as specific. Thus, while a blood test cannot prove a man *is* the father of a certain child, it can show that he *could not* be the father. When properly conducted, blood test findings are so conclusive that the American Medical Association has termed them "a matter of fact that is beyond dispute."

But in spite of such endorsement, there are only two states today, New York and Maine, where a court *must* accept a blood test exclusion. In most states, the court is merely allowed to take a blood test "into consideration" in rendering a decision, and in at least one state, California, a ruling from the Supreme Court specifically allows lower tribunals "to ignore blood tests entirely" in reaching a verdict.

The number of men saddled every year with the responsibility of rearing children not their own by this airy dismissal of a natural law can only be estimated. We have a handy yardstick, however, in New York City where, for a period of 10 years ending in March 1945, it was scientifically proved that 30 percent of the men accused, who denied paternity and demanded blood tests, were not the fathers!

One of the most startling examples of how science can be flouted in the paternity courtroom was that of Charlie Chaplin vs. actress Joan Barry. I would like to emphasize here that I have no regard for Mr. Chaplin's political theories and even have a private suspicion that he gave Miss Barry a tough time, indeed. But what was more interesting to my specialist's mind was that blood tests were conducted by Chaplin's doctor, Miss Barry's doctor and a third, disinterested physician, all of whom took the stand to say that Chaplin *could not possibly* have been the papa in this case. Shortly thereafter, the jury found him guilty.

My own state of New York can match such vagaries. It has progressed, as noted elsewhere, to the point where it automatically recognizes the validity of a blood test exclusion in paternity suits. Yet only two years ago an indignant Long Island hubby sued his wife for a divorce on grounds of adultery and brought her in court where he produced an official set of blood tests proving conclusively that he could not be the father of a child she had just borne. The jury solemnly examined his evidence, then completely exonerated the wife! It was about that moment that the stunned husband learned blood tests are binding in a paternity suit involving an unwed mother but can be ignored in a suit for divorce.

But such about-face antics are the rule rather than the exception in laying down the law of paternity. Consider the presumably uncomplicated matter of sterility. The medical world tells us they can pick the virile from the all-in-vain boys with remarkable accuracy, except for a niggling number of borderline cases who might wander from one camp to another over a period of time. In general, the average fertile male has a spermatozoa count of approximately 100 million per *cc* and a total ejaculate during a single intercourse will be between 300 million and 500 million. Below 60 million a man is considered relatively infertile, yet I have seen men convicted of paternity with one-tenth that count.

One example I handled recently, which

never went to court, was that of a World War II GI who was actually drawing disability pay because of his sterility. The blushing maiden who accused him was not at all taken back when he produced documentary evidence that he could *never* have a child. She pressed for an early hearing of her complaint. The upshot was that he made an out-of-court settlement for care of a baby he almost certainly did not conceive, rather than run the risk of losing his disability pay for being sterile.

Even that case is not the most bizarre in my records. That honor must go to one in a midwestern state where the judge suddenly became suspicious of the plaintiff's testimony. He ordered blood tests for the child, mother and accused father. They dramatically revealed not only the man's innocence but that the woman could not be the mother! Further investigation unraveled the strange contradiction. The plaintiff had simply "borrowed" an infant from a friend in the hopes of getting away with a shakedown.

The wallet is not the only place where a man charged with fathering an illegitimate child can suffer. Several years ago, I represented the city of New York in a case brought against a well-known and respected Manhattan editor, Leo Margulies. He stubbornly denied his guilt, even after blood tests failed to exclude him. His conviction hit him so forcefully that he suffered a nervous breakdown, had to retire from a $30,000-a-year job, and spent the next three or four years of his life regaining his health. I have always kept a letter I received from him promising to begin payments to the support of the child as soon as his doctor would allow him to work.

"I believe I don't have to tell you what a horrible nightmare this has been to me," he wrote. "As sure as there is a God in Heaven, I will always swear I'm an innocent man. I can't forget that black day, those inhuman lies, the torture."

Granted that God alone knows for sure whether or not he spoke the truth, I submit that his story is a far cry from the picture of a swashbuckling brute who fornicates where he may and lets the devil take the consequences—which is the way most males in these cases are painted.

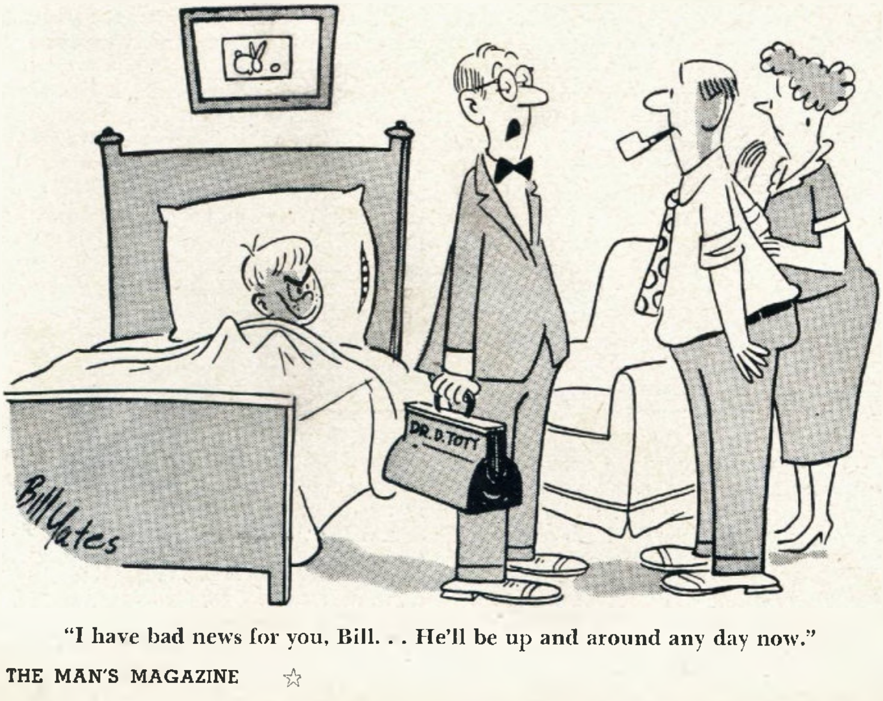
Still another tragic example which comes to mind was the last time veteran Brooklyn Dodger pitcher Hugh Casey ever hit the headlines. It was a steaming hot July night in Atlanta, Georgia, seven months after he'd been judged guilty in a paternity suit brought by a Brooklyn model.

Casey picked up his phone, called his estranged wife and told her he intended to take his own life. While she begged him to reconsider, he added what turned out to be a dying oath that he was "innocent of those charges." With that he put a shotgun to his head and pulled the trigger.

Later, as I read the accounts of this baseball hero's death, my mind flashed back to the December day in 1950 when he had appeared in court to learn that a pretty model, Hilda Weismann, had won her case against him.

The legal decision in the case is on the records. But I couldn't forget, as I read of Casey's suicide, that the woman who accused him had been engaged to marry another man at the very time she brought the suit. As a matter of fact, this man accompanied her to court each day, although the two of them, and I, were the only ones who knew of the marriage plans. Right after Casey's conviction, they tied the knot. I mention this only to point out that the male is not necessarily always the tough, calloused person in these trials. Often the woman is a lot more rugged.

Let me hasten to add this isn't the opinion of a soured woman hater. I love the creatures, most of all my wife Amy, who has given me Jane, 13; Margaret, 10; and 6-year-old Andy, all of whom I was delighted to accept as my own. But



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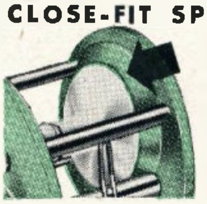

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I must admit I'm often wary about talking over paternity cases with her. She takes the typically feminine view that, regardless of the circumstances, the man in the case deserves what he gets. "Where there's smoke there's fire," she says to me, sometimes with a persistence that puts fire under my collar. Amy argues that I'm prejudiced in the man's favor, but I say that can't be true in the face of the thousands of cases I've won—for women.

Yet I've seen far too many of them waver when the day for the blood tests came and privately admit to me they weren't "really, absolutely" sure that the man they had brought into court was the guilty party. On a few occasions, I've had to force some of them to admit, on the witness stand, what they'd told me in private about "other men" in their lives. Let me point out here that my job is different from a lawyer in a criminal case, for example. It's my duty to the court to bring out all the facts of a case I know, rather than merely protect a client.

On the other hand, I've thoroughly enjoyed giving some arrogant or sneaky defendants their comeuppance. One I shall remember for quite a while is a New Yorker who married a wealthy woman and hasn't done an honest day's work in the last 20 years. Three times he got in trouble in my specific realm, but every time he got away with it by telling the unfortunate girl, "You may as well forget about it, I'm not working so you can't get anything from me and the law won't let you collect from my wife."

What he said was true but the fourth one, a pretty brunette, gave him the setback he'd richly earned.

"You may be right," she said, "but I'm going through with this anyway, and I'll show all New York what a bum you are unless you own up and put up."

We had a perfect case and I prepared it with relish. It never went before a judge because he settled out of court. There was just one hollow ring about the victory. The best we could get was $12 a week for the little girl.

The financial results are by no means that penny-ante all the time, though. Many a badgered and beset Romeo has learned to his surprise that paternity suits, unlike other legal actions, are unique in that a man can lose them not only once but again and again and again. Let me cite an example.

In the spring of 1948, a sloe-eyed girl named Doris Furst signed an agreement with an aging manufacturer, Joseph C. Bancroft, which provided that, in satisfaction for payment of $1,500, she absolved him of further responsibility for the care of a child she claimed to have borne him. By paying the money, the New York industrialist conceded he'd had romantic dalliance with Doris and was acknowledging the results.

One can only guess the extent of his surprise several years later when the Welfare Department of New York hailed him into court, on Doris' behalf, charging that "their" child was about to become a public charge, unless further funds were advanced. The court ruled that the support of a child born out of wedlock rested with the father until said tyke reached age 16, no matter how much was given the mother and regardless of what she did with it.

More recently, Beldon Kattleman, millionaire owner of the El Rancho Vegas hotel in Las Vegas, discovered this annoying loophole by which old sins are paid and repaid when a former Copacabana showgirl, Linda Rhyne, went before a New York court to demand he be arrested on charges of failure to support a son she bore him out of wedlock several years ago.

Kattleman had paid this little mother up to $400 a month for nearly a year and a half, and then he had appeared in a Nevada court with her in June 1953, where he paid Miss Rhyne a lump sum of $10,000. The judge then marked the case closed. Miss Rhyne not only launched a new action but was upheld by the New York court, which issued a warrant for Kattleman's arrest.

His is no isolated case. I know of several others where the mothers of illegitimate children won settlements, spent the proceeds and not only sued again but collected. The father's position in such a case is so weak that a New York judge recently advised a continually harried father to set up a trust fund for his child, since he could not excuse the father merely because the mother squandered his money.

The laws are such that it's actually conceivable a woman could get a series of various suits going and continue them for years on end, like a major league ball club traveling its assigned circuit. Did I say conceivable? It's almost inevitable. Just this spring a pretty Manhattan girl pointed the way by suing two wealthy New York playboys, simultaneously, for children she claimed to have borne them.

On another occasion this year, I was startled by a remark whispered in my ear by a fellow barrister. I had successfully tried a case for a stunningly beautiful blond show girl and happened to note her entrance in a restaurant where I was dining with my colleague. Being typically male, I hastened to point her out and, with not too much modesty, pat myself on the back for the service I had done her.

"My God, you must have been great, Sidney," was his awed comment. "She was picked up and questioned in the Jelke vice trial."

That was one phase of her background I hadn't known, and I can only assume that neither the defendant nor his lawyer in the case were aware of it. I can't honestly say the incident paralyzed me, however. I've long ago immunized myself to the way the law treats a woman who declares herself in a family way.

Does this suggest that all cases of mistaken paternity suits are out-and-out calculated frauds? Not at all. But I hope I won't shock the reader when I say that many a modern miss who takes her problem to court instead of an undercover doctor has no certain knowledge of who the father is. Quite often, she merely studies a *number* of gentlemen who *could* be responsible and selects the one most satisfactory to her tastes.

As I mentioned earlier, there appears to be an encouraging tendency in recent years to force on the ladies the equality in paternity suits that they demand elsewhere in this world. Besides New York and Maine, eight other states—Wisconsin, Ohio, New Jersey, South Dakota, Maryland, North Carolina, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island—have written laws authorizing blood tests in disputed paternity suits. It's a step in the right direction, even though only the first two mentioned make acceptance of a blood test exclusion mandatory.

It's to the credit of Wisconsin and Maryland in the above roster that their laws provide the expense of the blood tests are to be borne by the county. I've actually seen and read of cases where a man was saddled with the support of a child for sixteen years, merely because he lacked, at the time of trial, the $30 to $50 needed to pay for the tests.

We could go a great deal beyond this cautious step, however, in assuring a man a fair break in a paternity suit. For one thing, it's my sincere belief that all such cases should be conducted under a court seal which forbids publicity during or after the trial. I have seen few cases where confirmed rogues were frightened by the prospects of notoriety but I have seen literally hundreds of cases where prominent businessmen and community leaders made out-of-court settlements on the flimsiest charges imaginable, rather than complete ruin by a public airing of the charges. As of this moment, paternity charges can be and are reported without fear of libel, once the mother has filed her case. The defendant has no redress, even if the charges are later proved false and malicious.

I honestly believe that the fair-minded woman who examines the above proposals will agree that she has lost not one whit of her rights and privileges by the revisions. Indeed, she has gained immeasurably by their application, since they go far to eliminate the aura of fraud and deceit which hangs over too many paternity suits at present.

Dr. Kinsey's monumental studies on sex seem to have eliminated some of the hypocrisy which once veiled the act itself. Would it not be reasonable to air out the laws governing that act to eliminate cheats, fakes and chiselers?

It's my own opinion that it will be strictly uphill work reaching such a goal. In January of 1952, I prepared an act introduced into the New York legislature which provided that in all future paternity cases it would be a legal necessity for "the testimony of the mother to be corroborated in some particular by other evidence, to the satisfaction of the court."

The measure was hotly debated for an entire day before it was beaten. I consider it a moral victory, inasmuch as the defeat was narrow and I'm certain no state legislator would have even introduced such a measure 25 years ago, when I first entered this field of practice.

In the meantime, I can offer only one perfect defense against paternity suits, taken from the records of the courts of Virginia. The case describes the frantic efforts of a teen-age farm youth to deny the accusations of a neighboring farmer's daughter that he had "got her with child."

The defense maneuvers were routine until the case was drawing to a close, obviously in favor of the rural enchantress. The defendant suddenly called time out and, after a whispered conference, retired to the judge's chambers with the lawyers for both sides.

They returned minutes later and the charges were dismissed in red-faced, unanimous embarrassment. The defendant had, beyond a doubt, the only foolproof reply to a charge of paternity. "He" was a "she," masquerading as a man.

**—Sidney B. Schatkin and Jay Breen**

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# Secrets of the Sleep Merchants

[*Continued from page 37*]

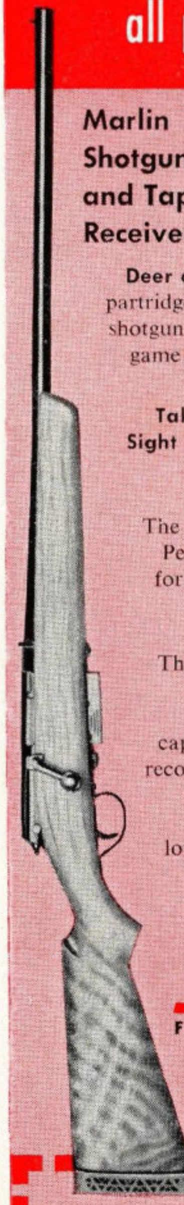
very short person—a wiry girl or young boy—and placing, not his head but his *shoulders*, on one chair, his feet on another. This position can be held for sometime. The "paving stone" is a hunk of soft sandstone. The blow which breaks it is distributed through the bulk of the stone and is not felt by the subject underneath.

There is a point where these gaffs, gimmicks and unholy devices actually merge with genuine hypnosis: they are used as "convincers," and some of them act as direct wedges into the mind.

Let there be no doubt that there is such a thing as hypnotism. It had been known for thousands of years to the learned men of the Far East when, nearly 200 years ago, it began to be studied by Western medical men. The first of these to recognize its possibilities was Anton Mesmer, who in Paris in the 1780's was acclaimed a miraculous healer. His power, he said, came from "magnetism" applied to physical ills through magnets, magnetized water and bottles of iron filings. He did cure a lot of people, although they may have felt a little rusty afterward. Naturally this got the orthodox physicians down on him and they finally ran him out of town. Mesmer was perfectly sincere, yet his theories were a mile off. What had effected the cures was hypnotic suggestion, enforced by his prestige and the elaborate magnetic contraptions.

In 1784 a pupil of Mesmer's, the Marquis de Puységur, threw so much "magnetic power" into a shepherd boy that the lad seemed to be living in a trance. He could eat, sleep and even herd sheep in this condition, but when he was "demagnetized" by the marquis he could remember nothing he had done.

Slowly, serious investigators gained more knowledge of this mysterious mental state. Toward the end of the last century hypnotism had been brought pretty much to the development known today. At that time Sigmund Freud got interested in it and used it as the basis for his first researches into psychoanalysis. Other doctors, reverting to



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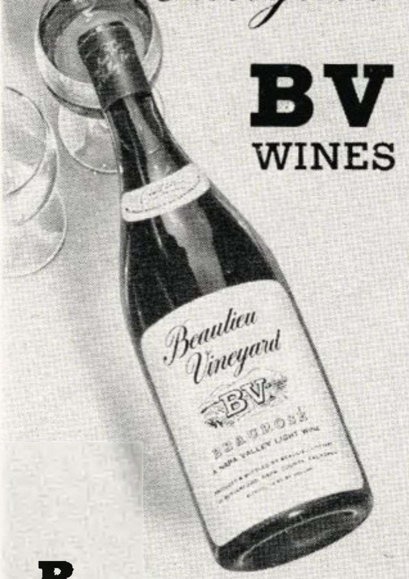

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Mesmer but without his magnets, began applying it to the cure of medical ailments.

It has been said that 75 percent of the ills which are brought into a general practitioner's office have their origin in mental upsets. It was only logical, therefore, for physicians to try treating some of their patients with hypnotism. But the science has had an uphill battle for recognition by the medical profession, even though teeth have been pulled, operations performed and babies delivered with no anesthetic but the hypnotic command that the patient feel no pain.

Just what is hypnotism? So far as we know, it is a state of mind resembling sleep, artificially induced by outside suggestions—those of a hypnotist. One thing is certain—it is not true sleep. A hypnotized subject can be left standing rigid in the center of a stage. No one could do this in normal sleep.

There are many methods of inducing a hypnotic trance but all have one thing in common: the subject's attention is caught and held on some object—the tip of a pencil held above the level of the eyes, a finger or even a glaring glass eye held in the fist of the operator. Whatever it is, the subject is told to gaze at it steadily. Soon his eye muscles tire and his eyes begin to droop or flicker. At this point the hypnotist tells him that his eyelids are growing heavy, a feeling of drowsiness is overcoming him, he is sinking deeper and deeper into a dreamless sleep.

About one out of five persons actually goes right to "sleep" at this point. But while the subject seems to be asleep he is attentive to commands by the hypnotist. He will, on order, open his eyes without "waking," and reveal a glassy stare. Told that his left hand is sticking out stiff as a board, he'll hold it out stiff. And when he hears a snap of the operator's fingers and the words, "All right, wake up," he'll give himself a shake and blink open his eyes, completely conscious again but unable to remember what happened while he was under.

There are occasional cases—very rare—of people who pass completely under the control of the operator without losing consciousness and without forgetting where they are and what they are doing. In one such case the subject was a dignified judge. Put under by a traveling hypnotist performing in a tent, he was told that he was a dog. Now the judge knew perfectly well from start to finish what was going on, but he couldn't help himself. He got down on all fours and went snapping and barking around the stage until the operator clapped his hands and said sharply, "All right. It's all over. Wake up!" At this point the judge rose from his knees, strode to the hypnotist and with a roundhouse right knocked him flat.

However you look at it, hypnotism is weird stuff, but to my way of thinking it is *not* good clean entertainment. Psychiatrists, a few of whom use hypnosis in treating mental ills, hold up their hands in horror at its use in entertainment, pointing out that the performer knows nothing about the subjects who step up trustingly to have him monkey with their minds.

Stage hypnotists counter by insisting loudly that hypnotism never hurt anybody. They protest too much. There is no telling what could happen to a badly neurotic person with, for example, a fear of fire if the hypnotist lightheartedly suggests that his pants are burning. The frantic attempts of the subject to put out imaginary flames may look funny—but what happens to him after the show is over? Traveling hypnotists don't keep case records.

Old-time operators did not disdain using stooges for dramatic effects. They delighted in loud-mouthed skeptics and hecklers because they were set up to cope with them. For awhile the use of gimmick hypnotism effects slackened off, especially in reputable vaudeville theaters, but with the transfer of live variety talent to night clubs it was brought back of necessity. Doing a hypnotism routine before a crowd of drunks often calls for a few gaffs to save the day.

One of the standbys of the Svengali which my father used to demonstrate was "pulse-stopping"—causing the pulse in the wrist of a supposedly hypnotized subject to stop at command. To perform this feat the stooge first plants a small hard object under his armpit. Then he presses the arm against his side to block the flow of blood through the main artery, and the pulse vanishes.

This is a very mysterious trick, especially if a trained nurse is invited onstage to check the pulse. But while she might suspect some tourniquet-like arrangement on the arm, there is a variation which is really ingenious. For the subject a girl confederate wearing a sleeveless dress is used. Her right arm turns dead white even under inspection. Here the gaff is more complicated—a tourniquet is rigged over the shoulder with a pressure pad on the artery just above the collarbone. Attached to it is a loop coming out the back of the girl's dress. This is slipped over a hook in the chair back by the professor as he formally seats her. By leaning forward, the girl pulls the loop tight, the pad presses on the artery, and the pulse stops, the arm becoming white and cold. At a word from the hypnotist she leans back, releasing the pressure, and blood returns to the arm, "as any fool can plainly see."

Another feat of the barnstorming mesmerists of old was to have a young "volunteer" remove his shirt behind a screen and after "hypnotizing" him, command him to perspire. The sweat would roll down his forehead and chest. Then he was ostensibly waked up, thanked for his cooperation, and allowed to put on his shirt back of the screen before returning to his seat in the auditorium. The business of the screen was apparently out of consideration for the delicate sensibilities of the ladies present. It undoubtedly fulfilled this purpose admirably, but it also served as a cover while the "horse" removed from the seat of his pants the large hot-water bottle he had placed there when he took off his shirt in the first place. If you don't believe that a hot-water bottle can make you sweat, just try it.

These stunts need preparation and the use of stooges, but the road-show performer has to be ready to meet any challenge. One of his best gags for dealing with a tough heckler is the "hot ball."

The hypnotist invites his loudest-mouthed critic onstage to assist in a little demonstration of the power of suggestion. The local bravo, swaggering up to the cheers of his companions, is greeted by the professor with what looks like a golf ball in his outstretched hand.

"My good friend," the hypnotist begins, "you have a quick, alert, skeptical mind—just the sort of man I like to deal with, for if I convince you of my powers your opinion carries a thousand times more weight than that of some credulous individual.

"Now I propose to create in your mind a mild form of harmless hallucination. I might create a visual hallucination—such as causing you to see a canary bird sitting on your shoulder. Or I might suggest that you hear a bird singing. However, in your case I shall endeavor to demonstrate one of the most difficult hallucinations to create by hypnosis—the sensation of heat. Here—take this golf ball. I shall count to five and snap my fingers, and when I snap my fingers you will begin to feel the ball becoming warm, then hot—so hot you won't be able to hold it. You will be forced to drop it to the floor. All set? Here is the golf ball. Hold it tight. Now then—one, two, three, four, five!" Snap!

The skeptic's face rapidly undergoes a change, from self-assurance to doubt. As the seconds pass it turns to consternation. He passes the ball into his other hand, then back. Finally he drops it sheepishly and either clowns his way back to his seat or departs in whatever face-saving manner he can think of. The professor quietly retrieves the ball, using a pair of tiny metal tongs painted flesh-color to match his hand.

Occasionally a real wisenheimer seizes the ball and rams it deep into his trousers pocket. He couldn't please the hypnotist more. If he can't get the ball out in time, his pants may start to smoke and his exit from the stage will be preceded by an exit from his pants.

The secret of this astonishing demonstration of mind over matter lies in the ball. This "golf" ball is made of metal and unscrews along the equator. Inside is a metal well containing a few crystals of lye and around the well is a teaspoonful of water. It is important for the professor to keep the ball constantly upright before he gives it to his victim, for when it is tilted the water and lye meet. The heat generated by this union is considerable, more than enough to fulfill the hypnotist's promise—to make the heckler experience a sensation of heat.

Performing as a genuine hypnotist even with the aid of considerable trickery to add drama is a strain, and many operators, after achieving success in this field, change to something less nerve-wracking. I know one old-timer who went from straight magic to hypnotism, then to "mentalism" reading questions sealed in envelopes and from that to "office reading." Using palmistry and a crystal ball, he operates now in a town near the edge of Miami. The professor is a goldmine of data on pseudo-hypnosis:

"It's very seldom you see an operator who does a full show of nothing but fake stuff," he explains. "The reason is that it's easier to use real hypnosis, after you get the hang of it, than to train stooges to act hypnotized. It takes a good actor to simulate hypnosis and to be really convincing in making believe he thinks he is a flamingo. But you put a good hypnotic subject under, and when you tell him he's a flamingo watch him stand on one leg. He'll give a better performance than any stooge. And you don't have to pay him—he's already paid you for a ticket.

"When you get enough experience you can pick out your one-in-fives easy enough. Only one person in five, on an average, will go into deep hypnosis the first crack out of the box. So you get a good-sized crowd onstage and tell 'em to clasp their hands. Then you give them a lot of suggestions that their hands are stuck fast, they can't open them no matter how hard they try, and so on. If you watch you'll be able to pick out those who really can't open their hands until you tell them they can. They're your prospects. A couple of other tests will screen out the very best ones—you can usually get at least three from a crowd

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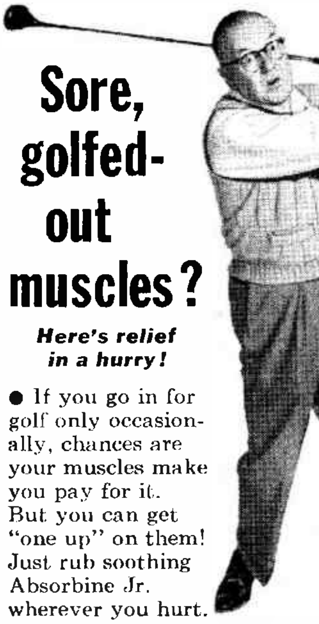

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From the retired professor I learned some of the more carefully concealed secrets of this occult profession.

He would seat his volunteers in a large semicircle onstage and give a brief talk about the power of suggestion. Then he got a silver sugar bowl from a side table, took out a lump of sugar, and told the group:

"I shall hold this lump of sugar in the air above your heads, and one at a time I shall command you to taste the sugar without touching it. Please raise your hand when the sweet taste registers on your tongue."

As he passed along, holding up the lump of sugar, one hand after another went up—a sweet taste had been experienced by suggestion alone.

Or almost. For the operator had hidden under one armpit a bulb filled with saccharin powder. A rubber tube as thin as a knitting needle was taped to his arm, leading from the bulb to the edge of his shirt cuff. A squeeze of the arm sent a little puff of saccharin into the air about the subject's face: licking his lips, the mark naturally tasted the saccharin and was convinced of the suggestive powers of the hypnotist.

"In working the sticks, barnstorming," the professor told me in a reminiscent mood, "you'd come up against some tough customers. Every now and then one would force his way onstage and roar out a challenge to hypnotize him. Of course, in your introductory lecture you explain that hypnosis depends on the cooperation of the subject. But it's embarrassing to have one of these pains-in-the-neck break up your show.

"For such hard cases I had a beautiful system, although it demanded a little nerve. You begin by asking the loudmouth if his heart is sound, if he ever has fainting spells. This annoys him but is invaluable as a safety measure—you don't want to try this system on anybody with a bum ticker.

"Well, he assures you that he is as strong as a bull. You lead him upstage to a sort of throne—an armchair on a little platform. On each side is an incense burner, going full blast. You seat the skeptic in the chair and have him loosen his collar and tie. With mystic passes you set out by telling him that he is getting drowsy, his eyelids feel heavier and heavier. Then you tell him that he will begin to notice a sweet aromatic odor which is the first sign that he is passing deep into hypnotic sleep. His head starts to nod. He tries to snap himself awake, and may do so, stumbling out of the chair and offstage, still groggy. More often he gets sleepier and sleepier, while you hammer away with the sleep commands. And finally he'll sleep—there's no doubt of that.

"Now this is a combination of hypnosis and gaff. For in one hip pocket you have a flat flask of chloroform. In your side pocket is a rubber bulb connected with the flask by a tube. Another tube leads from the flask up your sleeve and down to the cuff. As your one hand makes the passes, the other goes to the side pocket and starts squeezing the bulb—which sends a spray of chloroform vapor into his face. You have to be careful that the flask doesn't tilt in your pocket or he'll get a face full of liquid chloroform, which would really upset the applecart. The incense is to cover up the smell, but you play it safe and suggest a strange, sharply sweetish odor. You want to make sure he's not a doctor or druggist, although I've actually done it to both types, telling them that along with the sleep suggestions I would suggest the odor of chloroform as an aid in producing hypnotic sleep.

"You don't put a man all the way out with the chloroform, of course. It just knocks the cutting edge off his conscious mind so that the suggestion can begin to work, and he's under. You turn to the audience, take your bow and then slap his face gently and snap your fingers beside his ear to wake him up.

"When one hard-boiled skeptic has been given this treatment, it softens up the rest of the crowd and they won't give you any trouble. You can easily put more of them under, sometimes just by a snap of the fingers and the command, 'Sleep!' The suggestion is what does it—rammed home by their having seen their king unbeliever put under by your powers."

This anesthetic spray, while having certain dangers, was harmless compared to another method used against the most obnoxious challengers. Hypnotists once made exaggerated claims of being able to hypnotize anyone, with or without his consent. To make such a claim and back it up sometimes called for more than an expert knowledge of hypnosis—it required strong-arm tactics. And if the professor was performing before an audience of miners, seafaring men or steel workers, he often resorted to heroic measures.

One of these was called, among members of the profession, "bulldogging." It took great assurance and plenty of cold nerve. Its most successful practitioners were men who could, if the need arose, give a good account of themselves with their fists—many were graduates of the carnival midway and tougher than nails.

In brief, bulldogging works like this: the skeptic stands in the center of the stage facing the audience. The professor stands facing him. After explaining that he will endeavor to place the man in deep hypnosis almost instantly, the operator makes passes before the subject's face, letting his hand rest on the chest for a moment as it is drawn down, then moving it up toward the throat. Finally the hand is brought to rest with the thumb on the carotid artery of the neck, the fingers on the other side of the Adam's apple. Suddenly the professor seizes the man by the hair with the command, 'Keep looking into my eyes no matter what happens.' Then he tightens his grip on the throat. The neck pressure is not felt because of the misdirection caused by the hair-pulling.

In a couple of seconds the victim begins to slump toward the floor and the professor catches him by the arms to let him down gradually. Then he takes a bow over the prostrate volunteer. Calculating it nicely, he leans down and snaps his fingers beside the man's ear, saying, "Wake up! Wake up! Now you can wake up!" As the blood flows back into his brain the skeptic is helped to his feet and thanked for his "cooperation," which inevitably has left the audience set up for legitimate attempts at hypnosis.

One of the standbys of the hypnotic performer, called the "window sleep," will pack any house. With a fanfare of publicity it is announced that the professor will hypnotize a beautiful girl in the window of a prominent furniture store and put her to sleep in a bed there. Leaving her asleep until just before the evening performance, he will have her transferred by ambulance to the stage of the theater, where he'll awaken her during the show.

The stunt is easy enough to fake with a girl who works as a night waitress or telephone operator and would ordinarily be sleeping during the day anyhow. A mild sedative given beforehand helps her overcome any shyness she may have about bedding down in public, even with the glamorous nightgowns arranged for locally in return for a plug from the stage. And if the operator pays her a small sum her lips are sealed. For some reason, a $5 bill, given to a local person to act as a hypnotist's horse, insures secrecy as no amount of solemn oaths could do. However, here again it is simpler to do the real thing than to coach a stooge.

In every town there are plenty of people who believe that hypnotism can assist them with their problems; they want to be hypnotized and given helpful suggestions. From among these the operator picks his best—and prettiest—subject and actually hypnotizes her in the window. Previously, though, he has hypnotized her several times and always given her the suggestion, "The next time I hypnotize you I shall simply pass my hand before your eyes, snap my fingers once and you will pass immediately into a deep hypnotic sleep. Being in a public place such as the stage of a theater or the show window of a shop will make no difference. You will not feel embarrassed, but instantly pass into a deep hypnotic sleep."

Since susceptibility to hypnosis is usually progressive up to a point, a person who can grow only slightly drowsy the first time often, after a dozen sessions, drops off into a complete trance at a snap of the operator's fingers or the whispered word, "Sleep!"

When the hypnotist has placed his subject in a trance she is placed in the bed and covered up well. At intervals during the day he returns to the window and reinforces his sleep commands. Then in the evening she is taken to the theater, wheeled onstage and awakened.

Although hypnotism was rediscovered by the West only a century ago, there is little about it that is really new. Even its most recent development—the use of sedatives to assist in creating a hypnotic trance—goes all the way back to earliest times. Modern investigators have found that the administration of a drug derived from *cannabis indica*, a plant found all over the world, enables them to hypnotize the insane and other subjects not accessible to suggestion alone.

Now *cannabis indica* has a long, dishonorable history. I spotted a fine clump of it growing in an ornamental urn in front of an old brownstone house in New York just last fall. To hep local citizens there it is known as the Indian Princess, and a cigarette made from it is called a stick of tea—in other words, marijuana. One of the great dangers of marijuana

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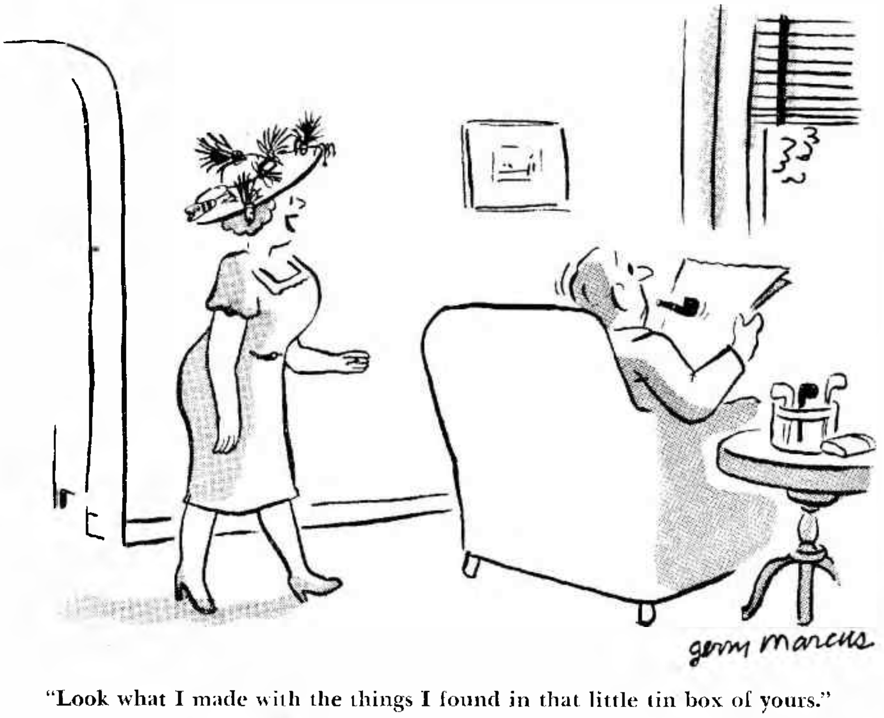

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smoking is that it leaves the mind open—naked and defenseless to suggestion. Sometimes the suggestion is that the teenage mob go out and play "chicken" on the highway in a borrowed car, or even stick up a gas station for kicks.

Yet witch doctors since the dawn ages have known the Indian Princess. The witch doctor places his patient on a mat, kindles a fire and, throwing herbs on it, fans the smoke into the patient's face. If the herbs contain a few leaves of *cannabis indica,* the suggestions given during the treatment take effect with sledge hammer power.

The patient can be convinced that no evil spirit is sucking his breath and that he is a well and happy man. Or he can be persuaded that he is a leopard sent to kill one of the witch doctor's enemies.

Hypnotism helped out by doses of *cannabis indica* can resolve a great many mysteries of history. The uncanny fascination of some women—and men—who seem to have made slaves of the opposite sex is often explainable by a knowledge of applications of drugs and hypnosis.

But just as medical hypnosis for the relief of human suffering is steadily progressing, so stage hypnosis has its modern technical adaptations. Science has given it a gimmick which is today one of the most closely guarded secrets of the art. To the electronics expert it's a simple device—an oscillator tube hooked to an amplifier. Set up in the wings of the stage, it is toned up until its squeal is just out of range of the human ear. Then the volume is turned on full force. There is something about this silent screech, according to hypnotists, that makes ordinary people unusually susceptible to hypnosis and makes good hypnotic subjects fall over like tenpins.

But as one operator recently told me, "You want to watch out with that oscillator that you don't get yourself groggy with it. I nearly flulled a show until I got wise and whispered to my assistant backstage to turn the damned thing off—it was knocking *me* out."

**—William Lindsay Gresham**

# The Captain They Couldn't Lick

[*Continued from page* 55]

another ship appeared, followed by a third towering set of masts. They formed a full British battle squadron; the 18-gun war brig *Carnation,* Captain George Bentham; the 44-gun frigate *Rota,* Captain Philip Sommerville; and the 74-gun ship-of-the-line *Plantagenet,* Commodore Robert Lloyd. The enemy, too, sought fresh water and provisions.

Reid's first impulse was to make a dash for the open sea. Then he realized the idea was hopeless. The bay of Da Horta was rimmed by a high sea wall, with the fortified bastion of the castle of Santa Cruz rising back from the center. Behind the wall the white houses of the town, half hidden by vines and fruit trees, lifted toward Fayal's central volcanic cone on the slopes of an arc of lesser peaks. Where the *Armstrong* rode, inside this shield of hills, no breeze stirred. The enemy ships in the open roads had the advantage of wind as well as position.

The consul reassured him. "So long as you lay at anchor they can't molest you, Captain. They're honorbound to observe the neutrality of a Portuguese port."

As soon as the British squadron sighted the *Armstrong* its ships began a rapid interchange of signals. The English had good reason for resenting the *Armstrong's* presence. Although the little brig toted up to only 246 tons and carried but 90 men and 7 guns, she was one of the fastest vessels on the sea and the most effective privateer working out of New York harbor, with twenty-four prizes to her credit, including His Majesty's gun-brig *Queen,* 16 guns.

Now the *Armstrong* and her crew faced the possibility of a far more drastic action. Captain Reid had no way of realizing that he was about to embark his ship on one of the most significant, though least known, naval battles in American history. Over 5,000 miles away the fate of nearly 15,000 men was to depend on the valor of the *Armstrong.* And not one had ever heard of the pugnacious little raider.

The fluttering British signal flags led the ship-of-the-line and the frigate to alter course and come to anchor on each flank of the harbor mouth. The *Carnation* continued on until she was abreast the *Armstrong* and just out of range. Then she let go her anchor, lowered her four longboats and immediately began passing arms into them.

Reid had watched the maneuvers without a sound. Now he said, "Those are not neutral gestures, Mr. Dabney. I'd be easier in my mind if you sought safety ashore."

The consul nodded agreement. "But, Captain," he added, "there are over 2,000 men and 130 guns out there, and you are but 90 and 7. That's twenty times your strength. If they attack, what can you possibly do against such hopeless odds?"

Reid looked at him in surprise. "Why—fight, sir. What else?"

Had Dabney known the captain better he would have anticipated his answer. Reid, born in Norwich, Connecticut, came from a long line of fighting men dating back to service with Robert III of Scotland in 1393. He was a powerful stocky man of medium height, formal and laconic but with a quiet humor. Coupled with seemingly innocent eyes, the face belied the experience Reid had gained by going to sea at 11, knowing the inside of a French prisoner-of-war camp at 12, and serving in the West Indies squadron as aide to that violent, roaring genius of the sea, Commodore Truxton, in his teens. Now at 31 he was known as a true deep-water captain, "born with salt in his nose."

Only two days before putting into Fayal, in the Azores, Reid had demonstrated that he had wits in his head as well as salt in his nose. The *Armstrong* had run down a strange sail on the horizon, only to discover that the ship was a 40-gun English frigate. Although she was too mighty a ship for the *Armstrong's* seven guns, the captain played around the British frigate like a terrier snapping at a bull's heels, while he took pot shots with his Long Tom. He trained the 42-pounder himself, and brought down the frigate's foretopmast with his third shot.

As the mast plunged to the deck, carrying with it a tangle of sail, spar and gear, the frigate's mainsails also began to sag and fall. Reid had stared for a moment in complete perplexity, then laughed. "This is the first time I ever saw a shot laid on a foretopmast bring down the mainsails," he chuckled. "That lime-juicer must think I'm a young-enough bee to be caught with sugared water—trying to coax me within range of his broadside by pretending to be unrigged. We'll just leave him to his games, even though he probably couldn't fire a shot that would come as close as last Sunday."

After a laconic entry in his log—"Fell in with enemy frigate; exchanged a few shots and left him"—the captain had set his course for Fayal.

Now, with a whole British fleet in the offing, it would not be just a few shots, and there would be no leaving.

With Dabney safely shorebound, Reid summoned his first lieutenant and nodded toward the *Carnation*, still busily arming her longboats. "There's no misreading their intentions, Mr. Worth," he said, "even though this be a neutral port." He smiled briefly. "We will clear for action, quickly but quietly. Let there be no sign of unusual activity on deck. I don't wish to reveal our state of readiness."

It was 8 o'clock before the commander of the *Carnation* ordered his men into their boats. A full moon had risen and as the four boats with forty men each rowed toward his ship, Reid could see its rays glinting from the edged steel of the attackers.

Leaping to the quarter deck, he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, grasped his saber, and whispered an order to the gunners. Silently the starboard ports were eased open and the 9-pounders run out, their muzzles at once sharply depressed.

In the lead boat the British officer snapped, "Toss oars." A boat hook scraped against the *Armstrong's* hull. Reid raised his saber toward his gun captain and waited until he heard the British command, "Fire and board, all good fellows!" Then he dropped his arm and leaped to the rail.

The roar of the 9's, pouring grapeshot into the longboats, drowned out the first volley of enemy musketry. The shot plowed into the close-packed boats, tearing flesh and bone and splintering wood. One boat, her bottom torn out, sank. In the other three the British marines rallied and tried to provide a covering fire for the tars scaling the *Armstrong's* side. The first wave of boarders was annihilated. The second met a wall of such fierce, flashing steel that it never set a foot on deck. The third wave, decimated before it started, made a half-hearted try but fell back quickly when the ensign leading it toppled into the water, his head halved by a boarding-ax.

The longboats pulled away then in hasty retreat, burdened with dead and wounded, while the Yankee sailors poured lead after them. There was a cry of, "Quarter! Quarter!" and Reid gave the cease-fire order. "Save your powder, boys, you'll be needing it," he added.

He checked his men quickly. Seaman Burton Lloyd had been shot through the heart. Lieutenant Worth had a musket ball in his right side. There were no other casualties of the brief, violent melee.

Reid had no illusions about his temporary victory. Obviously the *Carnation's* captain had blandly assumed that the *Armstrong* would not, in a neutral port, put itself in a state of readiness to meet attack. The Britishers would not make the same mistake a second time.

After seeing Lieutenant Worth made comfortable, Reid ordered out the sweeps and had the *Armstrong* worked up under the guns of the castle, within half a pistol-shot of the beach. He put springlines on his anchor cable and drew the brig broadside to the open bay, so that she presented a single fighting front. Then he wrote a message to Mr. Dabney, asking him to demand that the Portuguese governor of Fayal support international law by using his harbor guns to protect his port's neutrality.

When Reid returned to the deck after penning his note, he saw that the *Carnation* had sailed back to the two main vessels of the fleet. Her arrival brought a great scurrying-about of boats between the ships of the English squadron. It was apparent to the captain that a major attack was in preparation. It was apparent to the town, too, the entire populace of which had gathered on the sea wall, ghostly spectators in a giant, moon-bathed amphitheater.

Soon after 9 o'clock the *Carnation* headed toward the *Armstrong*, this time towing all the longboats the squadron could muster, fourteen in number. In their bows had been mounted carronades and swivel guns, and each of the boats was jammed. Reid knew then that at least 560 men were being sent against his small crew, reduced to 88.

He ordered the heavy boarding nets triced up as a screen against the attackers, saw to it that the 9-pounders were properly double-shotted, and checked to make sure that each man was wearing his boarding helmet—a close-fitting cap of black leather crisscrossed with iron bands, which Reid had himself designed. His six best marksmen he placed aloft, to fire from that vantage point when the attack began. And he had a half-pint of blue-fire rum issued to all hands.

The *Carnation* cast loose her tow just beyond gun range. As though to frighten the *Armstrong's* crew, however, the fourteen boats, instead of attacking at once, pulled behind a nearby spit and started performing a series of aimless maneuvers.

An hour passed, and nothing had happened. Behind the spit the British were still maneuvering, dipping oars in endless circles. Then, from the shore back of the *Armstrong*, under the castle's ramparts, a native boat put out and a message

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was tossed up on deck. The Portuguese governor, Mr. Dabney informed the captain, had refused to do more than send a note to Commodore Lloyd, begging him to refrain from further hostilities. The commodore had replied that, as the Americans had fired without the slightest provocation on English boats innocently employed, he was determined to take the privateer at all hazards. Mr. Dabney regrettably informed the captain that he most assuredly could not count on any assistance from the castle's guns.

When Reid read the message to his crew, their reaction was voiced by a bosun, who muttered, "And a bloody good thing, too. I know them Portegee gunners. They'd take aim at a herring-choker—and blow our backsides off."

It was midnight before the English left the cover of the spit and came in for the attack. Reid ordered the 9-pounders to hold their fire until they were sure of teaching the limeys proper manners. Then, since there'd be no time to reload, the guns were to be run in and the ports lashed. He wanted no enemy boarding through a porthole.

After a last tour of the deck he paused by the Long Tom to aim the 42-pounder with care, and blow the lead boat of the oncoming enemy out of the water. A sailor cheered, "That knocked the eyebrow off the gnat, Cap'n!"

But the British gnat came steadily on with measured stroke. When the boats got within range they opened a blistering fire with their bow guns, while the *Armstrong* lay silent, its men crouched behind the bulwarks, covering their eyes with their hands to ward off flying splinters. Then, at 25 yards, a sheet of flame and smoke mushroomed from the *Armstrong's* broadside. The longboats paused momentarily as grape tore into flesh and wood. Then with the cry, "Up and board, men. No quarter!" they closed in on the brig, while its crew sprang to the rails, pike and pistol, musket and boarding-ax in hand.

The *Armstrong's* handful of men fought with skilled fury as wave after wave of British tars and marines clawed their way up the vessel's sides. Saber clashed with cutlass, pike met pistol, and musket balls raced against the deadly downward sweep of boarding-axes. Shrieks and oaths were drowned in the clash of steel and the roar of musketry.

Reid, commanding the after half of the ship, fought with both hands as the main body of the British attack sought to gain the quarterdeck. Naturally left-handed, he wielded his saber with that hand while with his right he fired the pistols his powder-boy constantly reloaded for him. He and his men repulsed the first thrust, driving it back into the sea. But the boarding nets which stayed the enemy were hacked to pieces in the encounter, and the second attack rolled up and onto the rail, led by *Rota's* Lieutenant Matterface, the officer commanding the British force.

Reid leaped to the taffrail to meet him. As their sabers clashed, thrust and parried, the powder-boy stretched to full height to hand the captain a freshly loaded pistol. Reid snatched at it and brought it up to bear on the lieutenant's chest, then hesitated, as he countered a desperate slash, and said to his opponent, "I seem to have you at an unfair disadvantage, sir." With a swift side-glance he

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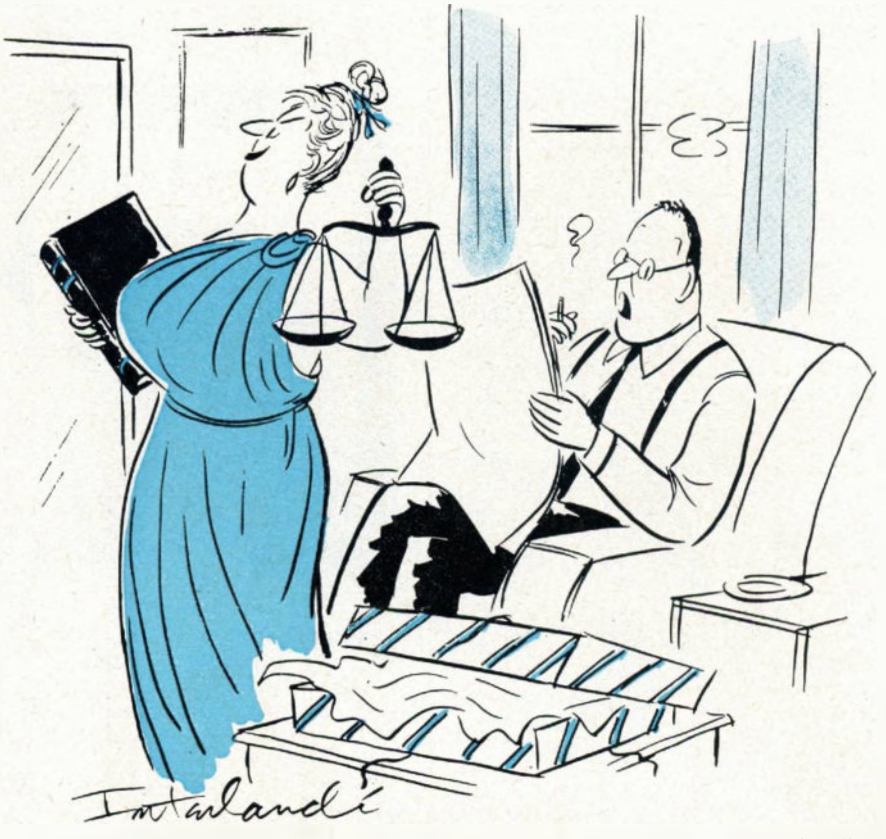
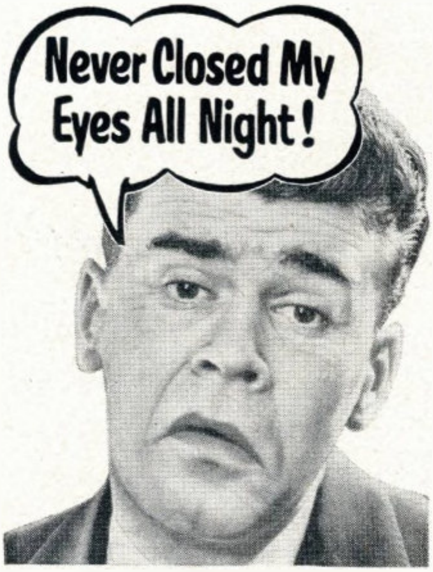


"I wouldn't go overboard, dear—everybody gets jury duty from time to time."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picked off instead a marine clambering over the rail and tossed the emptied pistol aside.

Now he came at Matterface as swordsman alone. Moving in on the lieutenant, he forced him to give ground until his back was against the boom. There Matterface feinted and followed with a desperate, sweeping blow aimed at the captain's head. It glanced off the latticed iron of Reid's helmet and gashed his sword-arm, already moving in counter-thrust. Before Matterface could recover, Reid's saber found his neck and he fell back into his boat—a corpse.

The captain turned back into the melee on the deck with the cry, "Close quarters and quick work, lads!" And in another five furious minutes he and the after-guard had driven the English back over the side. At this juncture a seaman staggered up with the news that the situation on the foc'sle was becoming serious. The men no longer had leadership. The second lieutenant who had been commanding was dead, and the third was badly wounded. Powder and ball had fallen low, and the disheartened men had let the enemy gain the bowsprit and press on into the foredeck.

As the only officer left in action, Reid seized a loaded pistol and ordered his boy below to break out more powder and shot. With a rallying cry to the after-force, he led the way forward. Meeting a British lieutenant amidships, he put a ball between his eyes and hurled the empty pistol into the face of a lunging marine. Then cutting a sailor down with a sweeping, side-arm slash, he reached the mainline of the advancing British. The line stopped dead, although it seemed for a moment that it would hold. But as the full, slashing fury of Reid's force hit them, the limeys began to give ground.

Reid, sensing the retreat, ran back to the Long Tom. Picking up one of its stacked 42-pound shots he rushed to the rail, heaved the metal into a longboat, and saw it crash through the hull. Roaring an order to two of his men to continue the treatment, he dashed back into the fray at the bow with the bellow, "Hot lead and cold steel, lads! Give it to 'em!"

As he plunged into the enemy, his cheering men attacked with renewed savagery. There was a sudden cry of exultation as powder and ball were brought within reach. The volume of fire surged into a rain of lead to punctuate the shivering clash of steel on steel. It was the turning point. The British broke.

Momentarily the clang of metal ceased as the enemy sought the rails to leap into the bay. But the gunfire kept on. Reid's marksmen were coolly picking off the defeated attackers as they scrambled over the sides. The few who reached their boats churned the oars into the water in frantic retreat, while Reid's men continued to pour volley after volley into them. The British had been completely routed.

As quiet fell and the smoke cleared from the reddened deck, the captain took a hurried inventory of his crew. He hardened himself to receive the usual ghastly news, but as the tally came through, his eyes brightened almost with tears. Incredibly, only two men had been killed

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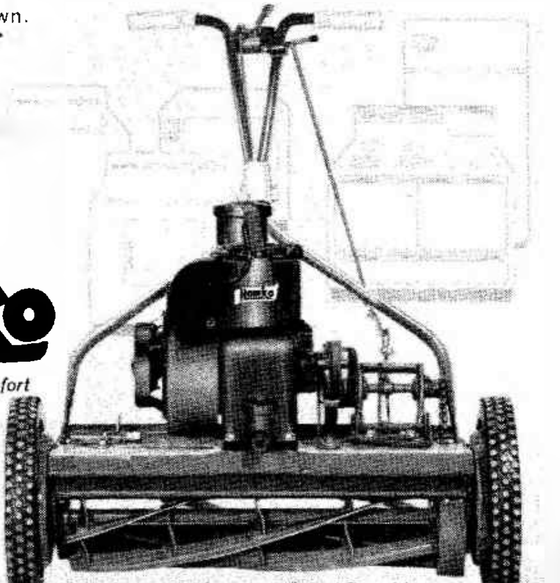

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and six wounded, to add to the two casualties of the first attack.

During the forty minutes of the encounter the British, by their own admission later, lost 120 killed and 130 wounded out of their force of 560 men—*in just this one attack.* In the next bloodiest engagement of the war, a full-scale sea battle between the *Constitution* and the *Java*, their casualty list reached only 161 killed and wounded.

The work of clearing the deck of litter and gore was interrupted by the arrival of a rowboat from shore. Young Charles Dabney, the consul's son, delivered a letter to the captain:

> Dear Sir:— You have performed a most brilliant action but the British say they will carry your ship, cost what it will, and that their brig will haul close in to attack you at the same time the boats do. My dear fellow, do not uselessly expose yourself to an overwhelming force, but scuttle your ship, I beg you, and come on shore with your brave crew.
>
> Yours truly,
> J. B. Dabney
> 2 a. m., Tuesday, Sept. 27, 1814

The lime-juicers, Reid grimly reflected, still hadn't learned. He quickly sent the dead and wounded ashore, then set his crew to work chopping additional ports in the starboard bulwarks, so that he could move his port-side 9-pounders across the deck and bring them all to bear, along with the Long Tom, in the coming attack. If the *Carnation* was still thirsty for blood, he'd quench her appetite with less digestible fare.

The British brig made its attack at daybreak, and was very quickly taught a bitter lesson. The Yankee gunners, with Reid himself training the Long Tom, poured shot into her so rapidly, viciously and accurately that within ten minutes she was in full retreat, her 18 guns silenced, her rigging in tatters, her masts toppled, and her hold taking water. The *Armstrong* had only superficial scars to show.

As the *Carnation* pulled away to mend her wounds, the move Reid had feared began to develop. On the 74-gun *Plantagenet* and the 44-gun *Rota* preparations were made for getting under way. The captain looked at his paltry seven guns and the smoke-blotched faces of his men and shook his head wearily.

What was the use? The lads had given a good account of themselves and earned the right to boast of this day's work. But if he exposed them to the dreadful weight of metal now bearing down their boasts would be heard only in hell or heaven. The struggle could only end in meaningless slaughter. He would have to take Dabney's advice and scuttle.

Reid gave his orders quickly: the Long Tom's crew would stay with him; the rest would take their gear and go ashore. A sailor bawled, "Let's not forget the Old General, boys!" Three men seized boarding-axes and went over the bow. When they reappeared they carried the ship's figurehead—an enameled bust of the dour, bearded Secretary of War, General John Armstrong, wearing the robes of a Roman senator—and bore it triumphantly ashore with them.

After the 42-pounder had been loaded and its muzzle depressed into the main hatch, the captain had a momentary qualm. He was deliberately scuttling his command in the face of an oncoming enemy attack. It was an act that went against his grain—and it might go against the grain of others higher up, too. Still ignorant of the true significance of the fight he had waged, he was afraid he was probably scuttling his own chances of ever getting another command.

It was almost a fatal delay. As Reid glanced up the bay, he saw that the 44-gun *Rota* was now under sail and bearing down rapidly. Her gun ports were open, and the deadly black muzzles were ready to bark. There was no more time. The captain dropped his fire to the touch-hole and the Long Tom roared. Under the men the ship leaped and shuddered, then, in the sudden silence that followed, the gurgling rush of water into the hold sounded up through the hatch.

Reid eyed the *Rota* again—it was close, too close for the gun crew's safety, but more important, so close that the dying *Armstrong* risked capture even as it was sinking.

"Once more, boys," he said tensely. "Load and fire." Racing now with the *Rota*, the crew swabbed the barrel and rammed in powder and shot. At once the captain touched it off, and the gurgle of water below became a roar.

Snatching the ensign, Reid tumbled with his men into the waiting boat on the shoreward side of the fast-settling *Armstrong*. Hardly had they heaved into their oars when a broadside from the *Rota* crashed behind them. A few splinters of the *Armstrong* floated into the air, and then the ship settled on its side. Reid smiled meagerly, and raised a hand in final salute to his command.

On shore the captain found the town of Da Horta seething with anger. In the battle at dawn with the *Carnation* a number of the latter's shot had gone over the *Armstrong* to lodge in the town. Besides the many houses badly damaged, a woman was dying from a smashed thigh, and a boy's arm had been broken. The people were incensed at the British commodore's contempt for international law and outraged at their own governor's ineffectual behavior. Even Mr. Parkin, the English consul, had sent a vigorous protest to Lloyd denouncing his uncivilized action. The furious commodore retorted that he intended to land 500 men to "receive the surrender of the blackguard mercenaries."

When he learned of this plan Reid held a hurried consultation with Dabney, then mustered his men and marched them inland to an old, abandoned stone convent surrounded by a moat. The crew quickly hacked down the drawbridge and manned the convent's roof and windows with loaded muskets. As Reid ran up the *Armstrong's* ensign on a makeshift flagpole, he asked Dabney to inform the commodore that if he still wished to "receive" their surrender, they were quite ready to let him try taking it.

Lloyd immediately cooled off. Bitterly he announced instead that he had decided to ignore the *Armstrong's* crew, since they had sought refuge on neutral ground. Actually he was finding it necessary to concentrate his efforts on burying his dead and tending the wounded and the badly damaged *Carnation*. This was enough to keep him busy; in the three attacks on the *Armstrong* the total British casualties had come to 210 killed and 140 wounded.

After burial services were held at sunset for the British dead, a note was delivered to the American consulate. A group of British officers wished Reid to meet with them at their own consulate.

Dabney insisted the invitation was a ruse. "They either want to arrest you, Captain, or engage you on the field of honor in a duel with one of their best men. Either way they'll eliminate you."

Reid tapped the note thoughtfully in his hand. "No, sir," he said. "I think not. At any rate, I shouldn't wish to be thought discourteous, particularly if these gentlemen are in search of satisfaction."

He dressed carefully in full uniform with sash and saber and walked unaccompanied to the rendezvous. Six officers were waiting for him outside. As he approached they formed two lines and to his amazement lifted their caps and gave him three rousing cheers. Then they invited him in to share a bottle of wine.

After they had toasted him they asked whether he would settle a wager. Did or did not the *Armstrong's* crew wear shirts of mail during the battle? Several of the officers swore their bullets had glanced off the Yankees like hail.

The captain had trouble controlling his laughter. "I must confess, gentlemen," he finally said, "that we all wore *male* shirts—of linen—if you'll forgive a sickly pun."

In the afternoon of the day following, two English sloops-of-war, *Thais* and *Calypso*, entered the harbor loaded with troops and artillery. Lloyd immediately ordered them to take aboard his wounded and return to London.

It was a fateful decision. In New Orleans, Sir Edward Pakenham was awaiting these reinforcements before beginning his attack on the city. According to schedule, the men and supplies were due long before Andy Jackson and his frontier riflemen could possibly reach the area to form a defense. But because of the *Armstrong* and her unconquerable crew the schedule fell apart.

The *Carnation*, in her final attack on Reid's ship, was so badly damaged that it was nearly two weeks before she was ready for sea again. As a result, Lloyd and his supplies reached their rendezvous with Pakenham fifteen days late, and the British invasion fleet arrived off New Orleans four days *after* Old Hickory reached the city with his long-striding, straight-shooting Tennessee militia. Jackson himself later announced that he owed his victory "to the battle of the little brig *General Armstrong* in sustaining the honor of the American flag." A British account of the fight published in London put it another way: "If this is the way Americans fight we may well say, 'God deliver us from our enemies.' "

When Reid got back to the United States in the middle of January 1815, he found himself a national hero. The press hailed him for having fought "the naval Battle of Bunker Hill," and people cheered him in the streets. The state of New York presented him with a ceremonial sword; and Congress, with proper eulogies, had a commemorative gold medal struck in his behalf. But Reid's greatest satisfaction came when the crew of the *Armstrong* fêted him with dinner and a song to his—and their own—valor.

Sam Reid served his country further. After the war he became harbor master of the port of New York, and in 1817 he suggested the final design for our flag: one star to be added for each new state, with the stripes limited to thirteen in honor of the original members of the Union. Ten years later he invented a successful signal telegraph system, only to have Morse's electrical telegraph come along a year later. It was his idea to set up a lightship off Sandy Hook, the first ever used by an American harbor.

In 1842 Captain Reid rejoined the Navy, to serve until retirement in 1856. Probably somewhat to his surprise he died in bed in 1861, at the age of 78. No braver officer ever served in the United States Forces.—**James Poling**

# The Hitch is in the Holster

[*Continued from page 59*]

belt is important but depends somewhat on a man's style.

The Berns-Martin holster, as made by Jack Martin, is another favorite. Walter Walsh, formerly of the FBI and now a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Marine Corps, carried a Smith & Wesson .357 magnum revolver in a Berns-Martin holster for years. The feature of the holster is that it is open down the front. The gun is clasped in place by a flat leather-covered spring. In drawing the gun a man does not lift it up. Rather he pushes forward and down. It is probably the fastest holster to be had. And the workmanship is topnotch.

Chic Gaylord makes holsters for fast draw designed to suit the individual. He specializes in holsters for peace officers and members of the Treasury Department's narcotics squad who must carry a gun so it is concealed and yet is ready for a fast draw. He experiments endlessly in his shop at 312 W. 47th St., New York City. One of his devices is a two-piece holster. The gun is held in one part which is hinged on a rivet to the other part. In drawing the gun comes out horizontally, owing to the hinge, rather than vertically.

The question of where it is best to carry a revolver will never be settled. Some men prefer the crossdraw. In this case the holster is on the opposite side from the gun hand. In drawing the man reaches across his middle and turns his body toward the enemy as the gun is drawn. Other men prefer to have the

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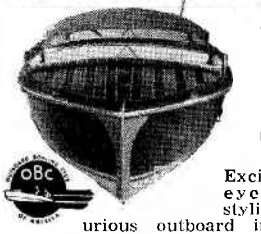

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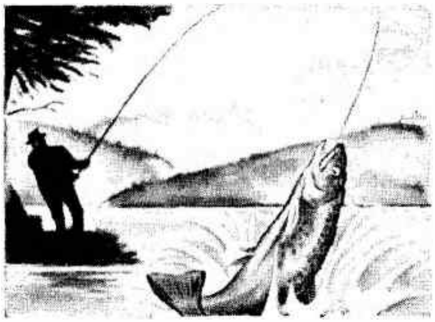

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gun on the right hip—for a right-hand draw. Which is faster? Much depends on individual skill. But many right-handed men think they are better off in a tussle if the gun is on the left hip—he may need his right to keep the other guy off but he can still draw the gun with his left hand.

There is an old story about two friends who lived back around the turn of the century. You can take it or leave it, but perhaps the incident proved something. Both men argued the matter of crossdraw versus hipdraw endlessly, since both took great pride in their gunmanship. One night a heated argument developed. It was decided they should draw against each other. The winner would be right, they figured. When the smoke cleared, the man who'd elected crossdraw was on the ground, apologizing.

Revolvers are carried in many other ways. One of these is in a shoulder holster. This carries the gun almost under the armpit. Jack Martin makes one, using the spring holder, that carries the gun upside down. There are a number of others. But a shoulder holster is not very comfortable to wear unless the gun is lightweight. There are too many straps.

Another scheme is to fit a holster so the gun is carried well above the belt. This is sometimes called a high-ride holster. Heiser has recently introduced one which uses a leather-covered aluminum plate on which to mount the holster. The gun butt is almost as high as it would be with a shoulder holster and there is no binding harness.

The problem with a semi-automatic pistol is somewhat different from that with a revolver. Generally speaking a semi-automatic pistol is not as well suited to quick draw and a fast shot as a revolver. The typical semi-automatic pistol butt is harder to get hold of than a revolver butt. And if the gun is not cocked it must be cocked before a shot can be fired. If it is cocked the safety must be pushed off. There is no such delay with a modern revolver.

The Germans did make a variety of semi-automatic pistols with a double action similar to that of a double-action revolver. The Walther P 38 which became the standard German Army side arm during the second World War is an example. Until now no semi-automatic pistol made in this country had this feature. Recently Smith & Wesson have designed a semi-automatic pistol with a double-action mechanism and this will soon be on the market. It will meet Army specifications but it will not supersede Smith & Wesson's combat model revolver in the minds of those who are interested in fast draw and a fast first shot.

Some holsters are made merely to carry a revolver or semi-automatic pistol in the field with no thought of quick draw. Lawrence makes a holster in which to carry the Ruger single six .22 caliber revolver. This gun is designed for fun—that is, plinking. It does not need a fast-draw holster since it is not a combat weapon. Chic Gaylord makes a two-piece holster for the Smith & Wesson .22 caliber kit gun. This revolver is so light in weight, when made with an aluminum-alloy frame, that a fisherman can carry it on his belt and hardly know it is there. But it also is a fun gun and not a combat weapon. Yet like any valuable possession the sportsman's handgun deserves adequate protection.

A proper holster must not only be rightly designed but it must be made of good stiff leather and carefully fitted to the gun. The leather for a quick-draw holster should be as stiff as a thin board. Chic Gaylord prefers to use leather from the back of a steer because its grain is closer than leather from the flank. If back leather is too thick it can be skived—that is, pared. The outside of tanned leather is smoother than the inside and one way to make a holster from which a gun can be drawn easily is to reverse the leather. Or what Gaylord commonly does is to bone the inside. This means pressing the fibers smooth with a steel tool.

In any case the leather must be molded to the gun. Most makers use brass or aluminum castings of revolvers and pistols on which to mold the leather. But no matter how well made and fitted the holster is, the user can improve it with treatment. One old device is to grease the gun thoroughly, wet the holster, and leave the gun stay in it overnight. It may be necessary to do this more than once.

Charles Askins recommends treating the inside of a holster with a mixture of neats'-foot oil and graphite. It is best to use neats'-foot oil sparingly, since it does not dry easily.

Applying linseed oil to leather with a swab does wonders for it. But it is best to use an artist's grade of linseed oil. This is acid free and quicker drying than the kind sold in hardware stores. Another trick is to use a stiff paste made of linseed oil and saddle soap. The objection to saddle soap alone is that it contains some lye and this eventually rots linen thread. When diluted with linseed oil it does less harm.

Holsters are often decorated with stamping, embossing or carving. And they are often sewn with leather thongs of contrasting color rather than with heavy linen thread. The results are handsome. Of course, the most elaborately decorated holster is no more useful than a plain one, but men have always adorned their prized possessions.

The possession of fine handguns and fine leatherwork to house them can be an end in itself. Knowledge and practice of fast draw add to the excitement of the business, and most anybody who really wants to can learn to draw a revolver and fire a well-placed shot with a speed unknown to Billy the Kid or Pat Garrett or 99 out of 100 present-day peace officers. By practice I mean the firing of thousands of rounds.

But speed with a gun may fail a man. Not because he's afraid of being killed, but rather because he's afraid of killing. It takes will as well as skill to win a gun fight and few of us have that will until we've been shot at. Until that time arrives, handguns and holsters make a fine enough pastime.—**Lucian Cary**

# With Their Muscles Sheathed in Silver

[*Continued from page 39*]

a couple of quick wipes on his pants, threw his waders over his shoulder, grabbed his rod and we headed down the river. Bill and Myron caught a couple of shad apiece that evening.

Shad fishing, as compared to angling for trout, salmon or bass, is new. David Starr Jordan reported in 1904 that "the shad will strike at small shining objects and has been known to take the artificial fly. Joe Brooks said in his book, *Salt Water Fly Fishing*, that, while there were records of shad being taken on flies in the Susquehanna River as early as 1875, Tom Loving, of Baltimore, really started the modern fly-fishing vogue in 1925.

They had been taken on small spoons and wobblers much before that, of course, and many of them still are in the eastern rivers, but on the West Coast, particularly in California, catching shad is largely a fly-fisherman's game.

J. P. Cuenin, rod-and-gun editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, told me that he first caught shad on flies in the Sacramento River about twenty-five years ago. Strangely, considering the abundance of the fish and their topflight sporting qualities, interest in shad spread slowly. Only within the last five or six years has shad fishing started to become popular, and even now the vast potential of sport that they could furnish is scarcely touched.

Like another good western game fish, the striped bass, shad were not native to the Pacific Slope. Both were brought from the East. At different times between 1871 and 1880, 619,000 shad fry were planted in the Sacramento River. In 1885 and 1886, 910,000 were stocked in the Columbia. Within twenty years they had spread from San Diego on the south to Fort Wrangel, Alaska, on the north—a distance of more than 2,000 miles. At present shad run each spring in every suitable stream along the Pacific Coast.

In scientific circles, shad go by the name *Alosa sapidissima*, a handle I would change if I were in a position to do so. Common names there are plenty of, and some of them indicate the actual rivers in which eastern shad runs occur: Common Shad, American Shad, North River Shad, Potomac Shad, Connecticut River Shad, Delaware River Shad, Susquehanna Shad and Atlantic Shad. The fish reach a weight of 12 pounds in the East, and a top weight of about 11 pounds in the Pacific, where they range from Fort Wrangell, Alaska, south to San Diego. In the Atlantic the range is from Newfoundland to Florida, where they run the St. Johns River. Other good runs are in the Connecticut River, there thousands of fishermen hit them below the dams at Enfield, Connecticut, and Holyoke, Massachusetts. There is a big run in the Susquehanna River, and fish are taken in May and June from Conowingo Dam down to tidewater. But on both coasts shad are also to be found sneaking into the smaller, purer rivers and tributaries in great numbers.

The West has always been basically trout, salmon and steelhead country. Western anglers are inclined to assume a scornful attitude toward all other fish, even the beloved, game and thoroughly first rate black bass. Consequently, even today, there are more shad pools than there are shad fishermen.

Californians who fish for shad come chiefly from the San Francisco Bay area and they concentrate on the nearby Russian River. The potentialities of the Feather, Eel, Klamath, Sacramento and other streams are largely unexplored and unknown. Farther north, it is much the same. Shad run in Oregon's Rogue River, but to date I have never heard of anyone's fishing for them there.

There are, to the best of my knowledge, only a handful of men who fish for shad on the fly in the entire state of Oregon.

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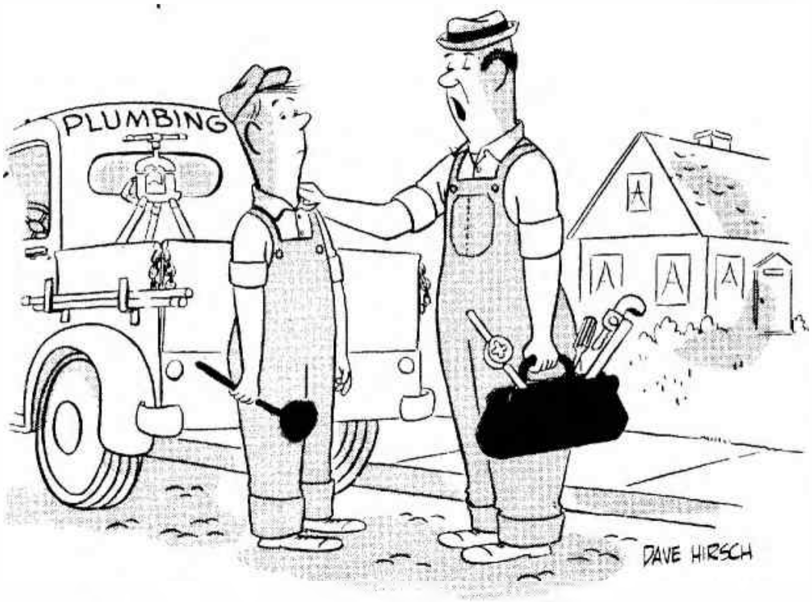

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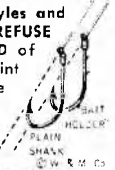

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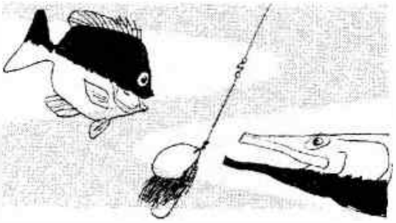

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The development of shad fishing on the Russian River can be credited largely to two comparatively small groups of men: the members of the Golden Gate Casting Club, nearly all of whom are enthusiastic fly fishermen for steelheads and salmon, and a few equally enthusiastic and skillful anglers who live along the river. Foremost among this latter group are Bill Schaadt, Howard George, Clarence "Boots" Rogers and Allen Curtis.

Steelhead and salmon fishing begins in northern California in the early fall and continues until the season closes at the end of February. March is a dull month during which work is done. Shad begin to run in April, fishing for them hits its peak in May, and continues into June. By that time, of course, there are trout and bass to occupy the attention of earnest fishermen until the salmon and steelheads begin running in the autumn.

Consequently, shad fishing began as a fill-in between the other seasons. In a sense it still is, although as more anglers discover its possibilities it gradually is assuming the rank of a first-rate sport in its own right.

I put in a week fishing for shad on the Russian River. Never did I work harder nor have more fun.

One day, for example, Boots Rogers took Myron Gregory and me upstream to some new water near Healdsburg where he had heard the shad were hitting well. (Bill Schaadt actually had quit fishing long enough to paint a sign, but only under extreme pressure.)

We parked the car on the bank and walked down to the river to look it over. A few bait fishermen were sitting along the bank, catching nothing. We asked them if anybody had caught a shad. They didn't know what shad were.

Now, shad are mysterious fish. You never see one in the daytime. Consequently, there was no clue to indicate whether the riffle Boots had selected was loaded with fish or completely barren. It didn't look particularly good. We almost left, and then Myron said, "Well, as long as we're here, we might as well give it a whirl."

It was about 1 p. m. when we waded into the water, 25 yards apart, and made our first casts. An instant later, I heard Boots' reel buzz and looked up to see his line sizzling away downstream. Seconds afterward, Myron hooked one. I missed a strike. Boots had landed and released his fish by the time I felt the jar of a shad taking solidly, struck hard to set the hook, and then heard the beautiful music of my reel as the rod dipped down and the line peeled out.

There is nothing like the feel of a good fish on a fly rod. My shad was a good one. He took line clear to the backing, then swung back upstream and jumped, the belly of the line still trailing in the current 40 feet behind. He jumped again, a beautiful, clean, high-arching leap that put my heart in my throat and ripped the bowed line up through the current with an audible hiss.

Then he got off. That was all right. A fish that goes like he went and jumps like he did doesn't owe me a thing.

Shad fishing is very similar to steelhead fishing. We waded into the water and cast across the current. Our lines and weighted flies began to sink immediately. The shad, like steelheads, nearly always struck as the fly was swinging around downstream.

Nine out of ten fishermen use their steelhead tackle for shad, not because the fish couldn't be landed on lighter equipment (as could steelheads) but because of the casting involved. The typical outfit consists of a powerful 9-foot rod and big single-action reel with 150 or 200 yards of backing. The line is made up of a 30-foot "shooting head," usually cut from a double-taper or spliced up by the angler from pieces of level line, with a two-inch loop of 50-pound-test nylon squidding line spliced to the rear end. A hundred feet of 15- or 20-pound-test nylon monofilament is tied to this loop and spliced to the backing.

In use, the angler false casts until the heavy head is out of the guides. Then they "shoot" it. The monofilament runs out freely, and longer casts can be made than with any other kind of line. Standing on the grass, 100-foot casts are easy, and a good caster can put his fly out 80 or 85 feet, even when he is in the water to the tops of his waders.

Since shad, like steelheads, habitually lie deep in a strong current, the line heads usually are made of silk or dacron fly line, both of which sink more rapidly than nylon. One West Coast company even makes a fly line with a lead core that is rapidly becoming popular for steelhead and shad fishing. Some of the boys splice 12 feet of this lead-core line to 18 feet of silk and, as I discovered from using it, the combination works beautifully. The lead tip takes the fly down but the rear portion of silk is buoyant enough to eliminate a lot of snags.

Unlike any other fishing, I found that only one fly is necessary for shad. Of course, others are used, but as Bill Schaadt explained, "They'll hit this one when they'll hit anything at all, and sometimes they'll hit it when they won't take the others." It evolved, I believe, from a shad fly that was first used on the Connecticut River before the war.

The Connecticut pattern called for a slender tinsel body, a very sparse bucktail wing and a red bead on the leader ahead of the fly. That seemed a little involved to West Coast anglers, who are thoroughly practical, so they began experimenting. Carl Ludemann, a member of the Golden Gate Casting Club and an excellent fisherman, is credited with developing the present "standard" pattern.

It is tied on a No. 4 hook. It has a red tail, an oval silver tinsel body, very sparse white hackle and a big, red head made of chenille. Most of the tyers weight the hook with lead fuse wire before wrapping on the tinsel body.

I suppose the bait fishermen thought Myron, Boots and I were crazy that afternoon as we caught fish after fish and turned them loose. It was wonderful. We'd fish awhile, until our arms got tired from casting and playing fish, and then we'd go sit on the bank and rest. Once while we were thus engaged a tackle salesman stopped his car on the bank and came down where we were. He got to talking and said he'd never seen a shad, so Myron said, "We'll show you one."

We waded in and began casting and in less than a minute three were on. I lost mine, but Myron and Boots landed theirs.

The salesman hurried back to the car and got his spinning tackle. He did his best with small, bright lures and then Boots gave him a shad fly. He cast it by attaching a weight to the line about 18 inches above and Boots told him how to fish it, but he didn't get a strike.

We saw similar things every day. Several fly fishermen would be hooking shad right along. Somebody with spinning tackle would wade in and try it and never get a touch. Strange. In the East a great many shad are caught on small, bright spoons and other lures, but in California it is a fly-fisherman's game.

This helps to make up for the beating that the fly fishermen take on steelheads and salmon. There is no water reserved for fly fishing, and a man with a fly can't compete with Dardevles, Flatfish, Cherry Bobbers and goof balls (salmon-egg baits). Fifteen or twenty fishermen chucking hardware into a steelhead pool soon put the fish down so that they won't hit anything.

It was about 5 o'clock when a car skidded to a halt on the bank and a man leapt out. Bill Schaadt had finished the sign. He jumped into his waders, grabbed his rod and came running down the slope, fitting the rod together on the way. He was so anxious to fish that he hardly spoke. He was false casting, working out line, before he hit the water and by the time he was in knee deep he had laid out a 75-foot cast. He stripped more running line from his reel as the first cast swung around. In a few seconds he was in water four feet deep and casting 80 feet.

An awful thing. The shad quit hitting minutes before he got there! Nobody fishes harder than Bill Schaadt and nobody catches more fish, but this afternoon late cut him off at the pockets. I don't believe he caught a one. Jimmy Green, Art Agnew and Jack Hoag arrived a little later, and Jimmy got one. Boots, Myron and I rested on our laurels and told the boys how we had been catching them an hour before.

Bill said, "Sometime you ought to write a story called 'Yesterday and Tomorrow.' They were always biting yesterday and they'll bite again tomorrow, but not today."

Sometime I will.

We found the whims of shad to be utterly unpredictable, every day. Sometimes they'd hit early, sometimes late, sometimes in midday and, sometimes, not at all. And then, occasionally, they hit all day long, from daylight until dark.

Of course, they are anadromous, maturing in the ocean and running up the rivers to spawn. Like steelheads and salmon, too, they don't feed in fresh water. Nobody knows why any of these fish strike. Consequently, it always is more difficult to catch them than it is trout, bass or any other kind that feeds every day.

Sometimes we discovered that when the shad weren't hitting in one pool they would be in another a mile up or down the river. And sometimes they wouldn't strike anywhere.

These blank periods always made us wonder whether there were any shad present. Unlike steelheads and salmon, they almost never roll or jump during the day. Once, after a long dry spell, I remarked to Bill that the shad evidently had moved on up the river. "There can't be any here," I concluded, "or we'd foul hook one occasionally, even if we don't get a strike."

He laughed. "I'll show you something tonight," he said.

That evening after the moon was up, we returned to the river. It was crawling with shad! They were streaking madly across the surface by the dozens. Hundreds of them were running back and forth through the slick at the head of a riffle. They were spawning.

A couple of boys were standing on the bank, holding sticks in the water. While we were watching, one of them lifted his stick and I saw that it had a dip net on the end. Furthermore, there was a shad in the net.

I was astonished. I said to Bill, "Hey, I thought you said it was illegal to fish after dark."

"Oh," he answered, "that's with a fly. A net is all right."

Truly, the wonders of the Golden State are beyond comprehension.

We fished hard every day. Except for the one afternoon when he got caught and had to paint a sign, Bill eluded the villainous characters who wanted him to work. For the first two or three days of my stay it was comparatively easy. The natives didn't yet know Myron's car and we used it exclusively, leaving Bill's hidden. Then they began to get wise. Bill had to hunker down and hide when we were going through town.

It was wonderful. Myron and I laughed until we nearly split our sides at the

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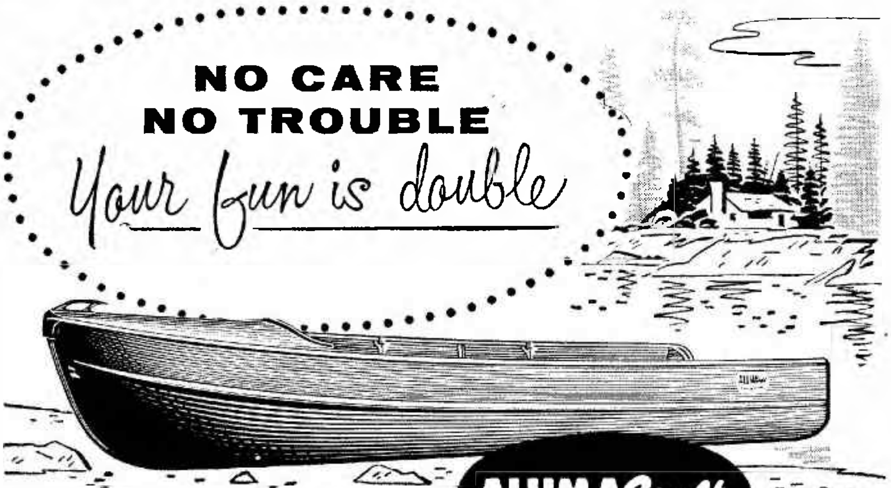

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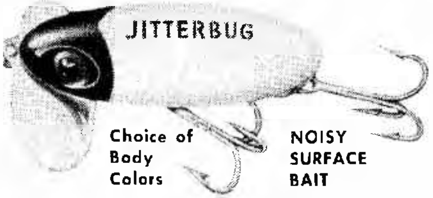

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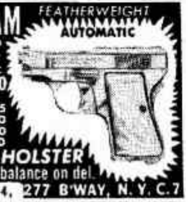

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lengths to which he went to avoid irate citizens who wanted signs, show cards or other work. Sometimes we'd stop at a restaurant and Bill would peer up over the side of the car, then pop back down, like a turtle pulling his head into his shell, and say, "Go on! Go on! There's Herkimer and he's been trying to catch me for two weeks."

So we'd go on to another restaurant. Then while we were eating, like as not, Joe Blow would see Bill, collar him and demand, "When do I get my sign?"

Bill had many stories, but he always wound up by saying, "I'm snowed under, I tell you. This is the rush season. I have a dozen jobs to get out ahead of yours."

Then Joe Blow would look him in the eye, say, "Rush season, hell! You're fishing!" and stomp out.

Myron and I, who had been trying our best to keep our faces straight during the argument, would then burst out laughing. Bill would get red, hang his head and mutter, "Gee, I have a lot to do." And then, in thirty minutes, we'd all be fishing again.

I loved to watch Bill fish. No gambler at a roulette wheel ever concentrated more intently, nor for longer periods at a time. He always bent forward slightly, peered intently at the spot where his line entered the water, and worked it steadily with his left hand. When he got a strike he whipped the rod up high overhead with both hands and took a quick step backward.

I asked him how many rods he broke a year hooking fish and he said, "I don't break many, but I usually wear out three or four." No wonder!

If he happened to miss a strike he always said, "Ohhh! Ohhh! Damn!"

When he connected he got a beautiful smile on his face and began to play it. He played fish hard. Everything the tackle would stand was not a bit too much. During the first run, he put on extra pressure by bearing down with the heel of his hand on the side plate opposite the handle. (A few fly reels are made with outer side plates that revolve on both sides, rather than on the handle side only, as is the case with most.)

As soon as the fish quit running, he began to pump it back. Evidently, Bill was so anxious to resume fishing that he couldn't wait to get a hooked shad on the beach. The instant he turned one loose, he rushed back into the stream, working out line as he went.

"Did you ever stop to think," he once remarked, "how much time we waste? Yakity-yak, all the time talk. Fix tackle. Cast. Your fly is actually in the water only a fraction of the time you spend on the stream."

That may be correct, but I venture to say that nobody wastes less time than Bill Schaadt.

As with all good things, my shad fishing eventually came to an end. It ended, however, on a glorious high note that won't escape even my poor memory so long as I can remember anything at all.

About a dozen fly fishermen were working the Fife Creek pool when Myron, Bill and I came down. As is the custom in steelhead fishing, we went to the head of the line. Now, as usually is the case, there were a couple of hot spots. The anglers in them caught fish.

The first time through, I caught a little shad that was a dog. I think maybe it didn't have all its buttons. Whatever the reason, I reeled it in and turned it loose before it realized that it was hooked. It didn't struggle at all except for bouncing on the water a few times as I took the hook out. Since it was the first dull shad that I had caught I was both surprised and disappointed.

I fished on through without another strike and went back to the head of the line. It was getting late and Myron and I had to leave in the morning. Halfway down, and no strikes. Then, after three or four casts with a step downstream following each of them, something tried to take my rod away from me—a shad had hit like a 10-ton truck.

Most likely, I was too petrified to strike back. Anyway, there was no need because that fish certainly hooked himself. I was fishing about 75 feet of line which meant that there were 25 feet of nylon left between my cast and the backing. He took that out so fast that I scarcely saw it go, and the reel broke into high-pitch as the reserve began to melt off.

That shad was 150 feet away when he jumped the first time, and he was still going. I splashed to shore as quickly as I could, and the anglers downstream stripped their lines in and began to get back out of the way.

The shad came back upstream with a great belly of line dragging behind and jumped twice again. He was headed downriver again before I could reel in the slack, and then my reel cut loose once more.

I don't know how many times he jumped—but it was a lot—nor how far he ran. Eventually, of course, he slowed down. Then I attempted to bring him back upstream. I couldn't do it.

Now, when you're fishing for Atlantic salmon and hook a salmon you go downstream with him. But when you hook a grilse (a salmon under 6 pounds) you stay where you are and bring him back. The same with steelheads. You go with the big ones and you bring the half-pounders (which correspond to grilse) back unless, of course, the water is unusually heavy.

This shad, which certainly was no larger than the average grilse was so strong that I simply couldn't force him back upstream, and the tippet on my leader was 8-pound test. Furthermore, the current was only moderate; it certainly was not so swift as that in which I have played some steelheads.

At last, rather than to keep the folks downstream from fishing any longer, I walked along the shore past them. When I got below my shad I was able, at last, to force him, still fanning strongly, to the beach.

He weighed less than 4 pounds. I turned him loose and then I quit fishing. It was nearly dark, anyway, and he was a high note on which to stop. Never, anywhere, have I landed a gamer, stronger, harder-fighting fish.—**Ted Trueblood**

# The Case of the Busy Bluebeard

[*Continued from page 41*]

Fremyet. Actually, the place was more than a garage: it did a fair-to-middling business as a drop for hot cars.

That night, Henri Desire Landru, shedding his identities of Petit and Fremyet, reverted to his role of Diard, the engineer, and presented himself at the door of Mme. Cuchet's little flat, his bright little eyes peering at the lady through a huge bouquet of red roses.

Mme. Cuchet's son, André, was a sullen, suspicious youth. Landru tried to get on the right side of the boy but couldn't. After André went off to bed, however, Landru made fast work of getting on the right side of the mother. By the time he left that night he had not only proposed marriage but, telescoping time, consummated it.

In the weeks that followed, Mme. Cuchet, the happy bride-to-be, paid no attention to the protests of André that there was something shady about M. Diard. She paid even less attention to relatives who, meeting the little man, wondered what he was hiding behind all that facial adornment.

Landru turned out to be, among other things, an expert on the stock market, and he soon persuaded Mme. Cuchet to withdraw her savings from the bank and turn the money over to him for investment. And when the first World War broke out, Landru saw his sons off to the front, and then drove Mme. Cuchet's furnishings away in a truck for what he called "safekeeping." Then he took her and André to a villa he had rented in Vermouillet, a rustic settlement on the Seine about an hour by train from Paris.

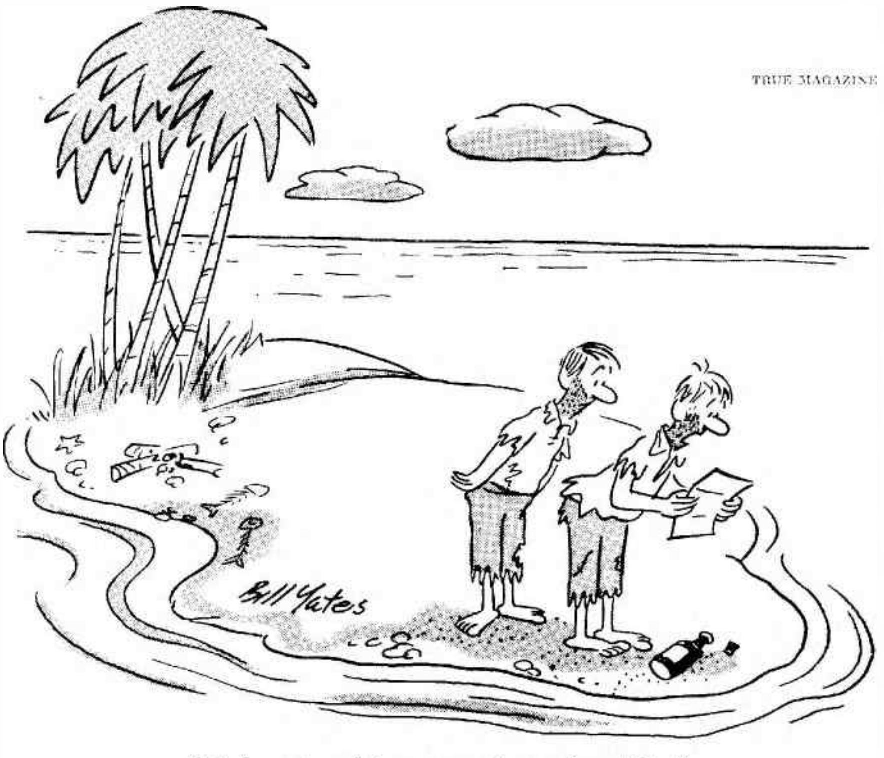
Busy at his garage and hot-car drop during the week, Landru always got out to Vermouillet to spend Saturdays and Sundays with Mme. Cuchet and André. The villagers, who knew Landru under the alias of François duPont, found him to be a stand-offish character. Landru, occupied as he was with other projects, didn't get around to marrying Mme. Cuchet. André kept badgering him to make an honest woman of his mother but Landru would just stare at the boy and say nothing.

In January 1915—eight months after Landru had tipped his hat to Mme. Cuchet that day on the boulevard—his neighbors in Vermouillet noticed that he was very busy at night, darting out of the house and setting fires on the grounds in the rear. "Monsieur duPont," observed one neighbor to another, "is the busiest man I have ever seen. He's always either starting fires or attending to them or putting them out."

When, at length, Monsieur duPont extinguished his last fire, the neighbors realized that Mme. Cuchet and her son were no longer to be seen. The winter winds began to blow and the villa was dark and deserted.

Landru was very busy in Paris that wartime winter of 1915—busy at his hot-car drop, busy carving the Sunday roast for the family and saying evening prayers for his wife and two daughters, busy writing letters to his sons at the front, and busy lining up another woman to take to the villa in Vermouillet. He rented a little flat near the Eiffel Tower and started auditioning applicants who were responding to a newspaper ad he was running for a children's nurse.

It wasn't until the spring of 1915, a year after he had first met Mme. Cuchet, that a fine, fat fish went for the bait. The lady this time was a Mme. Laborde-Line, a dark and handsome 45-year-old native



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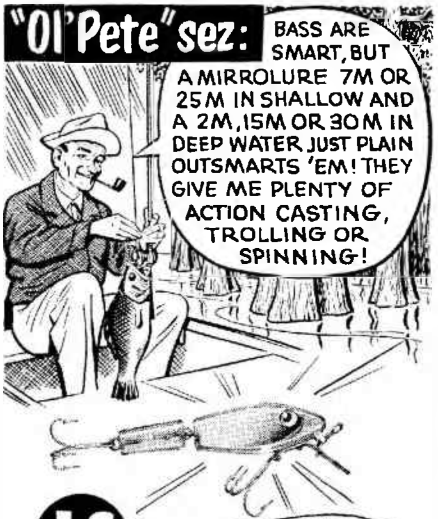
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of the Argentine who had been widowed for several years. Landru was quick to learn that her late husband, a hotel proprietor, had left her comparatively well off.

Landru was a great one for changing a subject. As he sat there in the little flat near the Eiffel Tower, focusing those dark brown eyes on Mme. Laborde-Line, he began to speak not of a situation as a children's nurse but a situation as a companion to *him*. He had, he confessed, lost his wife and was terribly lonely.

We begin to grasp the Landru technique with women along about here. Mme. Laborde-Line, like Mme. Cuchet and several others, was to divulge the details of their new-found happiness to relatives and friends who were one day to relay the details to Commissioner Jean Belin of the French Sûreté.

The official records of the Sûreté were one day to disclose that between 1914 and 1919, Henri Desire Landru had relations with no less than 284 women. Landru, says Commissioner Belin in his memoirs, must have been "amazingly virile to meet their sexual requirements." Amazingly virile, indeed! For he ran up that score not as a young man, but as a man in his middle years. It seemed always to be springtime for Henri.

To Mme. Laborde-Line, Landru, alias duPont, was an operative of the French Secret Service. Operative duPont, Mme. Laborde-Line and her friends were secretly informed, had just returned from Occupied France where, while behind the enemy lines, he had lost his identity papers, a little technicality that would hold up the marriage ceremony. And then, one fine Saturday in June, he established her in the villa at Vermouillet.

The villagers of Vermouillet were fascinated by the appearance of Mme. Laborde-Line. The lady, who was fond of flowers, frequently appeared in the garden of the villa, attired in a handsome, bright-blue dressing gown while gathering blooms for the breakfast table.

In July, the neighbors, who had grown accustomed to admiring Mme. Laborde-Line's gorgeous blue dressing gown when she went into the garden of a morning, noticed that she no longer seemed to be in residence at the villa. Then one night Landru started those fires again. By dawn the fires had died out, but the next night they started up again. The following morning the fires were out and the villa seemed to be deserted.

A month later, Landru reappeared with a remarkably homely woman. This third woman appeared in the garden one morning wearing a lovely bright blue dressing gown—the very same dressing gown, the villagers suspected, that the *second* woman had worn.

The last week in August, the fires behind the villa started up again. On the last day of the month, Landru called on the landlord. His term at the villa was up and he had come to return the key.

The landlord, a curious man, asked Landru about the three women and the fires. Landru looked levelly at the man. "I suppose," he said, "I shall have to tell you." He reached into his pocket and flashed the credentials—or what seemed to be the credentials—of the French Secret Police. The three women and the youth? Monsieur duPont's operatives. The fires? To burn secret documents that were never to fall under the gaze of unfriendly eyes. And then Monsieur duPont said he must be off—off on another mission for *la belle France*. *"Adieu, Monsieur. Adieu!"*

Now we find Landru back in Paris, presenting himself at the Banque de France as Monsieur duPont, a lawyer with a power-of-attorney signed by a Mme. Marie Angelique Guillin. Landru, explaining to an official of the bank that Mme. Guillin had suffered a paralytic stroke, cleaned out the lady's account.

After he returned to Paris from Vermouillet, Landru, possibly feeling a sense of invincibility, decided to make Bluebearding his life's work. He sold his garage at Neuilly, and hired a little office in the heart of Paris. There, under the alias of François duPont, he settled down to business.

We might at this point look into the background of Landru, the better to understand what made the remarkable little man tick. Henri was born in 1869 in a bourgeois section of Paris, the only child of an iron worker and a seamstress. Henri was small and frail and didn't mix with other children. He stayed to himself and proved to be an excellent student in school.

As Henri neared his teens, he became a voracious reader, especially of poetry. He had a special fondness for anything dramatic and colorful. Sometimes he dressed up as a knight and went around the neighborhood plunging a sword into imaginary enemies. At 14, Henri had a remarkably sweet voice. This, coupled with a curiously pious streak in the lad, resulted in his becoming a choir boy in church of St. Louis-en-l'Ile, not far from Notre Dame.

Landru's father, who seems to have been an intelligent man, was anxious for little Henri to escape a life of smoke and grime such as his own. He encouraged the boy to get a superior education. Thus Henri easily breezed through the stiff entrance examinations at the Ecole des Arts-et-Métiers and began to study for a career as a mechanical engineer.

Henri was only a year into his studies when practically overnight his soprano voice cracked and changed to a deep, rich tone. A girl his own age—Marie Remy, the talkative daughter of a man who ran a prosperous laundry—heard Henri's voice, saw his remarkable eyes, and fell in love with him. Henri reciprocated the girl's feelings.

So far as the Sûreté was ever able to establish, Mlle. Remy was the first girl that Henri ever had, but he had her fast and good. Within six weeks of their meeting, Marie informed Henri that she had been greeted by an unpleasant lunar surprise, adding that she presumed Henri would do right by her. Henri, who even then seemed hardly to blink his eyes, just stared at the girl, said nothing, and departed. When, a couple of days later, he learned that Marie's father was muttering into his wine, Henri abandoned his studies and found asylum by enlisting in the French Army.

After three years of the Army, Henri, 24-years-old and full-grown at 5 feet, 2 inches, wanted out. He communicated with Marie's father and informed him that he would marry his daughter if the old man, who swung a little weight, would get him sprung from the service. Marie's father was only too glad to oblige. His daughter had given birth to Henri's child, a daughter who was now 2 years old, and the marriage of Henri and Marie would serve the twofold purpose of legitimatizing the baby and making an honest woman of Marie.

The new family went to live in a couple of rooms in Clichy and Henri, who had turned out to be a whizz at figures, got a job as a bookkeeper in a mercantile house. He looked, talked and acted like the classic conception of a counting-house drudge—pallid, unobtrusive, and dressed in a glazed suit of funereal black, with high stiff collar and dusty derby. To add to his age and dignity, he sprouted a little mustache.

A year after his marriage, Henri's wife gave birth to a son and, a year after that, to a second son. So there was little Henri, at the age of 26, working for a niggardly employer, having to wash diapers at night, and having to wheel the two small kids in a big baby carriage on Sundays while his daughter tagged along. This was hardly the existence Henri had dreamed of before he had been unfortunate enough to impregnate Marie. Marie, who chattered more and more as time passed, was living proof of the Chinese proverb that the tongue of a woman is a sword that never rusts.

The years passed, Henri lost all his hair, and, when he was 30, his employer went bankrupt and Henri was out of a job. Henri started to work on a motor bicycle invention and he borrowed enough money from his father-in-law to set up a small shop. But before the project got under way, the shop and everything in it burned to the ground.

It was the great Exhibition in Paris in 1900 that really vacuum-packed the fate of Henri Desire Landru and, according to the Sûreté, the fate of at least ten unsuspecting females. Little Henri, wandering around the Exhibition, saw a whole new world opened up to him—the glamorous world of wealth, luxury, and pretty perfumed women. He didn't have much of a struggle convincing himself that fate had dealt him cards off the bottom, so he engineered a deal whereby he tried to swindle a widow out of her marriage settlement. The scheme backfired, and Henri was arrested and tossed into the jug, where he stayed for two years. No sooner was he released than he resumed his swindling attempts. He was a miserable failure. Between 1900 and 1910 he was convicted no less than five times on various swindling charges. Between spells of imprisonment he managed to sire still another daughter, making him the father of four children.

By 1914, the gendarmes had enough complaints on Landru as a confidence man to get him convicted *in absentia* and sentenced to Devil's Island. The little man was in a corner. Legitimate work was hard to come by. He was now 45, and illegitimate work offered him his only opportunity to prepare for a rainy day. So he changed his name to François Petit, encouraged his little mustache and sprouted whiskers and a beard. That's when he knocked off three women and a boy in the villa at Vernouillet.

Upon returning to Paris and deciding to go into the Bluebearding business on a large scale, Landru sat in his little office near the Eiffel Tower reading and writing. What he read were newspaper advertisements from women who sought positions as a governess, a children's nurse, or who were advertising for a husband. What he wrote were replies to the ads. During this phase of his career Landru began to keep a little notebook in which he carefully recorded fiscal data, physical descriptions, and other facts relating to the women with whom he was corresponding.

Late in November 1915, we find Landru journeying to the bucolic hamlet of Gambais, some 35 miles from Paris. Gambais, of all the hamlets within easy reach of the metropolis, seemed singularly suited for what Landru had in mind. Although only an hour from Paris, it was really a century distant. Its ancient, moldy stone houses were without heat, electricity or plumbing, and its residents moved around like sleepwalkers.

Under his duPont alias, Landru rented a four-room stone house on the edge of the hamlet. There was a small, walled garden behind the house and, to one side of the garden, an old cemetery. Not far distant was the dense forest of Rambouillet.

The house at Gambais was musty and forbidding. There was a large stone slab in the cellar which simply fascinated Landru. The first time he saw it Landru walked back and forth, stopping at various points in the cellar to stand stock still, his right hand on his chin, appraising the slab with those little unblinking eyes of his.

Divulging that he was an inventor working on a secret wartime project for the government, Landru told the landlord he would take out the kitchen stove and replace it, at government expense, with a new and larger one. What he replaced the kitchen stove with was not another stove, but a furnace with a huge chimney that rose high in the air above the roof.

In December, shortly before Christmas, M. duPont started the first fire in the furnace in Gambais. He kindled it just as the dusk was deepening on a raw afternoon, and soon clouds of thick, black smoke were issuing from the tall chimney. All that night, and all the next day, and through the next night smoke continued to pour out of the chimney. The wind carried some of it into the hamlet of Gambais. "What is that inventor burning in that place?" one villager, holding his nose, asked a neighbor.

"It smells," was the answer, "like an animal's horn."

The smoke continued, intermittently, all winter long. DuPont, busy little man, darted around the bleak countryside in a small, fast, red car. Often he had a trunk or some other large piece of lug-

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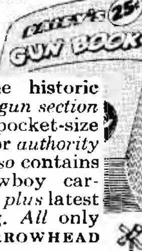

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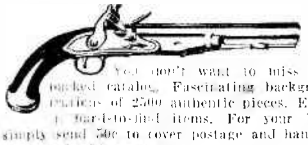

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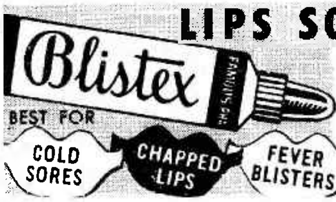

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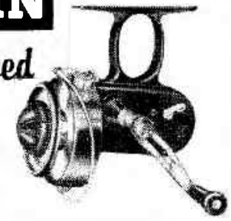

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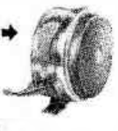

Write for literature to Department D.
AUTOMATIC MOHAWK MARTIN N.Y. FISHING REEL

gage, strapped to the tonneau. There were stretches of days when the little stone house was silent and dark. M. duPont was probably in the city.

When he returned to Gambais from a trip to Paris, M. duPont was always seen in company of a woman. The nearest railroad station to Gambais was at Houdan, four miles distant, and duPont would always hire the town taxi to drive him to the little stone house.

One night, in the early spring of 1916, some four months after the furnace fires had started, the taxi driver dropped into the inn in Gambais after delivering duPont and a lady to the stone house. "How many women is that you have taken there?" the innkeeper asked him.

The driver said that duPont had arrived in Houdan with a different woman on an average of three times a month for the four months. The innkeeper asked the driver if he thought that the women were mistresses of duPont. "*Mon Dieu!*" replied the driver. "Have you seen any of their *faces?*"

Who, then, *were* the women? "I think they are spies for our country," said the driver. "From what I hear him saying to them I would say they are spies and he is their master." But where, the innkeeper wanted to know, did the women go? What happened to them? M. duPont had mentioned to the driver that he drove them to the railroad station at Versailles, some 25 miles from Gambais.

When summer came, and the taxi driver was meeting duPont and a lady every few days, the smoke issuing from the chimney of the stone house became something of a regional problem. The combination of the smoke and the hot weather was nauseating.

But the villagers were loathe to complain. Who would complain about a man so dedicated to his country? Even as the dogs of the hamlet lay panting in the shade, duPont was darting around the countryside like something possessed, either delivering a trunk somewhere or carrying a load of coal for that furnace in the kitchen.

As the leaves fluttered from the calendar, Landru continued to arrive every ten days or so with a new woman. The sickeningly-sweet smoke continued to issue from that tall chimney until January 1919—more than three years after the little man had first put in appearance in Gambais.

But now that the war was over and the armistice was signed, M. duPont's work in Gambais was over. He turned the key of the house over to the landlord. He would not return to Gambais, he feared. There was other work for him to do in Paris, now that his labors in Gambais were completed.

And so we have Henri Desire Landru, at the age of 49, back in Paris, ready to welcome his sons home from the wars. He was a fairly well-fixed man now. He had, during the three years when he had rented that murder house at Gambais, managed to dispose of a good portion of the furniture and personal belongings of his victims and to channel their stocks and bank accounts to himself. He had, under more than a score of names, safe deposit boxes in Paris banks and large quantities of clothing, furniture and jewelry in storage.

Landru realized, now the war was over, that the risk would be great if he continued Bluebearding; so he wiped his hands of the whole business.

But if he was no longer interested in what he had done, Commissioner Belin of the Sûreté was. The war over, Belin could now devote his attention to other matters. Thus he became increasingly fascinated by quite a few disappearance cases that had piled up on his desk during the international conflict.

The disappearances seemed to fall into a pattern. A small, ginger-bearded man in middle years had materialized from somewhere or other, romanced a well-fixed widow or spinster, and that's the last that had been seen of *that* lady.

Belin went further than alerting the gendarmes to be on the lookout for the bearded one. He enlisted the aid of friends and relatives of the missing women who had met the little man before the women had vanished.

One day in April 1919, a sister of a widow named Marchadier—a widow who had, after a whirlwind romance with a man named duPont, vanished along with her three pet dogs, into thin air—saw Landru making a purchase in a china shop on the Rue de Rivoli and ran to the gendarmes. Belin learned at the china shop that the hairy-faced customer, who called himself M. duPont, lived in a flat on the Rue de Rochechouart.

That night, when duPont was out, Belin gave the flat a toss. He found in a trunk an assortment of false teeth, false hair, and bustles. Under a mattress he found a little black notebook that identified duPont as Landru, the fugitive con man, and which contained a diary illuminating the dark recesses of the little man's past. The names of the missing women in Belin's files were the same as some of the names in Landru's diary.

Henri Desire Landru found Belin waiting for him when he returned to the flat that night. "I believe," said Belin, a blunt man, "you have murdered several women."

Landru just stared unblinkingly at the commissioner. Then he said, "Of course it is your privilege to believe anything you wish to believe. But I must warn you that you need not expect any cooperation from me."

And so Landru was thrown into the bastille on the old confidence-man charge, to which he had been sentenced to Devil's Island, while Belin and a corps of men began to follow the leads in the diary. They went to Vernouillet and dug up the grounds around the villa, looking for evidence of the murder of the three women and the boy they knew had gone there. They found nothing except the stories of the neighbors, which now took on a sinister significance that had not occurred to them when Landru had been in residence in the villa starting those fires.

Belin's men fared a little better, but not much, in Gambais. There, in the grounds back of the little stone house, they found some pieces of bone, but such small pieces that any allegation that they were of human origin would be open to courtroom challenge by a smart defense mouthpiece. They found the remains of three dogs, probably those of the widow Marchadier, with wire looped around the necks. Belin suspected that Landru had strangled his women with wire.

There were bloodstains on that stone slab in the cellar—the slab that had so fascinated Landru when he had rented the place. Belin suspected that Landru had, after killing his women, dissected them on the slab and then thrown the pieces into the furnace and, shaking down the furnace, scattered the ashes through the forest of Rambouillet.

Belin ran some tests on the big furnace in the cottage and the results were interesting. It consumed a sheep's head for Belin in a quarter of an hour, leaving only the teeth. In an hour and fifteen minutes, it utterly consumed a leg of mutton, bones and all.

When Landru went on trial for murder in the ancient court room at Versailles, his counselor was Maitre de Moro-Giafferi, a Corsican who was generally considered the cagiest criminal lawyer in the Republic. The prosecution's case was purely circumstantial. Ten missing women out of a possible hundred or so, were connected to Landru by friends and relatives who got into the witness box and identified Henri as the person with whom the women had last been seen. Then the Republic connected personal articles, found in Landru's possession or sold by the man, with the missing women.

The story about that furnace at Gambais was dwelled on in sinister detail, and fragments of bone found on the grounds were introduced as being part of the remains of the ten women. The villagers in Gambais went into the witness box to describe to the jurors the terrible stench that the winds had carried into the village while Landru was in residence in the stone house.

Landru made a splendid witness for himself. He freely admitted having known the ten women the Republic charged him with murdering. He admitted swindling them, too. But did that prove murder? He gave the spectators a belly laugh when, after admitting affairs with almost three hundred women, he stared at the ceiling, wet his lips, and remarked, "*Mon Dieu!* What will my wife say!"

Yes, Landru made a splendid witness for himself—but not quite splendid enough. Somehow, the jurors got the impression that Landru had experienced no more compunction in killing a woman than a farmer did in slaughtering a hog. And so the jurors found Henri guilty and one dawn in February 1922, in the ancient courtyard at Versailles, he went to the guillotine—almost seven years from that day when he had tipped his hat to Mme. Cuchet on the boulevard.

Years later, when Commissioner Belin wrote his memoirs, he had this to say:

"I remember I had once signed myself by the name of Landru instead of my own in a hotel register some years before when I had gone away for a week end with a girl friend. I have often thought of the complications this trifling incident might have had for me, or, for that matter, for Landru."—**Alan Hynd**

TRUE MAGAZINE

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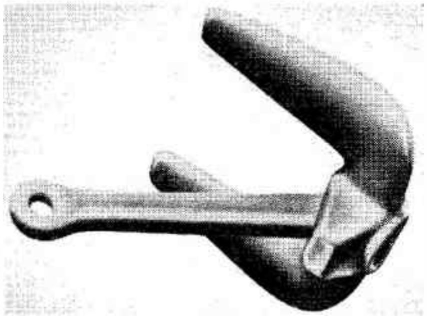
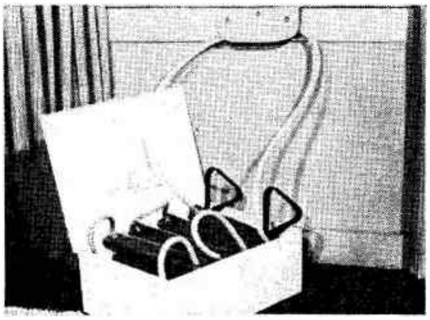
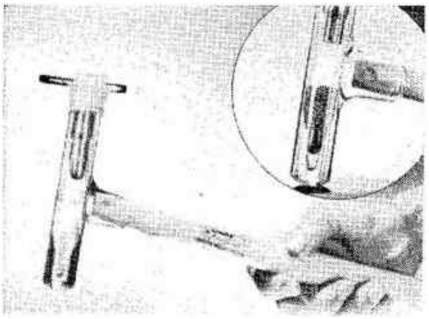


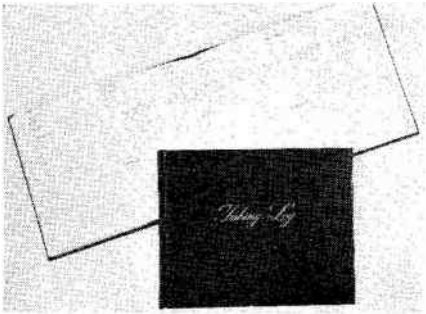
If your present anchor is a rusty, moss-grown relic that's gradually chewing the sides, gunwales and decks of your boat to bits, then this plastic-coated, Navy-style anchor should be your next. The bright-orange Nomar anchor comes express collect from Whitman & Robinson, Weedsport. N. Y., in 5, 10 and 15-lb. weights for $5.75, $9 and $12 respectively.



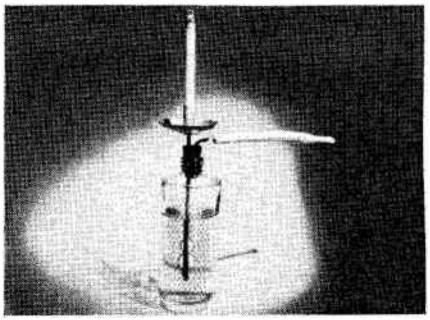
Put this rope escape-ladder by an upstairs window and you won't be trapped by fire. Slip the ladder's top loop over the oak cleat mounted below the sill, toss the ladder out in case of fire. Tested for 2,120 lbs., the escape-ladder comes in two- and three-story lengths for $14.95, $18.95 ppd., respectively, from Hotchkiss Products, P.O. Box 59X, Sherman, Conn.



This little gadget is for self-loading nuts or just anybody who wants to get a bullet out of a cartridge case. Just put the shell in the cap, fit the whole works to the hammer head and one or two taps do the trick without shell distortion. Handles everything from a .22 Hornet to a .45/70. Order the Inertia Bullet Puller from Guns, 4110 Fannin St., Houston 1. Tex., for $6.60 ppd.



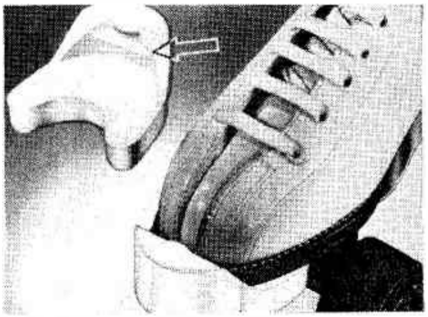
Here are two attractive Fishing Logs that will record for posterity those great days when the big ones were landed—or at least caught nibbling. The logs. one for salt water, one for fresh, have space for all the pertinent dope on bait, the moon, wind, locality plus space to list your fishing cronies. They come ppd. from Sport Logs, P.O. Box 112, Mt. Kisco, N. Y. $3 each.



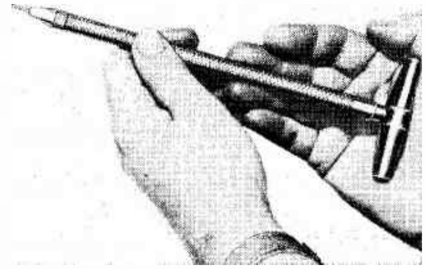
With this modern version of the Turkish water pipe. you can thwart the current anti-cigarette noise and at the same time have some novel fun smoking. The Smoke Screen actually gives a cooler smoke (particularly good when you have a cold) simply because the smoke bubbles through the water before it fills your lungs. $1.25 ppd. from Land Corp., 509 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

# goes shopping

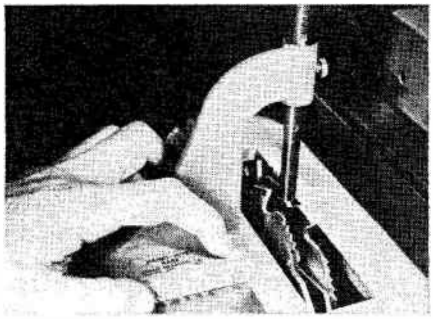
*This department is not composed of paid advertising. The items shown represent the most interesting new products True has seen this month. They are believed to be good values. The stores listed guarantee immediate refund of your money if you are not satisfied.*



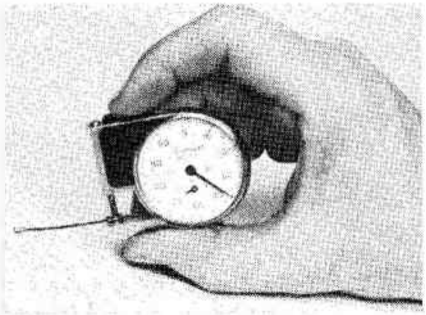
If tripping the light fantastic on a pair of roller skates is your idea of fun, then this new hard-rubber toe stop for skates is something to bring greater wear, efficiency and protection. The Excel Toe Stop prevents vibrating or giving, works with rented as well as conventional rink shoes. $1 the pair, ppd. from Hugh J. McLaughlin & Son, Crown Point, Ind.



Here's a new tool for nail-driving. Slip a small nail or brad into the nozzle of this Rammer-Hammer, place it against the wall, push the Rammer-Hammer with your palm and presto! the nail's set. A few taps with the hammer end finishes the job. Do-it-yourself fans can get it for $2 ppd. from Do-Hickey, Inc., P.O. Box 37, Dept. 199, Rockville, Centre, N. Y.

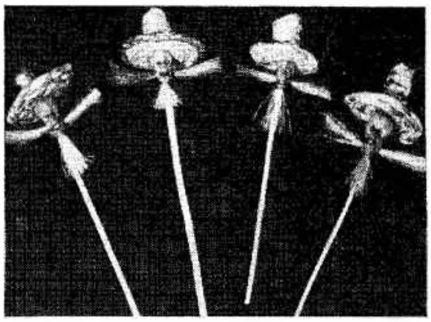


You can forget about rules, squares or test cuts when you use your table saw if you have this Handi-Hite Gage to measure the cut depth of saw, dado and jointer. Accurate to 1/64 inch, this new tool can also be used for checking patterns, castings, etc., and as comparator gauge. All this for $5.95 ppd. from Adams Products Co., Dept. P-21, 119 Ann St., Hartford 3, Conn.



Besides being a handy thing with which to measure almost anything that's less than $\frac{3}{8}$ inch o.d., this L.S. Starrett pocket dial micrometer, calibrated in thousandths of an inch, is invaluable to anglers who make their own tapered leaders (particularly since much leader material is mislabeled as to size). Available ppd. for $20.50 from Patterson Bros., 15 Park Row, N. Y.

Here's an ingenious set of sunglasses that should go a long way to cut down the surface glare that plagues most daytime fishermen. Developed by a flyer and sailor for tropic sun, See-Shells are opaque on the top half, tinted on the bottom with a narrow open space for sight between the two. $3.50 ppd. from J. Roy Allen & Co., 141 E. 44th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



If you're not up to your ears in swizzle sticks, here is a set you might find interesting—particularly with the long, tall-drink season around the corner. Eight, 10½" sticks to the set, Voodoo Vics come from Haiti, are the figures witch doctors stick pins into down there. You can get them from Sanco Industries, 509 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y. for $2.23 ppd.

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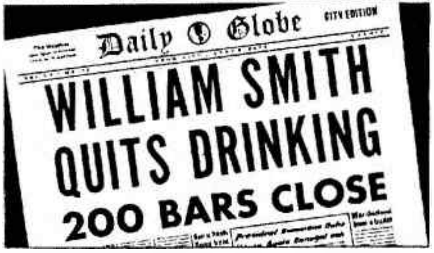

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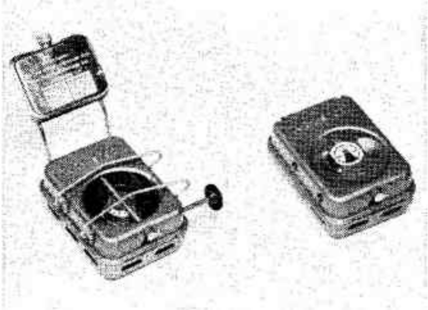
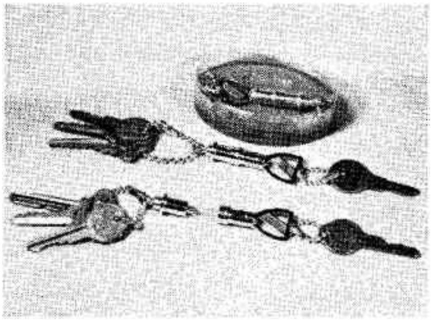
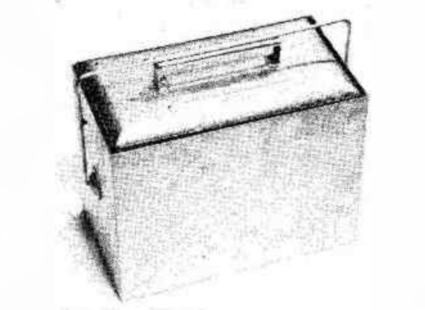


Here is one of the most ingenious folding outdoor stoves to come along in a long time. Only 2 lbs., this one-burner Turm Spot alcohol stove can cook for 3 hours on a tankful, then folds up like a book. German-made, the Turm Spot comes with a canvas sling case for $9.95 ppd. from Scott-Mitchell House, Inc., 611 Broadway, N. Y. 12, N. Y. Extra pint container is $1.25.

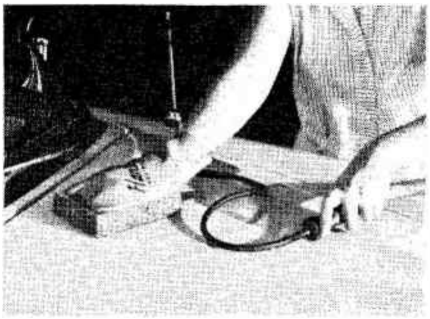


There's no need to leave the keys to your house, desk or money chests on the same chain as the ignition key when you park your car in a lot. Approved by the American Automobile Assn. Car-Mac lets you uncouple your car keys from the rest, yet doesn't come apart unexpectedly. You can get a Car-Mac for $1 ppd. from Gaylord Wood, Dept. 254, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

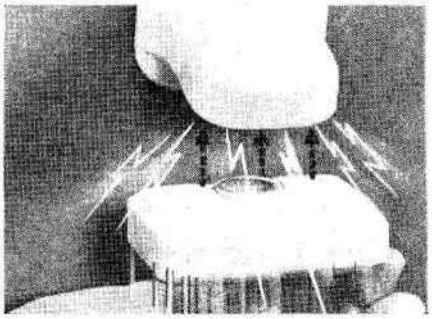
WHAT CAN YOU LOSE? Items shown in True Goes Shopping are sold on a moneyback guarantee. If you are not satisfied with what you get, send it back, pal.



This new, all-aluminum, portable ice-box is worth more than the $5.95 price. A handy and easy-to-carry cooler for every occasion from fishing to drive-in movies, Kaddy Kooler weighs only 2½ pounds, is Fiberglas insulated. To give you an idea of its size, it can hold 14, seven-ounce bottles or 12 cans of beer. Postpaid from the Adams Co., P.O. Box 44, Heafford Junction, Wis.



As you can see, Handee Car Wash Mitt makes scrubbing the heap so simple the old girl can do it while you're lolling in the shade. This washer is worn like a mitt, has rubber fittings to prevent scratching. Besides a car washer, Handee's 4x6-inch sponge pad makes it ideal for washing storm windows, screens, picture windows, etc. $2.29 ppd. from Chanticleer, Box 345, Oak Park, Ill.



If you like gadgets and don't like messy soap dishes, Klik, a Danish magnetic soap holder, is for you! A plastic fixture with a magnet goes on the wall and a small metal cap presses into the soap. Bring the two together and the soap is held high and dry. Klik can be put up in about 60 seconds, comes in white, pink or blue for $2 ppd. Klik, 21756 Dequidre, Hazel Park, Mich.

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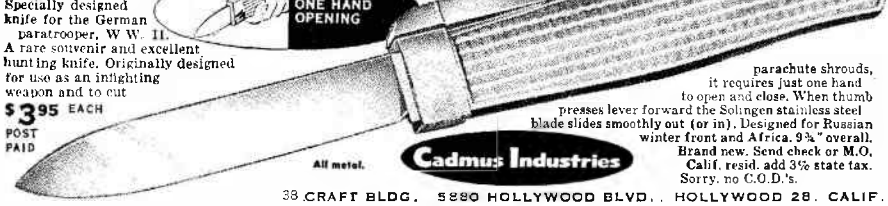


# A Pro Can Play Anywhere

[*Continued from page* 53]

plays every day is going to get tired and blow cold at some stage of the seven-month grind. When a manager has a couple of fellows who can be shifted, he doesn't have to carry the dead weight of a player in a slump.

"One simple move won three pennants for the Dodgers in five years. Gil Hodges, our powerhouse who drives in more than a hundred runs a year as regularly as the rent collector comes around, would still be our second-string catcher behind Roy Campanella if we hadn't switched him to first base. It would've been a criminal waste of natural resources to let Hodges hibernate on the bench, but that's where he'd still be today if we hadn't tried to find another outlet for his ability."

A major-leaguer playing a strange position figures to do a better job than an experienced bum. . . . This dictum was old when Connie Mack was a boy, but it was forgotten by most managers until the last few years. Those who have not been afraid to switch players and contrive to get all their best men into the lineup simultaneously have profited handsomely.

Take a quick look at the current champions in both major leagues. Thirteen of the eighteen players who started the first World Series game last fall began their careers at other positions—or had bounced all over the lot until they settled down at steady jobs. Whitey Lockman, the Giants' first baseman, was an outfielder for nine years; Monte Irvin, the left fielder, was a third baseman originally; and Hank Thompson, the third baseman, played everywhere in the outfield and infield except first base. Catcher Wes Westrum once wrestled grounders at third base. Captain Al Dark, the solid man of the club, played short, second, third, left field and even pitched in 1953 while Manager Leo Durocher was trying to find the pennant-winning combination.

All the Indians who answered the starting bell, except Al Smith, broke into the business at different positions. Al Rosen, the American League's most valuable player as a third baseman in 1953, opened the '54 season at first base, where he first attracted attention as a semipro. Larry Doby and Dave Philley, outfielders, were converted infielders. Bobby Avila, the second baseman, and Jim Hegan, the catcher, were converted outfielders. Vic Wertz, the only Indian in the Series who didn't look as though he belonged in front of a cigar store, had always been an outfielder until he was told to try on a first-baseman's mitt for size at midseason. George Strickland, the shortstop, would have been at home anywhere in the infield.

The most drastic shift involved Bob Lemon. The best pitcher in baseball today wasted ten years of his youth trying to convince people he could hit well enough to get by as a third baseman or an outfielder, and he never made it stick. As late as 1947 Lemon was listed on the Cleveland roster as an outfielder. He was on the verge of getting a one-way ticket to the minors when Lou Boudreau suggested that since he could throw a ball harder than he could hit it he might be of some help to the Indians' shaky pitching staff. That random idea may be described conservatively as a stroke of inspiration. Lemon has won twenty games or more in six of the last seven seasons and has racked up more victories during that period than anyone on the North American continent.

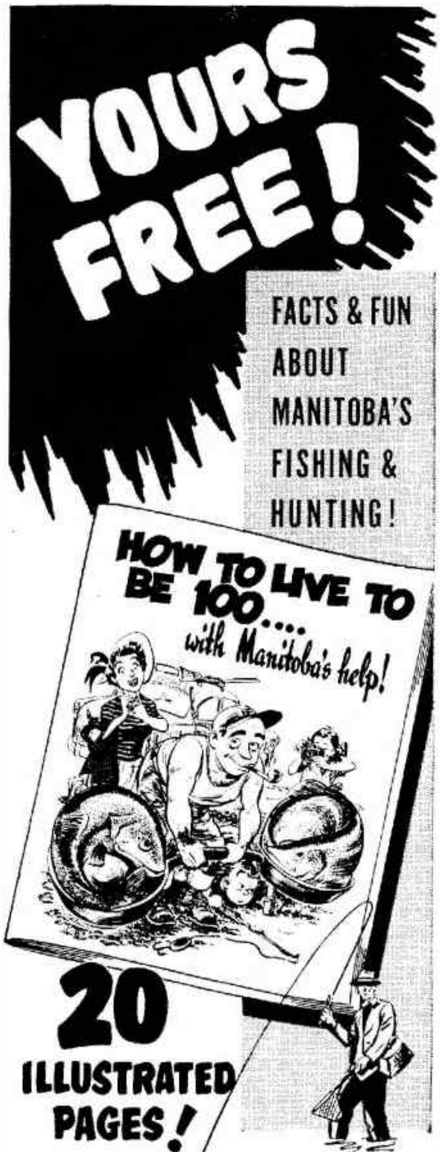
Fans seem to think that wholesale shifts of ball players is a brand new trend recently dreamed up by modern masterminds. Actually, it is a throwback to the standard operating procedure of the 1880's; and it was common practice for nearly half a century until Babe Ruth's slugging knocked the concept of baseball into a cocked hat. Between the emergence of Ruth and the outbreak of World War II, managers were so unimaginative and players were so lazy that the game fell into a stereotyped pattern.

The overemphasis on power during that period blinded most managers to other facets of the game. Ball players were not very bright, either. If a rookie came up to the big leagues as a shortstop and found his progress blocked by an entrenched veteran, he remained a shortstop come hell, high water and a release to the minors. He resisted a switch to second or third base for all sorts of reasons, all of them phony. The usual excuse given was that his hitting would suffer if he was uprooted from his position in the field. That was as ridiculous as saying a trained truck driver would be confused if his route were altered.

Regardless of a player's position in the field, the location and dimensions of the plate remain constant. As we shall see presently, switching helped, rather than hurt, the greatest stars. In recent years, Billy Goodman of the Red Sox opened five successive seasons at five different positions—including the bench—and hit well enough to pile up a lifetime average of .309 and win the American League batting championship in 1950.

Stating the case bluntly, players of a generation ago coddled themselves—and managers went along with them. As soon as they gained the apparent security of the big leagues, they lost the ambitious drive that marked their climb up the minor-league ladder. In the lower leagues, where rosters are limited to sixteen players, men have always taken whacks at strange jobs as often as a movie starlet on the make changes her romantic attachments.

Service in the armed forces during World War II aroused in ball players a vast affection for big-league salaries, steaks on the cuff and three hours of pleasant work a day. Upon their return to baseball, there was far less self-indulgence and griping when the manager asked them to learn a few new tricks, please, so they could help the team and, incidentally, continue to draw cushy paychecks. The war also gave managers a new perspective. They had been forced to put up with so many humpty-dumpties during the manpower shortage that they discovered all over again the old proposition that a genuine pro playing anywhere is preferable to a guy who merely goes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(PLEASE PRINT)

**INSIDE THE RIM OF ADVENTURE!**

through the motions of impersonating a major-leaguer.

The tipoff that there is general recognition today of this basic principle was the fact that 70 percent of the Giant and Indian regulars had taken turns at other positions. We had a hunch a similar trend could be found on other teams and to satisfy our curiosity we skimmed through the 1954 edition of *Who's Who in Baseball*. It listed 218 established big-leaguers, exclusive of pitchers who are a breed apart. A quick check revealed that 93 men broke into organized baseball playing different positions than they hold down now, and 67 have been used at more than one spot.

In short, 73 percent of all active major-leaguers have had a variety of experience. That figure became more impressive when a similar rundown was made on the 1940 edition of *Who's Who*. Again, excluding pitchers, the old book carried the names of 155 players. Of that group, only 32 had changed from their original positions and 41 had appeared in more than one position after arriving in the majors. The 1940 figure on switches was 47 percent against the aforementioned 73 percent.

A pretty fair ball club can be fielded by putting current stars in old, familiar places. The team could line up with Stan Musial pitching, Richie Ashburn catching, Hank Sauer on first, Larry Doby on second, Gil Hodges on third, Minnie Minoso at short and Jackie Robinson, Yogi Berra and Nellie Fox in the outfield. Stanley Frank Musial's pitching might leave something to be desired—even as it did a dozen years ago—but otherwise that bunch could give any opposition conniption fits.

If you stop and recall your own sandlot days, all these shifts will not be as surprising as they appear. You know how positions are assigned when kids choose up sides. The neighborhood hot-shot invariably is nominated to do the pitching, the most important chore. Making an educated guess, we'd say fully 80 percent of the players in the big leagues today once fancied themselves as pitchers, and they still have delusions of grandeur. The next time you go to a game, watch the infielders and outfielders warm up on the sidelines. It's an odds-on bet that most of them will be fooling around with sinkers, sliders and screwballs.

Getting back to the kids on the sandlot: the second best player goes to shortstop, the most difficult fielding position. First and third are the next positions filled. A kid who doesn't flinch from hard throws is put on first and one with a reasonably strong arm goes to third. Second base is given to a kid who can stop an occasional grounder. That's about all he has to do. On a higher level, the second baseman must be able to execute the toughest single maneuver in baseball, the pivot on a double play, but sandlotters are happy to settle for one out at a time. A kid who can catch a pop fly is put in center field and the boy just above the bottom layer of the barrel is put in left. The last player picked, the cluck, goes to right field. Catching is a thankless job nobody wants. It usually is accepted to get in a game or escape the ignominy of right field.

Such simple skills as catching and throwing a ball are not so all-fired impressive a few years later when the sandlot phenoms stick a tentative toe in professional competition. The hot-shot who intimidated schoolboys with a fast ball may have to duck for his life to elude line drives slammed back at his skull. Shortstops find they are not the fancy dans they thought they were compared to other slick, adept youths. First basemen with sure hands, third basemen with good arms and outfielders who can go a country mile for fly balls are a dime a dozen. Good fielding is taken for granted even in the deepest bush. Another factor separates the prospects from the punks—hitting. We'll let Frank Frisch give a brief run-down of the adjustments made in the minors as a matter of routine.

"There are four places a manager will sacrifice hitting for fielding," Frisch says. "The pitcher, catcher, shortstop and second baseman are the backbone of his defense. Weak hitters can get by in those spots, but a guy who wants to make the big leagues at the other positions better be pretty good with the stick.

"Hell, anybody can catch throws at first base. That's where you put the big lummox who can't do anything but belt the ball. Third base is the old man's home. You're disturbed by maybe three, four plays a game, but you gotta hit. Look at Billy Cox, the best fielding third baseman in the business. He wasn't a regular with the Dodgers last year because of his weak work with the stick. Anybody should be able to stick fly balls in his pants pocket after two days in the outfield. Nothing to it. Even pitchers who aren't athletic types can go get 'em. People carry on as though a guy deserves a medal when he shifts from the infield to the outfield or the other way around. All it means is changing to an overhand throw in the outfield or a sidearm throw in the infield. What the hell's so tough about that?

"You want to give your readers a good tip? Tell them to become catchers or train their kids for it. Anyone who is a fair receiver can make the big leagues and stay there practically forever because nobody wants the job. It's been the toughest position to fill on a ball club for the last ten, twenty years."

Mention of that acute shortage brings up a silly prejudice baseball people have been nurturing for half a century. There is a taboo against left-handed catchers which is as nonsensical as it is unfounded.

The way things stand now, half the positions on a team are closed to a left-hander—second, third, short and catcher. There are sound technical reasons why a southpaw can play only first base in the infield—he must twist his body around to throw to the bases—but objections to left-handed catchers hold as much water as a sandal.

In fact, left-handers hold several advantages over right-handers behind the plate. Four out of five pitchers are right-handers. Their curves and trick stuff break over the plate on a southpaw's gloved hand, making it easier for him to handle such pitches. Since there is an even division between hitters who stand on both sides of the plate, a southpaw has as clear a shot on throws to second base as the next fellow. On close tag plays, a southpaw's meat hand is nearest the plate, enabling him to squeeze the ball better when the runner barges into him.

"Every argument in favor of a right-handed shortstop can be applied to a left-handed catcher," says Fresco Thompson. "Nothing but stupid custom keeps southpaws from catching. Branch Rickey, who knows more baseball than any man alive, has been looking for a left-handed catcher as long as I can remember."

The *Sporting News* of September 22, 1954, carried an interesting note to the effect that Little League activity has stimulated a heavy demand for left-handed catcher's mitts. "It seems that in hunting for youngsters who can hold onto the ball, managers of kid teams no longer draw the line against left-handed catchers," the article commented. "And they find the left-handers are just as good." It's a cinch all those kids will be given the brushoff if they stick to catching. Why? There hasn't been a left-handed catcher in the big leagues since 1902.

The old-timers had no truck with such foolishness. A ball player was a ball player, and he jumped in wherever the team needed him. A number of men who were legendary figures in your grandfather's day were jacks-of-all-trades and masters of most. Buck Ewing and King Kelly played EVERY position. Cap Anson, Hans Wagner, Dan Brouthers, Roger Bresnahan and Jim O'Rourke took a shot at everything but second base. Anson began his career in 1871 and did not settle down at first base until 1886, when he finally began to slow down. O'Rourke, a stately Irishman who was called "The Orator" for his impressive voice and appearance, was another ring-tailed wonder. He played his first professional game in 1872. And in 1904, at the age of 52, he caught a game for the Giants.

Frequent shifts did not bother the greatest ball players who ever lived. We have seen that 73 percent of the major-leaguers today have changed from their original positions or have performed in a variety of spots. Let's compare that figure with the corresponding data on men in the Hall of Fame.

Forty-three immortals—again excluding pitchers—have been elected to the highest honor the game can bestow. Thirty-two, or 74.4 percent, wandered all over the lot before finding their proper niches.

The incomparable George Sisler was signed as a southpaw pitcher after graduating from the University of Michigan and actually took a whirl at third base for the Browns before roosting at first. . . Nap Lajoie, maybe the greatest second baseman of them all, was a first baseman when he arrived in the majors. . . Rogers Hornsby was a shortstop. . . Willie Keeler, who made hitting a fine art, began as a left-handed third baseman. There are six second basemen in the Hall. Only Charley Gehringer started and ended at that position. The same holds true for the six all-time first basemen. Lou Gehrig alone did not try other pastures.

No one ever made a less auspicious debut in the great American game than a young left-hander who assured Benny Shelton, manager of the Cleburne team of the North Texas League, that he was a pitcher. Shelton was willing to be convinced by anyone who wanted to give a demonstration at $40 a month, but his infinite patience was strained to the breaking point by the new acquisition. The kid southpaw lost seven straight games, the last by a score of 22-4. He was advised to run for cover if he wanted to remain in one piece. That was in 1905. Twenty years later, the worst pitcher in the North Texas League had amassed a lifetime batting average of .345 in the American League. His name? Tris Speaker, the man who wrote the book for defensive excellence in center field.

Every schoolboy knows Babe Ruth was a fine left-handed pitcher before he was sent to the outfield by Ed Barrow to get his booming bat into the lineup every day. It is illuminating, though, to dip into the archives and marvel at the Babe's achievements on the mound. (Incidentally, he was a left-handed catcher as a youngster.) In 1914, when the Babe was signed as a pitcher by the old Orioles, he beat the Giants, Athletics and Phillies in exhibition games in his first month as a pro. That season he won 24 games. The following year, his first with the Red Sox, his record was 18-6. In 1916 he led the American League with 23-12 and had the best earned-run average, an elegant 1.73. In 1917 his record was 23-13.

While winning three games without a loss in the World Series of 1916 and '18, the Babe hung up a record that never has been approached. He pitched 29 consecutive scoreless innings—thirteen in one game in '16, then a shutout and a seven-inning shutout job two years later. Ruth, the greatest home-run hitter of all time, was the best southpaw pitcher of his time as well. In 1933, the old gentleman pitched against the Red Sox in the Yankees' final game of the season as a box-office stunt. He was fat and tired and his arm creaked in protest, but he still knew how to pitch. He went the full route and won, 6-5. In a word, he was a genius.

It is a strange commentary that Ruth, the outstanding example of the benefits to be derived from switching, was largely responsible for throwing a monkey wrench into the works for the next twenty years. Before he tore the strategy of the game apart with his blasts into the bleachers, there was such a delicate balance between offense and defense that managers schemed and jockeyed for the single runs that were decisive in the era of the dead ball. Getting and protecting a slim lead called for so many skills that managers could not afford to ignore players who had something on the ball besides a 36-ounce bat. They needed men who could run, throw and take advantage of situations instinctively. If a rookie with the earmarks of a natural was a candidate for a position held by a veteran, the managers made an effort to get both men into the lineup. Then, as now, players with a touch of class could not be shaken out of trees.

That was all thrown out of the window in the rush to cash in on the lush returns from Ruth's home runs. Scientific hitting went for Sweeney. Everyone took a toehold and swung for the fences in imitation of the Babe, whose unique ability to hit baseballs out of sight earned him as much as the President of the United States. The magnates, capitalizing on Ruth's tremendous gate appeal, hopped up the ball until it was first cousin to a rabbit and transformed ordinary fly balls into homers.

In the confusion, managers checked their brains in the locker room. They went overboard for hulks whose only recommendations as athletes were meat and muscle. Such refinements as hitting behind the runner were neglected for hitting into the cheap seats. Why play for one run when you could get two or three with one swipe? Power was the yardstick by which a player was measured. This overemphasis on one phase of the game was carried to fantastic extremes in the 1920's and '30's.

TRUE MAGAZINE

BEWARE OF THE CHILDREN!
SERRANO

The all-time modern record for team batting average was made in 1930 by the Yankees, who hit .319 collectively—and finished a distant third. During the regime of Joe McCarthy, who refused to be stampeded by false trends, the Yankees won seven pennants between 1936 and '43 and never once led the American League in team batting. In 1932, the Phillies' eight regulars belted .312 and as a team they topped the National League in average, runs, hits, total bases and stolen sweatshirts, but they wound up in fourth place. Conversely, the Phillies captured the pennant in 1915 with a team batting average of .247.

The rarest feat in baseball, with the exception of a perfectly pitched game, is hitting .400 for a season. It has been accomplished thirteen times by eight men since 1900—but no player ever has appeared in the World Series the same year he hit the jackpot. In other words, power alone is not enough. It never was.

At the height of the power craze, two old-time purists did not forget that baseball is primarily a team game. They were John J. McGraw and Connie Mack, the most successful managers in history. They got that way by hand-tailoring material to their needs instead of accepting without alterations ready-made players as their competitors did.

Although McGraw seems to have flourished in the Middle Ages of baseball, the men who figured in some of his boldest experiments are familiar to the present generation of fans. He converted a mediocre southpaw pitcher named Bill Terry into a Hall of Fame first baseman—and the National League's last .400 hitter. To make room for Terry, McGraw threw away the book and transferred 6-foot, 4-inch, 30-year-old George Kelly to second base. Frank Frisch went from Fordham to the Giants as a shortstop. Seven years later he played a half-dozen games there strictly as an emergency measure. The day he reported fresh off a college campus, McGraw put him on third base, then steered him to second and, eventually, the Hall of Fame.

For a quarter of a century the Giants had the best right-fielders in the league. The first incumbent was Pep Young, originally a washout at second base. His successor was a chunky 16-year-old boy who turned up at the Polo Grounds one day in 1926 with a letter from a friend of McGraw's in New Orleans recommending him as a catcher. McGraw watched the kid hit a couple in practice and knew how the bloke who discovered the Kohinoor diamond must have felt when he stumbled on it. Then McGraw glanced at the youngster again and frowned. His legs were so heavy it was a foregone conclusion that he would be slowed to a crawl after a few years of squatting behind the plate. McGraw gave the kid a contract and an outfielder's glove. His name, as though you didn't know, was Mel Ott, holder of the all-time National League record for homers.

Mack also firmly believed in the principle that a qualified big-leaguer could look the part at any position. His two most notable conversion jobs were done with Eddie Collins and Jimmy Foxx. Collins was a shortstop when he graduated from Columbia University and joined the Athletics in 1908. The team had a first-class shortstop in Jack Barry, however, and Mack looked around for another spot where Collins' talents could be utilized. The answer was second base—only after Collins had been tried at first and the outfield. Foxx made an even more devious detour from catcher to first. He made long stop-overs at third and the outfield before digging in for the long haul.

Jealous rivals who accused Joe McCarthy of being a "push-button" manager must have been occupied with racing forms or pictures of pin-up girls while he was recasting a succession of key players in the championship mold. Ben Chapman could run like a striped ape and was a sturdy hitter, but as a third baseman his scatter-arm heaves endangered the lives of customers sitting behind first base. McCarthy put Chapman in center field where he cut strictly professional capers until Joe DiMaggio, a former shortstop, came along. Red Rolfe, a stiff-jointed shortstop out of Dartmouth, was told to learn the trade at third base and was such an apt pupil that he quickly went to the head of the class. McCarthy was toying with the idea of converting Tommy Henrich into a first baseman, but the war intervened. Henrich eventually finished his career there under Stengel.

Another move turned out so well that it plagued McCarthy years later. In 1941, Johnny Lindell, a rookie pitcher with the Yankees, unloaded the hardest-hit ball your agent and maybe anyone ever saw. It was a line drive that was still gaining height and momentum as it disappeared over an embankment 400 feet from the plate in an exhibition game at Montgomery, Alabama. When Lindell began to deliver gophers that were walloped by the opposition almost as lustily as his own epic blow, McCarthy made a decision that was perfectly logical to him. He put Lindell in the outfield. We switch quickly to the last weekend of the 1949 season. McCarthy, now managing the Red Sox, goes into the Yankee Stadium leading his former team by a game and needing only an even break in a two-game series to nail the pennant to the mast. The Red Sox run up a 4-0 lead by the third inning, but the Yankees hang on and what with one thing and another, including two hits in the clutch by Lindell, tie it up at 4-all in the eighth. Lindell then wafts a homer to win the ball game. The Yankees take the finale, 5-3, and having pulled that one out of the fire go on to reel off four more championships in a row.

When Lindell was released as an outfielder in 1950, he reverted to pitching in the Pacific Coast League at the age of 34. He did all right, too. He prolonged his career by four years with a knuckleball and earned another tour of the bright lights with the Pirates.

Perversely enough, what could have been McCarthy's most successful switch was his one failure. In 1941 Phil Rizzuto and Jerry Priddy, who had been the keystone combination on four straight minor-league winners, came up to the Yankees. McCarthy wanted to keep the kids together, but to do it he had to find another place for Joe Gordon, his second baseman. He didn't have to look far. The Yankee farm system had not produced a suitable replacement for Lou Gehrig and McCarthy thought Gordon was the ideal man to fill the gap. There is no question that Gordon, an acrobatic artist, could have played the bag on one foot, but he resented having to make way for an untried rookie and McCarthy was forced to abandon the scheme. Priddy was subsequently traded to the Senators where he became an established star—at second base.

During the static period in baseball between the two wars, there were several other notable examples of managers profiting handsomely by shifting players, but it was not adopted as a general practice. Hank Greenberg was the American League's most valuable player as a first baseman in 1935 on the pennant-winning Tigers. Came 1940, the Tigers had a redoubtable slugger in Rudy York, who could play nothing but first base. To solve the dilemma, Greenberg moved to left field and got the MVP award all over again.

The only pennants the Reds have won in the last thirty-five years can be traced to Bucky Walters' perseverance. Walters began as a pitcher but was so undistinguished that he tried his hand at third base. When that idea backfired, he reverted to pitching. It was the best break for Cincinnati since the invention of bottled beer. Walters won 27 games in 1939 and 22 the next year. Along with Paul Derringer, he lifted run-of-the-mine ball clubs to the head of the parade.

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World War II and Leo Durocher finally opened the eyes of managers to possibilities beyond the labels put on players in the minors. A great many things have been said about Durocher—watch your language, please—but it cannot be denied the guy plays the game with imagination. Durocher is an inveterate gambler and he learned early in his managerial career that shifting players is far less risky than drawing to an inside straight.

Durocher's first bold stroke was changing Pete Reiser from a shortstop to an outfielder in 1941. Despite the current hullaballoo over Willie Mays, Reiser remains the only rookie ever to win a batting championship. Durocher had to delay further experimentation until the pros returned from service, and then he broke out in a rash of ideas that made the Dodgers the dominant power in the National League.

One move was so daring it aroused a storm of controversy that led to ugly charges of discrimination against a Negro. Jackie Robinson had a host of psychological and social obstacles to overcome when, in 1947, he became the first Negro ever brought up to the majors. Durocher seemed to be making Robinson's path even more rocky by announcing three weeks before the season opened that Robinson, always a second baseman, would play first base. He explained that Eddie Stanky, the incumbent at second, was too valuable to be benched. Durocher was accused of a bald-faced trick to make Robinson look bad at a strange position, but he knew his man.

Jackie, a competitor with few peers, rose to the challenge posed by first base. He may not have revived memories of Hal Chase, but he played it well enough to help the Dodgers win the pennant. When Stanky was traded the following year, Robinson went to second and was a key man in the '49 pennant. Four years later, the Dodgers had a problem with another good-looking rookie second baseman, Junior Gilliam. Robinson took them off the hook by playing third base and left field. The man is a pro.

Durocher never did have any truck with coddling players. In 1948, Gil Hodges, a catcher who could hit the ball hard enough to make it bleed, was chained to the bench by Roy Campanella and Bruce Edwards, better receivers. He was given a first-baseman's mitt by Durocher and told to learn how to use it. Hodges today is the best defensive man at the position in the National League.

Success breeds imitators faster than rabbits. Last year, Umpire Dusty Boggess suddenly halted a game between the Reds and Cardinals and summoned Birdie Tebbetts, the Cincinnati manager.

"You've got ten men on the field," Boggess said sternly.

"I count only nine," Tebbetts answered blandly.

"Nine, hell. I see four outfielders," Boggess insisted.

"That's right. But there are only three infielders."

Boggess made a quick check and turned red. "What kind of a way is that?" he demanded.

"My way," Tebbetts snapped. "My contract calls for me to run my team. You call the plays. Suppose you let me do it my way."

"This is getting to be one crazy game," Boggess observed plaintively. A moot question. Tebbetts crowded his outfield to balk Stan Musial, who was coming up with two men on base. The trick worked and the Reds won the game.

Paul Richards, another creative bloke, astonished one and all a couple of years ago when he shot out of the White Sox dugout waving his arms like a Navy signalman. One arm motioned to the bullpen and the other to the bench. The opposition had a left-handed hitter due to face the White Sox's right-handed pitcher. Richards flagged a southpaw from the bullpen and told his third baseman to sit down. He stationed the right-handed pitcher on third. The southpaw retired the hitter. Richards came out again, sent the right-hander back to the mound and put a new third baseman into the game. The White Sox proceeded to win.

Such mental gymnastics have enshrined Richards as the only two-headed mastermind in the business. He now is the general manager and field manager of the Baltimore Orioles. Just goes to show a fellow sometimes can outsmart himself.—**Stanley Frank**

# Biggest Fish in the World

[*Continued from page* 50]

have caved in the *Alberta's* planking and sent her to the bottom had it been its whim to do so.

Lyon had decided to bring the big specimen to Bimini, instead of releasing it once it had been overcome, because he knew that the Lerner Marine Laboratory on the island had never been given the opportunity to examine this rare species of true fish.

It was 10:30 p. m. by the time the still-living *Rhinedon* had been swung against a dock and the last rope made fast. George Lyon grinned at his weary skipper and observed, "The boys aren't going to believe this—a dyed-in-the-wool light-tackle man like you bringing in a 20,000-pound fish."

At 5 p. m. the following day, the whale shark's heart still pumped blood. Then suddenly its tiny eyes began to glaze and the scientists of the Bimini Lab took over.

A 25-ton crane from a nearby harbor-deepening project was pressed into service to lift the remains from the water. As the heavy carcass slowly came clear, the crane's ¾-inch steel cable could be observed stretching dangerously taut. Then suddenly the dead weight of the unwieldy hulk proved too great and the large tail, about which the cable had been looped, was severed from the rest of the great body. Both the carcass and its severed extremity fell back into the lime-green shoal water with a loud splash.

Once it was brought ashore, the whale shark was quickly cut up. The blood was analyzed, the skin studied, the flesh and bones examined. The splotched greenish-brown skin had not changed color with death.

The following morning, the remains had already begun to give off an offensive odor in the tropic heat. The bloody carcass was towed two miles offshore to the Gulf Stream for disposal. En route, it was attacked repeatedly by black-tipped and leopard sharks. Some of these sleek ocean carnivores were twelve to fifteen feet in length and each darted in savagely to tear loose big chunks of the meat.

Captain Cass's record whale shark may stand for some time as the biggest of the species to be overcome without the aid of gunfire, harpoons and additional human help. However, old-timers in Florida tell how one Newt Knowles, since deceased, reputedly tackled a 56,000-pounder in 1923 off the Keys, killing this 45-foot monster only after it had been harpooned repeatedly and after thirty missiles from a shark gun had been exploded inside the massive carcass.

Even before that, on June 1, 1912, the late Captain Charles Thompson of Miami had landed a 26,594-pound whale shark. It took Thompson and the many men who assisted him over 36 hours to kill this fish. It succumbed only after five harpoons and 200 shots had been driven into it. The 38-foot body was preserved for display at Miami and was subsequently placed upon a railroad flatcar and shown to other gaping spectators throughout the nation.

At least half a dozen of the *Rhinedon,* most of them smaller, have since been landed in Florida and Cuban waters. Each of these rare giant fish proved dangerous adversaries, mainly due to the smashing, almost unlimited power contained in their great bodies, but the whale shark has never been known to consume a human.

It is the only known species of the family *Rhinedon-tidae* and derives its scientific name from the Greek words for "file" and "tooth." This undoubtedly was inspired by the myriad tiny curved teeth that form a raspy band inside both the upper and lower jaws.

Its range is limited to the warm portions of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans. For some reason, this big shark has been provided with strange ridges that run like keels down the back of its long body, one at the center and two or three parallel to it on either side. It is also equipped on the back with a second dorsal fin, smaller than the main one, located about halfway between it and the high tail.

Like *Moby Dick's* great sperm whale, it is a surface-feeder, consuming large quantities of small fish, crustaceans, planktonic creatures and seaweed while it swims along with its big mouth open. These it separates from the sea water by expelling them backward through the mouth and out long seive-like gill rakers that are located on either side of its head before the broad horizontal pectoral fins.

Speaking of such surface-feeding, Dr. Luis Rivas of the University of Miami Marine Laboratory writes, "For this purpose they stand up in the water, almost vertical at times, and suck in great amounts of small fish such as anchovies, herrings and others. Larger predatory fish, such as tuna and bonita, also feed on these and I have been told repeatedly by fishermen off the north coast of Cuba that these tuna and bonita in their eagerness to catch the concentrated bait sometimes go into the mouth of the whale shark and come out again by way of the gill slits."

This possibility of foreign objects getting inside the shark's large mouth appears to be confirmed by Norman and Frazer, who wrote in their *Field Book of Giant Fishes,* "It is recorded that an individual caught in the Philippine Islands had swallowed a number of shoes, leggings, leather belts, etc., and another from Japan had a fragment of an oak pole, about a foot long, remaining in its stomach!"

These two British zoologists go on to report that it is believed the whale shark, upon being harpooned, "will in some way contract the muscles of the back, and in this manner try to prevent the entrance of another weapon."

The species was first discovered in 1828, when one of the big fellows was harpooned in Table Bay, South Africa. Although it has been encountered only infrequently since then, the shark need never be confused with the whales that it so closely resembles in size because the whale's tail is broad and horizontal. Also, no other fish of the whale shark's bulk has its striking coloration of large white (sometimes yellow) spots and vertical streaks that grow smaller and closer together like some gaudily painted African warrior as they move toward the front.

Practically nothing is known of the breeding habits of this largest of all

[*Continued on page* 119]

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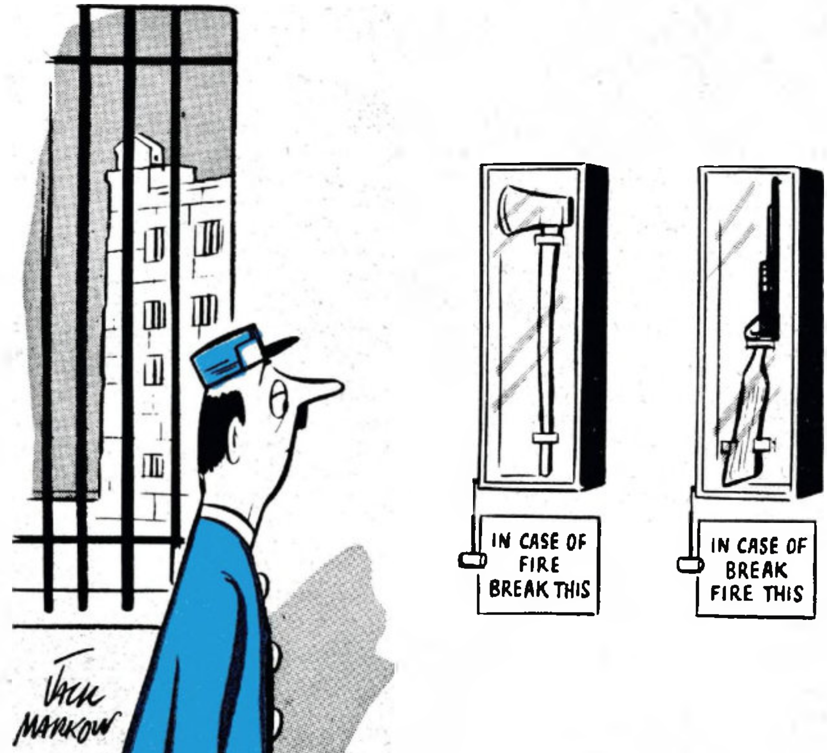
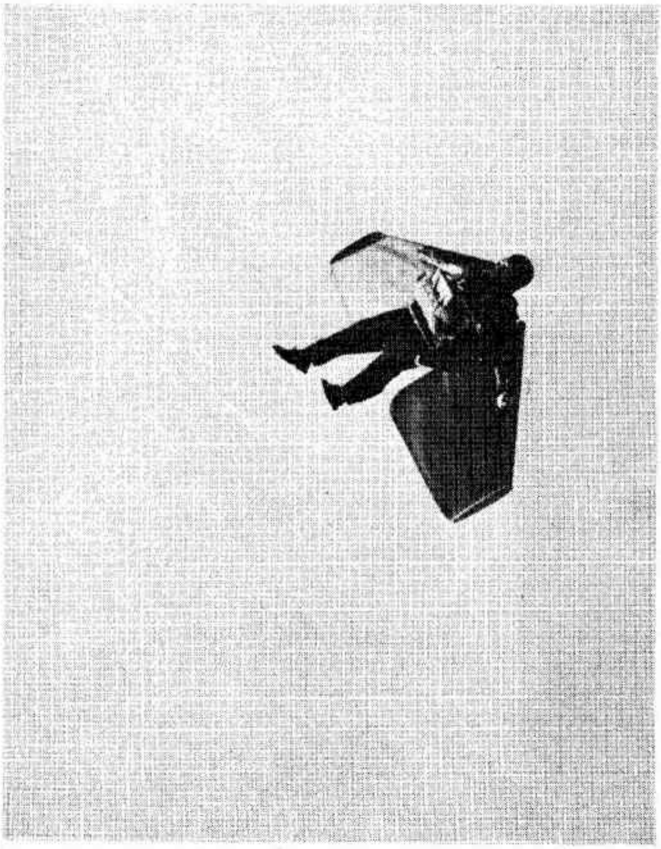

IN CASE OF FIRE BREAK THIS
IN CASE OF BREAK FIRE THIS
JACK MARKOW

# BIRD MAN



**Leo Valentin is the first man to fly on his own wings—and live.**

[*Continued from page* 47]

Just as tiny trim tabs can guide a giant aircraft, so could the palms of my hands guide my body. If anything, I had to be careful not to over-control, for the slightest twist of my wrist would drastically change the angle of attack of the air foil that was my flattened palm. To discover this effect for yourself, you have but to thrust your arm from the window of a fast car and guide your hand through the rushing air. Even at 60 mph a carelessly upraised palm can lift your arm with a shoulder-wrenching jerk, and in my flights my air speed varied between 120 and 170 mph.

My legs, as I came to use them more expertly, became natural rudders. When widespread, they added stability to the lift of my arms. When partly crossed they would ease me into a slow roll and, when fully crossed, whip me into a tight spin. To go over in an outside loop, I had but to "drag" my toes and jackknife my body at the waist; to complete an inside loop, but to thrust my arms forward a bit with upraised palms, arch my back and legs, and point my toes. It was all ecstatically simple.

Almost too simple. Because if the maneuvers were real, they were also an illusion. To zoom upward in a loop was to experience a rapture that acted on the brain like a narcotic. For you weren't zooming upward at all. You only felt that you were. A high diver looping once from a 60-foot platform has no illusion that he is going upward as his body turns up and over, but to me, with thousands of feet to revel in, the illusion was dangerously perfect. Lost in it, I found myself time and again much too close to the earth to make my return to reality pleasant.

That summer, as I came more and more under the power of this strange spell, I began to dread the days when weather or a lack of aircraft kept me earthbound. Nervous and irritable, I no longer even found solace in the low-level parachute drops that only a short time before had been an exciting part of our training routine. Unless I could get up high enough to indulge in another whiff of free flight, the day was lost.

What was it all leading up to? In the back of my mind I knew, and I knew also that it had been in the back of my mind for a long, long time. Do you remember Clem Sohn?

Clem Sohn was the American birdman who found free flight on canvas wings. Instead of patterning his wings after those of birds, as had the early aircraft designers, he thought of the airborne animals—the bat, the flying fox, the flying squirrel. Where these animals had membranes between their outstretched limbs, he had cloth. Supported by these wings he could perform aerial magic that held the crowds spellbound, but in the end his wings failed him. Or maybe they lured him on—on past the fatal second that is the birdman's point of no return.

What had he been leading up to? What had all the other dreamers, or maniacs, been up to who had followed him along the aerial path of the great temptation? Go easy, Leo, I told myself. But the idea would not go easy. It would not stay out of my mind.

Look at it closely, as a soldier would see it. We are approaching an enemy position, a great fleet of us, so high in the sky that we know only the enemy's radar can detect us. But we do know that we are detected, and we also know that in another few moments the fireworks will be set off, and the rockets will seek us out and destroy us plane by plane. So we turn back while we are still safe. That is, the planes turn back.

As they do, their hatches open, and from the hatches tumble the bird men. They pour out like bees from a hive, and once free of the slipstream they spread their tiny wings. Swiftly they glide into formation and set course for their objective. The enemy radar, jammed with the blips of our departing planes, cannot detect them, and their descent across the intervening miles is utterly without sound. No parachutists are these, hanging helpless in their shroud lines as the wind carries them into the gunfire of an alerted foe. This is an elite army, each man of which drops to his assigned position with the unerring precision of a hawk dropping upon its prey.

Would such an army prove effective? I think so.

Just when this idea came to me—as it might have come to other bird men, even, perhaps, as they were making their last jumps—I do not know for sure. Long before it came to obsess me, I had been haunted by the idea that I must fly. In Epinal, up in the northeastern corner of France, where I was born, there were several flying fields. As a youngster of 10 I was spending a good part of my time running errands for my helmeted and goggled heroes of the nearby Dogneville aerodrome. By the time I was 16 and had decided to quit school, I was confusing myself by working days as a butcher's apprentice and attending at night the civilian flying lectures at the Vosges Air Club. Nor did shifting my trade to the more technical one of locksmithing help much, though it has since helped in perfecting locking devices for my wings. Locksmithing still was not flying.

There was a pathway to the air, however, even for a locksmith's apprentice with only a limited education. I could join the Armée de l'Air, and hope through hard work for the appointment that would make me a pilot. Without waiting for my draft call, I signed up, and one fine spring morning in 1938, as proud as a young stork on his first migration, I embarked for North Africa and whatever it was a young air-force recruit was supposed to do.

The months went by. I was a corporal, stationed in the Algerian city of Blida, but the air was as far away as ever. Now that I knew the facts of air-force life, it looked even farther than ever. Before I could even hope to fly, there was a three-year pilot's course I had to take, and from what I already knew about this course, it was far beyond my powers of patience.

On the other hand . . . The base commandant grouped us together under a blazing sun and announced: "The staff informs me that the Maison Blanche center at Algiers wants volunteer parachutists. Is there anyone here who wants to put his name down?"

No one stirred. He might as well have asked for volunteers to the moon, except that I was reminding myself that at least parachutists did get off the ground now and then. What did one risk in parachuting, except such incidentals as a neck or a posterior? The commandant did not seem surprised at the lack of enthusiasm. In fact, he acted gratified that his men were possessed of exceptionally good sense.

Suddenly I found myself yelling in an unnecessarily loud voice, "Corporal Valentin, *mon colonel*."

The commandant stared at me in amazement. Then he looked at my captain and my sergeant-major. Up to now my record had been good. Had they detected any signs of my going round the bend, getting desert happy? They shook their heads sadly, and the commandant said grimly, "Very well, then. Go wait for me in my office."

He was furious. As the father of his regiment, he was not at all pleased at having harbored a lunatic in the ranks. "Do you know what to expect at Maison Blanche?" he roared. "A little box, Corporal Valentin. A little tiny box . . . it's part of your equipment."

He came around his desk and stood directly in front of me as I hoped the floor would collapse. "And do you know what that little box is for?" I had a vague feeling that I did. "It's to put your remains in after they have all been nicely packed down to size."

I didn't fall over, though it seemed like a good idea. "All right," he said at last, "Dismissed, and good luck."

So now I was going to fly, if not an airplane, then at least a sheet of silk. Planes were complicated things, filled with mysterious dials and surrounded by such esoteric arts as aerial navigation, meteorology, aerodynamics, and bullet, bomb, and rocket trajectories. How much easier to fly just a blossoming bedspread.

The volunteers kept arriving one by one at the center. Cavalrymen seeking to avoid stable detail, infantrymen, gunners, legionnaires. Just what did they want? Certainly they were unlike the men I had just left, drawn from here and there by some nameless appeal of the sky. A lot of the men I was now meeting were silent men, with pale eyes and wan smiles. A strange lot, and I felt a little strange myself.

Many men had pioneered parachuting before us. Some dedicated men, like Irvin, had done it time and again to prove that their silken umbrellas were indeed the emergency life rafts of the air, or that they had worked out new ideas in parachute design. Others, barnstormers, had dropped from balloons or flying machines for the crowds they could attract to air meets, and the money they could collect from the crowds, but always adding knowledge and always testing. Still others had gone over the side from burning or disabled aircraft and lived to thank the dedicated men and the barnstormers who had perfected the device that wafted them safely to earth. Nevertheless, back in those days just preceding World War II, we, too, were pioneers, though there were those among us who thought human guinea pigs was a more accurate description.

Our instructors knew little more than we did about jumping, and we knew nothing. Scores of young men died that even a minimum of today's training would have saved. A few men have died horribly, watching in eye-glazed terror as the earth raced up to smash them, but from my own experience I think most were still fighting to find a way to open the chute—a way that today's training would have shown them on the ground—and never did know that they would not find it.

I had to make my first drop on October 15, 1938. I say "had to," because already I was beginning to suspect that more technique was involved in a jump than I had been taught. But in the army you cannot let down your officers and comrades, just as when you become a professional jumper you cannot let down the crowds that have paid to watch your skill—or watch you die.

Two days before, my bunk-mate, Raoul Sabé, had made his exit from the world riding what we call a "Roman candle." The descriptive words are grimly appropriate. When one rides a Roman candle, he rides a chute that whips above him like a gay, white banner, but does not open. Twisted shroud lines due to faulty packing, an arm, or leg, or even a neck caught in the rigging, and the chute becomes as useless as a fluttered handkerchief. So went Raoul.

I could tell myself that Raoul was making his third jump when he Roman-candled, but that didn't help much. The third jump of our training program was the free fall in which you had to pull your own ripcord. For the first two we just jumped, and a static line attached to the plane pulled out the chute for us. But the first jump into the unknown is still a first jump. Fear occupied every cubic inch of me, and was most solid and cold along the length of my spine.

The old, twin-motored cargo plane that somehow managed to get off the blistering hot runway with us had no windows in our compartment, and we baked slowly at oven temperature in the darkness. We lurched and wallowed in the thermal currents of the African air like men locked in the van of a well-loaded truck. So this was the flying I had dreamed about.

From the darkness the young captain asked, "Who's going to jump first?" His tone was without enthusiasm. Silence. Again I heard my unnecessarily loud voice shout, "I will." Something would have to be done about that independent tongue of mine. Still, I felt, I might as well get it over with. I could move, and with more waiting the fear might reduce my bones to jelly. The jump might do that, too, if the parachute didn't open.

The captain pulled up the cargo door, and blinding sunlight

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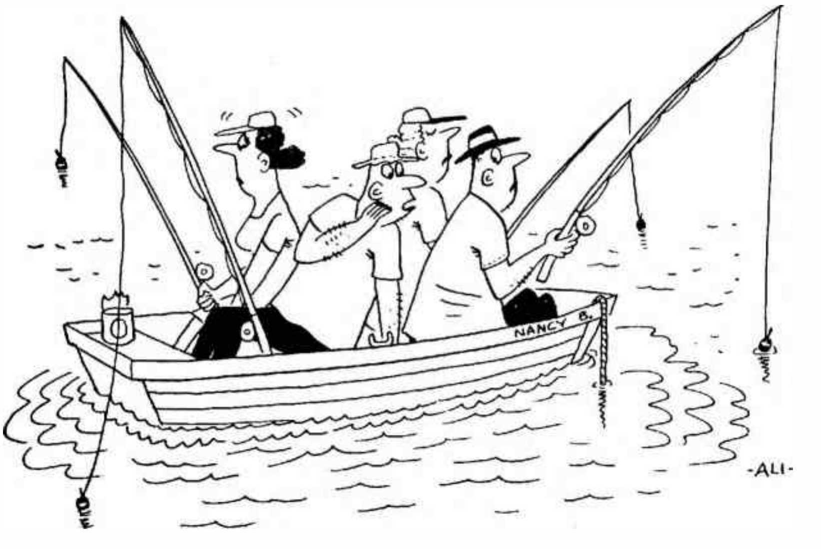

"Bert, Myrna wants to know, where's the powder room?"

stabbed in. In the harsh light he looked completely indifferent, as if this jump on which my whole life had abruptly focused was a subject about which he couldn't have cared less. How could I know that he was as scared as I?

He placed me in front of the door, checked my static line, and asked, "Are you ready, Valentin?" He didn't wait for an answer. He pushed violently in the small of my back, and out I went. The full blaze of the sun hit my eyes hard.

The harness snapped at me so savagely I thought I had been split up the crotch. I heard the ploomp of the opening chute, and the drone of the plane fading in the distance. Then silence. I was alone.

In that instant, suspended between heaven and earth, all the complex emotions that had whipped and tortured my mind were lost in a great flood of happiness such as I had never known before. Rapture and exaltation coursed through my body, and I had to shout my joy. I had been given the sublime gift of flight, and the pursuit and possession of that gift would from now on fill my entire life.

It was to become, indeed, an insatiable craving, a thirst that would drive me to new heights, to falls through space, yielding to the eager clutch of gravity, greater than any other human being had ever taken. It was to bring me into that little group of two or three men who have spread their wings like birds, and flown—and lived.

Now, as I watched, the earth toward which I had been so gently floating took on another aspect. The distant horizons swept upward to enclose me in a bowl, and vanished. All the world was reduced to a bare patch of sand, rock, and one leafless thorn tree. And it wasn't waiting for me to float down. It was leaping to meet me.

There was something I had to remember. Face the direction in which the wind is drifting you. Keep your feet together and extended. As you touch, pull hard on your webs to get the last ounce of lift out of your chute. Then what? Never mind, you'll find out.

A lacerated cheek, a mouthful of sand, a bruised elbow, and just a slight twinge in the ankle. The stone on which my right foot had landed was small, hardly more than a pebble from the air. Yet it had been enough to pitch me onto the side of my head and shoulder.

There was much to learn, but no one to teach us. By the time we had made twenty or thirty jumps we were as experienced as our instructors. Death leaped with us on every jump and frolicked below our feet on the way down. We had to keep an eye on it. We must never let it out of our sight. The slightest distraction, and death leaps on you.

Now that we were experienced jumpers, there was something fatalistic about our attitude. Having learned all there was to know, there was nothing more we could do about the law of averages. So many jumps would be made, and out of so many jumps a certain percentage of men would be killed and a larger percentage knocked out of commission. You just jumped until the law of averages caught up.

For a time we thought we had reduced the law of averages by wearing a safety chute in a chest pack in addition to our regular back chute. One day one of my teammates fouled his first chute, and it Roman candled. From the ground we could see him struggling with his chest chute. Why didn't it open? We gasped in unison when we saw the puff of white. The puff became a ribbon, but it did not blossom. It was wrapped in the whipping ribbon of the first chute. A double Roman candle!

For days we moped around like lifeless ghosts, depressed by the loss of our comrade and disheartened by the false security of the second chute on which we had pinned so much hope. We had still to learn that the chest chute was indeed a lifesaver, and that our comrade could have been saved by a simple maneuver. In what fear-wracked moment someone discovered that maneuver, I do not know, but when he did the word spread swiftly. All you must do is fling the silk of the second chute ahead of you as you drop feet first, and it will unfurl before it can tangle with the back chute.

Another comrade taught us never to give up the fight, no matter how close the earth might be. Sergeant-Major Muzeau jumped one day and pulled his ripcord, and nothing happened. Automatically those of us on the ground began counting. His chute should have opened at ten, and at fifteen our mouths could count no more. We just stood there open-mouthed, the horror climbing up our backs. Now he was at 1,500 feet. He was clawing at the chest chute. At 1,200 feet he had 8 seconds left. A second is nothing. Read that again. *A second is nothing.* In the time you read those four little words, a man drops 150 feet.

In his last remaining seconds we could clearly see him tearing at his parachute bag. All of us were straining to help. At 500 feet we saw him pulling out patches of silk by hand. My teeth were chattering. At 300 feet the silk shot up, bloomed, and Muzeau was rolling on the ground, safe. A great cry rose from all our throats, and we raced to him.

It was a miracle. The chute had opened at the exact instant that could save his life. A second later would have been too late. A second earlier would have been too soon. Too well we knew that when a body has reached terminal velocity and the ripcord is pulled, the chute opens twice. At the first crack the chute seems to jerk the body to a dead stop. A hole in the air has been torn above the chute at that speed—a partial vacuum—which the air abhors. Immediately the air claps down on the arrested chute, compressing it to a ribbon again, and the falling body accelerates dangerously until once more the parachute fills. Muzeau had checked his fall with the first pop of his chute, and then he, the earth, and the decompressing clap of air had struck together. Yes, it was a miracle.

We found him calmly gathering up his chute. He did not know of the narrowness of his escape. Fully engaged in his

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"I can always tell summer's coming when I see them headed north!"

winning battle, he had had no time to know. But that night he spilled his coffee and his soup, and finally could eat no more because of his shaking hands and body.

So progressed our training. Great despair counteracted by great feats of courage, and from each we learned a little. The fatalistic acceptance of crashes began to yield slowly to the growing conviction that we could yet master our aerial rafts if we had but the courage to experiment more, and learn more, and apply our knowledge. Our biggest handicap was that those who could tell us what not to do—what mistakes to avoid—were always dead.

But we did know that we were being trained for war, and that war was inevitable. More and more we came to appreciate through drills and lectures just how effective we would be when dropped behind enemy lines to disrupt communications, sabotage factories, attack critical units from the rear, and otherwise confound the enemy.

You will not be too surprised then to learn that when war did come, we were transferred to the ski troops. We were jumpers, expert skiers sometimes jumped—but why go into the logic behind it? We were in the Pyrenees Mountains when France fell. For awhile I helped organize the French underground line to North Africa, and then I took to the line myself.

Now it was my turn to be an instructor in the jumping school there, to learn how the young captain who launched me into the blue on my first leap must have felt.

*"Bon Dieu!"*

The white-faced recruit, feeling as I had felt the first time, has gone through the door, feeling my rude push on his shoulder blades. The static line snaps taut, but the ring breaks. The chute is not opening. Sick, I hang in the open door. Will the young idiot have enough sense to pull the ripcord on his chest chute? Yes, he has. He is safe. A real parachutist. But how many more like that can I take?

A week later this same recruit did it to me again. This time he had to jump with a machine gun, a heavy thing that he was to lower to the ground on a rope just before he himself hit. Out he went, and down he rode on a Roman candle. Had the machine gun fouled his rigging?

He dropped interminably. Then when I thought all was lost his chest chute popped and folded on the ground. So close were the opening and the folding that from above I could not tell what had happened. I rushed up to the pilot, and he nearly crashed us in his dive for a landing.

The recruit was sitting on the ground, but at least he wasn't flat, with that strange, jellyfish flatness that accompanies a bad landing. "Good going," I shouted as I rushed up. "Good going, *mon vieux*, but what happened?"

He stared at me vacantly. I took him by the shoulder and shouted in his ear. "It's me, Valentin."

"Valentin," he repeated mechanically in a weak voice. He mumbled my name two or three times more, and suddenly seemed to wake up. "Oh, I'm sorry, Sergeant. I wasn't quite all there."

I sighed my relief. He was all right. Not knowing what else to say, I asked again, "What happened?"

"Hmm." He seemed to be studying the question. Then he looked at me with a faint grin. "I think I'm going to pack up if things go on like this much longer." What a guy.

I was glad to get out of there before I aged prematurely, and sail for England and active service.

English discipline made no allowance for our experience; sergeants or privates, instructors or pupils, we all had to start out as beginners. Our English officers did not care how we started out; all they were concerned about is that we finished up equally well trained. This did not sit too well with me. As an expert, I had to demonstrate my superiority, so one day I slipped out of my harness in mid-air and made a running landing hanging onto the webs with one hand. That brought out the ambulances, some military police, and a flock of officers. Their dim view of my performance nearly washed me out, and after that I was much more of a conformist.

Prolonged training after we reached fighting peak also took its toll. One boy became so bored with ordinary jumping, and so convinced he knew all there was to know about parachutes, that he leaped out of a high tree using only a blanket roped at the four corners for a chute. He broke only his leg.

A bridge also suffered. To get experience in demolition behind enemy lines we were given an abandoned bridge to destroy. At the signal to jump, we tore out of the plane and blew up the first bridge we came to. It happened to be a very vital link on the main highway to Edinburgh, and our doubled lessons in map reading were conducted in an atmosphere that was very grim indeed.

As fighting units we were divided into teams, and a team was referred to as a "stick." The term was undoubtedly derived from a stick or rack of bombs. Each member of a stick developed a tremendous loyalty for his own team. I know that on June 1, 1944, when we were all confined to quarters in southern England and reduced from our steak diet to combat rations, we all starved as though we had but a single stomach amongst us. No man was hungry for himself as much as he suffered for the others.

For the invasion we were issued the works—a tiny lapel compass, a map of France in incredible detail printed on a fine silk handkerchief, camouflaged jacket and trousers, vitamin pills, and a pullover sweater the yarn of which could be unraveled to form a long rope capable of supporting 500 pounds. For armament we were issued pistols and Sten guns. All told, the gear added up to about 500 pounds—a lot of weight to ride with yourself on a thin sheet of silk.

Not until the evening of the 5th of June did our first stick take off for France. Their mission—to destroy the main line of the railroad between Cherbourg and Paris. We didn't find many of them again. All night and all the next morning other sticks were sent off. Our stick, still on the ground, was wild with envy. Sleep was out of the question, and the mere strain of seeing our comrades take off was exhausting, but we stayed on the field watching the bombers climbing overhead, the strings of gliders, the squadrons of fighter planes. We even fancied we could hear the thunder across the channel as the sky dropped its manmade thunder bolts.

Imagine what state we were in when we were still on the ground on the 8th of June! Then we got our orders. At 1:09 the next morning, after an incredibly brief flight, we hurled ourselves into the dark over the province of Morbihan, in Brittany. Of the drop, I remember only that as the leader of my six-man stick, it was my honor to carry a broadcasting station along with everything else, and when at last the overburdened parachute opened, and snapped my neck, and slammed my jaw into the transmitter, I realized vividly that while rank had its privileges, they could be overdone.

The rest was anticlimax. Our mission was to destroy the rail line supplying the enemy in the cities of Vannes and Rennes, and our drop had been made so accurately that we nearly broke our necks on the railway embankment. We blew up a section of track, and then ran for our designated rendezvous like boys after a Halloween prank.

After that we earned our money and events became very confused. We jumped days, and we jumped nights, with every drop designed to demoralize the enemy. On seeing a convoy, our pilot would pour us out almost at ground level ahead of it. Then we'd knock off the last three trucks as it went by. On the narrow roads the Germans could not turn around, nor did they want to stop, because they did not know how many of us there might be. They could only race on and hope for the best. When we did have to fight, we had better equipment and we fought like madmen. My longest skirmish lasted 10 minutes, and it was a scorcher. But when the lull came, as the Germans were trying to feel us out for size, we got out of there. Our job was to strike unexpectedly and get out fast to strike again elsewhere. But even so, more than a quarter of us lost our lives.

Once we had destroyed a bridge and were hiking back down a road reportedly free of Germans. Whoops, there we were in the middle of what I took to be half of Hitler's army. We were in camouflaged uniforms, and one of my fast-thinking, German-speaking boys took over. We were, he explained, German paratroopers who had bailed out of our stricken plane. We were lost, and how in hell did we get to headquarters? Well, we got plenty of advice and an extra shot of ersatz cognac—but no other shots.

Another time we encountered one of the sorriest German soldiers I ever met. He was a courier, pushing his bicycle up a country lane for the obvious reason that its very flat tire was hung around his neck.

"What's wrong with your bike?" we asked.

"*Kaput*," he answered.

"Where's your gun?"

"*Kaput*."

"What about Hitler?"

"He's *kaput, too*."

We relieved him of his messages and took his pistol, but we all felt more like thieves than conquering heroes.

Then we were thrown into the war as shock troops. In one two-day battle on the St. Marcel plateau 160 of us stood off a vastly superior force. When the battle ended, 80 of our men were dead, but 513 Germans had been killed.

I got mine in the Loire pocket, just north of Nantes. I was in a Jeep riding toward the front lines when some sniper got me in the right arm with an explosive bullet. It was bad.

While I was getting first aid, a member of the French underground suggested that I be turned over to him for treatment. The next I knew I was inside German lines in one of the strangest hospitals of the war. This hospital was in Issoudon, and side by side with me in the ward were Germans, English, French and French undergrounders. All were treated with superb skill, and when each was ready for discharge, ways were found to return him to whatever army he had come from. In Issoudon the house surgeon spent hours and days in his efforts to save my shattered arm, and in the end he won.

But I was out of the fighting. I was winding up my convalescence in England when the war ended on May 8, 1945. I was 26.

The time had come to resume my exploration of the silent air. How? I tested my arm. There were a few twinges as I heaved at a weight, but instead of the stabbing pains of an arm that had been literally blown apart, they were the protests one might expect from muscles long immobilized. My grip was firm, my elbow moved freely.

"You're ready, Valentin," my English doctor told me. "I don't quite understand it myself, but if you want you can become a weight lifter."

"All I want to lift is the air," I replied seriously. "A whole sky full of it."

He looked at me in surprise. "I thought you would have had enough of that. You mean that with everyone else trying to get out of the Army, you are going back in?"

"Exactly. Where else can a parachute-jumper go?"

The opportunities for a professional civilian jumper were severely restricted. After all the bombings, it would be a long time before the people of Europe could look up at air meets and eye-catching jumpers with any degree of pleasure.

Thus I not only found myself back in the Armée de l'Air, stationed at Pau, but I had been made an instructor. Now I had the prestige and the rank to carry on, within the limits of what my superior officers considered reasonable, my own experiments. "Just remember," I was warned, "that we do not want our neat field all spattered up—it demoralizes the recruits."

Yet I was dissatisfied. Though, by 1947, I had been jumping for nearly ten years, I was still tumbling through the air much as I had during my first free fall. It seemed a poor method to teach my students.

We had made enormous strides in our training methods and equipment, however. The fatalities that were routine during my training days were now almost unheard of. It was a great relief for an instructor to know that our improved static lines were practically infallible, and that even if there should be a malfunction our students were sufficiently well drilled to know what to do with their chest chutes.

My only failure came when I was called upon to check out a sergeant who arrived at our training center with transfer papers showing he had more than a hundred drops to his credit. I took him up to 3,000 feet for the customary 10 seconds' free drop—the maximum allowed airborne troops. He was unnaturally pale, but when I became suspicious of his condition, he managed to assure me that he felt fine.

Reluctantly I let him go. "Don't hesitate," I insisted as he stood poised in the door. "If you don't feel like going the full 10 seconds, grab the ripcord."

He went out with that familiar wan smile on his face, and instinctively I flung myself on the floor with my head thrust over the side to watch his descent. His parachute never did open. Not in the air. When he hit the ground it burst, a small white dot on the black earth.

I felt no need to jump down after him. We came in for a normal landing, while I steeled myself. This one was bad. Instead of the usual jellylike mass, we had one here that hit so hard fragments of bone had burst through the skin. A post-mortem revealed he had been a victim of air embolism. Too much carbon dioxide in his lungs coupled with an explosive release of compressed nitrogen in his bloodstream had blacked him out before he had had a chance to pull his ripcord. After that, you may be sure, we intensified our instructions on proper breathing before and during a drop, and our flight surgeon became practically potty on the subject of pre-jump physical examination.

Yes, we had learned a lot about training recruits, about the use of oxygen, even about landing. But about that all-important interval between jumping and landing we had learned almost nothing.

Aerial acrobats of the circus had long mastered their element. High divers could control their bodies in the air with consummate skill. Ski jumpers, soaring at 60 mph, were spectacularly graceful. But we men of the free air were still dropping like sacks of sand once our bodies reached terminal velocity. The air force would never let bombs or rockets tumble around in the sky without controlling vanes, but we men were expected to go out head over heels, tumbling, spinning, and buffeted by an irresistible 170 mph airstream.

Frankly, it was dangerous, and experience could not always guide you past the danger. Once the air caught under the backs of my legs with such force that my knees were jammed into my face, breaking my goggles and nearly knocking me out. I pulled the ripcord of my back chute, but I was being somersaulted so fast that I nearly rolled up in it as it popped out into a Roman candle. My up-ended leg fouled the shroud lines, hanging me upside down in a position that would certainly send my chest chute lashing upward to snarl with the first. It was a tense bit of work that finally freed my foot and let the canopy bloom in all its glory. And while it was too late for things like that to stunt my growth, I know that I was much older when I touched the ground.

"What are you looking for, Valentin?"

"The key."

Yes, I was looking for the key to controlled drops. Either I found it, or I was ready to give it all up. I had just watched

Shave Kit
Opie

**"Okay, so you're through shaving; you rub in the lotion, you *still* don't feel tiptop—But, *aha!* there's this other little bottle in the kit!"**

one of our experienced boys jump, his body spinning so furiously in the air that I marveled when I saw his chute open. He had hit the ground, flopped around like a chicken with his head cut off, and then gone reeling in tighter and tighter circles until at last he plopped on his face. We knew what had happened. His wild spin had so addled his brains that he had all but lost consciousness. "Making a mayonnaise," we called it. It could happen to anyone, and not always did one retain consciousness long enough to pop the chute.

Being only a parachutist and not a technical man, I did not know what I had when I did find the key. It was too simple. For a long time I had watched intently trapeze artists, divers, and ski jumpers, noting in particular the way they used arms and legs to achieve graceful effects.

"But that is just for style," I told myself. "They are performers, and therefore they must touch up their acts with more style than is really necessary."

I realized, of course, that some of their movements were needed to balance out speed and gravity, but to me their speed was so low as to be nothing, and they worked so close to the earth that gravity had barely a chance to take hold at all. With one whole second in which to drop a mere 16 feet, they were practically in slow motion as they waved their arms and legs indolently about. What would happen to this indolence if their speed was to be increased ten times over? Why, their fluttering arms would be torn from their shoulders.

Or would they? I had pretty strong shoulders. And then, as I imagined myself in the air with arms outthrust, I saw the big difference between their aerial work and ours. We were lopsided. We went into the air awkwardly, sometimes feet first, sometimes head first in a loose half-somersault. One hand was always instinctively on the ripcord, the other closely hugging the body to avoid the tearing effect of the air. At 170 mph any uneven lump, any careless movement of a foot, was enough to start a body tumbling or spinning.

Yet we had always jumped that way. Our style was as old as parachuting. To change it would be to fly, literally, into the teeth of Providence. But change it I had to, or quit jumping. The traditional method no longer did anything for me, nor for my fellow jumpers other than turn them into military automatons tossed into the wind as carelessly as chaff.

Such was my thinking at the time I made the exploratory jumps described at the beginning of my story. Swiftly after that my "Valentin position" came into general use at Pau, and when our accident rate took a marked drop its acceptance spread all over. The position had two great advantages. Through working our feet as rudders we could avert those dangerous spins that, by affecting the flow of blood to the brain, led to "making a mayonnaise." And by the use of hands and feet we could put ourselves into that just-off-vertical position, feet down, that permitted our chutes to open to best advantage. No longer did we have to fear the wild, uncontrolled tumbling that could snare an arm or a leg or a neck.

For awhile that was enough. Lost in the ecstasy of controlled flight, I was insatiable in my demands on pilots that they take me higher and higher to give me a few more precious seconds in which to revel on my way down. I owe a lot to those pilots. At that time, 25 seconds was considered the maximum time for a free drop, and the pilots and I were flouting strict orders when I began to extend my drops up to the minute mark.

When I saw that my unofficial jumps were putting me up in a class with the record holders, I asked the general in command for permission to set an official world record for a delayed drop without oxygen equipment.

*No!* So then I had to consult again with my friends, the pilots.

At this time, February 1948, the Russians held most of the records. In France, in March of 1938, James Williams had made a delayed drop of 33,525 feet with oxygen, but when he killed himself in a drop the following year further high-altitude jumps were discouraged. Lieutenant de Raymond had dropped from 18,000 feet without oxygen, but he arrived dead on the ground, his parachute unopened. However, Colonel Sauvagnac had made a delayed drop of 74 seconds from 16,200 feet with no ill effects, so I decided to go after his mark.

My pilot friends got out the only aircraft on the field that was not on stand-by duty—an old Junkers that sounded on take-off like a tin garage being blown across the field by a hurricane. It took us two hours to boost it up to 16,800 feet, where we were all panting from lack of oxygen, and I began to scare myself with thoughts of embolism.

I had made an instrument panel for my jump consisting of a large sweep-second watch and a super-sensitive altimeter that was supposed to clock my descent without any fatal lagging. This panel I had strapped to the top of my chest chute where I could check it at a glance. I checked it for the last time, and out the door I went.

Immediately all my worries dropped from me, and all my fright. I welcomed the extra speed the thin air gave me. My breathing was unimpaired. Far off to one side I saw a small cloud. Could I stretch my glide to reach it? I banked over and extended my palms. The air felt as solid as a greased slide. I did not reach the center of the cloud, but I grazed it, my hands slapping at its cotton bulge.

But the cloud had diverted my attention from my instrument panel. Now I couldn't believe it. The Pyrenees Mountains that had been my horizon when I grazed the cloud were gone. The earth was leaping at me with its old familiar rush. I recognized the hangars on the field and calculated their size. I had another second to go. I waited—it was a long second—and pulled the ripcord. My altimeter jerked to 1,200 feet and my stop watch read 81 seconds. My position had slowed me up enough to stretch Colonel Sauvagnac's mark by seven seconds.

My general read the press reports of the jump, and I am glad I wasn't handy during his first reaction. Fortunately the flyer in him overcame the general. He had me examined from top to bottom by the medical staff, and I was informed that at my next jump, any records set would be recognized.

The aircraft chosen for my official jump was a British Halifax with a service ceiling of around 22,000 feet, but because of its high speed, it had to be modified. To have gone out the door would have meant almost a certain crash against the tail. Accordingly a round hole was cut through its belly, and above this hole was built a smooth-walled chute, something like a rain barrel, through which I would be dropped.

I was more concerned about the cold—at 21,000 feet the outside temperature would be -40° C., which also happens to be -40° F.—than about the lack of oxygen. To avoid being numbed beyond recall, I got ready a "man-from-Mars" costume consisting of a bulky, electrically heated flying suit, heated boots, two pairs of gloves, a padded helmet, goggles, two parachutes, and my instrument panel. All could be slipped through my rain-barrel chute about like a dart through a blowgun.

To prepare my blood for the jump, I began inhaling pure oxygen as soon as we left the ground. Through my window the Pyrenees formed just a low ridge. Pau airfield, the city itself, and the surrounding village became miniature in size. Was I supposed to jump from here and land on that fly speck? Ridiculous.

A crew member slid open the bottom of my rain-barrel chute. Almost in a dream I mounted atop that barrel, a foot on either side, steadying myself with a hand on the ceiling of the plane. Looking down, I saw the earth sliding slowly by the opening. I was still inhaling oxygen when the navigator came up and held his hand. I took a last gasp, and gave him my mask. He spread his fingers wide. Five seconds to go. He closed a finger. Four seconds. Three, two, one. His clenched fist swung away, and I snapped my feet together and shot through the hole.

The slipstream flipped me like a cork puppet. By the time I could stop rolling and get straightened around in my position, the Halifax was not larger than a dragonfly in the distance, and the sound of its motors was just a pleasant hum. Lying on the air, warm in my flying suit, I felt myself slipping into the dream-state of ecstasy beyond description. I laughed aloud, and the laughter broke a silence that was, or had been, devastating. So I had to laugh at that, too. I wasn't oxygen happy or air drunk. Just sublimely free. I flew effortlessly, looking and banking with intoxicating ease. Whoo-oops! Up and over, and then skimming down the inside of a funnel. Whooops! And I was resting on nothing, elbow cocked to support my head as I luxuriated on a couch softer by far than any to be found in the pillow-strewn harem of some mythical sultan.

Reluctantly, at 6,000 feet, I forced my return to reality. I flew on, stretching my glide and pulling the ripcord only when my altimeter showed 1,800 feet. The earth came into sharp focus. There was a man hoeing in a field. I did not want to frighten him by landing like an apparition from the sky, so I shouted, but he did not hear. I dropped beside him—a gentle landing—and then my silk drifted down around me.

He just stood there, leaning slightly forward for the next stroke of his hoe, his mouth slack. I swept off my helmet and goggles, smiled, and stepped forward. He retreated in alarm. "I jumped from the sky," I said, pointing upward.

He looked up. There was no plane in the sky, and we had gone over at such an altitude that he had heard none. I kept on talking, but he was in such a state of shock his mouth only waggled, and he did not understand at all. We spoke the same language, lived only a few miles apart, but still we were not of the same world. I was greatly relieved when the boys from the airport raced up in their cars, bringing a doctor with them.

My relief when the doctor brought that farmer around, and finally got a smile out of him with a healthy slug of cognac, was immense. Not until then could I relish the fact that I had made a free drop of more than four miles without oxygen to set a world record.

Now came a fortunate break. Unexpectedly the press had taken a great interest in my jump and began writing about parachuting as though it had discovered a new and fascinating sport. I was therefore granted permission to make high-altitude drops, demonstrating my position, at several air meets during the summer of 1948. By November there was only one record I had not broken in the free-drop-without-oxygen class—that at night.

The war had shown the need for night drops, and I had made several at low altitude, but much remained to be learned. Permission was forthcoming, but my commanding officers decided I could do the service and air research as much good with a 16,000-foot drop from the old Junkers as from the Halifax at 22,000 feet.

I was disappointed, but when at last, at 9 in the evening, the ancient Junkers began wheezing around at 16,000 feet and I was staring down at the specks of light that marked the earth, I realized that my jumping platform was about as high as I wanted it to get. Our cabin was pitch-black so that my eyes would lose no time in getting adjusted to the night, but even so, when I went out the door the blackness was solid enough to be felt. By contrast the faintly luminous dials of my instrument were almost dazzling.

I no sooner got into position, face down, than I saw I was going to have to work to live this night. I tried in vain to pierce the darkness beyond my glowing instruments. I saw a light moving slowly, and then it went out. A car, I told myself. A fixed light, no brighter than the glow of a distant match, held my attention. It neither receded nor drew nearer. I looked for the horizon line but there was none. I looked at my instruments. For once they seemed to be barely moving. I was suspended in an abyss.

At the 70th second of motionless, deadly silence, I felt panic creeping up on me. My altimeter read 3,600 feet, and though I told myself I was rushing upon that fixed light at furious speed, it seemed to be a will-o'-the-wisp keeping pace with me. With a start I recalled my pre-jump calculations had told me that at 70 seconds I should have been at 1,800 feet—time to open the chute.

Which was wrong—watch or altimeter? For a moment I was tempted to roll up in a ball and resign myself to the treachery of my instruments. By the time I shook this impulse from my head, the altimeter showed 2,400 feet. All right, as long as I was going to play with fire, let's make it a big fire, and trust the altimeter. For some perverse reason, the more my fear increased, the more I wanted to prolong the adventure. I became savagely tense, as if in the grip of a great rage or a madness. The altimeter hand seemed to feel some of my frenzy, for now it began to pick up speed in hundred-foot spurts. 1,800, 1,700, 1,500—I gasped and pulled the cord. The silk ran out with a hiss, and the report and the crotch-rending jerk of its opening came together.

Completely dazed, I was unable to think of my landing. A tree plucked me from the sky and hurled me down through its branches. It was like falling down a long flight of stairs. Near the bottom I went out.

I returned to consciousness chilled to the bone, and with such a violent headache I nearly vomited. Stumbling around, I found myself at the bottom of a deep ravine, and fainted. My next memory is of crawling down the ravine. In less than a hundred yards I came to a lake, and I felt more strength return when I recognized it as one not far from the airport. Holding my head with both hands, sure that my skull had burst, I made my way back to the base.

As matters turned out, my injuries were nothing more serious than scratches and a mild rap on the back of the head. I had set a pretty good world's record of 85 seconds for my nocturnal free drop as compared to the old record of 63 seconds. Both my altimeter and the watch had been correct. What had thrown off my calculations was that they had been based on air-speed figures for daylight drops, and the heavier atmosphere of the night had slowed me down considerably.

My commanding officers took a dim view of the more practical results of my jump. They did not like my report that night illusions destroyed one's visual depth perception. Pointing out that at no time had I been able to determine my altitude by visual check, they decided to suspend night leaps until more practical methods could be devised.

That about ended it for me. I knew I was on the trail of those practical methods, but to find them I had to have more freedom for research. My enlistment period was about up, and I felt the time had come for me to leave the Army. They told me I was nuts, but that was not news, and I left.

Well, the circus began—parachute jumping at air meets and fairs. One must play to the audience, and the audience is always hungry. I dropped from balloons and from helicopters. If I was to be paid for dropping into a stadium no bigger than a football field, then I had to land in the stadium, no matter what the winds might say. Once, dropping from 3,500 feet on a gusty day, I had to extend my free drop to 500 feet lest the wind carry me beyond the stadium.

Sometimes I had to glide my parachute to the target by pulling down on one set of shroud lines or another, and sometimes, to avoid overshooting, I had to spill all the air in the chute, coming down like a ton of bricks and letting it pop open at the last second. Or we parachutists would team up, jumping two, three and four at a time, arms locked around each other, and the first man to pop his chute was a sissy. We got awful close to the ground sometimes with that nonsense.

I was making a living, and I was following my dream, but my dream wasn't getting anywhere. You can practice a thousand times the technique of gliding a parachute by pulling on the shroud lines, but when you are done, what have you? On your next effort a sudden gust can empty your whole, lopsided canopy and dump you into a tree. One must have control, and in the air control seemed to mean birdlike wings.

I had read everything I could on the subject of bird men, going back to the mythical Icarus and his wings of wax that melted when he flew too close to the sun. Icarus had started something, but in reading of the men who followed him it was hard to tell whether they were trying to fly or commit suicide. Certainly they achieved the latter more often than the former. Through history scores of men have made wings and tails, and launched themselves into eternity. Some who actually flew, like the Russian prisoner back in the Seventeenth Century who flapped over his fortress walls on canvas wings, got themselves burned as witches. Others who promised public demonstrations of their skill and turned in disappointing performances found themselves torn apart by their fans.

The first modern bird man was a Belgian named De Groot. In 1872 he made himself a pair of flapping wings that spanned 33 feet, to which he attached a tail 27 feet long. Then at the Cremorne Gardens in London he launched himself from a balloon at 900 feet, and made it safely to the ground with the loss only of his tail. Two years later, though, he lost everything, including his life.

Perhaps better known was Otto Lilienthal, who built two wings covered with muslin into which he fitted his arms. His whole apparatus, including a rudder, weighed but 40 pounds. By running down hill into the wind, he launched himself off the ground more than 2,000 times, some of his flights carrying him as much as 300 yards, and often he rose above his point of departure. Then he moved on to fixed-wing gliders, and eventually killed himself in 1896 while testing a biplane.

But the man whose flights fascinated me was Clem Sohn, the American bird man mentioned earlier. In America he had made many flights on his canvas wings, duplicating the maneuvers of birds and powered aircraft with incredible grace. It was when he came to France for his exhibition at Vincennes in April 1937, that he was killed.

I do not think Clem Sohn's wings betrayed him, nor do I believe he lost himself in the ecstasy of flight. I am convinced he died because, though he had mastered his wings, he had in his time no way of mastering his parachutes.

The facts as I have reconstructed them are these: Clem Sohn jumped from 9,000 feet and at once spread his wings. His glide to 1,800 feet was breathtakingly beautiful, perfect in every respect. This indicates to me that he was in full control all the way down. But when he folded his wings to open his back chute, he began falling any old way, as did all parachutists then. His feet became entangled with the pilot chute, and he Roman candled. At about 1,000 feet he opened his chest chute. Instantly it shot up within the rigging of his back chute. It was a double Roman candle and, of course, fatal.

The lesson of Clem Sohn was of major importance to me. Had he been trained in my position he could have saved himself. Had he been trained to use his arms as wings, his hands as ailerons, his legs and feet as elevators and rudder, he could have saved himself twice that day. He would at once have set himself safely for the opening of his first chute, and if that had Roman candled, he still would have had a fighting chance to clear his second chute.

I decided to don the wings of Icarus.

I built my wings in secret. The rigid frame Sohn had used beneath his arms I rejected, and used instead four flexible strips of whalebone. These I placed from the center to the lower quarter of each wing, thus leaving my arms, which formed the leading edges, free of rigid encumbrances that might interfere with a quick snatch at the ripcord. And where Sohn had used a solid triangle of canvas between his spread-out legs, I used only a band wide enough to reach from my knees to my ankles. The vent from knees to crotch, like the vents I placed at my armpits, would, I hoped, help stabilize me much as does the vent in the top of a parachute. Certainly if my

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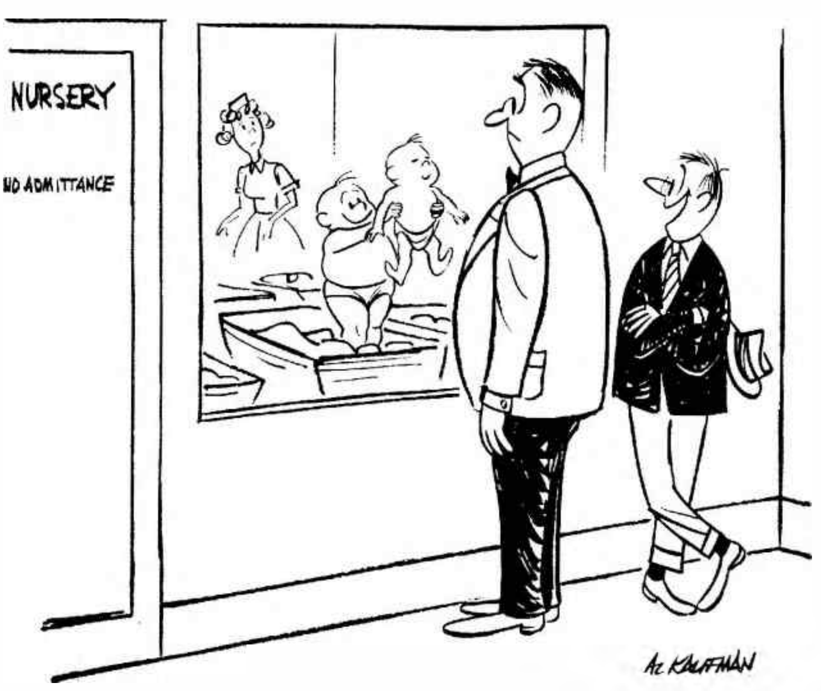


"Oh, stop worrying! My boy won't drop him."

wings were nothing else, they were the most simple ever devised.

Before I could make a trial drop, I was approached by the Paris Club Aérien with an offer to participate in an air meet at Villacoublay on April 30, 1950. Well, if I was going to jump anyway, I might as well get paid for it. But I was completely unprepared for the excitement created when I was billed as the new Bird Man! The new Clem Sohn! I did not like that. All too clearly they were expecting me to follow Sohn into the ground, and were out to get every franc they could for an attraction that would be so spectacular. And so final.

I went into strenuous training, working long at the weights until my arm and shoulder muscles were iron-hard. Some 300,000 people were expected at the meet, and I was determined that they would not tear me apart for putting on a poor show. I was just as determined to cheat them of that extra thrill of watching me make a hole in the ground.

There was one slight hitch. The prefect of police, remembering Sohn's death, had banned my performance on the grounds that it was not in the public good to stage a suicide as the main attraction, at least not on a Sunday. He did not know much about crowds. To our way of thinking, it was far better for me to jump and get killed than to have a riot break loose that would tear down the stands and probably kill and injure a few dozen innocent bystanders. We decided that I would jump as promised, but that there would be no official announcement from the loudspeakers calling attention to my leap.

Thus, when I did jump at 12,900 feet, I went out unannounced, lost in the sky to all but a few alerted officials. But more of that later. The immediate sensation was the one that hit me under the arms. So immense was the shock as the air ripped into my wings that I was nearly torn apart. The jerk was savage beyond my wildest conceptions. Dazed by the pain, I just tumbled, letting drop the box of talcum powder that was to mark my descent with a white trail.

When at last I did get my arms outstretched, I was flipped over on my back. In spite of my most desperate efforts, I could get no control over my wings, find no stability. The air seemed to ball up under them; become solid, and then tumble me. "If this is what happens with wings," I remember telling myself, "then they are certainly not worth-while."

At 3,000 feet, falling face down, I tried to bring my arms back to the ripcord. But at that moment the fickle air chose to balloon under the wings, extending my arms as rigidly as if they were draped over blocks of concrete. Clem Sohn, I thought. In a flash I realized that my arms should be free, not looped by leather thongs to the canvas wings, but that was no help. In the future—but I had gone through that too often. The future was right now.

Then I remembered the use of my legs in my free-flight position. With a gigantic effort, for the canvas strip between my legs became tremendously heavy, I slow-rolled over on my back. Instantly my outthrust arms were slapped over my chest by the inverted pressure. But I was on my back. If I wanted to avoid the fate of Clem Sohn, I had to turn over again. Otherwise my back chute would pop open below me, whip around my body, and entangle itself in wings or legs.

Clenching my teeth, I heaved on my back muscles, kicked my legs against the slip-stream, and went over. The instant the earth appeared below, and before the air could once more rush under my wings, I yanked the cord. Never before or since has the crack of an opening canopy been more welcome.

That one made me sweat. Really sweat. And yet, as I drifted down, I felt terribly sorry for Clem Sohn. I had had years of parachute training before I had tried my canvas wings, and I had nearly got mine. How brave he must have been to jump when he could not have been sure either of his wings or the parachutes that were supposed to save him. At least I had known what to do when the crisis came. He had not.

I was the first to admit that my winged drop had not been a success, but I was quite unprepared for the howls of protest from press and public. Because my act had not been announced, few of the 300,000 spectators had seen me at all. Those reporters who had been told to watch had had difficulty locating me in the intensely blue sky. And when I apologized for dropping the marking can of talcum powder, I was accused of having dropped it purposely to conceal a phony flight. A performer's reputation, I was learning, is only as good as his last performance.

I should have ignored the howls, but I let them get under my skin. On May 3, I wrote to the papers: "I hereby invite the press to a new private display on Thursday." It was a foolish thing to do. My arm and chest muscles still ached like broken teeth from the tearing they had received, and I had no time to make improvements in the equipment.

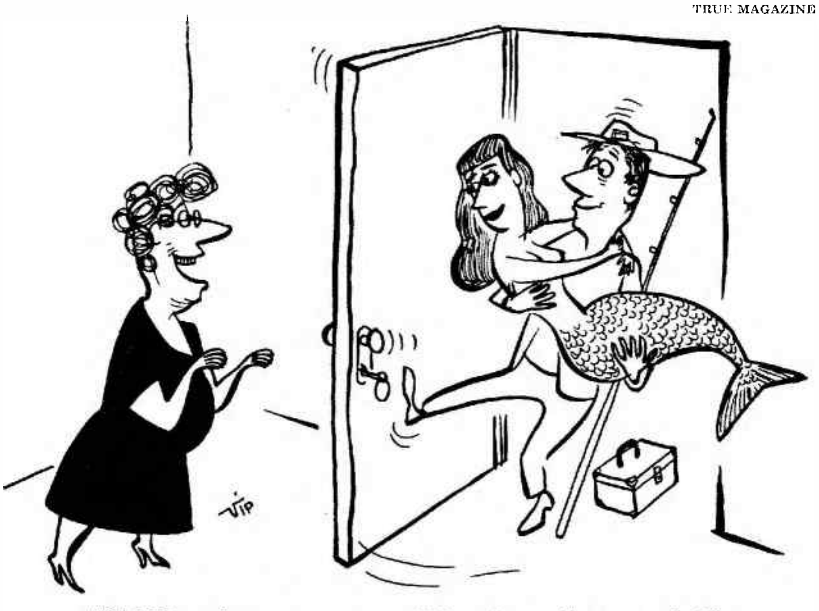
On Thursday nothing was favorable. The weather had turned nasty, with a murky ceiling at 6,000 feet and a chill wind that popped around in gusts of up to 25 mph. Good judgment told me to cancel, but I was in no mood to listen to reason. Up we went to 6,000 feet. To reduce as much as possible the opening wrench of my wings, the pilot of the DC-3 brought his air speed down to 80 mph, approaching so close to a stall that we nearly fell together.

Even at that speed the pain of the opening shock went beyond all expectations. It was not just four horses drawing and quartering me. It was more as if the four horses had a lot of slack in their ropes which they took up at full gallop. Wham! I screamed my pain, but I refused to let it get me. I took my position, and at once forgot everything else.

I was gliding! The glory of it all!

It was far from a smooth glide. The cushion of air beneath my wings balled up solidly from time to time, flipping me around, but always I had the strength to recover. Three times I managed banks that definitely changed my direction. What was more, with all my canvas spread to the air, I estimated my fall at about 85 mph instead of the 120 without wings in my

TRUE MAGAZINE



"Oh! There for a moment, son, I thought you'd got married."

position, or the 170 mph of a free-falling body at terminal velocity. Once more I tried to reach my ripcord while gliding face down, but it was impossible. But this time I knew what to do and how to do it. I rolled over on my back, let the wings flap my arms over my chest, and as I came out of the roll I pulled the cord. Nothing could have been more simple.

On the ground the reporters rushed up to congratulate me, and then stopped aghast.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "It's only a little rain."

But it wasn't rain dripping in front of my eyes. It was blood. So great had been the shock as my wings took hold that my knees had been driven into my goggles, and so great had been the pain in my chest muscles that I had not felt the shattered glass that had been driven into my eyebrows. Well, it will give you some idea of the ecstasy to be found in free flight. Lost in it, I had noticed neither pain nor shattered lenses.

So now I was a public hero again. It was a good thing. I needed the money my star billing would bring to finance my next step.

Canvas wings were out. Even with a metal frame to relieve my arms of the opening shock, I knew from my second jump that I would never get very far with them. True, they had captured public fancy, and my bird-man act brought me far more money than had my billing as "The Most Daring Parachutist in the World," but they just weren't right. For the life of me I could not figure out just why they were wrong. Then one day, while striving to stretch my glide at an air meet, it all came to me.

As I have pointed out before, I am just a parachutist with no formal technical training, but I did know the difference between the buoyancy of a descending parachute and the lift on the wing of a speeding plane. In one, the buoyancy comes from the air captured below the canopy. In the other, the lift results in greater part from the air racing above the wing. What I saw in trying to stretch my glide was that my canvas webs were not wings at all, but individual parachutes. One chute under each arm and one between my legs, each free to respond to gusts of air and changes of position in its own way. Hence my difficulty in maintaining stability with three separate forces at work. My "glides" as such were not true glides, but changes in the direction of descent made with a corresponding lack of buoyancy, just as one could change the direction of descent in a parachute by pulling on the shroud lines and spilling air in one direction or another. The feeling of flight that had first possessed me was just another of the many illusions of the air.

My disappointment in this discovery in no way reduced my determination to achieve true flight. Shams though the wings were, their parachute effect was enough to reduce my rate of descent to 85 mph, thus cutting terminal velocity in half. Another reduction like that could lower a man to the ground with a fair chance of survival, but how to achieve that reduction?

It was now my great stroke of luck to meet M. Collignon. I find it impossible to say today how much I owe to him. With a generosity and a loyalty such as I had never known before, he placed at my disposal all his facilities, his knowledge of aeronautical engineering, and all the time he could possibly spare.

Collignon has a small factory on the outskirts of Paris in which he manufactures just enough specialties to finance his main hobby, which is the air. Until he met me, flying occupied his every spare moment. Once I explained my problem, he turned all his attention to designing, as he put it, "Valentin's wooden feathers."

At first we contented ourselves with making models in balsa wood and aluminum of various types of wings. "What we do not want," he said, "is a glider into which the human body is fitted. What we do want, my friend, are wings that are fitted to the human body."

That summed it up perfectly. "Good," he went on. "Since you understand that, then you must understand that on these wings you will fly, and not parachute. You know about parachuting, but you do not know about flying. So I will teach you how to fly."

After all my years in aviation, I had not thought about that before. The truth was that I knew nothing about flying a plane or gliding it in to a landing. My lessons in a small plane with Collignon as instructor changed my whole concept of gliding. How different it was, with the motor throttled back to idling speed, to glide 12 feet forward for every foot of descent, to bank into a tight turn with hardly any perceptible loss of altitude. How different it was from whooshing down, one foot of horizontal glide to every 12 feet of vertical descent. Why hadn't I learned something like that before trying to transform myself from a parachutist to a bird man?

In the back of my mind lurked the suspicion that I might have been a better military parachutist if my early training had included at least some of the elements of pilot training. Weren't pilots and parachutists both toilers in the sky? Pilots were given the rudiments of parachute jumping to save their lives in emergencies. Might not the rudiments of flight have saved some of our lives once we found ourselves adrift in the sky?

Be that as it may, we at last had a pair of model wings that tested out so perfectly in a miniature wind tunnel that Collignon made a pair to full scale. The skill and devotion he put into making them, the pages of calculations that went into their engineering, the hours spent just on their delicate, highly polished finish alone!

We had tested our models in the small wind tunnel at the Lille Institut Meechanique des Fluides. Through our friends at the institute we arranged to test my full-scale wooden feathers at the giant wind tunnel at Chalais-Meudon. The young engineers there, duly informed that we were on the trail of something good, cooperated with enthusiasm, devoting their whole morning to running a series of tests on the wings alone. They were so impressed with the way the telltale ribbons, glued here and there to the wing surfaces to detect undue turbulence, flowed smoothly at all angles of attack right down to a low stalling speed of 60 m.p.h., that for the afternoon tests they agreed to let me don the wings and try them out for myself in the safety of a harness suspended from the ceiling of the tunnel.

The enthusiasm of the young engineers acted like a tonic on me. Now I *knew* we had something good. I was like a small boy about to check out on his first bicycle when I got out my wings that afternoon. At that moment the door burst open and some little, severely dressed official bounced in front of me, practically vibrating with rage.

"I'm the director of this establishment," he screamed at me. "I have just heard about this nonsense. I refuse to have my tunnel used for—" he spluttered for a moment—"for contraptions of this sort."

I stared at him in complete amazement. And before I knew what was happening, so stunned was I, he rushed upon my wings, and kicked them to splinters.

It was all over so quickly that not a man among us raised a hand. What was more, we were still so staggered by this demonstration of bureaucratic effrontery that we watched stupidly as he stormed out of the room as explosively as he had entered.

Was I bitter? The only other time words failed me was when I went into such a furious spin on a free drop that I kept right on spinning in my parachute when instinct alone had caused me to open it. I made such a perfect mayonnaise of my brains that I could not talk for three hours, and I felt much the same way now as I looked at the splintered ruins of my hopes. As for the young engineers, they were so enraged at what had happened that they didn't care whether the director fired them or not. They were real good boys. They talked me into some state of calmness, aided a bit with cognac.

# BIRD MAN

It was back to the aerial circus under the biggest big top in the world. Collignon set about making new wings, but both of us had so drained our funds that for the next few weeks a transfusion of blood to the pocketbook was of more pressing importance than dreams of flight.

There were several bird men taking to the air now on canvas wings. Two Italians in particular were going great guns, and though we had never met we followed each other's progress avidly. The two men, Salvator Canarrozzo and Soro Rinaldi, struck me as birds after my own heart, and I was anxious to match my skill with theirs, but for the time being I had to put on my performances where I could make the most money. Then in the spring of 1951 they sent me an invitation "to a display at Milan which will be the first reunion of the bird men of the world."

At about the same time, Collignon announced the completion of my new wings. How about my jumping in front of Canarrozzo and Rinaldi in my new wooden feathers? *Bon Dieu,* it would knock their hats off.

But first I had to try the wings out. The loss of face if I had to bail out of them in front of my Italian rivals was something too dreadful to contemplate. On June 8 I was booked to make a bird-man flight from a helicopter at Cormeilles-en-Vexin. That looked made to order for me and my new wings. Helicopters were still rare and prohibitively expensive to rent, but air meets could afford them, and I had dropped from them several times. They had for my purpose the ideal advantage of hanging motionless in the air, just the thing for taking off on a pair of untried wings.

My new wings had a total span of 9 feet, of which my own arm span made up nearly 6 feet. But this was still too much to get inside the helicopter. Undaunted, the pilots rigged up a crude sort of luggage rack on the left side of the helicopter which fitted my rear end about as snugly as a bustle. That left me facing backward, with my folded wings thrust out in front of me. I cannot say much for that precarious rack as a morale-building device, but as long as they had gone to the trouble of building it, and the crowd had turned out to watch me break my neck, there was no turning back.

At 4,000 feet, after much futile churning of rotor blades, the pilot signaled that he could go no higher. I didn't like going out that close to the ground, but I gathered from the pilot that he would feel much better if I was not around to clutter up his landing. I dangled my feet a little farther out, leaned into my shoulder harness, and toppled.

My wings opened immediately. The steel corset took up the shock. One comforting point gained. I was just starting a tentative left turn when a terrible gust of wind flipped me clear over on my back. At once the wings snapped shut, clamping my arms between them. Wings no longer, they became rudders like the feathers on an arrow, and down I went. There was no overcoming them by twisting my body around. I gave up trying to roll over, and devoted myself to freeing my arms. I struggled like a maniac in a strait jacket, and at last an arm came free. No matter that I was in a perfect position to Roman candle my chute. My position was not going to change. I jerked, the chute popped, whipped over my shoulder, and whoomps! I was turned all but inside out as I swapped ends with myself.

I had no time to get sick. My altimeter showed 900 feet. That was 300 feet below the limits set by the air-meet officials, but they could sue me later, and welcome. I molted my wings swiftly, lowered them on a long rope prepared for the occasion, and an instant later touched ground beside them.

The flight proved two points and disproved a third. I had learned that the corset would take up the shock as the wings opened, and for a few seconds I had found that the wings possessed a lift such as I had never experienced before. But at the risk of my life I had discovered that, contrary to our theories, air speed alone was not enough to lock the wings in an open position. Some lock would have to be devised that would, once the wings had snapped open, hold them open. There my locksmithing apprenticeship stood me in good stead. By the time I was to leave for Milan the lock had been installed and ground tested to my complete approval.

My Italian colleagues gave me a big welcome. They bubbled with enthusiasm. They seemed to fear nothing and to have no doubts about anything. We talked of wings like other men talk of food and drink, and with what passion! They were wild about my new wings, agreeing that they looked far superior to their own canvas type, and when I suggested a helicopter would best serve my purpose, they wasted no time in digging one up and outfitting it with an improvised rack for me.

The only trouble was that it could not lift me. At 600 feet the pilot pointed to his laboring, smoking engine and settled back to earth.

I could only stand on the ground and watch Canarrozzo and Rinaldi leap. Strangely enough, this was the first time I had ever seen bird men in action, and both were superb performers. Yet even as I stood there, as open-mouthed as anyone in the crowd, I could not help but note that the canvas wings were giving them no flight whatever—just a badly braked fall.

Returning to Paris, I was convinced beyond any shadow of a doubt that there was no future in canvas wings, that only through my wooden wings would the path be found to mastery of man-flight.

I owed it to my Italian friends to give them a chance of competing against me in the air, and the opportunity came when my home town of Epinal organized an air meet. I invited my enthusiastic rivals, and they accepted eagerly.

This time I was taking no chances on helicopters. For my launching platform I prepared a small seat on the starboard strut of a Fieseler-Storch, midway between wing and undercarriage. Of necessity I faced backward so my folded wings would trail easily in the air stream. On the ground, with one arm locked on the strut, my position seemed most secure.

But on take-off the air pressure on my back became enormous as the plane picked up speed. A couple of bounces almost pitched me from the saddle. The bounces must have given the pilot some concern, too—the unexpectedly heavy drag of my body, he told me later, had brought him down twice after he thought he had flying speed—for after the second bounce he pulled up sharply to avoid a third that might kill me. The air pressure coupled with vibration and the steep slope of my seat had me seven-eighths out and hanging on for dear life. At 300 feet the wretched strut was cutting into my fingers, a cramp was spreading across my shoulders, and my back chute was slipping down to edge me completely off my seat. When the pilot heard my screams and banked to return to the airport, a final bit of exquisite torture was added. One straining wrist was forced against the sharp trailing edge of the strut, and I could feel the tendons literally being sawed in two. We landed and rolled to a stop not one second too soon. That, to say the least, made a bad beginning.

To give me a chance to recover, Canarrozzo and Rinaldi, to whom my narrow escape was all in the day's work, went ahead with their displays and took my home-town crowd by storm. Now it was really up to me, or here was one local boy who would be without honor in his own country.

Luckily there was on the field a Junkers 52 with a wide exit door that seemed just about right, and the pilot graciously agreed to give me a lift up to 9,000 feet. On the way up I talked it over with my friend Marcel Suisse, and we agreed that I had best go out backward, trailing my wings, rather than thrust them out first and have them violently wrenched by the slipstream. To get out fast, Marcel agreed to give me a heavy push.

No sooner agreed upon than done. For a moment I let myself fall on my back, wings closed, until well below the slip-stream. Then I rolled over enough to get one wing down and locked. The other wing came down once, failed to lock, and snapped back. At once I was plunged into a dizzying spin. I mean dizzying. My goggles were thrown from my head by centrifugal force, my instrument panel torn from my chest. I crossed my legs, counteracting the spin, and at once whipped into a spin in the opposite direction. Maybe the spin made me pop-eyed or maybe it was the wind tearing at my unprotected eyes, but I could not see. At last, with no hope of getting the closed wing back into place, I popped the chute while still spinning. Then a terrible thing happened. The momentum of my open wing continued to whirl me around, *inside* my harness. The webs revolved with my body, spinning the shroud lines into a single rope that reduced the opening of the parachute on the top side, and nearly strangled me to death on the bottom. By all the odds, I should have died within seconds. But miraculously the lines spun back enough to open out the chute, and though I landed hard—and speechless—I was alive. What a drop!

Oddly enough, even with only one wing I had beaten the best time of my Italian friends, my "flight" having lasted 59 seconds to Rinaldi's 55, but I felt I still owed them the satisfaction of seeing a real flight. Unfortunately Canarrozzo was not to live to get it. Wonderfully courageous, and sublimely confident in his own ability, he had taken to doing his bird-man act with only one parachute. When that Roman candled on him one day, he had but two seconds in which to realize that sometimes prudence is better than daring.

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B TOBEY

"If you were mine, young man, you'd go to bed without any supper!"

After the first examination of my wings in an effort to discover why one failed to lock, I thought I had been sabotaged. The hinges had been wrenched out of alignment with the lock. Then I recalled that a well-meaning friend had nearly dropped them, and recovered them only with a strong heave. Undoubtedly that violent tug had sprung the hinges. After that it became an unbreakable rule that only Collignon or I was to handle the frail structures.

Grown a bit more cautious by the narrowness of my escapes in the maiden test flights, Collignon and I agreed that more groundwork was needed before the next effort. We discussed at length my findings during the few seconds the wings had worked, and in the end we decided to scrap the present wings for new ones incorporating ideas Collignon felt might effect a big improvement in stability. For one thing he thought my arms, which formed a part of the leading edge of the wings, should be recessed in a groove so that the edge might present a smoother front. For another, he thought small vertical stabilizers at the wing tips would help a lot in counteracting the side-to-side rocking, or yawing, I had noticed. That meant more time, and more money. I dusted off the canvas wings I had put aside, and went out once more to earn the wherewithal.

I'll mention only one of the many drops I made during this tour to replenish the bank account. On June 8, 1952, I was in Marseilles. It was filthy weather. The mistral wind scudded along the Rhône valley and beat down furiously on our backs. The only break was that my good friend Salvator Canarrozzo, who had yet to punch his hole in the ground, was energetically present. In the morning neither civilian nor military parachutists had been able to jump, and the one plane that did go up, piloted by a star aerial acrobat, crashed and burned. It was not very encouraging. Had not Salvator been there to boost our spirits, I think we all would have canceled. As it was, even Salvator was satisfied to leave his canvas wings behind and perform for the meager crowd as a parachutist instead of a bird man.

The aircraft that took us up was tossed around like a cork. At 9,000 feet, between the famed Château d'If and the edge of the Parc Borelli, out went Salvator. Despite his great skill he was caught in the fierce air currents, blown up, down, and sideways. When at last he reached the earth he had drifted so far off course that he struck near the dikes and nearly killed himself. Pierre Lard went next. By now, though we did not know it, the wind was blowing in gusts of up to 40 mph. Pierre told me later that he was so tossed around that he nearly blacked out. That did me no good at the time. With two friends out and over, I was in no spot to crawl back to my seat. It was my turn, and out I went.

I was carried away like a leaf. Although I assumed at once my free-flight position, trying to counteract with hands and feet the enormous forces hurling me about, I had no control. On this day the wild air belonged only to the mistral. Man was mad to try to claim it. In such moments as my buffeting turned me face down, I saw that I had jumped too close to the edge of the raging sea. I could plainly hear above the wind the thunder of the surf. The longer I continued my free drop, the less chance I had of having my parachute carry me out over the water, but at 1,200 feet I dared hold out no longer. I pulled the cord.

I've never stopped in mid-air quite like that. Actually, I think I not only stopped, but shot back up again. I am convinced I bounced. Then, like a scrap of paper caught in a whirlwind, I swirled over the dikes and out to sea.

"Think clearly, Valentin," I told myself. As evidence of my clear thinking, I carefully removed my wristwatch and placed it in my mouth so it would not get wet. To make sure I did not swallow it at impact, I attached it to my belt with a short length of nylon cord, taking great pains to measure the cord. That done, I followed all directions one by one for inflating my life jacket with two cylinders of compressed air. As a final move, I shrugged out of my harness and hit the water hanging on by one hand. That is what science, experience, and self-control can do for you.

# BIRD MAN

Except that my inflated life jacket nearly strangled me when I went under. It popped me up like a cork, all right, just in time for an enormous wave to crash on my head, driving quarts, or maybe just pints, of water down my throat. My lower jaw was slammed so hard that my watch crystal shattered, the glass cutting my mouth terribly and nearly slitting my throat on the way down.

But the string worked. I was able to pull on it and extract the watch before I choked to death. So maybe science, and training, and self-control do help. Even so, I would have drowned, had not some sailors in a launch rushed out to pick me up. I was just about unconscious when they got to me.

To Italy, to Africa, and back all over France again I went, and at last, late in 1953, my new wings were ready for testing. Officialdom was quite willing that I test them, but since suicide could not be officially condoned, first I had to test them in a wind tunnel. That could be arranged as soon as I had proved I had something of scientific value, and not just so whimsical toy. It is hard to believe that this run-around lasted eight months. In May 1954, sick at heart after bureaucratic postponements, but with some fresh prize money in my pocket, we rented the ultra-modern wind tunnel of the Bréguet Works, a private concern in Villacoublay.

It was a joy to work with professional engineers who were more interested in the job to be done than the bureaucratic procedure involved. First they ran static tests on the wings alone. When these were passed satisfactorily, they made a dummy of my own size, shape and weight, equipped it with my two parachutes, and then tested it with the wings, using winds up to 60 mph. They were actually speechless at the results. Their figures showed that I could not only fly with the wings, but that I would achieve a gliding angle of three to one, meaning that I could fly three feet in a horizontal direction for every foot of descent. From 9,000 feet I would be able to glide as much as five miles!

The next day I took the place of the dummy in the tunnel, for the first time in my life enjoying the sensation of making a live test in perfect safety. It was a very comfortable feeling. Right off I discovered one thing. Though the inanimate dummy had shown the center of gravity to be perfectly placed, as soon as I moved around to exert live control over my wings, my legs, which I had counted upon to use as rudders, acted as drags instead. With my legs fully extended, the wings tended to come up in a stall. On the other hand, by slipping my arms out of their grooves and extending them in front of me, they moved the center of gravity forward and became perfect nose rudders. Fine! The use of the hands was a primary part of my position in free flight, and I understood their function perfectly.

My day came on the 13th of May, 1954, and the time was 4 p.m. With Collignon, an official witness, and a photographer I climbed aboard a DC-3 at Orly Field.

The old fear that had been with me since my first jump was there inside me, deep and faithful, ever ready to destroy any cockiness or overconfidence. In the wind tunnel I had been perfectly safe, but now, back at 9,000 feet, no one had to tell me that much could happen. There was some turbulence to the air, and in the south storm clouds were piling up, but over the airport, with its scattering of huts and its three runways making a tiny letter A, there was a broad patch of blue.

For this jump we had decided that I should go out wings first, letting them trail along the side of the plane with the slipstream, and that I was to dive facing the tail. As the pilot banked to the left, out I went. Not so good. In the slipstream I found myself on my back. But my wings were open and locked! I caught a glimpse of the astonished photographer leaning out of the door, and then I was alone in the sky. I arched my back, extended my hands, and went over in a loop that surprised me with its wide, gentle sweep. I banked to the right, and when the bank threatened to tighten up into a spin, I merely used my hands as rudders and eased back to even keel.

Great waves of exultation welled up within me. I was gliding! I was flying! I swooped toward the earth, picking up speed, and then I raised the palms of my hands. The air was solid. Zoo-oo-om! Up, up, and over on my back. That was odd. I was flying on my back with as much ease as I had floated face down. I would have to figure that out more thoroughly some other time. Right now I wanted to swoop, and go up and over again.

I relaxed completely, a dead weight in my harness. For a moment I just floated in absolute silence. Then a spiral began to the left. It did not go far, never approaching a spin. Then the lift whooshed over to the other side and a spiral began to the right. Probably too much dihedral in the wings. I must study that some time.

There was a large forest between me and the airport. The air was cool as I swooped over it. Gone was the feeling of dropping. I was speeding forward 3—maybe 5—feet, for every foot of drop. Why not go right in like this? Not so fast, Valentin. Before you go on in you need something to protect your face. Maybe a wooden skid for your chest, like on the early flying machines. The edge of the forest slipped behind me. I was over the airport, and still with 3,000 feet between me and the earth. It was unbelievable.

I swung into position and pulled the ripcord. The chute opened without a hitch. I unlocked the corset, slipped off my wings, and lowered them on their long rope. They touched gently and I let the rope fall. A moment later I was on the ground, mechanically gathering up my chute, but my mind was still a long way up in the air. How was it again, coming out of that loop? Did you actually go *up*, or did it only feel that way? Another illusion?

It was no illusion. I had landed at the north edge of the airport. My jump had been made over Thorigny, and my landing had been made three miles away! Had I straightened out my glide instead of pulling all those loops and turns, I might have covered six miles, or even more.

My friend Pierre Lard came racing up. "You've done it," he bellowed. "No doubt about it, you've really flown!" He was so excited he fell out of his Jeep. "Worst crash I've had since I took up parachuting," he said, dusting himself.

It was as good a crack for a laugh as any, so I sat down to laugh about it, feeling very comfortable on the ground, and willing to stay there until my knees could support me again.

Yes, I have flown. I was a long time getting there, and maybe my cries of exultation are not as loud as they might have been a few years ago—say when my first wings were kicked to splinters by that bureaucrat—but nontheless I must admit that I am well pleased.

Much remains to be done. What will happen when I add flaps? Can they slow me up enough to permit a landing without a parachute? Why not? What will happen when we change the center of gravity to permit a wide spread of canvas between my legs? Oh, there are a lot of questions, but time and a few narrow escapes have taught me patience.

Go easy, Valentin, your future can last a long time if you don't rush into a spot where it is measured in seconds. Not being one to rush into spots like that, I have every intention in the world of going easy.

Very, very easy.—Leo Valentin

**A True Book-Length Feature**

# Biggest Fish in the World

[*Continued from page* 105]

known fish. (There are a few species of whales which grow bigger, but these are mammals and not true fish: they cannot derive oxygen directly from the water.) It is believed, however, that it must bear live young instead of eggs.

It is perhaps the only shark possessing a terminal mouth: that is, one not located underneath the head.

Only on rare occasions can an encountered specimen be depended upon to prove as exceptionally docile as did the one captured at Bimini. (This fish was suspected of being ailing in health.)

For example, hardly two weeks prior to the Bimini incident, a 31-foot fishing boat was all but sent to the bottom off the Florida west coast by what is believed to have been one of the whale sharks. Lieutenant-Commander C. H. McLean of Saufley Field was at the helm of his cruiser *Gipsy* off Pickens Point, near Pensacola, when the five other men and a boy aboard the craft sighted and harpooned what they thought to be a manta ray.

During the violent action that ensued, McLean recalls that the huge fish turned and "ran underneath the boat and hit it something terrific." A foot-square hole was torn in the bottom of the cruiser, causing it to sink quickly to the gunwales. Another craft rescued McLean and his party and towed their smashed craft to shore.

The *Capt. Bae Strickland,* with skipper J. B. Mathews, was primarily interested in bottom fishing for the usual small stuff. Nevertheless, the vessel was also prepared to tangle with a whale shark. On board was a foot-long shark hook with a 36-inch heavy chain leader attached to it and 500 feet of ⅝-inch manila line. There was an explanation for this: a week earlier, Captain Mathews had come upon a large whale shark 50 miles offshore. At that time, he'd managed to make contact with the big fish, using a 370-pound-test line (the heaviest he'd had on board), but it had of course snapped like rotten wrapping cord.

This day, when his passengers started to catch large cobia, the skipper rightly suspected that the great shark—or another one—must be close by. The freeloading cobia supposedly have a habit of accompanying the *Rhinedon* for the purpose of consuming the food particles which are dropped.

Soon the great fish was sighted. Looking at it awash on the surface, its wicked little eyes staring coldly and its wide and ugly mouth slowly opening and closing, giving it the appearance of something nightmarish that belonged only out of sight in the depths below, the passengers became understandably uneasy.

Captain Mathews, however, immediately bore down upon his intended victim. It required a dozen attempts before the equally daring mate, Milton Payne, succeeded in setting the big hook in the fish's lower jaw.

"From then on, it was hang on and hope for the best."

The 500 feet of ⅝-inch Manila had been double-spliced into the *Bae Strickland's* one-inch anchor cable and now the enthusiastic skipper and his mate began to "play" the enraged shark, using anchor windlass and reversed engines to maintain a taut line on the floundering fish.

Such "sport," however, proved more than some of the nervous anglers had come prepared to cope with. This became increasingly evident as hour after hour dragged by. The passengers stood tensely at the rail, hanging on and expecting their shaking craft to be torn apart or capsized at any moment.

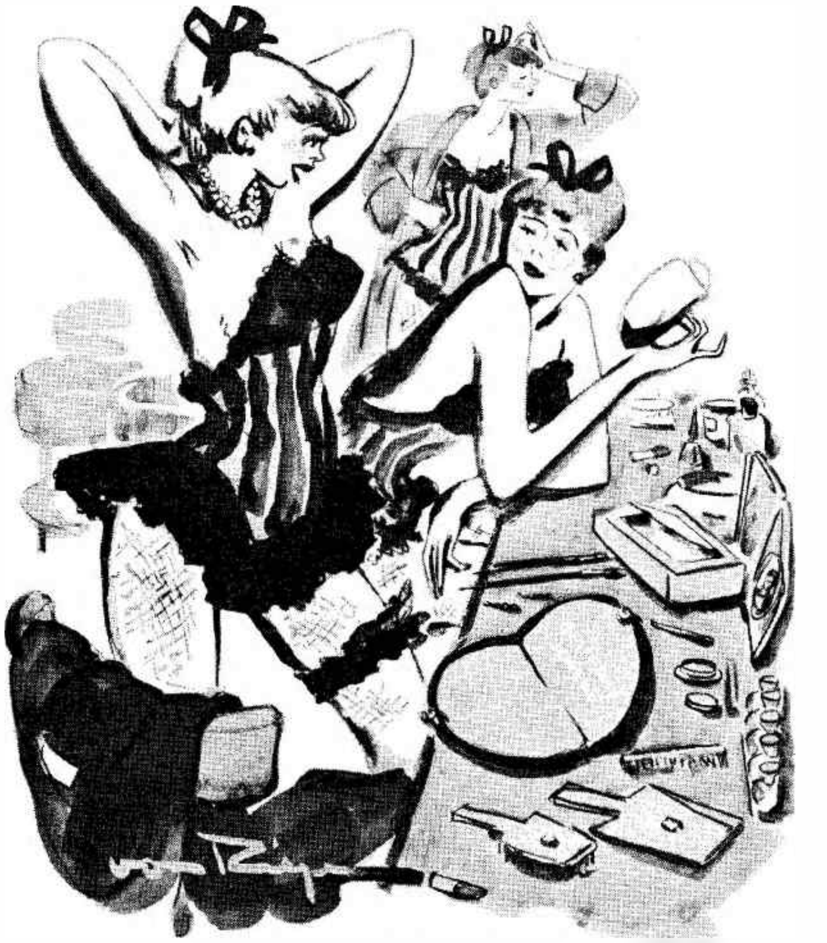
When finally another party boat, the *Atlanta,* drew curiously alongside, about half of the *Bae Strickland's* small-fry anglers let it be loudly and shamelessly known that they'd had enough. They welcomed the opportunity to scramble aboard the second boat and return to *terra firma.*

Later, one of those who had remained to witness the battle to the bitter end described how the whale shark apparently still was as fresh as a trout on its first jump when the finale came. The furious fish, drawn ever closer to the boat, suddenly made a terrific lunge that smashed the line and gave it its freedom.

The awed spectator, a New Yorker, gasped to the press when they reached the dock, "It was the biggest thing I'd ever seen outside of a plaster cast of a whale in the Museum of Natural History."

And his was one fish story that no one chose to dispute.—**George X. Sand**

TRUE MAGAZINE



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*Cpl. Robert C. Melsopp, Fort Knox, Ky.*

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# “Old Timer” Shows Young Pipe Smoker Reason

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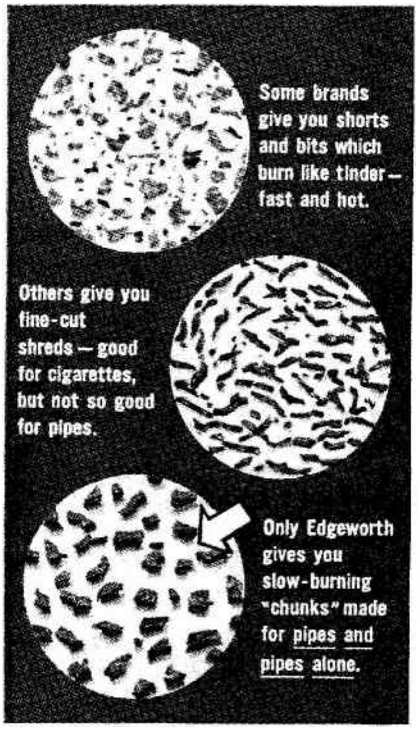
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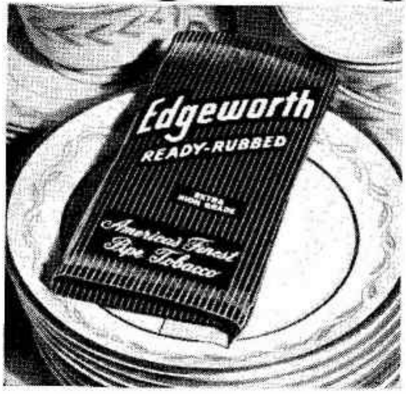
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