TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

35c APRIL 1960

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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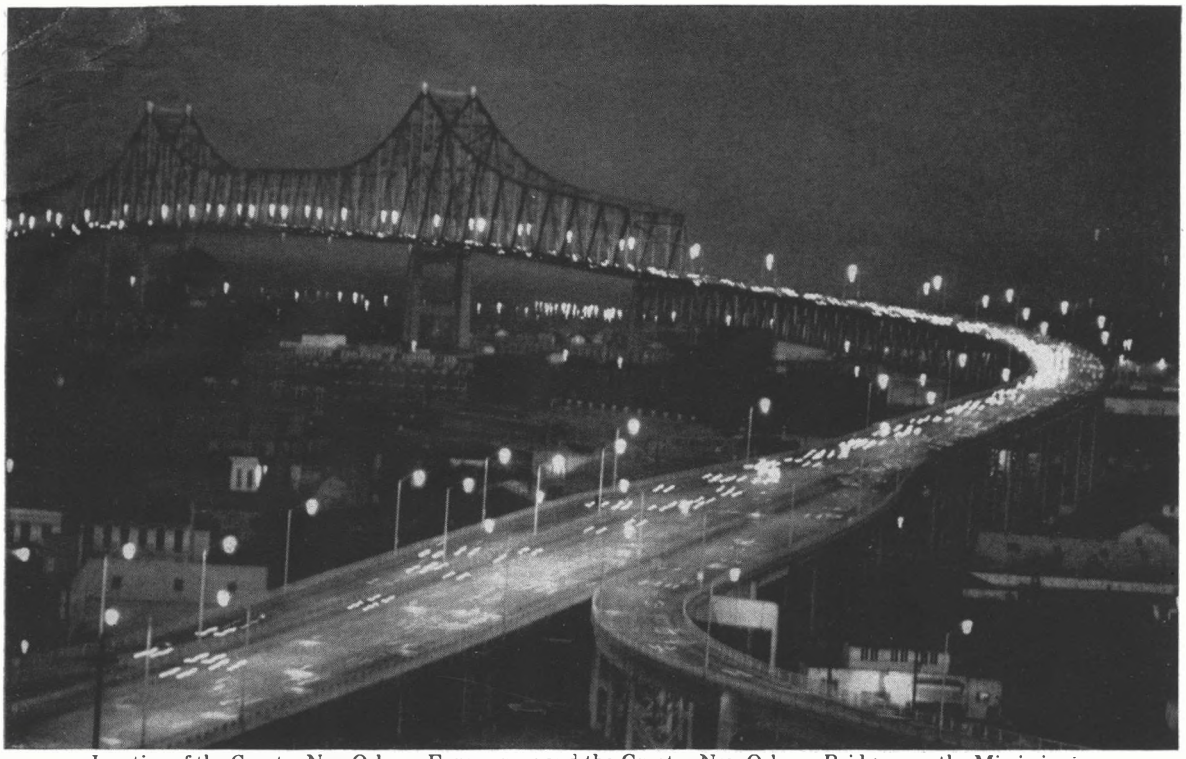


Junction of the Greater New Orleans Expressway and the Greater New Orleans Bridge over the Mississippi.

The World's First Turnpike-Proved Tires

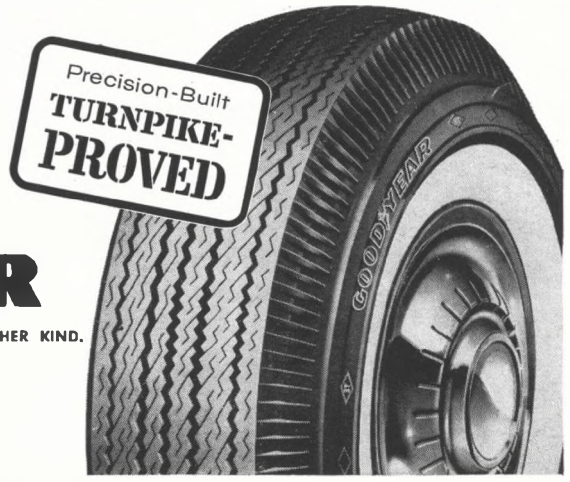
Now precision-built with electronic controls . . . to give you the three great new tire advances of 1960 . . .

1. **Up to 25% more safe mileage**—anywhere. Now, the mixing of Goodyear's super-tough tread compound is controlled by electronics. And the other major reason for Turnpike-Proved mileage—triple-tempered 3-T Cord (Rayon or Nylon)—is produced and built into tires with the precision control of electronic eyes.

2. **New whisper-quiet, cushion-soft ride.** New chemicals permit us to soften tread rubber *without sacrificing mileage*. In fact, because we've been able to produce a rubber that's softer, yet tougher, Goodyear tires now give you up to 25% *more* mileage than before.

3. **New 3-way sureness on the road.** Quicker starts—safer stops—better car control on turns. Again, this 3-way Goodyear advance comes not only from design factors, but from the precision we get from *electronic controls*.

Without question, these are the finest tires we've ever built. You can get them now at your nearby Goodyear dealer—and they won't cost you one cent more. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



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MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND.

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THIS Popular Album Club trial membership offers you the finest stereo or hi-fi music being recorded today—**for far less money than you would normally pay.**

You save up to 40% with this introductory offer alone. After the trial membership, if you continue, you will **save about one third** of the manufacturer's nationally advertised price through the Club's Dividend Album Plan. This plan lets you choose a **free** regular L.P. or stereo album (depending on which division you are in) with every two you buy from the Club.

Every month you are offered a wide variety of albums (up to 200 a year). One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate — or nothing at all — simply state your wishes on a form always provided. For regular L.P. albums you will pay the nationally advertised price — usually $3.98, at times $4.98; for stereo albums you will pay the nationally advertised price of $4.98, at times $5.98 (plus—in all cases—a small charge for postage and handling).

ALL ALBUMS ARE 12-INCH 33⅓ R.P.M.

1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita.*

2. Hottest album of year! All-star modern "mood" jazz — combo and big band from NBC-TV series. *Fallout!*, more.

3. Blues types, rhythm backing. *Hallelujah I Love Her So, One for My Baby, Fare Thee Well, God Bless the Child.*

8. Brand-new production of Kern-Hammerstein classic stars Howard Keel, Gogi Grant and Anne Jeffreys.

9. Operetta fdm stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You.*

11. Miller-styled modern repertoire, Ray McKinley. *Birdland, On the Street Where You Live, Mine, Anything Goes.*

19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado, Come Closer to Me, Peanut Vendor*, etc.

20. His 12 biggest, newly remade. *Green Eyes, Linda Mujer, Adios, Oye Negra, Baia, Mambo No. 5, Night Must Fall*, etc.

21. Cha chas, hot and cool, by Prado's crackling big band. *Lullaby of Birdland, Flight of the Bumblebee*, 9 more.

23. Cha-cha versions of top Latin tunes: *Frenesi, Yours, Perfidia, Brazil, Tampico, Cuban Pete, Port-au-Pleasure*, others.

24. 12 top favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Diane, Tenderly, Too Young, Charmaine*, more.

25. Absolutely the last word in sound, performance—the greatest *Gaîté* of all! *Gayne* excerpts include the *Sabre Dance.*

26. La MacKenzie sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow, Stranger in Paradise, Blue Tango.*

35. *My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterdays, Bewitched, The Thrill Is Gone, Summertime*, more.

36. 12 warmly sung inspirational songs: *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons.*

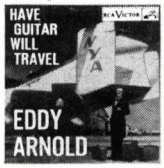
37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront.*

40. Wacky banjo-pickin' country comics fracture hit songs, special material. *Oh Lonesome Me*, 11 more laugh-getters.

41. Laugh a second! Kraut-sour German band plays (?) concert pieces, waltzes, marches, polkas, etc., in highest fi.

42. Suave, modern big-band jazz: top West Coast stars. *Chances Are, Everybody Loves a Lover* plus 10 other recent hits.

47. Happy honky-tonk piano versions of *My Gal Sal, Side by Side, Are in the Hole, Hello Ma Baby, Charmaine*, 7 more.

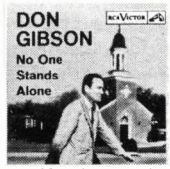


61. Singalogue by country-pop star. *Kentucky Babe, Idaho, Georgia on My Mind, Carolina in the Morning, Indiana*, etc.

62. Tender love songs and ballads. *Fifteen* (theme of *The World, the Flesh and the Devil*), *Delia's Gone*, 10 others.

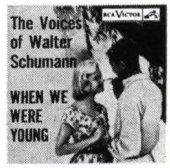
63. An oriental orchestral feast! Colorful sounds magnificently recorded. Voluptuous, melodious, familiar themes.

66. Dozen happy hops and waltzes. *Vass Iss Dass? Polka, Laughing Sailor, Ginger Polka, Mandolina Waltz*, others.



68. 12 soul-satisfiers by the *Oh Lonesome Me* star. New ones include *Faith Unlocks the Door, My God Is Real*, etc.

69. His biggest hits re-recorded in hi fi. *There, I've Said It Again; Riders in the Sky; Racing with the Moon; Ballerina*; etc.



74. 12 shimmering waltzes. *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Memories, Together, Girl of My Dreams, Would You?*

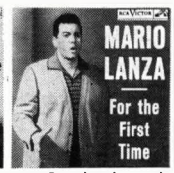
90. Crack quartet sings 12 many-mooded hits. *Lazy River, My Blue Heaven, Pretend, I'Attendrai, Shine*, etc.

94. Great tenor's favorite pop specials: *Bluebird of Happiness, Granada, Because, I Believe, Around the World*, etc.

97. Gershwin plays his own *Rhapsody in Blue* in hi fi! Also vintage piano rolls by Fats Waller, Zez Confrey and others.

100. Two super-stars render 12 Gershwin treasures in fresh, modern manner. The best-selling version.

201. Dreamy hi-fi trip to romantic places. *Around the World, Paris in the Spring, On a Slow Boat to China*, etc.



202. Soundtrack recording from late tenor's last film. *Come Prima, Vesti la giubba, O sole mio*, Schubert's *Ave Maria.*

204. *Hawaii in hi fi!* 12 authentically played all-time Hawaiian hits: *Sweet Leilani, The Hawaiian Wedding Song*, etc.

up-to-date list of RCA VICTOR best-sellers

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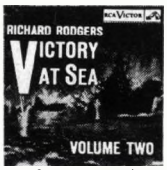
4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit. 15 hardy perennials. M. Gaynor, R. Brazzi.

5. All-time best-selling classical album by the extraordinary pianist who took Moscow and the world by storm.

6. 18 evergreens. *It Could Happen to You, Love Letters, When I Fall in Love, Birth of the Blues, You Made Me Love You.*

7. Stunning new recording of the dramatic 9-section suite from the award-winning TV score by Richard Rodgers.



91. 8 more sections from Richard Rodgers' dramatic TV score. De luxe package includes bound-in booklet, photos.

12. New remakes of their biggest hits. *Jalousie, Skaters Waltz, Liebestraum, Ritual Fire Dance, España Rhapsody.*

13. Dancing, listening delight. Sunny piano-with-rhythm medleys of fox trots, waltzes, lindys, by Porter, Kern, etc.

14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own*, etc.

15. Lilting versions of *The Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz, Tales from the Vienna Woods, Wiener Blut.*

16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family). *Waltz of the Flowers*, etc.

27. 12 dance-mood specials by famed trio plus strings: *I'll Get By, I'm in the Mood for Love, Melancholy Baby*, 9 more.

30. Colorful pipes, drums, Black Watch Band in a sonic treat! Marches, folk favorites plus Harry Lauder medley.

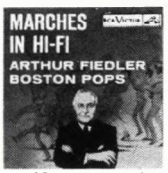
31. Handsome production of Straus operetta stars Rise Stevens, Robert Merrill, Jo Sullivan. *My Hero, Sympathy*, etc.

32. Liquid sounds from Hammond organ. *Over the Rainbow, Ebb Tide, Sweet Leilani, Jalousie, Moonlight Cocktail*, 7 others.

33. Rich baritone of the Billy Graham Crusade sings *God Will Take Care of You, My Saviour's Love, God Is So Good...*

48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmirk Suite; Anvils, of Course*: more.

50. Lerner & Loewe (writers of *My Fair Lady*) Academy Award winning score. Stars Gogi Grant and Tony Martin.



54. 15 strutting marches by diverse composers. *Colonel Bogey, 76 Trombones, March of the Toys, Yankee Doodle, Dixie.*

56. 16 timeless spirituals. *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Dry Bones; Every Time I Feel the Spirit; Set Down, Servant*: more.

58. Flowing, many-mooded guitar plus rich, warm strings. *Estrellita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves*, 12 in all.

79. Teen-age rock-and-roll singer-songwriter's hit versions of *I Go Ape, The Diary*, other originals —*Stupid Cupid*, etc.

89. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz. "Fascinating"—*Variety.*

IMPORTANT-PLEASE NOTE

Regular (monaural) long-playing records can be played on stereophonic phonographs; in fact, they will sound better than ever. However, stereophonic records are designed to be played ONLY ON STEREOPHONIC EQUIPMENT.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

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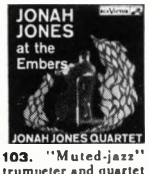
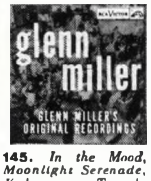
These are the incomparable originals. However, RCA VICTOR engineers have improved the sound and surfaces to enhance your enjoyment.



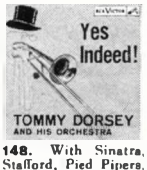
102. 12 Dixieland classics in highest fi. *Muskrat Ramble, Tiger Rag, Tin Roof Blues, Panama, That's A Plenty, Beale Street Blues*, etc.

103. "Muted-jazz" trumpeter and quartet —in hi fi. *It's All Right with Me, All of You, Lullaby of Birdland, Learning the Blues*, etc.



124. 14 of Perry's million-sellers since 1945. *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation, Round and Round, Hot Diggity.*

145. *In the Mood, Moonlight Serenade, Kalamazoo, Tuxedo Junction, String of Pearls, Pennsylvania 6-5000, Farewell Blues.*



148. With Sinatra, Stafford, Pied Pipers, Horigan, Rich. *Marie, Song of India, I'll Never Smile Again, Star Dust, Opus No. 1*, etc.

183. Artie's 12 biggest hits. *Begin the Beguine, Star Dust, Frenesi, Nightmare* (theme), *Temptation, Dancing in the Dark*, 6 others.

THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB P182-4

P. O. Box 80, Village Station, New York, 14, N. Y.

Please register me as a member of The RCA VICTOR Popular Album Club and send me the five albums whose numbers I have circled below, for which I will pay $3.98 (plus a small postage and handling charge). I agree to buy six other albums offered by the Club within the next year, for each of which I will be billed at the manufacturer's nationally advertised price: regular L.P.s usually $3.98, at times $4.98; stereo versions $4.90, at times $5.98. (A small postage and handling charge is added to all prices.) Thereafter, I need buy only four such albums in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel any time after buying six albums from the Club (in addition to those included in this introductory offer), but if I continue after my sixth purchase, for every two albums I buy I may choose a third album free.

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62	63	66	68	69	74	79	89
90	91	94	97	100	102	103	124
145	148	183	201	202	204		

TRUELY YOURS

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No Jay

In reference to last January's *Private Hackleford's Purple Heart Troubles*, I never heard of a Jay Company while I was in the infantry. What gives?

—Rudolph H. McCaffrey
Lake City, Florida

While author Ed Love's stories of his Army days are true in all respects, he did disguise a great many names to prevent possible embarrassment to the people involved.

Tragic Proof

I had just finished Andy Bathgate's warning on hockey spearing in your March issue when I read of a player in Adamsville, Quebec, who accidentally speared himself in a fall and died instantly. Isn't this proof enough for National Hockey League President Chester Campbell that a hockey stick is a lethal weapon?

—Arthur Furman
Port Washington, N. Y.

Fracas Over Flynn

I read half the story, tore it out of the magazine and burned it. Don't you know that we have children, wives and mothers at home who might see such things? I sincerely hope Flynn is enjoying the everlasting fires of Hell. Shame! Shame!

—Joe R. Forkner
Palm Springs, Calif.

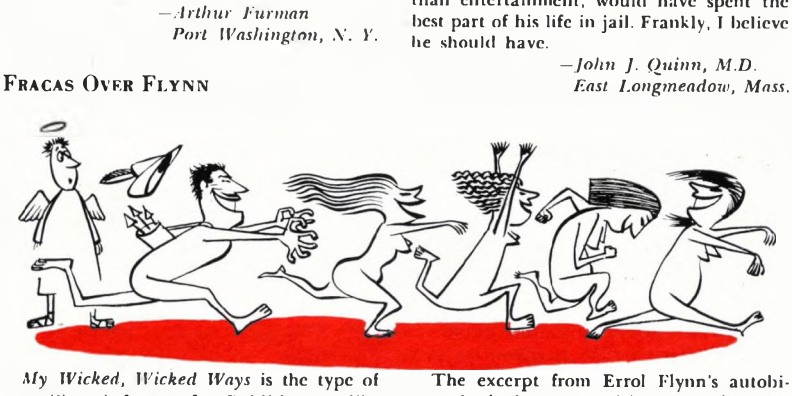
TRUE is a man's magazine. It is not edited for wives, mothers, children or the W.C.T.U. If yours is a family that would be damaged by reading Flynn's story suggest you install them on Cloud 9, or in a lighthouse far from human contacts and experiences.

Errol Flynn's story was worth much more to me than the pittance a young lady paid for my subscription.

—Paul Young
New York, N. Y.

It is the story of a crass, egomaniacal rapist—a man who either was a pathological liar or was psychopathic. He was undoubtedly insane. This man, in another world than entertainment, would have spent the best part of his life in jail. Frankly, I believe he should have.

—John J. Quinn, M.D.
East Longmeadow, Mass.



My Wicked, Wicked Ways is the type of story TRUE is famous for. Publish more like this.

—R. Holets
Chatfield, Minn.

The world is much better off that such an unmitigated scoundrel is out of it.

—John A. Logan
Tucson, Arizona

With all the current publicity about exploding populations, you sure have pulled the cork way out by printing Errol Flynn's jazzy life. Every female in our block is fighting for TRUE, and more and more of my neighbors are missing the bus mornings.

—Clint Sprague
Norton, Mass.

The excerpt from Errol Flynn's autobiography is the most exciting, compelling bit I have read since becoming addicted to TRUE some four years ago.

—James W. McKinstry
Karnak, Illinois

If there is not a man who can dream—if not act—at times like Errol did, then there are no men left on earth. For having the first real writing in a magazine for many a moon, congratulations to all!

—Dr. Harris S. Dulitz
New Orleans, La.

Whiskered Whisky

My son recently took up a floor board in his attic and found two quart bottles of 100 proof whisky wrapped in paper, both in very good condition. On the tax stamp it says it was made in the spring of 1910 and bottled in the spring of 1917. Does anybody know of any older whisky than this?

—C. A. White
Corning, N. Y.

Snafued Tatoo

The casual disregard for art history demonstrated by N. B. Stirling in *The War's Greatest Snafu Treasure Hunt* comes as an extreme shock to me. Some "army sergeant from Cabanatuan" most certainly did not tatoo Moe Solomon; I performed the work in question myself. At the time I was a fireman in the U.S. Navy on loan, as it were, to the Imperial Transportation Corps of Dai Nippon. The mural ran from Moe's shoulders to his butt and was my greatest single production as an objective visual artist. In order that art historians of the future do not rob me of the glory of having produced this work, I wanted to put the record straight. The article was quite right, however, about the conduct of Moe Solomon and the rest of that crew: they were fine men.

—Robert O. Bowon, Asst. Prof.
Univ. of Washington
Seattle 5, Wash.

Sozzled at Sumter

Joseph Millard didn't have the whole story in *The Day a World Ended* (Nov. 1959). There were 307 men on Sumter, but only 70 men didn't have to be carried ashore. They weren't wounded, they were *fractured*. Beauregard didn't send over claret and cigars—he sent ten full barrels (53 gallons each) of good Southern corn whisky, and 35 ladies of the evening from houses in Charleston. When the firing started, most of the

[*Continued on page 8*]

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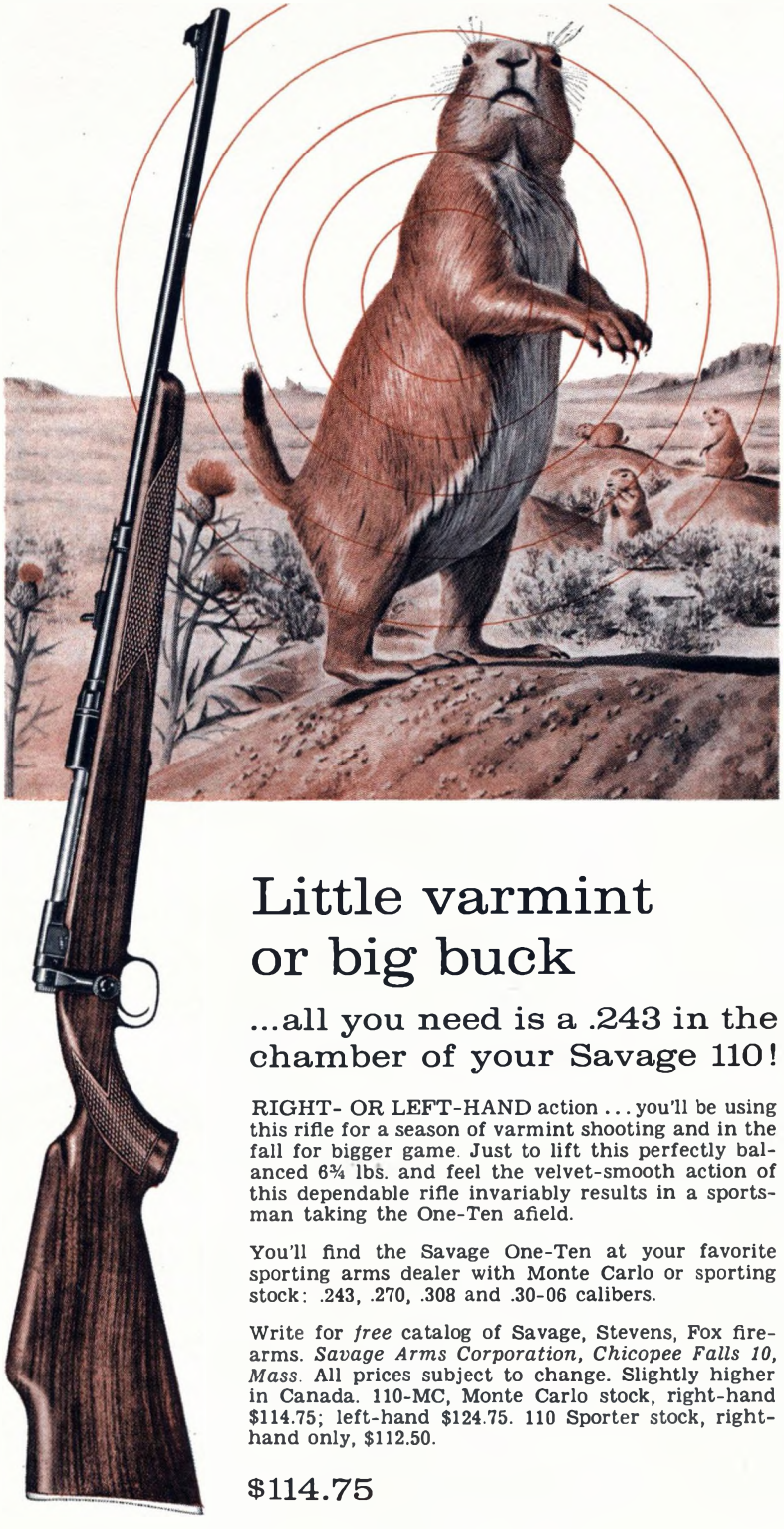

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APRIL 1960

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

MAN'S MAGAZINE

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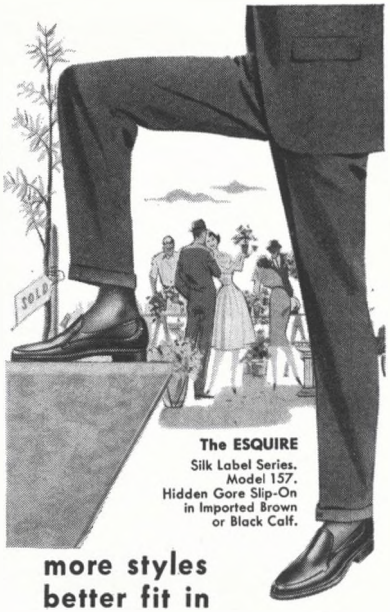

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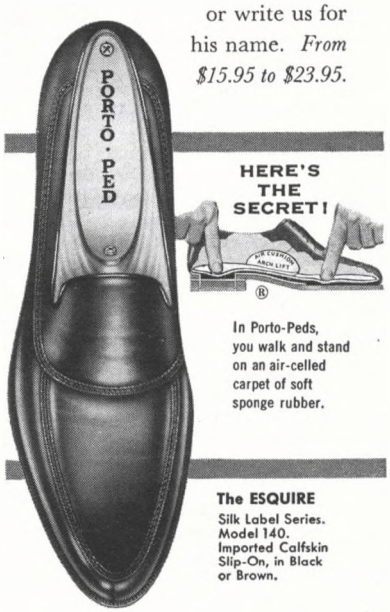

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[*Continued from page 4*]

defenders rushed underground—with the women and the whisky. The result can be imagined. I know this because my grandfather was in charge of the women. He was well known in Charleston as "Fingers" McCabe, and played the piano in several of the finest houses in Charleston. He was shipped to New York with the sadder and probably no wiser company of Sumter's "defenders."

—M. R. McCabe
Gansevoort, N. Y.

Let's get things straight. Which were carried underground first, the whisky or the women, and by whom? If your grandfather was in charge of the ladies, who played the piano?

Abominable Snowjob

You have been had. I know Don and Dale Wallace, who were employed by the Wallace Construction Co., and they told me that their uncle pulled off this little caper himself, aided by a pair of outsize rubber feet loaded with concrete.

—Marjorie Gray
Powers, Oregon

You've been given an Abominable Snowjob, Marjorie. Author Sanderson personally talked with both Ray and Wilbur Wallace—the two men who are supposed to have faked the tracks—and they both flatly deny their nephews' story.

Any man who would consider or condone the shooting of what might well be the last remnant of a unique species must be considered woefully irresponsible.

—D. B. McKillop
Fort William, Ontario

I would personally be more than glad to have a chance to either capture or kill—preferably capture—the "critter."

—Jim Ballew
Tulsa, Oklahoma

To the hundreds of volunteers who have written him, Mr. Sanderson wishes to say that no further assistance is needed at this time. A thoroughly equipped scientific expedition has been operating in northern California for several months now, and they hope to make a report soon. Sanderson further assures us that no one plans to shoot the creature; the whole purpose is to conserve the species and to study it scientifically. When the Snowman is finally found, TRUE will have the story.

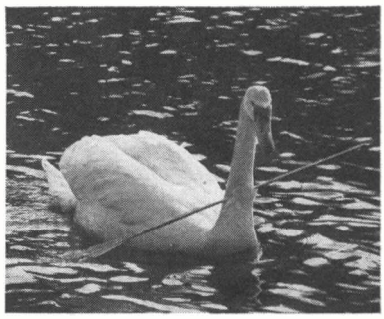
Vipper A Gypper

I have never seen a VIP cartoon worth laughing at. His characters have no more resemblance to human beings than that picture of him you ran in the January issue. How he gained the popularity he has, I'll never know. The taste of some people must be quite terrible.

—Herman Werder
Bridgeport, West Va.

We'll agree with your last sentence.

Last Shot



For the final word on Claire Conley's *Butchers with Bows and Arrows*, how about this photograph?

—Bob DeWick
Patchogue, New York

Another Bomb Carrier

Our hospital, the 38th Station Hospital, APO 646, while stationed in Winchester, England, had a similar case to *The Human Time Bomb* (Dec. 1959). A few days after the Normandy invasion an X-ray revealed a 20mm unexploded projectile in the left shoulder of a merchant marine patient. Our chief surgeon, Maj. William L. Denny of Cambridge, Ohio, removed the projectile surgically without assistance. This case has also been forgotten in the annals of war records.

—Wayne Dickens
Merlin, Texas

Card-Carrying Griper

VIP's cards are real cagey, but where in hell are the envelopes?

—W. J. Dowd
Leadville, Colo.

You're the kind of guy who'd get marooned with Sophia Loren and complain about the weather.

No White Fan

The exploits of Col. George White make exciting reading, but how much they actually accomplish in suppressing the traffic is somewhat questionable. The chief result is that the price goes up, making the traffic more profitable. When we are willing to recognize that narcotics addiction is primarily a medical problem, and treat it as such, we may finally get someplace.

—W. K. Munn
Oakland, Calif.

Statistics show that the larger the number of peddlers jailed, the larger the decrease in addicts in a given community. TRUE does not pass on the method of dealing with drugs and addiction, but does compliment Col. White for doing well a job ordained by law.

Long-Range Fisherman

We've had an Ocean Fishing Club in very successful operation for six years, and your readers might like to know how it's organized. Even though some distance from the coast we find it makes a fine five-day annual outing. We have 27 members and our last year's catch totaled 1,700 lbs. This year's catch totaled over 2,000 lbs. The largest fish caught this year weighed 43 lbs. We went after Atlantic Cod and Haddock, and used Gloucester, Massachusetts, as our base.

Each club member pays dues of ten dollars a month for a year to finance the transportation and pay for lodging. The club also furnishes hooks, leaders, sinkers and bait. Anti-seasick pills are part of the standard equipment. A check-sheet is provided all members listing clothing and necessities. (The final instruction in the check-sheet recommends each fisherman kiss his wife good-by.) Each man takes $20 to $30 for gifts, meals and miscellaneous needs.

—Harold Hack Downs
Buffalo, N. Y.

How many bottles of *miscellaneous* you figuring on, Harold?

Clock Watchers

Congratulations on *Corner for Clock Cranks*. We of the National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors, Inc., are proud to have our fellow collector and past president, Willis R. Michael, featured in the pages of True. Incidentally, our dues are not $25, but less than one-third that amount. I would be happy to send full details to True readers.

—Earl T. Strickler
Managing Director, NAWCC
Columbia, Pa.

Letting Off Steam

You said in last January's *Strange But True* that the last steam locomotive was built in 1944. Actually, in 1951-52 the Norfolk and Western built 22 0-8-0 (Switchers) for itself, and I believe these were the last to be built in the U.S. If Mr. Pinkerton meant only engines made by outside concerns, I can say that Baldwin built 30 steam locomotives in 1948 for the same railroad.

—Jacques Caya
Montreal, Quebec

Bombs Away

That was a tremendous story—*The Human Time Bomb*. Too bad there isn't an appropriate award for such heroic people as Dr. Sheehan, nurse Buchan and pharmacists Bohac and Landgraf.

—George C. McGowan
New Brighton, Pa.

Deathless Bear

You have made a number of references to the famous old Coast Guard Cutter *Bear* which was called "the stoutest ship ever built." She has an interesting history that may not be over yet—you'll be surprised to learn. She now lies alongside a little fleet of rotting derelicts in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. She's owned by a Capt. Frank Shaw who hopes to install engines in her and send her sealing again!

The *Bear's* hull was of oak sheathed with Australian ironwood, the toughest wood known. She was launched in 1873 in Dundee, Scotland, and according to ancient tradition, three shillings were nailed at the step of each mast to pay passage of the crew to Charon across the River Styx.

In the 85 years afloat the *Bear* has had an almost incredible career. She patrolled the Alaskan coast during the Klondike gold rush maintaining law and order; but inland at Skagway the infamous Soapy Smith ruled his realm of vice—just as you reported in *Showdown for a Con Man* in the August True.

She was skippered on the Bering Sea patrol by the rugged Michael Healy, called "Hell Roarin' Mike." Mike Healy was as kind as he was rugged, and got the approval of Congress to transport reindeer from Siberia to the starving Eskimos of Alaska. The present reindeer herds descended from the ones ferried in on the *Bear*.

On a trip to Seattle from Alaska the *Bear* carried ballast of sand, and legend has it that waterfront bums panned small fortunes in gold dust out of this sand when it was dumped in Seattle.

Admiral Byrd took the *Bear* to the Antarctic in 1933, and she returned to explore 500 miles of Antarctic coast in 1939.

During World War II she proudly flew the American flag on the Greenland patrol. When decommissioned she was sold to the Shaw Steamship Company of Halifax for $5,199. She is now collecting barnacles and the rigging is rotting away, but the grand old *Bear* isn't dead yet.

—Harrison Maynard
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Can.

Girlie Rally

The report on the Monte Carlo Rally was really great and it got me so excited that I ran out and made arrangements to be in Paris to help the French girls celebrate next year.

—Roy Box
Forest Grove, Oregon

Male Enemy

Why don't you write about one of the American male's prime enemies—alimony?

—Darryl Tharalson
Minneapolis, Minn.

See True, next month.

Slip of The Hynd

What about those ".36 caliber bullets" that dispatched editor Mellett in *Death Stopped His Presses* (Jan. 1960)? Ain't no such caliber.

—James Ventura
Oklahoma City, Okla.

You're right, Jim. Author Hynd is now playing Russian Roulette with a .38—the gun that was actually used on Mellett.

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BY BRISTOL-MYERS, MAKERS OF BUFFERIN®, VITALIS®, IPANA®

Finned and masked diver leaps over the side, ready to grapple with 250 pounds of fighting turtle.

Nassau sportsmen risk vicious bites
from razor beaks when they match strength
with loggerheads in a free-for-all...

TURTLE TUSSLE

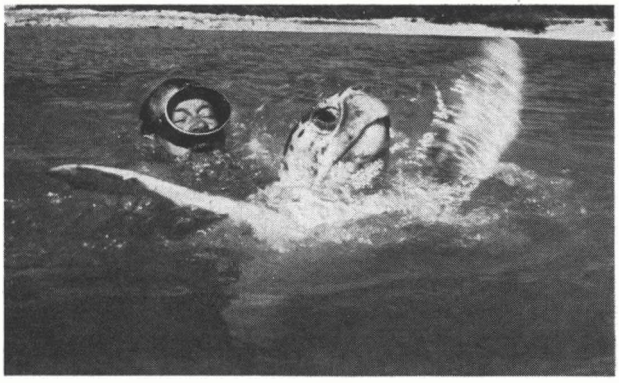
Photographed for TRUE by SID LATHAM

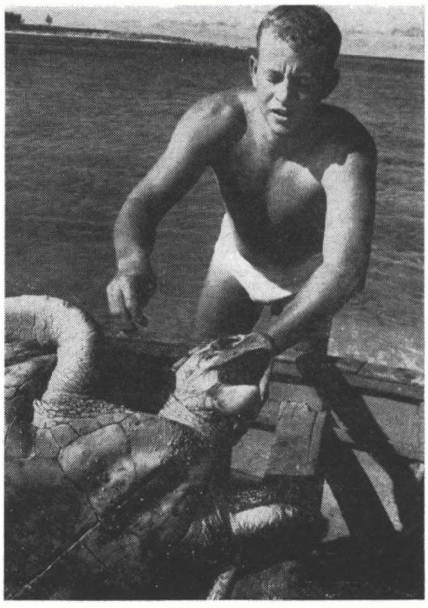
The crystal blue waters of the Bahamas offer many thrills to the adventure-minded, and a new gimmick for underwater cutups is chasing loggerhead turtles for fun and profit. Big turtles in Nassau waters weigh in at 250 pounds or more and they fight titanically for their freedom.

Ronnie Carroll is a construction worker on his employer's time, but he is an underwater gambler on his own. Carroll, shown on these pages, leaps into the water and gambles that he can outwit and out-struggle a fighting mad turtle without losing a hand in the process. Beaks on these big amphibians are honed to a fine edge, and a loggerhead can crack conch shells with great ease.

Once the sand-hugging turtle is wrested to the surface, the struggle begins—and doesn't end until the diver manhandles the critter ashore where it's put into a boat and sold at market. ■

Turtle heads for sandy bottom (above) with diver holding on with fingers hooked in shell. Diver wrests turtle to surface (below) where flippers thrash madly in water. Right, boated turtle—worth about $40 at the market—snaps angrily at captor.





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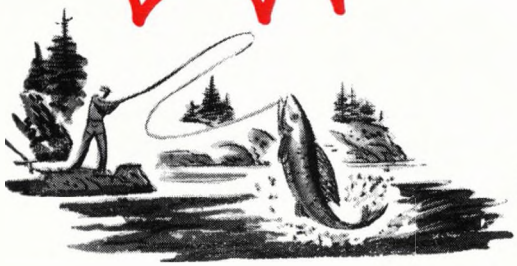

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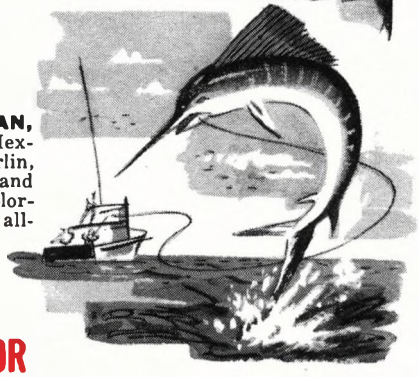

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1. Fill in the official sweepstakes entry blank on this page (additional blanks are available at your U.S. Royal Dealer's) or use reasonable facsimile indicating your preference for fishing trips. Then print your name and address plainly and mail to:
U.S. Royal Sweepstakes
P. O. Box 233
Mount Vernon 10, N. Y.

2. Anyone 18 years of age or older living in the United States is eligible to enter except residents of New Jersey, Nebraska or wherever restricted or prohibited by federal, state or local regulations. Employees of U.S. Rubber Company, their distributors, dealers, advertising agencies and members of their immediate families are not eligible.

3. All entries must be postmarked by June 15, 1960 and received not later than midnight June 25, 1960.

4. Winners will be awarded prizes listed elsewhere on the basis of a blindfold drawing, by name, under the direction of The Reuben H. Donnelly Corporation, whose selections are final. No more than one prize per family.

5. Fishing Trip Prizes will be awarded to the first 24 eligible entries drawn. Preferences as indicated by winning contestants will be followed on the basis of availability of trips in accordance with sequence of entries as they are drawn.

6. Prizes can be designated to others by winning contestants if desired. No alternative prizes will be awarded to contest winners. All trips must be taken prior to December 1, 1960.

7. Winners will be notified by mail. A complete list of winners will be mailed to all contestants on request. Just mail self-addressed envelope to address above. List of winners will be available about six weeks after end of contest.

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- ☐ FISHERMAN'S LODGE, ARKANSAS
- ☐ TONGASS LODGE, ALASKA
- ☐ WALKER CAY CLUB, THE BAHAMAS

Name .....

Address ..... City ..... State .....

man to man

ANSWERS

By Robert E. Pinkerton

Crowds like these gather in the streets of Alaskan towns to wait for results of the Tanana River ice-out lottery.

All Alaska is becoming excited as the time approaches for a decision in its annual pool, perhaps the most unique sectional betting event in the United States. Edgar Grant of New York City wants to know what it is, how the winner is determined and how high the betting runs.

The pool is decided by the day, hour and minute the ice goes out in the Tanana River at the little town of Nenana, about 50 miles southwest of Fairbanks. Tickets are sold for $1 each and cannot be bought by non-residents of Alaska or the Yukon Territory in Canada. In a recent year 170,000 tickets were registered with accompanying guesses. Eleven winners collected $8,454.50 each.

Several stories of how the pool started are current but the accepted version in Nenana is that in the late winter of 1917 two old sourdoughs stood on the river bank studying the ice and arguing as to when it would go. Finally they made a bet. They talked about this in the village and workers on the new Alaska railroad became interested. A pool of $600 resulted. The story spread through Alaska and created much interest. In 1918 the present system was started and has been going ever since.

A system had to be devised which would record the exact minute when the ice broke up. To accomplish this a tripod was erected on the ice in mid-channel and a wire run to a shack on shore. When the ice moved, the wire released a heavily weighted meat cleaver which cut a rope and stopped the clock. The time registered decided the winner.

In 1917 the ice went out on April 30 and a Nenana man won. Since then no person in the village has held a money ticket, but an hour and minute on April 30 became a popular choice. It has won four times in 43 years. Nevertheless, an April date has won only 11 times while choices in May have won 32. The earliest day was April 20 in 1940 and the latest May 16 in 1945. Only twice has the ice gone out in the middle of the night. A crowd gathers when a siren warns that the ice is grinding. Radio sends the news throughout Alaska.

April 4, midnight, is closing date for filing tickets in Nenana. With air mail and planes flying all over Alaska, a man can wait for the latest weather reports before making his guess. In the early days, with only two mails a year, men had to file a hazardous guess months before they knew what the spring would be like. But they were sourdoughs, knew weather signs, and were willing to back their judgment.

Q: How and why is a fish anesthetized? *Walter Ryan, The Bronx, N. Y.*

A: Scientists cannot identify a slippery, wriggling fish, so they put it to sleep. Most anesthetics are harmful to fish and many died until a German development of 25 years ago. F. G. Wood, curator of Marineland Studios in Florida, says they now recover quickly and have no after effects. Because the drug is expensive, for large fish he developed a method of spraying a solution into the gills. The fish "went under" almost immediately. A two-gallon spray is used on large sharks. Mr. Wood hopes to use it on marlin, sailfish and swordfish, none of which has been transported any distance in a livewell.

Q: How long has the cahow been extinct? *Arthur Davis, Little Rock, Ark.*

A: This nocturnal petrel, named from its cry, is about the size of a pigeon. It was believed to have been exterminated by colonists in Bermuda where it bred. They killed large numbers for food between 1600 and 1622. Only two specimens were seen after that time until 1951, when Dr. Cushman Murphy of the American Museum of Natural History and Louis I. Mowbray of the Bermuda Aquarium saw five on a rocky islet.

Q: Has any person lived after being scalped? *B. Munro, Sudbury, Ontario, Canada.*

A: Scalps were generally taken from a dead foe but live persons were scalped, and did not always die.

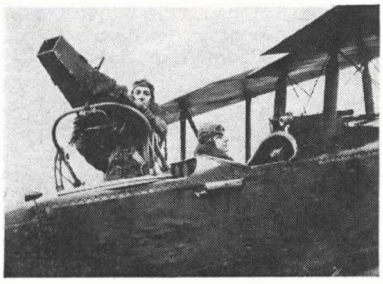
Q: What is pot cheese? *R. E. Jarett, San Francisco, Calif.*

A: Originally it was made locally in Pennsylvania from home-made cottage cheese. Both were made in homes of the curds of sour milk. Cottage cheese as sold today is made of curds of skimmed milk and has cream added. Pot cheese is creamless.

Q: Is the rainbow trout found only in the West? ***Norman Fox, Toledo, O.***

A: At one time they were, living only in rivers flowing into the Pacific and spending much of their life in salt water. Attempts to raise them in hatcheries and transplant them to new areas were so successful the rainbow is now found in all parts of the country.

Q: How long has aerial photography been employed? ***Ansel Larsen, Milwaukee, Wis.***



A: Kites and balloons were used for photography before the airplane was invented, but not until World War I did its value become apparent toward the end. Later great skill was developed in taking still pictures and Southeastern Alaska was mapped by the Army in 10 days. The U.S. Forest Service could grade timber from the photographs. Then the airplane turned to prospecting, and many mines were discovered in Canada that could not be seen from the ground. Craters of meteorites, long overgrown, also appeared on prints. In World War II aerial photographs became of great military intelligence importance.

Q: Why are volcanoes in high peaks? ***Alan Russell, Washington, D. C.***

A: Of about 200 active volcanoes in the world, only 46 are in peaks of 10,000 feet or higher. In the Pacific islands, eight are less than 1,000 feet high. Most famous is Anak Krakatau, remnant of Krakatau, whose explosion in 1883 was heard around the world. Anak Krakatau let loose in 1950 from a height of 520 feet. In 1958 Mt. Fayal, in the Azores, only 200 feet high, erupted. Most famous is an eruption in Mexico on a broad plain devoted to agriculture. It burst out of the flat land and built a mountain.

Q: How old was Man o' War when he died? ***Lee Whitehead, Louisville, Ky.***

A: Man o' War was foaled March 29, 1917, in the August Belmont stables near Lexington, Kentucky. He died of a heart attack on November 1, 1947, on the Samuel D. Riddle farm eight miles north of Lexington. Thus he was 30 years and seven months old. He was retired in 1921 after racing as a two and three-year-old and it is estimated that 1,500,000 visited the farm to see him. In 1958 the 2½ acre park where he was buried, and containing his bronze statue, was made a public shrine.

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Q: How many rural mail routes in the U. S.? ***Terry Fay, Albany, N. Y.***

A: In July, 1958, 31,465 rural routes covered 1,601,524 miles. We also had 36,308 postoffices in the U.S. and possessions.

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Q: A friend says a President of the U. S. was once elected by the House of Representatives. So? ***Barney Rubin, Brooklyn, N. Y.***

A: Yes. In the election of 1824 John Quincy Adams received 84 electoral votes and Andrew Jackson 99. Since there was no electoral majority, the election went to the House where Henry Clay, who had received 37 votes, threw his influence to Adams, who was elected and made Clay Secretary of State. In 1800 Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr each received 73 electoral votes and the House elected Jefferson.

Q: Who was first to swim the English Channel? ***Dwight Nicholson, Boston, Mass.***

A: In 1875 Matthew Webb of Britain became the first to swim from England to France but 36 years elapsed before the feat was accomplished again. Not until 1923 was a third crossing made. The great year of channel swimming was 1926 when Gertrude Ederle, an American, was the first woman to cross, followed by Mrs. Millie Gade Corson of the U.S. and four men. Florence Chadwick of the U.S. was the first woman to cross both ways and has crossed more times than any other man or woman, four. Only one man has beaten the time of an American woman, Mrs. Greta A. Sonnischen, 11 hours in 1958.

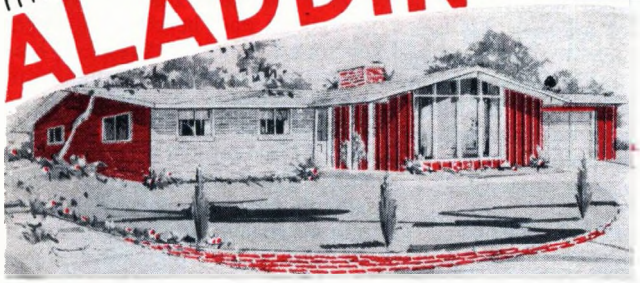
Q: When was chewing gum first manufactured? ***Ross Stewart, Chicago, Ill.***

A: The first chewing gum, called "State of Maine Pure Spruce Gum," was manufactured in Bangor, Maine, in 1848. The first chewing gum patent was issued to William F. Semple of Mount Vernon, Ohio, in 1869.

Q: Did the Spaniards invent the lasso? ***Cliff Ames, Erie, Pa.***

A: No. The lasso was invented by American Indians in Mexico, probably for catching deer, though it was also a weapon and as such was used effectively against the Spanish invaders.

ALADDIN READI-CUT HOMES



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Q: What is the difference between amnesia and aphasia? *Homer Snow, Seattle, Wash.*

A: Amnesia is a loss of memory for long or short intervals. Shock, senility, mental disease or injury may cause it. Aphasia, caused by a brain lesion, results in a person being unable to speak or write.

Q: What is the origin of lettuce? *Melvin King, Chicago, Ill.*

A: While believed to be native to the East Indies, this plant has been cultivated since ancient times and nowhere is it known in the wild state.

Q: Where is the Chapel of the Four Chaplains and what does it commemorate? *Kenneth Brooks, Columbus, O.*

A: It is in Philadelphia, built by contributions of 10,000, dedicated 1951. It honors four chaplains—a rabbi, a Catholic priest and two Protestant ministers—who were serving aboard the U.S. Dorchester when it was sunk off Greenland in February, 1943. They gave their life preservers to enlisted men and, standing in a line, went down with the ship.

Q: A friend claims he saw a "fur-bearing trout." Is there any such fish? *Gilbert Swanson, Minneapolis, Minn.*

A: No. This hoax has been prevalent in Ontario in the last few years and several specimens have been on exhibition. One example, traced to a taxidermist, carried a label explaining that the great depth and coldness of Lake Superior's waters caused the trout to grow a dense coat of fur. Close scouting revealed that rabbit skin had been stapled to the back of the trout and glued around the gill covers. Mammals are the only animals that grow fur.

Q: Does the United States lead in literacy? *Chester Thomas, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

A: Far from it. According to a recent United Nations report, illiteracy runs 1 to 2 percent in all western European countries except Italy, Spain and France. Canada has 2 to 3 percent and the U.S. 2 to 5. While Russia claims to be a country of complete literacy, the report says 5 to 10 percent are illiterate. It is estimated 75 percent of the world's illiterate population lives in Asia. It was found that percentages of illiteracy run as high as 95 to 99 percent in Ethiopia.

Q: Where were King Solomon's mines? *Tom Ware, San Francisco, Calif.*

A: Some believe they were in Southern Rhodesia, South Africa. An ancient people, identity unknown, mined gold from a location there and finally disappeared, leaving forts and ruins. It is difficult to understand how they got the gold to Palestine nearly 3,000 years ago.

Q: What is the most dangerous sport known? *Johnathan M. Pratt, Summit, N. J.*

A: We would say mountaineering. A few years ago the Swiss Alpine Club reported that more than 1,100 persons died in the Alps between 1935 and 1951. Of these, 77 were climbing alone and 515 without guides. Football causes about 15 deaths annually and boxing about 7, but increased precautions by state boxing authorities are producing a lower rate. Most football deaths occur in high school teams. With 400 players in major-league baseball, there has not been a fatality since 1920. Golf, too, has its dangers. Of men covered by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., three golfers died in one year. One was hit by a ball in flight, another was struck by a club swung by a companion, and a third was struck by lightning.

TRUE will answer any reasonable questions you ask, free of charge, including questions on resorts, fishing and hunting vacations, where to go and how to get there. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-4, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N. Y.

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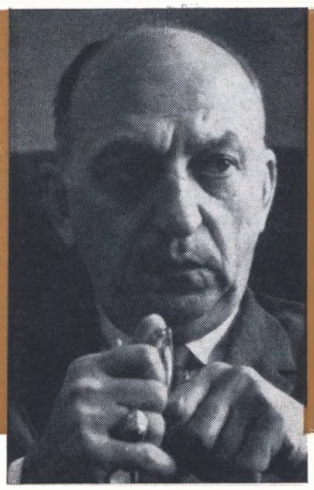
WHY WE MUST ABOLISH THE ARMY NAVY AND AIR FORCE!

By Congressman Frank Kowalski as told to Martin L. Gross



■ Representative Kowalski (D.-Conn.) is a retired U. S. Army colonel with 33 years of continuous service. He served as an infantry company, battalion and regimental commander. During World War II he was Chief of Training, G-3, European Theater and later Deputy Military Governor of Japan under General MacArthur. He was the first commandant of the Army Command Management School, a post he held until his retirement in 1958.

As a member of the House Armed Services Committee, he has taken particular interest in waste and duplication in our Armed Forces. Last November TRUE published his startling expose of the widespread use of GIs as personal servants, Let's Free Our GI Slaves! This is an even more controversial plan for strengthening our defense effort.

Needless waste, duplication and inter-service squabbling is costing an estimated $7 billion a year, tying up 500,000 men, crippling our defense effort. This expert's drastic solution: a single uniform and a single unified service

WASHINGTON, D. C.

If war should erupt tomorrow, the Army's crack airborne divisions at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and Fort Campbell, Kentucky, are poised and ready for combat anywhere in the world on two-hour notice. There is only one drawback: they don't have enough planes.

Repeated Army requests to the Air Force to equip these units with transport planes have been turned down, as have their pleas to at least earmark specific planes for emergency call. According to testimony before the House Appropriations Subcommittee, the planes available now could airlift only one of the three strategic divisions.

To the Army, the additional planes would mean the difference between a crippled outfit and a fully integrated fighting force; the Air Force, however, sees the Army request as an attempt to usurp their hard-won status as an independent service. This Army-Air Force battle is, at present, a stalemate.

This type of pettiness between the armed services has contaminated almost every aspect of our defense structure —from budget to reserve training, supply, missile warfare and even air defense. In fact, the independent existence of our three major fighting forces—the Army, Navy and Air Force—has created a meaningless miasma of waste, rivalry, inefficiency and duplication that is uselessly devouring a huge chunk of our $41 billion defense budget, and could eventually destroy us.

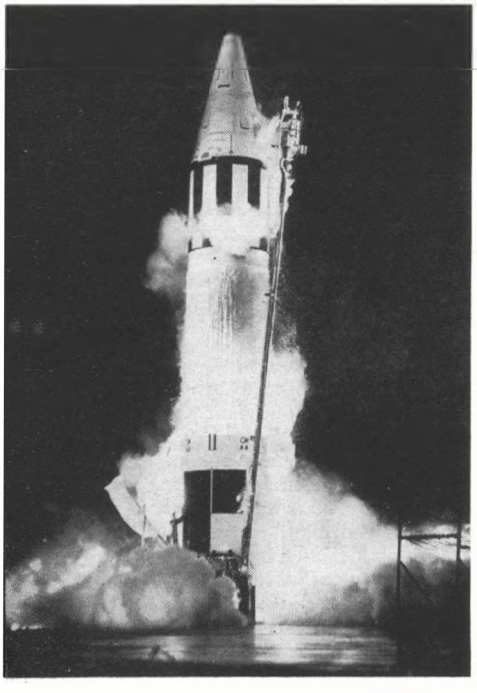
In the Mediterranean area, which I visited last summer, the Navy has built two air bases of its own—Rota Naval Air Base in Spain and Port Lyautey in Morocco—while several Air Force bases in the sector, equipped to handle the same planes, are often half used. In fact, one giant base in Morocco is completely deserted.

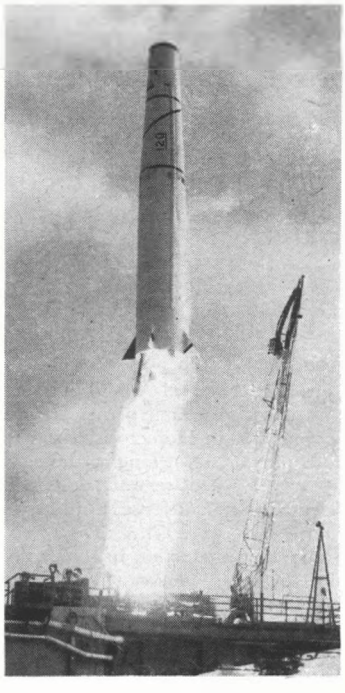
Not long ago, the Air Force initiated a frantic and expensive campaign to recruit and train fighter pilots for air defense, while at the same time the Navy and Marines were *discharging* some of their trained pilots as part of a reduction in force!

The waste, in men and money, is often patently ridiculous. At the Middletown Air Materiel Area, the Air Force had accumulated $8,400,000 of excess helicopter parts, which they planned to sell off as surplus at a fraction of the original cost. Meanwhile, the Army was placing new orders for the *same parts,* with the *same manufacturer,* for the *same model helicopter.* Only the fortunate interference of the General Accounting Office helped salvage part of this amazing fiasco.

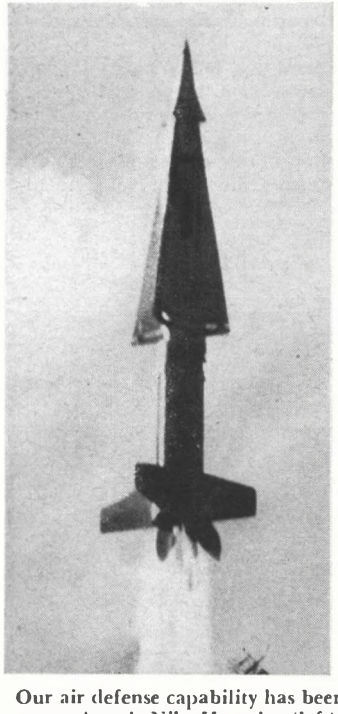
In the missile field, after wasting half a billion dollars and perhaps a year's time by producing "duplicate" IRBMs —the Air Force Thor and Army Jupiter—we have now learned that, despite the well-meaning last minute intervention by the Defense Department, not even the rocket engines are interchangeable.

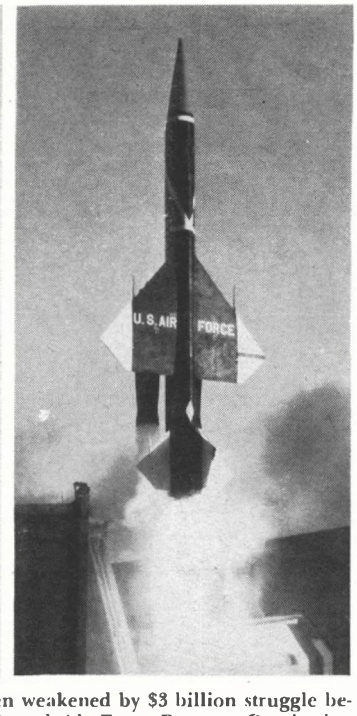
During the development of the rockets, according to congressional reports I have secured, both the Air Force and Army hoarded scientific information from each other almost as scrupulously as from the Soviets. When the Defense Department ordered the rocket engines made by the same contractor (the Rocketdyne division of North Ameri-





These two IRBM's—Army Jupiter (left) and Air Force Thor—serve an identical purpose. This duplication wasted half a billion dollars, a year's time. Now that AF has taken over Jupiter, another fiasco is coming.





Our air defense capability has been weakened by $3 billion struggle between Army's Nike-Hercules (left) and Air Force Bomarc. Continuing battle has been waged in Congress and even newspaper advertisements.

"THE MOST TRAGIC VICTIM IS OUR MISSILE PROGRAM"

can Aviation) the two services jealously insisted on making individual minor design changes. The contractor was simultaneously—and expensively—making two different rocket engines for the government for the same job.

Neither are the men interchangeable. Now that operational control of the Jupiter has been shifted to the Air Force, trained Army missile artillerymen at Huntsville, expert in Jupiter firings, have been replaced simply because they wear the Army's olive green instead of the Air Force's blue.

And, to take an even more ridiculous example, the Air Force is now claiming that AF personnel should be stationed aboard the Navy's new ballistic-missile submarines in order to shoot off the Polaris missiles. "Anything that flies belongs in the Air Force" seems to be their theory.

Another scene of the inter-service battle is Fort Hamilton, an Army base in Brooklyn, where duplication is costing the taxpayers a cool $10 million a year. Four hundred soldiers, 50 officers and 400 civilians operate the fort for the sole purpose of processing Army men coming in and leaving the country by air—a job which was already being done efficiently for the other services at McGuire Air Force Base in nearby New Jersey.

In addition to paying for the useless Hamilton, the government is also forced to maintain a special Military Air Transport lounge at Idlewild ($18,000 a year) for these men, bus service from Hamilton to the airport, and a duplicate force of 23 airmen at Idlewild to reprocess this separate Army shipment.

The Army's arguments for this $10 million pork-barrel are transparently thin—the lack of sufficient transient space at McGuire (even though Fort Dix is next door) and the statement that Air Force doctors do not require medical exams prior to take-off, while the Army does. Even a former commanding officer of Hamilton recently told me that he considered the fort to be a complete waste of money and manpower.

During the last five years, the three services have avariciously fought each other for the lion's share of almost $200 billion spent in defense funds—each firmly convinced that the nation would be completely secure if only their individual projects could be accomplished.

The combined result of their efforts is easy to state, [*Continued on page* 24]

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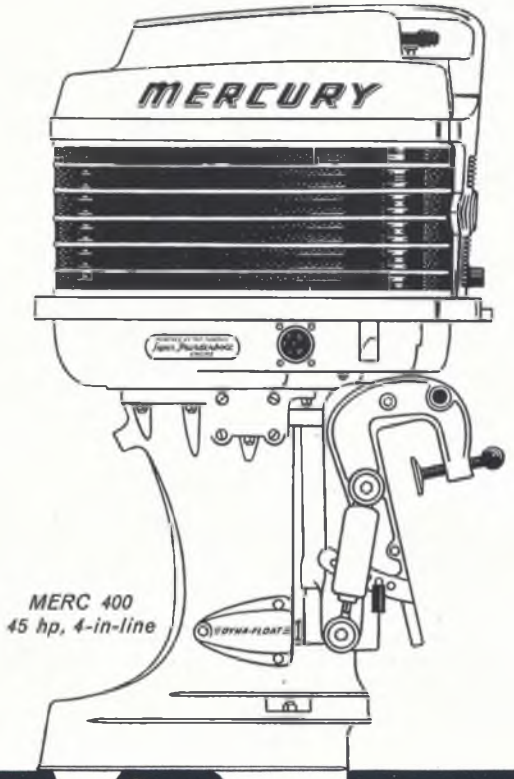

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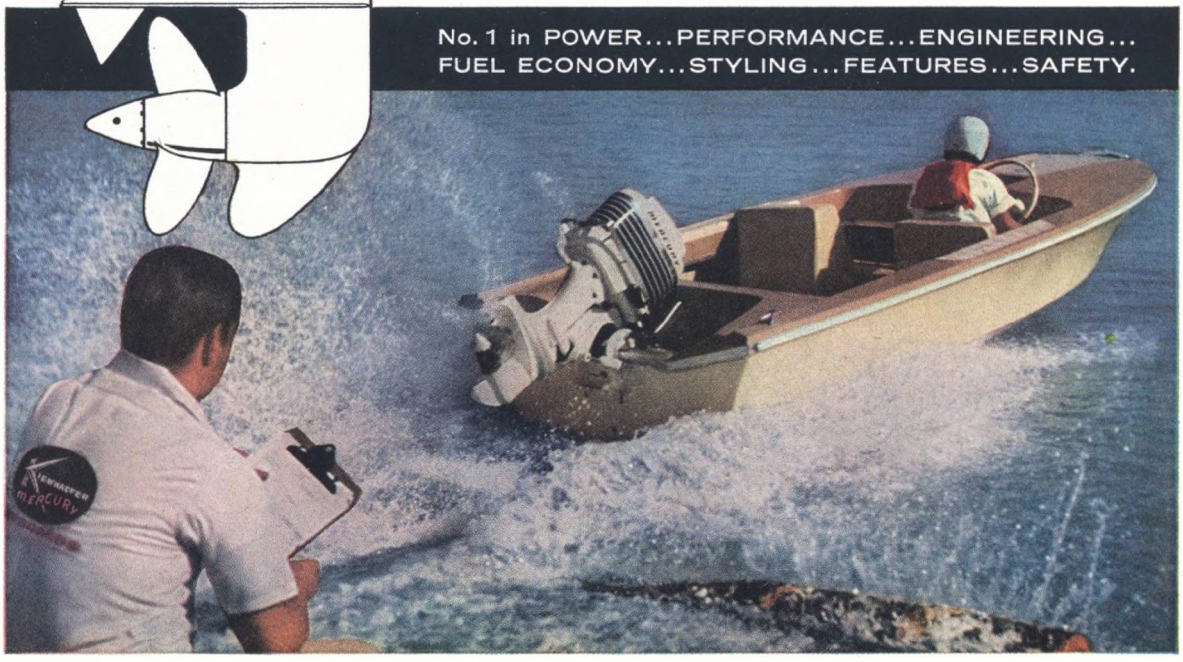

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Tom McCahill Reports on:

Facts about Replacement Mufflers

Today's automotive tastes have caused very complex designs and, in some cases, some weird engineering. Underslung styling and high compression engines, plus dozens of power-assist gadgets, have become pretty common. However, this has created new problems in maintenance. Let's consider mufflers, for instance.

Typical current hopped-up Detroit gargantuas demand a different type of food than old-time cars. They take to 100-plus octane gas like a cokie to a needle, and they pump out acid-loaded fumes into the muffler system that could eat a hole through it like a rat through cheese. This calls for better-designed mufflers. They must be built to nestle into the maze beneath today's underslung wagons. These problems are doubled when cars are equipped with dual exhaust systems, and all this results in shorter muffler life. Mufflers are the most common replacement item on all modern automobiles. The big question is: What are the muffler kids doing to increase muffler life? The answer is, there are only three things they can do. First, use heavier, thicker steel. Second, design the interior so as to reduce acid-loaded condensation and to avoid hotspots. Third, coat mufflers with corrosive-resistant materials. AP mufflers stand out on all three counts like a well-filled Bikini at a Vermont swimming pool. APs have more and heavier internal parts, up to two-thirds heavier outer shells, up to one-third heavier heads than other mufflers. AP's exclusive Dri-Flow design eliminates cold spots—cuts way down on corrosive condensation. And AP offers more mufflers with rust-resistant coating than any other manufacturer. Yet AP mufflers sell for the same price as the inferior gas traps.

These are among the reasons why AP is the world's largest manufacturer of replacement mufflers. Look for the big red and white AP "Free Muffler Check" sign the next time you need a replacement muffler. More than 100,000 automotive experts from coast to coast install AP mufflers and tail pipes.

THE AP PARTS CORPORATION
19-Q AP BUILDING, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

[*Continued from page 20*]

but difficult to swallow: (1) an ill-equipped miniature Army of 14 divisions: (2) a Navy—whose only modern weapons are a few nuclear-powered submarines—weighted down with the outmoded concept of surface ships and outnumbered 4-1 by the Soviet sub fleet; and (3) an Air Force of relatively slow SAC bombers vulnerable to fighter plane and anti-aircraft attack, and 40 exposed SAC bases lacking even a system for keeping bombers in the air around-the-clock.

Our meager supply of ICBM missiles (three at this writing) are stretched skyward at Vandenburg Air Force Base in California, unable to fire without a 15 minute lead time and vulnerable to a nuclear hit even a hundred miles away. "Hard" (concrete-emplaced, underground stored) solid-fuel ICBMs are still years away, even though we have already sunk billions into the missile program.

The answer to the riddle of how to extricate the world's leading power from so mismanaged a defense picture—an answer that unfortunately has vociferously been blocked by certain nearsighted admirals, generals, powerful lobbyists for retired officer groups, administration leaders, and even some congressmen—is the complete unification of our three services into one U. S. Armed Forces, with one job and one uniform.

I have recently introduced a House Bill, HR9874, that will eliminate the three services and reorganize the new Armed Forces along the lines of "function" instead of the outmoded concepts of land, sea and air, which have become ridiculous in an era of missile-launching submarines and paratroop infantry.

In dollars and cents, I believe full unification could mean a saving of $7 *billion* a year—a straight 15 percent of last year's $46 billion defense expenditure.

"The interservice rivalries are worse than before," the head of the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee recently commented. The reason, one of the best arguments for unification now, is the shameless battle for the defense dollar and control of sophisticated weapons—part of each service's strategy to make themselves indispensable, and immune to destruction by the others.

As a result, instead of three services, we have more like a dozen, each with its own costly overhead. Each service flies combat planes, each has missile arms, and the prime offender—the Navy—has its own surface fleet, its own missile service both above and under water, its own army (the Marines), and its own Air Force, both land and sea based.

My bill will unite these diverse groups into one, with branches logically organized according to *jobs* that have to be done. One of the two major branches would be *Planning*, staffed by professional military planners trained from college on. They will develop military plans for the entire Armed Forces on every level for today, 5, 10, even 25 years ahead.

The second branch would be *Combat*, in charge of the operations of all field units, whether they are surface vessels, land troops, or ICBMs. Assisting these two major groups would be seven military agencies—Research and Development, Training, Personnel, Procurement, Transportation, Service, and Inspection, all of which might be incorporated into a third major group *Support*.

In a typical military situation—air defense, for instance—the Planning group would determine what was required in terms of men, weapons and strategy. Research and Development, in coordination with Procurement, would have the weapons designed and built. Personnel and Training would provide the skilled men who, together with the weapons, would then be delivered to Combat for operational use.

Compare this with the circus-like squabble between the Air Force and Army that is now fouling up our weak air defense capability; a power struggle that vividly dramatizes the tragic failings of our present military organization. Air defense has historically been divided between Army anti-aircraft and Air Force fighter planes. However since missiles have replaced both of these techniques, both services have been building parallel anti-aircraft missile systems that have thus far cost us $8 billion and have still not provided us with proper air defense.

The still-unresolved tussle revolves around the Air Force Bomarc, an expensive, long range (400 mile), quick-firing (30 missiles in 2 minutes), 2,000 mile per hour ground-to-air missile, and the Army's Nike-Hercules, a shorter range (75 miles), relatively inexpensive, but slower firing (1/3 of a squadron in 15 minutes) weapon. At the height of the fight, the opposing contractors—Western Electric for Nike and Boeing for Bomarc—took full page newspaper ads on the virtue of their system, while the services slugged it out in congressional halls. The Army sent Congress a strong memo while the Air Force leaked the top secret—and unfavorable—results of a Nike simulated-combat test.

A controversy that would have been settled in *Planning* in a unified service has now split the U.S. Congress and *even* reached the White House. The Senate Armed Services Committee recently declared that the Nike was "virtually obsolete," while the House decided that the Army plan was cheaper and slashed the Bomarc budget. The dilemma was thrown into the lap of the President who has announced a now-common, but potentially dangerous military compromise—a little of each.

Service bickering touched the ridiculous recently when Army suggestions to build the $10 billion Zeus anti-missile missile were pooh-poohed by the Air Force as "visionary"—only to have a top Air Force general back the Army's argument. Lt. Gen. Laurence S. Kuter, Air Force head of the North American Air Defense Command, states that he has an "urgent requirement" for the Army's anti-ICBM Zeus, and has asked the Pentagon and the Joint Chiefs to reverse their stand against developing the weapon.

The missile war between the services

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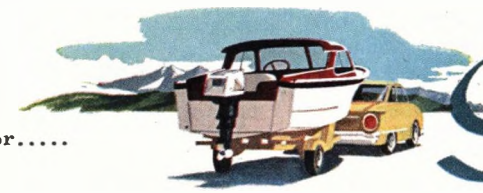

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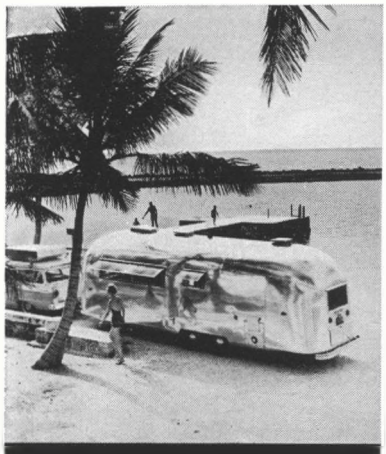

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points up the gain unification would make by creating a single Research and Development division, headed either by a civilian or military man. (In the new Armed Forces I am proposing, only Combat and Training groups need be uniformed military men.) R & D is a $14.5 billion a year weapons business, spurred on by private contractors who supply 70 percent of the weapons ideas and who help the competing services multiply the number and duplication of projects.

The waste is monumental. According to the House Committee on Government Operations, $2.3 billion was spent last year on antiquated weapons projects. Services start, then phase out before completion, projects that probably would never have been initiated under a unified R & D set-up—follies like the quarter-of-a-billion dollar Navy jet seaplane, the P6M. Its sole memorials are six delivered airplanes and a $12 million base in North Carolina.

Recently the Air Force and Navy eliminated overlapping projects to develop high-energy boron aircraft fuels—after spending $232 million. At the same time, the Air Force was being refused—on the grounds of economy—an equivalent amount needed to keep 68 SAC bombers in the air around-the-clock to prevent total destruction of our retaliatory forces while still on the ground.

A single efficient Procurement and supply department, instead of our present three agencies, would save more millions. Twenty-six recent contracts of the Navy and Air Force analyzed by the General Accounting Office showed Uncle Sam had been overcharged $42 million dollars. In the Air Force cases, the accounting office placed the blame at their procurement group's "inadequate analysis of contractor's figures" and a naive tendency to accept their word for fact.

The mere existence of separate supply agencies, reluctant to talk to one another, has created some ludicrous examples of not only duplication, but even *hoarding* of supplies. In one case, the Navy was about to ship JP-4 fuel from Perth Amboy, New Jersey, to Florida while the Air Force planned a shipment of the same fuel from South America to New England. When they learned of the comical situation, they attempted to make an exchange, but negotiations finally broke down. The two ships sailed in opposite directions on a $33,000 non-pleasure voyage for the American taxpayer.

The lack of liaison is unbelievable. Once when the Federal government was disposing of a mass of hacksaws and frames at a fraction of cost, the Navy was buying thousands of new hacksaws from the *same manufacturer* at *full price*. Army supply then graciously repeated the incident, this time with hammers. In addition, each of the services insist on minute differences in "specs," even on such things as folding chairs, needlessly raising the cost for all.

A new by-product of the supply snafu has been a tendency by the services to hoard—to buy more than they need as a possible hedge against lean budget days for their branch. A Department of Defense survey of supply management recently found that inventory of general items was "long" by 34 percent—or $100,000,000 worth. There is an overlap in distribution patterns, duplicate items stockage, and cross backhaul, the report states unemotionally.

Two dramatic cases of hoarding were uncovered. The Air Force promptly cancelled $46 million in contracts when millions of dollars in excess electronic equipment were found in four supply bases, including ones in San Antonio and Oklahoma City. The Navy was found "collecting" a surplus of 793 spare aircraft engines, at a cost of $68 million, yet they had orders in for 204 more!

To their credit, the Defense Department has recently attempted to make the services coordinate their supply efforts—but without success. As of today, only 20 percent of our defense needs are being supplied through centralized procurement.

Unfortunately, the waste can be tallied in more than money and missiles. Our lack of unification has been equally harsh with vital manpower, often doing the same job in three different services.

In all, I estimate that total unification of the services would release 500,000 "duplicate" and useless servicemen who could make up the enlarged muscle of a single fighting force.

In post offices and stores throughout the country, 7,000 recruiting personnel from four services (counting Marines) are doing a job 2,000 could handle in a unified service. Thousands of more men operate three entirely separate communications networks in Europe, Africa and the Mediterranean. The Navy, when queried by me on this, merely stated that they "were studying it."

I have received letters from our security agents, especially CIC men in Japan, complaining that they were doing the same work—often on the same case—as Air Force Intelligence. The reserve situation is equally befuddled. Each service maintains staffed but only partially used armories and reserve training centers in almost every major city—instead of a single civilian training facility.

In Europe, I visited large hospitals for servicemen and their dependents, each operated by separate services with its own administration—and each ultimately headed by a different two-star surgeon general and his staff in the Pentagon. The waste of trained enlisted men and officers in the administration of three separate Transportation, Judge Advocate, Special Services, Engineers, Ordnance, Finance and other groups, is virtually unbelievable.

If unification is so desirable, why hasn't it been accomplished heretofore? The answer, I believe, is the false confidence the nation has gained from a series of phony plans in the name of unification. One of the greatest obstacles has been the creation—and failure—of the Joint Chiefs of Staff idea.

"It seems quite apparent in this regard," says a House Committee on Appropriations report, "(that) the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as a corporate body, is not providing the kind of advice and leadership which this country requires." Gen.

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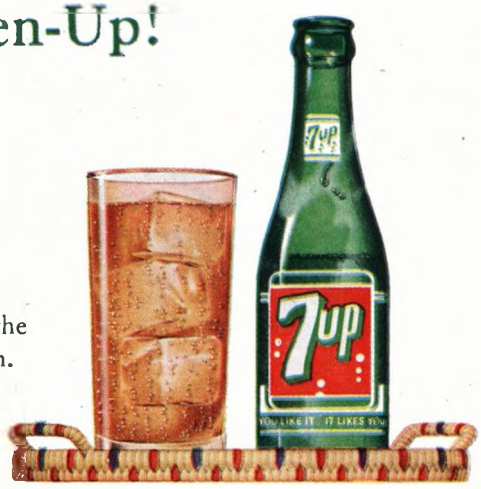

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Maxwell Taylor, former Army Chief of Staff, reiterates this, pointing out the Joint Chiefs spend much of their time in useless and wasteful fighting for their individual services.

My unification bill, by eliminating the separate services, dissolves the Joint Chiefs. Instead, the Secretary of Defense, a civilian, will be aided by a Deputy Secretary chosen from among the armed forces and limited to a four-year term. Their council of war will be made up of the Chief of Planning, the Chief of Combat, and either the Chief of Support or any of the seven chiefs of the supporting groups—Training, Procurement, Transportation, R & D, Service, Personnel, Inspection—whose advice is needed.

The Chiefs of Combat and Training will necessarily be commissioned officers, but all other chiefs may be career civilians with years of experience in their specialty. All chiefs shall be appointed by the President, with the consent of the Senate, and shall serve four years unless reappointed. The Combat Chief, however, shall not be reappointed. All deputy chiefs shall be chosen from the ranks of commissioned officers.

In my bill I have carefully avoided the establishment of a single, all powerful Chief of Staff as proposed by General Taylor and other fellow critics of our military organization. Not only is it uncalled for in a single service dominated by a Secretary of Defense and Chiefs of functions—but we should be wary of creating a potential "man on horseback" who might overshadow the President and possibly seize power in an emergency.

Specialization will be a key factor in the new U.S. Armed Forces. Unlike World War II when, according to a Pentagon-supported study, "The Ineffective Soldier," whole divisions were "lost" because of misuse of skills, the new service will train men in a specialty and try to keep him there with proper incentives. Although combat and training groups will be uniformed, career civilians will be used whenever possible —especially since they ultimately cost less, are often better trained, and can have a lower turnover rate.

Interservice fights, now the bane of our system, will be eliminated. Strategy conflicts—say between air-to-ground missiles and conventional nuclear bombs—will be decided by the Chief of Planning, while operational clashes will be arbited by the Chief of Combat. To them it will be an objective military problem, not an emotional defense of a partisan service viewpoint.

"We'd be better off if we all wore the same uniform," Vice Adm. Hyman Rickover, father of the atomic submarine, reportedly stated. I concur and will suggest to Congress that a unified service be outfitted in a single *new* uniform, a symbol of the discarding of old loyalties. We should also eliminate two other divisive elements—the separate promotion lists and the separate service academies. The present promotion system makes it imperative for an ambitious young officer to agree with his service viewpoint—even if he is not convinced it is in the national interest.

The three service academies—West Point, Annapolis and Colorado Springs—should properly be campuses of the same Armed Forces Academy. New traditions, common to all three, should be developed and the curriculum of future officers revamped from its archaic emphasis on naval boiler room engineering or the strategy of Gen. von Clausewitz. Whenever possible we should use civilian campuses to train cadets in electronics, geopolitics, business administration and missile engineering.

In my 33 years of Army service, I have spoken to hundreds of career men who agree on the urgent need for total unification. Public opinion polls show the majority of Americans have a similar viewpoint. Yet all unification attempts have been thwarted—mainly by a skillful clique of men that centers around the U.S. Navy. After playing such an important role in World War II, the tradition-laden Navy is deathly afraid they will be overpowered under full unification and loose control of the Marines and Navy air groups.

Former head of the Joint Chiefs, Admiral Radford, was an outspoken foe of unification, and current attempts to block unification are being aided by powerful lobbyists including the Navy League, a pressure group of retired Naval officers and businessmen, and by a group of powerful pro-Navy congressmen on key committees.

Back in June 1941, a proposal to unify the services because of impending war was vigorously opposed by the Navy. In 1944, the Richardson Committee recommended one defense department with a general staff and a single commander, but it was vetoed by Admiral King, then Joint Chief of Staff, despite support by the Army and Air Corps. Since then, the Navy stand on unification has not varied.

There have been a series of paper reforms drafted since World War II, which have actually delayed effective unification. In 1956, the Military Air Transport Service was ordered to become the central transport group for all services. But today, the Navy, SAC, and others still run their own transport planes.

In 1958, Congress—at the President's request—passed the Defense Reorganization Act which reshuffled some of the Pentagon chain of command and further entrenched the Joint Chiefs. During 1959, when the Act was supposed to reduce interservice squabbles, fights like the Bomare-Hercules tiff raged louder than ever before. These have undoubtedly been honest attempts to improve the situation, but I believe time has shown that patchwork reforms only further delay the creation of a unified Armed Forces.

Eliminating the Army and Navy—gallant services that have existed since the founding of the Republic—is not a trivial task. But replacing them, and the Air Force, with a single modern integrated fighting force—stronger and larger and richer at its very birth than its combined predecessors—may well be the one stroke of action that will insure our nation's survival.

—Cong. Frank Kowalski & Martin L. Gross

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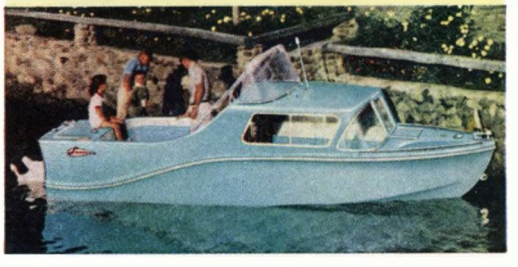

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SINCE 1857

VENDETTA in the Desert

They were the most unbelievable pals in the Foreign Legion—the cold-blooded Nazi and the tough little Jew. But when one finally deserted to the rebel Algerians, the other swore to kill him

By GEOFFREY BOCCA

When Geoffrey Bocca, world-famed reporter and author of such books as The Adventurous Life of Sir Winston Churchill *and* Life and Death of Sir Harry Oakes, *brought us this story, we felt it was so unusual that we examined the material minutely. The proof was there—backed up with photographs. TRUE is happy to present one of the most extraordinary stories it has ever run.*

Now that I am back in France again, back out of the Aures Mountains, I find it hard to believe that this story was ever told to me, let alone that it is true. It seems, here in my French garden, to be as fantastic and remote as those Algerian mountains themselves, those great yellow towers and volcanic shelves where the convulsions of the dawning world look like yesterday, where no grass grows or water falls, where nothing lives except the lurking Fellagha rebels and the distant ribbons of patrolling soldiers. And even they are often dead.

Yet here by my typewriter is the photograph of the man they called "le Juif." Here is the note on the affair written to me by Colonel Lcuba, one of France's most distinguished soldiers, holder of the Legion of Honor, and an Olympic ski champion. And just in case I am beguiled to dismiss as a

VENDETTA
in the Desert

product of my imagination the memory of the party that followed my learning of the story, here is a photograph of us all—the funny barmaid Marie, the drunken Foreign Legionnaires, and myself, incongruous in a sports jacket from New York's Brooks Brothers.

It all happened. This odd series of events will not change the war in Algeria. The heroes will not be commemorated on French postage stamps, and the names of the villains will fade into oblivion, without even the dignity of recall. Yet of all the strange stories which emanate from the Foreign Legion, I have never known one of greater paradox than this.

The story began for me with the Cognac which followed a splendid meal Leuba and I had together in the little military town of Batna, around which much of the fighting in Algeria was then concentrated.

"The Legion has its own set of unwritten laws," Leuba was telling me, after I had wondered aloud how it managed to give roots to rootless men. Thus, he explained, when a Legionnaire goes out with a stranger, the Legionnaire pays. All the time. For everything. In whatever camp he is, he is served his food, or "soup" as he calls it, outside, no matter how bad the weather may be. Except on leave, he considers it effete to eat under cover. He must never bring nationality into an argument. He may call a man a pig, but if he calls him a [*Continued on page* 116]

Illustrated by TOM LOVELL

Le Juif awoke to find the handsome face of his former comrade above him. He glanced sharply about, to see the bodies of his patrol lying around. "All dead," said Schneider. "Come with me, Juif."

TWO MILES OF TROUT

There's a winding river that ripples like a coiled silver serpent, and at places rainbows are stacked like logs. The setting—and the fish—are as wild as the strange fly—the Pickaloomer—that hooks 'em

ALASKA

The water was so cold my legs soon began to ache inside my waders. I hauled out the stream thermometer that I'd remembered to bring for once and stuck its red bulb beneath the surface—46°! And no wonder, with every mountain in sight half covered with snow. As I put away the thermometer my hand brushed a box bulging with dry flies. Hah! Right then nothing seemed more incongruous than that box of dry flies in Alaska.

I glanced down the river. Not a rod was bent.

Right then I began to get the horrible feeling that we'd bought a lemon. Four of us had flown with Northwest Airlines from New York to Anchorage, then westward along the Alaska Peninsula and across the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes to the [*Continued on page* 85]

By PETER BARRETT TRUE's Outdoors Editor

Spin-fishing at Brooks Camp (above) and at Nonvianuk Lake produced big lake trout as well as rainbows almost a yard long.

Bob Foreman nets a small rainbow trout on the Brooks River—forerunner of much larger fish taken a little later.

Photographs by the Author

Jim the Penman was the first of the check cheaters—and so good he almost broke the Bank of England. Scotland Yard still calls him...

The GREATEST *Forger* OF THEM ALL

As the footman held his coat, young James Townshend Saward grinned happily. He had accomplished all that a promising young solicitor could hope for. Behind him in the drawing room of the home of Britain's attorney general, some of London's most distinguished barristers were still commenting on his wit and his knowledge of the law. He could expect many a fat fee from the cases the great men would throw his way. More important, the arch glances of their wives hinted at even more delicious rewards.

But if these pillars of British law could have read his mind, they would have been less generous in their praise. Young Saward was as blue-blooded and as well-educated as any of them. But he was a little man. And like many another little man, he had a burning ambition to cut bigger men down to size.

Striding down the long hall, Saward spotted a large white envelope that [*Continued on page* 105]

By MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM and A. T. BAKER

Illustrated by BRUCE BOMBERGER

James Townshend Saward couldn't hang on to a shilling at gambling, but he emptied the pockets of enough businessmen to play the doxies beautifully.


Bruce Bomberger

THE Stoolies WHO SAVE YOU DOUGH

Just as every cop uses informers, Uncle Sam pays off a motley collection of busybodies who rat on tax evaders. The only reason for not frying them in their own spite is that they help keep taxes down

By MAX GUNTHER

A roaring cocktail party was in progress at the lavish suburban home of a Midwestern lumber dealer. Alone in a dim corner, morosely clutching his glass, stood a man to whom the excellent liquor tasted like wormwood. He was a plumbing-fixtures salesman. He'd gone to school with the lumberman, and the two had run with the same gang. Now the disparity between the two men's worldly success was grimly apparent. The salesman lived in a small box-like house on the other—the wrong—side of town. He earned $6,000 in a good year. He guessed that the lumberman must be pulling down at least $20,000. Ah, it was cruel!

Having occasion to seek a toilet, he asked directions from his host and was off-handedly directed up a flight of stairs.

Illustrated by Osborn

At the top of the stairs he found himself in a dim, thick-carpeted corridor. There were several doors to choose from. One had a light shining from the crack beneath it. He opened it and peered in.

Wrong door. The room was some kind of office or study. There was a desk in one corner, littered with paper. The salesman was about to close the door when something on the desk caught his eye. There was no mistaking that stark black-and-white document. It was an income-tax form.

Apparently the lumberman, before the party began, had been sweating over his annual accounting with the Internal Revenue Service. The salesman glanced back down the corridor to make sure no one was coming, then tiptoed over to the desk and looked.

He was shocked to discover that the high-living lumberman was reporting income of *less than $9,000!*

There was no doubt in the salesman's mind: the lumberman was committing the crime of income-tax evasion. At first, the salesman saw red. He was howling mad. If there was anything he hated, it was tax dodging. He paid his taxes honestly. He did his share. Why shouldn't this rich crook do his?

Then, slowly, a new thought seeped into the salesman's head. If he could get the goods on the lumberman—if he could get proof of tax evasion and turn it over to the Internal Revenue Service—how soothing that would be to the itch of his jealousy!

And on top of this thought came another one. *Money!* Somewhere, the salesman had heard that the federal government pays rewards to people who turn in tax dodgers. Was it possible he could earn money and satisfaction in one triumphant blow?

He looked around the room one more time before leaving. Something caught his eye. There were floor-length drapes by the windows. One of these drapes was pulled slightly to one side; and from behind it, something metallic glinted. The salesman lifted the drape. Set neatly into the wall was a safe.

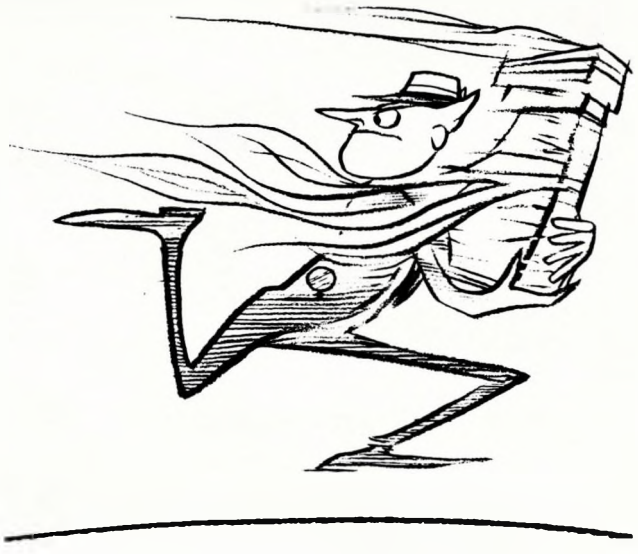
It isn't a crime to have a safe, of course, even a secret one. But if a man is trying to hide income, he doesn't want to build up a big bank account. He has to put his money somewhere. In such a case, a hidden safe could be concealing incriminating evidence.

The salesman left the room, found the toilet he'd been looking for and went back downstairs to the party. Those who spoke with him noticed that he'd suddenly become rather cheerful.

He worked hard for the next two months. He talked to local businessmen he knew, and who knew the lumberman, leading up to his questions slowly and asking them casually so as not to alert anybody to his true mission. From a real estate man, he got a guess that the lumberman's house-mortgage payments were probably not less than $250 a month—unlikely on a $9,000 income. From a broker, he learned that the lumberman was a regular buyer of blue-chip stocks—also unlikely on the reported income. From a clerk at the lumberyard, he heard that the bookkeeping system was arranged so that nobody but the boss really knew how much money was coming in.

It added up to a pretty strong case of income-hiding. The salesman wrote his findings down, mailed them to the nearest IRS office, sat back to watch the show.

The IRS district director was interested. He assigned two special agents to the case. They audited the lumberman's books, checked out the salesman's discoveries and



turned up new facts of their own. Then, while the snoopy salesman chuckled contentedly in the background, they clobbered the lumberman with a bill for $46,000 in taxes, interest and penalties.

When the salesman noted a few weeks later that the lumberman's expensive house was on the market, he grinned happily as he looked around at his own small nest. His jealousy was assuaged. He was almost satisfied with his $6,000 income.

But not quite. He phoned the district director's office to ask about a reward.

The agent on the phone told him that he'd have to fill out an application. Shortly afterward he received in the mail a blank form entitled, [*Continued on page* 80]

THE ONLY MAN WHO BEATS THE RACES

You figure that all horseplayers die broke? Step a little closer, friend, and meet The Brain, who's been making a fat living off the ponies for almost 40 years. Here's how

By TONEY BETTS and JIMMY BRESLIN

Tom Pendergast helped put across a President of the United States and in Kansas City nothing could happen until he opened the door and said yes, you can go ahead now. Tom handled voting machines casually but pari-mutuels knocked him out. He bet horses all his life and when he was finished he was old and in a tax jackpot and instead of giving him social security they put him in a limousine and took him to jail.

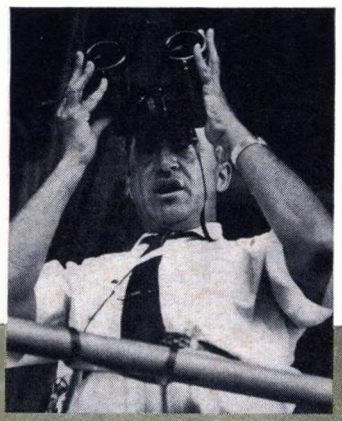
Then there was Big Bill Dwyer. He was among the most powerful of the Prohibition bootleggers, and he made money so quickly it was frightening, running booze into the country with a fleet of awesome speedboats. One of his specially built craft was so large a policeman testified, "I seen only two big boats in my life. The *Leviathan* and this one Dwyer got."

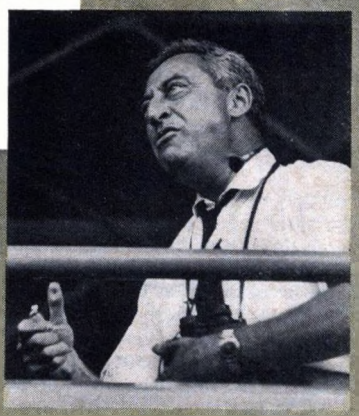
But the horses got to Big Bill, too. He went through ten million playing them and wound up wearing clothes other people gave him. He had been a $20,000-a-shot plunger but at the end he was blowing two dollars a race and snapping, "What did I ever do to deserve this?"

It has been this way with everybody who ever tried to beat the horses. Joe the Boss Masseria, who preceded Lucky Luciano as big man in the Combination, gave it a whirl. He tried everything from show betting to larceny and barely came out alive. "I no play horse a-no-more," he decided finally. "I make a-book from a-now a-on."

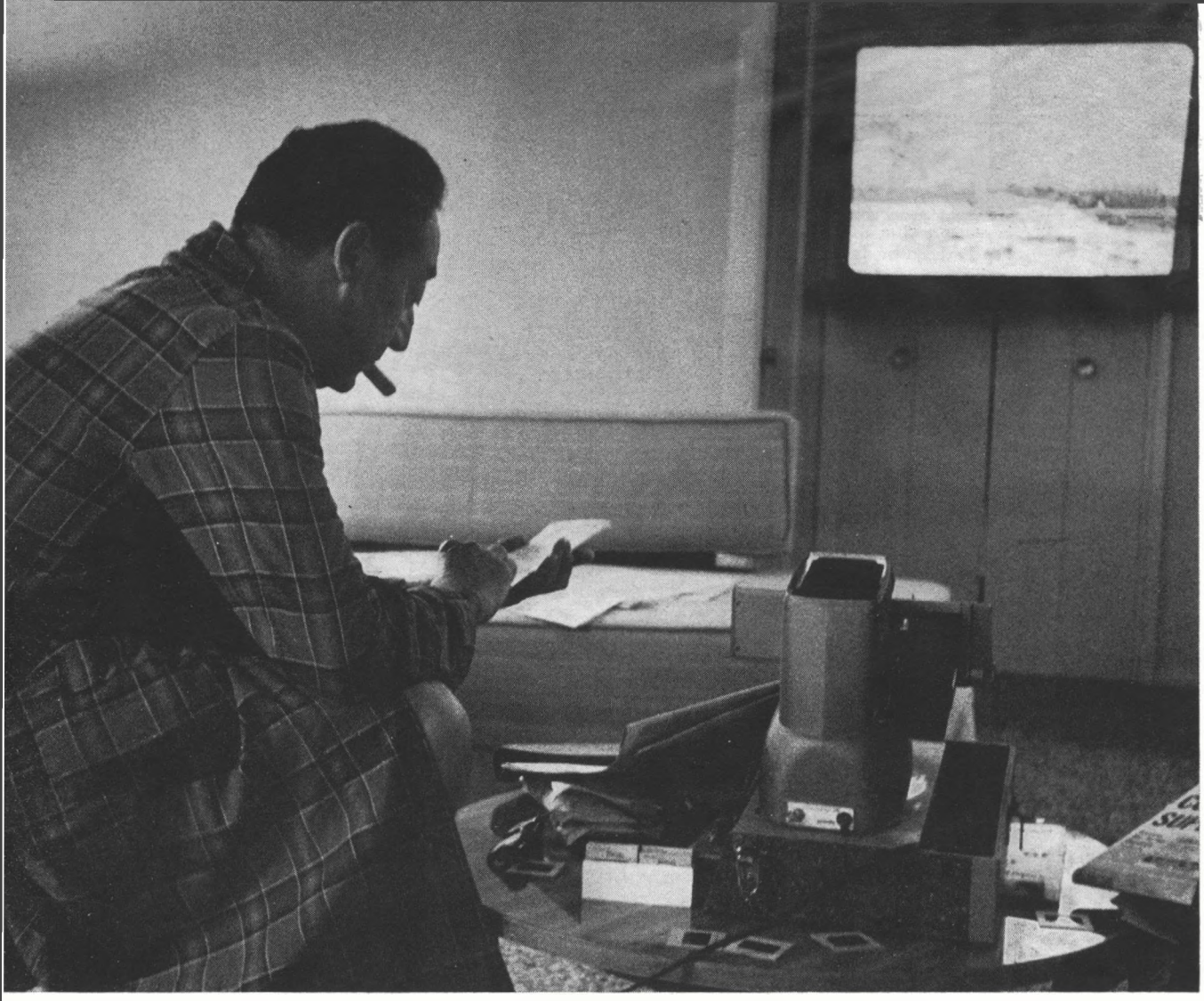
And Milton Berle. He was a Producer for the Game at one time and he would be on Broadway telling a bookmaker, "If you don't stop asking me for your money, I'll put your name on the bottom of the list."

Ever since evolution gave us a horse big enough to carry a





Just before the race (opposite page) The Brain takes a last-minute wind reading. Then—after a series of calculations which would bewilder UNIVAC—he sweats it out.



THE ONLY MAN WHO BEATS THE RACES

jockey, people have bet on races. They have blown everything from a spaghetti factory to the baby's milk money trying to win. With this, they have helped establish one of the great unwritten laws of the land: "You can't beat the races."

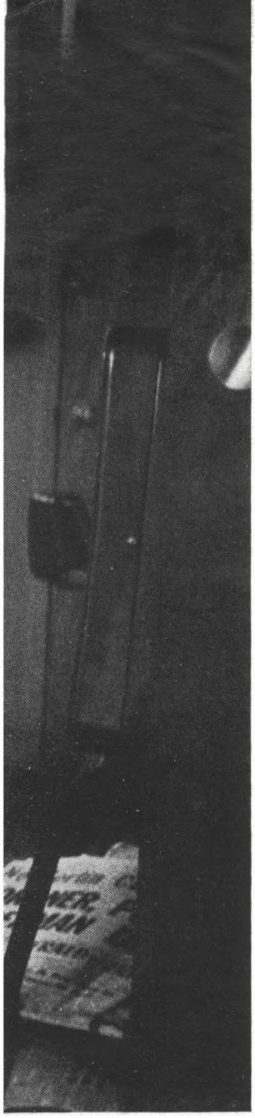
But absolutely none of this applies to Alex Winderman. When you deal with this stocky, sharp-featured ex-Brooklyn cab driver you throw out everything which has ever been said about playing horses. Winderman—or Al the Brain, as he is known at every race track from Santa Anita to Belmont Park—is the only man alive who has been able to make a living betting horses with his own money. He has done it since 1921. Not on a small scale, either. The Brain lives luxuriously with his wife and family in Miami. He has an elaborate organization and working methods. He is a fantastic piece of racing success best known by the Federal Bureau of Internal Revenue, whose files have him listed as: "Winderman, Alex. Occupation: Handicapper."

"That fellow," Jimmy Kilroe was saying one morning at Jamaica Race Track, "is a marvel. He's the horseplayer's answer to Eddie Arcaro."

Kilroe is the official handicapper for New York tracks and Santa Anita, which makes him the most important man in his intricate field. His estimate of The Brain's ability is based on simple logic.

"Once in a great while—what is it, every six months at the most?—I see a horse which, if you liked to bet, certainly would be enticing. Like last fall. There was a 2-year-old first starter I happened to like and I mentioned it in passing to a writer. He smirked. He had heard about it from The Brain a day before."

A working day for Al The Brain starts at 6 in the morning when he slips out of bed, pads into the kitchen and has a Continental breakfast of orange juice and black coffee. If he's on the road, room service fills the order. "Food deadens the mind," he says. "Sometimes if things are going bad we cut out the orange juice."



Winderman figures he is tinkering with his luck to mention money, but for 40 years he has cashed 49 percent of his tickets, and he lives like a king in this $60,000 oceanfront Florida home.

The Brain takes—and projects on a screen—his own race pictures. The details he picks up could be obtained from racing papers, but he's "taking no chances of going broke on typographical errors."

With Al, the mind is the important thing. His occupation requires a better ability at figures than an accountant, a sharper memory than a lawyer and a penchant for filing and detail work that would delight any office manager. He has to have all these things. Who else makes a legitimate living by winning bets on horses? He has succeeded at, as a few million losers will agree, the world's toughest way to make a living.

His work day begins when Al plays back a wire recording of comments he made during the previous day's races. He enters these on index cards kept in a metal filing cabinet. Then he flicks out the lights and projects still slides of photos of the finishes on a portable screen set up against the wall. Notations from these also are put down on the index cards.

At 7:30, Spanish Harry, his clocker, calls from the track with the early scratches for the day's racing. These in hand, Al sits down at a table and goes to work. There is a card in his file for each horse entered and Al consults them as he works his set of figures. By 11 he has his work all done.

"Sometimes," Al says, "I wind up making only two bets all day. But I still have to do each race. One bet or a hundred bets, it still takes the same time."

He reaches the track in time for a chicken sandwich in the clubhouse dining room, a quick consultation with his assistants and a close look at who is following him. The people who trail The Brain are known as "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

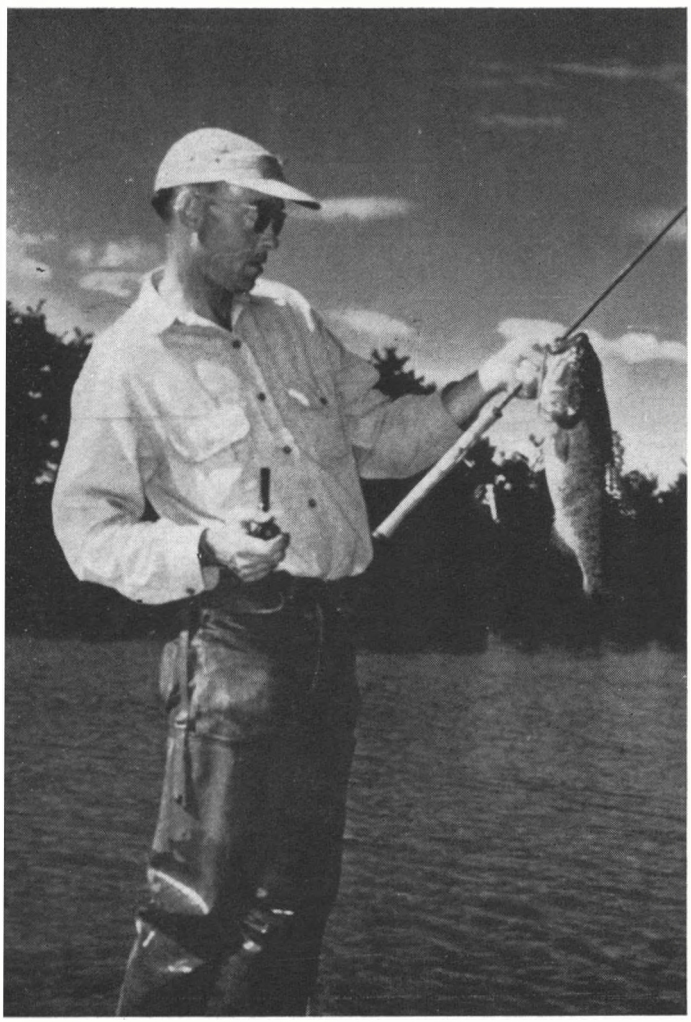
The Brain is known wherever people who bet congregate and it is considered an accomplishment to "use his figures." This could be done by getting behind him on the mutuel line and playing whichever number he asked the clerk to punch out.

This would be damaging to the price on any Winderman special. Remarkable amounts of money can be dumped on a horse in a short time and a 20-1 shot could wind up going off at 8-1 or less if The [*Continued on page* 92]

THE WORM TURNS PLASTIC

New phony worms and other creatures are suddenly the hottest baits in fishing—so realistic that fish actually chew and swallow them

By TED TRUEBLOOD



Author admires a bass that had admired a plastic worm.

Labor Day, 1954—hot, dry, still: the water very low and so loaded with bloom that it looked like pea soup. Bill Schwartz and I quit fishing about 5 o'clock. We had worked hard at it Saturday afternoon, all day Sunday, most of Monday, and had caught one fish, a little bass that Bill snagged in the back of the head. I went back to that reservoir at the same time in 1959, alone because the fishing was so poor nobody would go with me. Weather and water conditions were identical. I fished two days and caught 11.

Eleven fish isn't very many, but it is 1,000 percent more than one—and that one snagged, to boot. My successful trip answered a question—it proved that a new lure, a crazy-looking, unorthodox lure that has swept the country like wildfire during the past couple of years, will catch bass when bass can't be caught on anything else.

That lure is a soft plastic worm. I heard about it first from the outdoors editor of this magazine after he made a bass-fishing trip to Puerto Rico and discovered that a plastic worm was the only thing on which Puerto Rican bass could be caught at that time. Pete Barrett was so enthusiastic over plastic worms that he sent me a couple to try.

I'm afraid I must admit to being a conservative. I didn't like their looks. I didn't like the way you were supposed to fish them, and I didn't like the hooking arrangement. In short, I didn't like anything about them. I still held to the old idea that the only legitimate purpose of a rubber (or plastic) worm was to be dropped into some unsuspecting friend's coffee.

That was two years ago. I still don't like their looks—they're too realistic—but I've changed my mind about one thing: nobody is going to drop one of *my* worms into anybody's coffee, no matter how deserving he may be. They're too valuable. They catch fish, and even though they're not expensive, a man might run out!

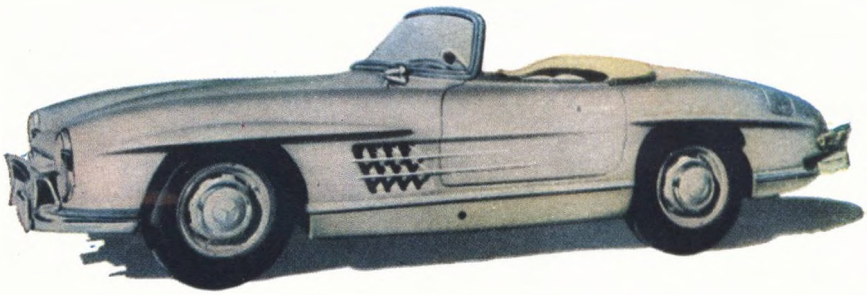
I am far from being the only convert. From a start in the owner's basement 10 years ago (I didn't know there were such things 10 years ago) one company sold more than 3,000,000 in 1959. Multiply that figure by the number of companies making them, which is considerable, and add in the homemade models that [*Continued on page* 98]

LAST CHANCE TO ENTER–

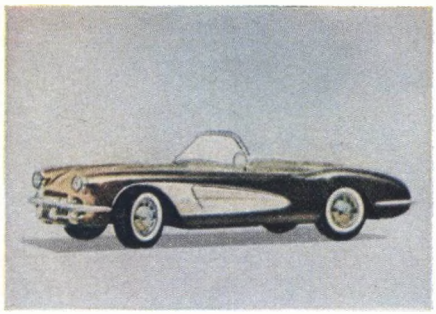
TRUE'S $100,000

1st GRAND PRIZE

Mercedes-Benz 300-SL sports convertible, internationally famous competition car, 240-hp, inclined, fuel-injection six-cylinder engine, $10,950.



2 Jaguar 3.8, a four-door, five-passenger luxury sedan with 225-hp six-cylinder engine, $4,895



3 Corvette, only true sports car made in the U.S., body is molded fiber glass, 230-hp, $3,872

4 Alfa Romeo Giulietta Spider two seater sports convertible styled by Pinin Farina, $3,469

8 Lark V-8 convertible, only soft top American made car in its class, very maneuverable, $2,756

9 Citroen ID 19 sedan with air-oil suspension for extra smooth ride, disc brakes, $2,740

10 Sunbeam Alpine, 83.5-hp engine, aluminum cylinder head, twin carburetors, $2,599

14 Morris Oxford, 55-hp engine, pile carpets, folding arm rests, padded crash panel, $2,259

15 Peugeot 403 sedan, four doors, 105-inch wheelbase, 65-hp engine, sun roof, heater, $2,250

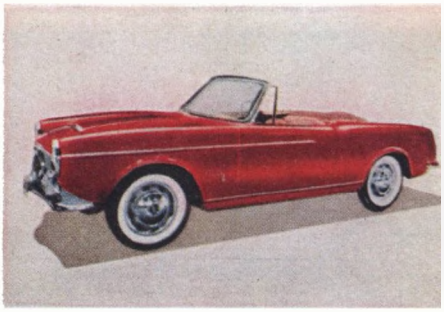
16 Austin A-55, styled by Farina, 53-hp, unitized construction with fully stressed skin, $2,198

GLAMOR CAR CONTEST

It's easy—it's fun! Win a brand new sports or compact car! Prizes are all pictured! 41 of the world's most glamorous cars! See rules page 76.

5 Austin-Healey 3000 deluxe, 130-hp six-cylinder engine, Girling disc brakes in front, $3,371

6 Triumph TR-3 sports roadster with 100-hp engine, wire wheels, heater, overdrive, $3,045



7 Fiat 1200 Spider Roadster with 63-hp engine, sleek Italian styling, two seater, $2,812

11 Borgward Isabella two-door sedan, comfortable, roomy with smooth 66-hp engine, $2,495

12 MGA 1600 roadster, 79.5-hp, rack and pinion steering, and Lockheed disc brakes, $2,456

13 Volvo PV 544 two-door sedan with 85-hp engine, heater, Swedish "family sports car," $2,342

17 Lark V-8 deluxe sedan, only 14½ feet long but carries six passengers comfortably, $2,181

18 Hillman Minx convertible with low, sleek look, 56-hp, top can be set as town car, $2,149

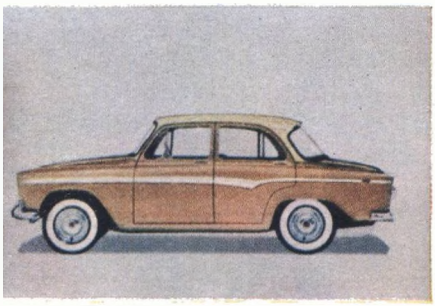
19 Valiant four-door sedan, Chrysler's compact with 101-hp slanted Six, big trunk space, $2,130

LOOK AT THESE WONDERFUL PRIZES!

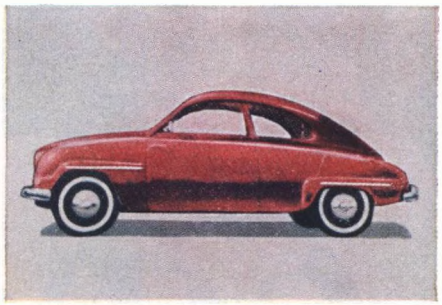
20 Corvair 700 four-door, 80-hp, air-cooled aluminum rear engine, 108-inch wheelbase, $2,103

21 Opel Rekord, made in Germany by GM, 100-inch wheelbase, 57-hp, heater, defroster, $1,987

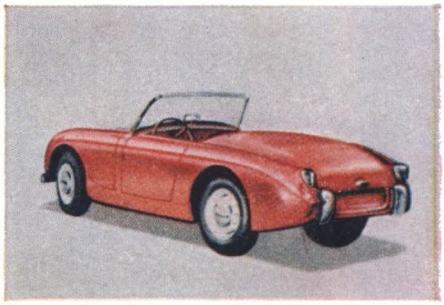
TRUE'S $100,000



25 Simca Elysee, five-passenger sedan by Chrysler out of France, four-speed box, $1,898

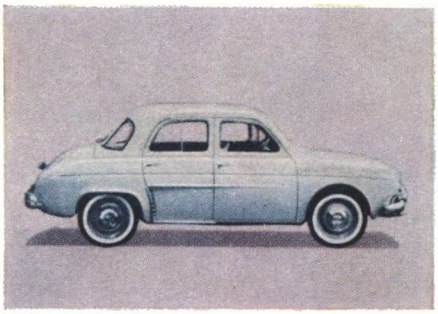


26 Saab 93 with three-cylinder, engine with only seven moving parts, front-wheel drive, $1,895



27 Austin-Healy Sprite sports car, 48-hp, 948-cc displacement, rack and pinion steering, $1,795

31 DAF Dutch five-passenger sedan with automatic clutch and transmission, V-belt drive, $1,650



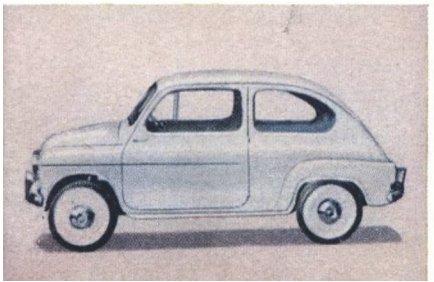
32 Renault Dauphine, the all-purpose economy car with 32-hp water-cooled engine, $1,645

33 Metropolitan hardtop, British-made for American Motors, has dependable Austin engine, $1,626

37 Fiat 600 four-passenger sedan from Italy, water-cooled rear engine, top speed 60 m.p.h., $1,398

38 NSU Prinz, from Germany, has aluminum, air-cooled engine, is noted for economy, $1,398

39 BMW 600, carries five passengers, roomy for its size, reliable air-cooled engine, $1,398



22 Vauxhall Super four-door sedan, 98-inch wheelbase, 55-hp engine, English-made, $1,987

23 Falcon four-door sedan with 109.5-inch wheelbase, 90-hp, six-cylinder engine, roomy, $1,974

24 Rambler American four-door sedan, famed as the car that started the compact car boom, $1,929

GLAMOR CAR CONTEST

28 DKW 750 with two-cycle three-cylinder engine, front-wheel drive, automatic clutch, about $1,700

29 Taunus 12M sedan, made in Germany by Ford, with 98-inch wheelbase, 43-hp, about $1,685

30 Volkswagen sun roof sedan, the original imported economy car, air-cooled 36-hp engine, $1,655

34 Anglia, sporty new two-door sedan made by Ford in England, perky 41-hp engine, $1,583

35 Morris 1000 two-door, dependable English car with torsion bar front suspension, 37-hp, $1,495

36 Goggomobil T-400 sports coupe, with air-cooled engine, five moving parts, 22-hp, $1,495

40 Renault 4CV sedan with 83-inch wheelbase, 28-hp four-cylinder, water-cooled engine, $1,345

41 BMW Isetta 300 with "in-and-out" front door, seats two, parks nose to the curb, $1,048

ENTER NOW—

RULES AND ENTRY BLANK ON PAGES 76 & 77

Belly stroke is made by swinging sword in vicious arc using the wrists as pivot points.

Photographed for TRUE by RAY FALK

KENDO

"Swords first, self last"—the code of the Samurai is exemplified in a ritualistic dance of death using Japan's most cherished weapon

Skull-splitter is delivered with short overhand stroke. Attacker leaves stomach area unguarded, must move fast.

Many centuries ago, under Emperor Tenmu, the Imperial family made great strides in centralizing its government. Warriors and civilians alike were encouraged to become highly proficient with the sword. The emperor reasoned that a well-armed public would act as a buffer against barbaric tribes and malcontents. Love of swordplay soon became paramount, and the art of using the big heavy Samurai blades was given a name: Kendo.

Japanese children today learn Kendo (using bamboo sticks) just as American kids emulate Marshal Dillon (using cap pistols). Many schools in Japan teach Kendo to adults to perpetuate tradition. Advocates point out that sword fighting also happens to be good exercise.

Each sword stroke has a name, each must be delivered perfectly. Regular matches are held in which fighters, wearing masks and light armor, belabor each other with stout poles. Really proficient swordsmen practice with naked blades—a game not for the nervous or for those with slow reaction times, as TRUE's pictures show. ■

Leg amputation is avoided by agile Kendophile with catlike leap into air. Man on ground is wide open for counterblow.

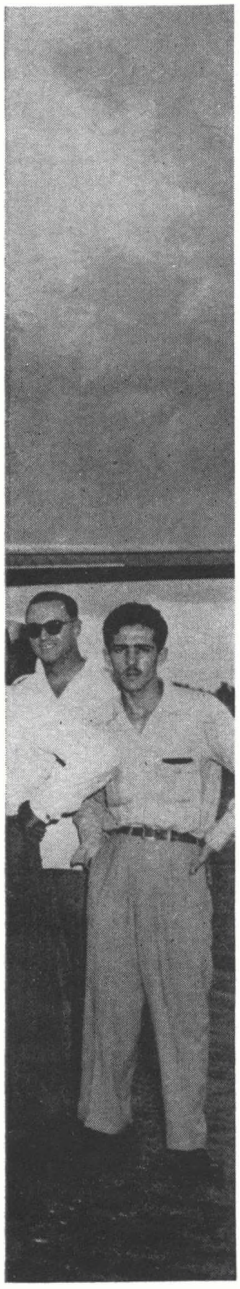
I had a ringside seat at

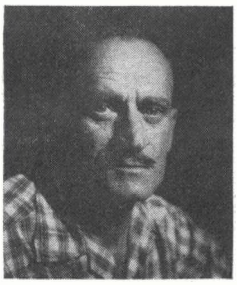
THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF TUCKER'S DREAM CAR

Preston Tucker drives his demonstrator car (Illinois license #1) out of Conestoga cargo plane onto Miami airport.

We might have built the greatest car America has ever known—
we *might* have, that is, if it hadn't been
for congressmen and columnists; bankers and bureaucrats;
and some just plain bad luck

By CHARLES T. PEARSON





Preston Tucker was, beyond question, one of the most controversial figures of the late 1940's in America. Mention of the Tucker automobile can still start arguments that are as far from being settled now as they were 12 years ago. The story which TRUE presents here will settle no arguments—but it does provide a new, intimate, view of this man Tucker as seen by one of his closest co-workers. Author Pearson, a veteran newsman and United Press automotive reporter in Detroit, went to work for Tucker in 1945 and, as a charter member of Tucker's brave band, he watched the drama played out to its bittersweet end.

It was in 1944 that I first met Preston Tucker while I was covering the automotive beat for United Press in Detroit. The town was buzzing with rumors. Who would be the first to get back into production with a postwar dream car? What would it be like?

Automotive writers in Detroit knew that the first postwar models from old line manufacturers would be so close to the last 42's it would be hard to tell the difference. But I ran across one story that looked promising after Ray Russell, a Detroit engineer and one of my best listening posts, suggested:

"Why don't you go and see Tucker? I hear he's got something."

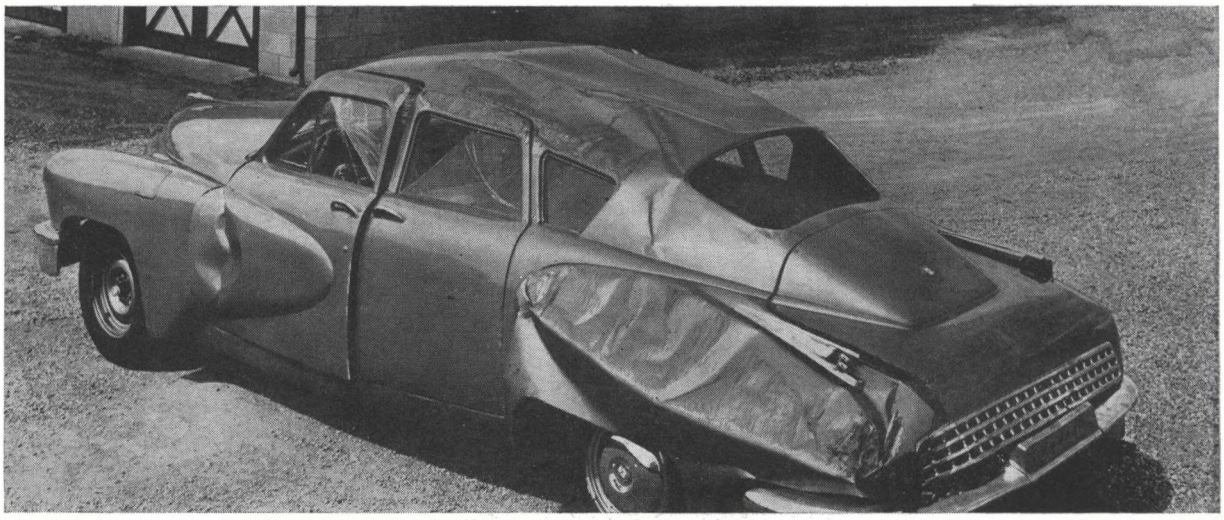
I called Tucker and made an appointment, and drove out a few days later to Ypsilanti, where he lived. He received me in his office where he was affable but cagey, saying he was developing a completely new design for a car but he wasn't ready to divulge it yet. But he asked me to keep in touch with him, as he hoped to have something more definite ready within a few months.

On my next visit to Ypsilanti some months later, he gave me considerably more information,

A TRUE BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE

Condensed from *The Indomitable Tin Goose*, The True Story of Preston Tucker and His Car, published by Abelard-Schuman, Ltd. Copyright 1960

Harassed by Congress, Tucker fought back hard.



Going into a turn at 85 mph, this Tucker rolled at Indianapolis Speedway. Surprisingly, damage was only superficial.

THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF TUCKER'S DREAM CAR

showing me working drawings, sketches and an assortment of parts that later served as props in preliminary stages of his campaign to get backing. The assortment included cast aluminum suspension arms, blocks and heads of Miller engines and related parts. He didn't have any printed literature, but asked me to see two of his associates in Detroit, who had a large brochure in color in their offices near the General Motors Building. I talked with them and saw the brochure, which told a pretty impressive story. But Tucker still asked me to keep it under wraps for the present, saying he had various deals in progress and didn't want to break it prematurely.

Tucker's story interested me just as it was later to interest countless thousands of people in a dozen or more languages. So after I left United Press I called him occasionally to see what progress he might be making.

In the summer of 1945 he said he was ready. He called me in and I wrote the story, which featured an illustration in color done by an artist working for him at the time. The picture spelled "S-P-E-E-D," even standing still. The story was bought by *Pic* magazine, which scheduled it for January, 1946.

In the months that followed, Tucker called me occasionally to help him out with press releases and publicity, covering my expenses for trips to Chicago, Washington and New York. It became a choice between giving up free-lancing or deserting Tucker. He made me a good offer but laid it on the line: if he won, I would win, and if he lost I couldn't expect to more than break even, if that. I like long shots myself, and further, I felt a personal obligation to do whatever I could to make a reality of the fantastically ambitious promotion that I had inadvertently launched.

It was almost a year before I fully realized the excitement I had stirred up with my *Pic* story, because I had asked the magazine to forward any inquiries direct to Tucker. The letters which were forwarded threatened to overflow his office. Tucker said more than 150,000 letters and telegrams had been received.

On the strength of his response, Tucker threw his campaign into high gear. He had been working quietly more than two years trying to get private financing for a car that was still (as I learned later) largely on paper.

It was the story in *Pic* which started the love affair between the public and the Tucker car. The story said the Tucker was "Designed to cruise continuously at 100 miles per hour, the new 150 horsepower Tucker 'Torpedo' is powered by an airplane-type engine of entirely new design . . . flat with opposed cylinders, largely aluminum that can be taken out and replaced in 30 minut s." No American stock car had yet reached that horsepower.

The name "Torpedo" was dropped after it was decided to emphasize safety rather than speed.

"It has a 126 inch wheelbase . . . the front tread is standard and the rear tread two inches wider for greater stability. Front fenders turn with the wheels, and driving lights on the fenders follow curves in the road," said another release.

Early press releases and literature followed the original story, featuring disc brakes, fuel injection and one item that was too much even for Tucker, who said he would have a torque converter design "that eliminates clutch, transmission, drive shaft and torque tube, differential and differential housing with an estimated saving in weight of 600 to 800 pounds."

"Tucker has an extensive background in the designing and building of racing cars," another release stated, "and was associated with the late Harry Miller, whose cars won 14 out of 16 races at the Indianapolis Speedway."

Tucker himself became almost as familiar to readers as his automobile.

Loyal Tucker workers give the boss a moment of triumph just before the car was unveiled at dealers' meeting.

"Like his car, Preston Tucker is a bit on the spectacular side," wrote one reporter, "a well-built, well-dressed man with a genial face and a gregarious personality." One magazine called him a "personable, rather handsome 45-year-old Michigander with a gift for a mile-a-minute talk and a flair for vivid bow-ties and white socks." Another description was "boyish, bow-tied Tucker," until in self defense he gave away every bow-tie he owned. The Tucker car was in comic strips. Some sorority girls voted him "the man they'd most like to be marooned with on a desert island," and the Tucker car became a standard gag on radio shows.

Six feet tall and almost always well dressed, Tucker made an excellent appearance and he was equally at home speaking to a group from a platform, or in his office. He had a heavy frame but was never fat, and he never weighed more than 200 pounds. Men found him convincing, and most women thought he was handsome. Except for his ties he dressed conservatively, and he invariably bought the best in clothes.

If he sometimes manhandled the immediate facts, his purpose was to instill in his listeners the same enthusiasm and confidence that he felt himself. Because Tucker never doubted that ultimately he would make the facts suit his own purpose.

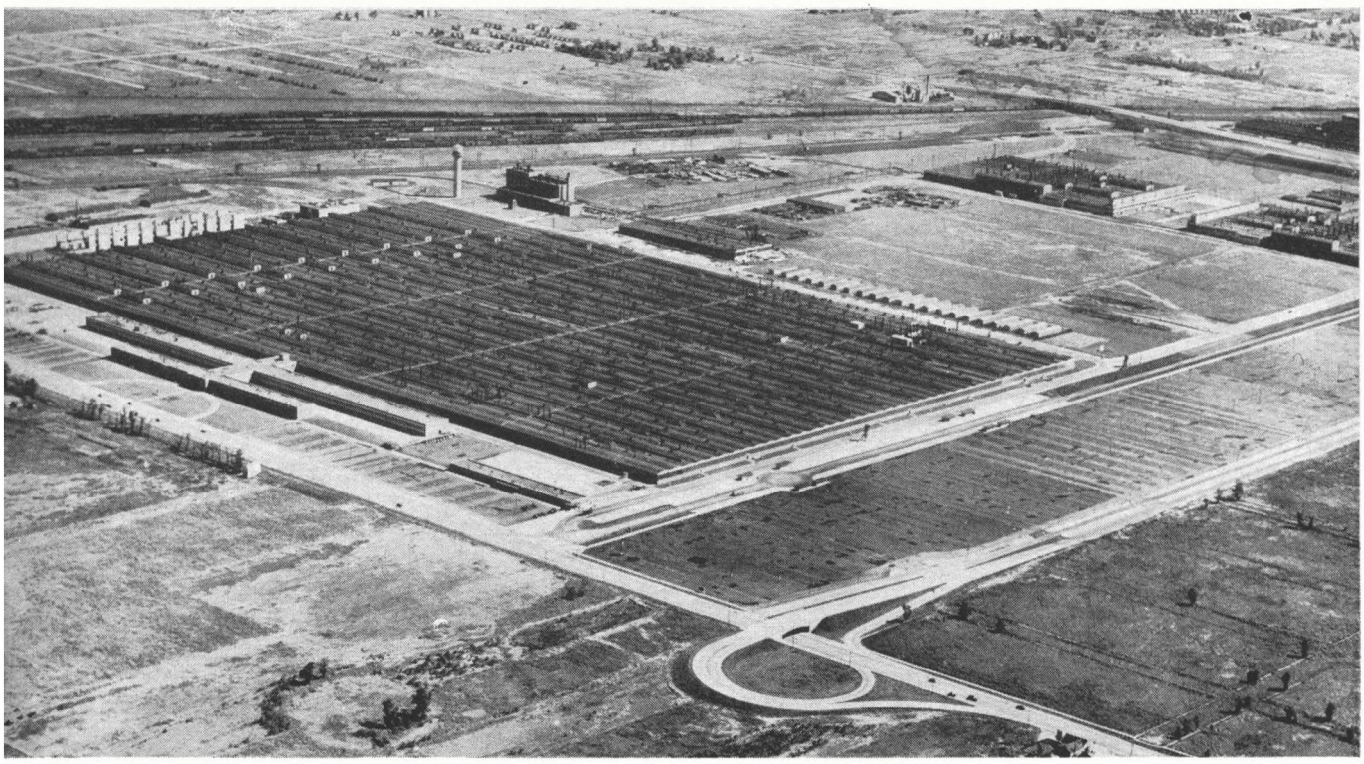
Preston Thomas Tucker was born September 21, 1903, at Capac, Michigan, a small town not far from Port Huron. When Preston was 2 years old his father died following an attack of appendicitis and his young mother was left with two small boys to support. She took them to Detroit, to what is now Lincoln Park, and got a job teaching school.

Growing up, young Preston spent most of his time hanging around garages and used-car lots. By the time he was 16 he got his first car, an Overland touring. He traded up for a big Chandler, sold that and got a Harroun. Ray Harroun had started making them in Wayne, and it was just the kind of fast and snappy model Tucker wanted. He was then attending Cass Technical school in Detroit and drove the car to school. While attending Cass, he worked in a soda fountain in Detroit, and later was an office boy at Cadillac.

Tucker was growing up with the lusty new automobile industry, and his idols were the men who drove the thundering monsters that roared around the new track at Indianapolis.

In the early days at Indianapolis almost all the major companies entered cars in the race, and their names are remembered today with reverence by people who love automobiles. Marmon, Duesenberg, Stutz, Mercer, Apperson, Lozier, Simplex and Velie. Driving on the Buick race team were the three Chevrolet brothers, Gaston, Louis and Arthur. (It was Art Chevrolet who later worked for Tucker in Ypsilanti and New Orleans.) From Europe came Isotta-Fraschini, Opel, Fiat, Sunbeam, Peugeot and Bugatti, and the big German Benz driven by Barney Oldfield. Ralph DePalma was there, and Eddie Rickenbacher, both of whom Tucker came later to know intimately. The smell of gasoline was in his nostrils. His vision of success was bound up in automobiles.

But times were tough, and jobs were scarce. The only one Tucker could come up with—which, incidentally, pleased him tremendously—was a job with the police in Lincoln Park. It wasn't police work that attracted him as much as the chance to ride motorcycles and drive squad cars on special jobs, running errands or handling parades, when the police needed extras. Because she thought the work was too dangerous, and because Tucker was well under age, his mother got him off the force—a process she was to repeat several times until he married, when he was



The $170 million Tucker plant in Chicago was originally built to produce B-29 engines. It was world's largest.

THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF TUCKER'S DREAM CAR

20. Between stints on the police force, Tucker worked for Ford and took over a gas station that was for lease cheap. After the lease on the gas station was up and Tucker played cops and robbers some more, he began selling Studebakers on the side. He met Mitchell Dulian, who was factory sales manager for Hamtramck and one of the best automobile salesmen in the business, then or since, setting sales records almost everywhere he worked. Dulian needed a salesman and Tucker promptly took the job.

"Preston Tucker really surprised me as a salesman, and I had been in the business a long time," Dulian said. "Within a few days he started selling cars, and it was only a short time before we outsold every other branch in Detroit. He had the gift of knowing what men wanted and what they would pay."

After his success in Hamtramck, Tucker went to Memphis with Dulian and repeated it there, managing one of the two places Dulian had been assigned.

When Dulian was transferred again Tucker went with Ivor Schmidt agency selling Stutz and other high price jobs. He had no great difficulty in finding a market for these and made a reputation selling cars other salesman could not move. Later he moved to the John T. Fisher Motor Company which handled Chrysler. In a very short time he became general sales manager. While selling Chryslers he made a connection with Pierce Arrow.

After two years in Memphis, Tucker was appointed regional manager for Pierce Arrow, working out of the factory in Buffalo, so once again he moved his family to Lincoln Park. He stayed with Pierce Arrow two years, leaving in 1933 to sell Dodges for Case Motors in Detroit. He never liked to get far in those days from the motor capital of the world.

While still in Memphis, Tucker started what was to become an annual pilgrimage for many years by going to the Memorial Day race at Indianapolis. It was there he first met Harry A. Miller, one of the greatest engine designers in automotive history. They became close friends, and they made an ideal combination. Tucker, still dreaming of his own car, knew a man like Miller could contribute to it, and he believed that Miller could help to design the kind of motor he wanted.

Tucker was by now a recognized leader in automobile promotion and sales. Miller was at the apex of a brilliant career building racing cars that dominated the "500" where Miller engines won more races than any other ever entered. Tucker was not only attracted to the Miller engine, he felt that an adaptation of that engine was what he wanted in his stock car.

Miller was credited with introducing aluminum bodies for racing cars, front-drive and four-wheel drive racers, aluminum alloy pistons, superchargers, downdraft carburetors and four-wheel hydraulic disc brakes. Six racing cars he built for the Gulf Oil Company had rear engines with four-wheel drive. It was while Miller was working on the Gulf job that Tucker met Eddie Offutt, who was working for Miller and considered one of the best engineers in the business by the racing fraternity at Indianapolis.

Offutt later went with Tucker in Chicago, and was chiefly responsible for the final Tucker engine.

Miller's first complete race car was entered in the Vanderbilt Cup race in 1906, and there are Miller Specials still racing today. The original Miller engine was taken over by Fred Offenhauser, who sold out to Meyer-Drake; the Meyer in "Meyer-Drake" was Louis Meyer, only three-time winner of the "500" except Wilbur Shaw and Mauri Rose, coming in first in 1928, 1933 and 1936. Offutt worked with Meyer-Drake on the Offenhauser engine, a direct descendant of the original Miller engine and still top dog on the tracks.

Miller and Tucker, Inc., was formed in 1935 to build racing cars and marine engines, and their first job was building 10 cars for Henry Ford, with souped-up V-8 engines. They set up a plant on West Lafayette Street in Detroit where Offutt was a frequent visitor. Many of Tucker's ideas for his own automobile came from his association with Miller, which continued after the Ford contract was finished some months later and Tucker moved to Indianapolis. Miller set up a place there where Tucker often stopped in to talk shop, and they worked together on various projects until Miller's death in 1943.

After the Ford contract was finished Dick Cott, who owned the Dodge dealership in Detroit where Tucker had worked, opened the Packard Indianapolis agency on Meridian Street, where Tucker went as general manager, after becoming a partner.

Tucker had the knack of making friends because he accepted people at their face value and instilled confidence in others. It was instinctive with him, and it earned him a host of friends among the midwest farmers and auto workers who recognized him as one of their own. Paradoxically it was this same open, expansive quality that was to make enemies for him when he moved in the world of high finance—a world in which cunning and reserve and polish were highly prized and where he was regarded as something of an interloper.

While letters and telegrams following the *Pic* story were piling up, Tucker started recruiting experienced automobile men to strengthen his small group. With his long and varied experience in the automotive field and a proven sales record, Tucker's initial announcement of an entirely new automobile aroused the interest of many veterans in the industry, some retired and some still working.

The first organizational meeting was held in the Detroit Athletic Club and ended with an "oust Tucker" movement before there was even a corporation. It finally ended in a squabble over percentages and Tucker walked out.

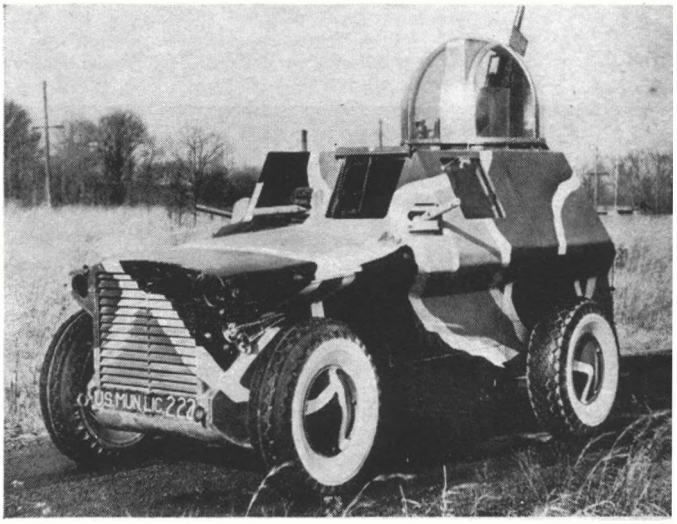
It was the end of the first scene in the Tucker drama, and probably was the deciding factor in moving operations to Chicago a short time later. Because Tucker knew that the enmity of recent associates in Detroit, with their close ties in the industry, could be fatal, if he tried to fight them on their own ground. When he finally moved the entire operation to Chicago, the only experienced automotive men still with him were Robert Pierce, Fred Rockelman and Ray Rausch. It was then he formed the Tucker Corporation to make automobiles in 1946.

Pierce was a peppery little Scot with red hair who had recently retired as secretary-treasurer and a director of Briggs Manufacturing Company, world's largest independent body manufacturer. Pierce didn't go with Tucker because he needed money. He saw something in Tucker's plans that appealed to his lively but practical imagination.

Rockelman had a long and distinguished career with the Ford Motor Company, where he became sales manager for the entire Ford organization. He was a big man in the industry and around Detroit. He left Ford in 1930 to become president of Chrysler's Plymouth division, and during the war headed the Detroit office of Douglas Aircraft Company.

Ray Rausch had been a director at Ford and later supervised manufacturing in all Ford divisions except the Willow Run plant.

Tucker's unique Combat Car (below) had powered gun turret, but military didn't want 117-mph performance. In 1946, Tucker qualified this Torpedo Special (above) for the Indy "500," but gear trouble ended its race.

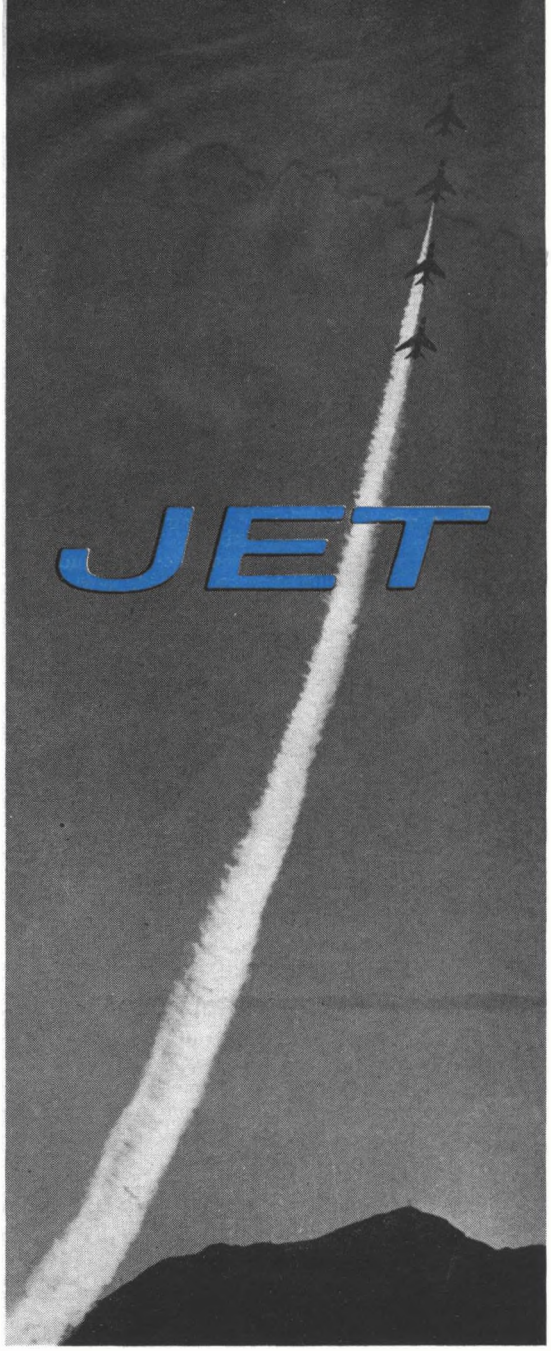


In moving his headquarters to Chicago, Tucker found himself in friendly territory. Chicago had long wanted an automobile plant and several previous attempts had failed. Except for highly specialized manufacturing, Chicago in many ways was a better location than Detroit, with a strong machine tool industry, steel mills and foundries and a good labor pool.

Tucker already had a covetous eyes on the huge Dodge plant in Cicero, not far from the municipal airport, which during the war built B-29 engines and was then the biggest white elephant on the hands of War Assets Administration. Covering 475 acres, the plant [*Continued on page* 120]

Flying high, wide and handsome, Air Force Thunderbirds provide supersonic thrills for millions in an incredible...

Precision flying begins with take-off of F-100C's that break ground at same instant, headed for the heavens.



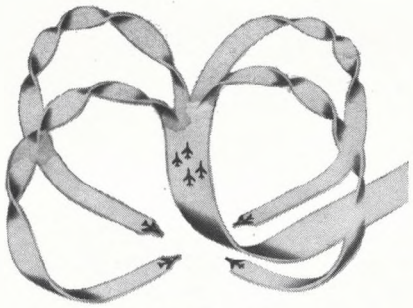
Screaming zoom takes Thunderbirds aloft for start of dangerous "bomb burst" maneuver at low altitude.

Since 1953, the Thunderbirds, an Air Force jet acrobatic team, has scared the bejeebers out of more than 21 million spectators. Their exhibitions of precision flying have been seen coast to coast in behalf of recruiting and other good causes.

Candidates of the Thunderbirds are drawn from volunteers in the Tactical Air Command. Firecan jockeys of TAC enjoy the soul-satisfying privilege of wringing out their four supersonic F-100C's in breath-taking gyrations that would make the angels blanch.

The Thunderbirds execute the majority of their gut-wrenching aerobatics in a close-knit diamond formation which is an adaptation of the four-ship line-up used in combat. This tactical formation offers maximum offensive and defensive firepower and protection. The entire show is presented within a one-mile radius of the viewing area, and at low altitude. Speeds vary from supersonic to near-stalling.

Climax of the Thunderbird performance is their

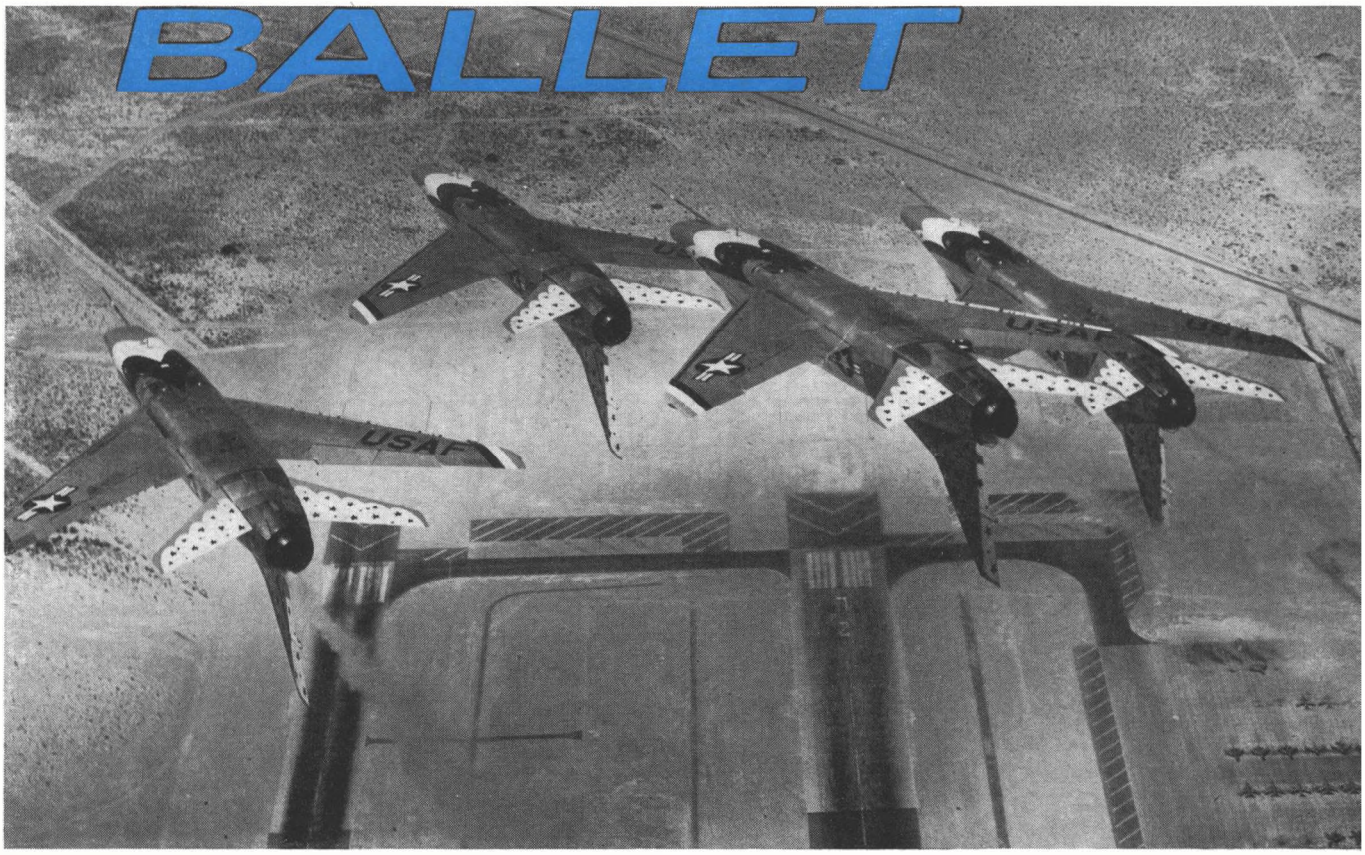


Bomb Burst

Corkscrew Roll

Roll

Whifferdill

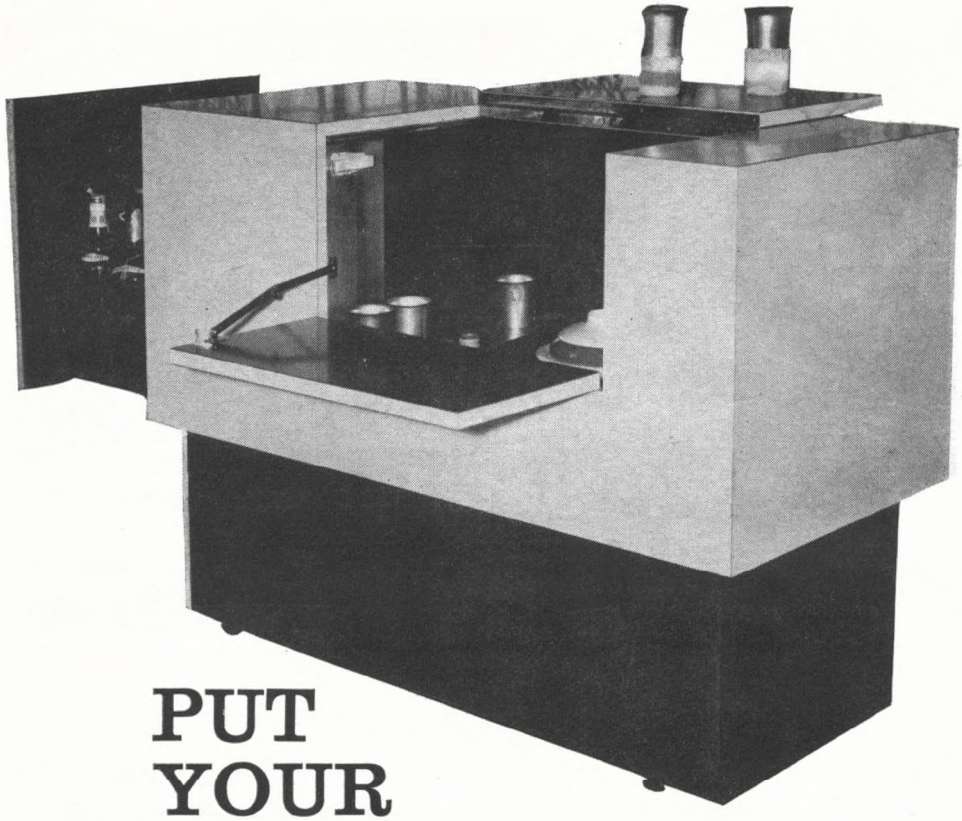


Over the top in half roll marks breakaway for bomb burst act, which is diagrammed above in drawing.

famous "bomb burst." The pilots kick their Super Sabres straight up in a screaming climb by hauling the sticks back against their guts. At the top of the climb, the afterburners are cut in with an ear-splitting roar and each plane breaks away to the four separate points of the compass. Trailing white marker smoke like bursting skyrockets, the F-100's then head for the ground and pull out just off the deck and pass each other on a near-collision course. At the pass point, the supersonic fighters are only a few feet apart. The G-forces in this maneuver are considerable, the effect on the crowd is nothing short of electrifying.

Keeping the Thunderbirds flying requires six F-100's a T-33 trainer, two C-123 cargo planes and 56 men. This formidable array of aircraft, pilots and mechanics once enabled the Thunderbirds to put on 19 different shows in a 21-day period.

Despite the flashy paint jobs on the F-100's, they are not just theatrical props. Late models can exceed 1,000 mph in level flight, and each Super Sabre can carry a nuclear load of destruction greater than 500 World War II bombers. ■



PUT YOUR WHISKY ON WHEELS

For liquor that's quicker (to get at) try building this mobile bar

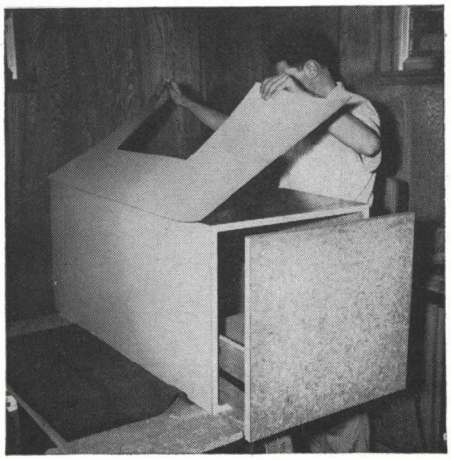
By BILL BAKER

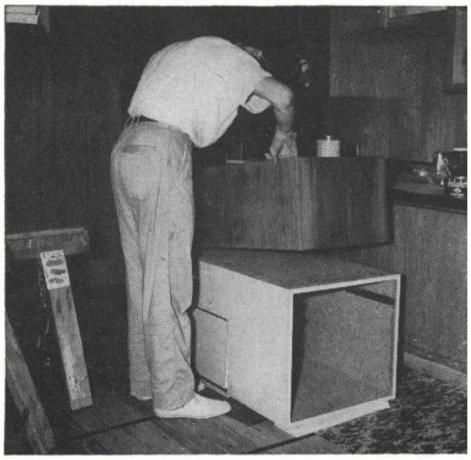
■ The real lazy-type elbow-bender who wants his liquor right at hand at all times is going to find this bar on wheels the answer to thirsty dreams. He can watch the TV fights with beer handy, or play instant host to guests. Best of all, he can make this handsome liquor-loader in his home shop.

Begin by cutting the main pieces of the top cabinet from the sheet of Novoply. In notching top and front for the openings, remember that space should be left for the finishing strips of 1/16" Micarta on the side edges. Consequently, make the openings 21¼" wide. The cutouts, if carefully sawed, can be saved to make lid and door. It may permit more accurate assembly if you leave an extra ⅛" all around on the drawer front, to be trimmed off later.

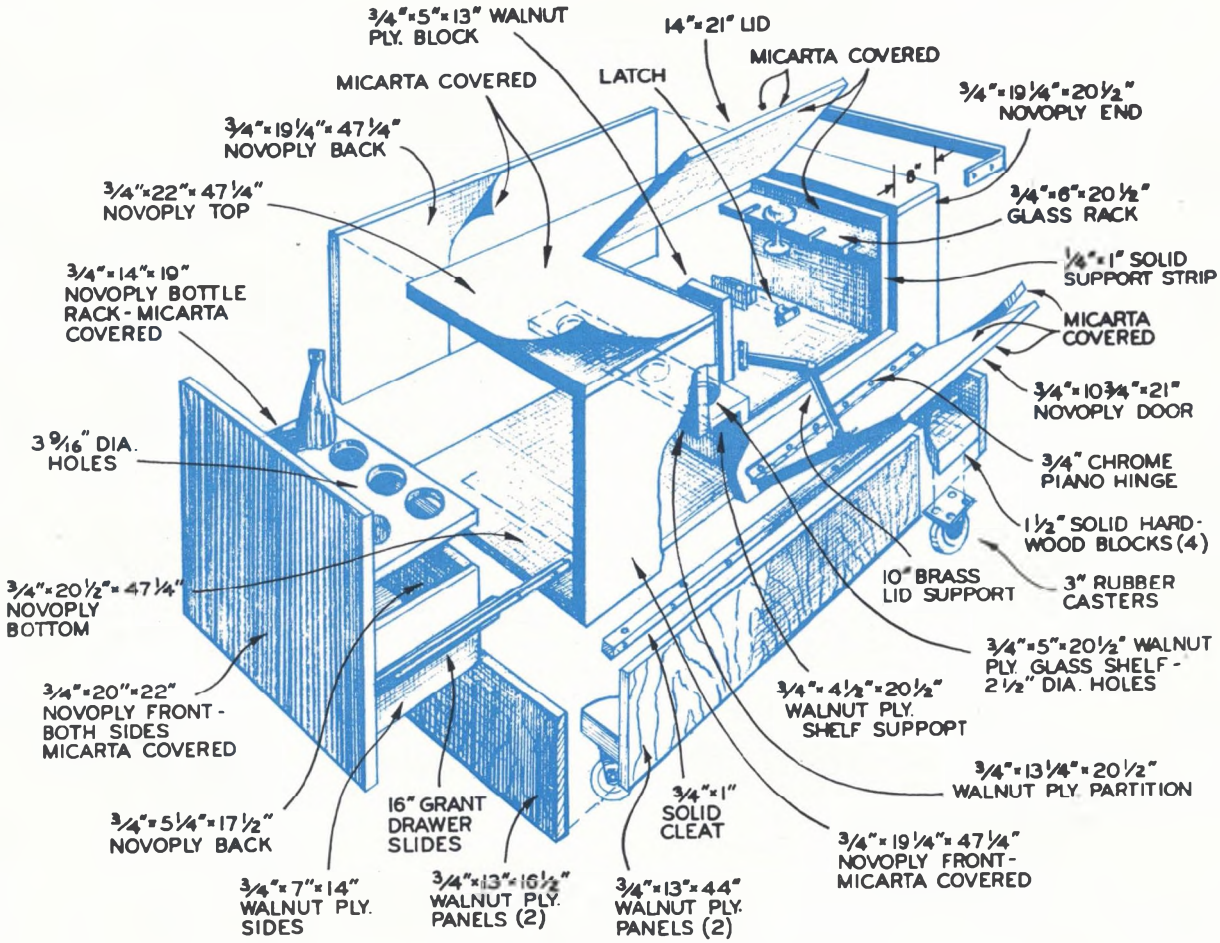
Assemble the top cabinet with glue and 6-penny nails. While it's drying, rip from the walnut plywood panel the four main pieces comprising the base, and set them aside. Cut out of the rest of the panel the two drawer sides and the small pieces which fit out the inside of the bar: partition, glass shelf and support, and glass rack. The glass shelf has six 2½" holes evenly spaced; the five slots in the glass rack should be ⅝x3". Cut from Novoply the top, back, and bottom of the drawer. Glue walnut Micarta to the top piece and to the back of the drawer front. For the bottle-rack effect in the drawer top, saw out twelve 3 9/16" circles equally spaced and ¾" in from the edges, working down from the Micarta.

Put the drawer together with glue and flathead screws. But before attaching its front, mount the drawer slides 3" from the bottom on the drawer, and 3¼" from the cabinet bottom. The slides must be exactly placed, so that the drawer front lines up with the cabinet edges. Here's where that extra ⅛" margin comes in handy. Bore and countersink through the drawer front [*Continued on page 91*]





Above left: Using glue and nails, assemble the top cabinet. Be sure it's flush and square. Then make the drawer and install it with its slides. Fit out the inside of the bar proper. Center: Cover the cabinet and all edges with Micarta. Right: Make the base. Then turn the cabinet upside down, center the base on it all around, and attach with screws.



THE 1,001 NIGHTS OF AWOL PETE

Most soldiers only dream of disappearing for months at a time and shacking up with a gang of gorgeous gals. For this military madman it was just routine

By EDMUND G. LOVE

Illustrated by FLOYD DAVIS

Every now and then I have a dream in which I see myself in some pleasant situation. About half way through it I get a horrible feeling that I have forgotten to do something. Then it dawns on me that I forgot to check out of the Army, that I have been AWOL all these years. The consequences begin to pile up and I escape the firing squad only by waking up.

I suppose this dream goes back to my association with a man I shall call Peter Claver Kenton. Kenton was a newspaperman who had been commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Army. Along with me, he was assigned to an organization I like to call the 7th Writing and Historical Unit, (7th WAHU), in September, 1944. His job was public relations.

I did not meet Kenton for several months after I was assigned to 7th WAHU. I was at Saipan at the time, and I got back to Honolulu for only a few days that fall. I did hear of Kenton, however, in a rather unusual way. While on my brief visit to the Hawaiian Islands, I was asked to write out a recommendation for promotion for him. Having no knowledge of him, I made up what seemed to

Carrying the hamper full of bourbon and escorted by the tearful trio of young ladies, Kenton emerged from the "hotel." He was ready, reluctantly or otherwise, to return to duty.

be a suitably laudatory paragraph and sent it through. In due time he was made a first lieutenant.

Early in December, 1944, Kenton was rather forcibly brought to my attention. I had come back to Honolulu to find 7th WAHU in something of a mess. The commanding officer was on emergency leave, and the executive officer was about to be relieved for inefficiency. As the ranking captain in the organization, I took over as acting executive officer for two weeks. On the second morning of my administration, a colonel of Military Police dropped into my office. He informed me that a jeep belonging to our organization had been parked in front of the Moana Hotel for 90 days. He wanted to know who had parked it there, and why. I didn't know the answers, but I promised to investigate and remedy the situation. After several hours of digging around in the files I found an old trip ticket which indicated that the vehicle in question had been charged out to Kenton. I immediately sent a sergeant out in search of him. The sergeant returned in half an hour to inform me that he hadn't been able to find any Lieutenant Kenton. Not only that, he hadn't been able to find anyone who knew of a Lieutenant Kenton. Further questioning of other members of 7th WAHU brought forth the rather startling information that Kenton had last been seen on the day after he joined the organization.

My search for Kenton began in the Moana Hotel, where he was last known to have been. He was well known in the bar and a waiter finally wrote out the name of a bowling alley where he thought I might find my missing man. I went to the bowling alley and confronted the owner with a demand that he tell me the whereabouts of Kenton. In a rather resigned manner, the man led me to the back of the building and called for Pete. A slightly-built little man with streaks of gray in his hair came climbing out from among the ten pins. He was clad in an old, gray sweatshirt, blue jeans and sneakers. He had been setting pins in the number four alley. Much in the manner of a man leaving his favorite petunia bed, he rubbed his hand on his trousers, stuck it out and introduced himself. It was Kenton, all right, but he didn't look like a criminal to me. He had a shy smile, and looked a little tired and lost. My first question, naturally, had to do with the reasons why a first lieutenant in the United States Army was setting pins in a bowling alley.

"We've been here almost three days now!"

Kenton, I was to discover, usually told the truth. He told it now. He had been sitting in the Moana Bar in the company of a group of war correspondents. The group had wanted to go bowling. When they got to the alleys, they found there were no pin boys. As they were about to turn away, it occurred to Kenton that he was a public relations officer. In this capacity, it was up to him to keep the newspapermen happy. He volunteered to help out. When the newsmen left, at the end of the evening, he stayed on. It seemed like a fine gesture—because of the war there was a shortage of pin boys. The proprietor was a fine gentleman who was being ruined by this elementary labor shortage. Kenton admitted that he might have done the wrong thing, but he didn't think he had hurt anyone.

I mentioned the jeep that had been parked in front of the Moana Hotel for 90 days, and Kenton seemed shocked.

"Good Lord," he said. "I forgot all about *that*."

The evening was not yet over, nor were my surprises. I got Kenton into a jeep and headed back toward Fort Shafter. As we drove along, he suggested that it might be a good idea if I took him to his home and let him change into a uniform. I asked him where he lived. He directed me up one street and down another until we arrived before a building with a big, red, neon sign in front of it. The sign read, Hotel.

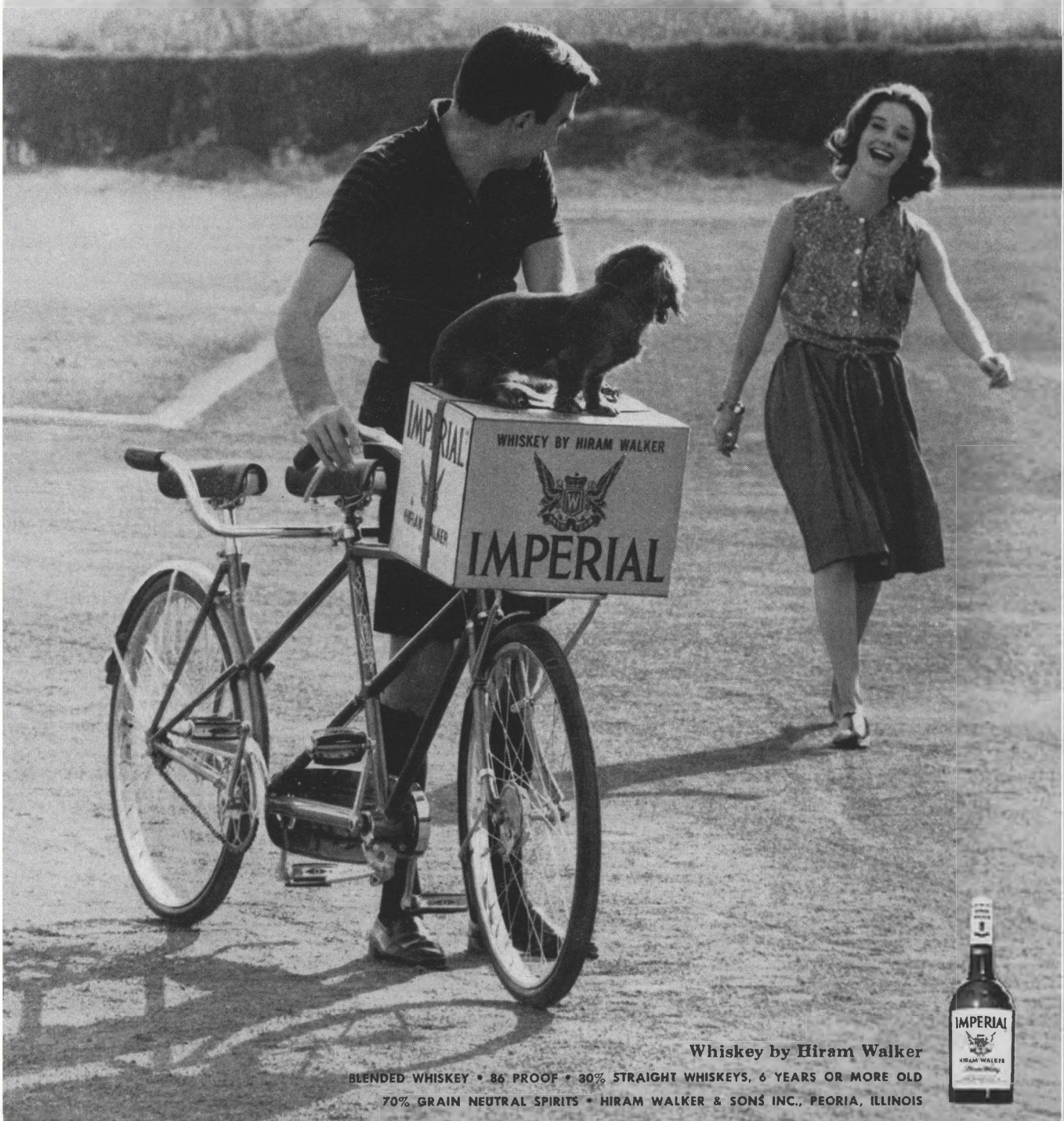
I went in and climbed three flights of stairs before I realized that I was in a house of prostitution. Kenton opened a door on the top floor and bade me enter. I found myself in a luxurious apartment. Kenton showed me to an easy chair, went out into the kitchen and mixed me a highball, then disappeared into a bedroom. In a moment I heard a shower running.

While I was sitting in the chair, thumbing through some magazines, the front door of the apartment opened and a girl entered. Without even looking in my direction, she sped across the room and disappeared into Kenton's bedroom.

[*Continued on page* 68]

Knowledgeable people buy Imperial

and they buy it by the case



Whiskey by Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS, 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD
70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Rods: Wright & McGill Trailmaster four-piece rod with carrying case, $19.95; Zebco Unilight reel-n-rod combination, $17.95; Shakespeare Presidential Spin Wonderod, $29.95; Boots: Falcon glove leather, $15.95; Acme Feather-Wedge, $16.95; Red Ball Vac Brookluck, $20; Red Wing seven-inch, $18.75; Ranger Sta-Dri with Sylflex leather, $19.95. Other items: Coleman Snowlite cooler, $15.95; Van Heusen shirt, $5; Duofold turtle neck shirt, $2.95; Garan knit shirt, fabric by Beaunit Mills, $2.98; Outdoor Supply Celacloud insulated sleeping bag, $25; Hy-Lo Temp Dacron insulated outerwear, $39.95 (with pants, not shown); Adam Fisherman hat, $3.95; Yosemite knapsack by Himalayan

A PRIZE CATCH OF NEW GEAR

Produced by ANDREW MILLS

Pak, $9.95; Antler Celacloud insulated sportsman's coat, $29.95; Mighty Mac Breezeman of fish-net fabric, $25; J. C. Higgins polyethylene tackle box, $7.77; Pflueger Saturn spinning reel, $14.95. In panel at right: Bernard Kamp Pack dehydrated food package; boat speedometer by Stewart-Warner, $12.75; Burgess Radar Mate lantern, $4.98; Elgin Depth Sounder to spot schools of fish, $97.50; Sunset Floater non-sinkable fly line, $9; Johnson Centennial reel, $14.95; Western W-80 Super Floating fly line, $12.50; Bronson Dart spin casting reel, $5.95; Heddon Ultra-Sonic lure, $1.25; Heddon Hi-Tail surface lure, $1.35; Johnson's Bucktail spoon, $1.35; Eppinger Seadevle surf casting spoon, $1.75; Shakespeare open face Spin Wonder with two spools, $32.50; L&S MirrOlure for tarpon, $1.75.

Our exciting scientific age continues to produce marvels for all—including fishermen. For instance, you can now find fish electronically. A new compact depth sounder which, says the manufacturer, sends out "loud, clear echoes" when fish are near, sells for $97.50.

There are countless other new items for fishermen in '60. Several manufacturers are making rods that take down to four short pieces and fit into handsome suitcase-size carrying cases. At least one maker has carried the concept of compactness one step further and is turning out rods and reels combined in one lightweight unit.

A line maker claims his new floating fly line will float forever without dressing. This is because it is surrounded by layers of aerated Tufcote finish which is filled with small bubbles. New departure in apparel are jackets made of fish-net fabric.

So if you haven't visited your local tackle store lately you'd better drop in soon. There's no use being an old fashioned fisherman when there are so many new ways to fill your net. ■

The 1,001 Nights of AWOL Pete

[*Continued from page* 64]

A moment later, a second girl entered and rushed through the apartment. Then there was a third girl. I could hear the three of them talking to Kenton. Bureau drawers opened and closed. Three different times, a girl darted out of the bedroom and into the kitchen. Twice, she carried a shot glass full of whisky back with her. The third time, she took the whole bottle. When Kenton emerged from his inner sanctum, he was handsomely dressed. The three girls followed him, dropped some suitcases on the floor and scurried into the kitchen. There, they prepared a picnic hamper, lining it with six bottles of bourbon and camouflaging them with sandwiches.

We eventually descended the stairs of the "hotel," carrying three suitcases and the basket. We were followed by the three girls who dabbed at their eyes all the way down. When we got to the lobby, Kenton went behind the desk, opened the cash drawer and took out a few bills, explaining to me that he was taking what pay he had coming. When I asked him what the pay was for, I learned that he had been serving as desk clerk in the institution during his off hours from the bowling alley.

Kenton had also worked, part-time, as a barker in a shooting gallery in downtown Honolulu. When we stopped at this place so that he could "resign," he donned a pith helmet and gave me a demonstration of his spiel. He was quite professional. As we left this place of employment, I was moved to ask him if it had ever occurred to him that the United States Army had a subsistence program for its officers which made it unnecessary for them to hold jobs on the side. Yes, he told me, he knew all about rations and quarters, but sometimes he just got going on something, and it seemed easier to take nourishment where he was than to go all the way back to Fort Shafter.

I gave a good deal of thought to Peter Claver Kenton. It seemed to me that he ought to be court-martialed for something, but I wasn't quite sure what to charge him with. Before I made up my mind, the commanding officer of 7th WAHU returned from his emergency leave and took the matter out of my hands. He called Kenton into his office one morning and talked to him. When the conference was over, I was directed to find something for Kenton to do. The commanding officer seemed to feel that all the blame rested on his own shoulders. According to him, Kenton was an intelligent, well-meaning officer who needed nothing more than a challenge.

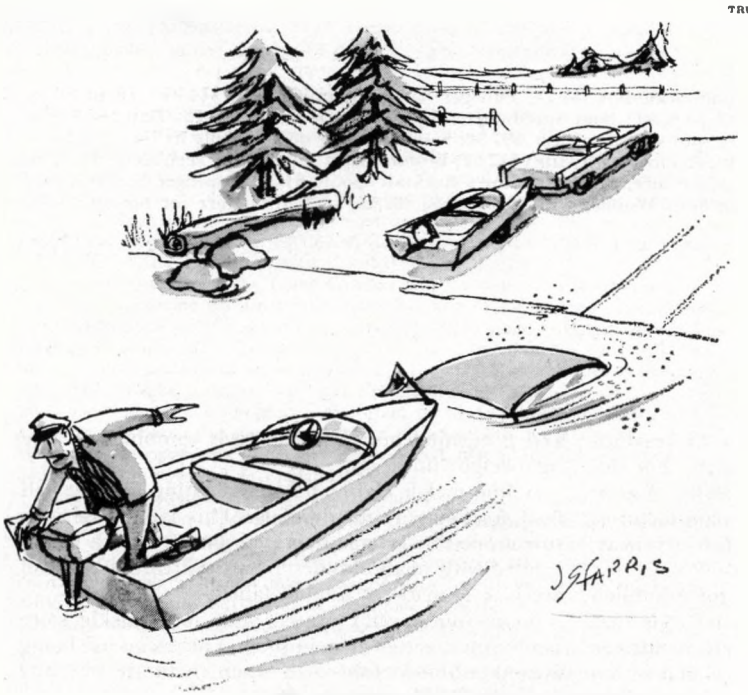
The only challenge I could think of at the moment was the 27th Division, which was then on the island of Espiritu Santos in the South Pacific, getting ready to go to Okinawa. The 27th Division had been the victim of some pretty poor public relations earlier in the war and it needed a personable man to shepherd it through the coming battle. I took Kenton off to one side and had a long talk with him about the job. He seemed enthusiastic about the whole project and he gave me the impression that he could hardly wait to get started. I wrote a letter of introduction to the commanding general of the 27th Division, provided Kenton with a jeep to carry him through the battle, and personally escorted him down to a ship that was headed for the New Hebrides Islands. It was my last official act as executive officer of 7th WAHU. I felt that it was a good one. I was certain that Kenton would do a good job.

When Peter Claver Kenton arrived on Espiritu Santos, he lost no time in going to work. On the day of his arrival, he learned that a young officer of Division headquarters was about to be married to a Red Cross girl on the island. Kenton knew the value of romance in public relations. He decided that the 27th Division would be better loved if it was full of lovers. One marriage wasn't enough. Kenton wasn't going to be satisfied with a spread in the *Saginaw News*. He wanted something in *Life* magazine.

Kenton arranged five marriages on Espiritu Santos in two weeks. He might have arranged more, but there were only 10 or 12 American women on the island, and there was a certain percentage of them who were reluctant. The details of how these marriages were arranged are still unclear, but a later investigation revealed the fact that some of the principals thought they were taking part in a pageant of some kind. The pictures did not appear in *Life*, but they did appear in a nationally-circulated picture magazine. When they appeared, the War Department was rocked by an explosion. Six of the 10 principals were already married and letters from fathers, husbands, wives, children and relatives began pouring in from all directions. Kenton had succeeded in cooking up a first-class scandal.

It was some time before the pictures appeared, of course, and while he was waiting for his first public relations scoop, Kenton was busy thinking up new gimmicks. He was especially interested in real, live, bonafide heroes. He had an idea for a picture spread on the home life of such a man between battles. The only trouble, he soon discovered, was that most of the heroes in the 27th Division were pretty prosaic fellows. Most of the time they were engaged in marching their men around, signing requisitions and writing letters home. In the absence of any swashbucklers, he decided to create one. He picked out a well-meaning colonel and hustled him into a bar.

Espiritu Santos was a long way from home and there were few of the amenities of life. To remedy this situation, one of the French planters on the island had opened an American-style steak house. Each week he butchered one of his cattle and invited a few men for a full course dinner. These dinners were the most popular things on the island and the invitations were avidly sought after. Espiritu Santos was also a jungle wilderness. All kinds of ferocious wild animals were rumored to be lurking just out of sight. It was Kenton's idea to make his colonel into a big game hunter in his time off between battles. Finally, on a bright, moonlit night, he sold the idea. He and the colonel staggered out of the



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IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

by John Lardner

THE BATTLING JAILBIRD VS. THE GAME CHICKEN

John Gully was the only prizefight champion who served time both in Parliament and in jail. Jail came first—and Gully might have rotted there if he hadn't found a means, unique in the history of British bastilles, of escaping.

Gully was a butcher's son who grew up in Bristol, England, with another butcher's son, Henry Pearce. Pearce, a few years older, became a fighter and then champion of England; he was famous far and wide by the nickname of the Game Chicken. Gully, on the other hand, went broke, and then a few hundred pounds worse than broke. When you had debts in England, in the early 19th Century, they put you in prison and kept you there till your prospects improved, which they seldom did. Gully was a hopeless young fellow, stuck fast in a trap of failure, when Pearce visited him in jail one day in 1805.

"Look at these poor damned devils," Gully said, as they drank beer in the prison-yard. "And I'm the poorest damned one of the lot."

"Let's spar for them," the Game Chicken said. "You used to be able to box."

It was a handsome gesture by the champion, and by far the best he could do for the inmates, since he was low in cash though rich in glory. Equipped with thick gloves—which were not used in real fights in those bare-knuckle times—the two butcher-boys from Bristol boxed half-a-dozen rounds for an audience of cheering stamping, whistling debtors. Now and then Gully did more than just box. He was a big, supple man, 190 pounds and quick on his feet, and some of his blows got home to Pearce's ears and nose with the extra strength of his own frustration. When they stopped, the jailhouse crowd agreed that a time-serving deadbeat had beaten the best man in England.

Pearce spread word of the bout, and a wealthy sportsman named Fletcher Reid paid Gully's debts on the condition that Gully, when sprung, must fight Pearce for the title under his management. Maybe it was rough justice that Gully lost the title fight to the Chicken in 64 bruising rounds. Two years afterward though, with Pearce retired, the ex-debtor won a pair of fights from Bob Gregson, the Lancashire Giant, and was recognized as champion himself.

In later life, Gully was twice elected to Parliament. Two of his horses won the Epsom Derby. The second of these, Andover, made him $50,000, half of which he distributed among the poor of Yorkshire. Pearce was long dead by then. "I'll help any damned pauper I see," Gully said, "in memory of a friend."

regimental officers' club bar where they had been preparing, followed by a photographer, of course. They secured two M-1s and tiptoed out into the nearest coconut grove. Tigers moved about at every hand, and Kenton and the colonel blazed away. When morning came, it was discovered that they had killed four of the planter's cows. The planter was furious. He closed up his restaurant and forbade any Americans to set foot on his property. Delegations from every unit on the island visited the commanding general, demanding Kenton's head.

Kenton's next point of attack was the French governor, himself. This official was extremely anxious to maintain good relations with the Americans and he had gone out of the way to perform many gracious acts. In the middle of January, 1945, he conceived the idea of a ball. He invited planters and their families from all over the area. Some of them came from as far away as 300 miles, the women clutching evening gowns that they hadn't worn since the war began. It was a natural story and Kenton was quick to take advantage of it for his public relations program. Unfortunately, he was a little confused as to just where he was. In some way, he got the idea that he was in Bali. At the height of the ball, the governor walked out the back door of the building in which festivities were being held to find photographers taking pictures of three of the belles. Some wine had been applied and some disrobing had taken place. Two of the belles happened to be the governor's daughters. There was a noticeable cooling of relationships.

Natives next came to Kenton's attention. The island of Espiritu Santos was filled with quiescent headhunters and cannibals who were fascinated by the Americans. They came down out of the jungles to lean on their spears and giggle at the sight of men marching up and down to no place. They often begged rides in jeeps, they worked for 20 cents a day building officers' clubs and they ate K rations as though such food was a great delicacy. Almost all of these natives had marks tattooed on their skin and almost all of them wore bones through their noses. The bones fascinated Kenton. One day he strode resolutely out of an officers' club bar and approached a group of natives. Without any warning, he reached up and grabbed hold of a bone and gave a yank. The native howled in pain and ran for his life. The next day the French governor warned all American troop commanders to keep their men out of the jungle. The natives were holding councils of war. In order to keep the United States from getting involved in an embarrassing side war, it was necessary to donate four jeeps and a bulldozer to the injured chief.

In addition to his mounting troubles with almost everyone, Kenton was beginning to feel bad. One evening he ran into the 27th Division headquarters mess and began belaboring certain colonels with a flyswatter, accusing them of being anopheles mosquitos. His trouble was diagnosed as *delirium tremens* and he was carted away to the station hospital.

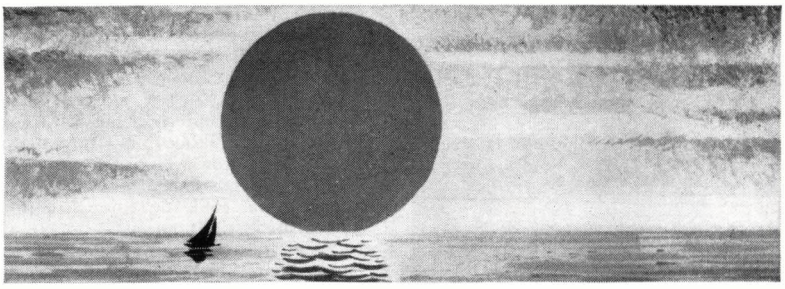
The commanding general of the 27th Division sat down and sent off a radiogram to Honolulu. He wanted a replacement. I was the man who had signed the letter that Kenton carried, and the general knew me. He asked for me by name. When the radiogram arrived, I got on a plane and went to Espiritu Santos.

I found Kenton recovering. He was contrite about the trouble he had caused, and apologized. My arrival coincided so closely with the embarkation date for Okinawa that I didn't even take the time to bawl him out. I just got him out of the hospital, took him down to division headquarters and had orders cut sending him back to Honolulu. I didn't have time to send a letter back to Colonel Fricke—then commander of 7th WAHU—and I didn't think it was my job to do so. I assumed that the commanding general of the 27th Division would make a full report to General Richardson and that this report would eventually reach the colonel. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, the general was so busy with Okinawa that he never did get around to writing a report on Kenton. Colonel Fricke never knew what transpired on Espiritu Santos.

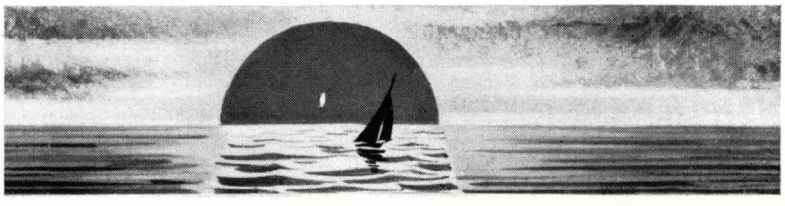
There were a few hours between the time I got Kenton out of the hospital and the time his plane left. He used it to good advantage. He went down to the docks where the 27th Division was loading equipment aboard ship, located the jeep I had given him, and traded the five wheels off it for a fifth of whisky. When I landed on Okinawa, three weeks later, and went to claim my vehicle at the beach, it was slightly immobile. I had to spend the entire battle of Okinawa, hitchhiking from place to place.

Kenton didn't get back to Honolulu immediately. When he left Espiritu Santos, he flew to Guadalcanal where he was supposed to change planes. He was a little confused when he arrived there and couldn't tell which plane was which. Instead of going east, he went west, and ended up in Brisbane, Australia. The officers of the Air Transport Command at that base took one look at him and became sympathetic. They told him that it would be 24 hours before a plane left for Honolulu and they advised him to go down to the beach and boil out his hangover in the sun. While he was lying on the beach, a pretty girl walked by. By midafternoon, Kenton was having a soft drink with her. She took him to her apartment for dinner. Kenton had found a home. He spent two months in Brisbane, living with the girl he met on the beach. Each morning he would report to the airfield for transportation to Honolulu. He always managed to arrive the day before the plane took off or the day after. Sometimes he would miss it by 20 minutes. During the last week in April, more than 60 days after he left Espiritu Santos, a plane had to return for motor repairs and Kenton was caught. He was hustled aboard and eventually landed at Hickham Field.

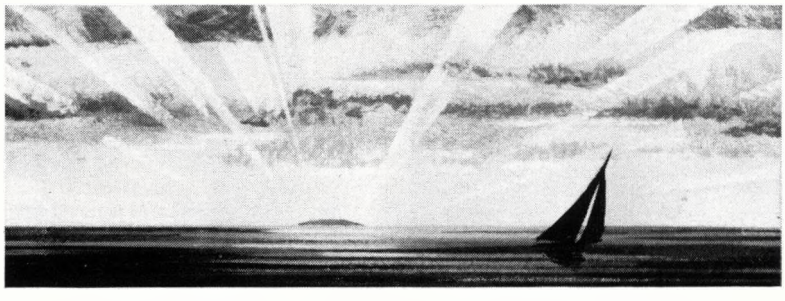
The 7th WAHU had changed somewhat since Kenton had left it in December. Most of the organization was on Okinawa, but there was a small rear



In the time it takes



the sun to set



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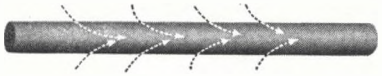

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YOU NEED NOT INHALE TO ENJOY THEM

echelon in Honolulu commanded by Colonel Fricke. Kenton had never heard of Colonel Fricke before, and he soon found out that Colonel Fricke had never heard of him. Kenton figured that he had better get out of there before Colonel Fricke *did* hear about him. His first move was to apply for a 30-day leave in the states on the grounds of combat fatigue, a disease he told the colonel he had picked up in the forward areas. He was well able to support such a claim. He was fatigued and he looked terrible. The colonel felt sorry for him and approved the application, forwarding it to higher headquarters.

While Peter Claver Kenton had been in Australia, most of the 7th WAHU had invaded Okinawa with the 10th Army. By the end of April, the organization had suffered several battle casualties and we were looking around for replacements. One day, while I was down at 10th Army headquarters, I happened to think of Kenton and I told the executive officer, who was in command there, that we had a man who was sitting around Honolulu doing nothing. (I didn't know about Australia, of course.) Tenth Army immediately got off a radiogram, ordering Kenton to duty on Okinawa. This radiogram arrived just at the time when Kenton was beginning to get a little desperate. He was certain that Colonel Fricke was going to find out about him before the leave was ever approved. He grabbed at the radiogram like a drowning man grabs at a straw. It was delivered while Colonel Fricke was absent, so Kenton left a copy of it on the colonel's desk, got a ride to Hickham Field and took off for Okinawa. As far as Colonel Fricke was concerned, this was the act of a martyr and he took steps to see that it was recognized as such.

Kenton arrived at Yontan Airfield toward the middle of May. It took him almost two weeks to get from the airport to 10th Army headquarters because he stopped in at press headquarters on the way. When he finally checked in at the 7th WAHU tent, the sergeant-major handed him two envelopes, both from Honolulu. One contained an order granting him 30 days leave in the states. The other contained his promotion to captain. He saluted the sergeant-major, did an about face, and made it back to Yontan Airfield in 10 minutes.

I never expected to see Peter Claver Kenton again. After VJ Day, I returned to the states and was assigned to temporary duty with the Historical Division in the Pentagon Building. Late in November, 1945, I happened to be walking through the Public Relations section when I saw a sign that made me stop short. It was a little wooden standard that read, Captain Peter Claver Kenton.

I approached a young woman at the next desk and asked her where I could find the captain. She didn't know. She'd never seen him. She'd worked in the Pentagon for two months and no Captain Kenton had ever appeared to occupy the desk that had his name on it.

This was the period, just after the war, when the whole United States Army was in a turmoil. People came to a job and stayed a few weeks at most. The turnover was rapid, to say the least. I talked to 10 different officers in the Public Relations Section without finding one who had ever heard of Kenton. It wasn't until I found a major I knew who had just returned from Paris that I got any kind of an answer at all. He took me to an adjutant who dug through a filing cabinet until he found a folio with Kenton's name on it. It developed that Kenton had been sent to the branch office in New York for 90 days temporary duty.

"He ought to be back any time, now," the adjutant told me, innocently, "the ninety days were up on October 5th. That was more than a month ago."

I dropped down to the Public Relations Section several times in the next three months to see if Kenton was back. The desk was as dusty as ever. Other people came and went. The adjutant I had talked to was separated from the Army. His successor was also separated. The lieutenant colonel who followed them couldn't even find Kenton's file. I decided that Peter Claver Kenton had been separated, too, and I forgot him.

I was discharged from the Army in May, 1946, still a captain. I spent my last week-end in uniform celebrating in New York. On a Sunday night I invaded Penn Station to fight my way to the last train home. In those days the trains were jammed and no one was ever sure what time the 10:30 train would leave. I was leaning up against the pillar at gate 18, hot and tired and hungover, wondering if I'd live to get as far as Baltimore, when someone touched me on the shoulder. I turned to find myself looking into the tear-stained face of Peter Claver Kenton.

"My old combat buddy," he said, and threw his arms around me, crying as though he'd never be able to forget this particular moment. It was a touching scene and most of the people fell back to give these two war-hardened old soldiers room to breathe. After I'd fought my way out of Kenton's bear hug and straightened him out a little, he turned around and introduced me to two beautiful girls who were standing behind him, laden down with luggage, tears streaming from their eyes, too. I was informed that these two girls had come down to the station with the sad mission of seeing him off for Washington. By the time Kenton finished telling me this, I was convinced that the Battle of Bull Run was going to be fought on the fields of Virginia the next morning and that Kenton was going to be shot in it.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

American males who face alimony proceedings always wind up heavy losers. Here's why—and how something can be done about . . .

THE SWINDLE THAT SQUEEZES MEN

"But hell," he said to me, straightening up, "now that I've found you, I won't go. No sir, I won't go. What we have to do, now, is find a bar and celebrate." He grabbed me firmly by the arm and started to lead me off.

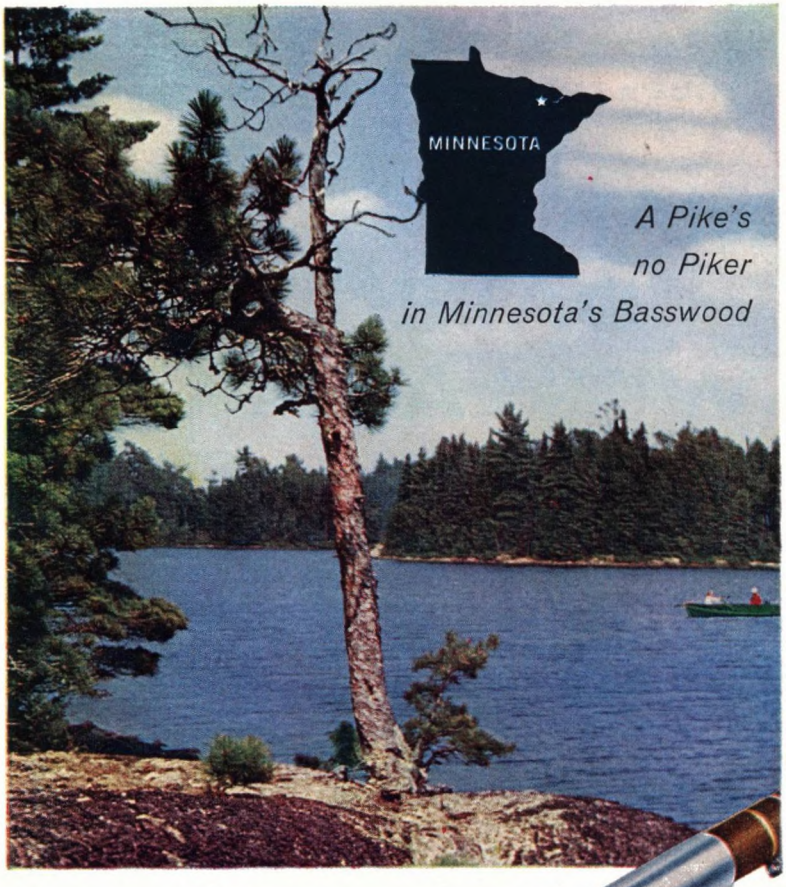
If I hadn't just finished a celebration, I might have gone with him. As it was, I balked. I told him that I had a civilian suit hanging in the closet and that I intended to put it on the next morning. While I was elaborating on this, the train gates opened. Kenton finally accompanied me, very reluctantly, down the stairs. The girls followed, struggling with the suitcases. As we walked down the steps, he informed me that he was getting out of the Army the next morning, himself. The way he talked about it, however, it was something akin to having a gallbladder operation. The two girls stowed the luggage away on racks in the car, dabbed at their eyes and kissed Kenton on the cheek in a sisterly fashion, then left the train. Kenton and I sat down to wait.

The train didn't leave the station for some little time. As we sat there talking, Kenton would jump to his feet every few minutes, clutch my arm, and announce that nothing was going to happen. He was going up into the station, find a bar, and get a drink. Whenever he did this, I held onto him and assured him that he'd be left behind if he went through with his plan. He kept trying to convince me that it didn't make any difference anyway, that we could catch the first train in the morning and still be in civilian clothes by noon. By the time the train actually pulled out of the station, I felt like I had pitched a nine-inning ball game.

The trip to Washington took a little more than five hours. Every minute of it was a nightmare. We stopped at Newark, Elizabeth, New Brunswick, Trenton, North Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Chester, Wilmington, Perry, Aberdeen, Edgewood, Baltimore and Laurel. As soon as we pulled out of Penn Station, Kenton led me through the whole string of rickety, dirty old coaches in search of the club car that didn't exist. When we got to Newark, he stepped out onto the station platform and announced that he was going to run into the station, find the bar and get a quick drink. I almost had to drag him back onto the train by force. At each station, all night long, we repeated this performance. In between stops, every time the train butcher passed through the cars, I would buy a supply of orange juice and ham sandwiches and feed them to him.

As we rode along, I got the story of his 90-day temporary duty in New York. All 10 months of it were spent in a hotel suite. Just before he had left for New York, he had submitted pay vouchers for his whole time in the Army (he had never done this before), and he had collected about $9,000. He had spent every cent of this sum and then had spent another $3,000 which the two girls had given him. He showed me a sheaf of receipted bills that totalled $13,000. Every day there was an item marked, "beverage service."

Kenton told me that he had started



TRUE's TRAVEL and VACATION SERVICE

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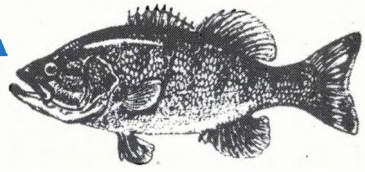

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More information on any of the above-mentioned areas is available. Just drop a line to TRUE's Travel Editor—but, please, remember to include a *self-addressed, stamped envelope.*

back to Washington a dozen times in the last 10 months. Once he had got as far as Wilmington. Twice he had got to Philadelphia. Three times he had reached Newark. On the other occasions he had made it as far as the bar in Penn Station. He confided to me that he had been on the threshhold of the Penn Station bar when he had seen me leaning up against the post. Toward the end of the trip, I asked Kenton what kind of public relations work he had been doing in New York. He looked at me as though he had just been struck by a thunderbolt.

"Good Lord," he told me, "I forgot all about *that.*"

Kenton seemed to be grateful to me for getting him back to Washington. He told me half a dozen times during the trip from Union Station to his hotel that I had saved his life. He promised to come around and see me when he got his pinstripe suit on. He didn't show up, of course. I had a civilian job in the Pentagon and I kept thinking about him from time to time. After a week went by, and I hadn't heard from him, I decided that I'd better go by his office and see if he was in trouble because of his long stay in New York.

When I got down to the second floor, I found him sitting rigidly at his desk, staring off into space. He was cold sober. When I asked him about the trouble, he shook his head, then opened the drawer of his desk and pulled out a sheaf of papers. They were the signed, dated papers for his release from the Army. They were all in order. He told me that no one had even missed him. All he had to do was carry the papers over to the Separation Center and present them. I asked him why he didn't go over and get it over with.

"I don't think I can pass the physical," he told me. "I feel awful."

Kenton was still in the United States Army in September, 1946. One evening I was walking along F Street in downtown Washington when I ran into him coming out of a bar. He was dressed in a beautifully-tailored uniform and had a good-looking girl on either arm. He was feeling no pain. I asked him how he had come out with his separation physical.

"I haven't taken it, yet," he told me. "I just never seem to get there."

I pointed out that the Separation Center was right in the Pentagon Building, not far from his desk.

"Hell," he told me, "I never even get to the Pentagon Building any more."

Peter Claver Kenton finally got out of the United States Army in February, 1947. I saw him on the day he got out. I was shopping in the Pentagon drug store when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around to confront a major of infantry. It was Kenton. He pointed at the major's leaves, then waved a sizeable check under my nose.

"Terminal leave," he told me.

I've never seen Kenton since that day, but every now and then I think about him, when I have these unpleasant nightmares about being AWOL. But that's where you came in . . .

—Edmund G. Love

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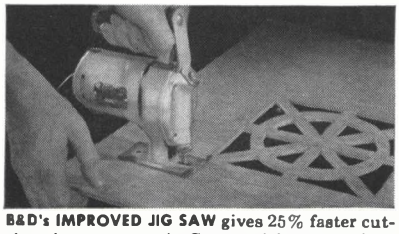

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TRUE'S $100,000 GLAMOR CAR CONTEST

Read ALL the following RULES and follow them carefully. You can not win if you break any one of them.

1.) TRUE's $100,000 Glamor Car Contest is made up of three buildword puzzles: No. 1 in the February, 1960, issue of TRUE, the Man's Magazine; No. 2 in the March issue, and No. 3 in the April issue. Puzzle No. 3 contains a tie-breaker as part of the puzzle.

2.) Complete all three puzzles, trying for the highest possible score for each. The scoring is arrived at by adding together the letter-values of each and every letter appearing in your puzzle, using the letter-value for each letter as indicated in the "Letter-Value Chart." Write your name and address on each entry blank, legibly in your own handwriting, and PRINT your score for each puzzle in the score box provided. However, on the entry blank for No. 3 also print your cor-

[*Continued on page* 78]

Here's how to do TRUE's $100,000 Glamor Car Contest

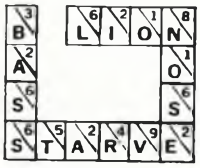
BUILDWORDS is an easy and simple puzzle. We have completed a specimen puzzle to show you the ropes. This is similar to a crossword puzzle, with the exception that you may use any words that you like. It will be to your advantage to use words which contain letters with a high numerical value (see chart below). At the same time that you print the letter into the space, print the numerical value of that letter in the triangular space at the upper right hand corner of the square. When the puzzle is complete, add up all of the numbers and put the total—in this case 63—into the MY SCORE box. Remember that all words must read from top to bottom or from left to right.

LETTER VALUE CHART

A-2	F-8	K-5	P-5	U-4
B-3	G-9	L-6	Q-3	V-9
C-4	H-1	M-7	R-4	W-7
D-7	I-2	N-8	S-6	X-6
E-2	J-10	O-1	T-5	Y-8
				Z-3

NOTE FOR SCORING

In totaling the score be sure to count the letter value of each square of the puzzle only once. If the puzzle has 30 squares your total is achieved by adding the 30 numbers.



MY SCORE

63

Important

Special Instructions for Puzzle No. 3

As stated in the rules, Puzzle No. 3 contains a built-in tie-breaker. This tie-breaker consists of the bottom three lines of Puzzle No. 3. The words used on these three lines must form a complete sentence. Content does not matter but the sentence must be grammatically correct and make sense. There are 36 squares in these three lines. You do not have to utilize all 36 squares. You must leave an empty square between each word but you do not have to use any squares for punctuation marks. You may break a word at the end of a line without regard to syllabication.

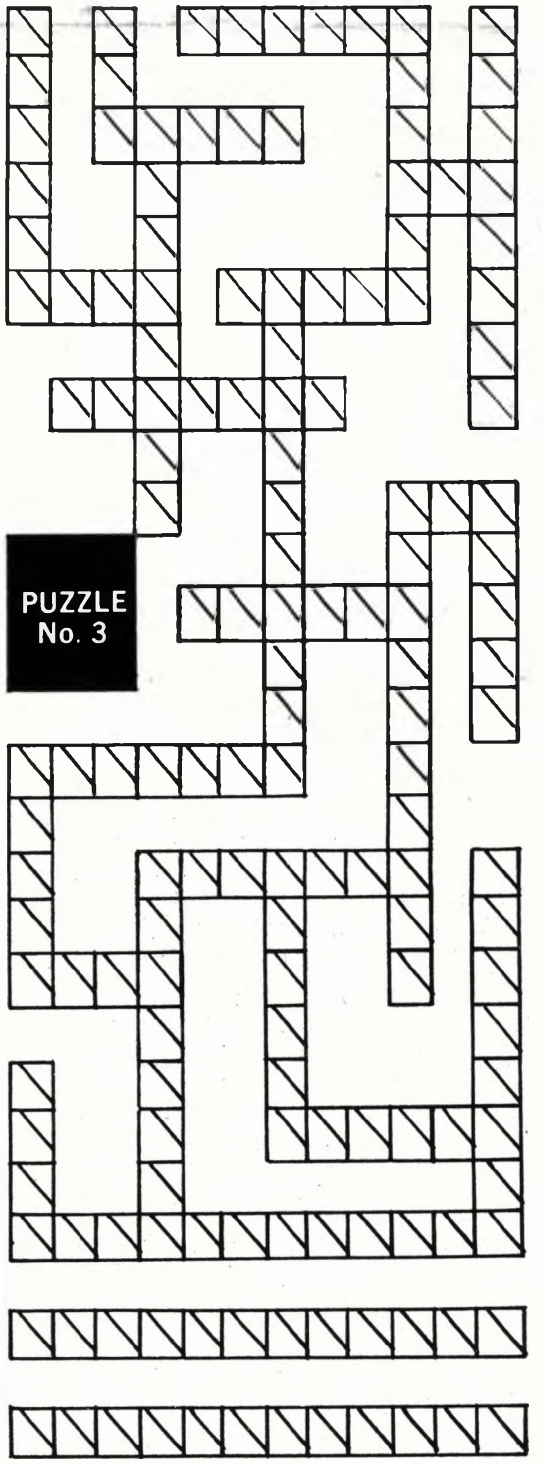
If ties exist on the basis of Grand Total Score, such ties will be broken on the basis of the highest score on Puzzle No. 3. If ties still remain, such ties will be broken on the basis of the highest score attained on the last three lines of Puzzle No. 3.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

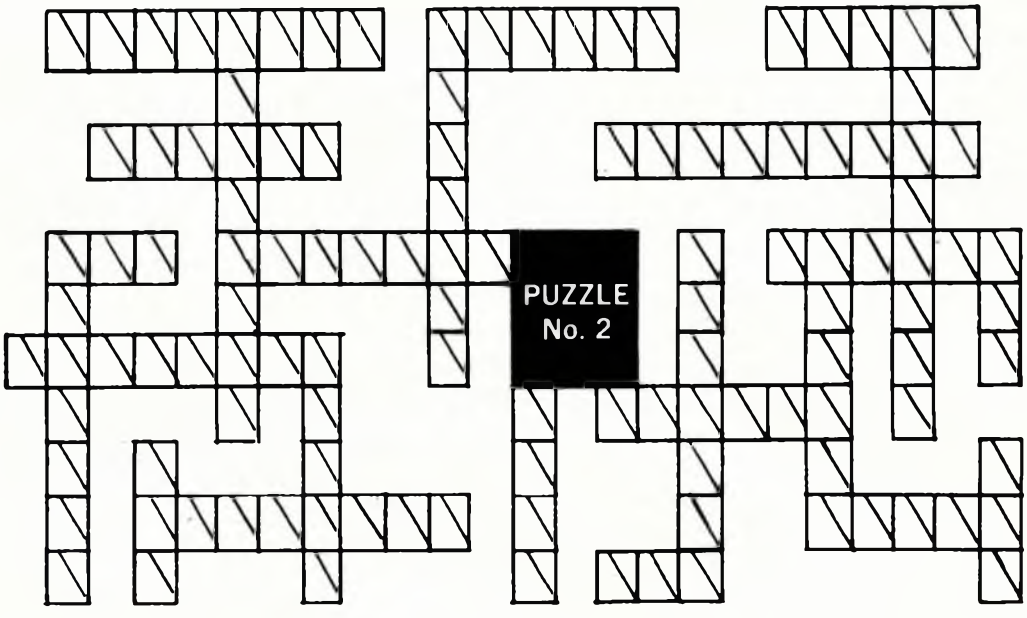
MY SCORE [ ] MY GRAND TOTAL SCORE [ ]



NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

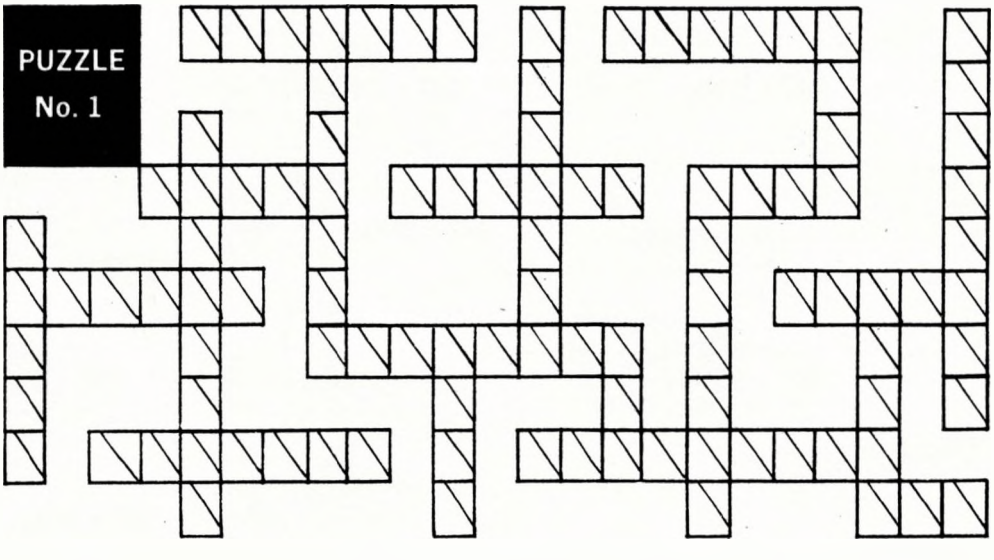


MY SCORE

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....



MY SCORE

TRUE'S $100,000 GLAMOR CAR CONTEST

[*Continued from page 76*]

rect total score for all three puzzles in the box marked "Grand Total." Also print the same, *correct*, Grand Total in the upper left corner of the address side of your envelope underneath your name and address. After you've completed No. 3, mail all three puzzles together. Do not send in puzzles separately. Do not include subscription orders or other correspondence in the envelope containing your puzzle.

3.) You do not have to buy TRUE to compete in this contest. Legible copies of approximately the same size of each of the three puzzles and of the entry blanks will be accepted.

4.) Webster's *New* Collegiate Dictionary will be the only authority on the acceptability of words that may be used in the puzzles. Any solid boldface word (a word without any hyphens or intervening spaces) that is a vocabulary entry (see definition on page 955) in the main section of this dictionary, pages 1 through 997, will be accepted EXCEPT possessives formed with an apostrophe (e.g. soldier's) and words beginning with a capital (e.g. Indian). Words may be used more than once. Plurals of nouns, past tenses and participles of verbs and comparatives and superlatives of adjectives are acceptable.

5.) The three complete puzzles—stapled, paper clipped or pinned together—are to be mailed to TRUE's $100,000 Glamor Car Contest, PO Box 1000, Greenwich, Conn.

6.) Entries must be postmarked on or before May 1, 1960 and will be ineligible for consideration if received after May 10, 1960.

7.) The contestant having the highest correct grand total score will win the first grand prize. All other prizes will be awarded as indicated. In case of ties for grand total score among winning contestants such ties will be broken on the basis of the highest score on Puzzle No. 3 by the tieing contestants. If ties remain such ties will be broken on the basis of scores attained by contestants on the tie-breaker portion of Puzzle No. 3. If ties still remain which must be broken to determine if tieing contestants get prizes of greater or lesser monetary value, tied contestants may be required to solve one or more additional puzzles. These tie-breaking puzzles, each to be judged in the same manner and within a reasonable time as specified by the judges, will continue as long as is necessary to resolve all ties.

8.) The editors of TRUE, and Robert Voorhees, eminent lexicographer, shall be the judges of this contest and the judges' decisions shall be final. All entries become the property of Fawcett Publications, Inc., and none will be returned. *Correspondence will not be entered into with contestants concerning this contest,* and the contest will not be discussed with contestants by telephone. A contestant may submit only one entry in this contest. Only one prize shall be awarded to any one contestant in the same family or household and residing at the same address. Prior to becoming entitled to and receiving a prize, and in order to establish reliability, each winner agrees, if required, to sign an affidavit certifying:

(1) That the answers submitted are his or her own effort and have not been obtained from so-called puzzle-lists or from any other source whatsoever outside of the contestant's own family or personal friends, and (2) that he or she has not acted for or in conjunction with any person not eligible under the established rules of this contest.

9.) The contest is open to any resident of continental North America except employees or the members of their immediate families of (1) Fawcett Publications, Inc. (2) its wholesale distributors, and (3) its advertising agencies.

10.) By signing the entry blank each contestant, in consideration of the enjoyment furnished him by the puzzles supplied for his amusement and as a test of skill and in anticipation of the valuable prizes for which he is eligible, voluntarily and irrevocably agrees as follows:

(a) That he will accept as final and correct without reservation the decisions of the judges designated by TRUE Magazine.

(b) That, by signing the entry blank, the contract between the contestant and TRUE Magazine shall be deemed entered into within the State of New York, regardless of where and to whom the contestant's entry blank may be mailed or delivered.

(c) That any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York.

(d) That the contestant, by signing the entry blank and mailing it to TRUE Magazine, waives any and all rights that he may have or which he deems he may have as a result of entering this contest, to make any claim or claims of any kind against any person, firm, or corporation which or who distributes, sells, or offers for sale copies of TRUE Magazine. Such contestant also waives any and all rights that he might have to attach funds or property of Fawcett Publications, Inc., situated or located elsewhere than in the States of New York and/or Connecticut.

(e) Any person not willing to abide fully by the rules and limitations here stated shall be ineligible to compete in this contest and his entry shall be considered in violation of these rules and shall be ineligible for a prize.

11.) All winners will be notified by mail and their names printed in TRUE.

12.) Any person entering this contest hereby consents to the use of his or her name and photograph by Fawcett Publications, Inc., for advertising and publicity purposes in connection with this contest.

13.) The automobiles awarded as prizes in this contest will be delivered by TRUE with standard equipment, excise tax paid. The automobiles will be awarded to winners at the nearest port of entry or factory. Winners agree to pay additional taxes, if any, freight, if any, dealer preparation charges, if any, and for any desired accessories over and above those specified as "standard equipment."

IMPORTANT

Watch your addition! An arithmetic mistake can disqualify your entry.

Do not mail in any puzzles until all three have been completed.

Your correct grand total score must be on the outside of the envelope.

this funny Life

We officers of the Air Training Command sat down a few days ago to another tedious session of investigating plane accidents. We were all set to hear the usual complicated excuses that would prove the cadet pilot blameless.

We got a big surprise. The first cadet stepped up smartly and explained his accident with amazing conciseness. "Sir," he stated, "I ran out of airspeed, altitude, and ideas simultaneously."

—Bruce McCamish
New York, N. Y.

The local prohibition of alcoholic beverages inspired enterprising topers to try out all sorts of weird drinks. The sales of bay rum, shaving lotion, and canned heat suddenly went way up. It got so bad at last that the police instructed the merchants to question "repeat customers" to make sure they weren't drinking these redolent mixtures.

When a gay old gent sauntered up to the counter of the five-and-ten for his fifth bottle of shaving lotion, the saleslady narrowed her eyes and sharply asked him: "You're not drinking this, are you?"

The old boy coolly looked her straight in the eye and snapped back: "Of course not! I'm shaving an elephant."

—Eustace S. Linker
Johnson City, Tenn.

The senior sergeants of the Marine Corps are highly regarded by the officers, and it is an unwritten rule in the Corps that no officer will enter a senior NCO's quarters without knocking. This courtesy is extended as a privilege of rank and service—and a respect for the privacy of the seasoned man.

A young lieutenant making a casual tour of our base recently was ignorant of this tradition and strolled right into the quarters of one of the legendary sergeants of the Corps. The lieutenant was first astonished, then indignant, to see that the sergeant was enjoying "a drop of good cheer." Regulations prohibit enlisted men from having liquor in their quarters.

"Sergeant," the lieutenant sternly announced, "I've always considered you to be a fine NCO. I don't want to put you on report, but when I walk into your quarters and find you drinking—what do you expect me to do?"

The old sarge reflected a moment then growled, "About face. Forward, MARCH!"

—M/Sgt. Sumner E. Nichols
Jacksonville, N. C.

"Improve your vocabulary," directed the teacher to her fifth-grade class. "Choose several unfamiliar words from your dictionary. Write them down, together with their definitions. Then use each one in a complete sentence."

At the end of the hour a little girl handed in the following:

PREGNANT. Definition: carrying a child.

Sentence: The fireman went up the ladder and came down pregnant.

—H. D. Bailey
Great Falls, Mont.

The cowboy hauled up before the judge for disturbing the peace plainly showed marks of battle on his battered face. When the judge asked him for an explanation, the cowhand scoffed, "'Twasn't much at all. I was jest settin' there in the bar mindin' my own business when these two waitresses barged over to me. They was all shook up and claimed they'd been insulted by a drunk sheepherder. One said the 'herder propositioned her and offered her ten dollars. The other said she'd been propositioned too, and he'd offered her twenty dollars."

The cowboy paused, scratched his chin reflectively, then continued, "I jest remarked 'There ain't really ten dollars difference'—and the fight was on."

—Jane Burnett
Lewistown, Mont.

The war was over and to the astonishment of the brass all of us enlisted men wanted out. A major from our Air Force group headquarters called us all together in an empty hangar and bellowed every reason he could think of for our staying in the service. When he got no response to his appeal, he started asking various individuals why they didn't want to stay in. Everyone he queried was an engineer, a business owner, or a skilled technician with a lucrative job waiting for him.

In exasperation the major finally cried: "Everybody is a damned millionaire! What the hell happened to all the boys who were in the CCC and the WPA?"

A small voice piped up in the smouldering audience, "They went to OCS!"

—Lt. Col. J. L. George, USAF (Ret.)
Tampa, Fla.

A big brute on the concrete gang of our construction crew enjoyed picking on a small carpenter who was a head shorter and about half his weight. Shorty, the carpenter, was a mild-mannered type who shrugged off the abuse of the bully for a few days, but finally he decided he'd had enough. Picking up his claw hammer, he rolled up his shirt sleeves then turned on the big slob with a savage fury that astonished everyone.

"Listen, you," Shorty snarled, "I'm going to knock out your teeth, and then hammer that bone head of yours into the dirt!"

The bully was completely taken by surprise, and beat an undignified retreat. Amidst the laughter, one of the other hands shouted at Shorty, "How in hell did you get up nerve to tell that big baboon off?"

"It's all in a day's work," modestly replied Shorty. "I wasn't sure I could do the job, but it didn't cost anything to give him an estimate."

—Ken Kraft
Pebble Beach, Calif.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

The Stoolies Who Save You Dough

[*Continued from page* 39]

"Application and Public Voucher for Reward for Original Information." He filled it out, mailed it back.

Some months later he got another government envelope in the mail. Inside was a check for $4,600. It represented roughly 10 percent of the money he'd helped IRS collect from the delinquent lumberman.

The salesman collected his reward under a program that the government has operated quietly since before the turn of the century. The Internal Revenue Service doesn't advertise its willingness to pay rewards for tax-evasion information. But the reward money is there for anybody who earns it.

From Commissioner Dana Latham on down, revenue officials are reluctant to talk in public about this reward program. Every time there has been publicity about it in the past, somebody—a congressman, a newspaper editorial writer—has leaped up and accused IRS of running a Gestapo-like network of dark intrigue, in which citizens are encouraged to squeal on their neighbors. The revenue men point out, when this happens, that all kinds of law-enforcement agencies use informers: the FBI, the police, the Customs, Immigration and Narcotics bureaus, all would be severely handicapped without paid stool-pigeons. Yet somehow, in the public mind, it seems more honorable to inform on a bank robber or a smuggler than on a tax dodger. Maybe it's because the subject of taxes has humorous overtones. People tend to think of tax dodging as mischief rather than crime.

At any rate, you'll never hear IRS urging anybody to turn informer. You'll never see a discreet little advertisement on your Form 1040, calling attention to the reward program. IRS simply allows the program to exist and lets it go at that.

"The Service neither discourages nor encourages taxpayers to inform on those who deliberately cheat on their federal income taxes," says Larry George, director of IRS' Public Information Division. "The Informers' Award Program is a part of the tax laws we have to administer, and we are administering it as objectively as we can. When taxpayers feel strongly enough about the tax cheating of their neighbors to turn them in, and then claim a reward for their information, we process their claims in accordance with the law."

Despite the fact that it isn't promoted actively, the program is sizable in terms of dollars. In an average year, the Internal Revenue Service shells out about half a million dollars to tax informers. As a result of these informers' work, the Service collects some $10 to $15 million a year from dodgers—money that the government might otherwise never have seen. The size of an informer's reward depends on how much useful data he digs up. Minimum payment is 1 percent of the taxes and penalties collected from the delinquent taxpayer; maximum is 10 percent.

Rewards aren't automatic. If a person turns in a tax cheat and wants to be paid for his trouble, he has to apply for his reward formally. Indeed, IRS says 95 percent of informers fail to apply. They aren't primarily interested in money. They're motivated by other things: patriotism, jealousy, revenge, simple anger at seeing somebody get away with something that they haven't gotten away with—or were afraid to try.

Maybe all this gives you some ideas. You've been wondering for a long time, maybe, how that fellow across the street can afford a new car every year. Or you have reason to suspect your boss of rigging the books. You figure you can pick up some quick cash by dropping a hint to your district director. But before you pick up the phone, heed this: IRS won't pay you a cent unless you come up with detailed, factual, solid information. Mere suspicions won't be enough.

Every year IRS gets thousands of letters that are nothing but spleen and suspicion. One old lady sent in a list of every wealthy family in her town, commenting that "If you're honest, you're poor." A man sent in a list of doctors belonging to his local county medical society. "They're all quacks and they're all cheats," said he. Another fellow, evidently disgruntled by some unfortunate real estate transaction, submitted a list of local realtors. He offered to bet IRS his next year's tax—double or nothing—that at least 50 percent of the realtors were dodging taxes.

"None of this helps us much," says an officer of IRS' Intelligence Division in Washington. "We're like a business: we won't invest time and money in something unless we're pretty sure it'll bring us a return. We can't waste agents' time following down unfounded suspicions. But when we get facts and figures, solid information that seems to show a real case of tax evasion, then we'll gamble and put agents on the case."

Many hopeful informers seem to envision IRS as a sinister fraternity of villainous men, waiting in malignant anticipation for the chance to pounce on stray taxpayers. As these informers see it, IRS will gobble up any bit of gossip about any taxpayer, and will then audit the hell out of him just for fun. Nothing could be less accurate. IRS' principal interest is money. Its assigned duty is to collect as much as possible, as cheaply as possible. (Been doing a good job of it, too. In 1870 the government spent $4 to collect every $100 of taxes. In 1958: 42¢.) Thus, IRS won't even bother following up your information unless you can show there's a really good chance of collecting dodged taxes.

"Bear in mind that our whole tax-collecting system is based on voluntary compliance by taxpayers," says Joseph Mayer, director of IRS' big Newark (New Jersey) district. "Our actual enforcement activities, including our investigations of informers' tips, bring in only a relatively small amount of revenue."

IRS likes the voluntary compliance system because it's cheap; and most officials figure that if the Service stepped up its investigations of taxpayers, the result would be a huge rise in costs and probably only a dribble of extra revenue. The Service guesses, in fact, that if it set out to investigate 100 taxpayers on hearsay suspicion, it would probably turn up paydirt on only two of them. Big, genial Kenneth Moe, director of the fabulously wealthy Upper Manhattan District in New York City (1958 collections: almost $6 billion), sums up IRS' philanthropic view this way: "We start with the assumption that everybody is honest."

Thus, to convince this benevolent outfit that somebody is cheating, you must come laden with proof. Still think you have some hot information? Fine. Send it to your district director—not to Washington headquarters. IRS is a decentralized outfit, with regional commissioners and district directors who operate pretty much on their own. In most cases, they evaluate tips and pay out rewards without even consulting Washington. If your tip looks promising, the director will assign a couple of special agents to investigate your man and—if the facts warrant it—nail him. Finally, the director's or regional commissioner's staff will decide how useful your tip was—principally, how much work you left for the agents to do—and you'll get your reward.

Don't expect the reward right away. It could take a long time to get to you—perhaps longer than a year. Under Commissioner Russell Harrington in 1958, however, an effort was started to speed up the processing of reward claims. The speed-up is continuing under Dana Latham.

When you do get your reward, it could be a weighty lump of money. IRS, which in 1958 collected some $80 billion, hands out five-figure rewards without even flinching. They will also expect you to pay income tax on whatever you collect, by the way.

Take the case of the Four Friendly Bookkeepers. They'd joined the staff of a small but prosperous Chicago company at different times, but they'd come to know and like each other well. And to trust each other. At lunch one day they started talking about the company's subsidiaries. A lot of development capital had been poured into these offshoot companies in the past few years, but none of them had ever shown a profit.

"You know," one of the bookkeepers mused, "sometimes I wonder just how real those subsidiaries are."

There was an electric silence around the table. Privately and individually, it

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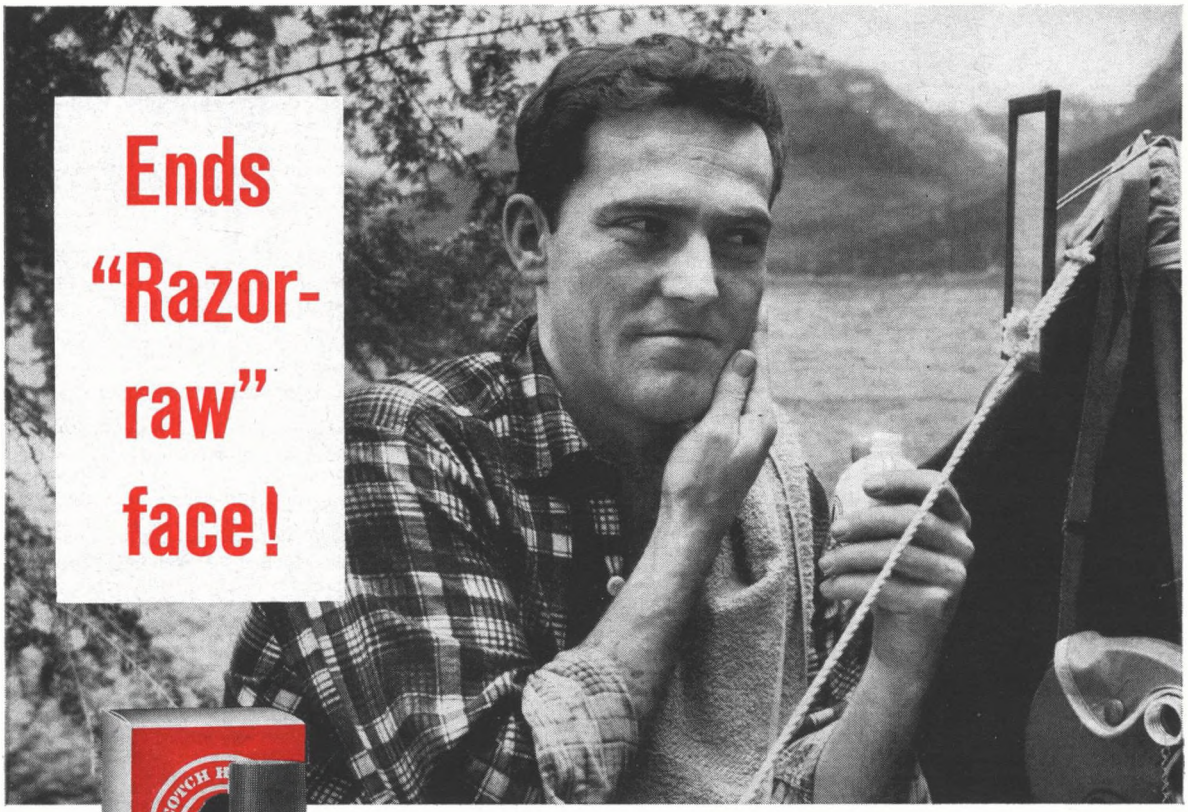

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MEN'S TOILETRIES

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"Anyone for a game of goodminton?"

turned out, each of the other three had been wondering about the same thing.

Thus it started. They began to investigate. It took months, but finally they were sure of their conclusion: the subsidiary companies were on paper only. They were a device to siphon off profits and, hence, to evade taxes.

The bookkeepers turned their dossier over to IRS. They shared an $80,000 reward.

Or take the adventure of the Neglected Nephew. This man, whom we'll call Joe Smith, had never been fond of his Uncle Silas. The feeling was mutual. This was unfortunate for both of them, but especially for Silas.

Silas was a rich man. He'd made his pile by investing in New England knitting mills, in partnership with various relatives. Among the few relatives he didn't invite to go in on the deals with him was Joe Smith. Joe probably wouldn't have gone in anyway; but as he saw it, Silas might at least have had the decency to ask him. Joe was mad. He foresaw a bleak future: Silas and the others getting rich, Joe Smith struggling along in the rear.

The years went by. Silas got richer and richer. And gradually, Joe became aware of something rather strange. Silas' partners, the other relatives, didn't seem to be getting rich at all. They were still living in the same houses, driving wheezy second-hand cars, wearing shirts with frayed collars. What was going on?

Joe thought about it for a long time. Vaguely, he thought he saw some answers.

He wanted to find out whether he was right, and he hit on a simple method of getting at the truth. One of his cousins, Henry, had once been a good friend of Joe's, before Henry had been pulled into Silas' knitting-mill deals. Joe knew that Henry spent much of his free time in a local tavern, watching sports events on television and socking away the booze. Thus, reasoned Joe, a good time to pry secrets from Henry would be at the end of a baseball double-header.

Joe waited until such a game was scheduled one weekend, arrived at the tavern as the game was ending. As he'd hoped, Henry was there. Joe offered to buy Henry another drink, and to get the conversation going he started a nostalgic reminiscence of old times.

Before long Henry was fairly well oiled. Joe asked his questions carefully, and found out everything he wanted to know.

As he'd suspected, Silas' partnership with his relatives was not a partnership at all; it was an elaborate income-tax dodge. All the money invested in the knitting mills was Silas'. All the profits went to Silas. In making out his tax returns, Silas showed a big share of the profits as going to his partners. He reported only a small share as his own income. Knowing that IRS might one day check the partners' tax returns against him, he got his relatives to report shares of the knitting-mill income on their returns. He gave them the money to pay the tax on this "income," plus a few extra hundred dollars per year to keep them happy.

The advantage to Silas in all this was that the relatives were making far less money than he, and hence were in far lower tax brackets. What Silas was doing, in effect, was taking a big income, which would have put him in a 60 percent to 70 percent bracket, and splitting it into small incomes on which he only had to pay 30 percent. He was more than halving his tax bill, and saving tens of thousands of dollars a year. Almost foolproof —except for one hitch: Joe Smith.

Joe made all this known to IRS. T-men landed on Silas, and a grand jury indicted him for fraud. Shortly afterward, Joe's dreams of riches came true. The government handed him $35,000.

Joe is an example of the truth that you don't have to be a lawyer or an accountant to win in the tax-dodger bounty hunt. It's true that legal and financial experts show up often on IRS' reward rosters, simply because they normally have the most opportunity and know-how to spot and expose a tax fraud. But the rosters are full of people in jobs far from law or finance.

Electricians, for example. Couple of them went into an underground vault below a gift shop to repair an electric cable. Hidden in a cranny they found a ledger and three large envelopes stuffed full of cash. It was sure evidence that the shop owner was under-reporting income. The electricians collected a fair-sized reward.

A New York bartender got to wondering why his boss always handed the bookkeeper the amount of daily cash receipts on a plain piece of paper. Why not simply hand over the cash register tapes? One day, the bartender sneaked a look at the paper being given to the bookkeeper. Aha! The amount shown was a good deal less than the total on the register tape. The boss was hiding income.

Systematically, from that day on, the bartender collected the tapes and took them home with him. When he had a year's worth he took them to the nearest IRS office. "This is how much money the bar earns in a year," he told the agent who interviewed him. "If you'll check my boss' tax return, I think you'll find he's reporting less."

The agent did, and the boss was. After investigating further, T-men billed the restaurant for $42,000. The bartender didn't get a full 10 percent, since he wasn't able to collect all the information needed to determine tax liability. But his work had started the investigation, and IRS awarded him 2 percent: $846.67.

And, of course, private detectives. "Detectives don't actually go looking for tax dodgers," says private eye Donal MacNamara. "But sometimes, when you're digging up information for some entirely different purpose, you'll stumble on evidence of dodging. Some investigators then dig a little more and pick up reward money on the side. This happens most often in divorce cases."

Estranged married couples, in fact, are probably IRS' best sources of information. A man and woman get to know a lot about each other's personal affairs while married; and when they part, the resulting explosion of spite often lays bare all kinds of secrets.

One private eye was hired by a wife to determine her husband's net worth. A divorce was coming, and she wanted to be sure she'd get as much money out of it as possible.

"He's always kept me in the dark about his business affairs," she told the detective. "I'm sure he has sources of income that I don't know about."

The detective snooped about for a month and discovered that what the wife had said was true. The husband had, among other things, a profitable poultry business. Not only had he failed to tell his wife about it; he'd failed to tell IRS. The detective collected on both counts:

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with a Yuba

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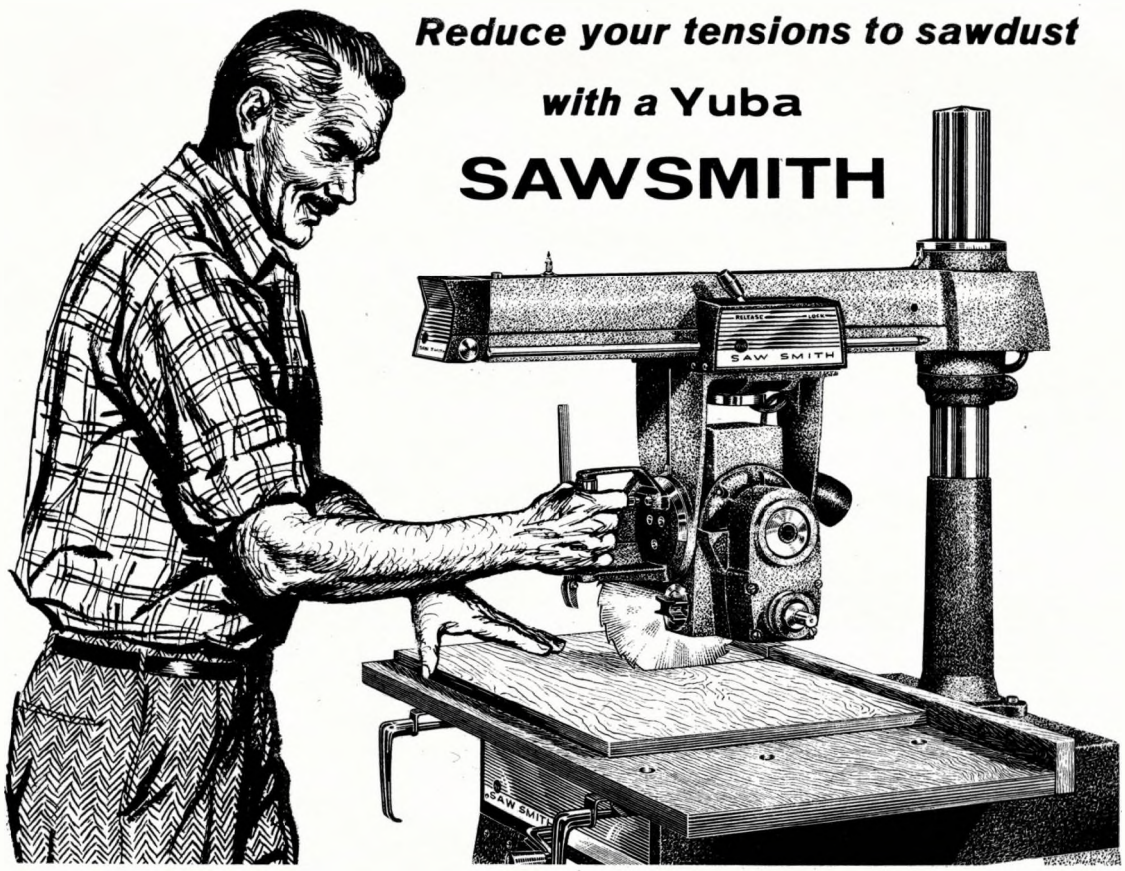

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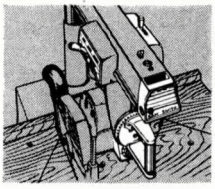

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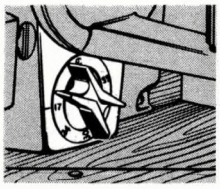

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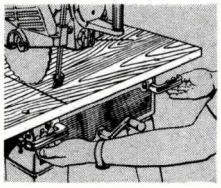

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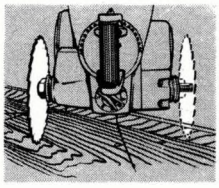

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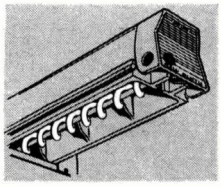

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a fee from the wife, a $1,000 reward from the U.S.

Another wife told a detective that her husband had stolen money from her by juggling bank accounts. The detective checked, found the charges true, confronted the husband with the proof.

The husband smiled wryly. "Wants to make trouble, does she?" he said. "Two can play that game. Sit down."

The detective sat. The husband suggested that the detective check into (1) a bundle of cash and bonds that the wife kept at home, (2) several bank accounts that she maintained under aliases, (3) the manner in which she had earned these riches, and (4) whether she had ever breathed a word of all this to IRS.

The detective took the suggestion. He found that the wife was a prostitute, had a large clientele and stiff fees, and had never filed an income-tax return.

To IRS, a broad-minded outfit, income is income no matter how earned. The Internal Revenue Code does not recognize the existence of tainted money; and on April 15 prostitutes, schoolteachers and bank presidents are all subject to the same immutable mathematical judgment. The detective collected a $570 reward.

Thus the United States Government compensates those who help it collect the revenues. Should it? This is a question that has been argued vehemently and inconclusively for a long time, and maybe the question is troubling you right now. You hate to see a tax cheat get away with the government's money, and you'd welcome a reward check—but you hesitate. From boyhood on, you've been taught that a tattletale is among the lower forms of life. You feel vaguely, perhaps, that there's something sneaky and un-American about the whole idea of informing on a fellow citizen.

If these are your feelings, neither IRS nor any other government agency (almost all use informers) will argue with you. And many top men will side with you. For example, former IRS Chief T. Coleman Andrews, the renegade commissioner who denounced the U.S. income tax system as inefficient and unjust when he left the Service in 1955, says:

"I would not regard any tax system that makes people informers against each other as being compatible with our American concept of government. I defended the informer program when I was in office, just as I defended the income tax itself, because my job was to enforce the laws as I found them. But I did not like the program any more than I liked the evils of the income tax itself. I hold that any tax system is fundamentally unsound that cannot be enforced without encouraging people to be stool pigeons."

On the other hand, there are many informers who fail to see anything reprehensible in their work. They point out that it isn't usually the little guy who gets nailed by informing. It's hard to cheat much on taxes when your whole income is in wages or salary.

The man on whom informers most often line their sights is the big money manipulator, for he has the opportunity to cheat on a big scale. Apparently the typical informer is simply a fellow who has been goaded to red seething anger by the thought of such a manipulator's cheating. The informer reflects: Here am I, a fellow of modest means. I go along with the Revenue Service's voluntary compliance idea, and come April I pay the government every cent I owe. It hurts, but I pay anyway. Now here's this guy up to his ears in money, and he's out to get still more by cheating. I'll be damned if I'll stand by and let him get away with it!

Nobody knows how much money the U.S. loses each year through tax dodging. IRS itself makes no estimates. Unofficial guesses range from 1 to 5 percent of the total tax take, which would mean roughly $1 billion to $4 billion. That's a lot of military power.

IRS maintains a studied neutrality on the whole question. "The Internal Revenue Service cannot presume to pass moral judgment on informers," says Commissioner Latham. "It is our job to collect taxes. We intend to use every legal means at our command to perform that job."

"We feel it's a matter of personal philosophy—something each man must decide for himself," says one T-man. "If you feel you should inform on someone, we'll accept your report. If you feel otherwise, we'll go along with that, too."

Possibly because IRS deliberately avoids advertising its reward fund, the number of people who do turn informer for pay is surprisingly small. In 1958, only 4,173 claims for reward were received in all nine Internal Revenue regions. That isn't many, in a nation with 60 million taxpayers.

Of the claims received in 1958, plus a batch held over from prior years, IRS approved 694 and paid out $493,535. (It got back nearly 28 times that amount in taxes, interest and penalties from the informed-upon dodgers.) A total of 4,866 claims were turned down.

Yes, it's a tough way to make a living. In fact, T-men know of nobody who earns his keep full-time by tax informing. Most reward-winning informers are one-shot winners. They happen upon a case of cheating, hear the knock of opportunity, investigate and collect.

There are a few, however, who appear to walk about with eyes and ears wide open, and manage to collect a good many rewards. The informer who probably came closest to making a business out of it was an accountant who deliberately changed jobs every year or so. He'd move into a company and run his trained eye over its records. If he found everything honest, he'd quit the job and try another. If he spotted foul play, he'd tell IRS.

Trouble was, he grew greedy. Not content with picking up scraps of information from a company's books, he took to snooping through the building at night, looking through executives' desk drawers and confidential files. A nightwatchman caught him, and he was booted out of the company on his tail. This, to many people, is the best story they have ever heard about a tax informer.

—Max Gunther

"You can claim these beauty treatments as a total loss . . ."

Two Miles of Trout

[*Continued from page* 34]

famous Brooks River—Bob Foreman, who'd been here two years ago; Pete Touart, John Cassen and I. The one thing that was sustaining us newcomers was a mounted rainbow on Foreman's wall at home; the fish had weighed 10½ pounds and he'd caught it right here on a fly.

So we fished and shivered, even though the sun was out. Nobody caught much that first day of exploration. A few rainbows that wouldn't beat 2 pounds; some grayling. Just the same, a head of steam began to build in each of us.

"I'm sticking by the deep runs," Bob said in the cabin that night. "Any big fish that come upriver will rest in those deep spots." A faraway look came into his eyes.

John Cassen merely nodded. We all knew he wanted a big rainbow to mount and put over his bar at home.

"This may sound cockeyed," remarked Pete Touart, "but I have a hankering to take my spinning rod down to the river mouth first thing tomorrow. I figure I could let a Flat Fish float way out into the lake with the current, and then—"

We sat there for a while envisioning that "and then—." If ever there was a place for technicolor dreams, this was it. We were completely remote from civilization and surrounded by beautiful fishing water. Naknek Lake lay sparkling only 50 yards from our door, and the Brooks River rippled nearby. A chill wind keened about the cabin but the little stove purred comfortingly and there was an opened jug on the table. Presently I got to thinking about all the grayling I'd seen in the slough just back of camp. I'd never fished for grayling before, but surely there was some fly that would make them go wild. . . .

The Brooks was slow to give up its secrets but I'll say one thing for it—when it decided to give us a come-on, it was dramatic about it. I can still hear Pete's yell of triumph when he got the heavy strike after letting the current carry his Flat Fish 200 yards into the lake. But the fish proved to be a small lake trout, a major disappointment when you've been dreaming of a yard-long rainbow. He caught another, turned it loose, and then the spot went dead.

Down at the big bend pool, John Cassen was raising his fly rod to make another cast when a huge rainbow came to the surface a moment too late to catch his fly.

My grayling slough was so roughed up by wind I couldn't tell whether there were still fish in it, so I went on up the river, fishing as I went. The Brooks is only about two miles long and most of it is restricted to fly fishing. A little later in the spring there is a tremendous run of sockeye or red salmon up it. This in turn draws the huge Alaskan brown bears to the river, and it was on bear trails that I traveled the banks. I noticed that all the bars were littered with dried

big ones won't get away!

Heavy Duty Push-Button Reel gives you *Fish-Saving* Level-Wind and Micro-Drag

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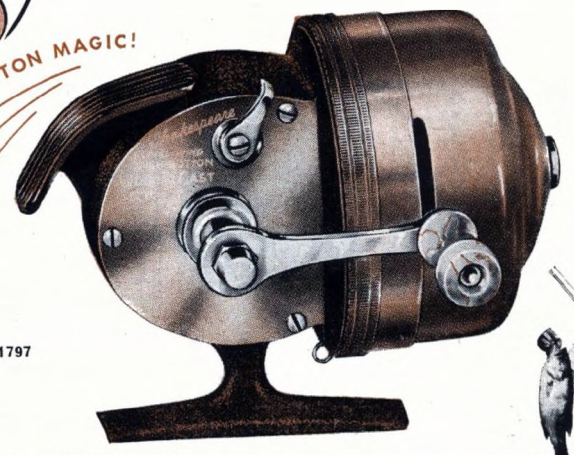

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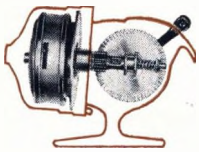

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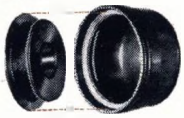

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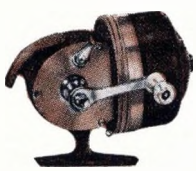

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"Okay, Nancy! What did you buy?"

up sockeye heads. But there was no fresh bear sign; only the splay-footed tracks of a moose.

I came to the famous falls, about eight feet high and spanning the entire river. Here, when the salmon are running, you can see as many as three or four in the air at one time, jumping toward the upper river and its gravelly spawning grounds. But if there were rainbows below the falls I couldn't catch them and I went on.

A quarter of a mile farther I stopped to light my pipe and got the shock of my life. A rainbow came out from under the bank at my feet, followed by another, and paused in three feet of water about a yard away. They were whoppers—fish of about 7 and 8 pounds—and so close I hardly dared blink, let alone move. I could see their black spots plainly, and their reddish flanks. One of the trout snapped its jaws as if savoring some morsel.

After a couple minutes of watching I decided I'd have to try to move away from these fish so I could drift a fly to them or go out of my mind. Backing ever so slowly, I managed to get away without disturbing them and was soon well out in the river. I put on a nymph, located the bush directly opposite the rainbows, and made a careful cast a couple of yards upstream of it. But the trout must have moved a couple of yards upstream, for when the nymph touched the water they took off in wild alarm and that was that. I'd cast right over their backs.

Shaking with excitement, I got out of the river and carefully continued up the bank, pausing often and looking hard. I soon found a solitary fish of about 5 pounds, then a bunch of them lying together like logs. My heart jumped. A couple of those rainbows looked like 10-pounders to me!

I stared till my eyes watered. Those rainbows were a terrific tonic, because I hadn't quite believed in this trip. For though we were in a wilderness, these waters have been fished a lot. Brooks Camp is operated by Northern Consolidated Airlines, an Alaskan outfit with headquarters at Anchorage. Northern Consolidated has five such camps in and around the Katmai National Monument area and has been operating them for 10 years. We had bought their one-week package deal which costs about $35 a day per person. Trout tourists, that's what we were. Yet here right before me was what we'd been promised—whoppers.

It was nearly lunchtime so I hurried back to tell the boys about this bonanza.

"Trout with shoulders!" Pete exclaimed.

We wolfed our way through lunch and took to the bear trails. Soon we were gazing at those incredible rainbows and after some coin tossing Bob Foreman got in the river for the first lick at them. He made a good cast but when the fly drifted near the fish they scattered wildly.

Foreman climbed out under a barrage of insults.

But it was the same with the next fish, and the next. Perhaps the shallow water they were in—often no more than two feet—made them spooky. Anyway, in half an hour we'd panicked every rainbow in sight.

"There must be a 'fly of the river,'" Pete remarked, "and when we find out what it is we'll mop up."

Still looking for it the next morning, I waded out into the lake with the current to work a big fly rod and a big fly. I got out in the channel till the water was half a foot from my wader top and began to work out a long cast. By the time I had it out where I wanted it I noticed the current had undercut the gravel around my feet by four or five inches so I stepped to one side . . . onto nothing.

The river grabbed me and in the time it took to make two frantic steps I was carried into the lake, unable to touch bottom. I guess I gave a mighty yell. I don't remember. I looked around wildly and saw no one. Then the current swung my feet up to the surface and I was drifting almost flat on my back. I thought: *You damn fool.*

Luckily I was warmly dressed: long johns, Levis and wool shirt, then a down-filled jacket topped with a knee-length rain parka. I began to kick my feet, hoping to paddle out of the wicked current toward the shallows I couldn't see behind me because I couldn't see past the wide brim of the Stetson I was wearing.

The water started in at the back of my waders and I thought: *This isn't so bad.* I was fairly comfortable just then and wound in my long cast. But there was underlying panic that was unpleasant. That water was only 46°, remember.

There was a commotion on the beach and I heard John Cassen shout, "Keep swimming. We're coming."

I heard them moving an aluminum boat over the rocks with much swearing—they were plowing the beach with the anchor and didn't know it. The water I'd shipped now took a giant bite at my vitals.

At last I heard the boat slap the water, then Pete's snarl, "How the hell do you start this motor?" Now I heard the welcome rattle of oarlocks and relaxed a little. The current still had me and I was getting very cold.

"Damn it, you broke the oar!" Cassen shouted. Pete, I learned later, had pushed on an oar as John pulled and it snapped.

If I hadn't been so numb I might have laughed. Paddling frantically, the Marines finally made it to me, sweating like bulls. I couldn't get into the boat but that didn't matter. "I happened to look down the river," Pete said, "and all I could see was your hat and your rod, way out there."

Back in the cabin for dry clothes and a whack or two at the jug, we made what was to be a lucky decision.

"Let's fish in that quiet, shallow slough for grayling," I suggested. "Even if that moose you saw chases us, we can't drown in there."

The slough had once been a horseshoe bend of the river. Now there was only a slight current in it. The lower end fed into a backwater, giving fish free access from the main river. The place was loaded with grayling, some of which looked to be a couple of feet long.

You had to cast carefully, I soon found.

The grayling cruised the shallows continually, like foraging bonefish, and it was necessary to make a delicate cast well ahead, but not so far that the small fly couldn't be seen. When everything went just right, a grayling would coast up to the slowly moving fly and turn away quickly with it as if he didn't want any of the others to see what he'd found.

I'd heard all sorts of opinions on how grayling fight. No doubt the fish vary according to water temperature and the *kind* of water they live in. I know this—when I hooked my first grayling in a shallow bay and he scooted for the deeper water with enough power to make a siren of my reel, I let out an admiring yell that snapped Pete Touart's head back 100 yards away. And 30 or 40 fish later in the afternoon I was still getting a charge out of each one.

There is something special about catching a grayling when you can witness the whole performance in clear water. The fish looks like no other with that big wavy dorsal fin. At times when the sun is shining through it, the fish seems to be wearing a mantle of phosphorescent jewels. Somehow they are otherworldly.

And the place did nothing to dispel the illusion. Snow-capped peaks rose all around us. A volcano puffed smoke in the far distance. This is the world's most active volcanic region and the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes is highly unusual in that it evolved comparatively recently.

Back in 1912, a peaceful green valley was suddenly wracked with earthquakes for four days, beginning on June 2nd. Incandescent sand surged up through the new earth cracks, melting glaciers and obliterating every tree and living thing in its path for 15 miles. When the searing torrent cooled it lay 100 feet thick over the land and became the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes.

Shortly afterward, Mount Katmai erupted, blowing most of itself into the sky. Ash up to a foot thick fell on Kodiak Island more than 100 miles away. Ash and dust rose into the stratosphere and veiled half the world, measurably lowering the earth's temperature as far away as Europe and North Africa. Once the third tallest peak of the region, there remains of Katmai today only a hollow stump containing a jade-green lake.

Mementos of the upheavals lie at your feet on the Brooks River. The banks at the high-water mark are lined with pumice rocks so feathery light they float when dropped into the water. On many of the region's beaches you stub your toes on beautiful translucent agates, some a fiery red, some pale as moonstones.

And so you catch a grayling in this wild, strange setting and you immediately think: *Let me catch just one more!*

Walking back to the cabin for supper, Pete said, "What fish! I'll bet we turned loose more than a hundred."

"At least. I noticed you had one real whopper."

"Oh, you saw that one? He was nearly 24 inches long."

We all met at the cabin and once again the news was the same—the river had not yet produced a good rainbow for any of us. Bob Foreman had been using double-hook Atlantic salmon flies of the same size and patterns that had produced two seasons before. John Cassen had tried nearly every wet fly he'd brought. They'd caught some 2-pounders, but that wasn't what we'd come to Alaska for.

"I still say there has to be a 'fly of the river,'" Pete moaned.

After supper I decided to show the grayling to Bob and, wonder of wonders, they were rising! They'd moved from the slough into a big patch of adjoining river water that moved at just the right pace for dry-fly fishing.

It was perfect. Though it was 8 p.m., the sun was still fairly high and warm on our backs. Perhaps 40 fish rose in one long, beautiful run. We separated a little and went to work.

"I thought you said these fish didn't jump," Bob called. He had a grayling on that leaped time and again.

Presently I caught one—a fine, racy fish that took the fly two yards from my waders and then proceeded to leap five times in a spot no larger than an opened newspaper. They weren't high, wild jumps such as a rainbow would make, but they were jumps that were good for the spirit just the same.

I soon noticed that the fly had to float just so. The smallest bit of drag would cause it to be ignored. I looked up and discovered the sun had painted the moun-

taintops a warm pink. There was no sound save the purl of the river against my legs and the occasional slap of a rising fish. I looked over at Bob. He was hunched forward, sweating out a long cast. In time we'd either caught or put down every rising grayling.

As we climbed regretfully out of the river I noticed a rainbow of about 2½ pounds lying dead in the grass. I peered idly into its mouth and saw a big dark fly hooked deep in its throat. Soon I'd jerked the fly loose and showed it to Bob.

"What a monstrosity!"

The fly was a black-bodied bucktail type with dark-brown top hair, a red tail and three pieces of rubber band sticking down at the throat.

"Watch your language," I replied. "For a gag I'm going to give this to Pete as his bona-fide, authentic 'fly of the river.' "

We entered the cabin and I dropped the fly into a small puddle of whisky on the table near Pete.

"Here's your precious 'fly of the river,' " I said, "straight from the throat of a dead 10-pounder."

Pete glanced at the awful fly and turned back to John. "As I was saying. . ."

By the next morning we were ready to fish a new river. We'd flown back to Kulik Camp which John Walatka of Northern Consolidated Airlines uses as his headquarters and now were flying with him across the rotting lake ice to the outlet of Nonvianuk Lake. Walatka, a bear of a man who has been flying so long he makes it look ridiculously easy, was talking of our chances.

"The ice just moved out from the shore two days ago and the river should be hot. No 10-pounders on the fly, perhaps. But at the mouth you might get one that big with spinning gear. Look at that moose!"

He swerved the plane to fly 50 yards from a passing mountainside. The moose was really legging it.

"Nonvianuk is just outside the Katmai National Monument boundary," he went on, "so you might have company from the Air Force. But hell, not a one of them I've seen can handle a fly rod."

Presently he banked the plane over a wide, green river separated from the ice by a narrow strip of lake water. In five minutes we were on the shore and Walatka was taking off. He'd be back for us in eight hours. Meanwhile, we had a river to explore.

We strolled along the shore with our lunch and gear, picking up agates as we made our way to the late Bill Hammersley's cabin, a wonderful sourdough affair of weathered logs, scraps of corrugated iron and canvas, and a sod roof. A whitened set of moose antlers askew on a post overlooked his meat cache. As we hurried to get rods put together, I completed the gag I'd begun the night before—I got out a box of eight of the horrible flies I'd bought secretly at camp and passed out two to a customer.

"Pickaloomers!" John exclaimed, using a nonsense word we'd bandied about the cabin. Somehow it seemed to fit the fly perfectly.

Exactly what happened next—who caught the first fish, how big it was—is not clear because I have an overriding memory of a great experience of my own. And in a way I hate to tell it, because I've never shot a big-game animal in the eye at 500 yards, got a double on geese, or achieved the equivalent in fishing, and it seems a pity, almost, to break with this tradition.

But three guys saw me wade to the head of a long pool with the dark blue-green of deep water at its far bank. They saw me make a long cast and if any was close enough, he may have seen the cause of the excitement that suddenly choked me. I'd put on a Pickaloomer and since it was fluffily dry, the damned thing wouldn't go under. So I gave the line several vicious yanks, making a sorry spectacle of the fly that now was only half sunk.

Suddenly a fish rushed at the fly from 10 feet away. A heavy, churning wake marked the path of the attack. Fish found fly. Angler struck fish. Wow!

This rainbow was of a special breed. He was the embodiment of a fond dream—a trout of supreme power and dash and courage. He took me nearly half a mile down the river—a journey for me of pure delight. And even then, when he could no longer rip line from the reel, he was a grand fish. I led him to the beach at last, unhooked him, hefted him once and slid him back into the cold clear river.

A 5-pounder on the first cast!

I waded back upstream. Bob Foreman's rod was throbbing. I shouted, "Pickaloomer!" at John Cassen.

He waved. "You already told me four times."

Bob started down the long pool, following his leaping, racing rainbow. Then Pete gave a shout; he'd hooked one too.

Trying to calm down a little, I lit my pipe and just stood there savoring the scene. There were 200 yards of choice fishing water in this pool which must have been over a quarter of a mile long by about 75 yards wide. A warm sun shone from a cloudless sky and no wind blew to spoil the casting. The gently shelving cobblestone bottom I stood on was easy to wade.

As if to remind me that this was Alaska, a big ice cake came floating down the river. Bob Foreman was now out of sight around the bend and Pete was subduing his fish at the tail of the pool. Five minutes later John's triumphant yell of *Pickalo-o-o-mer!* drifted across the river to me.

Time to catch another, I thought.

The morning became a riot of rainbows. I've never seen anything like it. That long, flat pool must have been paved with eager fish. By lunchtime I'd caught seven fish between 2½ and almost 7 pounds. Our faces became stiff from smiling; our legs ached from chasing fish and then wading back against the current.

"What a way to die," Pete remarked. "You keep at it till you get a heart attack and then ease yourself into the river with the ice cakes and drift out of sight."

"Casting as you go," John added.

"Has anyone had the guts to try anything beside the Pickaloomer?" I asked.

"Bob is still using a dark double-hook salmon fly, downstream somewhere. And catching the hell out of them, no doubt."

We lay back on the dead grass that gave onto the beach at Hammersley's cabin, munching sandwiches. A backdrop of snow-covered mountains faced us like an unbelievable postcard scene.

"Just think," Pete said. "When we're about fished flat by 5 o'clock we stagger up the beach and here comes Walatka in his plane. We're 10 minutes by air from camp, hot showers, whisky, supper and bed. Yet we're in the middle of nowhere with no problems. I never had it so good."

The afternoon proved just as spectacular as the morning. We lost track of the number of rainbows caught and released in the big main pool. For the first time in my life, I found myself becoming impatient with 3-pounders. These were the fish that didn't quite have the steam to get out of the pool and take you down around the bend—trout that in other rivers would have been played—with extreme care.

But here at Nonvianuk we let 'em run and jump and put extra pressure on them. The sooner you got rid of a 3-pounder, the quicker you could get fishing again for one twice as big. Or three times as big.

Certain scenes of that afternoon found permanent places in my memory. I'd caught a "good fish"—a rainbow that took me out of the big pool and down river to a small, deep bend pool. Pete Touart was fishing in the middle of it.

"Anything good in here?" I asked, keeping my eyes glued to my rainbow.

"Good? Watch this!" Pete said. He cast and a trout struck promptly. Pete gave the fish a jolt, whereupon a magnificent silver-and-pink rainbow shot out into the afternoon sunlight, showering spray. It was a "good" fish, sure. But what makes me remember it was the timing. One cast and *boom!* the fish was in the air, just like an actor coming in on cue.

After I'd worn down my fish and released it, here came John Cassen, face split with a huge smile as he followed a fish into the bend pool.

"Get that damned fish out of my way," Pete shouted with a feigned roughness. He'd hooked another.

But John's fish came boring down on him and Pete had to get out of the river.

"I'm going to kill this fish for my den," John said. "He's strong as a bull and—"

The trout gave a last mighty leap.

"That one's got real shoulders," Pete said, raising his rod high so that John could duck under and follow his trout.

Somehow the two rainbows rampaged around in the pool without becoming entangled. Pete set his free but John carried his ashore and whacked it over the head—a deep-bodied, silvery rainbow more than two feet long and weighing, I'd guess, around 7 pounds.

"We can eat this trout if I get a bigger one," John said, admiring the fish as if he'd never seen a rainbow before. "Did you ever see anything prettier?"

The other scene I remember is of Bob Foreman fighting a fish in the big pool while enjoying a cigar. Each time the rainbow leaped Bob emitted a grunt wreathed in smoke and at the height of the fray he was puffing smoke like a volcano—four mighty jumps came in the space of about 15 seconds. . . .

We had company the next day. An Air Force helicopter flew in and disgorged about a dozen men, each with a spinning rod. They spread out on both sides of the inlet and there soon was a steady *chunk, chunk, chunk* of metal lures hitting the water. They caught fish, too—rainbows and quite a few lakers. After a while some of the men wanted to cross the river, so they piled into the chopper which took off and landed on the other bank. Why wade when you have a helicopter?

Pete Touart later got into a heated exchange with the only non-fishing Air Force man, who turned out to be a general. The conversation went something like this.

"Your men look well fed," said Pete, nodding at a pudgy airman.

"They are indeed."

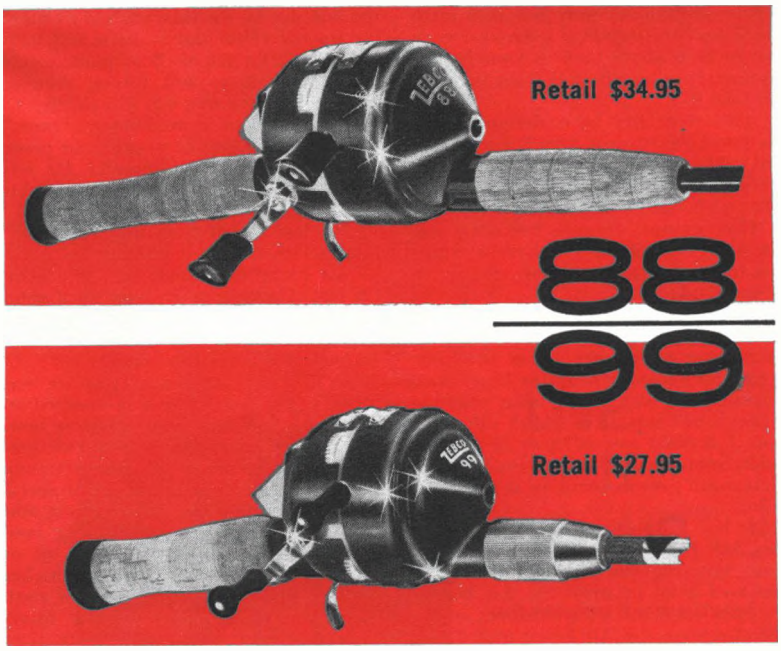
"Then why are they keeping every damned fish they catch? Are you having some kind of contest?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I don't get it," Pete said. "Don't you teach your men anything about conservation?"

"I don't believe I understand you."

"Let me put it this way. Counting our round-trip air fares, it is costing each of us about $100 a day to fish this river. We caught maybe 150 fish between us yesterday and we kept two—one to eat and one to mount. Yet these . . . these gamehogs



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in blue are killing every fish they catch and it isn't costing them a damned cent. Just to brag about back at your base, I suppose. How long do you think the river can take it?"

"This river has been designated an Air Force Recreation Area," the general said stiffly. "No man will take more than the legal limit and besides, we have many other such areas."

"How quaint. Do you fish them out one at a time or do you have a whole task force of military aircraft tied up in fishing junkets?"

I never heard the reply to that one. The helicopter kicked over noisily to ferry some more guys across the river again and I wandered up the beach with a bait-casting rod to see what catching a lake trout was like. After 20 or 30 casts I hooked one of 8 or 9 pounds. Aside from its size and brilliant coloring, there wasn't much thrill in it and I let it go.

We had to fish harder now. No doubt the Air Force was intercepting many trout entering the river, and we had educated a lot of them the day before. Even so, it was still superb fishing; and in the afternoon the Air Force pulled out.

Pete Touart caught a whopper. Not a 10-pounder, but the biggest rainbow yet for the party. There was a sort of fish corral of rocks at the shore near Hammersley's, with water about a foot deep, and he put the fish there while considering having it mounted.

We caught about half the fish we had the first day by the time we had to stumble up the cobblestone beach and help John Walatka get his float plane safely into the shallows and turned around. And the Pickaloomer was still *the* fly.

"See you kept a medium-sized one," Walatka growled as he wheeled the plane around over the river mouth. He was speaking of Pete's whopper, destined for immortality on a wall.

"We had a visit from the Air Force," I remarked. "Made it tougher."

"Air Force, hey? Sportsmen to a man, I'll bet. The reason we have such good fishing around here is because we've been able to persuade most folks to put 'em all back. All but a few, anyway."

We flew on in silence. The ice was breaking up. Kulik Camp shimmered on blue water, only five minutes away now.

"Well, cheer up," said Walatka, mistaking our tiredness for dissatisfaction. "We're having thick steaks for supper."

The following day was our last and we took up positions on the big pool immediately, each at a favorite bit of water. I can't ever recall having higher hopes than I did for those first few casts. The fly straightened the leader nicely each time before dropping into the river and I felt in my bones that each cast was as right as it could be.

Yet not a fish came.

I glanced about the pool. No one had a fish. Perhaps it was the sky; solidly overcast in contrast to that brilliant first day. Or were they sick of the Pickaloomer at last?

Ten minutes later I had a thunderous strike which I missed. Then nothing for 20 minutes. I decided to get out to warm up my legs. Bob Foreman was on the bank rummaging for something in his kit.

"This is going to be a *fishing* day," he remarked.

"How do you mean?"

"We're going to have to work for every trout we catch—work hard, just like home."

He lit a cigar and got back into the river.

I thought: *Just like home, except every trout will be a big one.*

A little bit later, I caught my first fish of the day, a glorious crazy-jumping, mule-strong rainbow of about 3 pounds. I savored every moment of the battle. At home in the East, I might catch one such trout in an entire season. But this was my first fish of the day. Man!

In another hour I'd caught a 5-pounder and missed two strikes. This sobering contrast to the first day was good, I told myself. For fishing as wildly superb as we had first found it is dangerous; you might become contemptuous of ordinarily good fishing.

The day wore on. Here came the Air Force again, but they didn't stay long.

"They'll probably spread the word that the place has been fished out by four crumby civilians," Pete remarked with a grin.

I tried a variety of other flies. Only the Pickaloomer interested them. I wondered how many released rainbows lay in the currents watching it pass over, and quivered with a remembrance that held them back. Hundreds, no doubt.

We ate lunch and talked of individual fish we'd enjoyed, something new for the Nonvianuk. Bob had been far downstream but had found nothing to compare with our big pool.

Soon we were at it again and such was the concentration that, incredibly, it was all of a sudden time to go. We made our last casts. Then our last, last casts. Now we picked up our gear, cased our rods and walked up the beach.

"Boy!" said Bob suddenly. He'd picked up an agate as big as a tennis ball. "I'll keep this for a paperweight to remind me of this place."

He didn't really mean that, for this had been a trip with built-in memory joggers: the wonderful grayling fishing at Brooks River; the morning the boys rescued me there; the spectacular performance of the Pickaloomer; and a conservative three-day statistic for the Nonvianuk that someone put into awed words as we stood on the beach and watched John Walatka's plane kiss the water like a swallow—the river where each of us caught his weight in rainbows.

—Peter Barrett

ATTENTION FISHERMEN!

Anyone is eligible for a free fishing trip such as this to Alaska and return. For details, including a bulletin on transportation, all-expense angling tours, etc., write to: TRUE's Travel Editor, TRUE Magazine, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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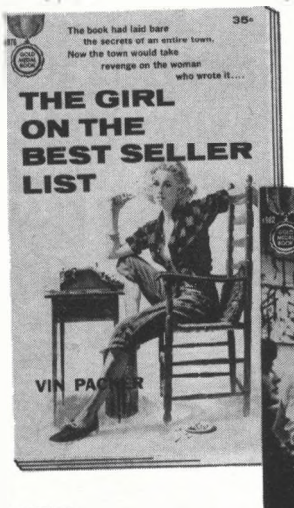

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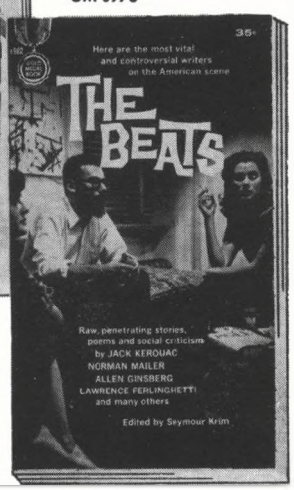

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Put Your Whisky On Wheels

[*Continued from page 60*]

three screw holes each for the drawer sides and four each for top and bottom. The screws won't show when the bar is finished. Attach the front, with the drawer mounted in the cabinet. Then scribe the protruding margin against the cabinet edges, and trim the drawer front to size.

Fitting out the inside of the bar proper comes next. Line the exposed inside back with a 30" long sheet of walnut Micarta, flush to right and top and bottom. Line the bottom itself with a 24" long piece of Micarta, also flush right. Assemble the partition, glass shelf, and shelf support, and mount the section in place with glue and nails driven in from the outside. Note that the partition is set ¾" away from the edge of the opening. Attach to it the walnut plywood mounting block for the swing arm and touch latch. Secure the glass rack, which goes on the opposite side 4" under the cabinet top, as well, again with glue and nails.

Cut support strips of the ¼x1" solid walnut to fit along the side edges inside the top opening, where they'll act as lid supports. Another strip goes along one side of the front opening, but leave the other side free for the swing arm and touch latch. For clearance, insert an inch-wide strip of walnut Micarta between the cabinet and each support.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

GAGS FOR GUYS

A Bonus Booklet of

BELLY BOFFS

More than a hundred of the most hilarious jokes, limericks, daffy definitions and quips ever assembled. Get gassed—on the house—simply by sampling this rare collection of howlers. TRUE'S terrific humor supplement in the May issue.

Either cut Novoply pieces to fit the openings in front and side, or use the cut-outs you already have—if they're accurate. Fit the top piece first by laying it atop the support strips. Cut the strips of gray Micarta which will cover both its edges and those of the cabinet top, and slide the side strips in place. If they won't go in, trim the lid until they do, with just enough clearance to allow free motion. Screw the piano hinge to the back edge of the lid, and shove the lid in place, loose. Trim off the front edge flush.

Proceed in the same manner with the door, fitting the side edges, then the top edge (checking for clearance with the lid, and allowing ⅛" for the Micarta door edge trim and the lining of the lid).

You're ready now to glue the gray Micarta to the cabinet proper. The simplest method is to start by gluing on the end sheets, flush with the edges. Then fasten the back sheet, again flush all around. Next, glue the edge-trim strips of gray Micarta to the side edges of both lid and door openings. Don't cover the back of the lid opening or the bottom of the door opening, since hinges will go on these spots.

The front sheet of Micarta should first be cut on its outside only. Without gluing, clamp it lightly in exact position, and scribe the front opening on its back. Remove the sheet, cut the opening carefully (save the piece), and glue the sheet in place. In similar manner cut and glue the top sheet. Now glue strips of gray Micarta to the edges of the drawer.

Glue the strips of gray Micarta already cut to the side and front edges of the lid. Then glue the cut-out piece of gray Micarta to its top and a piece of walnut Micarta to its bottom (which will be a work surface with the lid flipped over). Lay the lid on the top, walnut side up, and line it up with the opening before screwing the hinge in place.

In similar manner finish the door—gray Micarta on the front and the top and side edges, walnut Micarta on the inside surface. When the hinge is in place, fasten the swing arm and the touch latch.

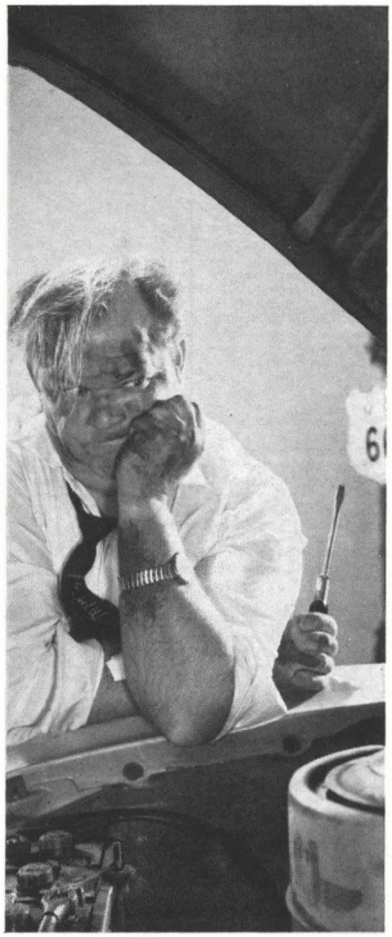
Now assemble the base from the walnut plywood panels you've already cut, using nails and glue. Finish the exposed corners with walnut wood trim. The 1½" hardwood corner braces inside are 6" on a side, set up far enough from the bottom so that 3" casters attached to them will give the bar 1" clearance from the floor. Secure the braces with glue and with nails driven in from the outside, set and puttied.

Cut the 1" hardwood strip into two 42" cleats, and bore and countersink for 1¼" screws at alternate right angles. Screw the cleats flush to the inside top edge of the base, front and back. Lay a few wads of cloth on the floor and turn the cabinet proper upside down on them. Set the base in place, with a 2" setback all around, and secure to the top with screws run through the cleats. Attach the casters and, optionally, the push handle, made of polished aluminum.

You're ready now for a session of *real* elbow bending.—**Bill Baker**

MATERIALS LIST

1 panel Novoply ¾"x4'x10'
1 panel Weldwood walnut plywood ¾"x4'x6'
1 sheet dove-gray Micarta 1/16"x4'x8'
1 sheet walnut grain Micarta 1/16"x3'x5'
1 piece solid walnut ¼"x1"x5'
1 piece solid hardwood 1"x1"x8' (cleats)
1 piece solid hardwood 1½"x1'x1' (corner braces)
4' 1½" chrome piano hinge
1 pair 16" Grant drawer slides
1 brass swing arm or lid support, 10" size
4 hard-rubber casters, 3" size
1 push handle (optional) made from solid aluminum ¼"x1"x3'
6 dozen screws—1¼" No. 8 flathead
1 lb. 6d finishing nails
1 gallon Weldwood contact cement
1 quart Presto-set white glue
Sandpaper—Nos. ½, 2/0, 4/0
10' Weldwood walnut wood trim
1 Gaston Finishing Kit—walnut
Matching putty



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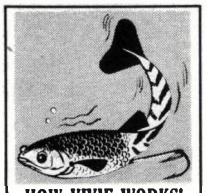

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Fish have never seen anything like this lure before. It attracts fish from far away by its vibrating tail that sends 'sound waves.' It is the world's most life-like lure in the water. Fish can't resist it . . . and when they grab the lure it "feels life-like" —doesn't warn them to spit it out before you can sink the hook in! Read this article and learn the amazing story of this imported lure.

I've been fishing for twenty years. I've tried every kind of lure I've ever seen in a store or in an advertisement. And just like you, I found that they caught some of the fish some of the time, but most of the time they caught nothing. But now I have found an imported lure called Vivif that works better than any lure I ever used! I've caught fish on this amazing lure time after time when other fishermen have come home empty handed. I've caught fish on the Vivif when even live bait failed! Vivif has caught fish for me at all hours of the day . . . in all kinds of weather. This amazing imported lure *made* fish bite. And now I've gotten the exclusive rights to introduce this lure in America and I'm out to prove my statement: "This is the finest lure ever invented."

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This amazing lure was invented in France by a French sportsman who named it 'Vivif.' He spent years testing every possible kind of lure on fish and watching how they reacted to each lure under water! Who ever did that before? From those years of testing this Frenchman developed Vivif the patented lure with the "Live" tail.

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The Only Man Who Beats the Races

[*Continued from page* 43]

Brain's bet got around. Accordingly, he places few of his bets in person.

When a race is about to begin, Mario the Sheik, a quiet little gray-haired guy out of Brooklyn, heads to the track infield. He takes a wind meter along with him, a small instrument which costs $100 but is worth a fortune to The Brain. Wind readings are his trademark, so much so that Belmont Park installed a wind meter in the press box to aid newspaper handicappers. It is a monument to The Brain. Nobody ever heard of it until he came around.

Spanish Harry, thin and businesslike, takes his place alongside The Brain. As the horses enter the starting gate, The Brain presses the thumb and index finger of his right hand to adjust the throat microphone of a portable wire recorder carried in his pocket. His comments on the race are recorded for all time this way. In the past he used to dictate them to Spanish Harry but he found the crowd noises drowning out too many of his observations.

The Brain and Spanish Harry set off stop watches calibrated to one one-hundredth of a second as the starting gate slams open. These watches are part of a collection which The Brain owns and has constantly checked for accuracy. Down in the infield, Mario the Sheik keeps track of the wind velocity with his meter.

As the race is run, The Brain watches through binoculars and talks rapidly in code. "Rare Rice B2," he'll say rapidly. This means Rare Rice was blocked and lost two lengths. "Nadir W4," would stand for Nadir going wide and losing four lengths. The wire recorder picks this up.

As the horses near the finish line, he lets his binoculars fall to his waist, the strap holding them up, and he reaches for Spanish Harry's watch. He stands on the ready, thumbs cocked to stop both watches simultaneously as the winner crosses the wire. Spanish Harry picks up a Polaroid camera and takes a picture of the finish in order to have the exact margins between the horses and a record of whether they finished on the outside or inside. This information can be obtained from *The Daily Racing Form*. But The Brain depends on nobody. "I'm taking no chances of going broke on typographical errors," he says.

He works like this all the time. And the results have been awesome over the years.

"In the old days," retired bookmaking king Frank Erickson muses, "this was the one man who was dangerous to deal with. I'm talking about the pre-Kefauver era when the climate was healthy for gentlemen who accepted commissions on horses. Al The Brain was the only man I can name that I would not deal to. Neither would anybody else. He could kill you. How are you going to handle a man who would put up $20,000 on a 50-1 shot? And I'm talking about a 50-1 shot that had a good chance."

There was a mild April afternoon a few years ago when The Brain was viewed at his typical best. With his wife, Geraldine, a statuesque redhead, he pulled a white Mercury into the rutted parking lot in front of Jamaica Race Track's clubhouse entrance. A white-shirted valet hustled over to park the car.

Al stepped out and with the casual, clenched fist way of tipping used by all guys who have been around, hit the valet with a dollar tip. Then he stretched, hitched up his belt, buttoned his jacket and reached for a cigar.

"Another day at the office," he said.

The Brain always looks like anybody else who is out for a day at the races. He has wavy, graying hair, a prominent nose, alert blue eyes and a perpetual suntan. He is a 5-foot, 11-inch 200 pounder. On this day he wore a lightweight solid brown spring suit worth about $150, a white shirt and a brown tie.

He and Geraldine walked up to the admission gate, where Al bought two clubhouse tickets.

"I never ask for a thing," he was saying. "I pay to get in every track I hit. I think it's important that I pay. I depend on being left alone. If I start a pattern of asking for things, even a free pass, somebody will say, 'Look at that moocher. He don't pay his way in. Who knows what happens when he gets inside?' "

The white-capped ticket taker nodded to Al as he moved through the turnstile. Inside, The Brain walked quickly, his wife clopping behind him on spiked heels. As they headed for the clubhouse dining room, a couple of people nodded to him. Then one short, thin little guy grabbed him by the arm.

"Hey! Don't you remember me? Harry. I'm Harry from Hinsdale Street."

The Brain looked at him. "You know, you look familiar to me. But it's been a long time since I've been in Brooklyn."

"What school did you go to?" the guy called Harry asked.

"P. S. 109."

"See what I told you? That's my alma mater, too. Who'd you have for PT?"

The Brain looked down for a minute and was trying to think about this when his wife tugged on his sleeve and he made a hasty excuse and left with her.

Inside, at a table in the clubhouse dining room, he was still trying to remember the name of his PT teacher. "You see," he was saying, "I like conversation like that. The guy didn't want to talk horses. He wanted to talk where I come from. It's refreshing."

Around the clubhouse people looked over at Al and nodded to him. He smiled. One guy walked over from a spot several tables away and put his arm on Winderman's shoulder. "Can I buy you people a drink?" he asked.

"A drink?" Al snorted. "What are you trying to do, put weight on my back? I never drink during business hours."

The people Winderman talks to at a track are the restaurant owners, garment

center guys and all others in that nameless, all-faces-seem-alike crowd which puts up the money to make the tote board flicker. The big people of the turf, the Sonny Whitneys, Alfred Vanderbilts and the famous trainers and jockeys are only names to Al.

"Look," he was explaining, "the less people I talk to the better. Particularly those connected with the game. Take a jockey. If Eddie Arcaro walked in here for lunch with me, I'd run away. I don't want to be seen talking to him or anybody else who rides. I beat this game with my figures. But if I started hanging around with jockeys the first thing you know they would bar me from the tracks because they'd figure I'm doing something wrong. Do I talk to trainers? Huh! Every trainer I've ever talked to kept asking *me* for opinions on his horses."

The Brain is given the same run of the track any other cash-paying bettor receives. His name is known to agents of Spencer Drayton's Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau. But that's all. They have absolutely nothing on paper about him except that "he appears to be a professional gambler." He stays in the clubhouse area. He does not go to the stable area or the paddock or the jockeys' room or any other place on the track except the spectators' area.

After lunch, he and his wife went out and walked to two aisle seats, which had been reserved for them earlier by one of his staff. At a track, you reserve a seat by placing a newspaper on it. One of the most serious offenses is to remove the paper and take the seat if it doesn't belong to you. He sat down and small-talked the time away until the horses for the first race came on the track. Then he got up and stationed himself in an areaway behind box seats and went to work. Before the sixth race, the Experimental Handicap, was to go off, Geraldine walked to his side.

Across from Al, in the glass-enclosed press box, sports writers were dusting off field glasses—and some hair-raising lead sentences—while waiting for a horse named Uncle Milty to take the track.

This was a three-year-old horse which was being called, almost unanimously, "greater than Citation." He would win the Experimental and everything else in New York, all agreed, and then go to Louisville and set the world afire in the Kentucky Derby. The public was busy betting the horse as if he were sounder than the telephone company.

The Brain chewed thoughtfully on a cigar, then opened a small black-leather looseleaf notebook and studied it for five minutes, turning the pages slowly. Then he turned to his wife.

"I have no figure on this Uncle Milty at all," he complained quietly. "They got this horse 1-3 in the betting and my figures say he won't be sixth. My figures show Count Turf winning this thing by three lengths."

Then the Brain turned and nodded casually to Spanish Harry, who was standing by the stairway leading to the mutuel windows. Spanish Harry headed down the stairs. He hit the $100 windows with less than two minutes remaining in which to bet.

At the same time, Geraldine Winderman left her husband's side and started for the betting wickets. As she walked, people began to follow her. The Charge of the Light Brigade was on.

They followed Geraldine this time and she ably decoyed the mob by making a small bet of no consequence. In the meantime, Spanish Harry sent it in. This was a Saturday in which over $4 million was bet at the track, yet they still shoved enough cash into the machines to make a big difference in the Experimental Handicap odds. Out in the infield, the tote board began flashing. Count Turf, a steady 35-1, began to drop. By the time the bell rang, locking the mutuel machines, and the horses jumped from the starting gate, Count Turf was 24-1. It takes over $20,000 to produce a change like this.

From the start, Uncle Milty was out of it. He showed nothing and ambled home right where The Brain's figures put him—seventh. Count Turf ran strongly at the start, but then got into a jam and didn't go anywhere, either.

"He was," The Brain snapped, "the victim of a poor ride. Dave Gorman did not handle that horse properly. He was at fault, not my figures."

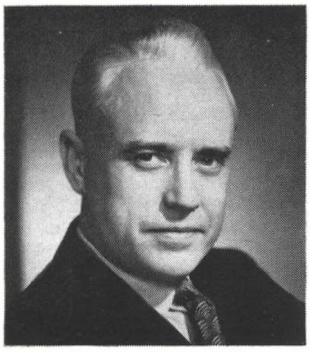
Two weeks later, Count Turf bolted to the lead right away at Churchill Downs and little Conn McCreary kept hustling him along and by the time anybody else began to realize this rank outsider was not going to stop it was too late. Count Turf won the Kentucky Derby by four lengths. Uncle Milty was back in the barn at Jamaica. He was far from a Derby horse, much less another Citation. And whatever setback The Brain's bankroll took from Count Turf's woes at Jamaica was more than eased by the Derby. The horse paid $30.

It has been this way for Al since 1921 when he gave up hoping to get a fast taxi meter and concentrated on playing horses for a living. Today, he lives in a $60,000 oceanfront ranch house at Surfside, Florida, with his wife and two daughters. And when he is on the road, at Santa Anita or Garden State or Washington Park or wherever else he goes to ply his trade, he can be found in a $40 a day suite at a top hotel.

"He is," Dopey Louis Levine, the fabled Brooklyn bookmaker, says, "one of the great men of our time. He beats the game."

One evening last fall Al dawdled away the time between the last race at Jamaica and a night flight to Los Angeles by talking about his position as the only successful horse player in the country. He was sitting in New York's Hickory House, lighting a two-dollar cigar after his steak dinner, and waiting for the waiter to bring a round of brandy.

"In the acquisition of money," he smiled, "you should never stop living. I live good. And I would go nuts if I didn't stop to enjoy life. I mean, there is such a thing as overworking in my trade. That's the hardest job I have—not talking horses 24 hours a day. Once



William Bradford Huie

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the last race is over I don't want to hear about horses until the next morning, when I get up and start work.

"So anybody asks me what I do for a living, you know, at a party or something, I just say I'm an investor and let it go at that. People don't like to spend the night talking about a company that makes washers but they would chew your ear off about horses. So I got a rule—never mention them to anybody."

The Brain talks rapidly, but in soft tones. He doesn't look like anybody extraordinary at first glance, but from every corner of the place, people were looking at him. Even the Broadway mob, which would not look up if Casey Stengel ushered in half of baseball's biggest stars, stared at The Brain. Knock-around guys, who think co-makers are the only autographs worth getting, watched in awe.

Harry (Champ) Segal, dean of Broadway horse players, came in the front door and looked over the place as he started to take his coat off for the hat-check girl. He spotted The Brain and didn't even get the second button opened. In one move The Champ was seated at the table and was there for the rest of the evening. He took a steam bath in the heavy blue overcoat.

The Brain was the star of the place, a celebrity who meant something. But he was not overjoyed with this. "It all means trouble," he said. "Everytime I meet somebody, the next time I see them they are at the track and they come right over and ask me for my figures on the race coming up. They want *my information*. Do I go to their suit companies and ask for free pants? Would they give them to me? No. But they want everything I know. My best pitch is to stay with people who don't know from nothing about horses."

The only other item Al makes certain not to talk of is money. Over the years it generally has been conceded that his worth has reached the seven-figure category. But because in this land of liberty we have an organization known as the Bureau of Internal Revenue, Al feels he is tinkering with his very existence if he talks money to anybody.

"They follow me," he says. "They check me to the dime. They know everything about me. But if I talk, one guy adds a zero to the figure, then another guy does the same thing and after awhile I'm called down about a $100,000 bet I never won."

He is not trying to hide anything; he just thinks he is tinkering with his existence when he talks money to anybody. "You could take the figure and have it right and be in good faith," he told me, "but the rat printer could add a zero on and then where would I be? You'd have me saying it. You know this can happen. Look at the mess of printing errors you find in the *Morning Telegraph*."

The Brain has no set routine to his betting. He can go for as much as three weeks without placing a dollar on a horse. But when he does make his move, it rarely is small. He is a "spot play" man, to use race-track parlance. And his average on these bets shows why he doesn't go to work for a living. The normal handicapper or horseplayer hits, at the highest, 30 percent of his bets. The Brain has an overall total, through the years, of 49 percent. This is a sure way to beat punching a time clock.

"I have no pattern," he says. "You cannot draw general rules about my business. I bet when a horse comes up. When is that? When it happens. I keep a daily ledger of bets, expenses and winnings and at the end of the year pay the government on it. You want to know what I come out with at the end of the year, show me a badge."

Al *will* talk, and at length, about the methods he uses to beat the races.

"Time is the most important thing in my handicapping system," he explains. "It is the best yardstick by which you can measure a horse. Yet time in the abstract —with no allowances for adverse winds and muddy track—is worthless. But with these things figured in, it is the one constant upon which we base all our calculations. Since it is so important it must be accurate and carried out not to one-fifth of a second, as race tracks do, but to the one one-hundredth of a second.

"And the timing should not be done from the starting pole, which is how they do it officially. It should be done from the moment the stalls spring open in the starting gate. Now in six furlong races at Jamaica, the gate is 19 feet from the starting pole. But in the mile and a sixteenth races at Atlantic City it is 241 feet away. The effect of this is that horses having that 241-foot run at the pole will come up with a four-fifths of a second faster time than horses that have a 19-foot run. The increased momentum accounts for that. It can deceive on the official time of the race."

Al The Brain's education was limited to P.S. 109 and a few terms at Boys' High School in Brooklyn, but he looks at trained mathematicians and physicists with scorn. "Can they figure a race?" he says.

Wind is another major item on which The Brain relies. One evening last November he was driving along a parkway, taking a few people to a seafood dinner at Brooklyn's Sheepshead Bay, when he began to explain it.

"Notice the car bucking," he said quietly. "This is an object heavier than a horse. Wind resistance will vary directly as the square of the velocity. This is important."

The horseplayers with him nodded. Not one of them knew what he was talking about.

"Take First Landing," he went on. "Big horse, everybody knows the name. Well, he wins the Champagne Stakes in October. That day a 25-mile-an-hour headwind was going against the horses when they left the gate. A horse in running motion travels about 39 miles an hour and even in a dead calm he creates a head wind of that velocity. A head wind will impede a horse much more than a tail wind will help him.

"Eddie Arcaro knew that. He laid off the pace right from the start, and used the other horses as wind breakers. He took the lead on the far turn and then came down the stretch without that wind hitting him in the face.

"And it was important to the time. Guy picks up a past performance chart and he sees First Landing ran the mile in 1:39 4/5. This is three seconds off what it should be. He figures slow race. He's wrong. It was a big race. The next time First Landing ran, he was against horses that came out of races in which a favoring wind prevailed. Their time was better on the chart. I knew different. Look at what First Landing did in The Garden State, that rich race. He won big."

The Brain's wind meter is nothing more than a round gauge, but when he first brought it around it created a stir at larceny-conscious tracks. One afternoon at Santa Anita, for example, Mario the Sheik was working it in the infield when Dr. Charles Strub, the late director of the track, moved in on him with a convoy of detectives.

"May I ask what's going on here?" Strub rasped.

"Nothing, I'm taking the wind," Mario replied.

"The wind?"

"Yes, sir, how can The Brain work without the wind? You know, Al The Brain from Brooklyn. He puts plenty of money into the mutuels."

Strub laughed. "I've got movie producers out here who bet thousands without looking at a program," he said. Then he left Mario to his work.

The "Track Variant" is also vastly important to Winderman. He inspects the running strip a day or so before a meeting is to open. At about 10 in the morning he circles the oval on foot, examines it from inner rail to outer rail and measures the depth of the sandy cushion with a pencil. He makes notes as he does this.

Once at Hialeah he met a jockey who was doing the same thing, although not taking notes. The kid stopped and asked him, "What the hell are you doing this for?"

"Because I bet on horses," Al snapped. "All you do is ride them. You get paid for riding losers. I get penalized for betting on them."

The Brain never took a geology course in his life and his birthplace, on New York's lower East Side, offered only asphalt and cement underfoot. But his knowledge of soil is awesome.

"A track varies from day to day, race to race in dry and wet weather both," he maintains. "The topsoil of tracks in the same city may be different. I work Arlington Park and Hawthorne around Chicago. Arlington has sandy loam. But the other has sandy loam, mixed with clay. And a track near an ocean, like Gulfstream in Florida, can be affected by the tides. A high tide might make the base springier, a low tide could draw off water and deaden it to some degree.

"Sometimes at a track where the sand in the topsoil outweighs the clay, rain can make it faster than it is when it is dry. Yet the board will say the track is 'sloppy.' You can get taken in if you don't know.

"The only way you can compute the value of time over a strip is to get an average. You got to take the time of horses in one class on a certain day and then compare it with the time of another group of horses in the same class on another day.

"Sure, it sounds like science. What the hell do you think I beat this game with?"

To explain the problems of weight in racing, The Brain draws on his Army days at Camp Dix, New Jersey, when he was a private whose civilian occupation was listed as "gambler."

"How would you handicap a march," he asks, "between an infantry man carrying a full field pack and an officer put in with a light knapsack? The soldier has to get tired. The officer can go out chasing broads that night."

His thoughts on weight are almost that simple. "The length of a horse," he notes, "is approximately eight feet and he runs at the rate of approximately 16/100's of a second to a length. Horses come in various shapes and sizes, weighing from 700 to 1,200 pounds. Some small ones are better weight packers than some big ones; and only racing performance can prove it. But this is elementary: the more weight a horse carries—jockey, lead pads, equipment—the slower he runs. Put four more pounds on a horse that has won a three-quarter-mile race under 120 and it will slow him down one length. Two lengths at a mile and a half. When a horse is running in mud behind other horses, he and his jockey may be splattered with as much as eight pounds of mud. That has to slow him."

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For Alex Winderman, everything started in 1917. He was on his first job, a messenger boy at the Postal Telegraph Company's office next door to the Stock Exchange in New York. Everybody in the office was a horse player. One afternoon, all operations ceased, cables for such as J. P. Morgan were left undelivered, as the entire office force tried to decode a message from New Orleans sent to a Wall Street broker.

"BET HEAVY LSTR STRAIGHT AND PLACE," it read.

Winderman was sitting on the delivery boy's bench in one corner of the dusty, paper-cluttered office, when one of the telegraphers looked over at him.

"This kid," he said, "is a smart kid. I see him doing a crossword puzzle."

He walked over and showed Al the message. The budding Brain looked at it quietly, then picked up a copy of The New York *World* on the bench alongside him.

"I figured the letters stood for something else," he recalls. "So I turn to the Fair Grounds entries, since the wire was from New Orleans. There was only one horse on the whole card with four letters to his name—a thing called Bond.

"I don't say anything. I reach into my pocket and give the telegrapher four dollars. 'Bet me two dollars win, two place on Bond at Fair Grounds,' I tell him. 'Then give me the message to deliver. The guy getting it might stake me good.'

"Bond finishes second, but pays $26. That was my first bet. We got messages like that all through the meeting—whoever sent them must have had a helluva line on things down there. They were all good."

Financial district bookmakers, however, were not enthusiastic about this. The telegraph office, located at 20 Broad Street, was officially placed off limits for all runners. "Please take your action elsewhere," they informed Winderman.

"But I'm only a 17-year-old boy," Al whined.

"You got something on The Game," they retorted.

Al's father, Louis Winderman, an immigrant from Odessa, Russia, developed a habit for wandering at this time. He would disappear for months, then come back and tell his wife and three children that he had been around the world. The fact he came back payless and hadn't gone much past Coney Island didn't hurt the family, because Al—they were starting to call him The Brain now—was developing as a horse player. He paid the family hills with ease.

Al was driving a cab at this time, but around Aqueduct Race Track bookmakers such as "Jack the Beeler" and "Fat Thomas" and "The New Orleans Kid" were starting to handle a large amount of slips initialed "Al W."

His working days officially ended in the summer of 1921 when a two-year-old colt, Morvich, took the track in his first start and won a six-furlong dash by an official margin of 15 lengths. Al watched the race from the backstretch.

"This is," he announced to himself, "the surest way to make money I ever seen."

It was. Morvich went on to win 10 successive races after this and in his first start of 1922, Morvich took the lead at the half and then never stopped running as he won the Kentucky Derby and paid $4.40.

The Brain was in action. He had given up cab driving. He had begun to surround himself with binoculars and was thinking of wind meters and clockers and he was starting to eat steaks because he had parlayed on Morvich. And even at a $4.40 Derby payoff he walked out of a pool room horse parlor in Brooklyn—The Brain didn't travel to Kentucky for the race—with $40,000.

"I'll never forget that horse," he says. "If you only could have seen him win that first race. He was eased up to a walk. I mean he actually walked over the line. I've never seen it happen since. Some guys owe their careers to a wife or a rich uncle that died. I owe mine to a horse."

The Brain parlayed this score by being able to think with the Rancocas Stable. This was the Calumet of the 1920's, a fantastic, action-filled outfit. It was owned by Harry S. Sinclair, the oilman who loved to bet, and trained by Sam Hildreth, who also liked to send it all in on a good thing. The contract riders were the country's best, Earl Sande and Laverne Fator.

"Morvich got me into the business," The Brain says, "but Sinclair kept me in it. He had a farm at Jobstown, over in Jersey, where he worked his horses privately, so no clocker employed by a paper or a bookmaker could get a line on them. He did it all the time with two-year-olds. He would run them against each other and then send the second and third best to the New York races against the top talent around. He'd get a good line on the other horses this way. The good things, the ones that won his races, would be kept in the barn. Then one sunny day out would trot a Rancocas two-year-old first starter. He would be dropped into a race he didn't figure to win. And bingo! Down he'd come like it was a put-up job.

"I got onto this early, and I kept a record of the pattern Rancocas was using. Then I would watch the betting ring for any show of money on one of their horses. I murdered the races with that system. I've never been able to find another spot like it. Ever since I've had to use my figures to make a living.

"But one thing stuck with me. I found Sinclair had an idea which works. He would place trust in a two-year-old horse. And I have since found they are much more honest than older horses. In fact, my meat is those 'baby races.' Once I cashed 19 out of 21 bets on two-year-old races down the Widener Chute at a Belmont Park meeting."

Most bettors prefer older horses, feeling they are more honest. Al differs.

Things didn't always run smoothly for Winderman. Nor is it easy today. He is in a precarious business where one bad run could murder him. This is a fact of life he faces every time he enters a race track. But the closest he has come to oblivion as a horse player was in 1935

when he had 20 straight losing days and on the 21st a winner was disqualified. He dropped a quarter of a million.

The next day there was no Al The Brain at Aqueduct. He and his staffmen of the time, The Hungarian and Little Maxie, spread a blanket at one end of Brighton Beach and tried to get a sun tan. They were broke and it was bothering them. Particularly Little Maxie, who was too nervous to relax.

"Let's swim to Rockaway," he proposed.

Now Brighton Beach is a subway stop or two to the left of New York harbor's narrows. Rockaway is a peninsula which sticks out in the ocean, in front of Brighton. It is 12 miles away and as they started to walk to the water, the Hungarian, being strictly a sprinter, was a late scratch.

"We got nothing to lose," The Brain mused. "I put my last fifty on a horse that's 10-1 and the way we're goin' it will run out."

With no wind meters, wave variant or speed chart figures, Little Maxie and The Brain plunged into the Atlantic waters. They plowed their way to Rockaway—while horrified fishermen pulled boats alongside to offer aid.

"We are swimming, but if we happen to drown that is all right, too. Please go away," Little Maxie would tell them.

They reached Rockaway, where Maxie dug into his trunks and came up with 10 cents, all he had, bought a hot dog and split it with The Brain. Then the two bummed a ride on a ferry boat to Sheepshead Bay. Still in bathing trunks, they hired a cab to take them back to Chaim Werner's pool room in Brighton, a mile away, where Al intended to borrow five dollars.

The hackie held Little Maxie hostage while The Brain went into the room. Inside, Chaim casually greeted The Brain with $550. "You win a bet today," he rasped.

"It put me back in action," Al says. "And it also proved a point. If I had bet only two dollars and saved the $48, I would have won only $20. In this business, there is no tomorrow. You got to be there today."

It was only natural, because of the way he thinks, that Al would take an immediate liking to Geraldine Hartley, who was running a cigar stand at Miami Beach in 1938.

"I took one look at her," he says, "and I wanted to get to know her. So I began smoking. I bought imported cigars. Then she got me onto this punch board she had. Well, I wind up standing around there and going for $100 a pop every night. 'I'll go broke getting up to the plate with this one,' I figure. So I asked her out. I find she is a graduate of Michigan State and used to be a dancer.

"But one night she really sold me. She was checking the books and found a new girl she had hired to work days came out to the penny with her accounts three days in a row. 'Nobody is this good,' she told me. She fired the girl the next morning. That's my kind of a girl. I had to marry her."

Al's non-technical views on horse racing include one surprising estimation.

"Willie Hartack," he insists, "is the greatest jockey I've ever seen. My figures show he moves up a horse's performance automatically. He is better than Arcaro and Shoemaker. And anybody else on a horse against him might as well be carrying five pounds more weight. Hartack is that good.

"In horses, Man O'War stands out. My old figure books give him a bigger figure than anything that ever lived. Next to him came Count Fleet. Then Citation—but Count Fleet would have murdered Citation. And let me tell you one thing. At a mile, a horse called Bold Ruler would have run any of them. Run them big."

His favorite horseplayer is Mrs. Bessie Winderman, a little gray-haired woman who remembers she was born in Hungary but can't tell you when. She lives in Brooklyn and once a day, no matter what the weather, takes a stroll along the Coney Island boardwalk. Then en route home, she will stop and make a little spot play at a local candy store.

But she prefers betting at the track because she has a horse player's true fighting instincts.

"It's no fun to bet," she says, "unless I can hurt the mutuel machines."

The Brain has no hobby. But he does watch television.

"I like 'Gunsmoke,' " he says, "but I'm worried. My figures make James Arness overdue."—**Jimmy Breslin**

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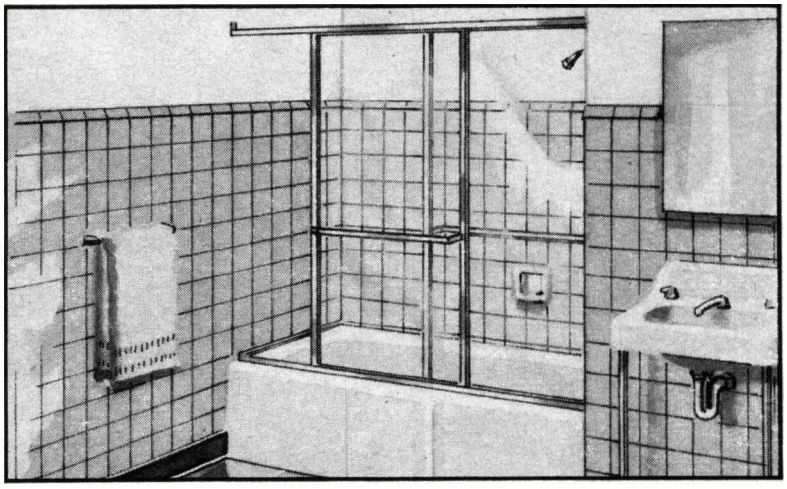

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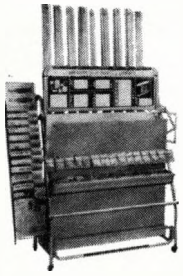

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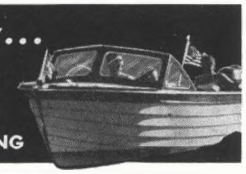

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The Worm Turns Plastic

[*Continued from page 44*]

some of the boys are now molding in *their* basements, and the result is a lot of worms—millions of worms, train loads of worms, mountains of plastic worms!

There is an old saying—I've heard it echoed frequently by folks who should know better—that "A fisherman will buy anything."

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Fishermen are not any dumber—well, anyway, not much dumber—than anybody else. A fisherman will buy a new lure, once. He won't buy the second one unless he caught fish on the first. And he won't buy them by the dozen unless they consistently catch fish. Fishermen all over the country are buying plastic worms by the dozen, and the reason is obvious.

Soft plastic worms started out as a largemouth bass lure. They caught bass. Somebody tried them for pike; they caught pike. Ditto pickerel, perch, crappies, bluegills, walleyes, bullheads and channel catfish. Ditto smallmouth and Kentucky bass and rock bass and the unrelated white bass and yellow bass, plus the rest of the catfish tribe. They also caught brook, brown, rainbow, cutthroat and Dolly Varden trout. They caught white perch, muskies and lake trout. And they caught carp.

The fact that these lures caught carp probably doesn't mean much to anybody who never fished for carp, but beneath his sloping brow the carp has a brain that puts him definitely into the upper bracket of piscine mentality. A carp is hard to fool, and if he can be fooled by a plastic worm then it is just about a cinch to fool anything else in fins, too.

So the boys caught everything in fresh water on plastic worms. How about salt? The same story. My list includes bluefish, tarpon, dolphin, yellowtail, flounder, kingfish, striped bass, weakfish, jack crevalle, mackerel and cobia. If you can catch this variety, you can catch most of the others with which I've had any experience. I'd be willing to bet that plastic worms or eels would murder channel bass and that some of the others would be deadly on bonefish. I think one of the silvery-white eels would knock king and silver salmon for a loop. Not that they'd take it for an albino eel; they'd hit it for a herring or needlefish, their natural food, depending on its size and how it was fished.

I am sure that some of the soft plastic lures now on the market, or that could easily be made, would be very effective for winter steelhead, and by the time this appears in print I probably will have taken some on them. I must admit, however, that I failed to do so last fall.

I had some soft plastic nightcrawlers in fluorescent red and orange. They were highly visible in the water, very active and, since they floated, were nice to fish. (The ideal steelhead lure should be somewhat buoyant, even though the fish lie deep. A sinker will keep it near the bottom, but if its buoyancy holds it up a few inches it prevents a great many snags.)

Under normal conditions I believe these worms, or pieces of them, would have taken steelhead. During the five days I fished, however, the weather was cold and it had been cold for some time. The water temperature held constantly at 33-34 degrees. Steelhead are inactive when the water is colder than 40 and we failed to take them on anything, so this was hardly a fair test.

Actually, of course, steelhead are not interested in worms, fluorescent or otherwise. The ideal bait for them would be a little ball of floating plastic in bright fluorescent orange, three-eighths, a half, or five-eighths inch in diameter, or a pear-shaped piece of the same thickness but somewhat longer. Such lures could easily be pushed onto a single, light-wire hook. They would be buoyant enough to hold the hook off the bottom and they would possess an advantage that no other lure has: they would be soft.

This quality of softness is the unique contribution of the plastic baits to the world of artificial lures. It is something we didn't have before. I think it is one of the chief reasons—possibly *the* chief reason—for their effectiveness.

Most natural fish foods are soft. A fish has only one way to investigate an object that looks like food. He can only take it into his mouth. If it is hard he rejects it; if it is soft, he swallows it. (Of course, fish possess the senses of taste and smell, but except for the soft plastic lures, which can be impregnated with a permanent odor, artificial baits are tasteless and odorless, so I'll leave that factor out of the discussion for the moment.)

Anyway, softness appears to be a most desirable feature. Many bass fishermen believe that their quarry will hold a deer-hair bug in their mouths longer than a cork bug, and the reason they give is that the hair bug is softer. Nothing that anglers have used to date except live bait, however, is so soft as the new plastic lures. And there can be no question but what a fish that hits and rejects a plug instantly will often mouth a soft plastic worm for 30 seconds or more—

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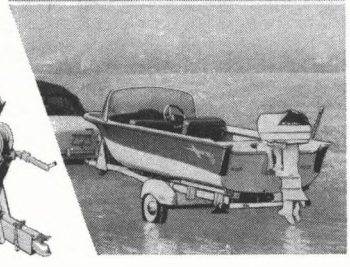

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thereby giving the angler a better chance to hook him.

The efficacy of worms as fish bait and the difficulty of obtaining them during the greater part of the year, not to mention the natural human aversion to anything resembling work, no doubt inspired the first artificial counterparts. Nobody knows who first decided that it might be easier to make a worm than to dig it, but the idea has been kicking around for a long time. Records of the United States Patent Office show that artificial worms date back at least to the 1860s.

Obviously those early worms left something to be desired or they would have been a standard lure, along with plugs and spoons, for many years. The reason they were not successful no doubt lay in the lack of a suitable material from which to make them.

In the late '20s and early '30s, B. F. Goodrich developed plasticizers for vinyls, and marketed a flexible vinyl about 1935 under the trade name "Koroseal." This was followed in 1939 by a much softer Koroseal that is still used industrially as a soft, flexible molding material.

Fishermen, always allergic to a shovel handle, got hold of Koroseal. They began to experiment with it in their basements, molding worms and other tempting morsels, and then showing them to the fish. After a while, the fish began to indicate their approval and a new business was on the way to being born.

This basement beginning may sound like Horatio Alger, but that is actually where it started. Last fall I selected four manufacturers at random and asked them, among other things, how they happened to get into the plastic-worm business.

Charley Burke (Burke Flexo Products Co.) said, "This business started as a hobby in my basement." Last year his company sold more than 3,000,000 soft plastic lures.

Dave DeLong (DeLong Lures) had fished for fun all his life, made lures at home, and went into the business full time in 1947. His company's catalog now lists more than 160 styles—more than 600 color and hook combinations.

Nick Creme (Creme Lure Company) was working in a machine shop and fishing week ends when he started experimenting—in his basement—and in 1950 began selling the Creme Wiggle Worm by mail. His factory now boasts more than 12,000 square feet of floor space.

Bill Norton (Sportsman's Products, Inc.) was purchasing agent at the Marion, Indiana, VA hospital when he and his son Vern started making their Catch-'em-Quick lures in Vern's basement, in 1954. They now carry approximately 500,000 worm and eel lures in stock and have more than 100 employes.

It appears from this that the way to make a fortune is simply to start manufacturing a new lure in your basement. It is—if the fish happen to like it! Unfortunately, nobody has yet been able to tell in advance just what fish will like. Dozens, possibly hundreds, of new lures are developed every year, and most of them quickly pass into the limbo of forgotten things.

The matter of lures is a little like Ed Ward's experience in Hawaii. He was fishing for bonefish and after casting fruitlessly for several hours he turned to a native who was lying on the beach and asked, "Does anybody ever catch a bonefish here?"

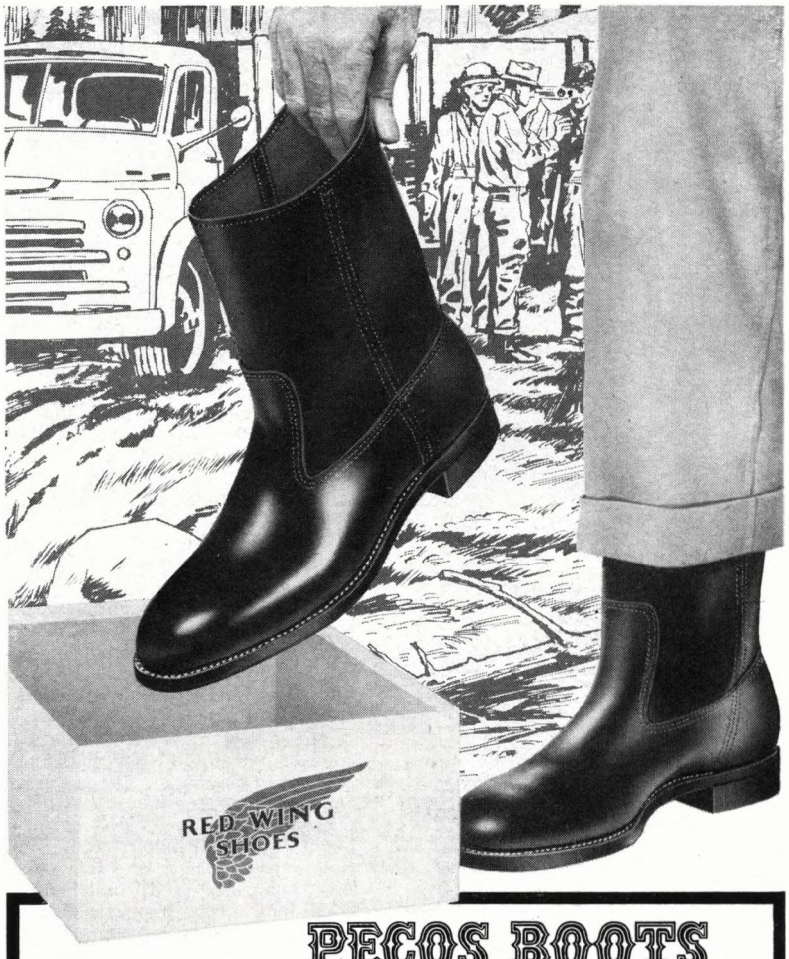
"No, sir," the native replied.

"Well," Ed said, "it's one of the best looking spots for bonefish I ever saw."

"It may look good to you," the native said, "but the bonefish don't like it."

You can't argue with a fish. If the fish don't like a spot—or a lure—you might as well quit, as Ed did, and as hundreds of would-be lure manufacturers have done. Only a small percent of the new lures get the nod of approval from the ultimate jury, the fish. But that nod was more emphatic for the soft plastic worms and their kin than for any other new lure, or type of lure, in many years.

Why? The more you attempt to analyze the reason, the more obscure it becomes. I have caught bass on plastic nightcrawlers in waters where no bass ever saw a real one. Could these bass instinctively recognize the artificial as a food they had never seen? I don't think so. Furthermore, in waters where real worms are the poorest of baits; where you can catch a dozen crappies on a fl; for every one on worms, the fish seize the soft plastic imitation eagerly. Do they



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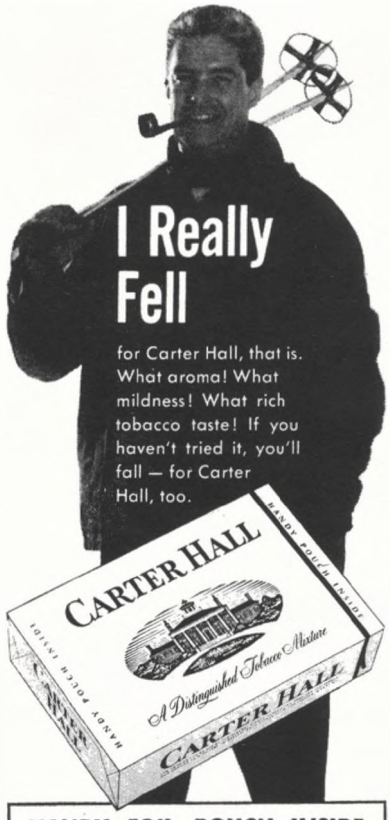

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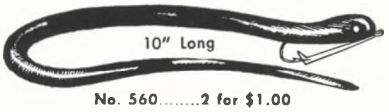

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think that it is a worm? I doubt it.

Obviously, artificial worms exist because real worms are good bait. But their tremendous success since the introduction of the soft plastic variety probably stems far less from the fact that they look like worms than it does from several other factors.

Charley Burke listed the important features as softness, flexibility, coloration, and light refraction. He added that, "Authenticity of design has some bearing inasmuch as it creates a silhouette, together with various color intensities."

Since he manufactures a variety of realistic aquatic nymphs, larvae and terrestial insects, his comment includes these as well as worms. In the case of a May-fly nymph to be fished for trout, the silhouette and color would be important. Trout probably take a May-fly nymph for a May-fly nymph. I question, however, whether a bass takes a bright-blue nightcrawler, or a yellow one with black spots, for the real thing. Fish are not color blind and worms don't catch chicken pox.

Softness, which I mentioned earlier, and flexibility, which obviously is dependent upon softness, are probably the most important qualities of the new lures. They make possible an action that is unique.

The success of all artificial lures is, of course, hinged on the fact that game fish respond to movement. The most successful lures are the ones with the most enticing action in the eyes of the fish. Spoons wobble or flutter; spinners whirl; plugs dart or wiggle, and they all catch fish of various kinds under different conditions. The soft plastic worms and their kin, however, have brought an entirely new kind of movement to the field of artificial lures, and it is an action the customers like.

The action of a worm as it is drawn through the water is undulating, snaky, weaving, sinuous. It is as totally different from the vigorous movement of a wobbling plug as is the pirouette of a dancer from the hammering of a smith.

You can catch fish on plastic worms and eels by trolling them or by casting them out and reeling them steadily in. You can increase their action by alternately pulling and pausing and catch more fish. And you can catch still more by fishing very, very slowly, slower than it is possible to fish with any other type of lure.

A worm made of floating plastic with a weighted head, or with a sinker attached to the line, stands upright in the water after the lead has pulled it to the bottom. Retrieving half an inch of line sends a convulsive movement through its entire length. Your lure can be kept active, yet remain virtually in the same spot, close to the bottom but still not hidden by the debris of the bottom, inching along and wiggling steadily. This frequently is the most effective way.

Thus the new lure has an action that is entirely different from any other and is obviously enticing. On top of that, when it induces a fish to strike, its soft, squashy consistency makes him want to hold on. He wants to mouth it. He may continue mouthing it until he has swallowed it completely if you don't cut short his pleasure by setting the hook. So it is really the softness that makes possible the seductive, wiggly action and also fools the fish into hanging on longer than they will hang onto anything else except live bait.

The variety of soft plastic lures is almost as amazing as the volume being manufactured. You can get frogs, crawfish, minnows, nightcrawlers, angle worms, eels, lizards, salamanders, hellgrammites, May-fly nymphs, stone-fly nymphs, dragon-fly nymphs, catalpa worms, pecan worms, sand grubs and white grubs. You can get wood roaches, cockroaches, spiders, ants, buckeye grubs, grasshoppers, crickets, shrimp, fresh-water shrimp and mole crabs. You can get tadpoles, blood worms, caddis worms, inch worms, tobacco worms, horseweed worms, red worms and corn borers.

You can get black, red, white and green eels, plus various combinations of these colors. You can get leopard frogs or bull-frogs; brown, black, green and yellow tadpoles. You can get ants in two or three colors and spiders in half a dozen. You can get lizards in hues that would give a herpetologist running fits.

But the worms are the best of all. One company alone makes nightcrawlers (both sinking and floating) in red, black, natural, yellow, white, green, blue, white with red spots, yellow with black spots, white with black spots, black with yellow spots, black with green spots, black with red spots, yellow with red spots, black with white spots, red with white belly, white with red head, clear translucent, clear with red head, red fluorescent, orange fluorescent, yellow with black bands, and both white and yellow covered with small black dots, like a coach dog.

Are all of these colors necessary? Maybe, maybe not. Fishing in Florida last winter, my friend Bill Brown hooked and lost 12 big bass in less than an hour on 12 different worms in five colors—black, yellow, natural, green and blue. Each time a fish broke off he had to tie on a new worm, and since he only had a couple of the black ones with which he started fishing, he used the others as he came to them. He doesn't think color makes much difference.

On the other hand, color apparently made quite a difference to the smallmouths one day last summer. I used seven different nightcrawlers, all identical but for color, and all fished on a single weedless hook. I had 20 bites (I didn't hook them all) and of these, six were on a black worm. I got four bites on a natural worm; three on a black worm with red spots; three on a black worm with white spots; two each on a green and a yellow worm, and none on an all-red worm.

Since all of this fishing was done in one pool and I used the black worm first and the red one last, I decided maybe I hadn't given it a fair chance. To check, I put on the black worm again, quickly got two bites, landed one fish, and quit. The black certainly was the most effective.

Bill Brown was casting to the grass, pulling the worm off, letting it sink a foot or so and then starting his retrieve. I was fishing the bottom. That might have made a difference. Fish below his worms would see them only in silhouette. The smallmouths, on the same level as my lures, could no doubt distinguish their colors better.

In addition to all the colors, sinking and floating, with or without spinners or jig heads, you can get worms with a great variety of hooking arrangements—one hook, two hooks, and three hooks, weedless and with points unprotected. You can also buy any of the worms or eels without hooks. A lot of fishermen like to tie a single hook to the end of the line and then thread the lure on.

When you are using a worm with two or three hooks, of course, hooking a fish presents no particular problem. And if those hooks are weedless, you can fish some very tough spots without much danger of hooking up. Under the worst conditions, however, where the bottom is composed of loose, angular rocks with brush here and there—as is the case in many man-made lakes—a floating worm with a single, weedless, unweighted hook near the head is best. You can work it across the bottom and catch fish even though you would be snagged constantly with any other lure.

I first tried this with a buckshot clamped on the line about eight inches ahead of the worm. Later, I decided that I liked the rig we use to fish fluorescent yarn for winter steelhead better. It calls for two very small swivels. We slide one up the line and tie the other to the end. The sinker, usually a suitable length of pencil lead, is tied to the free swivel with a piece of nylon weaker than the line. The hook is tied to 18 or 20 inches of nylon and it, in turn, is tied to the other swivel.

When a fish bites he can take line freely because the sinker lies on the bottom and the line runs through the swivel eye. If you get a snag and can't jerk the sinker loose, you can break the light dropper by which it is attached to the free swivel and thereby usually save the worm.

And with this setup, you do have to let the fish take line. He bites gently and starts to swim away. You let him go until he pauses. You wait a little longer and set the hook. Sometimes you miss. Unlike minnow fishing, in which you strike when the fish starts away the second time, you can't always count on that. Sometimes he will start away again and then you can hook him for sure, but sometimes he only mouths the worm awhile and spits it out.

When I first tried this method I attempted to work out a system of counting. I thought maybe I could always hook the fish if I counted five seconds, 10 seconds, or 15 seconds. It didn't work. Some fish get the worm inside their mouths faster than others, some swallow it, and some merely chew on it and spit it out.

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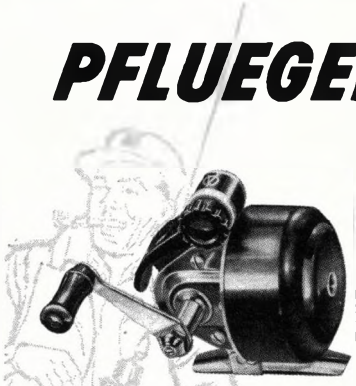

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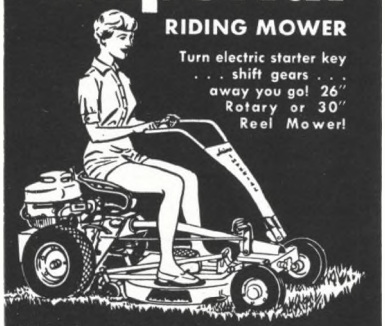

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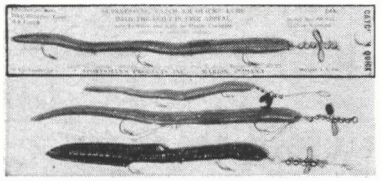

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hook him or miss him. The suspense builds up rapidly from the instant he bites until the time when he's either hooked or lost.

It is also aggravating fishing. You may miss three or four in a row, and your irritation will mount steadily until you land one. Then, especially if he's big, you'll feel better. You'll remember that you'd never have caught him on anything else. Even if he would have hit some other lure, which is always a question, you couldn't have fished it on the bottom where he was without snagging.

Some worms are impregnated with an odor, usually anise oil, the smell of licorice. Their manufacturers believe that this odor is attractive to fish and will cause them to hold the lure in their mouths longer before spitting it out. Other manufacturers don't think the odor does any good and omit it.

I would be inclined to think that it might help in the case of fish that feed largely by smell, such as catfish or carp, but that its value is questionable for many of the others. That is merely a guess, however: I've never made a test. One point it does establish, though, is that a soft plastic lure *can* be given an odor that will stay with it indefinitely. This is impossible with plugs or spoons.

Maybe in another year or two we'll have plastic nightcrawlers that not only look like nightcrawlers but smell like them as well: crickets that smell like crickets, and catalpa worms that taste like catalpa worms when a bream chews on them. One thing for sure, if the little fluorescent plastic balls I mentioned previously smelled like salmon eggs, they'd have to be outlawed—the steelhead wouldn't have a chance.

It would be misleading to leave the impression that soft plastic worms always catch fish. Nothing always catches fish. I have known only one man who had the reputation of always catching fish—and he eventually was caught himself, using dynamite.

There will be days when you can do better with a bass bug or fly or a topwater plug or a spoon. But there will also be many days when a soft plastic lure spells the difference between fish and no fish. I had one such day, a great day, last September.

I was on the river at 6 a.m. It was chilly as I put in, and the mist was still rising from the water. I cast here and

there as I drifted along downstream, but caught nothing until I beached the canoe on a long gravel bar a couple of miles below. Here the water swung around the point into a big, deep pool and created a slow eddy on the side next to the bar.

By this time, since I had caught nothing on or near the surface, I was using a black floating worm on a weedless hook, the sinker attached to a free-running swivel as previously described. I cast into the current where the river swept across the bar, took up the slack, and very shortly felt the sinker bump-bump-bumping along the bottom. I let it swing around until it stopped in the undecided water between current and eddy and then began a slow retrieve.

In this kind of fishing I have discovered that I do better if I recover the monofilament with my left hand, in the manner of a fly line, rather than on the reel. It is easier to retrieve very, very slowly; easier to impart the short jerks that give the lure an erratic action, and much easier to feel a fish. The fingers of my left hand are far more sensitive to even the slightest resistance than is the reel.

In case a fish bites, the monofilament picks up easily off the water and I let it slide out through my fingers, feeling the fish's every move and judging when to set the hook. If I don't get a bite, I sometimes make the next cast off the water—letting the line pick up and shoot out like we used to do strip casting—and sometimes I recover it on the reel. In either case, it tangles most infrequently; never when standing in running water or fishing from a drifting boat.

At any rate, I had recovered no more than five or six feet of line when I felt a greater resistance. The line stopped, picked up, then started running out. I let it go, first off the water, then off the reel. It ran 15 or 20 feet and stopped. My pulse quickened to the first fish of the day.

I hesitated, waited, wondered, finally tightened and felt him solidly, then set the hook. The line sizzled upstream, out into the current, and a good smallmouth shot into the air. He fought as only a smallmouth can, but eventually I led him into the quiet water and slid him onto the beach. He looked as though he would beat three pounds, a big fish for this water.

To make a long story short, I continued to fish there until sundown, when the action stopped. I kept three smallmouths that weighed 10 pounds and released I've no idea how many more. I lost a few lures to snags because the bottom was bad and missed a lot of fish by striking too soon or too late, but I scarcely made a cast without getting a bite, and I quit fishing only long enough to eat my lunch.

Days like that don't come often. You've got to be in the right place at the right time and hit on the right method of fishing—with the right lure. After a few of them, however, it takes little genius to decide that the proper place for a plastic worm definitely is not in anybody's coffee!—**Ted Trueblood**

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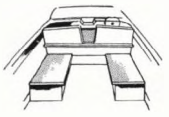

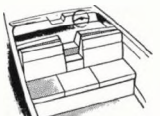

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TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

FAWCETT BUILDING, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

The Greatest Forger of Them All

[Continued from page 36]

had fallen on the floor. With scarcely a break in his stride, he bent and scooped it up. Glancing inside, he found a letter of instructions from one of the most successful and pompous men at the party to his banker. Saward hesitated momentarily. Then, with a sly grin, he stuffed the envelope in his pocket. It might just prove a way to take the blustery old windbag down a peg.

It was at that moment, in 1831, and with that decision, that the fabulous career of Jim the Penman started.

Over the next 25 years, the little man with the great hawk nose was to prove himself the greatest forger of all time. James Townshend Saward was the original Jim the Penman, and with airy insouciance he stole millions of pounds from the bankers of England and the rest of the world with only a flick of his skilled fingers. "He was the truly great organizer of crime—the first to organize forgery as big business," said Chief Detective Inspector Ernest Nicholls of London not long ago.

Yet during all that time the stubby little man hobnobbed with the cream of British society, dined with leading statesmen and financiers in London's best clubs, and rose to the rank of barrister in his profession. With typical impudence, he even joined the committees formed to catch him. He was one of the most respected men in London, and undoubtedly the crookedest.

But even with the windbag's letter in his pocket and an impulse for some practical joke in his heart, Saward might have remained an honest lawyer—and saved British bankers decades of anguish—had he not made a routine call to the police court in Guildhall next morning. There, as a young solicitor seeking clients, he began talking to a pickpocket. The thief sized up the lawyer carefully.

"As me solicitor, you would 'elp me out o' this mess, right?" the dip asked.

Saward nodded. "I shall do everything in my power consistent with . . ." he began sententiously.

The pickpocket interrupted him. "Just do one little favor, matey." He modestly turned his back, pulled a small checkbook from his crotch, and handed it to the lawyer. "Lose this bit o' paper someplace. It's the only blinkin' thing to tie me to the job some lyin' bastard says I pulled."

Saward drew back, holding the checkbook as though it had abruptly broken out with the pox. He knew he was being asked to conceal evidence—an offense which could wreck his career. Then curiosity clutched him, and with a peculiar glance at the thief he opened the book. Imprinted on its checks was the name of the barrister whose letter he had picked up the night before, and the checks were drawn on the bank the letter concerned. The coincidence was too much. With a flash of inspiration, young Saward suddenly saw a double opportunity—to take the stuffing out of the honorable legal shirt and to make a little gambling money.

With a nod to the thief, he pocketed the checkbook. "This little packet will be in good hands," he said. Then he hurried back to the Inner Temple, the ivy-walled citadel of Britain's best lawyers, where he shared an office with his elder brother Henry.

There he pulled out the barrister's letter. Laboriously he practiced copying

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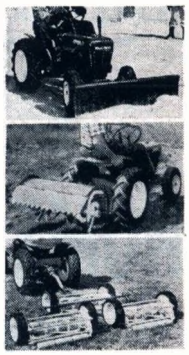

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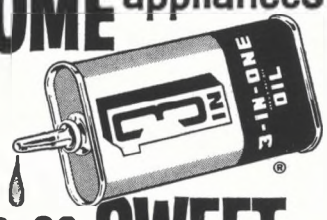

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the man's signature. Finally he had it pat. Then he opened the checkbook and wrote a check in pounds for about $100 to John Bevan—a name he grabbed out of a file. Putting on his hat, he strolled out to the street and down the Strand to the barrister's bank, bowing to passing acquaintances. The clerk cashed the check for the distinguished-looking visitor without a moment's hesitation.

Jim the Penman was in business.

Saward celebrated. He rushed off to the Argyll Assembly Rooms, an establishment ostensibly dedicated to dancing, but boasting a series of private rooms on the second floor where a well-heeled beau could make his choice among London's most expensive doxies. Saward picked one of the most succulent, fed her sumptuously on cold chicken and champagne in the intimacy of a room, then enjoyed himself thoroughly with the lady's charms. Afterward he sauntered over to Crockford's, the most exclusive gambling joint in all England. There, rubbing shoulders with bankers and Cabinet ministers, he pleasantly gambled away the night. When the last of his money was gone, he left with an airy goodnight. "There's plenty more where that came from," he said cheerily.

But next day Saward began to worry. After all, it was his first effort. It had provided him with a glimpse of what life could be with enough cash, but the gambit had gone off almost too easily to be true. What shortly made it seem even easier was the fact that his pickpocket client was found guilty anyway and sent off for transportation to Australia—thus putting out of the way an inconvenient witness.

This development did not greatly calm Saward. Perhaps his forgery had been detected and the police were already on his trail. The thought started to give him sleepless nights. Then he displayed the genius which was to earn him the grudging respect of England's police as "the most formidable malefactor in the history of criminal justice." Who was the man most likely to be suspicious, Saward asked himself. Why, the barrister whose signature he had forged. If he suspected nothing, obviously no one did.

Selecting a likely criminal case, he called on the old barrister under the pretext that he would like him to handle the case in court. After they had discussed their legal business, young Saward gingerly broached the subject nearest to his heart.

"You know, sir," he said with studied casualness, "there seems to be a great deal of check forgery in London these days. My brother tells me. . ."

"Poppycock, my boy, poppycock!" cried the old gentleman. "These fools whose checks are being forged have simple, obvious signatures. A boy could copy them. Now look at this." He took a pen and wrote out his signature—a wondrous creation of curlicues, flourishes, and inked arabesques. "Now, what forger would dare try to duplicate that?" he demanded.

Saward, who had done just that in less than an hour, was suitably awed. "Surely no one," he said respectfully. "A work of art, sir."

The young lawyer hastily took his leave, scarcely able to suppress his glee. Not only had he got away with his forgery, but his handiwork was so good that the pompous old man himself had not detected it, and had accepted the check as his own. After all, who could forge his signature? No one—except Jim Saward.

If he had gone no further, Saward might have remained just another petty forger. But now he was thinking in terms of big money. For he was as unlucky at cards as he was lucky with women, making both pastimes expensive. His lawyer's mind went to work.

The scheme he came up with lifted him into the hierarchy of history's great criminals. He planned to organize forgery as a business. To this end he needed a steady supply of checks and signatures to copy. He needed also a distribution system, to get the checks cashed. Most of all, he needed a way of keeping himself out of danger.

Under his scheme, neither suppliers nor distributors would know each other or himself—he had seen too many crooks who would have sold their parents into slavery for 10 shillings. To front for him he proposed to find a trusted deputy, a man who could handle all his business with the underworld and thus keep Saward's identity unknown except to the deputy himself.

Saward's uncanny luck soon brought him the deputy he wanted. A Mrs. William Salt Hardwicke hired him to defend her husband. Hardwicke kept a tavern in London, but his real business was receiving stolen property from common thieves and pickpockets, and he had been caught at it. In prison, Hardwicke fell into a state of teary remorse and wrote a long confession of his many crimes, which included murder. He was proclaiming his intention of presenting this confession to the public prosecutor when Saward stepped into his cell.

The lawyer read the confession, sized up his client, and saw he had found his man. He began to talk vaguely about a big new scheme, safe if a bit illegal, that would make Hardwicke's old racket seem paltry. After 20 minutes Hardwicke's new-found conscience was forgotten—until he had another thought.

"What good is all this to me?" he complained. "If they don't hang me, they'll transport me to Australia."

Saward was suavely sympathetic. "Too true, alas. With that inopportune confession in the public prosecutor's hands, the cleverest barrister in the world couldn't get you off."

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

American males who face alimony proceedings always wind up heavy losers. Here's why—and how something can be done about . . .

THE SWINDLE THAT SQUEEZES MEN

Hardwicke perked up. "No one can make me give it to the prosecutor," he said, reaching for the confession in Saward's hands. But before he could grasp it, the lawyer deftly side stepped and slipped the confession into his briefcase.

"There," Saward said smoothly, "isn't that a much better place for it? We wouldn't want this paper to confuse the upright judges at Old Bailey, would we?"

The lawyer's dexterity made Hardwicke a little nervous. "How long would you be wanting to keep the paper?" he asked suddenly anxious.

Saward was soothing. "It will always be safe with me," he said. But then he added the faintest flick of the whip: "You have nothing more to fear—unless you disobey me."

The immediate problem now was to spring Hardwicke. The case against him rested mainly on the testimony of a crook who used to take his loot to the fence regularly. Without this crook the Crown had no case.

London was a tough place in 1831. For a little more than $100 one could have a VIP knocked off. A mere $25 was enough to do in just about anyone else. And moral considerations of the value of human life were practically non-existent. It was hardly surprising, therefore, that a few nights later the Crown's inconvenient witness was stabbed to death. Saward promptly pressed for an early trial, and the public prosecutor's office knew it was licked. Hardwicke was released.

Back at his tavern, Hardwicke lost no time in announcing that he was determined to stay straight. On Saward's orders he sternly turned away the thieves who brought him stolen goods, and he saw to it that the police learned of his new rectitude. As Saward had told him: "There is no sense in your risking everything for pennies from now on."

Saward, meanwhile, was carefully inspecting the run of petty crooks he saw everyday in the police courts. When he found one of better than average intelligence, he said nothing to the man himself but told Hardwicke to get in touch with him through the latter's own connections.

The "reformed" fence, having made the contact, would then delicately explain to the burglar about blank checks, which were usually to be found near a victim's strong box or on his desk. Such checks, Hardwicke pointed out, were useless by themselves, but he had an eccentric friend who would pay a modest price for them. Soon a small but steady supply of blank checks was flowing into Saward's eager hands.

Two problems remained: How did the check owner sign his name, and how big an account did he keep at his bank? Saward soon found he could often get a line on his potential victim's wealth from his fellow lawyers or at one of his clubs. Sometimes he would visit a mark's shop on the pretext of making a small purchase. His instinct was almost infallible: he could smell out a loose dollar at the far end of a skunk factory.

The signature was easier. Most men kept their canceled checks near their

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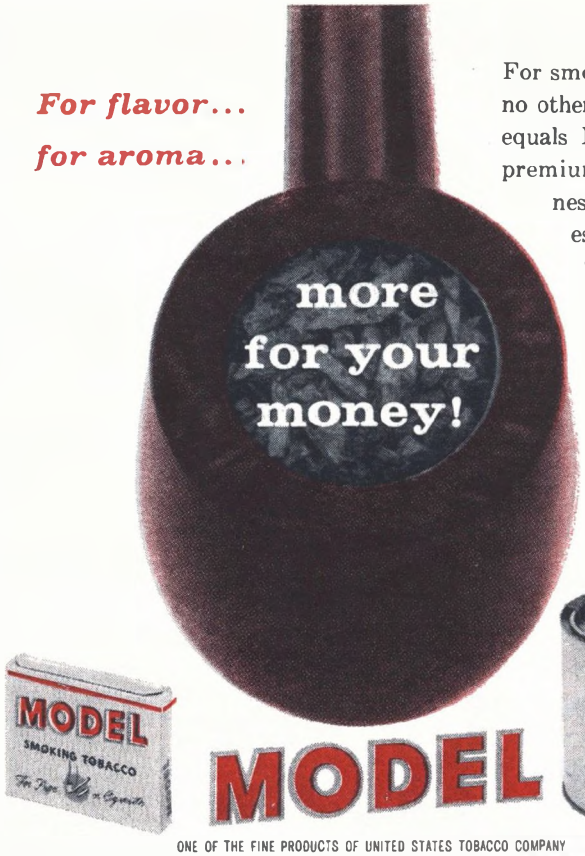

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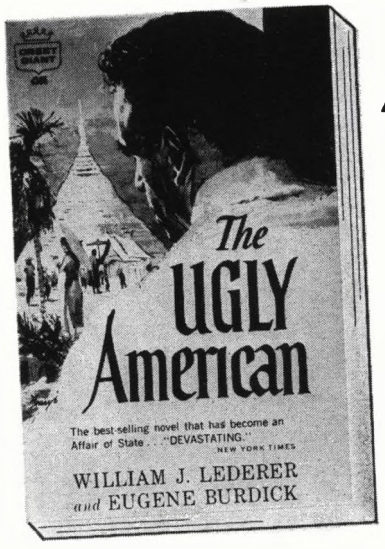

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checkbooks. Hardwicke's retrievers were urged to pick up a couple of these, too. Saward discovered that with 30 minutes' practice he could duplicate any signature. Then he made out a check for any amount he thought a bank teller would not question—usually something between $500 and $1,500.

That took care of supply. There was also distribution. Saward had no intention of risking discovery again by cashing the checks himself. He ordered Hardwicke to find him a "sender"—a man respectable enough to be taken for an employer, suave enough to deceive a suspicious hotel clerk, resourceful enough to act quickly in emergencies, and thoroughly corrupt. Hardwicke spent weeks raking through the list of his underworld friends before he came up with the man who was made for the job. His name was James Anderson, and he was an ex-valet, ex-waiter, ex-swindler, ex-pimp, ex-footpad, and—in a sense—ex-thief.

Anderson's job, as laid out by Saward, was complicated but nearly foolproof. It got to be almost a routine. Anderson would take a room at a respectable hotel, then advertise for a clerk-messenger. After interviewing the applicants, he selected the stupidest and told him Anderson's employer was setting up a new business in the city. Until the offices were established, however, the messenger would be paid on a daily basis.

The first day the messenger was sent to various banking offices with ordinary requests for information. Only on the second day was he asked to take a check to a bank for cashing.

Disguising himself, Anderson followed the messenger to see whether any hitch developed—as well as to make sure the courier didn't skip with the dough. After a week, during which he usually cashed three phony checks, Anderson would reluctantly fire his clerk-messenger, explaining that the proposed business had hit a snag. The next week, in another hotel and under another name, Saward's front man repeated the whole process.

About once every seven checks a teller would get suspicious and hold the innocent messenger for questioning. On such occasions Anderson simply did not return to his hotel. Since Anderson was an expert at an infinite number of disguises, the messenger's description of him was not much help to the police.

Soon Saward's forgery mill was bringing him a tidy $2,000 to $3,000 a week, minus some expenses, and he began to enjoy a good life. He found he could drink and gamble until dawn and still do a full day's work at his law office. London's fanciest call-girls knew him as a prodigious ladies' man, capable of en-

"But Mr. Boynton, if I go to secretarial school the other girls will know I'm just a secretary."

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tertaining two or three of them in the course of a single evening. His nightly rounds of club and gaming table also provided him with many a useful tip. A financier, boasting of a deal he had just brought off in the stock exchange, might see Saward's speculative eye upon him, but never connect the incident with the forged check that came to his bank a few days later. Over cards, Saward might take the opportunity to commiserate with a heavy loser, asking with solicitude: "You dropped quite a packet tonight—hope it won't make things a bit tight for you?" If the loser was cheerful—"Oh, it's no matter. Fact is, I'm a bit flush just now. The rents have come in from my country holdings, you know"—a check would soon take a considerable nick in those rents.

Saward himself invariably lost at the gambling tables, but he found his new avocation a useful method of recouping. No winner, scooping up a big pot, ever suspected that the charming little man across the table, who had lost so gracefully, was thinking to himself: "You won't have that long, you old buzzard."

Jim the Penman's depredations became so huge that London's bankers took alarm. They formed a Committee for Protection from Forgeries and Frauds, and appointed a young solicitor named William Mullens as its director.

A lesser crook might have taken thought and laid low. Not cocky little James Townshend Saward. Knowing Mullens as a conspicuously upright fellow, he automatically disliked him. So he planned an outrageously bold gambit.

The Penman made out a check for $100, properly signed with his own name. He gave it to Hardwicke to turn over to Anderson for cashing. Anderson, who knew nothing of Saward, assumed this check was as phony as the others and put it through his messenger routine. Not unnaturally, the bank accepted the check and paid out the money.

When it was returned canceled, Saward raised an outcry that could be heard from one end of London to the other. The check was a blatant forgery, he cried. The signature was not his. Since it was a small check, the bank meekly accepted the protest of a valued client and credited his account for the $100.

Now Saward hustled off to see Mullens. "This is going too far, Mullens," he said indignantly. "This forger must be stopped. He could victimize the whole of London for all the effectiveness of your little committee." Saward nearly pounded on Mullens' desk. "Just what is being done about this outrageous situation?" he demanded.

Mullens shrugged helplessly. "The forger is a phantom. We've let it be known in the underworld that rewards would be paid for information about him, but we have not yet had a clue. The trouble is, his signatures are so perfectly made that the average bank teller has no reason to question the checks. We can't have the tellers questioning every check presented—that would hopelessly disrupt London's banking."

Saward pursed his lips and nodded sympathetically. He seemed to think for a moment.

"The situation is that bad, is it?" he said. "Look here, Mullens, let me join your committee and make a little contribution of $100. Just tell me how the committee's work is going, and if I can be of any help to you, feel free to call on me."

Thus securely lodged in the confidence of the committee dedicated to catching him, Saward saw no need to curtail his activities. In fact, he pursued them with new zest. Enjoying an income of $70,000 a year—the equivalent of $300,000 tax-free dollars today—Saward bought a comfortable home named Villa House, near Walworth Common in London, and hired a large staff of discreet servants. Tiring of one-night female stands, he set up two mistresses—to be content with only one would have seemed a reproach to a man of Saward's virility—in expensive establishments. Sometimes he visited both in the same evening, and he kept them content as house cats with lavish gifts of clothes and jewelry. Dangling a particularly handsome necklace, to protestations of delight, he might explain negligently, "It's nothing really—I took it for a gambling debt from an old whist partner of mine"—which in a sense was often true.

By 1840 Saward had rounded out nine years of a safe, uninterrupted operation during which he diddled banks out of $750,000. Mullens' committee had been able to learn that the man they were after was called Jim the Penman by the

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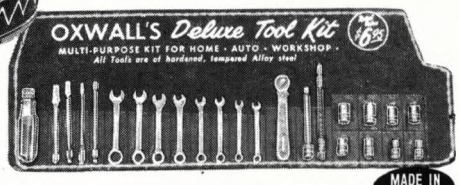

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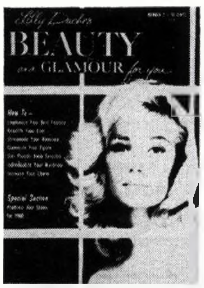

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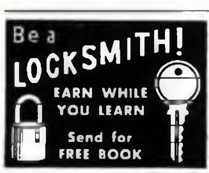

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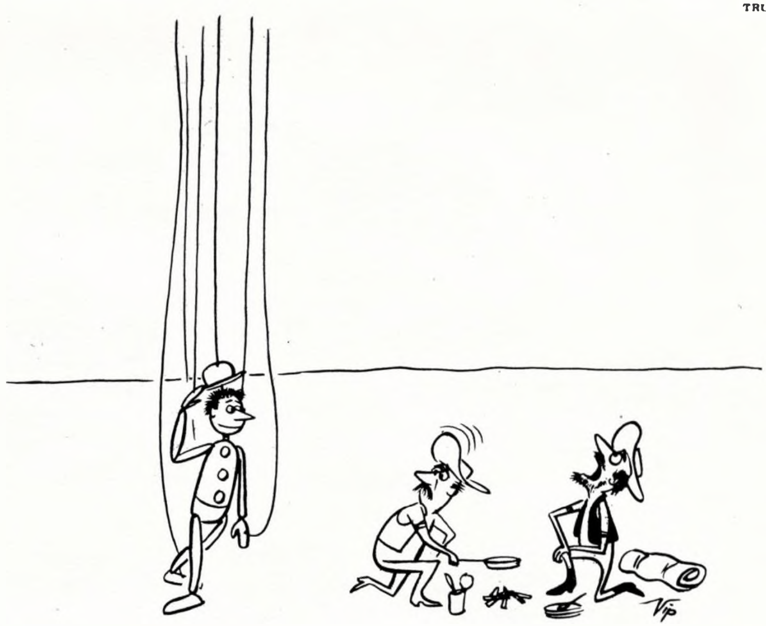

"You know, Ed—sometimes I think there really *is* someone up there."

underworld, but that was all they knew. Mullens himself was getting prematurely lined, gray and haggard in his unending search for the elusive forger. Yet he hadn't a clue.

Supremely self-confident, Saward now decided to reward himself with a long overdue boost upward in his official profession. He would become a barrister.

Barristers are the higher class of lawyers in the English judicial system. They rate the rank of esquire, which means a member of the gentry just below a knight. Mere solicitors have to hire barristers to plead their cases, and all British judges are selected from their ranks.

The distinguished solicitor Saward had no difficulty with the promotion. He was proposed by two eminent barristers, passed the difficult classical examination, and on November 28, 1840, became Barrister James Townshend Saward, Esquire, of 4 Inner Temple, London.

But only a week later Saward felt a twinge of uneasiness. Two bank tellers had challenged checks in the same week. This had never happened before, and the lawyer took the warning seriously. He told Hardwicke to take a vacation while he did some thinking, and to pass the word to Anderson.

Hardwicke went up to Brighton, England's bawdiest resort city. Sailing out on a grand toot, he lost all the caution Saward had instilled in him. He bought some stolen gold plate from a drinking pal, and was arrested two days later. Sobering up in the Brighton gaol, he began to entertain disloyal thoughts: maybe if he talked about Jim the Penman, things might go easier in court.

He banged on the iron cell door with his metal cup until the turnkey ambled over. "Tell the public prosecutor that I have information about Jim the Penman," he announced.

In London, Saward heard of Hardwicke's arrest and instantly recognized that he faced a crisis. Acting swiftly, he took Hardwicke's original confession out of his strong box and rushed for the next train to Brighton.

As he was admitted to the gaol he saw a pompous figure only a few steps ahead of him, walking rapidly toward a cell. He heard the man demand, "Now, what is this about Jim the Penman? If you're wasting my time. Hardwicke . . ."

Hardwicke's fat lips had opened to spill the incredible story when he spotted the head of his short, blazing-eyed chief coming around the public prosecutor's shoulder. Saward silently held up the confession—in which Hardwicke had admitted to murder. The old fence recognized the paper instantly, and his jaw dropped.

"I never heard of Jim the Penman," he mumbled to the prosecutor dully. "I want to talk to my lawyer."

When the furious official left, Saward was admitted to the cell.

"You were tempted, weren't you, Bill?" he began gently.

Hardwicke nodded dumbly.

"Now why," Saward went on, "should an intelligent man like Bill Hardwicke want to get himself hanged? Tell me that. This way, the most he'll get for his foolishness is perhaps seven to ten years' transportation to Australia. From what I hear, a man who goes there with a few thousand pounds can do right comfortably for himself. Isn't that better than being hanged? Or," he concluded harshly, "than being stabbed to death for peaching on your friends?"

Hardwicke got the idea. Shortly he stood trial, and was found guilty and sent to Australia. And he said never another word about Jim the Penman.

By this time Saward felt he, too, needed a vacation. Since he had begun

on his joint career of forgery and philandering he had worked his way through every London bank and enjoyed the pleasures of just about all of London's prettier doxies. Yet the world was wide and vast. He ought to see more of it.

Thoughts of foreign travel naturally brought him to another kind of bank paper—letters of credit.

For centuries, even then, these had been used by the world's bankers to enable clients to travel abroad without carrying gold. Each letter indicated that the bearer had already turned over to the issuing bank the amount stipulated. At every foreign bank where the letter was honored, the cashier rubber-stamped it and marked how much had been drawn against it there by the holder.

With Hardwicke gone, Saward now had to reveal himself for the first time to Anderson. He sent him to Liverpool with forged references to buy a $10,000 letter of credit from a bank there. With a few flicks of his skillful pen, Saward then transformed the value of the $10,000 letter into $100,000. Having thus provided himself with ample funds, he set out across the Atlantic as Capt. John Bevan. After a visit to the United States, he proceeded on around the world in leisurely stages, drawing money on the letter as he found convenient.

Mail went by sailing clipper and horse cart in those days. By the time the Liverpool bank learned of all the sums drawn against their letter, Saward was back in London—wealthier by $75,000 after deducting his travel and living expenses.

As barrister Saward again, he announced that he felt greatly refreshed after spending a year at his country place, and that he was ready to resume practice. Of the new cases that shortly came his way he handled several brilliantly in Old Bailey, and his reputation grew.

As Jim the Penman, however, he decided to lie low until he had sized up what changes had taken place in the check-forging business. It was soon apparent that the old racket was not what it was. London's businessmen were using all kinds of unfair tricks to deceive a hard-working forger: signing their names in different-colored inks on different days, signing with an upward slant one month, a downward slant the next. Saward concluded that he would have to find a new class of victim.

One day, gazing out the window of his chambers at the Inner Temple, he spotted his old antagonist, solicitor Mullens, plodding down the walk. The sight brought him a flash of pure inspiration—his next targets would be his fellow lawyers.

Saward set to work. Anderson now took Hardwicke's place as the trusted intermediary to let the underworld know whose blank checks Jim the Penman was interested in. For the "sender," Saward decided on a professional thief named Henry Atwell. As usual, the lawyer took the precaution of extracting from Atwell a written confession of his crimes before he took him on.

With Saward's peculiar delight in making life miserable for the righteous, there was only one possible choice for the first victim: Mullens himself. Atwell was sent

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to break into the solicitor's office and remove a check. So skillfully was the visit made that Mullens never suspected it.

Next, Anderson was sent to Bristol under the name of Hunter. He took a room at a good hotel and wrote Mullens requesting his professional services. Hunter, it seemed, held an IOU for $150 from a London resident named Wilson, and he wanted Mullens to write a stern legal letter threatening court action unless Wilson paid up. Mullens duly wrote to Wilson—who was Atwell, of course—and got a quick reply. "Wilson" begged for a few days to round up the money, but within a week he sent it to Mullens.

Having earned his $25 fee with a single letter, Mullens was happy to send his unknown client in Bristol, Mr. Hunter, the remaining $125. By check.

Anderson then brought Mullens' as yet uncashed check back to London, where Saward briskly copied off the signature and made the stolen blank out for $1,000.

When Mullens learned he was the latest victim of the elusive penman, he aged visibly. But he had no reason to connect the incident with the minor collection he had made for a man named Hunter in Bristol. Once the word got around, Saward unctuously extended his condolences.

The penman was delighted with himself. Having worked his gimmick on the man dedicated to catching him, he had no hesitation in trying it on less cautious solicitors. A fine lot of IOU's thereafter were painlessly collected by London's lawyers. When Saward was done with them, each collection cost the solicitor about $1,000 on the average.

The years went pleasantly with few alarms. Barrister Saward's reputation was firmly maintained by regular and usually successful appearances in court, and Jim the Penman's standing was absolutely tops—if that's the word—amongst the apoplectic lawyers.

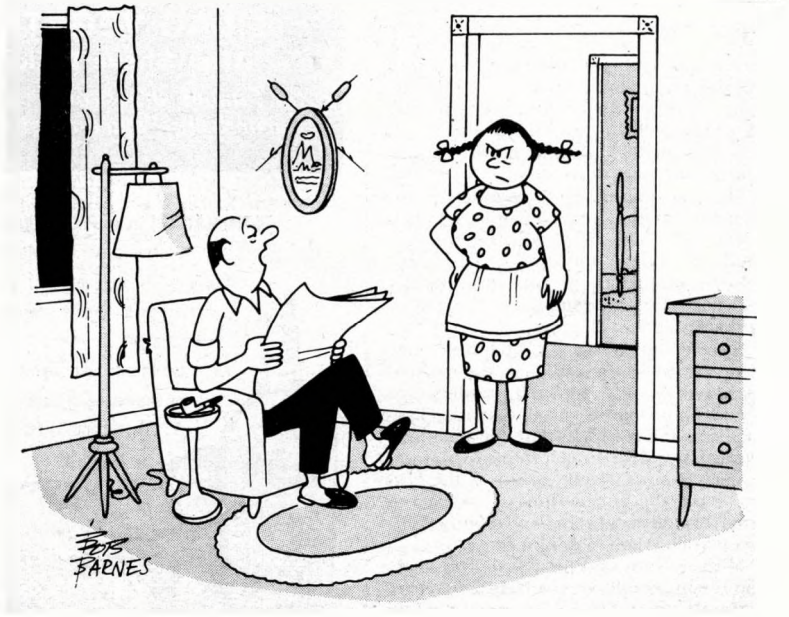
But early in 1850 Saward got another twinge of warning. Coming back to his ground-floor offices one evening for a little session of profitable penmanship, he saw someone leap out the window and make off. Was it an ordinary sneak thief? Or someone after the $5,000 reward offered by the bankers' protective committee? Saward dutifully reported it, but concluded that it was time for another vacation. Naturally he expected the bankers to finance this one, too.

Under Mullens' prodding, however, the banks had made their letters of credit much more difficult to tamper with. The documents were printed on distinctive paper watermarked to maximum value. A letter for $4,000 would be written on paper marked "Under $5,000"; a letter for $7,000, on paper marked "Under $7,500." Until Saward resumed his study of the letters, the system, if it did not entirely prevent losses, at least greatly limited them.

It took more than a system to daunt Jim the Penman. As barrister Saward, he bought a minor letter of credit for $500 ostensibly to finance a short trip to the Continent. For weeks he experimented on the paper until he found a way to make the changes needed. In the process he ruined the letter of credit, and with typical brashness demanded a refund from the bank. The letter had been burned, he said. The bank paid.

Now he sent Anderson to a Birmingham bank to buy, under a phony name, a letter of credit for $4,750, which was watermarked "Under $5,000." It took Saward 10 days of skillful work before he was able to raise the amount of the letter to $47,500, with the watermark appropriately changed to "Under $50,000." Thus equipped, he took passage for New York and there settled at the fashionable Astor Hotel.

One morning as he was admiring New York's City Hall, he was gently jostled



"No, I can't say you look any younger today. Why do you ask?"

by a passer-by. Years of intimate legal experience with London's underworld alerted Saward; he knew his pocket had been picked. When a clap of his hand told him that only his checkbook had been taken, he shadowed the pickpocket and saw him drop the book into the lap of a tall, beetle-browed young man sitting at a table in a nearby tavern.

Saward ordered a drink. Anyone who was interested more in checkbooks than in wallets was obviously in a similar line of work. After a few minutes he took his drink to the stranger's table.

"Would you like a signature to go with those checks?" he asked with a smile.

The stranger rose hurriedly. Saward put his hand gently on the man's shoulder. "Stay a bit. I'm a friend," he said.

After several drinks the stranger loosened up. He was Edward Agar, a young Englishman temporarily in New York. He admitted he was handy at converting checks into valuable pieces of paper.

Something about the young man attracted Saward, and he urged Agar to look him up when he returned to London. It was the biggest mistake Saward ever made.

For when the lawyer got back to London late in 1851, Agar was there waiting for him. Saward put him to work at once, and for quite a while everything went well. Hardwicke turned up, back from Australia after serving his time, and Saward quickly made $8,500 by filling in several blank bills of exchange the former fence had brought with him.

But if Hardwicke and Anderson remained content, Agar, young and ambitious, did not. After three years of prosperity under the penman's direction, he began to get restless. Late in 1854 he went to Saward with a scheme of his own which he realized needed Saward's organizational genius. Agar proposed to highjack the South Eastern express, a train which weekly carried large consignments of gold from London to Dover, where the gold was transferred to a boat for Calais, en route to Paris. His scheme revolved around one Bill Pierce, a bookie who had once worked for the railway and who had a pal named Burgess still on the London-Dover run.

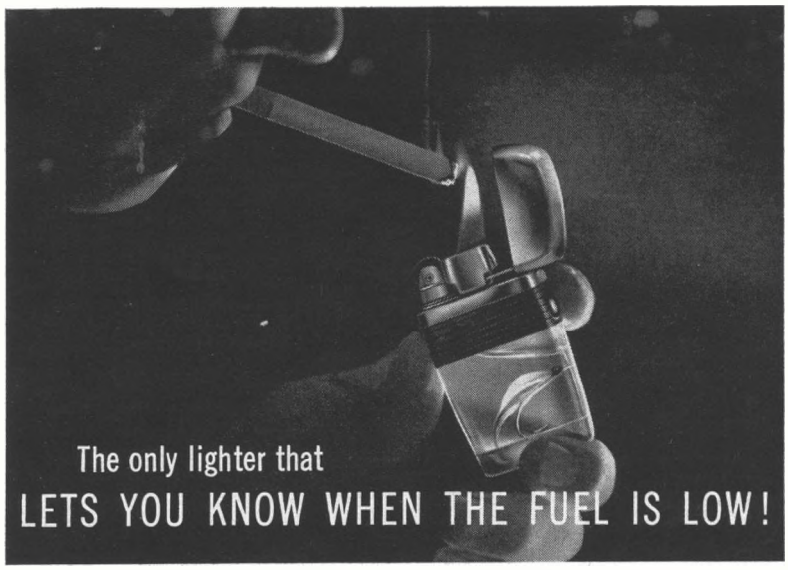
Saward was appalled. Agar's plan had more holes than a fish net, and Agar in jail would be a mortal threat to barrister Saward—since Saward had never been able to get a confession out of him to use as a gag.

Reluctantly the lawyer agreed to work out the details and dispose of the loot, in exchange for $2 an ounce of the gold stolen.

"I think you will see, my boy, that I am not being greedy in my demands. In fact, their modesty overwhelms me," he told Agar. "I have taken this much trouble only because I know that without me, you and your friends will land in quod. What I really want from you in return is your solemn promise that this will be your last independent venture."

Although nettled by Saward's patronizing air, Agar promised.

That was a black day for Saward. If he had stuck to forgery, he might have died a respected man.



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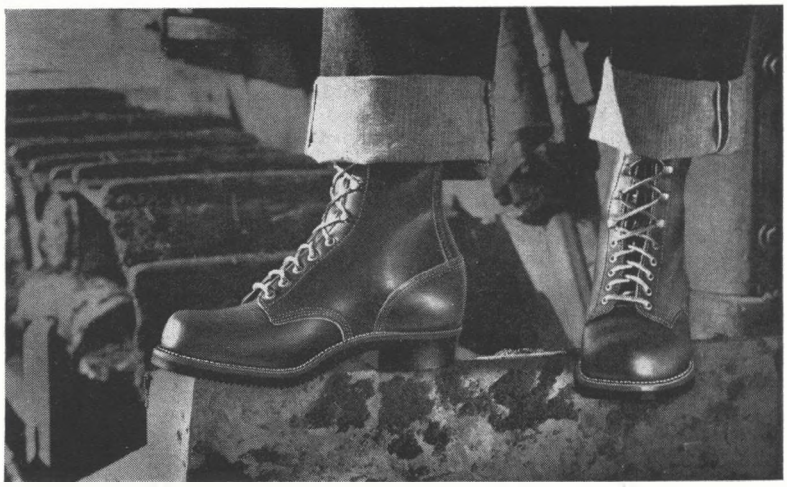

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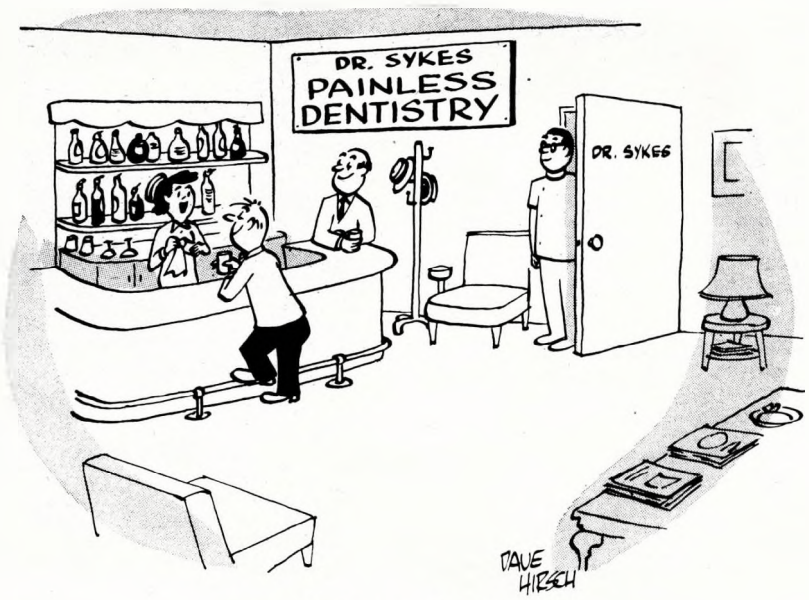

"You're next, Mr. Dobbs."

Now, at Saward's direction and with Burgess' help, the conspirators were able to get wax impressions of the keys the railroad used for its gold safes. Saward had Agar get 200 pounds of shot, so that when the gold was removed an equal weight would be left in its place. Why only 200 pounds? Saward had figured that as the maximum weight the men could safely carry during their getaway. Even this limited amount of gold, however, was worth a tidy $65,000.

On the night of May 15, 1855, Agar and Pierce bought two first-class tickets for Dover. They carried two large carpet bags loaded with the shot. Just before the train pulled out of the London station, Burgess opened the baggage car and let Agar and Pierce in. They opened the safes and took out four bars of gold and several hundred American gold coins. Then they replaced the weight with bags of shot and resealed the boxes with sealing wax and dies that Saward had prepared. At 11 that night they reached Dover, carried their gold out in the carpet bags, and went to a hotel for supper. By 2 a.m. they were on a train heading back to London.

Since the robbery would not be detected until late that afternoon in Paris, Saward was able to get the American gold coins changed into French napoleons and to sell one of the gold bars for Bank of England currency through a gold dealer he had once defended on a charge of receiving stolen property. After the news of the theft broke, Saward told Agar and Pierce to melt down the remaining gold bars into smaller ingots. These he sold the same way.

The caper had apparently gone off perfectly, and Saward relaxed in the thought that the danger was past. But he had reckoned without Agar. That eager deceiver, with his $30,000 share burning his britches, began living it up with a woman named Fanny Kay. The more he drank, the more Fanny told him how wonderful he was; the more she told him, the more he lapped it up. The hell with Saward: he didn't need the lawyer any more. He would forge and pass his own checks from now on.

He tried. But the first time out, he got nipped with a $3,500 check which a suspicious bank teller wouldn't pay. Agar was convicted and sentenced to Australia.

While he was still in prison awaiting his long boat ride, Agar wrote Pierce and told him where he had hidden his swag. He asked Pierce to dig it up and see to it that Fanny Kay and the child she was carrying were taken care of. Pierce dug it up, all right, then gave Fanny a few pounds out of what he called "his bountiful charity" and proceeded on a spending spree of his own. Meanwhile, poor Fanny kept getting letters from Agar telling her what to do with the large sum she was getting from Pierce. Fanny was no dope; there was something fishy here. She went to the governor of the prison and told her suspicions.

When Agar found out how much the police knew, he spilled the rest, including the interesting fact that the gold had been disposed of by a barrister named Saward. The newspapers reported this item, and Jim Saward then knew that his incredibly long run of luck was racing to a dead stop.

Unhappily, there wasn't much he could do about it. That very week Saward had dropped $100,000 in a railway bond speculation, and he was fresh out of ready cash. He couldn't get out of England no matter how much he wanted to. Since he had no choice, he stuck it out. When detectives came and questioned him politely, he indignantly protested that he knew nothing about any gold or a man named Agar. After all, it was only a thief's word against his, he pointed out.

But he was a marked man from then

on. Mullens, the dogged agent of the bankers' protective committee, now started going back into Saward's history, looking for sources of the barrister's large income.

In his desperation, Saward's cool judgment deserted him. He tried to bring off one last check operation with Anderson and Hardwicke, in the hope of raising getaway money. But his own panic seemed to be infectious. On a foul November day in 1856, his two accomplices pulled a boner in trying to cash the check, which was drawn on a rural bank. They holed up in a country hotel and awaited word from Saward. He sent them detailed instructions and signed the letter, as usual, "J." Before they could act on Saward's orders they were nabbed, and the police found the letter.

Now, after a 25-year search, Mullens knew he had his man. The "J" could only stand for Jim—Jim the Penman. Comparing the handwriting with another letter written by Saward, Mullens realized that at long last he had the identity of the most sought-after criminal in England's history.

On December 26, 1856, James Townshend Saward, Esquire, was arrested in a small coffee house off Oxford Street, London.

At his trial the following March 5, at Old Bailey, Saward made a concession to the anguished pleas of his well-placed relatives—two of them prominent judges—and described himself as a laborer rather than a barrister. But everyone knew who he really was.

Saward offered no defense. As an experienced barrister, he knew how hopeless the situation was, with Anderson, Hardwicke and Agar testifying against him. The jury was out only five minutes before it returned with a verdict of guilty.

Glaring down at Saward, the judge, Sir Jonathan Frederick Pollock, declared, "There is no case in the history of criminal justice more formidable than yours." He sentenced Saward to a penal colony in Australia for the rest of his natural life.

As Mullens turned to go, after witnessing the degradation of the man who had so often humiliated him, he paused at the dock where Saward stood.

"I am sorry that it had to come to this," he said softly. "For old times' sake, is there anything I can do to make things a little easier?"

Jaunty as ever, Saward looked up and smiled.

"Why, yes, there is, Mullens," he said. "Please don't tell your banker friends in Australia I'm coming."

—Murray Teigh Bloom & A. T. Baker

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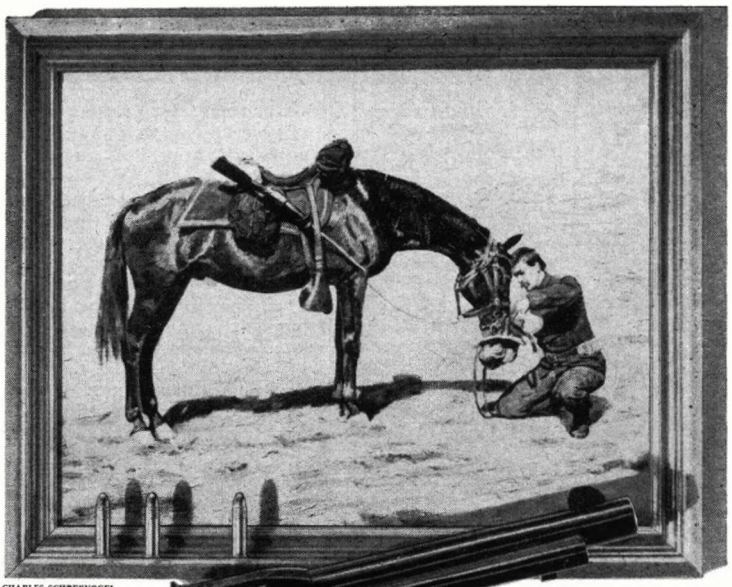
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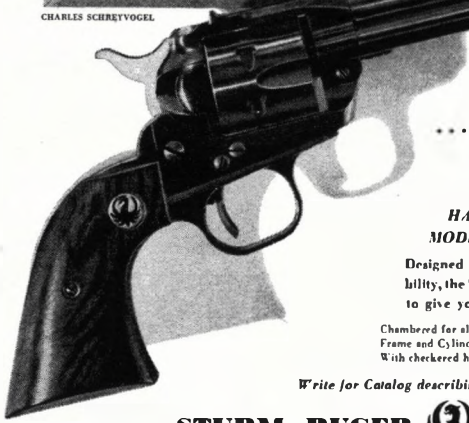

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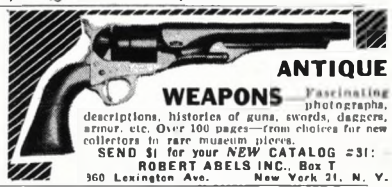

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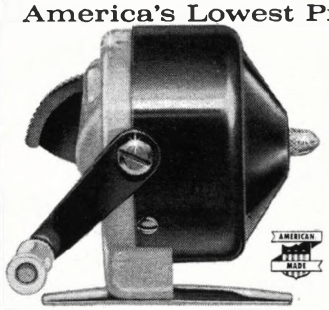

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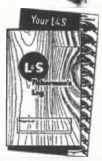

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Vendetta in the Desert

[*Continued from page 33*]

German pig, or an Italian wop, it means trouble. Only in that way can the mixture of nationalities work together in the Legion.

"I will give you an example," Leuba said, "of the kind of comradeship one finds in the Legion, comradeship to the death. It will complicate your story, I fear, but it will teach you a great deal. I will not give you the details myself, but I will confirm whatever you wish to know afterwards. There is a reason for this. I, as an officer, have no right to ask any Legionnaire questions about his private life, why he enlisted, or what his real name is. He can simply reply *'Vie privée,'* and we shut up. But you may ask. Take the military convoy tonight into Constantine. Go to a bar called the Belle Aurore which stands at the edge of the Casbah. Ask for a Legionnaire called 'le Juif.' He will be there. I signed his furlough papers myself yesterday, and I know . . ."

Of all the ancient places of the world, the walled city of Constantine must be my favorite. It is always bright with French military uniforms and noisy with the staccato chatter of Arabs; it stands high and proud on a plateau, overlooking vast, fertile plains which come into sharp focus under the sun. I love its strained, embattled gaiety and the air of menace in its narrow alleys. Le Juif was not hard to meet, and after a few drinks we settled in a booth to eat. The word *Juif* is French for "Jew," but it was his nickname in the Legion, uttered without any anti-Semitic nonsense. He was a small, hard corporal, about 35, carrying a colorful assortment of campaign ribbons and a Croix de Guerre. Nobody, I had learned, knew what he was doing in the Legion, but the officers I had talked to assumed, on the basis of his military skill and cold ruthlessness in combat, that he had an Israeli Army background and had somewhere along the road strayed from his path. At any rate, from his sensitive manner and careful choice of words, spoken in excellent French, he was evidently an educated man. He was relaxed tonight. His battle blouse was open, his shirt collar unbuttoned, and his dark-green Legion tie tugged loose. Even so, with his precise mustache, he gave an impression of trimness and, though he smiled freely, of sadness as well.

Marie came over to watch us eat. She sat down, put her arms round le Juif, and kissed him loudly, leaving a bright whorl of orange lipstick on his sallow cheek. "Lobster," she exclaimed admiringly. "And prosciutto and melon. That is what I like about Legionnaires. They know how to eat."

She listened for a moment to our conversation and her face darkened. She was of a third- or fourth-generation French family in Algeria, but there was Arab blood in her.

"You are talking of Werner Schneider again," she said apprehensively. "Why don't you change the record sometimes? When le Juif gets on this subject I hate him. Schneider was the worst *salaud* who ever joined the Foreign Legion."

Le Juif smiled. "Everybody says that. It is almost a label. Schneider-the-world's-worst-Legionnaire rolls out like one word, as you Americans say 'damn Yankee.'"

"Some Americans. Not all," I protested.

"I'll tell you about Schneider, *monsieur*," said Marie, leaning so deeply over the table that concentration was difficult. "He was a Nazi, an SS man. There were plenty of them in the Legion after the war, when they joined to escape prison camps, but this one was the worst of all. He had the SS emblem tattooed under his armpit, and he was proud of it. The officers hated him. The other Legionnaires, especially the Germans, were frightened of him. When le Juif turned up in the Legion, Schneider, of course, singled him out immediately . . ."

Across the restaurant the proprietor called, "Marie! Come to the bar and serve."

"I'll be back," she said, and left. We were sorry to see her go. During this period the Arabs had developed a habit

In a little Algerian café Author Bocca, right, learned the story of the vendetta from Marie, the barmaid, a Foreign Legion officer, and, left, Le Juif himself.

of tossing bombs into cafés, and had frightened most of the pretty girls out of the city.

"She exaggerates, of course," said le Juif, "like all women. But it is true that the other fellows expected trouble between Schneider and me. All I shall say about that is that we had a couple of skirmishes, once with knives, and I suppose we came out about even in the final count. The funny thing was what happened afterwards. Legionnaires are supposed to be used to everything and every background. We once had a priest in our company. But it was a good deal even for a Legionnaire to swallow when the most unreconstructed Nazi in the battalion became the comrade of the solitary Jew.

"To understand the strange anomaly of our friendship you must consider that it could only happen in the Foreign Legion. We live apart from the world, like monks. Few of us even receive letters from outside, and external ideologies tend to be forgotten. If I ever remembered that Schneider and his kind had killed millions of my race, I also had to think of the times that we fought side by side in various operations against the Fellagha up in the mountains, and that he saved my life there.

"I was also sorry for Schneider. He was so alone in the world. His heart was bruised with hatreds, because he felt he was rejected. He hated the Americans, the Russians, the British. He hated what he called 'bad' Germans, which seemed to be every German except himself. He detested the French, and hated the Legion. After our first tangles he followed me around like Mary and her little lamb, talking about his troubles. I think he liked me because I did not bite, and perhaps because I represented a tradition beyond his understanding. He was incapable of reasoned judgment. He had either to hate or to love, and since he was not able to hate me he loved me, if you see what I mean."

I knew what he meant. At least I think so.

"He had one treasured possession, a Nazi swastika in gold which hung round his neck. He hid it from the officers and the *sous-officiers* because its discovery would have meant punishment. He hid it from me because he didn't want to hurt my feelings, but alone, I saw him handle it like a rosary.

"Against France, Schneider fought a private war of his own. He saluted the tricolor with an insulting exaggeration of manner. Before the officers, no man stood more stiffly to attention, or saluted more impeccably. *Oui, mon capitaine. Non, mon capitaine. A vos ordres, mon capitaine.* Oh, he was magnificent. His mockery was not lost on the officers. He ultimately aroused the enmity of an officer called Captain LeDuc."

"LeDuc," I exclaimed. "I have met LeDuc." I remembered a fat but strong man with a fruity laugh who liked to make speeches. I had met him a fortnight earlier in Biskra, where he had embarrassed me acutely by ordering his men to sing me Legion songs when no one, except LeDuc, was in the mood.

"Did you like him?" le Juif asked.

"No."

"One day," he resumed, "LeDuc turned on Schneider. 'You are an anti-French *salaud*,' he said. 'I am waiting for you to make one mistake. One is enough, and I shall send you to the penal battalion at Colomb Bechar before you can say Heil Hitler.' We all laughed when the captain came out with this, because he looked at us to make sure we appreciated his little joke, and it makes officers happy if we laugh at their pleasantries. As soon as LeDuc had turned his back, Schneider made a kind of salute. You can guess the kind.

"Schneider was a veteran, far too good a soldier to make a mistake, but all the same LeDuc caught him. Schneider was assembling his kit one night for an inspection parade next morning, when he found that one of his green-and-red epaulettes had disappeared. To lose part of one's uniform is a serious offense in the Legion, and it was inconceivable that a soldier of Schneider's experience had simply mislaid it."

From this point onward, le Juif's narrative became somewhat disjointed. Later I pieced it together into a whole by talking to some of the others involved. What happened was this:

Schneider, le Juif and LeDuc were attached to a battalion of the 13th Demi-Brigade, a celebrated Legion outfit which had fought at Narvik in 1940. It was the only Legion division which served throughout World War II with de Gaulle's Free French, for which it alone is entitled to carry the badge of the Cross of Lorraine, de Gaulle's symbol. Afterwards it was in action in Indo-China and at Dien Bien Phu. Now, at the time of the incident of the epaulette, le Juif's battalion was operating in the Aures Mountains and had kept the area quiet. Constant inspections kept the Legionnaires on the mark, but they were bored.

The night before the inspection parade le Juif was lying on his cot reading, when Schneider rushed in, his face almost purple with fury.

"LeDuc has framed me!" he shouted. When he told of the disappearance of his epaulette, le Juif became grave. This meant trouble, the opportunity the officer was looking for. Schneider blurted on. "LeDuc has bribed some miserable little louse in the company to steal it. If I ever find who did it I will break him in pieces."

"What are you going to do?"

The German's face was drawn and tight, like the front of a skull. "I am going to clear out. I am going to quit the Legion."

"You are crazy," said le Juif, swiveling out of his cot. "You won't get 10 kilometers in these mountains. If the Fellagha don't cut you down in two hours, the Legion will catch up with you, and you have seen how they handle deserters. You aren't exactly popular around here. The men will half murder you before they hand you over."

"The only fault with that reasoning," said Schneider, "is that I don't intend to get caught. I'm going to join the Fellagha."

"Now I know you are mad."

"I'm not mad, and don't antagonize me. The French are disgusting. Why don't you join me? You have no reason to love the French. They are as anti-Semitic as the Germans."

Le Juif snorted. "The Fellagha will cut your throat. Or bury you up to your neck and leave you to die. You know as well as I what they do to Legionnaires they capture. With regular French soldiers they have to be careful because they want a political settlement with Paris. But nobody cares what happens to a Legionnaire. We are the scum of the earth."

"They won't do anything to me. I'm a German, and they like the Germans. Besides, I've picked up some Arabic."

"Assuming you are serious . . ."

"Which I am."

"And successful . . ."

"Which I will be."

"You will finish up by firing on your own comrades."

"What comrades? Captain LeDuc? I've got my first bullet marked for him. A rotten bunch of no-good Germans who have sold themselves out to the French? I'll wipe them out with pleasure.

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I might even amuse myself by picking off a Jew I know."

Le Juif let it pass. "If you feel you are being unfairly treated you can make an appeal. I could even do it for you under some circumstances."

Schneider sneered, but le Juif, rising, went on. "Think about it. I'll go out and get us a couple of cans of beer, and we can talk about it some more."

"I'm not going to get you into trouble, too," Schneider called after him. And when le Juif returned, Schneider was gone.

Word of the desertion was flashed to all Legion posts in the area. Border points, airfields and ports were alerted, and local Arabs were offered rewards of 50,000 francs for finding him. The Foreign Legion is extremely sensitive about deserters. There are always men in it who join on impulse, and when they find they have five years ahead to regret it, look for the first chance to escape. In fairness to the service it must be added that more than half the Legionnaires re-enlist when their five years are up.

The days went by, and the weeks, and Schneider was slowly forgotten. What was one deserter among many? Then, one day, his name exploded back into the consciousness of his former comrades when information reached French Intelligence in Algiers that one Werner Schneider was commanding Arab terrorists in the Aures Mountains. Documents captured from ambushed Fellagha showed that he had planned to recruit other Legion deserters into an organization called the Silver Legion, but this had not succeeded. What few Legion deserters had been picked up by the rebels had little stomach for fighting of any kind, least of all against the Foreign Legion, and they had either been sent to the safety of Tunisia and home, or else been dispatched to heaven, according to the mood and temper of the captors.

Among Schneider's old comrades the news was heard with rage. This was considered a personal disgrace, and their mood was grim. The soldiers had a French expression for it, *Ça va barder*. So he wants to play, does he?

Le Juif was summoned to LeDuc's tent and, in front of Intelligence officers from Constantine, grilled severely. He did not feel it necessary to mention his last conversation with Schneider. "What can I say?" he protested. "Schneider was a psychopathic case, and I'm not a psychiatrist. You should talk to the recruiting sergeant at Vincennes, and ask him why he accepted a man like Schneider in the Legion in the first place."

LeDuc's eyes narrowed with dislike. "It's a bad mark against you that you were this swine's comrade," he said. "We French fought with the Israelis at Suez, and this is how you repay friendship, by mating up with a notorious Nazi. Your name had been put up for corporal, but that is out of the question now. In fact, I am putting it to these officers that you be removed from advance outposts like this, and stationed someplace where you can be kept under observation. That's all. *Dégages-toi*."

Le Juif saluted and turned to go. LeDuc called him back. "Watch your step, Juif," he warned, "and keep your nose clean. I know a mutinous look when I see one, and if you try to cross me you will understand what pain and trouble can be. I hate disloyal soldiers, and I didn't join the Legion yesterday."

"Nor I, *mon capitaine*."

But le Juif was not removed, and he continued to go out on patrol. Two weeks later his group, under the command of Lt. Jean-Paul Vautrin, caught it under a hill, cleanly and utterly. The ambush was superbly planned, and under a stream of murderous fire the Legionnaires hit the ground, some to dive and wriggle for cover, others to lie still. Fire and cross fire raked the rocky terrain. The signaller with the walky-talky managed to gasp the word to the base post before he fell dead. Vautrin first tried to organize a ragged reply by the surviving Legionnaires, then ordered a break-out counterattack. Before himself blacking out under the impact of a stunning blow, le Juif saw Vautrin go down.

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He awoke to the pleasing sensation of water trickling over a sandy tongue, and looked up to find the blunt, handsome face of his former comrade bent over him. This was a new Schneider, grinning and cheerful in Arab dress. His swastika, once concealed, now swung at his chest.

"Just a little blood—nothing broken," said Schneider. "Best shot of my life. It glanced off your helmet. I was in a panic for fear I'd killed you."

Le Juif glanced sharply about. He could not have been out very long, for he had not been moved. He could see the silent bodies of some of his patrol, scattered as they had fallen. "Where are the others?" he asked.

"All dead. One or two were still alive when we came down from our positions, but we took care of them. We haven't the facilities for taking prisoners." Schneider drew his thumb abruptly across his throat and laughed. "When I spotted you on that patrol I gave orders to the boys to miss you, but it wasn't easy, with all those bullets flying."

"Very kind of you. How about Vautrin?"

"He's dead, too. A pity. He was *chapeau*, was Vautrin."

Even in his dazed state, le Juif noticed that Schneider continued to talk Legion slang, *chapeau* being a strictly Legion word meaning "first-class" or more closely, "something worth doffing one's hat to."

From over the hill there was a crack of rifle and machine-gun fire, and a helicopter clacked querulously over, black against the hard blue sky. Le Juif heard guttural warnings in Arabic. Schneider glanced up, then looked down.

"Come with me, Juif," he urged. "The Arabs treat us well. I'd like you to be my comrade again."

Le Juif's head throbbed when he shook it. Schneider shrugged and rose to his feet. "All right," he said. "But I cannot guarantee your safety indefinitely. Next time I might not be there."

"LeDuc is right about one thing, Schneider," le Juif shouted after him. "You *are* a sonofabitch."

The German gave a mocking wave and took off. A few minutes later the Legion reinforcements arrived.

At the outpost Captain LeDuc was unburdening himself of several unfriendly sentiments. Le Juif stood in the middle of a ring of Legionnaires, the blood still oozing from his scalp.

"I am beginning to understand," LeDuc said nastily, "why the Jews have lasted so long in this world. Le Juif here shows us how. As the only survivor of his patrol, he is something of an expert on the subject of survival."

There was some hard laughter. Le Juif looked around, but could see no signs of the sympathy which usually shows in Legionnaires' faces when a comrade is being baited by an officer. Faces were hostile, or at best perplexed, and hands rested menacingly on hips.

"Come on, tell us how you did it," LeDuc went on. "Did you wave a white handkerchief, or just show your yellow belly?"

Le Juif shut his teeth hard, and was silent.

Affably LeDuc addressed the other Legionnaires. "Stay close to le Juif when you go out on patrol, lads," he said. "He has friends in the right places. He has Schneider, the honorary Fellagha, to protect him. You and I don't move in such influential circles."

The soldiers laughed again, bitterly. LeDuc turned back to le Juif, his face white, and snapped out, "I'm not going to do anything about this, Juif. I've made my report, and there is nothing more I can do. But I leave a few names with you to engage your attention—Lieutenant Vautrin, Sergeant Schubert, Sidony, Fallaci, O'Hara, Bergmann, Charrier, Woczeyk, Schmidt. Those are just a few of your friends that were alive this morning. Lock them up in your conscience, if you have one."

Le Juif lay on his cot that night watching the smoke from his cigarette spiral lazily up into the draft of the oil lamp. He had eaten his soup alone, and now he lay ignored by the others.

An Englishman, Dovey, walked over and sat on the cot beside him—Dovey told me of this conversation himself. He held out a can of beer, and le Juif accepted it, unspeaking.

"Don't worry, Juif," he said. "The boys are not really angry at you. They just don't know what to make of it. They are shaky from losing all those fellows. And with Lieutenant Vautrin

gone, we have no protection now from LeDuc. Vautrin was one of the best, as you know. But the LeDucs of the world stay alive, while the Vautrins get killed. That's war. Hell, ain't it?"

"Leave me alone, Dovey," said le Juif irritably. "I just want to think. I want to think. I want to get things straight in my mind. I know one thing—I'm damned sick of the Foreign Legion."

"Who isn't? But nobody asked us to join. And would we do any better outside?"

Le Juif drained his beer. His face was pale. "I'm going to take a walk," he said. "I am sick of the stink of soldiers."

The Englishman, picking his teeth thoughtfully, watched him go. Dovey did not say anything to the others, but somehow he was not surprised when le Juif did not come back.

The desertion of le Juif, following the desertion of Schneider and the ambush, caused an uproar throughout all the French military forces in the area. Patrols were thrown out, backed by helicopters and reconnaissance planes, while Captain LeDuc raged around the camp uttering threats that made even Legionnaires wince. At times he collapsed in despair, certain he would be cashiered.

"Schneider and le Juif between them," he lamented, "know the disposition of every Legionnaire, paratrooper, and Tirailleur in these mountains. They know our exact strength and plans. Six months' planning and preparation have been lost. And headquarters will be sure to blame me."

He often looked up into the arid mountains, naked as the mountains on the moon, and cursed, and wondered aloud where the two Legionnaires were. "I pray for one thing," he said, "that the Arabs find him before he finds his pal, Schneider, and kill him good and slowly."

A sense of gloom had settled on the Legionnaires, and morale sank dangerously. Both desertions had been too clean, too neatly done, leaving not a clue behind, so that it seemed some massive, malevolent force kept them under observation, ever ready to whisk some enemy out of their grasp forever. All the more sensational was it, therefore, when this fatalism was upset by electrifying news: le Juif had been recaptured.

Legionnaires streamed out of the post into the nearby village where he had been picked up. Dressed as an Arab and hiding among the rugs in an Arab caravan moving toward Bône, he had been literally uncovered by a Legion scout. Le Juif tried to make a run for it, but was brought down by a flying tackle of Legionnaires and dragged back to the camp. LeDuc greeted him with a right that knocked him flat on his back.

"Get up!" LeDuc yelled. "That is just for a start. And when I have finished with you, I'm going to throw you to the rest of the boys."

For a while le Juif crouched on his hands and knees, dazed, like an animal, and a gush of red fell from his nose into the dust. A Legionnaire kicked him in the ribs to force him back to his feet. Spitting the blood from his mouth, le Juif snarled viciously, "You should think sometimes before you act, *mon brave capitaine*," and from a pocket of his Arab robes he threw something at the officer's feet.

It was a gold swastika.

When I left Algeria they were discussing whether to put the swastika into the museum at Sidi bel-Abbès, the Legion headquarters, but I suspect they won't. Whatever the merit of le Juif's courage, it was balanced by the mere fact of the existence of Werner Schneider, who is not the kind of soldier the Legion cares to have immortalized, even as a villain. But whether they put the swastika in the museum or not, that, I suppose, will be the official end of the matter. What really happened, as Marie and le Juif told me in the little restaurant in Constantine, is far more interesting.

Marie returned to the table after having taken care of her customers. "I hope you have changed the subject from that *miserable* Schneider," she said cheerfully. "What a hero le Juif became after he had gone out into enemy territory and killed him."

"That's the Legion's story, anyway," observed le Juif ironically.

"Why?" I asked. "Isn't it true?"

"No."

"In what respect?"

"I didn't kill Schneider."

"You didn't!"

"No. I intended to, but the Arabs did the job for me. They didn't trust him, so they shot him. I got the swastika from an Arab merchant, who had bought it from one of the killers. All I achieved for the Legion was a little useful reconnaissance."

"How did LeDuc take all this?"

Le Juif and Marie laughed together. "Dreadful humiliation," said le Juif. "He had to pin a medal on my chest. And to cover himself he had to make me more of a hero than I was, and insisted I killed Schneider with my bare hands."

We all laughed. It was time for me to go. "Please give me the *addition*, Marie," I said.

A hand of steel grasped my wrist. "No," said le Juif. "I must pay."

"I insist."

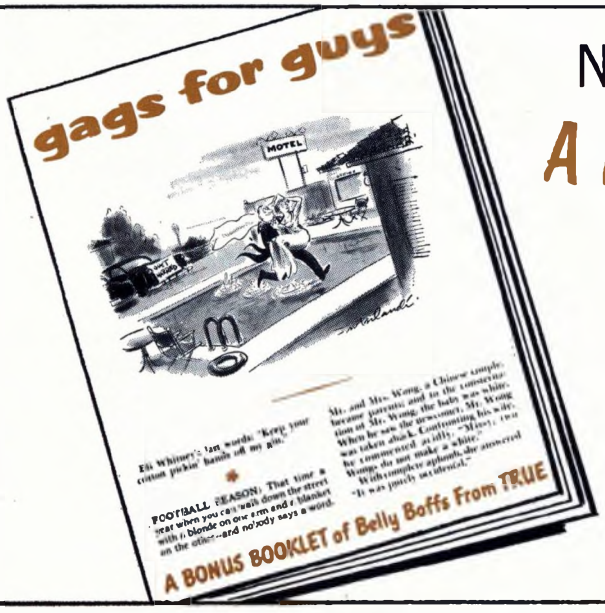
"It's the rule of the Legion. I would lose my corporal's stripe if I let you pay."

"I don't care. I . . ."

At that moment, half a dozen Legionnaires clumped noisily into the restaurant, and I recognized the Cross of Lorraine, of the 13th Demi-Brigade. "There's le Juif!" they shouted.

And so began the party which relegated the story of the Jew and the Nazi into the mists, lightened by a moment of clarity, the gaunt face of the Jew coming close to mine. "I'm glad I didn't kill Schneider," he said. "I'm glad I didn't have the opportunity, because I don't think I could have. I am fond of paradox, too. I liked him . . ."

—**Geoffrey Bocca**



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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Buoyant and tireless, Preston Tucker liked nothing better than an opportunity to show off his eye-catching automobile.

[*Continued from page 57*]

boasted a main building that was the largest in the world under one roof, and there were separate buildings including a power plant, and foundries for iron, aluminum and magnesium.

During the early part of 1946 Tucker concentrated on building up his staff and trying to negotiate some kind of deal to get the Dodge plant.

Rockelman became vice president and director of sales, and did a magnificent job of organizing the sales department. Pierce was a vice president and treasurer, later resigning but continuing to serve as consultant to Tucker: Pierce didn't need the money and didn't want the responsibilities of the job. Rausch started as vice president in charge of manufacturing, but resigned before arrangements were completed for the stock issue.

An old friend who joined Tucker in the new venture was Max Garavito, a Columbian who had his own export-import business in New York. Garavito organized the Tucker Export Corporation, using his own sales force and offices in New York.

Nobody will ever know how Tucker kept scraping up money for constantly increasing expenses, but he did. During most of 1946 and the early part of 1947, Tucker's Ypsilanti company furnished most of the money to keep the deal rolling until funds were available from sale of franchises. Dan Leabu, who was then plant manager at Ypsilanti, said their entire profits were sent to Chicago.

"We must have made more than $100,000 in less than two years, and we sent them every dollar we could spare," Leabu said.

While $100,000 was big money for Tucker, who was no millionaire, it wasn't even a start for organizing a company to build automobiles. As the months went by it became more and more evident that he couldn't get private financing without sacrificing control. Without exception, the men or groups able to underwrite the deal demanded complete control and Tucker, at this stage, wasn't ready to turn control over to a bunch of bankers. This meant his only alternative was a stock issue.

But in this his luck was still holding. He already had met Floyd D. Cerf, an investment banker on La Salle Street, who told him that he could handle a stock issue "as soon as you have a semblance of an automobile and a plant to build it in."

It looked like a tough assignment, but Tucker never had the least doubt that he would make it. If anybody questioned his ability he could point to the men around him, and to the tremendous public response before he even had a model of the car.

Tucker worked steadily through the early months of 1946, but as Memorial Day came closer he began to get restless. The reason was simple: there was nothing important enough to keep him away from Indianapolis, where he hadn't missed a race in years. Talking about it one day, he got the idea that a win at the famous "500" would climax his buildup for the two biggest hurdles ahead—getting the Dodge plant and putting over a stock issue.

Most of his associates were against the idea on grounds that the odds were too long, but since Tucker was paying for it there wasn't much argument. George Barringer of Indianapolis, a contender in five Speedway battles, had one of the six rear-engine racing cars that Harry Miller had built for the Gulf Oil Corporation, so Tucker bought the car and hired Barringer to drive it.

Entered as the "Tucker Torpedo Special," it had many of the features Tucker planned for his passenger car, including an aluminum head and block cast in a single unit, individual wheel suspension and hydraulic disc brakes. The engine was a straight six with a supercharger, and was the only one entered that used ordinary gasoline. It had 275 horsepower and had been clocked at 180 miles an hour in trial runs on the salt flats at Bonneville, Utah.

Barringer qualified easily and drove the Special at a terrific pace for 26 laps, when he was forced out by gear trouble. It was too tough a job to tackle in a pit stop, so for him and Tucker the race was over.

Tucker was popular around the Speedway and when his entry lost, the press gave him a break, either ignoring the car's failure or mentioning that it was forced out of the race without adding any great detail.

Tucker was playing for long odds, too, in setting his sights on the Dodge plant. He had been negotiating with War Assets since January when the plant was advertised for sale, and after innumerable trips and conferences he submitted a proposal with a check for $25,000. About the first of July he received a "letter of intent" accepting the bid and setting up a schedule for future payments of $150,000 a month beginning in August.

After it became apparent that it would take War Assets months to inventory the plant and equipment, a new lease agreement was reached cancelling the monthly payments, and contingent on Tucker's having at least $15 million capital by March 1 of the following year. Until that time he could use whatever space was available to build pilot models and mockups.

About the middle of July we moved in, an absurdly small group to tackle so big a job. There wasn't even a receptionist yet but men and women lined up at the front entrance looking for work. Mail came by truck loads and telephone operators were swamped with calls from people who wanted jobs, some who wanted to be dealers and others who were plain curious.

Less than seven months after Tucker announced his new automobile we were set up in the biggest manufacturing plant in the world, and all we had to do was raise $20 or $30 million and build an automobile. That did not phase Tucker in the least; he was confident that he was on the road to big success.

It was inevitable that an operation with the glamor and possibilities of the Tucker deal would attract a lot of characters, five-per-centers and opportunists who saw a chance for a fast buck.

Screwballs and phonies had only to sniff the air when they would flutter their wings, check their gas and oil gauges and, with unerring instinct, head straight for Tucker. They came so fast there wasn't time to sort them out. For every legitimate operator who managed to reach Tucker there must have been 20 oddballs, each with connections or deals that would solve all his problems.

There was lots of equipment stored in the huge Dodge plant when we moved in, including typewriters, mimeographs, adding machines and office furniture, but there still wasn't any money except what Tucker could scrape up by borrowing and making deals for his own block of "founder's stock," the value of which was still hypothetical.

But people staked out office space and went to work. There wasn't much engineering yet as space hadn't been cleared for working areas, and if there had been there wasn't enough money to set it up. It was the need for immediate money which inspired the Franchise Program.

Selling franchises wasn't new and Tucker didn't invent it, but he was the first to make it a big operation with promise of raising enough money to get started. Altogether there were 33 new companies launched after the war to build automobiles. Some of the new companies sold franchises, which may have given Tucker the idea.

Wherever he got it, Tucker was the only one in the organiza-

tion who believed it would work. And he was the only one of all the newcomers who built up a franchise operation into the big money bracket, enough to make an actual start on design and production. Altogether approximately $6 million was raised through sale of franchises.

Interest in foreign countries had been tremendous since the car was first announced, so headquarters for this part of the program were set up in New York, where Max Garavito was the natural man to head it, as he was already well established in the export business and had contacts all over the world.

In September, when the franchise program was off to a good start, the Securities & Exchange Commission moved in with what they called an "informal investigation," launching a series of investigations that continued with hardly a break, if any, over the next three years. While there had been no stock issue yet, and theoretically at least SEC wasn't even involved, the Chicago SEC office said "franchise agreements then being entered into constituted a security within the meaning of the Act."

Although this was an unexpected snag that caught them at a critical time, Tucker and the sales department didn't argue, and made every effort to get along with SEC without discontinuing the program entirely. Lawyers for Tucker and SEC haggled for months trying to reach an agreement.

Finally a new plan was worked out under which the buyer of a franchise didn't stand the ghost of a chance of ever getting his money back unless the company got into heavy production. While this may have scared some of the dealers out, it apparently was satisfactory to SEC.

And what this meant in simple English was that dealers who bought franchises were putting their money in a crap game, and that is exactly what many of them were told.

The new contract called for payment of $20 per car over a two-year period, with half the amount in cash and the balance in notes, payable at the end of a twelve-month period. SEC approved the new arrangement as in no way constituting the sale of securities, its first objection, and got Tucker off the hook for immediate money when it spelled out the terms:

That "the monies received would not be refundable under any circumstances but would be used by the corporation forthwith for general corporate purposes."

While Tucker had high hopes for raising enough capital to get started through the franchise program, he realized he would need a lot of money after he finally got formal possession of the plant next March 1. With a firm lease already in his possession, contingent only on having $15 million capital by that date, Tucker met with Cerf again and they signed an underwriting agreement September 30. Two days later Cerf announced a $20 million issue of common stock would be offered as soon as it could be cleared with SEC.

With the underwriting agreement signed and the franchise program going strong again, Tucker was ready for the next step: developing a prototype automobile which, under his agreement with Cerf, was to be completed before the stock was sold.

Raising initial capital through sale of franchises was one of the boldest and most successful bootstrap operations in industrial history, but it could not be said that Tucker conned the dealers. They were in a king size crap game, and most of them knew it. But the prototype was going to have to wait, and the franchise program and financing. It was a "Directive" that hit Tucker square below the belt before the new franchise plan was even well under way, and arrangements for the stock offering had just been completed.

The first rumble came about two days before the Directive became headlines, when information came over the grapevine that "Somebody is trying to take the Dodge plant away from you."

Most of the Tucker crowd didn't take the threat seriously, thinking it was too fantastic, and one of his public relations advisers told him, "This is a political fight. You stay out of it." Tucker thought otherwise, and he and I grabbed a train to Washington. By the time we got there Tucker was in the headlines again and newsboys were shouting:

"Read all abaht it—Wyatt takes Tucker plant!"

On out-of-town newsstands were Chicago papers, and a crimson streamer on the *Herald American* dated October 28 said: "TUCKER LOSES DODGE PLANT."

In Chicago there were two immediate results: sale of franchises fell to a dribble and Cerf stopped lining up houses to handle the stock issue. There was no percentage buying franchises for a car that didn't even have a plant, and trying to sell the stock with the plant gone would be impossible.

The picture was even blacker in Washington. The Directive was issued by Wilson Wyatt, head of the National Housing Agency, and it ordered War Assets to cancel Tucker's lease and turn the plant over to the Lustron Corporation of Chicago to build pre-fabricated houses; Lustron planned to make sheet steel sections coated with baked enamel, for houses that would never need paint.

It was late in 1946 when reporters laid siege to Tucker's suite in the Mayflower Hotel to follow one of the hottest stories that had hit Washington in weeks. Overnight Tucker found himself right in the middle of a new battle in which the guns were mimeographs and the ammunition press releases. Before it was over there were five different government departments or agencies involved, including the White House, all with their own publicity departments, and Tucker at one time or another was feuding with almost everybody except War Assets. And when they issued a statement, he had to back it up.

We stayed in Washington a solid month, living largely on the cuff at the Mayflower, while the operation in Chicago slowed almost to a standstill.

In Chicago the Building Commissioner said Lustron's houses

"Frank almost never makes a good first impression."

couldn't be put up without changing the building code, and from the building trades came unofficial word that union members wouldn't touch pre-fabricated houses with a pole.

In Washington, things slowed down for a while, then erupted again in a series of charges and counter charges, references to skullduggery in government and predictions of impending investigations. Commentators and columnists kept the story alive, which served Tucker's purpose well, for sooner or later somebody would be forced into taking action. If Tucker had quit anywhere along the line, he figured the odds were that Wyatt would have gobbled the plant.

By this time the Christmas holidays were close and it was unlikely any action could be expected until after New Year's, so there was no point in staying around Washington. By now Wyatt and his whole housing program were on the spot and nobody but the White House could save him. Wyatt put it up to President Truman, who left on vacation without making a decision, which left Wyatt the loser by a technical knockout. Early in January after Wyatt resigned, the new Housing Expediter withdrew the Wyatt Directive and Tucker was back in business.

But the fight had cost a lot of money and Tucker had lost a lot of time. More serious, he had lost much of his prestige, his organization had almost fallen apart and the franchise program would have to be started all over again.

The battle with Wyatt was over, but the war was just getting started.

It was Christmas Eve in 1946 when Tucker commissioned Alex Tremulis to do a styling job. Tremulis was fresh out of the Air Force and working for a Chicago design and engineering company. But his first love was automobiles, and in Tucker he saw a chance to get back into automobile design.

"I showed him a three-quarter perspective of what I thought the automobile should look like," Tremulis said, "and he was tremendously impressed. We spent three hours talking about design, and he told me what he didn't like about the designs he already had, and explained some of the features he wanted."

Tucker told Tremulis to go ahead, suggested some changes and said to get going, that he was in a hurry. Tremulis was back with new drawings in a week. Tucker liked them and told Tremulis he was chief stylist as of New Year's Eve.

There was still a shortage of modeling clay. We tried other automobile companies, but couldn't pry enough loose from anybody to even start work on a clay mock-up.

"We don't need clay," Tucker said confidently. "Herman Ringling can make anything if you just show him the pictures. Try it and you'll find out." Ringling, an old time body knocker Tucker knew at the Speedway, could do things with sheet metal cold that few others could have done with a torch.

So Tremulis went into the shop where Ringling and another metal man started beating on sheet iron, cutting and welding.

The first car was, of course, completely hand made, and nobody connected with the job ever claimed it wasn't. It also had plenty of solder, probably several hundred pounds.

There were perhaps another 20 bodies made with preliminary hardwood forms, but the rest were stamped out with metal dies and the body parts probably were about as good as any in the industry.

By the time the new body was well along, with every new part making it look more like an automobile, the franchise program was going strong and there was money in the bank for the first time since the corporation started.

The wonderful Tin Goose was about to be born.

And high time, too, because the body was going to need a chassis to hold it up. Nobody knows how the name "Tin Goose" got started, but it was used affectionately by the boys working on it. The first Tri-Motor airplane, built for Ford by Bill Stout, was also called the Tin Goose.

Tucker's overall design was basically sound, and the controversy at the time over front versus rear-engine placement was silly, as has been proved by countless thousands of highly successful rear-engine cars and buses operating today. Design of the engine was likewise basically sound: Tucker wanted low rpm, high torque. He decided a big engine was the answer.

The first engine (in the Tin Goose) later called a "monstrosity" was 5 x 5: five inch bore and five inch stroke, with 589 cubic inches displacement, which gave it the name "589." Size of the engine alone didn't make it a monstrosity, nor did its potential power.

Tucker was shooting for 150 horsepower which the engine would have delivered at 1,800 rpm. At the speed of modern engines it should have delivered around 300 horsepower, which perhaps made it a monstrosity in 1947 but isn't at all out of line with present auto power plants.

In the overall design, the one important feature that engineers couldn't beat was the double torque drive directly to the rear wheels. Tucker's plan called for placing it transversely between the wheels, with ends of the crankshaft coupled directly to the wheels, with variable pitch torque converters which would have vanes that could be swung across center to get reverse without gears.

Responsibility for publicizing and trying to incorporate this feature was chiefly Tucker's. He continued to insist on it long after engineers found that there wasn't room enough for more than a single converter on each side, and that one converter big enough to do the job would be larger than the wheels.

All this engineering and development work was done under terrific pressure to get the job done fast. There wasn't enough test equipment set up yet to go at it scientifically, and if there had been there wasn't time to give it the standard research treatment that any new design needs. Tucker needed an automobile, and fast.

Final responsibility for failure of the engine-to-wheels torque converters was Tucker's, for it was he who insisted on this feature in the prototype. But for mechanical details of the engine and suspension he relied on his engineers, who told him in effect: "Here's an engine with fuel injection that will do the job, and here's the suspension." Tucker said O.K., let's make 'em.

It may have been the job was rushed too fast, or there were mistakes in machining or assembly. Whatever the cause, the failure of various self-styled experts to get results, and the constant bickering and red tape in higher levels of the engineering and production departments, were to influence the course of the corporation from that time on.

Tucker began to rely more and more on his own judgment in making decisions, and to concentrate important engineering work under small groups of monkey-wrench engineers, and in conditions under which they could work without having to get a purchase order and seven carbons every time they needed a stove bolt.

But the Tin Goose, crude as it was mechanically, would meet Cerf's condition that Tucker have "the semblance of a car" and he already had the plant, if he could persuade War Assets to go along with him until he could put over the stock sale.

Tucker's agreement with WAA required that he have at least $15 million cash by March 1. On February 26, less than a week before the deadline, WAA extended the time to July 1, conceding that he couldn't possibly have raised the money while he was fighting with Wyatt. It was close squeaks like this that were giving Tucker people gray hair and ulcers.

In a statement announcing extension of the deadline, Tucker said a registration statement for four million shares of common stock, at $5 a share, would be ready to file within the next week or so.

If Tucker could have put his stock on the market while he was still something of a public hero he wouldn't have had too much trouble, but the fight with Housing had cost him a lot in time and prestige, and a lot of people thought he was already out of business. Actually he was doing far more than either the public or the papers knew, but it wasn't news. Now, with his prestige at an all time low, he knew Cerf could never put over a $20 million issue without help.

It was at this point that Roy S. Durstine entered the picture. Durstine had his own advertising agency in New York, where he formerly was the Number 3 man in the famous Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn organization. Durstine went to work trying to repair Tucker's damaged reputation, and started national advertising with full page ads the first week in March.

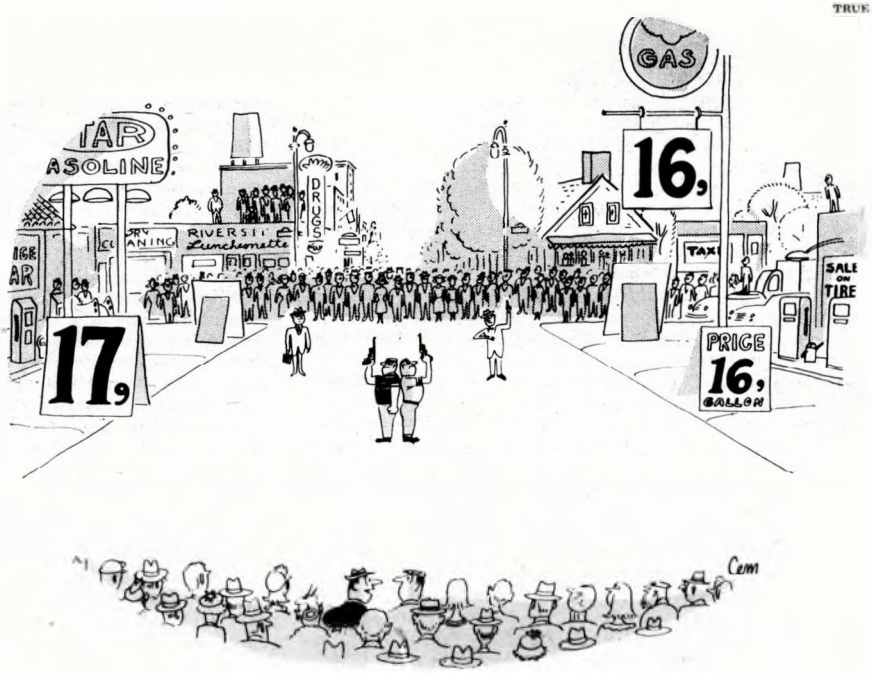
As an additional shot in the arm for the stock sale, the World Premiere of the first Tucker car was set for June 19 and it had two purposes: to show the new automobile to dealers and distributors, who were clamoring to see the car they were putting up their money to handle, and to impress brokers who would be selling the stock.

The overall operation called for some delicate timing, because the new deadline set by War Assets for coming up with a healthy bankroll was July 1. Then, just when it looked as if they had it made, up popped SEC with a Stop Order. This put Tucker in a rough spot, as he wouldn't have a chance in the world of meeting the deadline, with an automatic delay of 20 days following the Stop Order.

But War Assets came through, moving the deadline ahead again, and after a long and bitter hassle jumping between Chicago, Washington and Philadelphia, the stock finally was cleared for sale starting July 15. But the prospectus, as finally amended and cleared by SEC, painted a gloomy picture that would have scared the hell out of a wary investor.

Although the Stop Order was still in effect and there was no indication when the stock could be sold, if at all, the World Premiere went off June 19 with no perceptible dampening of enthusiasm.

Long before 9 o'clock in the morning parking lots in front were filled up. By noon extra police were called to handle traffic on Cicero avenue in front of the plant, and they estimated more than 5,000 persons came to see the show.



"It started out a week ago as a harmless little price war."

One of the prettiest girls in the plant was on the reception desk, where costumed page girls took the guests to regional registration desks where they got badges and programs. Lunch was served cafeteria style in the main cafeteria and two dining rooms, and by 3 o'clock everybody had been fed and ushers herded the mob into the assembly room, where ceiling high blue and silver drapes covered one stage with a turntable, and another smaller stage near the wall.

After a fanfare from the band, Rockelman called the meeting to order and introduced Tucker and other speakers, who droned on and on until the crowd began to get restless.

If people in the audience thought things seemed a bit disorganized they should have seen the madhouse backstage, where the real show was going on. Tired mechanics who had worked all night were still working to get the car ready in time for the afternoon show.

The Tin Goose was a hurry-up job and Tucker had insisted on certain features which later had to be abandoned. One of these was the 24-volt electrical system. The production department was dickering with various suppliers to furnish 24-volt batteries and equipment, so engineers solved the immediate problem by putting 24-volt airplane engine starters on the two engines, in the display car and the chassis. The big six cylinder 5 x 5 engine needed plenty of push to turn it over, and the airplane starters had only a five-to-one power ratio compared to the standard 20-to-one on automobiles.

To start the cars for testing they used portable batteries on an electric truck, with a small battery in the car for ignition. But for the show the car had to start without outside help, so they put in two 12-volt truck batteries weighing 167 pounds each. The hand-made body was already heavy with several hundred pounds of solder or more, and adding another 300 pounds of batteries was the last unbearable straw, putting too much weight on the rear end.

The first suspension arms were cast aluminum and were too light for the job. During testing the arms held up and it wasn't until the morning of the show, after two heavy truck batteries had been installed in the rear, that the arms collapsed.

Mechanics and test drivers rushing to get the car ready for the show had enough on their minds without worrying about the suspensions, which had been passed by the engineering department. First problem was that the direct fuel injection system didn't work right. Solving this was simple: they just disconnected the system and installed twin carburetors on the intake manifolds.

The second and more serious trouble was the valve actuating mechanism. The design was theoretically practical, using an activating pump that worked like a distributor, with oil lines to the valves, which were operated by hydraulic pressure instead of the standard push rods. What happened was that when the engine picked up speed and increased the oil pressure, air got in the oil lines and the timing went crazy. There was no quick remedy for this, so they had to drive the car the way it was.

The first suspension arm broke at 10:30 in the morning, and if it had broken five minutes earlier it probably would have killed two mechanics working on the valve actuating mechanism. The arm was replaced and mechanics continued checking other parts.

About 1 o'clock in the afternoon both rear suspension arms broke with the car just standing still, then a front arm snapped. The men who had worked in the pits at Indianapolis didn't need to hold a conference when this happened. They rushed to the machine shop where four new arms of tough beryllium copper were machined from solid stock. One by one they were installed, while speakers in the assembly room kept talking to hold the audience until the car was ready.

It was almost 4:30 in the afternoon when the car was pushed up on the platform behind the drapes, and Tucker was called backstage. Four models in strapless evening gowns stepped out from behind the curtains and sounded a fanfare on long gold trumpets, and at a signal from Tucker other models stepped up and drew back the drapes.

There stood the car in full side view under a battery of spotlights, its rich maroon finish gleaming. Only 60 inches high, it was the lowest passenger car built in the United States, and it was two inches longer than the largest Cadillac. People in the jammed assembly room went wild, shouting, whistling and cheering.

Tucker made the final talk, after which the car was driven off the stage into a roped off area where it stayed on display the rest of the afternoon.

While the entire show cost a lot of money it was immensely profitable to the corporation. Not many new franchises were signed because everybody was too busy, but many Tucker dealers who came in later had attended the premiere, and were tremendously impressed with the public's enthusiasm for the automobile, even though it wasn't demonstrated and there was no chance to examine it closely.

The show was further profitable in that it carried public interest over the period from the Stop Order to opening of the stock sale July 15, and helped counteract the highly adverse publicity released by SEC with its announcement that the stock had been cleared.

About a week after the stock sale opened Tucker told me it wasn't going so good, and what could I do about it? I asked him: "Pres, have you got one car that will run around the block without stopping?"

He said there wasn't a single car he could depend on. I told him there was little I could do, because without a new angle we couldn't even get local publicity, much less national. What the newspapers and wire services wanted now was actual demonstrations of the car.

But something had to be done and fast, so he called Durstine. SEC still frowned on advertising during the stock sale, but technically there was nothing wrong with showing the automobile. So Durstine went into action, and this was the beginning of shows held across the country, when the Tin Goose piled up more mileage than any other automobile in the world without ever turning a wheel, except to run up and down the ramp of the Conestoga freight plane which transported it.

Some shows had already been scheduled before the stock sale opened, but they received comparatively little publicity. By far the most successful of these, for attendance and public enthusiasm, was in Los Angeles. This was the New Products Exhibition in the big Pan-Pacific auditorium.

The car was flown out by the Flying Tigers and was on display one day when an emergency called it back to Chicago. There a showing had been set up in the Palmer House for investment bankers, with a private preview earlier for the late Col. Robert McCormick, publisher of the powerful *Chicago Tribune*.

Tucker had been hoping to get the colonel on his side for a long time, because the *Tribune* was not only influential in Chicago but had a lot of weight in Washington too. Tucker finally succeeded in getting a commitment from the colonel to come and see the car before the meeting for the investment bankers opened, and he had to get it back to Chicago fast.

In Los Angeles the Flying Tigers said the plane Tucker had chartered was on another flight and they refused to use another plane that was on the field. Tucker was on the spot as he couldn't get the car back to Chicago overnight by rail. He looked at the plane on the field.

"How much?" he asked.

They told him $45,000, take it or leave it. Tucker bought it; with millions at stake, $45,000 was small change, even though it probably was at least twice what the plane was worth. He called the auditorium to bring the car, which was loaded and flown to Chicago. From the airport it was rushed to the Palmer House and jockeyed through the back entrance to a freight elevator.

If Colonel McCormick had been bareheaded it might have changed the course of history. But he wore a hat and he was six feet four inches tall, and when he got in the front seat and straightened up, his hat came down over his ears. He left shortly without comment, but from then on the *Tribune* played it pretty much down the middle. Tucker had made a good try, but circumstances were against him. Back in Los Angeles the following day the exhibition set new attendance records and, with more than 80 exhibitors, the Tucker easily stole the show.

For stirring up public interest where there was money to buy stock, the show at the Museum of Science and Industry at Rockefeller Center in New York easily topped the entire list. There wasn't a door big enough to get the car through so they had to take out a window. The car was run inside on a Tuesday night in August, with the show scheduled to open Thursday.

On Wednesday there was a typical Tucker riot. Carpenters and electricians were setting up the stage and turntable, and advertising people and models were running through a rehearsal when an excited attendant burst into the office of the museum director, Robert Shaw, without even stopping to knock.

"The place is mobbed," the attendant gasped. "Thousands of people hollering to get in."

The New York *Sun*, the only newspaper in New York to carry the announcement, had goofed, and it explained what happened later in a house ad under the caption, "Was our face red!"

The newspaper ran the announcement with the wrong copy, which said "Opening Wednesday" instead of Thursday. Shaw had to let them in or call for help, so the rehearsal was postponed, workmen put the car in position on the unfinished stage and the doors were opened without any admission charge.

During the days that followed the Tucker car outdrew every show on Broadway. *Variety* noted the event under the headline:

TUCKER AUTO, FIRST RUN
GETS BOFF 42 G IN N.Y.

Which, in translation, meant the Tucker car drew box office returns of $42,000 the first week.

By using the Conestoga to make fast over-night jumps, the car was exhibited in most of the major cities in the United States and in Havana before the stock sale closed, and beyond any question it was an important factor in selling the stock. One of the first shows in the Chicago arena drew more than 100,000 people, and there were record crowds in St. Louis and Boston, as shows followed in dizzy and bewildering succession.

There were only two important states where the stock was barred, Michigan and California. Tucker wasn't particularly surprised or bothered at being barred in Michigan, but being barred from California was bad, because if the stock could have been sold there he probably would have raised the entire $20 million, so great was public interest following the Pan-Pacific show.

Early in September sales lagged so badly that Tucker told Cerf to call it off, and on September 12 Cerf handed Tucker a check for $15,007,000. This was the corporation's share after deducting commissions to Cerf and brokers who participated in the offering.

With the stock issue closed there was no immediate need for more publicity, but it seemed like some kind of blood disease which kept erupting in unpredictable spots. When one inflamed area calmed down there would be another, and they all resulted in headlines.

A few days before the issue closed there was a story, which must have circled the world in hours, that the Tucker car wouldn't back up.

Ever since Colonel McCormick had bumped his head against the top he had been wondering about reports that the show car was a phony and wouldn't run. One day he called Frank Sturdy, the *Tribune's* automotive editor, and told him to go out to the plant and do a story on the Tucker car, and find out whether it would actually run.

Sturdy fought his way through one department after another, where people gave him the run-around, passed the buck or refused to see him at all. Finally a private showing was arranged with the test chassis, because the complete car was on display in Milwaukee.

Sturdy wrote a little more than a column and the story was fair and reasonably favorable except for one paragraph toward the end, under a sub head "Test Chassis Can't Back Up."

The hydraulic torque converters, Sturdy explained, were not equipped with a device for reverse, but that new converters with a reversing method were being built.

It was true enough that the test chassis wouldn't reverse and neither would the car, but it was neither bad engineering nor an oversight. They were still trying to eliminate gears by using variable pitch vanes, and if the torque converters worked except for reverse, gears could be added.

The story actually did no great harm, though dealers later said the first thing they had to do after they got a car was to back it up, because everybody had heard the story and insisted on seeing for themselves.

Before the last echoes of Sturdy's story had died away there were more headlines, as one after another of Tucker's top executives was fired or resigned. Finally, of the original group, only Rockelman and Pierce remained.

In retrospect, the friction and final break between Tucker and most of his original group of experienced top flight automotive men is no mystery, though at the beginning it could hardly have been foreseen. Without exception, these men had worked with big established companies which had, for

all practical purposes, all the time and money in the world.

If a model cost twice as much to develop as was originally estimated it was no great crisis, and if some new design was in the works three years, there were still plenty of current models to fill in.

With Tucker it was different—he had less than a year to develop and get ready for production an entirely new automobile, and only a limited amount of money to do it with. The veterans with Tucker simply couldn't adjust—it was beyond them. It was completely outside their experience, and most of them were too old to change.

Without the names and prestige of these men, Tucker could never have sold his stock or even obtained the plant, but when the going got rough they were dead weight. So he turned immediately to the men he knew intimately, who were used to handling such problems as a matter of course. Problems were their business, and their life.

These were the men he had known at Indianapolis, who could design and build a complete racing car in less than a year, and make major repairs in a pit stop that would take weeks in an ordinary garage or repair shop.

The most important of these men, who Tucker later made chief engineer, was Eddie Offutt, a quiet, unassuming man who got things done, and wrote his memorandums after the job was finished. Working with Harry Miller had given him a background any engineer might envy, and like Miller he was accessible to the lowest paid mechanic, yet wasn't impressed by the most officious vice president.

Another Indianapolis veteran was Gene Haustein, who was an all around test driver, mechanic and trouble shooter. Like Offutt he was soft spoken and direct, unimpressed by titles or rank, and ready to take on any job that needed to be done.

Along with Offutt and Haustein was Dan Leabu who, while he had never worked at the Speedway, was their kind of man. He seldom admitted he was a graduate engineer and he was never obtrusive. But when some crisis came up and something needed to be done in a hurry, it would very likely be Leabu who did it.

Throughout the next six months the Tucker plant looked like an annex of the United Nations, with people of almost every nationality and color passing through. Movie stars, generals, pugilists, visiting royalty and foreign capitalists rubbed shoulders in Tucker's reception room, and broke bread with the peasants in the plant cafeteria.

Between greeting important visitors, discussing deals and holding up his end of intramural arguments, Tucker had little time for his engineering department, which was beginning to despair of ever getting the Tin Goose to the point of production. Something had to be done about an engine, and fast.

Tucker yielded to his board in trying to solve the problem in an orthodox manner, but after deals with two outside companies to develop an engine failed, he set up his own program and if the board didn't like it they could resign. He sent his own men to his Ypsilanti plant where they were put on the payroll, and gave his own shop a contract to develop an engine.

Heading the project were Eddie Offutt and Dan Leabu, and with them went Tucker's oldest son, Preston, Jr., who had left an engineering course at the University of Michigan to work with his father.

"Pres called Eddie and me, and said you guys come back with an engine in three months or we fold up," Leabu said.

Offutt took the men he wanted from Chicago, they hired two draftsmen in Ypsilanti and another from Detroit, and started to work in the big building behind Tucker's house.

G. A. (Andy) Anderson, company pilot, had been urging Tucker to investigate the Franklin engine, which he said was one of the best and most reliable power plants in use on smaller aircraft. Tucker bought four Franklin six cylinder opposed air-cooled engines from the Bell Aircraft Corporation at Niagara Falls.

All Offutt's crew had to work with was the engines and assembly drawings, which didn't include dimensions. So they took an engine completely apart and measured it, working with micrometers, surface plates and height gauges. When they had their own detailed drawings, Offutt started redesigning the engine to meet specifications he and Tucker had agreed on: an aluminum crankcase, blocks and heads; water cooling; 7 to 1 compression ratio; better than 150 horsepower and cruising speed at 1750 revolutions per minute, around 80 to 90 miles an hour. The original engine was 335 cubic inches, rated at approximately 178 horsepower at 3,000 rpm.

They had to change the blocks and heads for liquid cooling, add a flywheel and bell housing for attaching the transmission, and add an oil pan, as in the helicopter the engine operated in a vertical position.

Part by part they went through the entire engine, and about the only features that remained of the original Franklin were the dimensions, the crankcase, connecting rods and pistons.

Converting to liquid cooling called for addition of a water pump, and the camshaft was changed for better idling. A standard six-volt automobile generator and starter were added, and by the time they got through it wasn't a Franklin engine any more. But it was still an engine whose performance had been proved with countless thousands of hours of flying time under almost any weather conditions that could be imagined.

Before the first castings for the blocks had cooled off Leabu hauled them from the foundry in a pickup and set them in a jig mill, and when they were ready he brought them back to put in cylinder liners. They already had the liners, a standard size of alloyed steel from Thompson Products. After weeks of

"Give it all you've got this time, Barney. Maybe we can shave it down to 18 minutes!"

hard, almost continuous, work the end of the job was in sight, and they decided not to stop until it was finished.

They turned Mrs. Tucker's kitchen into a heat treat department with Mrs. Tucker furnishing the oven, though she didn't know it at the time. They set up a progressive assembly line starting on the back steps, and popped the first two blocks into the oven of the electric stove. It took about three hours to get them up to between 500 and 600 degrees, which was as high as the oven would go. As soon as they were heated through they were set on burners on top of the stove to keep them hot, and two more blocks were stuck in the oven and the blocks outside moved up a step.

Equipment for installing the liners was all ready and consisted chiefly of two large cans, of the kind fruit comes in for restaurants. The larger of the two cans was set on the floor and the smaller one placed inside of it. Then the sleeves were placed one at a time in the smaller inside can, covered with naphtha to keep them from frosting so they would slide into the blocks easily. To cool them, liquid oxygen was poured into the space between the cans from a thermos-like jug.

One at a time the blocks were set on the kitchen floor on bricks, to keep them level and not burn holes in the linoleum. Then one of the men, wearing asbestos gloves, took a liner and slid it into the cylinder opening in the block. Heat had expanded the hole in the block and cold contracted the liner, but it had to be put in fast before it started to expand again.

Within eleven hours after the first blocks were put in the oven, the first engine was together and ready for test. In a garage space in front of the building the engine was set on a makeshift stand, with a garden hose connected to the water inlet on the block and a five-gallon can of gasoline hung overhead, connected to the carburetor with a length of rubber tubing. A flexible tube running under the garage door carried off the exhaust. It was still winter in Ypsilanti.

After a few adjustments the engine took off. It was a climax, but everybody was too tired to celebrate. They let it run about five minutes, yanked off the gasoline and water connections and the flexible exhaust tube, and threw the engine in the back of a pickup. Offutt and Leabu took off for Chicago and Tucker had an engine, and with the engine were patterns and temporary tooling for making at least another hundred.

The only one who lost in the whole deal was Mrs. Tucker, whose stove was ruined. Where they had set the blocks on the top burners, the whole top of the stove sagged in the middle.

When they first tested the new engine in Chicago it looked for a while as if Offutt and his crew had goofed. The engine was running hot and nobody could understand why, until one of the engineers took a closer look. In the rush to test the engine before leaving Ypsilanti, somebody had put the fan on backwards.

On March 21 Tucker announced the purchase of Aircooled Motors, which built the Franklin engine, from Republic Aviation Corporation for $1,800,000. He had accomplished a double purpose: he had a controlled source of supply and a separate source of income for the corporation.

Tucker knew what he was doing when he bought Aircooled, though many thought he paid too much. It was the same company which built the old Franklin automobile, which was the most successful in the entire field using air cooling. Aircooled engineers said, off the record, that the Franklin airplane engine was designed with the idea in mind that it might eventually be used in automobiles.

The approaching first annual stockholders meeting was by no means a crisis, as things in general were going smoothly, but it did create a problem which would have solved itself with a little more time.

There had to be at least one car ready to show the stockholders that was a reasonable facsimile of what was being readied for production, and what was still lacking was the transmission. The engine was no longer a problem, as the Aircooled plant had all the necessary equipment and technical experts to finish the job.

Tucker had offered $5,000 cash for an automatic transmission that would be an improvement over Buick's Dynaflow, and comparable in performance to the Hydramatic. A young engineer, Warren A. Rice, soon claimed the reward and was paid the $5,000 as soon as Tucker was satisfied that his design would work.

While waiting for a working model they decided on a four-speed manual shift to bridge the gap until they had time to shake all the bugs out of the automatic. So Tucker drafted Offutt and Leabu again and sent them to his Ypsilanti plant, which was given a contract to develop the manual job.

Offutt went to work on the design and Leabu went scouring the country for Cord transmissions, to be adapted for the Tucker until the Y-1 ("Y" standing for Ypsilanti) was ready. They chose Cord because it was front drive, with the engine placed backwards the same as the Tucker.

Leabu scavenged junk yards and used car lots from Detroit to Miami and finally rounded up (anonymously) 22 Cord transmissions. Altogether 18 were installed in Tucker cars to get them on the road, and as the new Y-1's were finished, all but four had the Cord transmissions removed and the Y-1's put in.

The stockholders meeting, as reported by the Chicago papers, was a gala event. Tucker himself drove the car in a demonstration run, receiving wild applause when he showed it could back up.

With the stockholders out of his hair for another year, Tucker concentrated on getting the new automatic transmission into production. From the first there was no possible doubt about its performance. Inside the plant grounds a car with a Rice transmission was placed beside a Buick Dynaflow in loose rock; mechanics said the Tucker walked out easily, while the Buick stalled and refused to move.

As soon as the first automatic transmission was installed and tested in a chassis, Tucker took it and two other cars to Detroit to challenge the enemy on his home grounds. Detroit automotive writers are a skeptical lot, but enthusiasm for the new transmission was unanimous.

There were only three positions on the selector dial: drive, neutral and reverse. At 100 miles an hour the tachometer showed 3300 rpm, compared to 5100 and 5300 for two other stock cars of the same year. There was no clutch, only the brake and accelerator pedals on the floor.

With the transmission program well underway, and the engine and chassis designed so the manual and automatic transmissions were interchangeable, a pilot assembly line was set up. Engines and body panels were being delivered, but Tucker still had to finish paying for dies and tooling, and buy more materials to start initial production. The stock issue had fallen $5 million short, and the fight with SEC had cost heavily in time and money.

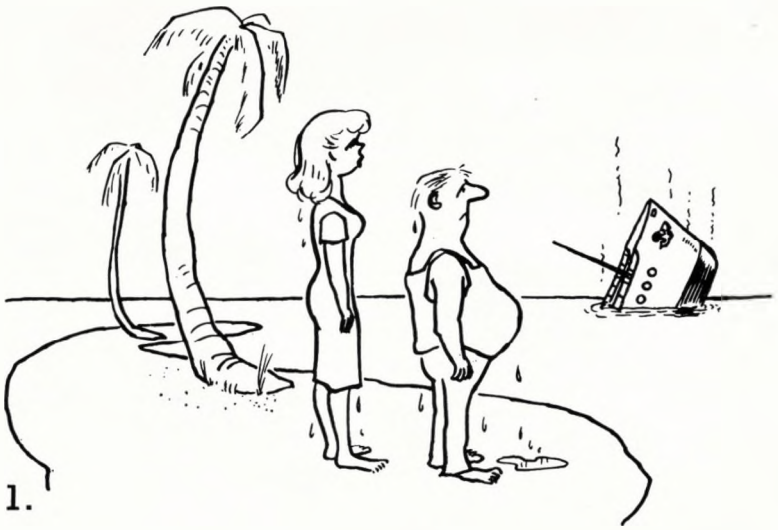
It was the need for immediate money that inspired the Accessories Program, which was born of desperation and succeeded beyond anyone's wildest dreams. The idea was to sell accessories to people who wanted to buy cars, and with the accessories give them a sequence number for getting a car as soon as one with their number came off the line.

A "kickoff" meeting was held May 17 at the Congress Hotel in Chicago, after which teams fanned out across the country. There was no problem of transportation as now the cars could be driven anywhere. On the eastern swing most of them were driven, and on the western circuit where there were longer jumps the Conestoga also was used, and the whirlwind tour covered the country from New York to Los Angeles.

When the combined attack by SEC and the Justice Department started in May of 1948, the first round with SEC appeared to be little more than a continuation of the sniping which had been going on since before the stock was registered. While the new SEC investigation opened officially May 28, the first Tucker heard about it was a week later. His attorneys told him that SEC had promised to keep the investigation secret if he would turn over all his books and records, but had agreed to wait until May 8 for his decision, when a board meeting was scheduled.

On June 6, a Sunday night broadcast by Drew Pearson told of the new SEC investigation, and predicted a Department of Justice investigation that "would blow the new Chicago auto firm higher than a kite."

The results were brutal: stock dropped to less than $3 a share and the accessories program slowed almost to a standstill. Most serious, suppliers—who had been delivering parts and



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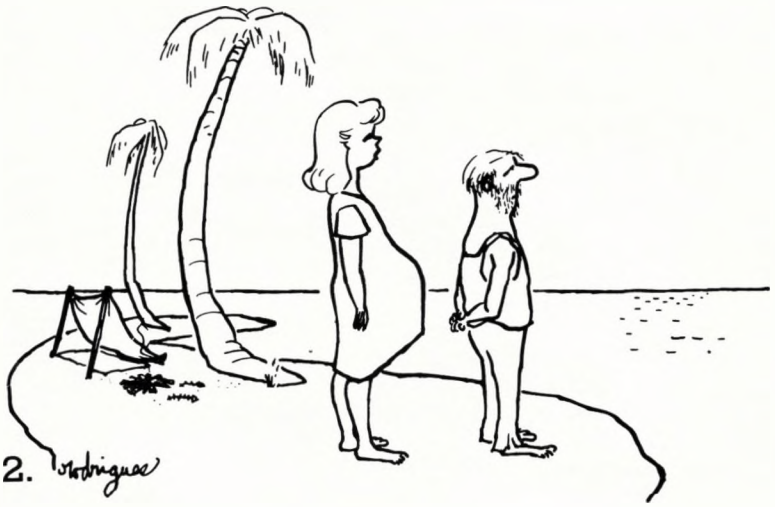

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materials on the usual credit terms—suddenly demanded cash.

Tucker finally was forced to surrender and laid off 1,600 employes. With SEC men swarming all over the plant, morale would be shot and he couldn't hope to raise a dime of outside money with continuous reports that the FBI was on his trail for fraud.

While the plant was closed Phil S. Hanna, financial and automotive writer for the Chicago *Daily News*, went to see for himself what the situation actually looked like—whether Tucker was close to production as he claimed, or if he was just putting on a show as claimed by SEC.

Hanna wrote that he saw literally acres of wheels, tires, body stampings, engines, frames and other parts. Hundreds of cylinder blocks, bell housings, batteries and shock absorbers. He reported 58 finished bodies on the assembly line, and in another area 90 finished engines ready for installation.

"The Tucker plant, according to what I saw, appears ready to start production of cars," Hanna wrote.

Hanna's story seemed to reduce some of the heat generated by SEC and Tucker decided to try operating again even with SEC still in the plant, hoping he could prove to the government that he could go ahead if they would just get off his back. So the latter part of July the plant reopened, recalling about 300 production workers.

Tucker called it a "pilot production line" which it was. It would get enough cars built to shake out the bugs, and show what changes were needed when they were ready for a faster, bigger line.

The Securities & Exchange commission said it was a "mock production line." The difference seemed to be a matter of semantics.

In August, while the SEC was working in the office and a short force was trying to assemble cars in the factory, came the first public recognition of the Tucker by an acknowledged authority on cars. It was a story in the August issue of *Mechanix Illustrated* by Tom McCahill, who wrote:

"Tucker is building an automobile! And, brother, it's a *real* automobile! I want to go on record right here and now as saying that it is the most amazing American car I have ever seen to date."

McCahill saw the factory where men were assembling cars. He was given a ride, and then he drove the car himself.

"This car is real dynamite!" he wrote, adding that if it would stand up and prove reliable it "will make every other car made in America look like Harrigan's hack with the wheels off."

If the SEC read McCahill's story they ignored it, because a constantly increasing force of SEC people plodded through records at the plant, day after day and week after week. The SEC force, which for a time outnumbered Tucker employes, finally left in September after photostating thousands of records. It was clear the commission was in no hurry to finish its investigation, which continued more than a year longer.

To the government, every one of the Tuckers was a Tin Goose, and if all 50 had gone into orbit under their own power, SEC and the Justice Department wouldn't have admitted it, or probably even bothered to look out the window.

With the squeeze for money getting tighter by the hour, as the government's leisurely investigation continued, Tucker decided to try again for private financing until the investigation had cleared him, which he was confident it would. His best chance for success, he believed, was proving beyond doubt to government, public and to possible financial angels that he had a product, and a good one.

To do this he sent seven Tuckers to Indianapolis, where Speedway officials gave him permission to use the track and barred the public during tests. The two and one half mile oval was the toughest testing ground Tucker knew of, and he believed if the cars survived the tests they planned, even SEC might realize—and admit—that the Tucker car was a reality.

Haustein, an experienced race driver, said there was no real attempt to see how fast the cars would go, but they had no trouble averaging 90 for the laps and consistently did well over 100 on the straightaway. Fastest lap clocked was 104 mph.

Meanwhile Tucker was scouring the country trying to find new backing but without any luck.

Late in October *Newsweek* reported that 40 FBI agents "were inquiring into the activities of the corporation and its officers," and Kup's column in the Chicago *Sun-Times* said, "The FBI had stepped into the 'Tucker Case' in order to determine if the mails were used to defraud." Similar reports continued and increased on radio and in newspapers and magazines.

Stockholders suits were making headlines, and with them originated the charge, repeated across the country, that "no car of any kind, other than the experimental car, has been produced." That this could be taken seriously by a court anywhere there were newspapers seemed unbelievable, yet the charge persisted.

If Tucker's chief purpose had been fraud, he could hardly have passed up another million dollars in a last try to line

his own pockets. But that is exactly what he did one night when he and I flew to Detroit to meet with a group that was said to be ready to put up some real money.

The meeting was in an office in the General Motors building and it was short and to the point: the group offered $1 million cash for Aircooled Motors. Tucker refused. He said the company was worth far more than that and—more important—they needed Aircooled for future development work on the engine.

Before the first week was over in December it was apparent to almost everyone that Thanksgiving hadn't brought the company much to be thankful for, and that prospects looked even rougher for Christmas. It wasn't that the company was broke. The balance sheet as of October 31, 1948, showed more than $16 million in assets, including almost $3 million in parts and materials. But more ready cash was needed to survive.

In the January issue of *True* magazine there was a story which made Tucker feel better, but was almost lost in the flood of reports on court action, financing troubles and the threat of criminal action by the government. The writer was Ken W. Purdy, *True's* editor who, the magazine said, had been told to "call it the way you see it and to hell with the advertising angles." Purdy drove the Tucker and, like McCahill, said it lived up to its promises: "The car will do 125 miles an hour. It will deliver 26.2 miles to the gallon of gasoline at 45 m.p.h. It will accelerate from a standing start to 30 m.p.h. in three and a half seconds, from 0 to 60 in ten flat. (For laughs, try that on your present car.) It is the safest car ever built, period."

The tribute in *True* magazine didn't pay off any creditors, or have any appreciable effect on government agencies or on District Judge Michael L. Igoe, who ordered the plant shut down on a maintenance basis January 7. Payment of salaries was stopped except to an assistant secretary and the controller, who had already resigned. Tucker and other executives had long since stopped drawing any salaries.

On February 15 U.S. Attorney Otto Kerner, Jr., announced that a grand jury would investigate Preston Tucker "and certain aspects of the Tucker corporation." It was set to open the following Monday and was expected to last 30 days.

Early in March, after the last hope for outside capital had faded, Tucker and his board of directors applied for a voluntary trusteeship under Chapter 10 of the National Bankruptcy Act. Their purpose was to protect the corporation against attacks by creditors; the company was far from broke but—as in a bank panic—assets would disappear fast once a run started.

In the grand jury investigation, an endless procession of government witnesses was called to prove SEC's contention that Tucker had conspired to defraud the stockholders and dealers, and that he had nothing which even resembled an automobile.

Probably the deciding factor against Tucker was the government's refusal during the entire time to recognize, officially at least, that the design was advanced and practical, and there was a waiting market. Even with the evidence under its nose, the prosecution insisted that the Tucker car was a phony.

There were not only plenty of Tucker cars, but millions of dollars in tooling and equipment, supplies and raw materials, most of which was sold later at junk prices.

The grand jury, instead of the 30 days that had been predicted, lasted almost four months. Most of the testimony was from government witnesses, who naturally had been selected to back up the prosecution's case.

Indictment of Tucker and seven of his associates was announced by Kerner June 10, and newspapers across the country carried headlines: "INDICT TUCKER ON 31 COUNTS"—"TUCKER, 7 AIDES INDICTED." Of the 31 counts in the indictment, 25 charged mail fraud, five were on violations of SEC regulations and one on conspiracy to defraud.

The same headlines which announced opening of the trial October 5, 1949, also revealed that—as far as the corporation was concerned—the trial was over before it started: "Preston Tucker lost his huge war-surplus plant as he and seven associates went on trial for alleged fraud in the $28 million financing of his rear-engine automobile.

"Federal Judge Michael L. Igoe signed an order returning the sprawling $172 million structure on Chicago's South Side to the War Assets Administration.

"The order gives the court-appointed trustees 60 days to try to sell the 10-year lease on the plant, Tucker's option to buy it for $30 million, and the machinery inside the building."

Igoe's order was curtains for Tucker because there wasn't a chance anyone would put up money while the promoters were on trial.

While insisting that the government had no interest whatever in merits of the Tucker car, witness after witness was called to testify how the Tin Goose broke down before its world premiere, how the torque converters to both rear wheels were abandoned, and the Tucker didn't have disc brakes or fuel injection. It looked like Kerner's entire case was riding on the helpless Tin Goose.

Week after week witnesses droned on in hypnotic repetition. When defense attorneys protested that the prosecution was prolonging the trial unreasonably without showing proof of either fraud or conspiracy, they found Judge Walter J. La Buy agreeing with them.

"I am just powerless," said the judge following one such protest. "I am getting to be impatient too. I would like to see some concrete case of conspiracy established here."

The most exciting moment in the entire trial came almost four months after it opened, following the prosecution's closing arguments:

"It doesn't make any difference what their intent was when they started out. They made misrepresentations of what they had. Read the pack of lies in their ads and remember what they had and what they didn't have in the way of an auto."

Defense counsel didn't answer the tirade. Instead, Cerf's attorney told the court his client would rest. The government had proved no offense, he said, so there could be no defense. Other defense attorneys joined him and the last was Tucker's, who said: "Tucker rests."

The jury was out 17 hours and seven minutes, and at 3:07 Sunday afternoon, January 22, filed back into the courtroom. The clerk read the verdict:

"We, the jurors, find the defendants (he slowly read the eight names beginning with Tucker) not guilty."

Tucker was vindicated, but the corporation was gone.

The victory, if it was a victory, was hollow. Since the plant was closed early in January, rent and taxes piled up. And in the year and one half since SEC went into the plant the industry was fast catching up with its backlog of orders. Any hope for reviving the corporation had long since vanished.

Assembly lines, finished cars, bodies and dies, parts and materials and tooling were still there, ready to roll, but they

TRUE

"I wish you'd keep your cigars off my dressing table!"

now were under the complete control of government appointed trustees. And the spirit and drive of the man who created them were gone, never to return.

Was it a mock production line as charged by SEC, or the pilot production line Tucker claimed? The distinction was no longer important. After close to two years marking time and fighting with the government, by the time production could be reached the market would be flooded with cars in the Tucker's price class. Cars that wouldn't need testing to shake the bugs out, because they would be conventional, time tested designs for years to come.

In October of 1950 the trustees presided over formal last rites for the corporation when everything that had been the Tucker car was auctioned off. Dies and tooling which had cost millions of dollars went for junk prices. Many cars already had been sold to dealers, and those that were left were sold. Some were to rack up thousands of miles, others joined Duesenbergs and Locomobiles in museums around the country. Some Tuckers are still in active service.

Shortly after the auction late in October, the Air Force signed a contract with the Ford Motor Company to take over the Tucker plant to manufacture airplane engines. First announcement of the Air Force's decision was made September 16, and the auction was held to clear the plant so Ford could move in.

The last remaining Tucker asset was Aircooled Motors, last valued at a minimum of three and one half million dollars and well above the $1,800,000 Tucker paid for it. Tucker had made mistakes, but buying Aircooled wasn't one of them.

Since 1949, under the trusteeship, Aircooled has earned up to half a million dollars a year after taxes and may have brought in as much as $5 million. With Aircooled's value, its earnings over the past ten years and returns from the auction, Tucker Corporation is still highly solvent.

Payments to trustees and attorneys have been estimated as high as $100,000 a year or more, or more than $1 million since Tucker lost control. But from a purely bookkeeping standpoint the stockholders aren't out anything and may even be ahead. Because the trustees have saved them a million dollars or so that the government was trying to collect for back rent and taxes, most of which accumulated after they took over.

Still another asset, originally listed by Tucker to show that the corporation wasn't broke, may bring the total not too far from the original $15 million paid for Tucker stock, which to date hasn't paid a dime. This item is something under $4 million in dealers' notes to complete payment for their Tucker franchises.

In 1958 the trustee won an Appellate Court decision ruling that the notes were due and payable, and promptly began filing a series of suits for collection that looked like a page from a metropolitan telephone directory. Dealers who got caught were paying for a dead horse, and the low moans still echoing across the country are reluctant tribute to the artistry of Tucker's lawyers, who created a contract that turned out to be really binding.

A cynical appraisal of trusteeships in general is that they will continue as long as they pay off. If this is true of Tucker Corporation the stockholders had better relax and forget it, because the trusteeship still looks like a sound and profitable operation.

All through the trial Tucker, confident he would be acquitted, was planning a comeback, trying to figure out designs and methods that would avoid the mistakes made in the first round. He insisted throughout that it was no disgrace, nor even unusual, to fail in the automobile business: Ford and Durant both had failed and come back to win. He would do the same.

In May of 1952 he started up again. The year before he had gone to Brazil with plans for an entirely new car. He found people who would put up the money, but only if he did the entire development work there, which he refused to do. He still might have worked out something if it hadn't been for the timing; there was a presidential election coming up and the people he was negotiating with were waiting to see how it came out.

In Ypsilanti the tool company had plenty of work. Some of the people who were in Chicago were with him again including Dan Leabu and Warren Rice, who was working on an entirely new automatic tranmission. During the year which followed he probably spent between $40,000 and $50,000 on the new design, including scale clay models, patterns and castings.

But when he couldn't raise enough money to build a complete prototype he decided to close down until after the election in Brazil and go back for another try. Tucker wasn't interested in just making money if he couldn't build automobiles.

He did make one more trip to Brazil, but for another reason, and it was his last. In September of 1956 X-rays, taken in a routine examination after a hernia operation, showed lung cancer.

As always, Tucker tried to figure the odds; a cousin had died the same year in Grand Rapids after both surgery and radium treatment. So he telephoned an old friend, Dr. William F. Koch in Rio de Janiero. Like Tucker, Koch was a controversial figure, and the controversy still continued since the early 1940's when Koch closed his cancer clinic in Detroit after a long and bitter fight with the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

He asked Koch to tell him which were the major medical centers in Europe working on cancer, and then he called doctors in Heidelberg and London. He said they all told him they were no longer recommending surgery for his type of cancer. He talked with doctors around Detroit, and said the best odds he could find were ten to one, and he thought they were too long. So he talked with Koch again and made his decision: he would go to Rio and have Koch himself administer the treatment.

Tucker wasn't convinced that Koch's treatment was a sure cure, but he thought the odds were at least as good as in surgery, and he had talked with a lot of people who said Koch cured them after other doctors had given up.

If Tucker had buried any money after the Chicago deal he had run out now, because he had to borrow money to buy plane tickets for himself and Mrs. Tucker to Rio. They left in September. When he saw Koch in Rio he told him to hurry, that he was losing time. He had a car to produce and he had to get to work on it.

First letters were hopeful and he had started another deal to build the automobile there. In October he wrote that he was getting along all right, but complained about the climate and the food.

"It's terrible here," he wrote. "Damp, cold, salty and humid."

He was depressed by the weather and his surroundings and decided to leave, planning at first to stop at Havana, where it would at least be warmer, but finally deciding to return directly to Ypsilanti. When he got home Tucker didn't look so bad except for having lost weight. At times he seemed to be better, but after having to have oxygen brought to the house several times he asked to be moved to the hospital, where he said they had good nurses and everything they needed to take care of him. By then he was down from 200 pounds to less than 100, and he refused to see anybody but the family and a few friends.

About a week before Christmas I went to see him at the hospital. He was in an oxygen tent and he was tired. "For today, I've had it," he said.

I told him I would be back in a couple of weeks, when he could talk better.

"If I can't then, I'm not going to," he said.

A few days before Christmas the doctors said he had pneumonia. For a while he seemed to be holding his own, but he grew steadily weaker and died at 4:45 o'clock in the afternoon, the day after Christmas.

The automotive industry wrote his epitaph, as a true and discerning prophet in his narrow field, when it adopted—one after another—ideas he had announced and planned to use. Whether he was a hero or a fool wasn't important. He acted under compulsions which seemed beyond his control, and probably were beyond his understanding.

In a cemetery near Flat Rock, Michigan, is a plain stone with a small bas-relief in bronze of the Tucker automobile. If Tucker and his stockholders and dealers had been playing against a stacked deck—as many of them believed—who stacked the deck was no longer important.

The game was over.—**Charles T. Pearson**

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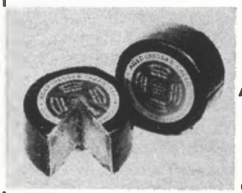

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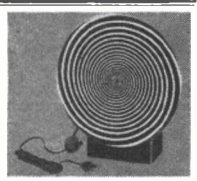

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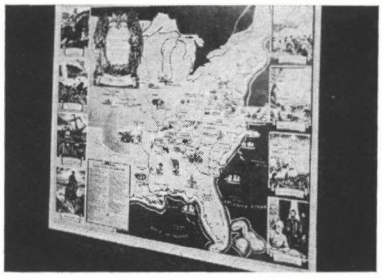

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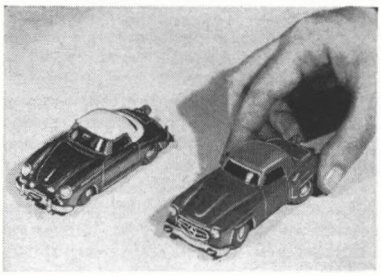

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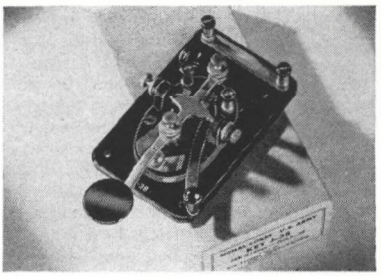

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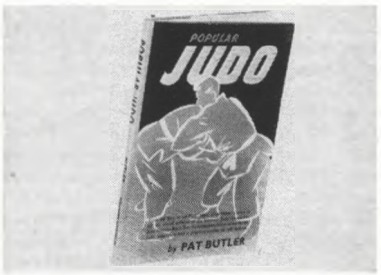

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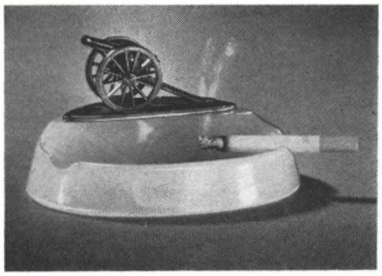

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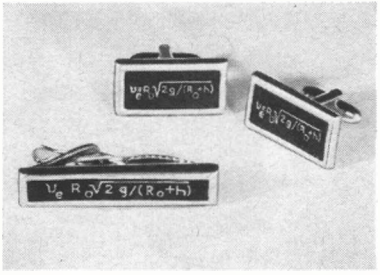

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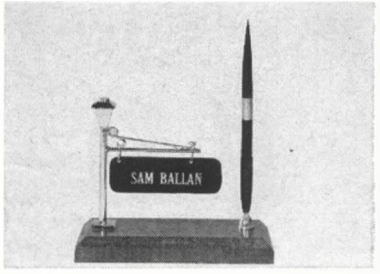

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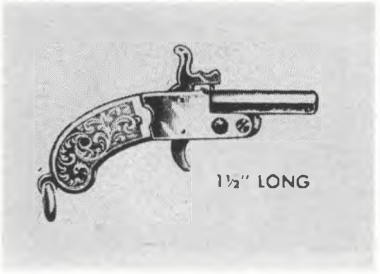

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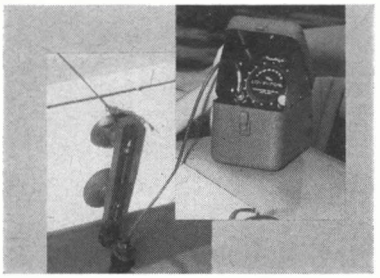

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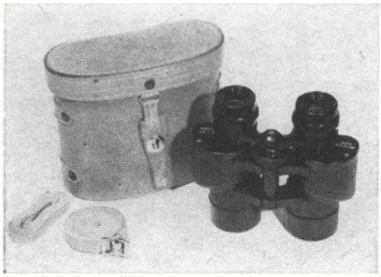

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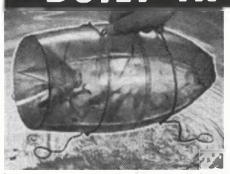

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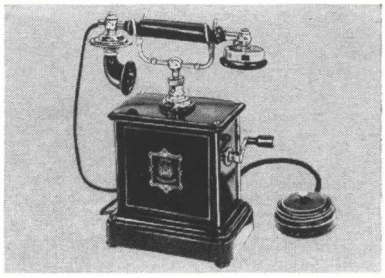

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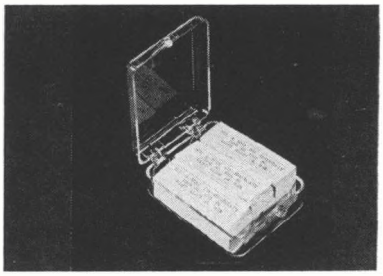

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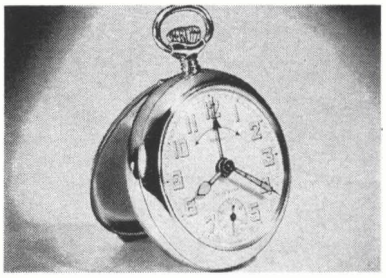

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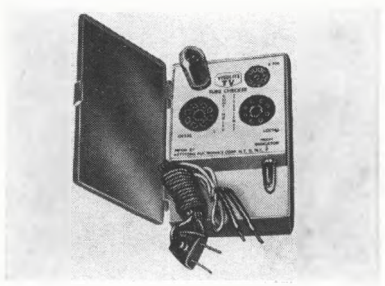

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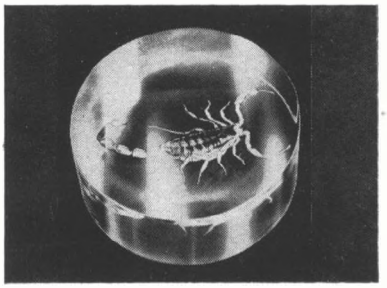

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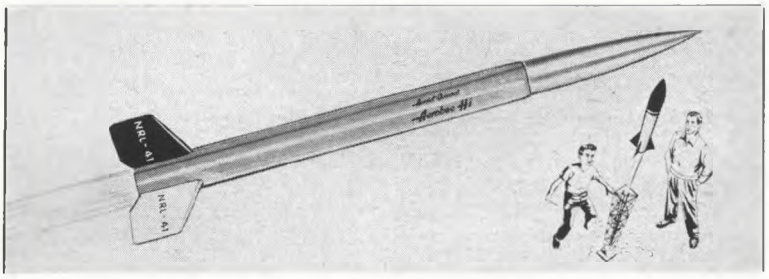

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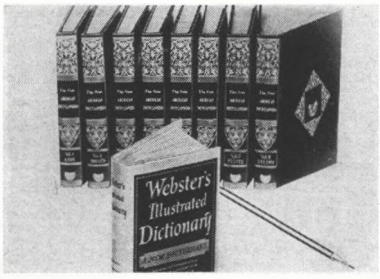

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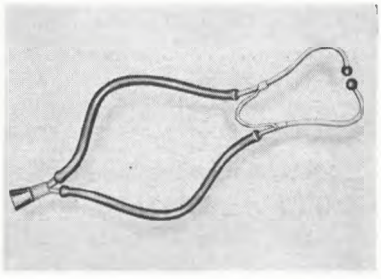

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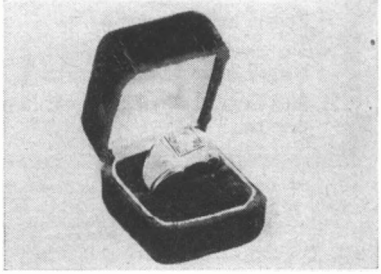

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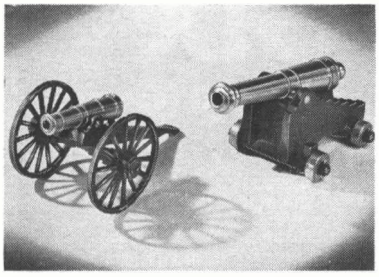

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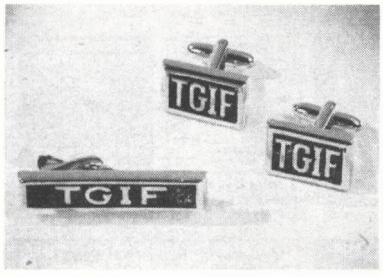

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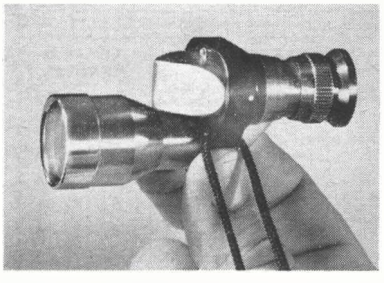

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You spent a fortune on your set and are spending even more repairing it. Every single year your TV repair bill gets larger. Every single year your reception gets worse, and worse, and worse. Is this a vicious cycle No! Too often it's the fault of your TV antenna! If you live indoors, you probably have a cheap three-foot long rabbit ears antenna. With the two three-foot long pieces of wiring sticking out unsightly like a rabbit's ears. If you own your own home or live in an apartment you probably have a so-called large antenna on top of your roof, the cost to install it was probably about one third over and above the cost of your set or about $100.00. And so what happens? Along comes a storm and down comes the poor antena, after the storm you turn on your set and the whole mess with hazy pictures is back again maybe worse!

Now: New Living TV Viewing

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Start Using Electronic Components That Put Pleasure Into TV Viewing!

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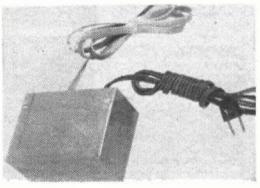

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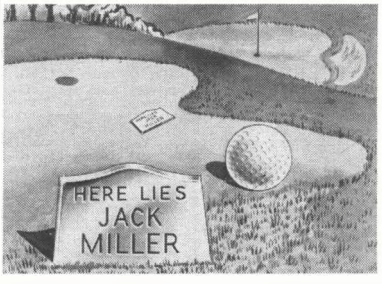

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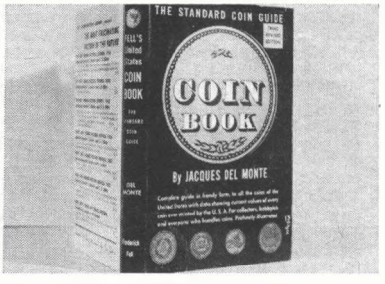

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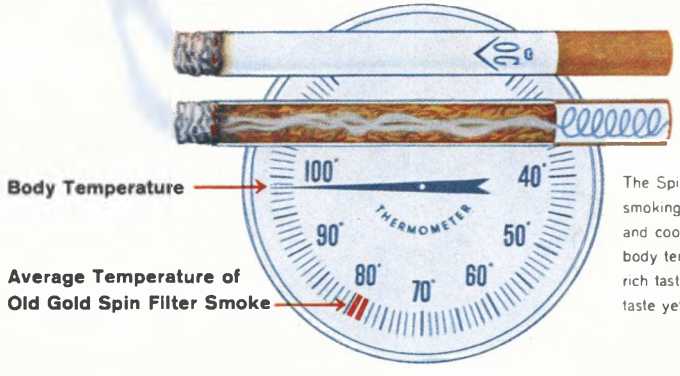

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