THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS DECEMBER 1966 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

LINDBERGH'S OTHER SON
His Life of Danger Under the Sea

RAPE IN PARADISE
A Famous Crime Back in the News

JOB CORPS SCANDAL
A Black Eye for the Great Society

A LICENSE TO GET RICH
Cashing in on Batman, Bond & Bardot

wrap, wrap **who's there**

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67 West 44th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10036

"It's still 'No' on that ambassadorship!"

Name-Dropper

Having been United States Ambassador to Switzerland from 1963 to 1965, I was particularly amused at the cartoon appearing in your September issue on page 70. . . .

You have a great magazine. I have been a staunch supporter for years and, oddly enough, my first name must be familiar to you.

With all good wishes,

—True Davis
Washington, D. C.

It's always good to hear from a staunch supporter whose name is his fame.

Garbage Collector

It's a waste of time to try to discover the reasoning of San Francisco sports fans. I pity the Forty Niners' quarterback John Brodie (September TRUE), but consider the plight of Roseboro. He is still booed in Candlestick Park for swinging his head at Marichal and hitting him on the bat!

—J. Franklin
Summerland, Calif.

Hang in there, Johnny boy!

Wordage Report

October TRUE was right up to standard—the letter telling of the origin of the English expletive "bloody" is perfectly correct. Your readers may also be interested to learn that most of the swear words used in England are of religious origin, and that nearly all of the nursery rhymes were originally satiric comments on some political condition in ancient times. For example, the oft-quoted lady "who rides a cock horse" and "she shall have music wherever she goes" was Lady Godiva. The original rhyme was "There will be music wherever she goes" due to the fact that her famous naked ride reduced taxes. The "four and 20 blackbirds" were the 24 clerics imprisoned by a Puritan majority in Parliament, and released by King Charles. Clergy were known as blackbirds because of their clerical dress.

—Rev. W. J. H. Petter (Ret)
New York, N. Y.

Mystery Story *(Cont.)*

I just wanted to go on the record and inform you how much I enjoyed the bonus book condensation *My Search for Amelia Earhart* by Fred Goerner, which appeared in the September issue of TRUE.

This was a fascinating story to say the least. Once I started the article, I couldn't put it down until I had finished it.

—William R. Maas
Detroit, Mich.

I have read *My Search for Amelia Earhart* and I am amazed at the mass of soggy verbiage and unsubstantiated statements therein. The story states that Amelia Earhart Putnam and Fred Noonan ". . . had been lost under mysterious conditions." Never has there been a question, a doubt as to how they were lost.

During the first and second attempts of Earhart and Noonan to fly around the world, I was acting chief of staff and operations officer on the staff of Commander Hawaiian Section, San Francisco Division, U.S. Coast Guard, at Honolulu. In that capacity, I was actively familiar with all the details of the flight, and in particular, the operation during which the fliers were lost.

I know what happened. Between 0846 and 0900 2 July 1937, the aircraft ran out of fuel and ditched between 50 and 200 miles northwest of Howland Island.

The statement in Goerner's article that Noonan's navigation was in error to the magnitude that he would have ended up *even* in the Marshall Islands, is 180 degrees out of phase. An apprentice moron navigator could not make that mistake—and Noonan was a master craftsman! That the couple landed in the Marianas is even more absurd.

Quote from page 113: "Either there was something wrong with her radio or they were goofing off aboard that boat (USCGC *Itasca*)." That remark attributed to Paul Mantz is an insult to the integrity of personnel on board *Itasca*, each and every one whom I knew, and fully aware of their professional capabilities. Too, knowing Paul Mantz, I question that those were his factual words.

Goerner's statements about *Itasca's* radio logs being changed are sour. I have those logs before me, and have had since July 1937. And I was a communicator in the service for not a few years, from 1920 through 1960, my last 10 in search and rescue operations in the Pacific Theater.

—Cdr. H. M. Anthony, USCG (Ret)
Oakhurst, Calif.

[*Continued on page* 4]

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[Continued from page 2]

Complaint

Your September *Man's World* nauseated me to the degree that I demand and request your outfit to cancel my subscription.

I was 14 years old, in the year of Our Lord 1918, when the light from above showed me the path to the BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA . . . Me and BOY SCOUTS—Tenderfoot 1918; Second Class; First Class; Star; Life; Eagle—the greatest; Assistant Scoutmaster, Scoutmaster, Scouters Key; Neighborhood Commissioner; Assistant District Commissioner of Manchester District, Robert Lee Council, Richmond, Virginia; now a life member of BOY SCOUTS until Gabriel blows his horn. What will your editor who wrote *Scouts By Any Other Name* have to say in rebuttal to this letter from a Virginia Gentleman (A rebel) and a BOY SCOUT OF AMERICA?

—Eagle Scout George W. Schaefer
(48 years a BOY SCOUT)
Richmond, Va.

Grow up.

College Cheer

Three cheers for your article in the October issue of TRUE concerning Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa. It is about time that the college has an article published in its favor, instead of condemning it. Parsons is a true example of small American colleges that are expanding to meet the growing enrollment of high-school graduates.

—Doris Newland
Ft. Madison, Iowa

Park Threat

Thank you, TRUE Magazine, for C. P. Gilmore's article on Grand Canyon (Sept. TRUE). This is the best pro and con balancing of the many controversial statements that we have had so far. This threat to Grand Canyon threatens all of our National Parks.

Our Department of Reclamation seems to be in a terrible hurry, as if dam building is going out of style. And it is! Nuclear power and sea water conversion is here. Let's keep these dam builders out of Grand Canyon.

—F. L. Legg
Forest Falls, Calif.

I wish to compliment C. P. Gilmore, whom I met at the Grand Canyon when he was gathering material for his article, *It's A Grand Old Canyon—And They're All Promising To Keep It That Way (Somehow).* I have devoted a good deal of time to studying the proposals to build dams in the Grand Canyon and testified against them at the hearings of the House subcommittee, and I find Mr. Gilmore's article one of the best written and objective articles I have read on this subject. I think that from these facts emerges a picture of one of the clearest cases of an attempt to sacrifice economic and spiritual values to political expediency. Let us hope that articles such as this will alert the public and defeat the destruction of one of the unique aesthetic and adventurous experiences still left to man.

—Stephen C. Jett, Ph.D.
Asst. Prof. of Geography
Davis, Calif.

Wheel and Deal

I read your story *Confessions of a Wheeler-Dealer in Antiques* and I think he was awful lucky or a damn liar. Who ever heard of working on a fan belt with a monkey wrench? I deal in antiques. I have made a good profit but nothing like your wheeler-dealer. If he made so much money, how come he would stoop so low as to write a story of his ill-gotten gains? Personally I think he is a jerk.

—John Alves
Potter, Neb.

Being a longtime antiquer, I read your *Confessions* and knew immediately you will get letters.

You might be interested in an article *Traffic in Bogus Antiques* by Bertha H. Smith from the June, 1946 issue of *Antiques* magazine, quoting another respected magazine, *Good Housekeeping* of February, 1906!

It starts right off by saying "About 90 percent of the things sold nowadays as antiques are bogus." That was 1906! Shady horse traders don't stop people from loving horses. This is part of the game. Happy hunting to all!

–Mrs. Charles Barnes
Brimfield, Ill.

Pictorial Puzzle

We Alaskans are always pleased to see an article regarding our great state—*Pauper's Hunt with a Princely Payoff,* September TRUE—and I congratulate you on a good story. However, in regard to the beautiful picture on page 59 (Dale packing his Dall sheep into camp on his back): Most hunters will tell you that, although this is a convenient method to pack a trophy, it is also the best way for the hunter to be mistaken for game and accounts for a large number of hunting fatalities. I will assume this picture was "posed" for its beauty, not its actuality.

—Mrs. W. T. Perkins
Juneau, Alaska

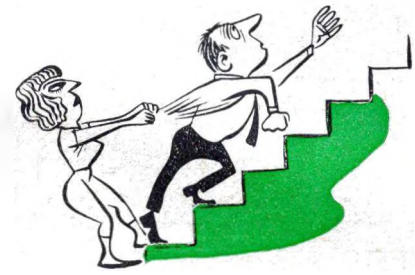
We will assume he has a gun and can shoot back.

Love That Lubricant

Thank you for publishing the Dri-Slide controversy story in your October issue. It is not often that a publication as well known as yours would trouble itself to offer a genuine assist to a small company like ours. I sincerely expect because of the national appeal of this article it will substantially increase the interest in our product, not only at the military level, but the civilian firearm market, as well.

I should mention that, in the few days this publication has been available, we have received inquiries from throughout the United States, and should also mention that Marine Corp. headquarters, Washington, D.C. has unofficially informed us that an order for at least 100,000 cans will be placed in the immediate future.

—L. G. Myers
Fremont, Mich.



Man Hunter

Your article on Ward Howell (October), who is known to all businessmen as tops in his field, was most interesting.

Throughout the article you spoke of the important role a man's wife plays in his career, and how often she ruins his chances. As one who has hired and supervised many other persons, I know this to be a fact. The number of times a man fails to progress because of his wife is far greater than is generally believed.

I am a bachelor who has done very well due to my special education and training, but I also know that not many companies want bachelors in their top positions. If wives are so much trouble, it seems that bachelors would be the ideal solution.

—Name Withheld
Evans, Ga.

Ho, Toro

In August you published a story about a Vermonter with a VW and "Toro" license plates. I recently drove my VW from Los Angeles to Mexico City. There were many signs along the road, *"Cuidado Con El Ganado"* which means, "Look Out for Cattle." In Mexico, where the fences are to keep the cattle out of planted areas, this is an important warning. Throughout the trip, cattle were always on the road, and even though my VW didn't have a "Toro" plate, the cattle thought I was one of them. Whenever a Mexican truck or bus would come along, the cattle would scatter. When I came along, they would nuzzle up to my car. I'd blast my horn, gun my motor, but to no avail. They would only move when they felt ready. I finally learned the secret of getting them to move aside—talk to them kindly in Mexican, *"Por favor, vayase,"* "Please go away" and they would go. But if I had "Toro" license plates, I think we'd have some small VW toros by now.

—Martin Schwager
Fullerton, Calif.

When Winchester joins two shotgun barrels together, you must admit it's really done in style.

Take the Model 21 side-by-side.

Custom made. Elaborately engraved. Meticulously hand-fitted and finished. It's the finest example of the gunmaker's art in this country today.

[And that's on other people's say-so, not ours.]

The 21's prices, however, start at $1000 [the Grand American costs $3500!].

So chances are you'll never own one.

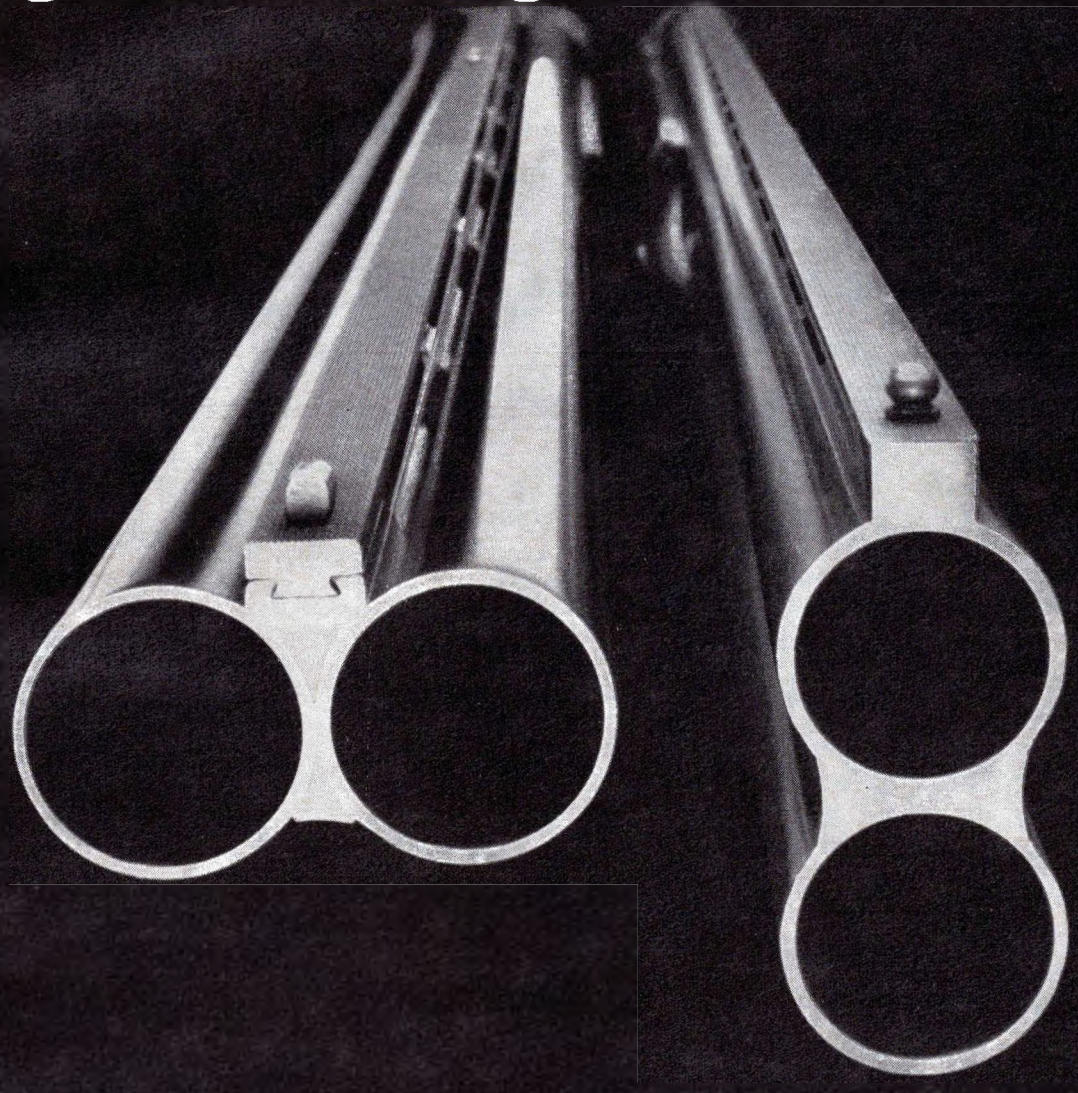
But you don't have to be loaded to buy a great Winchester double.

The Model 101 over-and-under's still another work of art. A fine-grained, fluted walnut stock. Hand checkering. Hand-engraved receiver. Bore and chamber chrome-plated [to eliminate rusting and leading].

And it's priced at $283.95 for a field gun [$10 extra for a magnum]. Or $298.95 for a trap gun [add $10 if you want a Monte Carlo stock]. In both 12 and 20 gauge.

Now we ask you. With a double-barreled beauty like this around, do you still want to stay single?

Shotgun Wedding, Winchester Style.



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14—Wide World
16—Wide World
28—Left, Wide World
30—UPI
58-59—Top, Honolulu Star-Bulletin; bot., UPI
60—Courtesy Union Pacific RR
61—Charles E. Rotkin exc. bot., courtesy B&O RR
62-63—Charles E. Rotkin

For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE DECEMBER 1966

TRUE

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

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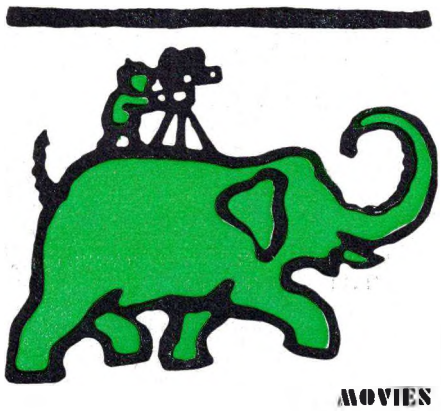
VOL. 47 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 355

TRUEVIEWS: MOVIES BOOKS RECORDS



MOVIES

THE APPALOOSA. Marlon Brando portrays a saddle bum who has his horse stolen by a Mexican bandit. Since it's a prize Appaloosa stud, Brando goes into hostile Mexico to get it back. The script is low-keyed and spare, giving Brando and director Sidney J. Furie plenty of room to do a bang-up job. John Saxon is a competent villain; Anjanette Comer is the lovely lady who gets caught in the middle.

GAMBIT. There seems to be a trend these days to light, romantic pseudocrime comedies; if they were all as good as this one, we'd rejoice. Shirley MacLaine and Michael Caine play a couple of down-and-outers posing as royalty in order to steal a work of art in the Far East, and they are excellent. It's original and funny, with a lot of genuine suspense.

TEXAS ACROSS THE RIVER. If you think the idea of Dean Martin, Alain Delon and Joey Bishop as characters in the Old West is ridiculous, you're right—only it's supposed to be that way. This spoof of the-cowboys-versus-the-Indians doesn't miss a cliche, and if the film doesn't always score a bull's-eye, it racks up a lot of laughs anyway. Silly, but boisterous fun.

ALVAREZ KELLY. Most Civil War movies lose money, they say; it's probably because most of them are so bad. This one continues that distinguished tradition. Richard Widmark plays a southern colonel and William Holden plays Kelly, a cattleman. Together they steal a herd of cattle from the Northern army. Though they fight all through the movie, they decide not to kill each other at the end. Pity.

THE FORTUNE COOKIE. A black comedy that begins by examining an American dream—bilking an insurance company—and ends by swindling the audience as it evades the issue. Walter Matthau is brilliant as "Whiplash Willie," the lawyer who masterminds the scheme, and Jack Lemmon is good as his bumbling brother-in-law with a bad back and a weak head. Matthau's performance is worth the price of admission; the rest is fraud.

THE PAD (AND HOW TO USE IT). It is very rare that we see a picture with absolutely nothing to recommend it, but here it is. A thin story about a shy loser who meets a girl, gets his hip buddy to help him win her and loses her to the buddy, it lacks wit, insight or depth. An unfunny comedy.

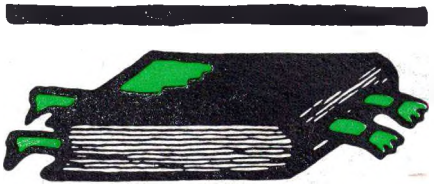
NOT WITH MY WIFE, YOU DON'T! Tony Curtis and George C. Scott play a couple of Air Force officers in love with the same gal—Virna Lisi. Curtis pulls a fast one on Scott in Korea and marries her, but Scott retaliates in London 14 years later and almost gets her back. Familiar comic fare, but good performances and some very funny gags make it seem fresh after all.

WAY . . . WAY OUT. This is the best film Jerry Lewis has made in years. Of course, that's not saying much, considering, but there it is. It's 1994, and he's the oldest astronaut in the U.S., so his boss (Robert Morley) decides he should be the one to go to the moon and relieve two stir-crazy men up there. There's one hitch—he's got to take a wife, and only has two days to get one. Connie Stevens goes, and causes trouble, as do Anita Ekberg and Dick Shawn, as Russian moon folk.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM. Easily the understatement of the year—dozens of funny things happen in this nutty film. Zero Mostel is superbly comical as a slave in ancient Rome who mixes up the lives of everyone around him, straightens them all out and wins his freedom and a girl named Gymnasia. Phil Silvers plays a procurer, Jack Gilford is a doltish slave and the late Buster Keaton plays Erronius, whose mistakes save the day. It's full of low comedy high jinks and pretty girls, and it shouldn't be missed.

HAWAII. One of the dullest movies ever made. The big trouble is that the central character, well played by Max von Sydow, is a minister who has submerged his basic humanity in religion; he is a tiresome, frustrating bore. Julie Andrews loses an uphill battle as his too-good wife. Only Richard Harris, as a brawling sea captain, is likeable and interesting. The corruption of this paradise is obscured by endless, windy theological debates.

DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND. James Coburn stars as Eli Kotch, con man and bank robber. He travels all over the country pulling jobs to raise money for a big bank holdup, mainly by seducing a series of delectable dolls (he's so devoted to his work that he even marries one). Then he pulls off the job, but cons himself out of a fortune anyway. Wryly witty all the way. Coburn's performance is a *tour de force*; Camilla Sparv, as his wife, is very good indeed.



BOOKS

THE WRECK OF THE MEMPHIS by Edward L. Beach. In August, 1916, the battle cruiser *Memphis* was riding peacefully at anchor in Santo Domingo Harbor. Suddenly, huge waves rose, the final ones 80 to 100 feet high, and in less than two hours the ship was wrecked on the shore. Captain Beach's father was captain of the ship, but this never diminishes his objectivity as he details the terrifying, tragic battle the ship lost. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $5.95.*

THE MALE ATTITUDE by Charles Ferguson. The author has a good point to make: The history of mankind is the history of men, and the attitudes, premises and presumptions of society are male attitudes. He proves his historical points with a great deal of wit and insight. The sections on the women's-suffrage movement and humor are especially good. *Little, Brown; $6.95.*

WINDS OF CHANGE by Harold Macmillan. One of the most distinguished statesmen in recent history has written the beginning of his memoirs, covering the period from 1914 to 1939. His account of WWI service and his family life as a boy are interesting, but as soon as he's elected to Parliament in 1923, it gets dull. Propriety and a passion for data get the best of Macmillan the memoirist, though they didn't always hold Macmillan the politician back. *Harper & Row; $10.00.*

THE SPY IN THE OINTMENT by Donald E. Westlake. J. Eugene Raxford is a pacifist who can't do anything right (his Mimeograph machine always breaks down, for example). Through an error, he's asked to join a superterrorist group (left *and* rightwing nuts who want to blow up the U.N.). The FBI blackmails him into joining the group as a spy, and the comedy begins. Funny and clever; don't miss it. *Random House; $3.95.*

THE ZINZIN ROAD by Fletcher Knebel. A novel about the Peace Corps in Africa. As a novel, it leaves a lot to be desired in the way of writing and characterizations, but as a document about the growing pains of the emerging nations of Africa and American in-

[*Continued on page* 10]

Where to Buy a Brunswick Billiard Table

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington—The Hecht Co.

DELAWARE
Wilmington—Herman C. Matthes
Wilmington—L & H Sport Stores

MARYLAND
Baltimore—Al's Billiard Supply Co.
Baltimore—The Hecht Co.
Frederick—Shipley's
Hagerstown—Miller Furniture Stores
Landover Hills—Sport Center
Mt. Rainer—ABC Billiard Supply Co.
Reisterstown—Toy Town
Rockville—Giant Foods
Timonium—Cue Club
West Lanham Hills—Giant Foods
Wheaton—Sport Center

NEW JERSEY
Bergenfield—Playtime U.S.A.
Boonton—Marcells Sporting Goods
Clifton—Lumberama
Dover—Dover Sport Center
East Orange—National Billiard Sales Co.
Newark—Alter Bros. & Berner
Newark—Branch Brook Co.
New Brunswick—Meyers
North Bergen—Beston Enterprises, Inc.
Paramus—Lumberama
Trenton—Pearl Vending Service, Inc.

NEW YORK
Albany, Colonie—R. H. Macy
Babylon—Abraham & Straus
Bay Shore—R. H. Macy
Bethpage, L.I.—
Long Island Swimming Pool Co.
Bronx—Doran Billiard Service
Bronx—Doran Billiard Service
Brooklyn—Abraham & Straus
Buffalo—Maroone Family Travel Center
Buffalo—Sciandra's Billiards
Centereach, L.I.—Harrows
Cheektowaga—
Frank P. Kick Athletic Goods
Dunkirk—Walts Sporting Goods
Elmhurst, Queens—R. H. Macy
Elmira—Joy Automatics, Inc.
Garden City, L.I.—R. H. Macy
Haverstraw—Simkins, Inc.
Hempstead, L.I.—Abraham & Straus
Hempstead, L.I.—Harrows
Hempstead, L.I.—House of Billiards
Hicksville—Futura of Long Island
Huntington, L.I.—Abraham & Straus
Huntington, L.I.—Harrows
Huntington Station, L.I.—R. H. Macy
Jamaica, Queens—Harrows
Kew Gardens—Kew Gardens Sport Shop
Latham—Andy's Sporting Goods
Manhasset—Abraham & Straus
New Haven—R. H. Macy
New York—V. Loria & Son
New York—R. H. Macy
New York—F.A.O. Schwarz
Ogdensburg—Tropic Swim Pools
Poughkeepsie—
Poughkeepsie Billiard Supply
Queens Village, Queens—Harrows
Riverhead, L.I.—Bowl Hi
Rochester—Pro Bowl
Rochester—Rochester Marine Co.
Rochester—Schoenheit Supply
Scotia—Four Season's Sporting Center
Staten Island—K. A. Industries
Staten Island—Staten Island Vacuum
Syracuse—Carol's Pools
Syracuse—Dey Bros. & Co.
Syracuse—Mid-State Boat Co.
Syracuse—Syracuse Billiard Table Co.
Tonawanda—Westons Hardware
Troy—Andy's Sporting Goods
Trumansburg—
Coral Isle Swim Pool Store
Utica—Victor Conte Music Co.
Vestal—Coral Isle Swim Pools
Warsaw—Zeches Furniture & Appliance
White Plains—R. H. Macy
Yonkers—V. Loria & Son

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown—Gebhardt Bowling Supply Co.
Ardmore—Ardmore Pro Shop
Camp Hill—Miller Furniture Stores
Carlisle—Miller Furniture Stores
Chambersburg—Miller Furniture Stores
Chambersburg—Ellwood Sollenberger
Chester—L & H Sport Stores
Erie—Frontier Lanes
Erie—The Sportsman
Harrisburg—Casino Billiards
Harrisburg—Miller Furniture Stores
Hazelton—Gebhardt Bowling Supply Co.
Lancaster—Rebman Candy Co., Inc.
Middletown—Miller Furniture Stores
Norristown—L & H Sport Stores
Philadelphia—Active Amusement Co.
Philadelphia—Gimbel Brothers, Inc.
Philadelphia—M & H Sport Stores
Philadelphia—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh—Al Co Company
Pittsburgh—
East Liberty Bowling & Billiards
Pittsburgh—Gimble Brothers Dept. Stores
Pittsburgh—Joseph Horne Co. Stores
Pittsburgh—Kaufmann's Dept. Stores
Pittsburgh—Saunier-Wilhem Co.
Pottstown—Miller & Moller Music Co., Inc.
Reading—Kagens
Sunbury—Miller Furniture Stores
Upper Darby—Brooks Sporting Goods
Waynesboro—Miller Furniture Stores
West Chester—Briggs Sporting Goods

Ask these 6 important questions before you buy a home billiard table

1. WHAT'S THE BEST SIZE? Depends on what you want. Miniature or toy tables (under 3½′ x 7′) can be fun—but you won't get anything like real billiard action. Professional tables are 4½′ x 9′ or 4′ x 8′. If 4′ x 8′ is still too big, get a 3½′ x 7′ . . . and make sure it comes with 2¼″ balls and regulation cues.

2. WHAT KIND OF BED SHOULD THE TABLE HAVE? The table bed must be rugged and flat. At one time, all good beds were slate; but, modern science has changed that. Brunswick's Permalevel® and Levelite® beds give you all the playing qualities of slate—plus portability—at lower cost. These fine tops don't need levelers because we build 'em level to stay level—and warrant them in writing against warp and sag. (Of course, we have the finest slate tops, too.)

3. WHAT TYPE OF CUSHIONS AND CLOTH ARE BEST? In 120 years of building fine billiard tables, Brunswick has yet to find an acceptable substitute for *100% live rubber cushions* and good, *100% wool cloth.* Our $2,500 tables have them. So do our $275 tables.

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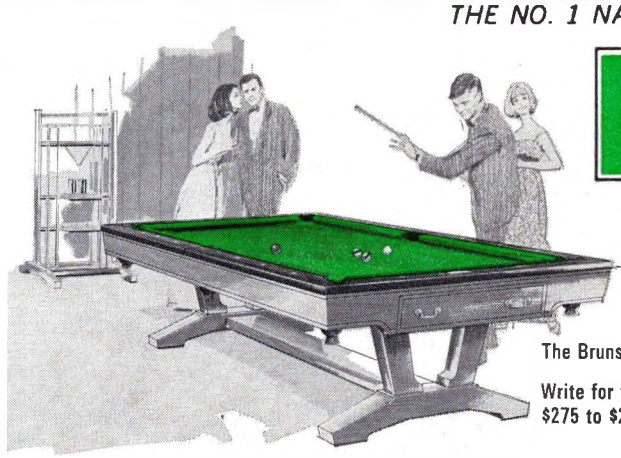

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TRUEVIEWS

[*Continued from page 8*]

volvement in corruption and deception, it is tremendously effective. The book crackles with authenticity and deserves to be read. *Doubleday; $5.95.*

THE EAGLE AND THE IRON CROSS by Glendon Swarthout. Two German soldiers (not Nazis and rather young) break out of a prison camp in Arizona where they are interned in 1945. They want to stay in America and become American cowboys. They are taken in by Indians, and the parallel conflict of both with the modern West, where they have no place, is plausible, poignant, excellently drawn. *New American Library; $4.95.*

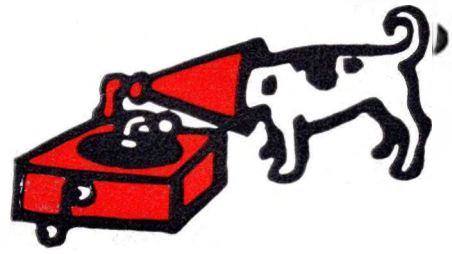
OPERATION DELTA by Anthony McCall. A grim, terse spy novel about a plot to kill the scientists working on a new missile system. The author is a good storyteller; he manages to mix spying, civil rights, murder, courtroom battles, high finance, love and implausibility into a story that's difficult to stop reading. *Trident; $4.95*

A HISTORY OF TOYS by Antonia Fraser. A sumptuous sampling, in copious text and numerous illustrations (72 in color, 230 in black and white), of toys from the ancient Greeks to today's 007 boom. The text is full of facts, but the tone is quite cheerful, making it good reading. One interesting thing from it is the universality of several types of toys. Kids don't change much, it seems. An oversize book; 256 pages. *Delacorte Press; $20.00 till Dec. 31, $22.50 thereafter.*

GILES GOAT-BOY by John Barth. This long (710 pages) novel is the surprise best seller of the year. It blends a metaphor (the nations of the world are colleges, people are students, wars are campus riots and the whole is run by a computer) with an allegory of Christ. Its serious purpose is to make us look at modern life, but it's wildly funny most of the time, and often bawdy to boot. Not an easy book to read but definitely worth the effort. *Doubleday; $6.95.*

WIPED OUT by an anonymous investor. The author of this book began investing in the stock market in 1957. At first he made money by speculating, but as he got in deeper, he started losing. In trying to recoup his losses, he ended up broke. This might be unremarkable if it weren't for the fact that the stock-market averages were rising during that time, and that he had expert advice from brokers. A harrowing, instructive book, full of facts, figures and names. *Simon & Schuster; $3.50.*

THE ABDUCTORS by Stuart Cloete. A novel about white slavery in Victorian England. Written in Victorian-style prose, it is long (437 pages) and very dull. The author seems to have written it out of indignation, which is worthy but somewhat too late. In an appendix, he shows that it is still going on, which prompts us to wonder why he didn't write an up-to-date story in the first place. *Trident; $5.95.*



RECORDS

LOU RAWLS—SOULIN'. One of several things that distinguishes Lou Rawls is originality; he doesn't hesitate to swing a sweet ballad or to linger over a rocker that has a good lyric. Here, he steps through 12 songs as surefootedly as a cat on a picket fence. "Autumn Leaves" and "Love Is a Hurtin' Thing" stand out. *Capitol.*

TIME IN. Dave Brubeck and his quartet are one of the most durable ensembles in jazz —they have been together many years and very popular most of that time. That the popularity is deserved is shown on the eight numbers at hand, all originals, all coolly swinging, all good. *Columbia.*

A HEART FILLED WITH SONG. John Gary is a baritone with a big, full voice that is best suited to romantic ballads. He has thus rounded up a batch of some of the best: "Because of You," "Without a Song," "Be My Love," "Till" and several more. It's all unabashedly old-fashioned, and quite commendable. *RCA Victor.*

TWIN GUITARS—IN A MOOD FOR LOVERS. A collection of mood music, played with simplicity and skill by Los Indios Tabajaras, two Brazilian brothers. Backed by a small rhythm section, they take such songs as "Time Was," "Make Believe" and "The High and the Mighty" and pare them down to beautiful essentials. *RCA Victor.*

CAMPUS CONCERT. Erroll Garner is so short that he adds a telephone book to his piano bench, but when he starts to play he's a giant. Here, he adds still more stature with jazz improvisations on "Stardust," "My Funny Valentine," "These Foolish Things" and five more, all recorded before an enthusiastic audience. *Verve.*

TRUEVIEWS

EL SONIDO NUEVO. In Spanish, that means "The new sound." It's Latin jazz, spearheaded by the vibes of Cal Tjader and the piano of Eddie Palmieri, backed solidly by drums and brass. It's a brilliant fire-and-ice combination, and makes for happy, swinging, exciting music. *Verve.*

"IN" MOTION. The Quartette Tres Bien plays what might be called mood jazz; its makeup (piano, bass and drums) keeps the sound low and cool, and the melody is always in hand. It's an adventurous group anyway, and worth listening to, particularly in "Charade" and "It Ain't Necessarily So." *Decca.*

GODFREY CAMBRIDGE TOYS WITH THE WORLD. This comedian specializes in monologues rather than gags, emerging ultimately as a gentle satirist. He kids the frug ("If you're gonna use all that energy, you ought to get more out of it"), Tarzan, dieting and other topical topics. *Epic.*

HAYDN: SYMPHONIES NO. 73 & 96. These symphonies show two faces of Haydn. The first is an amalgamation of earlier work, ending with a hunting song; the second is a full-blooded, exciting composition. Both are well served by the Prague Chamber Orchestra, which plays without a conductor. One of many low-priced classical records coming out now, it's a big bargain. *Crossroads.*

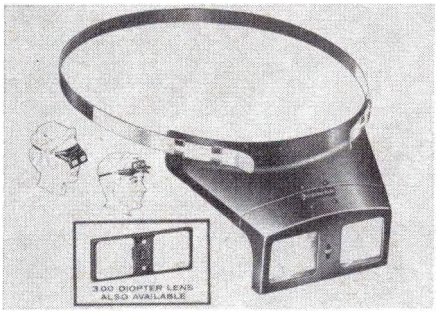
SHOW BOAT. Almost exactly 39 years ago, this grand show opened on Broadway. A little while ago it was revived once again, and this is the new cast album. The performers (Barbara Cook, Constance Towers, David Wayne, Stephen Douglass and William Warfield) are excellent. The songs ("Bill," "Make Believe," "Ol' Man River," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" and more) are fine. *RCA Victor.*

NIGHTTIDE. Hot on the rain-soaked heels of *One Stormy Night,* here's another album incorporating sounds and music by the Mystic Moods Orchestra. This time it starts with surf and "Theme from 'A Summer Place.'" goes inland via hoofbeats and "Shane," undergoes a storm with six songs, clears with crickets and "Moon River," and departs on a train to "Somewhere My Love." It should be a big hit. *Philips.*

GOLDEN HITS OF THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS, VOL. II. There was no Vol. I, of course, but that's part of the whimsy that characterizes this duo's act. Whimsy being the fleeting, flighty thing it is, you may not always go for them. This album is one of their better efforts, though; they lampoon folk singing, American history and each other with skillful zest. *Mercury.*

TRUE goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified. You'll get speedier delivery if you include your Zip Code.



MAGNA FI makes close work and fine print look big. Ideal for craftsmen or hobbyists. It lets you work faster and more accurately, leaving hands free. Hinged lens swings up when not in use. Magna fi can even be worn with bifocals. $7.95 with removable 2½ diopter lens. 3 diopter lens available at $2.98 additional. Nel-King, Dept. T-126MF, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo.

SAVINGS ON ACCORDIONS. You can save up to ½ and more on a famous make Italian accordions with forty standard and electronic models from which to choose. This company offers you a 5-day home trial and trade-in allowances. Write for catalogs and discount price list. Accordion Corporation of America, Dept. T-126F, 5535 W. Belmont, Chicago, Ill. 60641.

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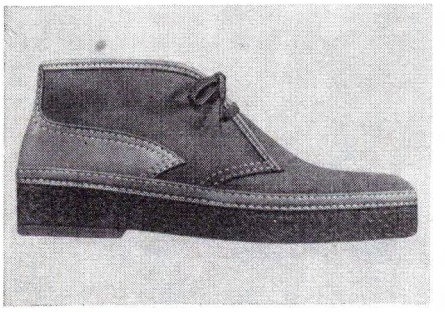

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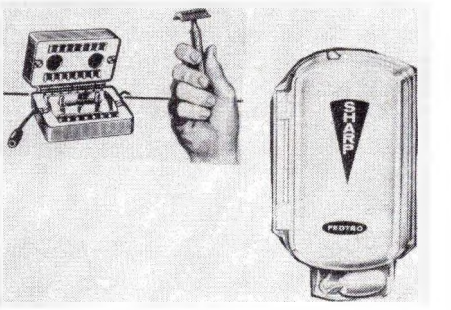

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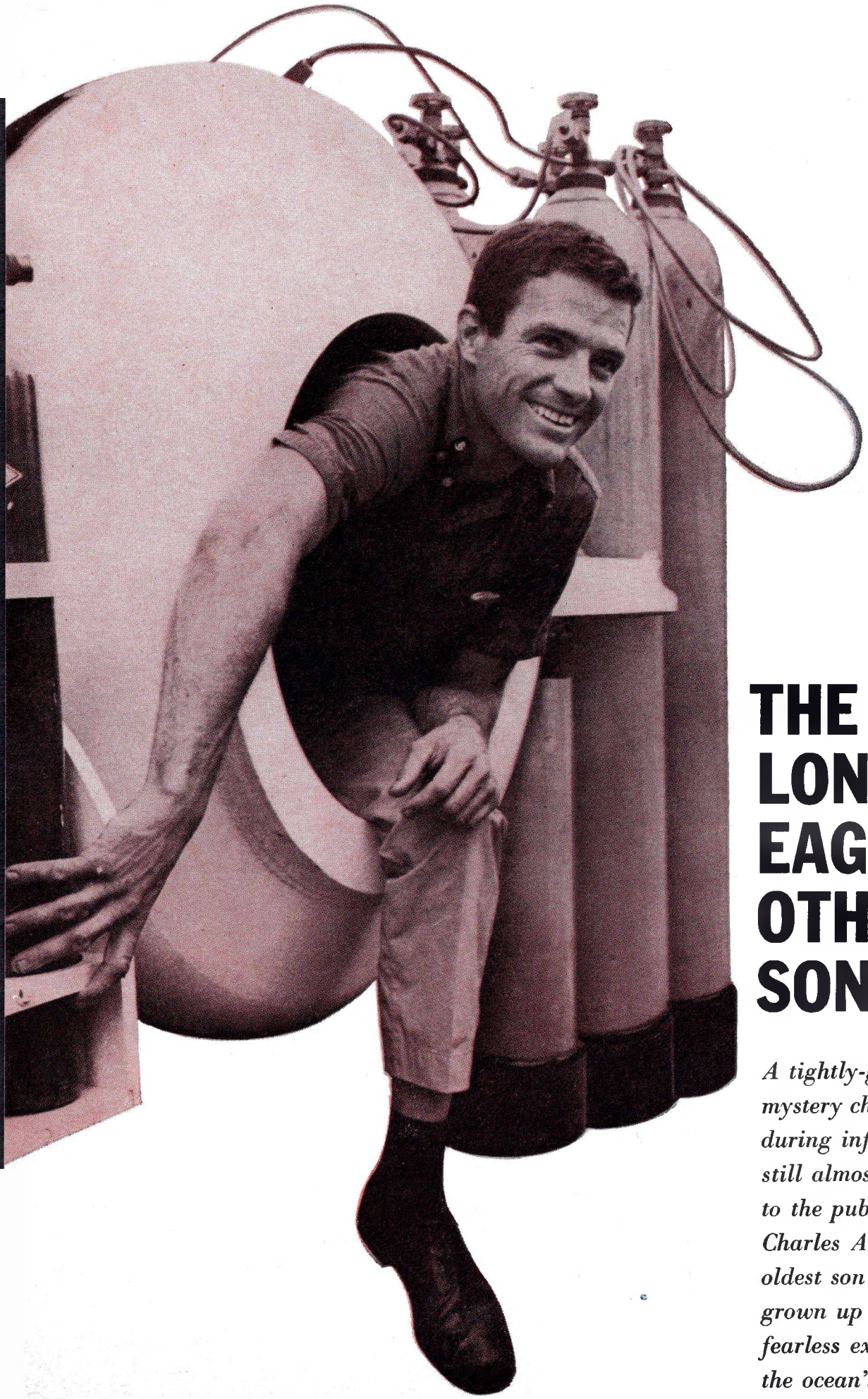


THE LONE EAGLE'S OTHER SON

A tightly-guarded mystery child during infancy and still almost unknown to the public, Charles A. Lindbergh's oldest son has grown up to be a fearless explorer of the ocean's depths

BY AL STUMP

■ As the day ended, gale winds began to howl. Coastal ships off Point Reyes in northern California, an ocean space known as "the place where storms are born," scurried into port. One of the year's worst blows was coming. By nightfall October 16, 1965, the Pacific was a frothing fury and nothing remained in sight except Shell Oil Company's huge Blue Water Offshore Drilling Rig No. 2—a 12,000-ton platform which, although towering on 83-foot columns, rolled and canted as the subsea tore at its 20,000-pound anchors.

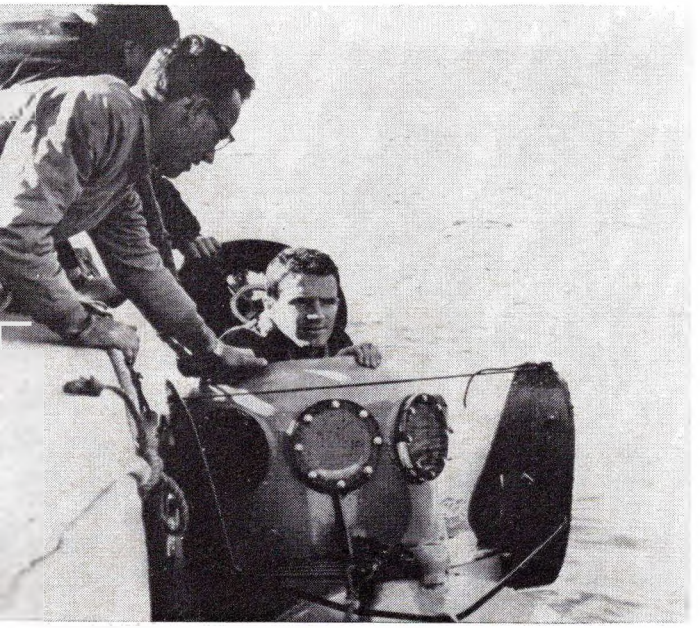
With winds rising to the 80-mile mark, helmeted deckhands were knocked off their feet. But drilling could not stop, chiefly because the maintenance cost of an oil-pumping rig of such dimensions, with its bit sunk 2,000 feet into the sea floor, runs to $400 an hour, almost $10,000 a day. At 9 p.m. the Blue Water suddenly went dead. Somewhere below, hydraulic lines helping suction up oil had ruptured and the two-inch bumper cables maintaining tension on the drill pipe had snapped apart. Rig No. 2 sent out an emergency radio call for the best diver Shell's land engineers could provide.

Four hundred-odd miles to the south, at his Santa Barbara home, Jon Lindbergh answered a phone and spoke briefly. Then he pulled on wool underwear, a Navy flight suit, a sweat shirt and wool pants, and encompassing everything, a larger flight suit. He hurried out to his three-year-old Volkswagen. Lindbergh is 34 years old and skinny. At 5 feet 11 he weighs 150 pounds and when he makes a deepwater, hard-hat dive of 400 feet or more—an art at which he's rated one of the dozen leading professionals in the world—he needs to pad his bony shoulders with towels. Without the bath towels the heavy breastplate of his suit chafes his shoulders raw. Tossing equipment into the VW, he raced for the airport.

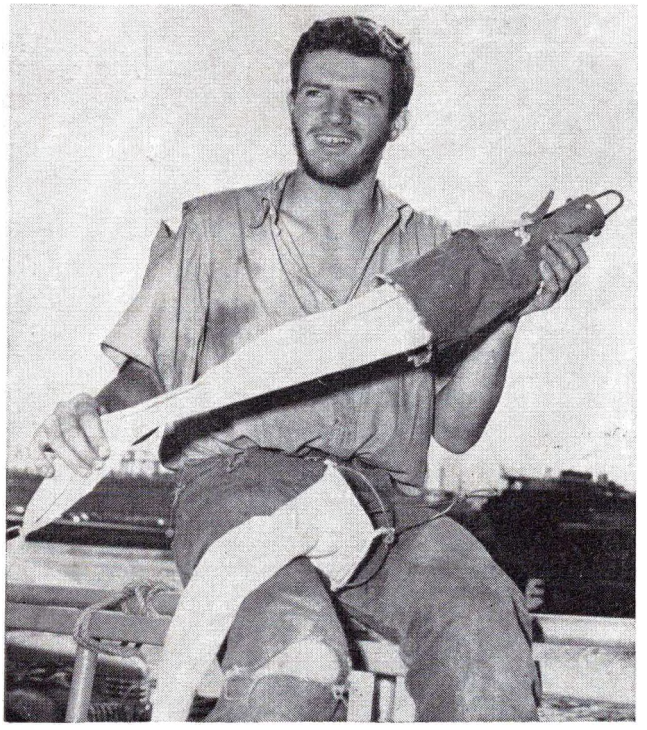
A chartered plane carried him northward where he transferred to a helicopter. Jon and the pilot headed out into the storm.

When they half-landed, half-crashed onto the Blue Water's deck, crewmen, fighting for footing, warned them not to emerge until the bucking craft could be lashed down. For five minutes Jon and the pilot waited. Then Lindbergh gingerly stepped out to face whatever his company, Ocean Systems, Inc. ("You name the dive, we'll do it") was up against.

The oil drillers, as always, watched him curiously. Thirty-nine years ago his father, Charles, flew the Atlantic Ocean alone, and then, as the world's foremost idol, had his baby kidnapped and murdered—at a time when Anne Morrow Lindbergh was in her third month of pregnancy with Jon. The Lindberghs went into exile in England and France. There they built an impenetrable wall around their second son. Until his near teens, Jon Morrow Lindbergh was a "mystery" child, unphotographed and probably the most tightly-protected youth on earth. Aside from his isolated, superguarded life, the boy grew up with an even weightier problem. The fact that he was the eldest son of Lone Eagle Lindbergh could have produced, to no one's surprise, a personality so overshadowed, repressed or indulged that the result would have been



Today, Jon Lindbergh, right, an executive with Ocean Systems, Inc., often uses the company's midget submersibles.



Studying marine biology in college, Jon went on ocean expeditions. Here, he holds device for collecting plankton.

Another Lindbergh, a different challenge. His father flew high, Jon dives deep

an Ali Khan playboy-type, a weak flyboy imitation of his parent or the sort of nonentity so often hatched by nabobs, geniuses and movie stars.

No such thing happened. The "other" Lindbergh wouldn't know a father fixation from a sack of potatoes. Jon M. Lindbergh is a wiry, tough, positive-minded, fast-moving bundle of surprises.

In the past 12 years he has become—quietly, always keeping the wraps on his exploits and evading publicity—one of the most remarkable living ocean explorer-adventurers.

"Name anything that's dangerous and wet and he's been involved in it," says Admiral Edward Stephen, former Navy marine expert who is associated with Jon in business. Among the wet, dangerous things Jon has been involved in was the search last March for the lost hydrogen bomb off the coast of Spain. Jon supervised the work of two midget submersibles. One of them was owned by his own company which was the prime contractor in the operation.

But Jon Lindbergh's greatest contribution to underwater work has been to wade into an industrial battle involving millions of dollars: a struggle pitting traditional commercial diving contractors, who insisted that a man working far down should exist on compressed air, against an upstart group arguing for the use of oxygen-helium and other breathing mixtures. Prior to 1963 most contractors claimed oxygen-helium use was "impossibly complicated" and "suicidal." Lindbergh joined the upstarts. The result only recently has become clear.

Descending himself as a working diver to the 550-foot mark a year ago, wearing an amazing new helmet, and now approaching 600 feet and more, Lindbergh and his associates of Ocean Systems, Inc., have broken through a major barrier in offshore petroleum exploration: they've proved in one risky demonstration after another than on oxy-helium a diver can almost double previous depth limits and also increase his operational "bottom" time by more than five times over that of a man fed by old-style methods.

Ed Link, noted inventor and sea explorer, sums it up with, "This demonstration has begun to open up off-continent shelves almost the size of Africa. Where his daddy went upward to glory, Jon's chosen to go downward. That may seem odd, but they're a hell of a lot alike—General Lindbergh and his boy. They're cool, resourceful, afraid of nothing. But they're also cautious planners who never take a chance which they haven't thought out in detail in advance."

When Jon landed on the deck of the storm-tossed Blue Water rig that night last year, 14 miles out at sea, the Shell Oil crew could see how right Ed Link is about this. Lindbergh conferred at length with the rig's supervisors. He studied and restudied an undersea television scanner. The scanner showed that the breaks in the [*Continued on page* 18]

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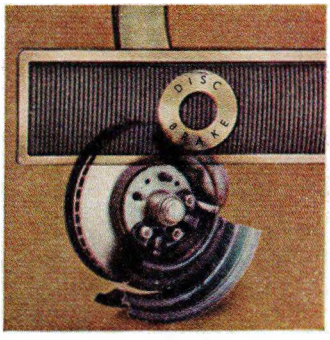

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LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

[*Continued from page* 16]
hydraulic hoses were not more than 50 feet deep. Deciding that he needed maneuverability in a churning ocean above all else, he chose a SCUBA outfit, rather than full, heavy diving dress.

Waves 30 feet high smashed and foamed against the Blue Water's supporting columns. In order to reach the trouble Lindbergh would have to be lowered on a diving stage. Taking direct charge, he said, "The toughest part will be just to get me into the water. I'll wait for a trough to come along between waves and time my entry. Now take it easy. I don't want anyone to get in a damned hurry or panic and drop the stage too low. If you do, the breakers will knock me off it."

They could also have crushed him against the rig's understructure. Wearing a foam-rubber wet suit, with twin 38-cubic-inch gas cylinders on his back, he was lowered by platform into the wildly-flying spray. At times he was invisible. When he stood a dozen feet above the maelstrom, he crouched, waiting for a trough to appear. None did. He hung on, while the stage twisted and bucked in the screaming wind, for minute after minute. Then suddenly he was gone.

When he dove in, the boiling surge took him and spun him about violently. Tossed in all directions, he had to fight his way downward the first 25 feet. Often, Lindbergh has remarked, "I'm not really a first-class surface swimmer. But in wild water I've learned a few things. For one, you should 'wing in' on your entry—hit the water fast and at a sharp angle and then give it all the strength and technique you've got to get beneath the layer of turbulence." In this dive his skill eventually took him below the worst trouble. Wrapping his legs around the big drill pipe, resting there, he looked around for the breaks in the hydraulic lines.

The remainder of the night was nightmarish. Lindbergh was in 50-degree water, or stuck on the stage when he came up for a rest, until almost dawn. He made three dives. On the first, he located clouds of escaping oil and was able to pinpoint the breaks. On the No. 2 and No. 3 trips he was passed down cutting equipment which enabled him to sever the ruptured areas. Then it was a matter of hanging onto thick hose—containing 5,000 pounds-per-square-inch pressure—as it whipped and snaked this way and that, while he tried to retain the usable hose and splice it with new joints. But each time Jon surfaced to hand signal his needs to the crew, the berserk Pacific grabbed him and flung him about. "At one point," relates helicopter pilot Bob Christianson, "his head was snapped around and his face mask was ripped right off. I was sure he'd come on deck to save himself from the unholy beating. Like hell. Jon stayed down there. He recovered the mask, made repairs in freezing temperature and didn't quit until the job was done. When they finally got him out he was one big bruise, bleeding, stiff as a plank and exhausted. But he was grinning. I've never known a guy who enjoys his work more."

Rugged offshore drillers make up no cheering section, but not a man among them would have accepted any part of Lindbergh's assignment that night, and they figuratively removed their helmets to him. The following day he did six-hours of hard-hat oxy-helium dives at more than 250 feet to repair the broken bumper cables. The Blue Water was fully back in action again.

When you consider that in 1965 Standard Oil of California bid $18,666,000 for petroleum-exploration rights to one 5,500-acre parcel off Southern California, that Humble Oil paid $22,000,000 for an adjacent area, that billions remain to be won in untapped pools of hydrocarbon deposits off North American shores, it's easy to understand why young Lindbergh is on his way to becoming wealthy. He declines to discuss what he earns. Rival divers, however, say, "He's at the top. A thousand-dollar payoff for a job like the Blue Water is nothing for him. When he goes real deep, on 'hazard pay,' to 400 feet or more, the price is around $16 a minute, or $3,000 for a couple of days work."

As oil firms move ever further out on the Shelf, they become all the more dependent on men trained to function fast and clear-headedly at extreme depth. "In this country," judges Tom Bauer, a Standard Oil expert, "I know of only one commercial diver with Jon's all-around ability. That's Whitey Stefens." Stefens is an old pro and a colleague of Jon's in a onetime small outfit named General Offshore Diving of Santa Barbara, California. The company has boomed until today (as Ocean Systems, Inc.) it employs the largest array of commercial divers—40 of them—in the world and last year became an affiliate of two industrial giants, Union Carbide and General Precision Instruments. Fast-expanding Ocean Systems will undertake any deepwater job, anywhere, that's feasible. And it has the box-office name of Lindbergh to fatten the profits.

"Old Jon's a character," guffaws Whitey Stefens. "We'll make a drop to 500 feet or so to test some new demand-regulator or gas-mix and at that depth you get kinda nervous. You want company. I'll look around, and he's gone. He's down in the bottom mud, poking around for a wrench or some other tool we lost on the last job. He's always happiest saving a buck. Why, he's so thrifty he hasn't bought a new suit of clothes in five years. The tightwad even wears a $3.50 Mickey Mouse watch instead of a regular diver's precision chronometer."

It is said that Jon is the worst-dressed executive in the oil industry. He holds the added duty and title of Special Projects Manager of Ocean Systems, and sleekly-garbed heads of important companies often look shocked when he appears at conferences. Since he's almost always in or around the water, he arrives wearing a blue-denim work jacket, unpressed khaki pants and buckskin boots. One day I met him at a dressy restaurant for an interview. He wore a roustabout's shirt and pants and moccasins so old that one sole flapped loose.

"I hear you haven't bought a pair of shoes since you got married in 1954," I said. "True?"

"That's probably right," he said, carelessly. "These moccasins were my father's. He gives his old shoes to me. I mostly wear his shoes, since our feet are the same size and they're well broken in."

Recalling how homespun, pretense-hating Charles Lindbergh had to be wrestled out of a flight jacket into a tuxedo in his heyday, I said, "Your wife tells me she can't drag you into a clothing store. She says you own only two suits and one is six years old."

The other Lindbergh has brown, curling hair and boyish charm; he wears a perpetual half-grin on his light-bearded, sharp-boned face, and now it broadened. "She's always trying to get me into a necktie. And she doesn't have much luck. When you're working three days straight without sleep, the way I sometimes do, you look like a bum. I work 360 days a year. I'm in the Gulf of Mexico one day, the Bahamas the next and offshore of California a day or two later. If you're an oceangoing bum, then why not *be* one? Think of the hours I save by wearing what I please."

Tooling around in his dusty Volkswagen, crammed with diving gear and greasy marine machinery, or in a pickup truck, his hands thickly calloused, and needing a haircut, he could pass for third-assistant hawserman on a tugboat.

Between father and son there is little facial resemblance—but then you see the rest of it. Jon has the same soft speech, the loping walk, the deep reserve, the complete concentration and the hard core self-respect of his father. "Oh, sure I see him often," Jon says. General Lindbergh now is 64 years old (he was made a brigadier by President Eisenhower in 1954) and lives with his wife in Darien, Connecticut. "He and Mother come out to California to visit us. He goes out with us on diving jobs and takes a big interest in our gas mixtures and new equipment."

Until not long ago Jon's home was a rambling, plainly-furnished two-story house on a hill back of Santa Barbara (in recent months he's taken up residence at Bainbridge Island, Washington, for oil-diving purposes) where another similarity between the two Lindberghs could be seen. General Lindbergh and his wife had five children, not counting the baby they lost. Jon also has fathered five: Kristina, 12; Wendy, 10; Lars, eight;

[*Continued on page* 22]

COMING . . .

A famous outdoorsman goes into the honey business and learns what all the buzzing is really all about

"BEES IN MY BONNET"

Dan Mannix's sharpest, most stinging tale yet

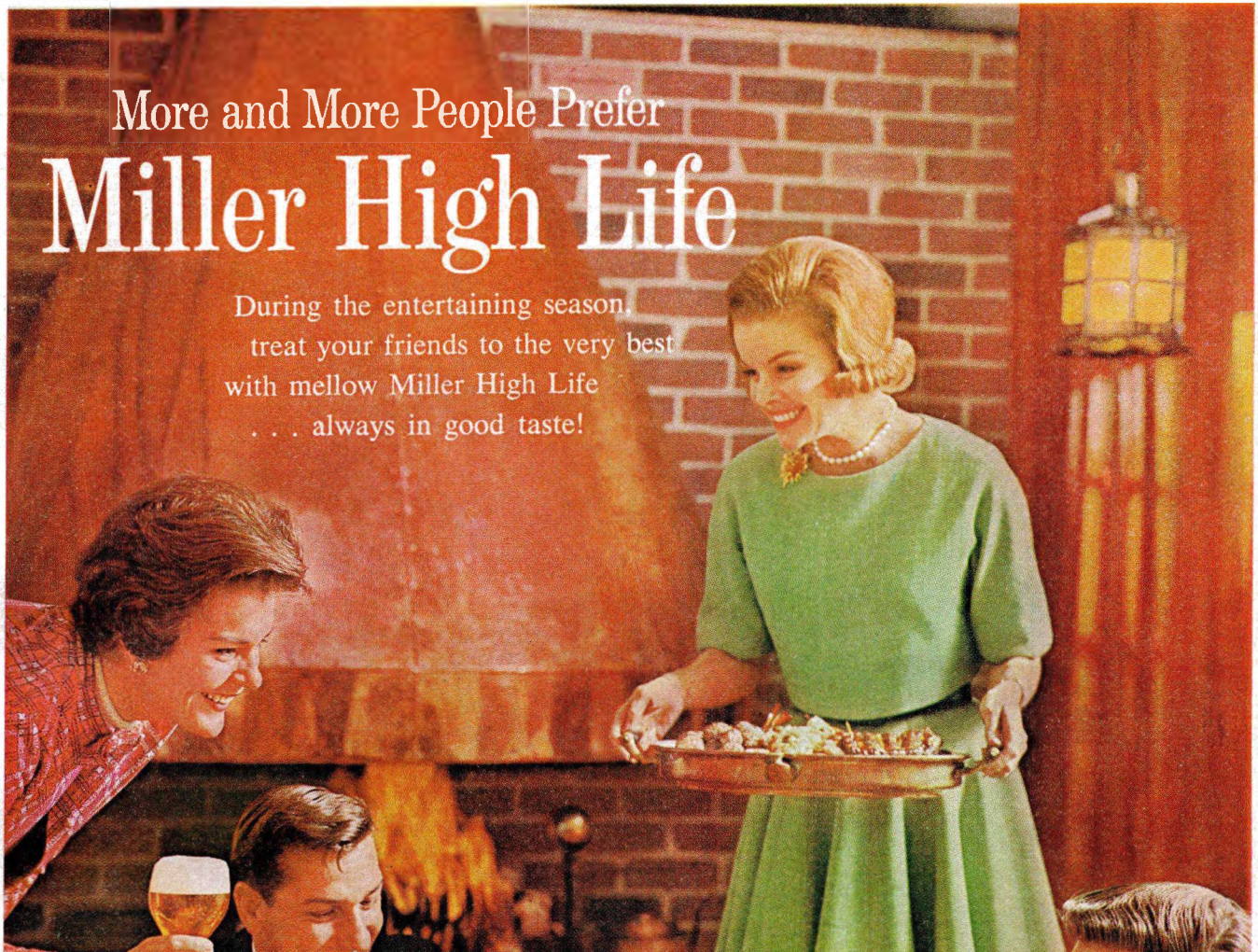
NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

What do you give them if they already have a camera?

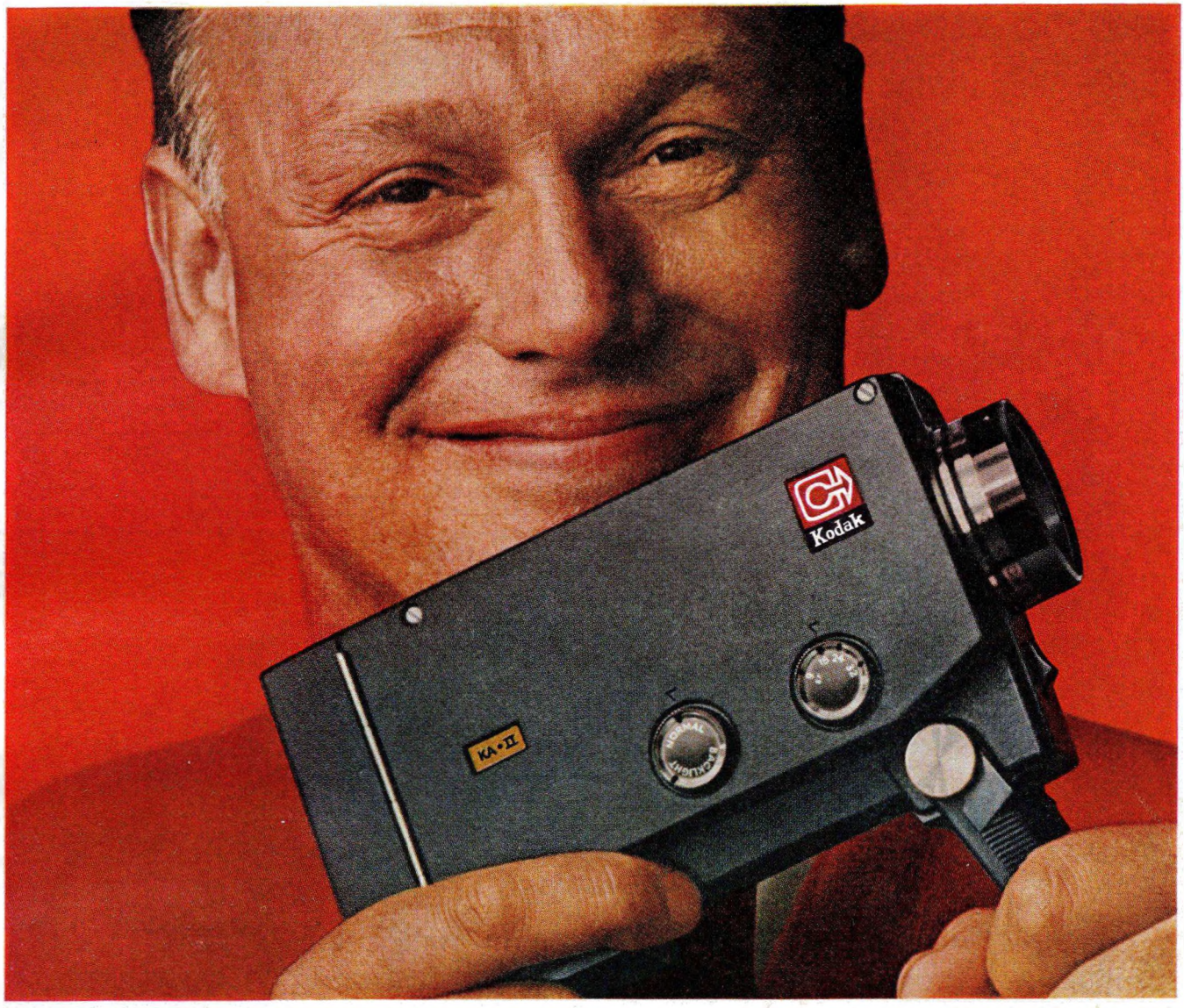
A fine Kodak Instamatic® Camera

Because they've never had a camera like *this* before. It's the most automatic of KODAK INSTAMATIC Cameras. It loads instantly—and does practically everything for them automatically. They can forget about *f*/stops, film speeds, film winding, and flash settings. The fast *f*/2.8 lens handles a wide range of light conditions and the rangefinder assures crisply focused detail in every picture. The KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera makes picture-taking all fun and no fumbling. A handsome gift! Less than $125.

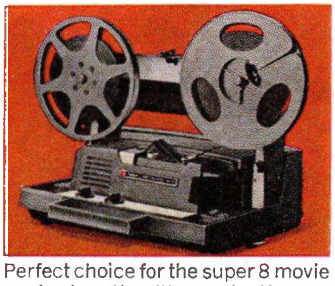
KODAK CAROUSEL 800 Projector—jamproof, dependable as gravity. Automatic slide change, remote controls. Less than $145.


More and More People Prefer
Miller High Life
During the entertaining season,
treat your friends to the very best
with mellow Miller High Life
. . . always in good taste!

. . . and if they already have a Kodak Instamatic Camera?



A new Kodak Instamatic Movie Camera



Perfect choice for the super 8 movie projector they'll need—KODAK INSTAMATIC M70 with brilliant 7-speed projection. Less than $150.

Because this superb reflex movie camera loads instantly and has exciting power zoom. It has an extra fast *f*/1.8 lens with a zoom range of 5 to 1 for wide-angle view to telephoto close-up. Plus *four* shooting speeds for special effects...extra-bright reflex viewing *through* the lens (no parallax)...battery power (no winding)...and CdS electric eye for highest exposure accuracy. The KODAK INSTAMATIC M8 Movie Camera takes the most dramatic super 8 movies of all. Less than $225.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Kodak
TRADE MARK

[*Continued from page* 18]
Leif, six; and Nels, 2½. He met his wife Barbara in 1952, at a barn dance while both were Stanford University students. Friends describe it as an ideal mating. Blonde Barbara Robbins was the daughter of the late, celebrated Alaskan mining engineer and bush pilot, Jim Robbins. She rode with her father on many a rugged trip. When Barbara was just a kid, the two were forced down in an icy river north of Nome. From a sandbar, father and daughter swam ashore, then walked through 30 miles of wilderness to safety. Six years ago Jim Robbins was killed in a plane crash.

The work Jon is engaged in—where life-insurance rates are about equal to a jet pilot's—seemingly doesn't worry Barbara Lindbergh much. "I've gone out on salvage jobs and helped Jon," the slim, athletic Barbara told me. "You know—keeping lines straight, checking deck valves, rowing small boats. He's such a fanatic on safety that I'm not a worrier. With him, every valve, regulator and bit of diving dress has to be inspected not once, but repeatedly, before anyone goes down.

"He's had many dozens of divers working for him over the years and not one has been killed."

With Ocean Systems, Inc., Jon is burdened with paper work, much of which he does on a typewriter on his kitchen table, while five children romp about, a boisterous Great Dane named Nicodemus yaps and the radio plays. "The noise would be sheer hell for most guys," says Danny Wilson, founder of Ocean Systems, and Lindbergh's partner. "Jon's powers of concentration have been refined to a point that's hard to believe. When he was a Navy Frogman, for example, he'd stretch out and read heavy books on submarine and torpedo-tracking while live practice bombs were exploding around him."

Jon is partly deaf in one ear. During Frogman training at Coronado Beach, California, in 1954, while he was pinned down under live machine-gun fire, four-pound blocks of explosives went off nearby. His high-frequency hearing ruined, he cannot pick up the ticking of a watch.

In March 1964, an ex-Frogman, Jon left a salvage and hydrographic firm he owned in San Diego to join forces with Danny Wilson in a company waging the battle of oxygen-helium diving versus traditional methods. At the beginning, being new partners, neither was wholly sure of the other's ability. The dashing, muscular Wilson once was ranked among the hottest of commercial divers. A major case of the "bends"—deadly bubbles in the blood—plus age, have slowed him down.

Wilson tells it: "Our problem was to convince skeptical oil companies that we could go much deeper than anyone else. That we could work a full hour on the bottom doing welding, cutting, stabbing in wellheads, and so on, compared to about 20 minutes for a man living on compressed air. For six months they turned their backs on us. They'd been brainwashed by old-timers. The competition threatened divers with blackballing if they signed up with us and at times it damned near broke into fistfights.

"So we had to rely on Jon for a lot of the proving. The reason being that I'm not so damned young anymore. I wasn't completely sure that Jon was up to it—at first."

But one day off Southern California all doubts disappeared. General Lindbergh was on hand. For the first time he had arrived to watch one of Ocean Systems' extended-time descents, scheduled at 325 feet. Opposition contractors were unable to work efficiently past 250 feet.

"Jon led a party of eight divers down," goes on Wilson, "using a new-type demand-regulator helmet I'd developed. The thing weighs only 40 pounds compared to the Navy's 110-pounder. Experimental factors had us all jittery. Watching General Lindbergh watching *us*, as we got ready, I was sure he'd say, 'You mean to say my kid's going *that* deep with *that* prototype toy hat? My hind end he is!'

"Instead the general walked over to Jon. He asked him to explain why our helmet required a diver to use only the actual amount of gas he was breathing, rather than the three times that amount required by other types, where CO_2—carbon dioxide—buildup always needs flushing out. The general didn't have a concern in the world, except the science of the thing."

Leading his men to the 325-foot mark, Jon continued to 400 feet. Then, when he was ascending by the essential, slow decompression stops, the whole horizon around the divers' barge above seemed to fill with a fish. It was *grampus orca*—the killer whale. The 30-foot monster swam close to the barge.

Jon was the only man left in the water. "Phone him and tell him to stay down, for Godsake!" barge assistants told Danny Wilson.

"No!" said Wilson, as the whale rocked the barge. "Don't contact him. He's 75 feet or so down and his instinct will be to get the hell out of the water. And if he decompresses that fast or runs into that monster, he's dead."

Losing sight of the whale as it submerged, Wilson finally signaled Lindbergh to come up. When he was near the surface, the *grampus* reappeared, headed in his direction. Heaving fast, the crew jerked Jon to the top, where, not 25 feet away, the whale was thrashing his six-by-four-feet flippers. Jon was pulled on deck just before it passed over his location.

"Why," demanded Jon hotly, "didn't you tell me that big bastard was up here?"

"I did it for your own good," said Wilson. "I was afraid you'd panic and come up under its belly."

"Listen, Danny!" barked Lindbergh. "Don't ever do that to me again! I want to know the whole damned topside situation. What makes you think I'd do something stupid? If you ever see me panic, then you can disregard what I've just said." Not since then has Wilson doubted his partner's cold courage and professionalism.

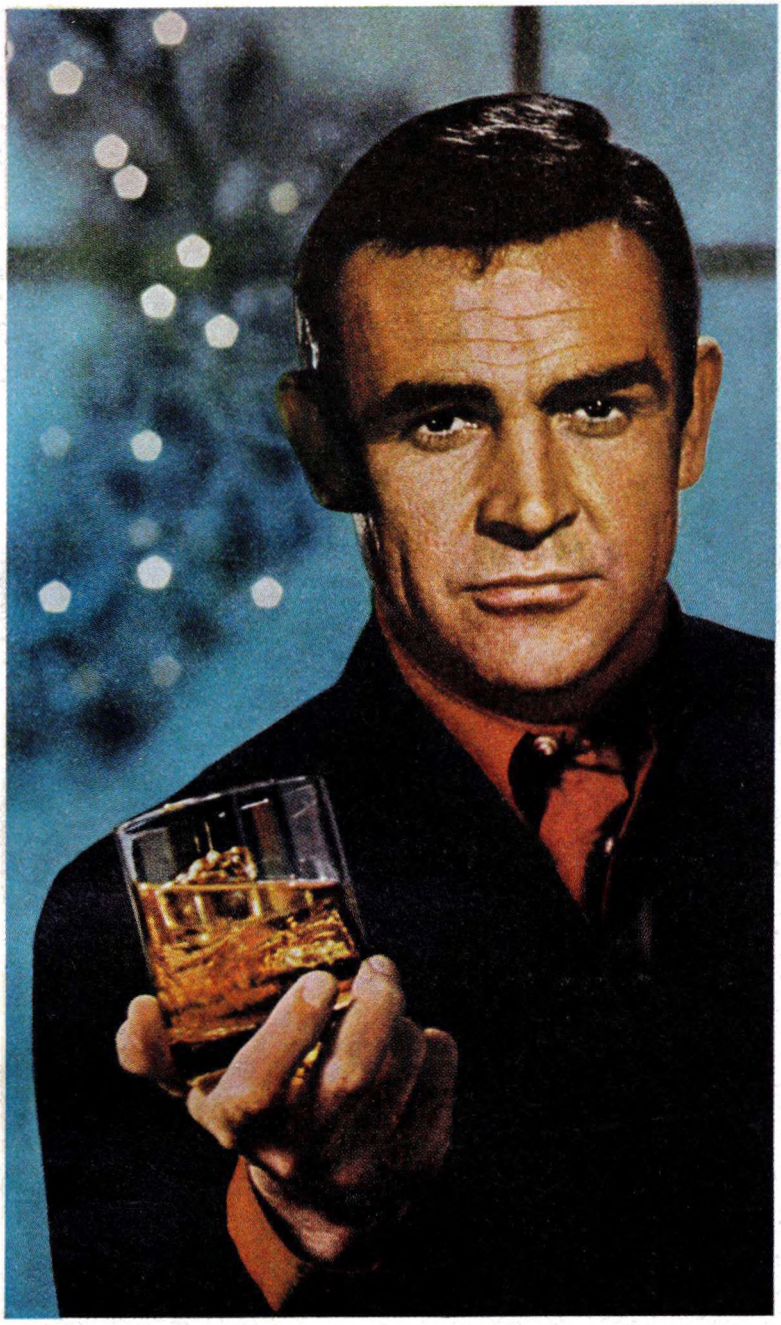
Lindbergh has not leaned on his parents' fortune in building his career, even though he will eventually inherit a sizeable chunk of the Morrow millions. In 1959, Jon started a San Diego marine-

TRUE

"Two more of the same?"

SEE SEAN CONNERY IN THE NEW WARNER BROTHERS FILM, "A FINE MADNESS."

GIFT-WRAPPED WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS.
JIM BEAM 86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY



The gift is distinctive.
The season is merry.
The man is Sean Connery.
The Bourbon is JIM BEAM.

blasting and salvage firm on a $3,000 shoestring, money he'd saved in four years as a naval officer. "I was never broke," he says, "but there were some hard times."

Such information has to be dragged out of Lindbergh; he is very reluctant to discuss himself. This is especially evident when you ask Jon why he didn't follow his father into aviation. "Oh, he taught me to fly when I was 16. To parachute jump, too. But," he adds vaguely, "there were reasons why I didn't go on." What reasons? Only after long consideration does he tell you. The answer is wrapped up in one of the most dramatic event-sequences of modern times.

Beginning at 10 p.m. on the night of March 1, 1932, when Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr., found a scrawled ransom note on the radiator of an empty nursery in his home near Hopewell, New Jersey, Jon was destined to lead a life unlike that of any other American boy. The kidnap-murder of 20-months-old Charles Augustus, Jr., left Lindbergh seething with rage at more than the perpetrator, Bruno Hauptmann. Lindbergh felt that it was "they"—the world outside, with its pawing, insane hero-and-antihero-worship of him—who had slaughtered his son. And soon a new danger appeared. Jon was born 5½ months after the tragedy and some 30 kidnap threats from haters and lunatics, directed at Jon, arrived after his birth.

Protection of the new life became everything. The murdered child had been snatched in an isolated area but Jon was born, on August 15, 1932, at 4 E. 66th St., the New York town house of Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh's mother, the wealthy Mrs. Dwight Morrow. Special police blanketed the area. The Lindberghs replaced their fox terrier with a Belgian police dog, named Thor, trained to go for the throat. Thor, however, wasn't on hand one morning when a teacher was driving three-year-old Jon to nursery school.

A black sedan shouldered their car off the road and men jumped out and leaped onto the running board. While the teacher screamed, newsreel and press cameramen shot close-ups of the infant, which were blown up on page one, in violation of an absolute rule Lindbergh had laid down against any photo taking to which most publishers had agreed. Removed from school, Jon lived at Mrs. Morrow's home under armed guard.

At midnight, December 22, 1935, using secretly-obtained diplomatic passports, traveling in a disguised car, the three Lindberghs arrived at a West 20th Street dock. Aboard the freighter *American Importer* they sailed for Liverpool. The greatest hero in Yankeedom since George Washington had turned his back on his country.

Editorialists beat their breasts over the nation's shame, while admitting that England, where kidnapping was unknown, offered Jon's best chance for survival. The three settled in an English village, in a house boxed by 20-foot-high walls. In time they moved to Illiec, a remote island in Brittany off the coast of France. Here Lindbergh worked with famed Dr. Alexis Carrel on an old pro-

How to get the REMINGTON 500 for Christmas.

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

Here's what I want for Christmas.

The Remington 500.
It's the best shaving instrument ever.

Cordless too.
Lets me dial a perfect shave everytime.
I know it's my face, but after all, you look at it more than I do.

Love,

1. Sign this note and cut out.

2. Cut out picture of the cord/cordless REMINGTON® 500 Selektronic shaver

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

3. Cut out envelope and assemble.

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

To the one I love most

4. Put note and picture of shaver in envelope, and give to her.

P.S. This is the way it looks in the store.

REMINGTON 500 Selektronic Shaver
SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

SELEKTRONIC: Trademark of Sperry Rand Corporation.

ject—developing the first mechanical heart and lungs. At low tide Jon crawled along rocks, studying sea life. Tutors taught him French. The bleak North Atlantic was his lonely playground.

The vacuum-sealed life, friends say, left Jon shy and uncommunicative. When he was seven, his parents, cautiously, returned to the U.S. Jon entered private school in Darien, Connecticut (but always with a burly bodyguard hovering around). "It was a hell of a restricted thing," one old friend says. "Jon solved the problem himself. He just got lost out there in Long Island Sound on a boat where nobody could protect him but himself."

Most parents would go into shock at what he did at 13 and 14. Taught to swim as a child by his father, he soon became a skin-diver capable of 30 to 40 seconds of submergence, holding his breath. He pried abalone off rocks, caught oysters. He acquired a dinghy with a two-hp. "kicker" engine. Putt-putting three miles into the Sound, he set up a line of lobster traps, where, alone, he bucked choppy seas, steered, baited the traps and hauled in his catch. Some days he sold $10 worth of lobsters. Aware of this activity, but saying nothing, Lindbergh went looking for him one evening at the docks.

"That lad, sir," a fisherman told him, pointing east into the growing darkness, "is way the hell and gone out there in a dinghy. A damned *little* dinghy. There's a sea buildin' up and he ain't got a compass."

Lindbergh asked about his son's seamanship, which the fishing pros had to admit was good, from what they'd seen.

"Well," said Lindbergh, "no use calling for a Coast Guard search yet. Let's wait and see if he can't make it back on his own."

Well after dark, Jon putted into port, a nice lobster catch on the deck. "I don't see you wearing a life jacket," said his father. Jon pointed aft. "No, but I'm towing a rubber raft, just in case."

"Fine, but get a jacket and compass before you go out again," was the order. "Always leave yourself several ways—not just one—out of possible trouble."

Fully aware of how much the youngster needed liberation, and proud of his daring spirit, neither Anne Lindbergh nor his father raised any objection to his high-hazard seafaring, even when he extended it to running lobster potlines into the middle of the Sound. Once he was caught in a night storm which tossed him like a chip. Water poured aboard and he was swamping. Jettisoning his lobster pots and bailing madly, he made it to shore.

"Why do you always seem to pick stormy days for your trips?" asked the Colonel.

"It's more fun. You have to know what you're doing. And in bad weather more lobsters are around."

"Good reasons. But only a fool goes against the odds consistently. They always catch up with you."

Jon agreed to play it safer, but often didn't, and then the household sat anxiously waiting until after dark for him to appear. "I think he let me do it," Jon reflected recently, "because he was remembering his days as an air-mail pilot when he flew through godawful night storms and had to bail out. I know damned well *he* knew *I'd* read about some of his escapes. Although we never talked about it around the house. He was never one to talk about the past."

Since the Colonel hadn't broached the subject except very casually, Jon, who had read his autobiographical *We,* and *The Spirit of St. Louis,* came out with some questions about the Atlantic flight. "What was the most exciting part?"

"I got excited only once. When I saw the first fishermen's boats out off the coast of Dingle Bay. Those Irishmen were yelling and waving and I was yelling back at them. Nothing that happened later touched the fact that I knew land was ahead."

Next question: "When will you give me flying lessons?"

Sixteen years old and self-described as "kind of a loner in school—I didn't turn out for sports," he was taken aloft over Danbury, Connecticut, in a two-seat Aeronca. As a baby of two years, Jon had been up in a plane with his dad, but:

COMING . . .

The Woods Brothers
come from the hills of
Virginia, but they're the
slickest men
the sport has ever known

THEY SAVE RACING'S RICHEST SECONDS

The family pit crew
behind the champions

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"This was the first time I had a chance to admire his ability. He was conservative, but did a few wingovers and dives just to make me happy." After Jon had 12 hours of dual instruction his father walked away from the plane. "You go alone today," he said offhandedly.

Jon's solo takeoff was wobbly but he did a circuit and landed right side up. Not much later, still 16, he said, "I'd like to try a parachute jump." His father unhesitatingly agreed. "But not 'try,' " he stated. " 'Make.' "

At 2,000 feet, wearing a spare chute, Jon froze on the jump seat. He had "a real strange feeling—not fear exactly, but the idea I had no business jumping out of there." Not so much as glancing at him, Lindbergh Senior recircled the field. This time the kid bailed out—landing just inside the runway, not 50 yards from his planned drop spot. "I thought he'd talk up aviation to me after that," Jon remarks, "but he didn't. In time I earned a pilot's license. But he had other plans in mind."

In the postwar years Jon learned his father's full views on flying. "He told me very seriously, 'I'd like you to stay out of it. Flying's changed too much from my day. It's become too automatic, too push-button. And it'll become more mechanical. Find something new—a field that needs research and hasn't been well-studied. Without a challenge a man isn't getting the most from his life.' "

Conceivably, too, the Lone Eagle was thinking that his act was an impossible one to follow; in any case, Jon kicked himself from the nest, entered Stanford University as a marine biology student, and at 20 was aboard the *Kevin Moran* when scientists found an unknown three-mile-deep Atlantic Ocean canyon 800 miles long.

At Stanford he was known as a friendly sort, but as an oddball, because he passed up fraternity life to live outdoors in a tent. "I paid a man $1 a month rent for the tent site," the thrifty Jon explains. "How could you beat that bargain? The tent leaked when it rained, but after I engineered the floorboards for drainage it was a good home." He lived there two years, cooking on a Coleman stove. He drove a third-hand car to and from classrooms.

In his current role as a deep-sea diver for oil searchers, Jon is regarded as a pioneer—one of the first, and very few, men capable of reaching 500 feet (he's gone to 550) who can combine this with protracted working time. It's doubtful that divers will go much deeper in an exposed condition. The answer, thinks Lindbergh, will be a spun-steel chamber. Moving in and out of the hatch, divers will have a "permanent home" at the bottom. "No more slow, dangerous decompression will be needed topside," he says. "We can do our decompressing right on the bottom. We'll set up a complete warm, comfortable environment enabling us to work indefinitely at 1,000 feet and perhaps much more." Characteristically, in breaking through old limits, he operates on his father's theory that action beats words.

More than a year ago he and his partner, Danny Wilson, delivered to the oil industry the Purisima, a twin-globe bell of spun steel, accommodating a pair of divers. Wilson was the bell's designer, Lindbergh was consultant-designer and is chief tester. The bell has been successfully tested at 1,800 feet. Some "bugs" remain to be removed, but the Purisima already has opened new areas to mining and oil drilling. "A major breakthrough," Ed Link calls it.

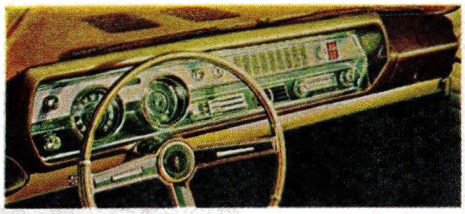
Jon is a visionary who sees vast human settlements eventually established on the seafloor, where "aquaculture" of fish and plankton will flourish to feed an overpopulated earth. To make vision become a reality, in June of 1964 he lived with Belgium's Robert Sténuit in a rubber enclosure built by Ed Link 432 feet beneath Great Stirrup Cay in the Bahamas. For 49 hours they breathed only oxygen-helium. They were under the greatest continuous pressure two men had endured until that time.

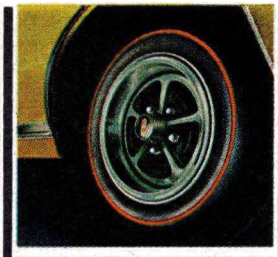
"Space was so short," says Bob Sténuit, "that only one of us could lie down and sleep at a time. Sleep was hard for me because of the cold and our situation. Lindbergh—*il ne s'inquietait pas!* He was without a worry. He slept like a little baby. I think he is more fish than human."

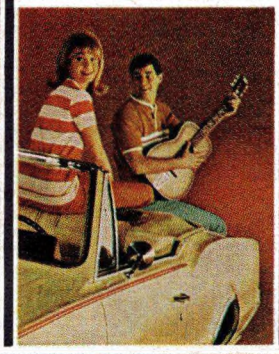
—Al Stump

You'll find enough swingin' things on this page for several good cars.

Or one great one: Olds 4-4-2.



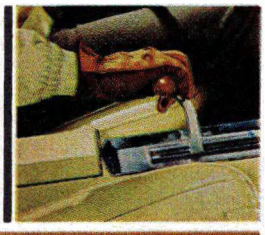




Take a 400-cube V-8 with four-barrel carburetor. Bolt it on a full 115-inch wheelbase. Steady it with heavy-duty suspension and sway bars. Fit it with beefed-up wheels and Red-Lines. Add a high-performance axle for action. Twin pipes for sound. Buckets for comfort. And the cool economics of a modest price tag. That's strictly standard stuff on America's most sweetly complete street machine: New quality-built Olds 4-4-2! Let your Olds Dealer show you how neatly the package is wrapped!

OBEY LAWS DRIVE SAFELY

Olds thinks of your safety, too, with the GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column that can compress on severe impact up to 8¼ inches; with four-way hazard warning flasher; outside rearview mirror; dual master cylinder brake system, plus many other safety features—all standard.



Engineered for excitement . . . Toronado-style!

'67 OLDSMOBILE

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

$2 SHINE

San Francisco has at least one topless shoeshiner, unless she has been pinched since this footnote came to our attention. She charges $2 a shine. Shy customers commonly hold up a magazine while their brogans are buffed. Half the time the magazine is upside down. Economists may fret that a $2 shine is inflationary, but economists rarely lift their noses from statistics to view the beautiful living world. Trade unionists who waste their time defending featherbedding could learn a lesson from this ambitious girl. New thoughts, new ideas, new uses for old equipment, can revitalize a lackluster trade and win fees 10 times greater than average. That's progress.

IS LIQUOR QUICKER?

Lapel buttons reading "Had any lately?" are handed out by a wine company to promote good spirits. Do you suppose they intend the three little words to have a double meaning? Don't be naive. Dorothy Parker started it years ago with her line, "candy is dandy but liquor is quicker." Lately, the theme that their brand is superior in making women fall into manly arms has been played up in the advertising of a number of grog-makers. One campaign says, "Tonight offer her Brand X. Then watch her slip into something light and comfortable." Another shows a doll with a cocktail glass and only one word of copy, a great big "Yes." Still another shows a twitchy babe of whom it is said, "Tillie won't without her Brand XX." Some Madison Avenue critics think this pitch is in poor taste, but what we wonder is, does it sell the brand? Men buy most of the liquor in this country, and we think the theme of conquest by chemicals must appeal mainly to underachievers. We think most men want to think there's only one thing that makes them absolutely irresistible to women. Their own irresistible selves.

CLASSY TRASH

Give some thought to your garbage can. That's where municipal authorities get their image of you. Arthur Owens, city manager of Roanoke, Virginia, says an expert can tell at a glance whether garbage comes from a first-class neighborhood. The classiest trash of all is bourbon, Scotch, and gin bottles bearing top brand labels. Another test of status is discarded reading matter. Comic books and racing forms will get you nowhere. A good bet is to subscribe for the Congressional Record, which has surprisingly few subscribers. Copies can be discarded without reading them, and word that you're a man to be feared and respected will soon seep out via the garbage grapevine.

STONY LANGUAGE

There's a theory, promulgated by jewelers, that precious stones speak a complicated love language. Men don't understand this language very well and probably don't give a damn, but Henrique Albu does. Henrique is not exactly disinterested. He is head of the Fifth Avenue operation of H. Stern of Brazil, international jewelers who handle thousands of precious stones and can eavesdrop on what the baubles are babbling erotically to each other. Here are some samples: If you want to express undying faithfulness to the girl, send her a garnet. An aquamarine says "I admire your courage." A topaz is the right gift from a playboy who just wants to be a friend; it's supposed to prevent bad dreams and dispel worries. A ruby bespeaks happiness. If the lady is a lush, give her a mauve amethyst which protects against evils of strong drink. A tourmaline from a husband of many years denotes contentment. Tourmalines are not very big sellers.

EXECUTIVE SWEET

Work loads of executives have become so terrible that they hardly have time for weekends on their yachts. Some of the best minds in furniture and communications, at least those available to the B. L. Marble Furniture Co., a division of the Dictaphone Corporation, have done something about it. They have invented communicating furniture. It's called Centrol. One unit is a console containing a dictating machine, clock calendar, telephone, push-in wastebasket and specialized drawers, one of which doubles as an attaché case. The other unit is a table with an oval housing in the center resembling a loudspeaker grille. This is the "Centercom" which contains speakers and microphone for dictation, conference, telephone and intercom. Near it is a fan-shaped control panel with buttons easily reached by spread fingers. So awed by the luster of their table are the manufacturers that they have provided a perforated pad under the executive's palm to soak up perspiration when tensions mount. The executive sits snugly between the two units, playing the telephone with one hand and the control panel with the other, communicating every which way for hours on end. The mind boggles at the thought of a single human forearm, lying all day on a table, controlling great affairs by tapping the fingers. With some training as a switchboard operator, you too can buy a Centrol and be a man who has everything. Including claustrophia.

BACHELOR STRULDBRUGS

The sad fate of Struldbrugs, an imaginary breed of humans created by Jonathan Swift, has always appalled us. Struldbrugs grow old like other men but never die. Savage writer though he was, Swift was so stricken by the matrimonial

(Continued on page 30)

Grand-Dad always gets carried away at holiday time

Carry away Grand-Dad yourself. In this classic, crystal decanter with its plush, pile gift wrap banded in gold. Regular bottles in plush, pile gift wrap, too. 100 proof bottled in bond in elegant gold and aqua; 86 proof in regal red and blue. All this for the Bourbon others have tried to equal since 1882. Of course, Grand-Dad costs more to give. But it gives so much more in return.

(Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.)

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 28)

plight of Struldbrugs that he awarded them automatic divorces: "If a Struldbrug happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence, that those who are condemned without any fault of their own to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife."

X-RAYING THE PYRAMIDS

Virgin territory for explorers lies almost underfoot in the pyramids. Spelunkers and archaeologists water at the mouth at the thought that chambers of treasure may lie unreachably in the bowels of those huge stone piles. The few subterranean passages so far uncovered are so simple that they may have been put there to trick grave robbers into thinking they had found the real burial chambers of the Pharaohs. After 4,500 years, secrets of the hidden chambers, if there are any, are on the point of being ferreted out by a team of American and Egyptian scientists. Under the pyramid of Chephren there is a known subterranean passage. Scientists aim to put cosmic ray detectors in it. Hollow spaces in the pyramid may be pinpointed if more cosmic rays pass through their openings than through surrounding stone. Could be that these chambers are loaded with gold and jewels and mummies, or that they're where flying saucers come from. Could be, too, that there's nothing there but solid rock and another tantalizing legend may be laid low.

MARRIED NAMES

An American hotel clerk faced by a couple registering for a room under different names would be in a dilemma. Not in Iceland. By Icelandic law, a woman cannot adopt her husband's last name. She must use her own. Lucy Stone tried to put the same idea over in this country. She got her own name vaguely remembered, but not much else. There's still a Lucy Stone League listed in the Manhattan directory, but it's pretty much of a flop because most women aren't even interested. Women are so avid to get "Mrs." in their name that many keep it even after they are divorced.

THERE SHE GOES!

The annual Miss America contest has come and gone, and Bert Parks has gone into hiding for another year, but we can't resist passing on some comments on the bust-and-brains parade by Alistair Cooke in the *Manchester Guardian:* "Miss New Hampshire, who appeared to be cast by nature for a king's boudoir, insisted that she wanted to be a graduate student in international affairs, which, after all, was Madame Pompadour's specialty. Miss California, a nifty mermaid in a one-piece bathing suit, rattled off a Chopin étude with more aplomb than most festival finalists. Bess Myerson from time to time tries to explain the magic that creates a natural queen and this chore leads easily into a series of catechisms which suggest that a hair rinse, a cola drink and an automobile have something to do with it. . . . There is not a flat chest, a bandy leg, a bird's nest haircut, a craggy knee, a mini skirt, a mackerel foot in the lot. Not only do they look in superlative health. They are—ugh!—physically clean! They restore us by a process of dangerous, perhaps subversive nostalgia to an America where women had legs like pillars of gold, bellies like bushels of wheat, breasts like meringues."

10-SECOND RIFLE CRACK

Something called "contemporary tape music" is hot stuff with the avant-garde, worth looking into if people laugh when you sit down to play the piano. It has nothing to do with music, but a lot to do with sounds previously unheard by human ears, and thus breaches a protective mechanism of nature. The trick is to stretch sound by slowing it down, so the crack of a rifle or breaking glass can be heard for several seconds. The result is a kind of auditory LSD, which a member of the Society for the Performance of Contemporary Music likens to "Taking a Trip Without the Cube." A device invented by Michael D. Burridge of Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, records or plays back sounds at almost any desired speed, variable at will. A loop of magnetic tape with a weighted roller at the bottom is hung from a playing head. A motor and variable speed lever enable the tape to be played through a standard recorder at any desired speed. A lot of the sounds that come out, as of a rifle crack, are of higher frequencies otherwise inaudible to human ears. Monkeying with all kinds of sounds in this way is called composing. How now, Beethoven?

FATHER IMAGE

The "mother knows best" school of child rearing doesn't raise the best adjusted daughters. Or sons, either. A study at the University of Wisconsin turned up this truism, not to our surprise. Seems that it's more important for a little girl to have a warm and masculine father than a very feminine mother, if the child is to become a feminine woman (yes, there are other kinds). Up to the age of 10 a girl may do fairly well without a father but at adolescence she's likely to be extremely boy crazy or very shy around males. It's also best for boys that father dominate the family, not mother. Little boys identify with the mother but around five years of age show preference for the masculine role and shift to it naturally if there's a masculine father in the house. A mother-dominated boy tends to identify with the mother indefinitely. That's not so good.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

About 11,000 farmers have tractors equipped with Bendix radios especially designed to overcome vibration and engine noise.

Members of the United Auto Workers can get free psychiatric treatment under terms of a new union contract.

The favorite food of British workingmen, next to roast beef, is curry and rice. British bankers go for steak and oyster pie with a plover's egg as a starter, and look at the fix the pound is in.

A battery-powered electric spinning reel can be had by discriminating fishermen for $150.

Gadgets called "facial saunas" which give the face a 10-minute sweat bath are available to anyone who has $30 or so to blow.

—THE EDITORS

AC announces a breakthrough that virtually eliminates wear in your car engine...

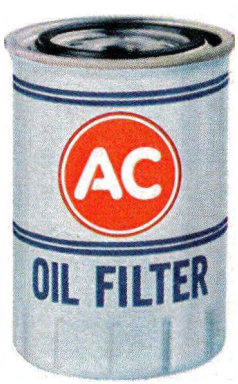
ACron.

AC's new Oil Filter with ACron — a special heat-resistant composition, proved in grueling road and laboratory tests. ACron virtually eliminates engine wear, even under the most severe operating conditions.

AC now offers new ACron to the motoring public. ACron is a special filtering material, proved in the laboratory and in actual road tests to be the best protection available for modern engines using full-flow filtration. ACron virtually eliminates engine wear.* It traps all harmful engine contaminants while letting through additives that clean and lubricate vital engine parts. AC Oil Filters with ACron are original equipment on new General Motors cars. They meet or exceed the warranty requirements of all car manufacturers. Insist on AC Oil Filter protection the next time you change. *It costs no more to get the best.*

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION



*When oil filter is replaced and other engine maintenance services are performed in accordance with car manufacturer's recommendation

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, CHECK YOUR HEADLAMPS — REPLACE WITH AC GUIDE LAMPS.

Go 'Jeep' V-6

(for the fun of it!)

Pile in the family—and head for the snow country. The fun starts when you turn the key! That hot new V-6 gives you all the "zip" you'll ever need—160 horses strong. You cruise the highways as if you had wings—that's why we call this the Flying 'Jeep' Universal. And you feel safer, with that solid 'Jeep' build, plus the extra traction of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. Ice on the road? With all 4 wheels gripping for you, you're less likely to skid. Snow? Don't stop...run right up the slopes! Choose the jaunty 'Jeep' Tuxedo Park Mark IV (shown), or familiar 'Universal.' Both with V-6 engine or world-famous 'Hurricane' 4...bucket seats...81" or 101" wheelbases...tops, colors galore...special equipment. You've got to drive it to believe it! See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages. KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

The Flying 'Jeep' Universal
with 4-wheel drive

SCANDAL IN THE JOB CORPS

One of the Great Society's dream projects has turned into a nightmare. Instead of helping deprived high-school dropouts to help themselves, the program seems to have turned into a $300-million experiment in coddling hoodlums

BY GENE CAESAR

■ On November 12, 1965, Director R. Sargent Shriver of the Office of Economic Opportunity formally dedicated the Fort Custer Job Corps Center in Michigan. The center was part of the new federal program designed to help disadvantaged youths by removing them from their home environments and teaching them, in healthier surroundings, the skills needed to find permanent employment.

A few hours after the ceremony, some 60 of the boys who'd listened to Shriver's speech began fighting among themselves at a school dance they'd been invited to in nearby Kalamazoo, where large-scale civic efforts had been made to welcome them. The boys went on a wild spree, smashing plate-glass windows in the downtown district and beating up two policemen who tried to stop them.

Another neighboring city, Battle Creek, had also extended its organized hospitality to the Fort Custer youths, inviting them to its Teens, Inc. community center. But by March 31 of this year, after months of profane brawling and flashing knife blades, Teens, Inc. was forced to close down. And Mayor Harry Wilklow, Jr., was swearing he'd ask Gov. George Romney to send in National Guardsmen for weekend street patrols unless Fort Custer kept its Corpsmen out of the city.

From all corners of the country, similar reports have been streaming in. Gov. Mark Hatfield of Oregon has requested

"...There Is Something Wrong..."

additional security forces for the Tongue Point Job Corps Center. California citizens have angrily protested hoodlumism (including a shooting match in a parking lot) by Corpsmen from its Lewiston center. Arizona residents have voiced similar complaints about the San Carlos center. And 1,389 people in Edison, New Jersey, petitioned the federal government to close down the Camp Kilmer center this July after rock-throwing Job Corpsmen had turned Plainfield Avenue into a gauntlet too risky to be run, attacked an elderly man who cautioned them to stop and set fire to two unoccupied barracks.

Not yet two years old, the Job Corps has already

"[*It is not the program's purpose to recruit angels...*]"

grown into a vast network of 106 centers in 39 states. It has more than 30,000 youths currently enrolled, and for the last fiscal year alone, it cost about a third of a billion dollars. Behind the constant accounts of public violence and vandalism, the grim reports of Job Corps dormitories where young men sleep with lead pipes beneath their pillows, there lies this inescapable question:

Is the Job Corps really helping deprived high-school dropouts to help themselves? Or has the program become nothing more than a high-cost haven for coddled hoodlums?

Early this spring, when a 19-year-old boy from an upstate New York farm joined the Job Corps, his mother was worried. She'd read of beatings and knifings and marijuana smoking, of jungle-law gang rule and the lack of control by the program's officials. Needless to say, she was relieved when she received a comforting letter from her son.

Life in the Corps was "just like living at home," he assured her in his evaluation of the Fort Custer center. The food was good and he hadn't "had a bit of trouble getting along with the fellows here at all." His praise was so hearty that his mother offered his letter for publication in the Corning *Leader* as proof that tales of Job Corps terrorism were either false or greatly exaggerated.

Then, just a few weeks later, the young man wrote to his married sister and told the truth—which the *Leader* also published.

I didn't want to tell Mom any of this because you know how she would react....

Friday night I got into a fight and almost broke my collarbone. I got thrown face first into one of the beams in the room and, boy, did it ever hurt! I thought for sure that I broke it, but it feels all right now, thank God.

I've just about broken my finger a couple of times over again, but Saturday night really did it. I got in another fight, and I had to use my left hand. I thought that really did it because I couldn't move it for the rest of the night. It's not easy fighting with one hand, but I'm sure as hell going to fight back, no matter what happens. I don't think I'll ever be able to use that hand like I should. It just starts to heal up, and then I have to use it to defend myself. Just about every night there's guys getting jumped and beat up just for the hell of it....

About a month after I got here I first had a knife pulled on me. It happened coming back to the camp from Battle Creek on the bus....Now I'm sitting on my bed writing in a notebook. In the back of the binder I've got a razor blade stuck where no one can see it. Just waiting for someone to come fooling around. I don't mean the kind of fooling we did home. It's altogether different....

Fort Custer dispensary records confirm that this Corpsman had a fractured finger, although it took two calls from a Congressman's office to get X rays taken. Still, as Office of Economic Opportunity spokesman Ernest Gross points out, "These are tough kids; they've had to be, just to get along so far." In a program aimed partially at salvaging the lives of street-gang slum boys, a good deal of brawling had to be expected—or even an occasional incident as savage as what happened to a fellow named Truley Tillman.

Tillman played his radio too loudly one evening

"[**The big money is in poverty...**]"

last November at the Mountain Home center in Idaho and irritated some other Corpsmen. A gang of them jumped him, beat him severely, then held him down while their 20-year-old leader sat astride him and slashed at him with a knife. Finally his assailant shoved the blade into Tillman's stomach. He was

rushed to a hospital, where skillful surgery and a lot of luck saved his life.

It wasn't this attack that Idaho Atty. Gen. Allen Shepard called "appalling and incredible." It was what happened afterward.

First the Mountain Home authorities did their best to talk local prosecuting attorney Fred Kennedy into dropping all charges against the Corpsmen who'd done the stabbing. When Kennedy refused and the youth pleaded guilty to assault with a deadly weapon, Job Corps officials in Washington telegraphed district judge J. Ray Durtschi, urging him to release the offender on probation. Most startling of all, as a routine presentencing investigation revealed, was the fact that the defendant already had three felony convictions in California, including one for attempted murder. The Job Corps had violated the interstate compact on paroles and probations when it took him to Idaho in the first place. And the Mountain Home center had not only condoned but abetted the gang rule in its barracks by giving this three-time loser authority over other Corpsmen in such capacities as "dormitory leader," "squad leader" and "wing leader."

"...the biggest Boondoggle since bread and games were given to the Romans..."

The Job Corps swears it knew nothing of this youth's record, even at the time it attempted to intercede with the court. "There is no national file of parolees or juvenile offenders," a spokesman stated, "and there is no way, except for a prohibitively costly security check, in which every facet of an applicant's life can be examined." But the fact is that every state keeps such files readily available. And the Job Corps has only to begin fingerprinting its applicants, as the military services do, to make possible overnight checks for felony records with the FBI.

The 20-year-old defendant was finally sentenced to four months in jail, then returned to the Job Corps on the condition that he be given psychiatric treatment. Truley Tillman, meanwhile, had been released from the hospital. The temporarily leaderless dormitory gang had abused him mercilessly—which staff members claimed they were powerless to prevent. Badly scarred and still troubled by abdominal pain, Tillman resigned from the program.

Not all Job Corps officials, of course, are confirmed coddlers of knife wielders. When brawling raged out of control at the McCook, Nebraska, center this March, Director Clem Griffin himself requested that eight young enrollees be arrested. But on the other hand, a counselor who resigned in disgust from the Camp Atterbury, Indiana, center charged that the ruling philosophy there was, "Spoil these boys! They've never been spoiled before."

This assumption itself is highly debatable; many men who have worked in Big Brother programs claim that the son of an ADC (Aid to Dependent Children) mother can be as basically spoiled today as the most pampered of prep-school students—starved for discipline, desperately in need of a fair but firm masculine hand. What isn't debatable is the fact that on June 12, 1965, the FBI had to raid Camp Atterbury and arrest seven perverts who were terrorizing boys into committing sodomy. "Smaller, weaker Corpsmen became the targets of ruffians who operated protection rackets," the *Indianapolis News* later reported. "One report said Corpsmen who couldn't pay protection were either beaten or sexually assaulted. The assault sometimes took the form of gang rape."

After the scandal, Christopher Weeks, then Deputy Job Corps Director, publicly found fault with no one but the surrounding townspeople.

"DISILLUSIONMENT, RIOTING AND VICIOUS GANG RULE."

"Many Job Corpsmen feel they are not welcome in the communities adjacent to Atterbury," he stated. "If they are rejected, they react accordingly. And who can blame them?"

Such statements strongly suggest that permissive policies, exemplified by a regulation that reads, "Formal disciplines must be kept to a minimum," are decreed at the highest levels. In Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky, where young extortionists were forcing their fellow Corpsmen to fork over $13.50 a month for "life insurance," a large-scale riot exploded after a fight in the cafeteria. Running wild with lengths of

[*Continued on page 64*]

BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE

Behind the rifle is S/Sgt. Donald Barker of the Marines' school for snipers, the sharpshooter who scored the first kill. The Leathernecks call this kind of deadly hunting "Charlie zapping," and they zap an average of 100 Viet Cong a month. Because it rarely takes more than one bullet to do the job, they coldly say...

"WE'RE 13-CENT KILLERS"

DANANG

■ Every muscle in your body aches from sitting motionless for hours, and the drab, brown hills of central Viet Nam seem as empty as the day they were created. But suddenly there is a twitching of foliage and a suggestion of movement on a bare patch of red earth in the hills the distance of half-a-dozen football fields away.

Through binoculars the flicker of movement becomes a man in black clothing with a conical straw hat, a pistol belt and a carbine slung over his shoulder. He is walking slowly, carelessly, his hand going up to his mouth for a yawn.

In an instant you're looking at him through the fine cross hairs of the telescopic sight on your rifle. Range, about 700 yards. There's plenty of time, since he seems to be getting ready to sit down on a rock. You make an adjustment on the scope. Wind feels like it's about 10 miles an hour from the right. You make another adjustment and slip a cartridge into the chamber. Then, with the rifle resting firmly on a mound of earth, you steady the butt against your shoulder with your left hand and aim.

It's not a question of hitting the man. What you're aiming at is a point high on his chest midway between the shoulders. That region contains the heart, lungs and vital blood vessels, which when pierced by a bullet cause death. He seems to be looking right at you now, gazing out over the valley.

Suddenly, your gentle, steady pressure on the trigger makes the rifle go off, catching you almost by surprise, as it always does, when you do it right. The butt bites hard into your shoulder and for an instant the scope is obscured with smoke. Your copper-jacketed bullet is on its way at half a mile per second to that bored, sleepy Viet Cong, who doesn't know you exist. There's about a second to wait, and you see him clearly again, still suspecting nothing.

Then the bullet hits and you see the hat fly from his head. He throws up his arms and takes a few steps, almost dancing. He falls, and it's quiet in the valley again.

"Charlie zapping," as this kind of hunting has come to be known, has been claiming an average of 100 Viet Cong killed each month since the Marine Corps organized the first formal U.S. sniper school and sniper corps here in Viet Nam a year ago. Such deadly marksmanship has made the Marines as proud of their new "scout-snipers" as the Army is of its "green beret" Special Forces.

What makes a sniper different from an ordinary infantryman with a rifle?

Shooting skill, partly. To qualify for admission to the Marine Corps sniper school, a candidate must already be an expert rifleman. That means scoring at least 220 points out of a possible 250, the last time the would-be sniper fired for record on a range.

[*Continued on page* 86]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

BY ARTHUR MYERS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HAROLD KRIEGER

THEY BOUGHT THE RIGHTS TO GET RICH

■ If you by chance were to wander around the 40th floor of the Time-Life Building in midtown Manhattan, you might come across a suite of offices rather cryptically labeled Licensing Corporation of America. If you should find the name mystifying, you would not be alone. The switchboard in these offices rings intermittently with people looking for dog, liquor, hunting and even marriage licenses. But the licenses issued by LCA are considerably more lucrative. In fact, its two co-owners, Jay Emmett and Allan Stone, are sitting in one of the coziest catbird seats in merchandising history.

Everytime your kid buys a chaw of bubble gum packaged with Batman, Superman or whatnot trading cards, whenever your wife or girl friend buys you a quart of 007 vodka or a James Bond pair of pajamas, whenever you treat yourself to a new Arnold Palmer golf cart—whenever you do any of these things—you're paying a royalty to LCA, the biggest outfit in the licensing business.

Licensing is one of the least known ways to make a buck in the business world. Only a few people play the licensing game and many businessmen have never even heard of it.

A licensing agent takes a property—which can mean a person such as Jackie Gleason or Brigitte Bardot, a mythical

character such as Batman or Sherlock Holmes, or even a magazine such as American Heritage—and, acting as a broker, deals out permission to manufacturers to make products using the name of that property. The licensing agent acts as a legal advisor, salesman, merchandising expert, package designer, promoter, advertising consultant, brusher-offer, whooper-upper and Dutch Uncle. For this he usually gets five percent of the wholesale price of the item, which he splits with his client, the owner of the property. At the moment, Emmett and Stone are in the happy position of deciding which manufacturers may put out products bearing the names of three of our most spectacular modern heroes—Superman, Batman and James Bond. Which explains in part why their company is currently making upwards of half-a-million dollars a year.

Emmett and Stone have been licensing agents most of their working lives but did not form LCA until 1960. For a time they went along feeding their families and paying the rent with only moderate success until last year when, suddenly, they became licensing agents for James Bond. As such, they not only helped create the boom in 007-type merchandise, but also cashed in on the resulting excitement themselves.

This year, when the Batman boom followed the Bond coup, big corporations and Texas oil millionaires started trying to buy out Emmett and Stone. They finally sold out to the top bidder, National Periodical Publications, a $50-million-a-year comic-book publisher. Since LCA already handled all the National comic characters, including Batman [*Continued on page* 80]

The Sexy Secrets of Fun-Loving Holly

By Daniel P. Mannix ■ You'd better think twice, bub, before hanging that holly wreath over your mantlepiece this Christmas. It may be only a decoration to you, but you're fooling around with an age-old ingredient of sex orgies, black magic and hopped-up tea. On the other hand, you're performing an early Christian ceremony, supporting a multimillion-dollar industry and possibly providing some poor farmer's kids with their holiday toys.

Holly is a crazy, mixed-up tree, no matter how you use it. It fades in summer and comes to life in the middle of winter. When blizzards rage, holly responds by putting out berries. Instead of having soft leaves like other trees, the holly's leaves have protective spikes on the edges. But the holly is no fool; it's got the whole thing figured out. There being no other food available in the dead of winter, birds have to eat the holly berries. The birds then drop the seeds, together with some excellent guano for fertilizer, thus insuring plenty of new holly trees.

The only problem holly has is human beings. Due to the tree's strange characteristics, humans are positive it has magical properties. But there just aren't enough wild holly trees to meet the demand.

It's easy to understand why people have always regarded the holly as a symbol of eternal life. You're walking through the woods in the dead of winter muttering to yourself that spring will never come when suddenly you come on a holly. It seems to glow with an almost iridescent green like a neon light in a coal cellar. Sprinkled with bloodred berries, the tree is the only living thing in a dead, hopeless world. It seems magical and perhaps it is.

Holly has always been connected with sex. During the Roman orgy of the Saturnalia, if you caught a girl under a holly wreath you could, well, kiss her, and newlyweds were given holly to insure fertility. The reason is that holly, like humans, is dioecious. Just in case you don't know the term, it means that the male reproductive organs are in one individual and the female ones in another. The male holly trees produce the pollen and female trees with pistils receive it.

Getting two holly trees to feel that way about each other is a lot more difficult than you'd think. I was delighted to find that near St. James, Long Island, there is a Mrs. Kathleen K. Meserve who is known as the "Dorothy Dix of holly." People who have trouble with their holly trees being incompatible, write to Mrs. Meserve for advice. Often she can tell what the trouble is from the letter, but in more complicated cases she has to interview the trees themselves to get the difficulties in their sex life straightened out.

I traveled to Long Island to see Mrs. Meserve and her husband, who is fond of holly but doesn't let its sex life interfere with his regular job as a stockbroker. The Meserves are a middle-aged couple who live in a 17th-century house surrounded by magnificent grounds, mainly planted with species of holly brought from all over the world.

"We're really city people," Mrs. Meserve explained as we started on a tour of inspection. "We moved here in 1946 and neither of us had ever lived in the country before. I thought I might do some gardening and I heard about the Holly Society of America so I sent them three dollars for their newsletter. After that, I was hooked."

"Is there a commercial market for holly?" I asked.

"Yes indeed. The big sale is just before Christmas when three million pounds of holly are sold. The trees are clipped and the sprigs made into wreaths. It can be quite profitable. A man with a holly orchard can get 4,000 pounds of holly per acre when the trees are 15 years old and the holly brings up to 50 cents a pound depending on its quality. The biggest orchards are in Oregon. Two of the orchards, Teufel's and Brownell's, alone ship a combined total of $75,000 worth of holly every year."

The Oregon holly is a cultivated English species which has a more brilliant green sheen to the leaves, and bigger berries than does our native American plant. The business was started in 1894 and proved so successful that today much of the sheltered Willamette Valley is planted in holly.

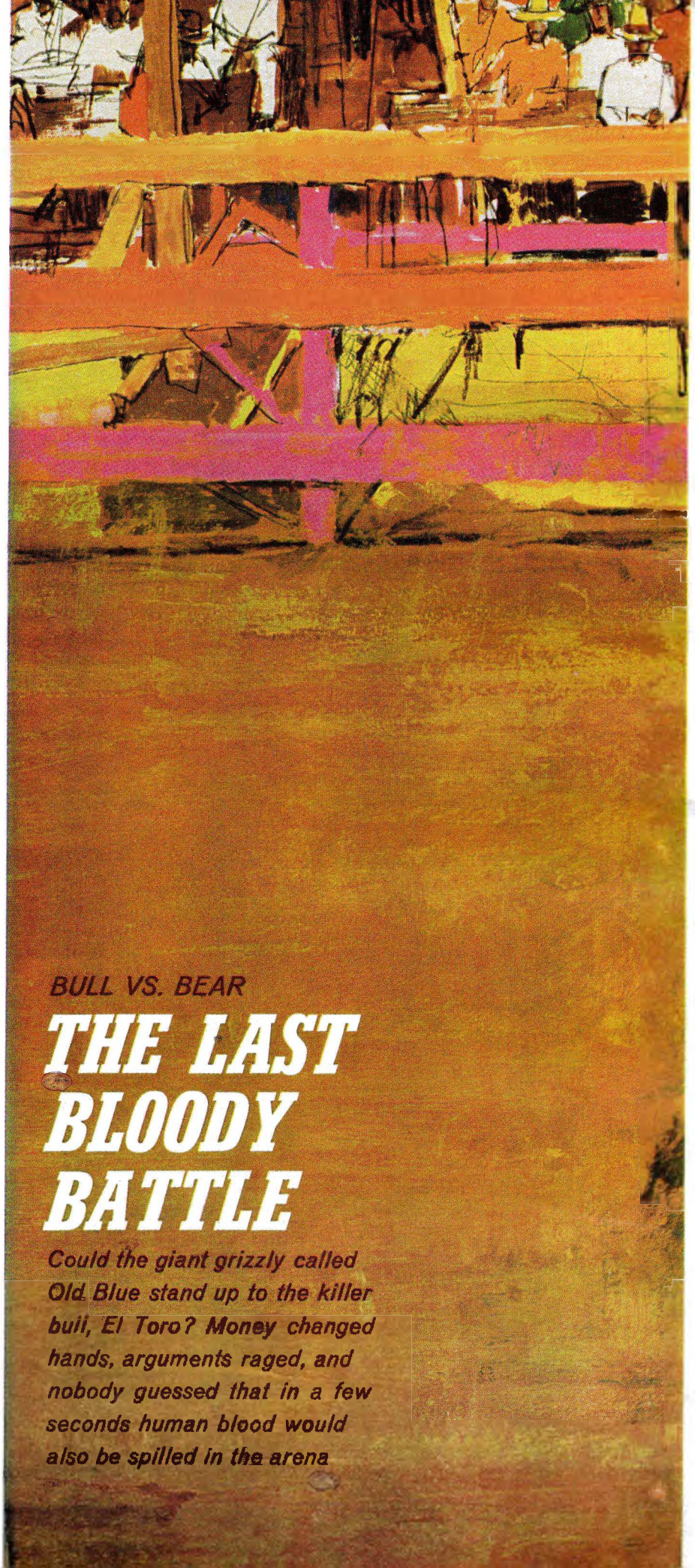
"This is English holly here," said Mrs. Meserve stopping by a 20-foot tree covered with brilliant red berries the size of a little fingernail and with leaves so startlingly green and glossy they looked almost artificial. "People said it wouldn't grow north of Maryland here in the East, but I thought I'd try it. I got some clippings and raised them in Wardian boxes [miniature greenhouses where temperature and humidity can be controlled thermostatically]. Then I put them outside and they did beautifully—until one terrible winter. Overnight, the temperature fell from 50° to zero. There were 90-mile-an-hour winds. I lost 85 percent of all my trees. Then I decided to develop a holly that had the big berries and fine sheen of the English with the hardiness of some of the northern varieties. It wasn't easy because holly has such a complicated sex life." [*Continued on page 105*]

ILLUSTRATED BY TOMI UNGERER

When you deck your halls with
boughs of holly, beware!
The stuff has an unholy history

BY TOM BAILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD TERPNING



BULL VS. BEAR

THE LAST BLOODY BATTLE

Could the giant grizzly called Old Blue stand up to the killer bull, El Toro? Money changed hands, arguments raged, and nobody guessed that in a few seconds human blood would also be spilled in the arena

■ On May 27, 1867, the citizens of Beartown, Wyoming, gathered in a hastily constructed arena to witness an event ballyhooed as an exhibition of savage courage and a bloody battle to the death. Afterward many of the spectators were to wish it had never been permitted to take place, for they would not forget the half hour of horror they had lived through. Nor would some of them ever shed the scars ripped into their bodies by horn and claw.

The contest was billed as "The Fight of the Century" by its promoters, a couple of western showmen who had put on similar spectacles with great success. It was to be one of several features intended to celebrate the advance of the Union Pacific tracks to Beartown. The road was pushing its rails across the West to complete the nation's first transcontinental line, and every time it finished another 40 or 50 miles, the supply town that had grown up around the railhead threw a huge party, then folded up as construction headquarters moved on. A few places, such as Laramie and Cheyenne, were to survive, but not Beartown, whose turn it was now to stage a monstrous, final blowout before curling up to die.

What better way for a place called Beartown to pay tribute to its own brief life than to display one of the notoriously savage local grizzlies in battle? Bear-bull fighting, a sport brought up from Mexico, had been popular in the West for 50 years, during an era when life was valued less than a willingness to take on all comers and fight to the end. To make Beartown's battle a first-rate attraction, its promoters had arranged to pit the regional champion, a grizzly named Old Blue, against a notorious Spanish fighting bull that was known aptly as El Toro.

The bull had been brought up from Taos, in New Mexico Territory, where he had killed his first grizzly and gone on to best two more by sinking his horns in their guts and shaking his head. His technique had caught the enthusiasm of the people of Taos, and his fame had spread. [*Continued on page* 74]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SLOTNIKS MAKE SLOT CARS GO BOOM

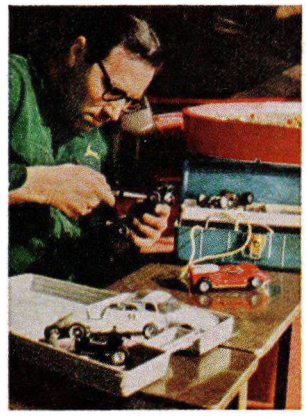
They're a new, wild-eyed, way-out, hip-talking cult—millions of people around the world who build and race tiny electric automobiles. As a result, some 80 manufacturers and 7,000 slot stores are happily splitting up a $200-million-a-year business

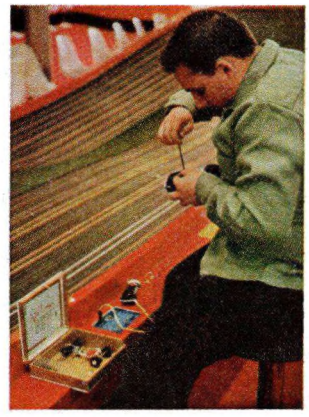
BY ROY BONGARTZ

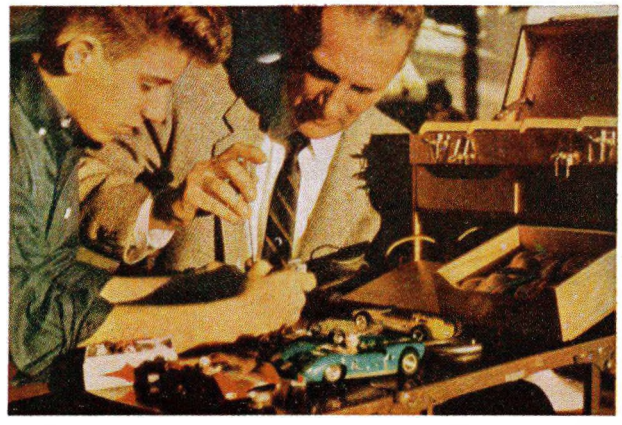
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT HALMI

■ For a week recently I shared a New York apartment with a 12-year-old boy while his parents, friends of mine, took a vacation. Andrew, who has a ready grin and wise brown eyes, had always seemed to me a citizen of another planet, full of mysterious interests. But then one afternoon I heard a persistent buzzing from his room. That was the beginning.

I looked in through his doorway. He was crouched over two tiny cars racing around a track. "Slot cars," he explained. "Come on and race me." He showed me how to press a plunger on an electric controller to make the car move. Taking power through a shoe suspended from the chassis and inserted into a slot—its "track"—the car zoomed off and flipped out at the curve. Andrew's car in the next lane skittered neatly around it. I tried again and again, but as I tensely pressed and let up on the button my car either humped along in awkward jerks or flew off into the wall. At last, once, I sent the car, its rear end skidding outward dangerously, speeding around the curve successfully. Of course it was only a kid's toy, but I felt a quick surge of wild elation. But then try as I would, I couldn't do it again. I kept crashing out. Angered that such







Races are won and lost in the pit stops. Dedicated drivers like these worry about the thickness of a tire and whether track power comes from a battery or a power plant. Slot stores are happy to sell them everything they need from special paint to instant people.

From coast to coast, from Tokyo to London, males of all ages have taken to racing the buzzing little cars

a simple feat should balk me, I grabbed the car as if I could squeeze its secret from it.

"Don't bust it," Andrew warned. "That's a Lola T-70. See all that?" He pointed out minuscule exhaust pipes protruding from the rear deck of the four-inch car, the tiny driver in his seat, the transparent windshield, the realistic tires. He said he'd made it himself. "All the pro drivers make their own from scratch," he said.

"Are you a pro driver?" I asked a bit sourly.

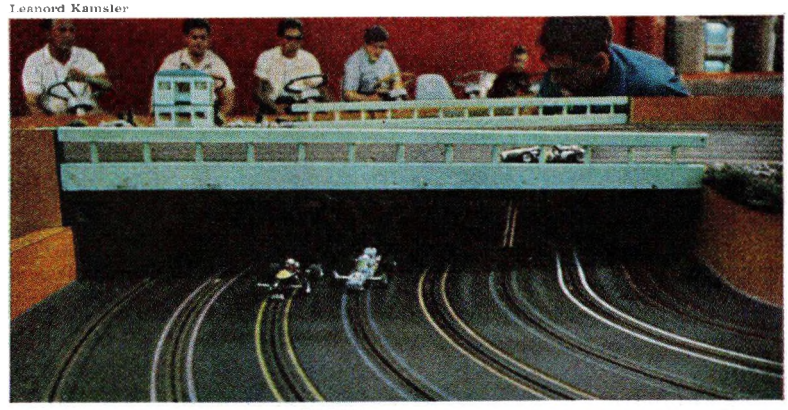
"Not yet," he said modestly. The car I was using was a Chaparral. He showed me how to brake it by letting up on my power button just before the curve so it would stay on. I tried again, but I was no good at it. "The track is too small," he said generously. "Let's go up to the slot store—they have a big track at Polk's, and it's race night."

To humor the boy, I went with him to Polk's Hobbies department store on Fifth Avenue. Beside Andrew I felt like a hulking oldie, but I discovered that half the enthusiasts of this sport are adults. Andrew was soon racing against five others on the 100-foot-long track, as I asked a few questions of knowledgeable fans waiting their turn to pay a dollar an hour to race. Some 80 manufacturers of cars and parts and 7,000 slot stores (public racing centers like Polk's) are happily splitting up a 200-million-dollar-a-year slot boom. More money is spent on slot cars than on bowling, skiing or surfing. It has become the biggest indoor sport in the country. Old-line model-train manufacturers are selling many more slot cars than trains —both in home sets (mostly HO gauge, 1/87 scale) and cars for racing on the slot store tracks (1/32 and 1/24 scale).

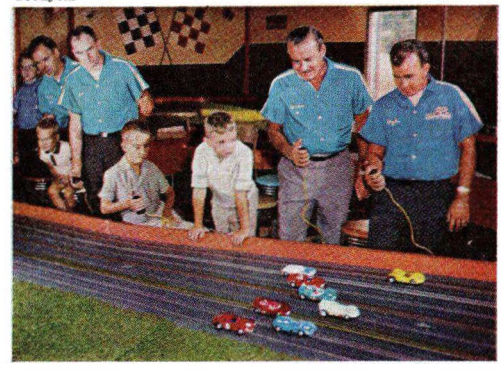
But younger firms have taken the big share of the business, and competition is

Championships are run off amid wall-to-wall carpeting and two floors of

Leonard Kamsler



Goodyear

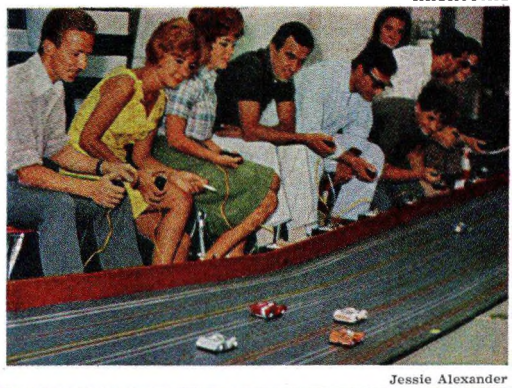


In Chicago (center), families race at Tom Thumb Hobby Center. Goodyear engineers race as father-son group to relax from big-size tracks.

Robert Halmi

tracks in one of plushest slot-car centers, New York's Aurora Raceways.

Herbert Fried



Jessie Alexander

In Rome (center), Minicar track is full of pretty girls, while the members of a Sussex, England, private racing club meet at their favorite pub.

fierce. Two of them claim to be the biggest in the field, the Strombecker Corporation of Chicago and Aurora Plastics of West Hempstead, New York. Experts estimate that Aurora sold more than $12 million worth of slot cars last year. Revell, of Venice, California, long famous for nonracing model cars, got into the game a bit late but is already devoting half of its production to slots, with an advertising budget for racing cars estimated to be more than half a million dollars a year.

Tooling for a new minuscule model can cost $150,000; one firm, Monogram, of Morton Grove, Illinois, sends a team of representatives dressed in blazers with big M's on them around the country to ask drivers (a fan at work is called a driver) what they think is hot in model cars. A business writer commented, "The manufacturers' dilemma in some ways resembles that of their distant cousins in Detroit: whether to promote racing or stick with the family image."

As I tried to follow Andrew's car tearing around the track, a stocky, straw-haired fan named Bill Botjer said this track was comparatively small; the world's largest, out in East Meadow, Long Island, is 475 feet long. "But your car looks so little on those far turns you can't tell it from the others," he said.

Now Jim Goblet, manager of the store's racing club—the Polk Chops—announced that the next race would be "crash and burn." Under the rules a car that flipped off the track was out of the race for good. "Three, two, one, go!" cried Goblet. Six cars leapt from the starting line. Mine sped straight on at the first curve—and out.

Grouchily I asked Bill, "How'd you ever get mixed up with a kid's game like this?" Immediately I was surrounded by teen-aged pros and assured there is nothing childish [*Continued on page* 76]

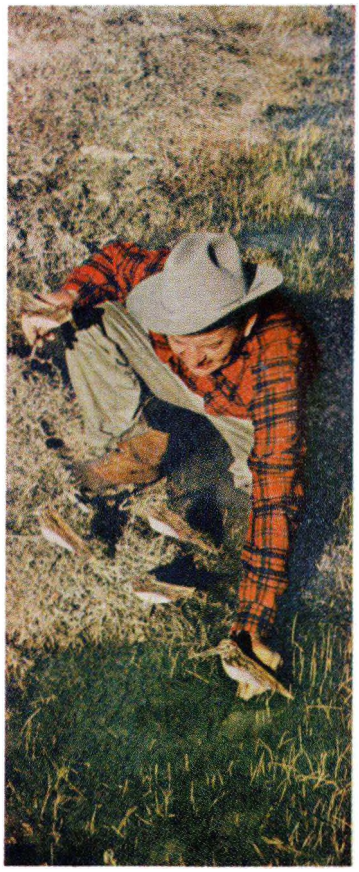
A Gag Bird Flies Again

A snipe is the critter you send suckers off into the woods to bag at night. It is also a very real game bird that flies as fast as a driven golf ball and may be retrieved with a fly rod

BY BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

With a body the size of a golf ball, the snipe flies just as fast —but on a corkscrew course that makes this bird a tough target.



The author uses handmade paper decoys to lure passing snipe.

■ Across the long-horizoned South-Texas brush country a small glow of red was rising in the east, turning prickly pear and thorn bushes into grotesque silhouettes. Through the crisp mid-December dawn we threaded our way along a cattle trail, dodging the evil thrusts of cactus and mesquite. Shotgun in the crook of my arm, I gripped the binoculars hung around my neck to keep it from swinging as I ducked under thorny branches. Behind me Paul Young walked silently. He carried a shotgun and a fly rod set up with a big streamer fly.

"Don't you feel kind of ridiculous," he asked, "going after a bird with fly rod and binoculars?"

"And," I said, "a mythical bird at that."

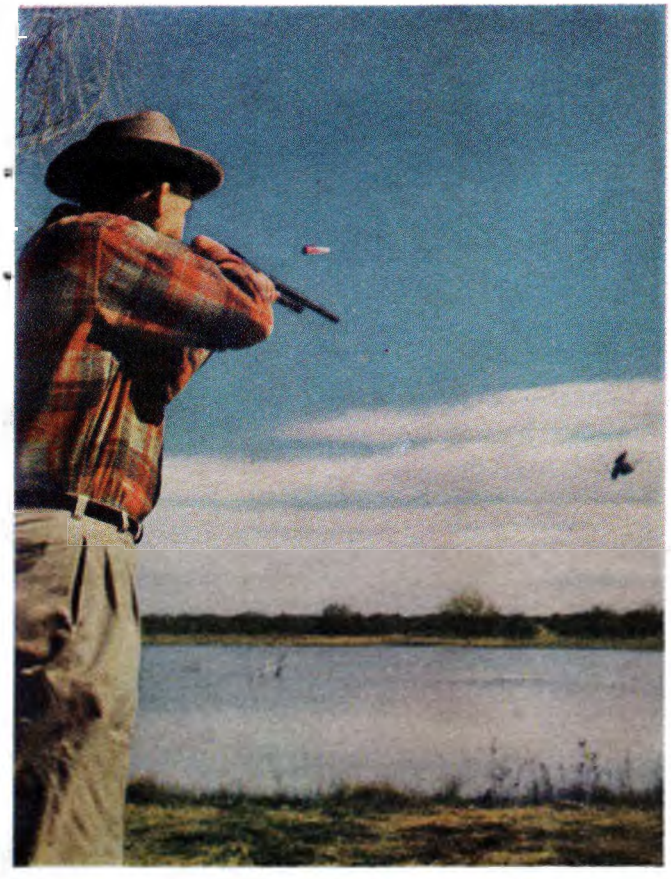
We were starting out on a snipe hunt, but not the variety of "snipe hunt" thousands of naïve souls have been taken on by pranksters. How well I recall the youthful times when I had helped guide newfound and unsuspecting cronies on those! As we walked along I was filled with the remembered amusement of it.

It used to begin with someone talking about the amazing "nocturnal snipe." Then someone else would suggest that perhaps this might be an awfully good night for a hunt. When interest was roused among our marks, we'd haul out the necessary equipment—usually a candle, club and burlap bag.

We'd drive out and place the hunters on a good "snipe runway." They were to light the candle, which we solemnly swore had unwonted attraction for this wondrous and wily (and of course wholly mythical) bird. As it approached, we instructed them, they were to leap out of the darkness, hurl the bag over the mesmerized prey and club it soundly. After this droll malarky we stole away and forsook them, driving home doubled up with sadistic delight, then awaiting the eventual humiliated (and ofttimes violent) return of the mighty, foot-weary hunters.

There have been many variations of that shenanigan, but Paul Young and I were not after anything quite *that* mythical. We were in fact after a *real* bird, the jacksnipe, or Wilson's snipe. It is a member of the stilt-legged, wading shorebird tribe, the smallest, yet the most dynamic of American game birds. It has a body thickness only about twice the diameter of a wristwatch and is such an erratic flier it can, so many hunters have said, "fly through a corkscrew without touching a feather on the turns."

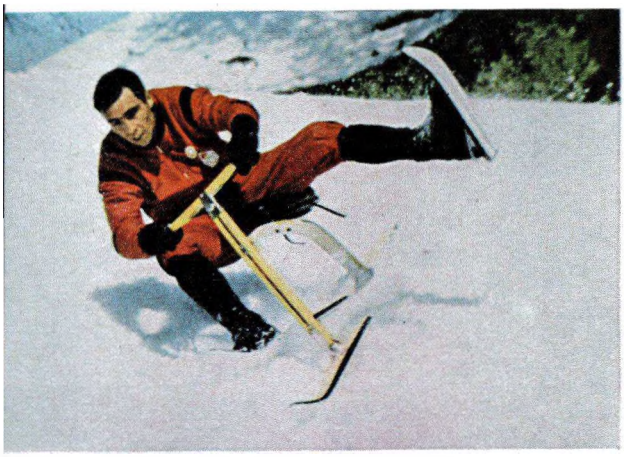
Oddly, however, this authentic flesh-and-feathers bird is as unknown to the average person as the mythical variety. Even among hunters, there are only a scattering who know it. And so difficult is the jacksnipe to hit that some have had the [*Continued on page* 108]



Moving along the edge of a pond to flush sitting birds, Paul Young folds a snipe as it flies out over the water. When dead birds fall into water that is too deep for wading, one handy way to retrieve them is to use fishing tackle, casting with a large hook.

Ski Leaps On Four Legs

Pierrot Bonvin (left) and Gary Perren leap ravine. Perren sped 78 mph. winning racing-slalom title.

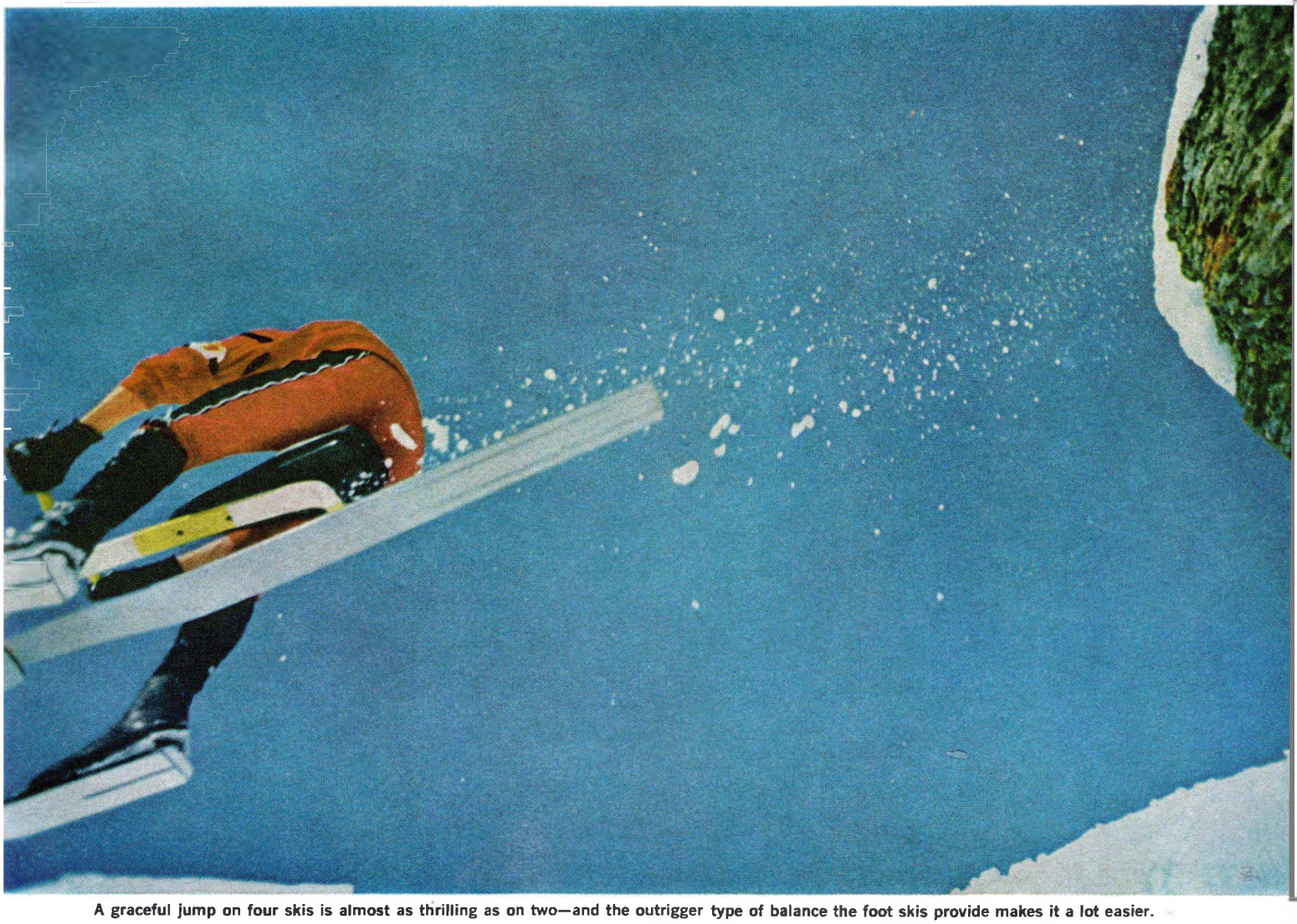


Fernand Deforel, Swiss slalom skibob champ, takes curve.

■ First you put a short ski with small steel prongs behind the heel on each foot. Next you climb on a bicyclelike rig that's equipped with skis instead of wheels. Then, off you go —whizzing down snowy slopes at speeds over 60 mph. This is skibobbing, the newest sport on the winter scene. It eventually could also be one of the most popular. Despite the hair-raising rides it offers, skibobbing is safer than ordinary skiing, easier to learn and a lot less tiring. The extra skis provide more balance, the prongs are for braking, and steering is no problem: the $90 (approximate cost) skibob has a handlebar which turns the front ski. But there's plenty of slalom, racing and jumping action for advanced daredevil types, too, as these photographs taken at the 1966 Swiss skibobbing championships show. Skibobbing was born in Europe. American visitors tried it and brought back such glowing reports that this year a number of U.S. resorts will have special skibob slopes. For beginners, the sport opens a shortcut to skiing excitement; for expert skiers it provides heady new challenges on four skis instead of two.

Rider has to hang on for dear life when going over bumps.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY MARTIN IGER



A graceful jump on four skis is almost as thrilling as on two—and the outrigger type of balance the foot skis provide makes it a lot easier.

BY JOHNNY CUMMINGS
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY FRED LYON
AT ONDINE RESTAURANT, SAUSALITO, CALIF.

THE BOZO MILLER DIET

He eats 25,000 calories a day

That's 10 times the input of an average man yet it's easy for this incredible face-stuffer. And why not? The man may have three stomachs

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

■ Everyone's enemy—the common calorie—was taking a beating across the country last summer from diet peddlers and health-school drink-rationers when, at the noon hour, a broad, low-slung, smiling man of 57 strolled into Reno's, a downtown San Francisco restaurant. He glanced around at the sandwich-and-milk eaters. Sadly he shook his shaggy head. The customers stared back at him.

Just in case anyone had missed his entrance he rocked back on his heels, balancing his near-300 pounds on small feet, and gave the cry he has made famous: "What's to eat in this joint?"

Over the years I've moved around with champions in a number of nonheadlined forms of activity and only a very few could command instant attention, along with awe and avid curiosity, when they walked into a room. Nick (The Greek) Dandolus, the gambler, is one. Pool shark Minnesota Fats is another. The same effect now was produced by this chubby fellow, whose name is Edward Abraham "Bozo" Miller and who is a celebrity because he is the greatest eater in America, and, probably, the No. 1 consumer of food on earth. In 35 years no man has been able to outeat Bozo Miller—or even come close to doing it.

His eyes twinkling happily, he grabbed a menu and sat at a table, pushing it back to make room for a stomach which begins just below his breastbone and gains power and curve as it proceeds majestically downward to his belt. In a lordly manner, he received the attention of two waiters who hurried to his side. "I'm hungry," announced Bozo. "Had a quick breakfast this morning. An omelette."

"How many eggs were in it?" asked the restaurant owner, Reno Barsocchini, who showed his delight that such a legendary character was patronizing his establishment.

"Four dozen," said Bozo, looking at Barsocchini in mild surprise. "That's what I always have, as you should know. With two pounds of bacon."

"Just a warm-up, eh, Bozo?" said his host, signaling to the head chef to start unloading food from the refrigerator, in preparation for the onslaught to come. It is a fact, witnessed by many truthful citizens of the San Francisco-Oakland area, and duly testified to, that Bozo Miller has been known to put away more steaks, chops, chickens, seafood and other staples than a good many well-stocked kitchens have been able to provide. One such instance occurred on an evening in 1963 at the Rendezvous Room in Oakland. Two local businessmen bet Bozo $500 that he could not consume 250 ravioli at one sitting. In one hour and 10 minutes of methodical, nonstop masticating he passed the 250-mark and said, "Bring me more." The Rendezvous could provide no more. Miller had cleaned them out. A waiter brought a fresh supply from a nearby restaurant and Bozo went on demolishing ravioli until he had set a mark which has become historic: 324 ravioli [*Continued on page* 90]

Only guest at the banquet, Bozo surveys spread of gourmet dishes. He ate every morsel.

BY RON SMITH

Last year Norm Van Brocklin quit as coach of the Minnesota Vikings when the team didn't meet his championship dreams. Then, in 24 hours, his temper cooled and he was back. This season he says he's with the team to stay...but that doesn't mean he still isn't

FOOTBALL'S HARDEST LOSER

BLOOMINGTON, MINN.

■ Norman Van Brocklin is the man who coaches the Minnesota Vikings—those unpredictable but explosive Katzenjammer Kids of the gridiron—and when it comes to doing his job Van Brocklin is as direct as a train wreck.

Consider one day in training camp when Van Brocklin ordered a grueling session of calisthenics for his beefy players. Everybody was huffing and puffing. Everybody but a pair of 260-pound linemen who figured they could loaf through the drill. Van Brocklin was standing on the sidelines talking to an assistant. Suddenly he wheeled and raced onto the field, fists clenched and jaw muscles bulging. "Payroll robbers!" he roared. Then he made the linemen get down on the ground and *roll* the length of the field.

Consider, too, one Sunday afternoon when the Vikings were playing the Detroit Lions. A Vikings defensive halfback was slammed to the ground and landed on his tailbone. The halfback trotted painfully over to the bench, carefully rubbing his battered rump. Van Brocklin was there to meet him. "Did you get a concussion?" he snorted.

The Dutchman—as he's known to his players—has prospered in the National Football League by defying many of its most common canons of coaching. Outspoken and brutally honest, his sarcasm is legendary and has punctured the eardrums of players, coaches, owners and officials. "He's the only guy I know," sportswriter Jim Murray once said, "who couldn't be trusted to say something nice at Albert Schweitzer's funeral." He expects his players, like himself, to give their all, and has screamed at them from the sidelines so loudly that after the game he is hoarse and has trouble talking to reporters. He has been called, when his critics can't think of anything worse, football's hottest head and hardest loser. Yet he also has been called the brainiest and most resourceful new coach of the past decade.

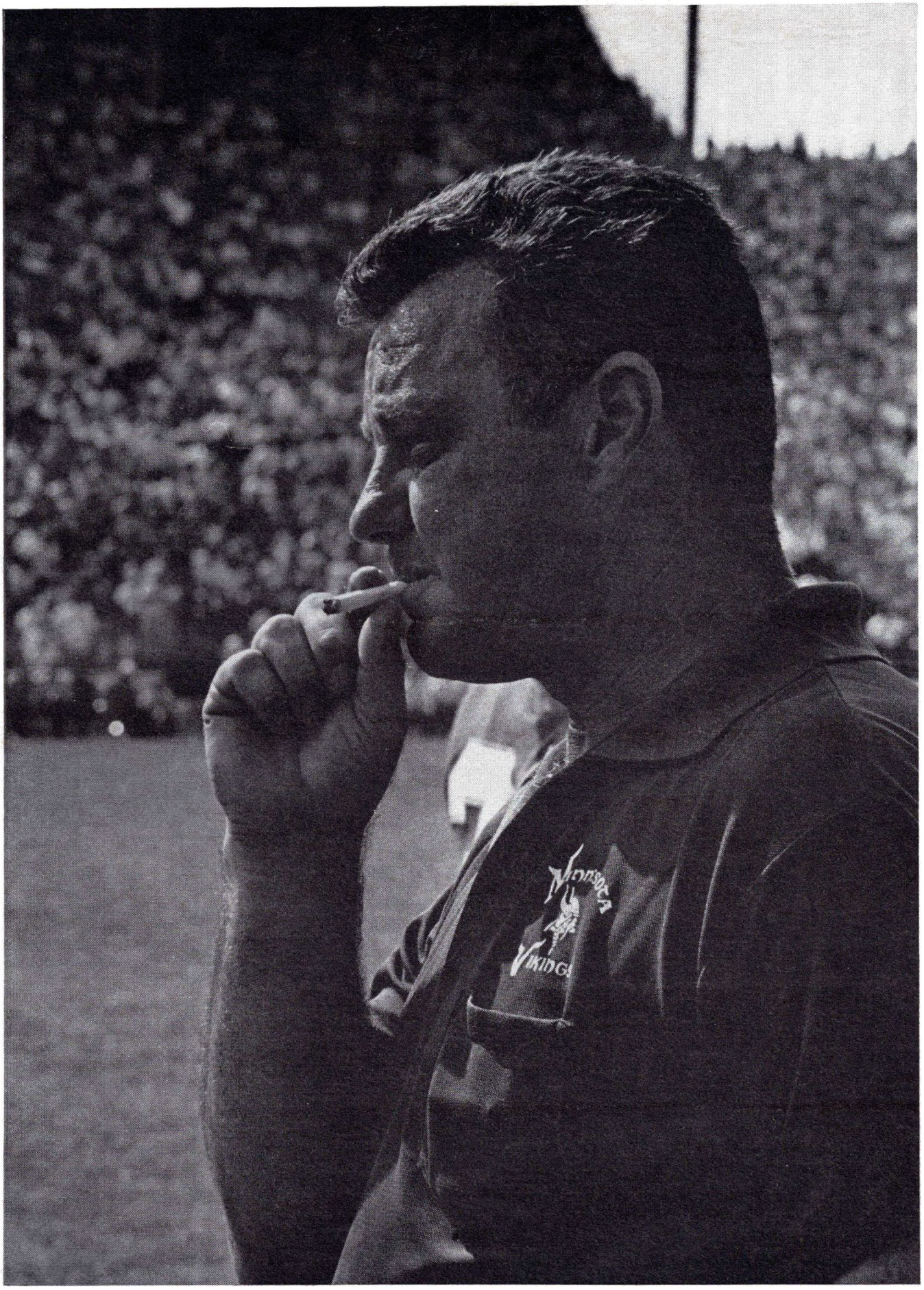
Van Brocklin is 40 years old and has a small paunch under his belt. Otherwise he is the same hard, strong man who was himself one of football's greatest quarterbacks. He is tall and handsome and has brown hair and a dimpled chin. His eyes are a soft blue but can be as cold as Valley Forge. He is the first man in the modern era of the game to move directly from the playing field to a head-coaching job.

That was five years ago when Minnesota was the league's newest franchise. Aside from rookies, the Vikings squad was composed of castoffs from the other teams. Most were overage and out of shape. Rival coaches snickered and said Van Brocklin would have to keep oxygen kits and Geritol in every locker.

"A bunch of stiffs," blurted Van Brocklin for public consumption. "We got a couple of dogs from every club. Once these guys lose their beer tumors, we may have some kind of team."

Today the Vikings do have some kind of team. A tough and talented though erratic club, they are led

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DUANE ROBINSON



by Francis (The Peach) Tarkenton, a quarterback who thinks third down and 40 yards to go is a fun situation, and star halfback Tommy Mason, a slashing runner who strums a guitar and quotes poetry. Minnesota rose more rapidly to championship contention—placing second in the tough Western Division in their fourth season—than any new team in football or baseball history. This perhaps led their fans—and coach, for that matter—to expect too much. But no one doubts now that the Vikings are a team with the ability and desire to beat any other in the league on a given day.

If you ask Van Brocklin what his secret is, he will look at you like you'd just asked him if a touchdown is worth six points. "What secret? Who the hell's got secrets in this game? The reason you win is because you're willing to work harder than the next guy. You go out and get yourself some studs and then you try to show them what it takes to be a winner. And it takes a hell of a lot."

He said this one day not long ago in his office in Bloomington, a Minneapolis-St. Paul suburb. He was sitting on the edge of his chair, looking the interviewer straight in the eye and talking rapidly but with precision.

"If a man wants to wear a jockstrap in this league," he said, "he must be willing to pay for it. I tell the rookies, 'Go out and knock down a veteran a few times. You're adults now.' The sooner we find out who likes to hit, the sooner we find out who the football players are. This is a hitting game. Nothing about it is easy. Every team has big, strong horses. The difference is in mental toughness. You'd be surprised how many games are lost because a few players *thought* they couldn't win. Mental toughness is what makes great teams. But the price for it comes very high."

Over the years Van Brocklin has himself been willing to pay the price. When he got his job a lot of people said he wouldn't last long—that he was bound to destroy himself because he cannot accept defeat. They said he would never learn to handle players—that he was insulting, insensitive and inconsiderate. Yet he has proved that if he is *in*-anything he is indestructible. One of his ideas is threatening to change the entire concept of pro football offense in professional football.

The case in point is the scrambling, gambling style of Tarkenton, the quarterback who runs with the ball not from sheer terror but sheer delight.

People in football took one look at Tarkenton and laughed. Here was a guy who broke the cardinal rule of pro quarterbacking. He did not drop straight back and pass from a protective pocket of blockers. Instead, he ran around in the backfield, wandering farther and farther behind the line of scrimmage while he looked for pass catchers. Not finding them, he would tuck the ball under his arm and light out downfield like a halfback.

Rivals said it would never work. "Van Brocklin is backing a loser," one coach said, even after watching the Vikings splatter his team in an exhibition game. "You can't have a quarterback scrambling around out of the pocket and expect to win many games. And the Dutchman knows it."

Van Brocklin scowled and said he didn't know it. Stubbornly, he refused to tamper with Tarkenton's style, though game after game you could see Norm suffering on the sidelines, dying and screaming, while fang-toothed linebackers chased Tarkenton about the field. Norm figured he was right, and he stayed with the system even though Tarkenton's style is diametrically opposed to the way Van Brocklin himself used to play quarterback. So today, of course, there's a trend in pro football toward quarterbacks who can run.

To understand this vital, emotional, and thoroughly remarkable man, one must first understand a basic fact about Norman Van Brocklin: he is totally guileless. His speech, his mannerisms and his attitudes all are straightforward. When he is angry, you can hear him three blocks away. When he laughs, it is like the anvil chorus.

Elroy Hirsch, the Los Angeles Rams general manager, once tried to prove a point by betting Van Brocklin five dollars he could tell the schmaltziest joke he knew and the Dutchman would laugh out loud. Van Brocklin took the bet. He scrunched his face into a fearsome scowl while witnesses gathered around to watch.

"This guy walks into a pizza parlor and orders one large pizza to go," Hirsch began. Van Brocklin was trying very hard to keep a straight face.

"So the man behind the counter asks him if he wants the pizza cut into six pieces or eight pieces," Hirsch said. Van Brocklin was beginning to grin.

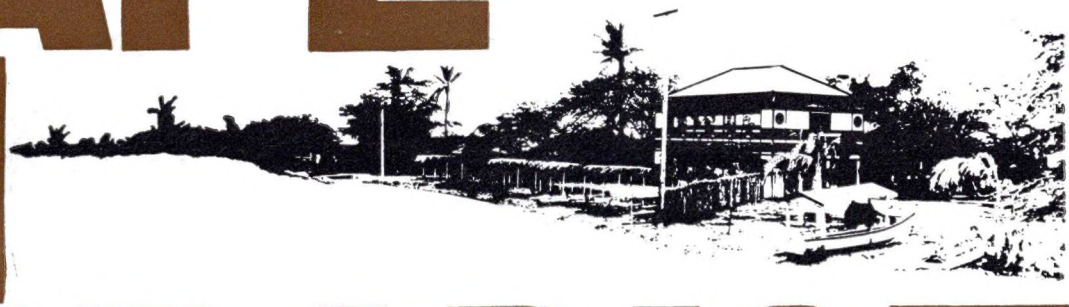
" 'Better make it six pieces,' the guy says," continued Hirsch, " 'I don't think I can eat eight.' "

Witnesses winced. But pockets of air filled Van Brocklin's cheeks. Suddenly he burst into laughter. Hirsch picked up the money.

Jim Klobuchar is a columnist for the Minneapolis *Tribune* and he knows all about Van Brocklin's emotions, too. For several days two seasons ago, he wrote that the Vikings were looking listless and that they probably would get cleaned and pressed in an upcoming game with the Lions. That weekend, in the early morning, Norm walked into a Detroit hotel lobby and spotted Klobuchar.

"Klobuchar," Norm [*Continued on page* 102]

RAPE IN PARADISE



Justice collapsed, lynch law was evoked and even the great Clarence Darrow, in his last trial, couldn't smooth over the emotion and deep racial conflict caused by this famous case

BY THEON WRIGHT

■ Both crime and justice are parts of civilized society. Crime is inevitable; it is a breakdown or fault in the orderly processes of society and will exist as long as societies are made up of human beings. Justice is the effort of society to repair the fault. Crime is to be expected, since humans are never perfect; but the failure of justice may be more damaging than crime itself. It may indicate a fundamental breakdown in the society that permitted the crime.

On a Saturday night in September, 1931, a crime was committed in Honolulu. A young woman wearing a green evening dress walked out of the lighted doorway of a tavern in the Waikiki Beach section of Honolulu and disappeared into the night. For nearly two hours she was not seen by anyone who knew her, or anyone who at least ever came forward and said he saw her. When she was found, it was on a lonely beach road several miles from the tavern. Her face was badly bruised, her mouth bleeding; later it was found that her jaw was broken. At first she said that she had been beaten up by "some Hawaiian boys." Finally she told police she had been raped.

The young woman was Thalia Massie, the wife of a United States Naval officer; and the story she told, which shocked the people of Hawaii and ultimately a whole nation, was to become known as "the Massie case." This case almost ended self-government in Hawaii. For 20 years it delayed Hawaii's entry into the Federal Union as a state; and it hurt a race of kindly, tolerant

When Thalia Massie claimed she was raped and identified five Hawaiians as her assailants, the white elite of the Islands believed her against overwhelming evidence of the group's innocence

people. It may have delivered the *coup de grace* to this old and graceful remnant of a Polynesian pattern of civilization that was already dying out.

The writer was a newspaperman at the time, covering the Massie case and other events related to it. Later he collaborated, as a reporter, with investigators working on the case, in an effort to uncover facts that lay behind the story told by Thalia Massie.

A good many of these facts—some now part of official records—were known at the time, but were not publicly disclosed. Others were not clearly understood. Still others are parts of court records. By placing these facts and reports end-to-end, as it were, in the clearer perspective of the three and a half decades that have elapsed since the time of "Hawaii's shame," it may be possible to clarify the mystery, even if it cannot at this late date be entirely solved.

A rising tide of tourists, known as *malihini haoles,* or "new whites," had begun to pour into the Islands, many settling there to form another major ingredient of the racial and social mixtures in the "melting pot of the Pacific." Honolulu had collected, in the course of its adolescence, the best and the worst from both sides of the Pacific. It had the virtues and vices of both the East and the West. In the lower downtown section, for example, shrewd Chinese merchants, some of whom had gotten rich in the opium trade during the reign of King Kalakaua, sat smugly in strange-smelling [*Continued on page* 121]

Starkly contrasting levels of society were represented at two sensational trials. Top, left to right: counsel Clarence Darrow, E. J. Lord, A. O. Jones, Sheriff Gordon Ross, Grace

Fortescue, Thalia Massie, Thomas Massie, counsel George Leisure. Below, left to right: Joseph Kahahawai, Henry Chang, Horace Ida, Ben Ahakuelo, David Takai.

A 15,000 hp. Union Pacific diesel hauls freight through rugged country near Devil's Slide, Utah.

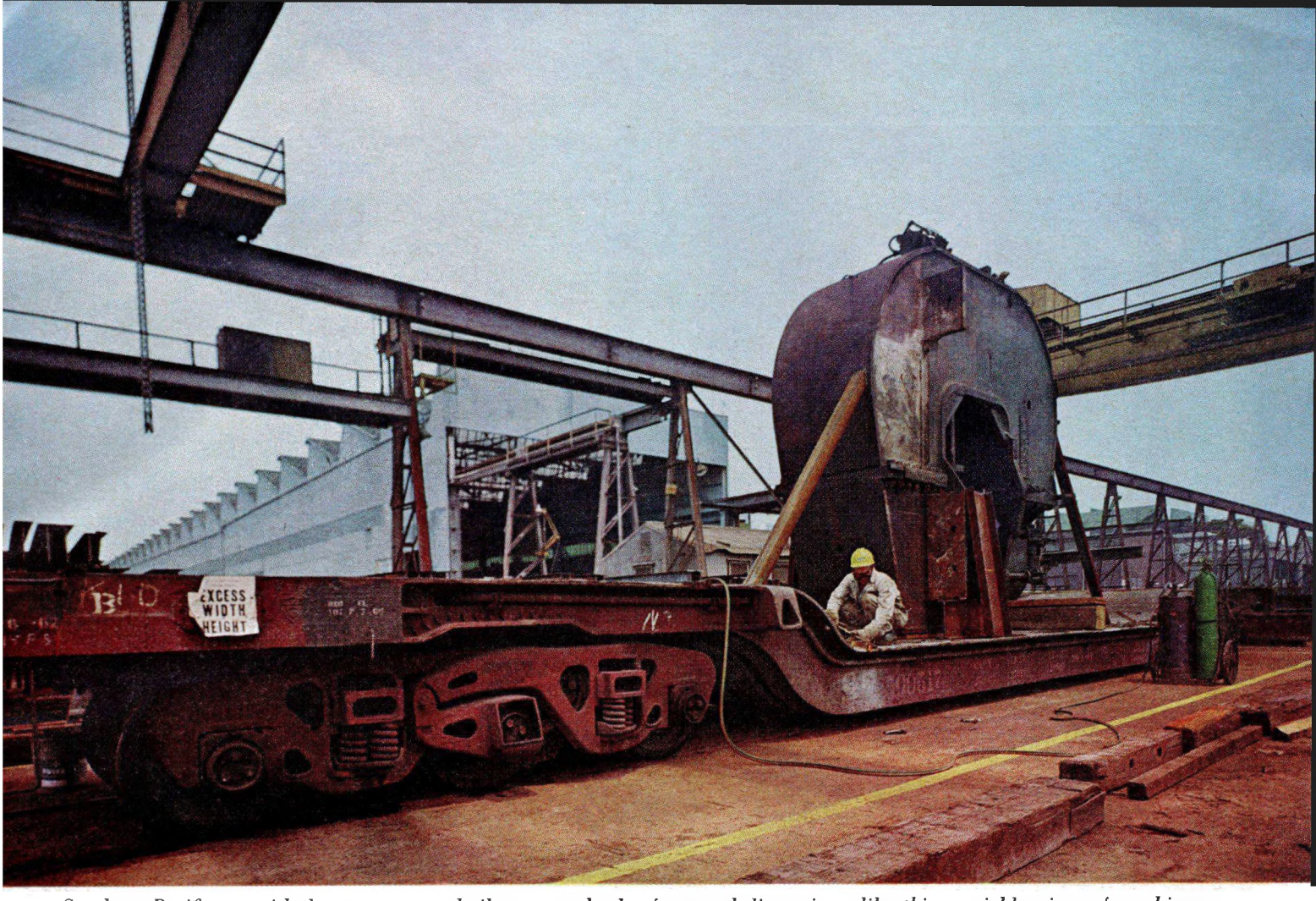
You Can't Call 'Em Choo-Choos Anymore

After listening to the lonesome whistle of blues in the night throughout decades of bankruptcy, freight railroading has suddenly gone modern—and turned profitable

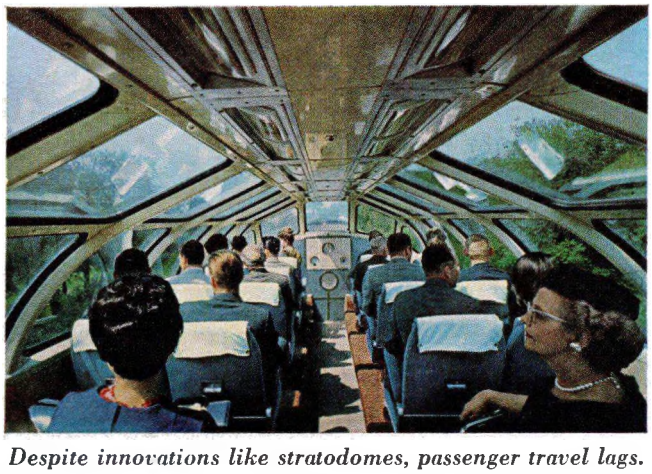
BY C. P. GILMORE

■ In recent years, railroads have succeeded, after a tough, uphill struggle, in regaining some of the economic health that they once so smugly enjoyed. For a long time, however, the grade had been downhill for America's railroads. Oh, the trains still ran and freight still moved and engineers still waved to kids standing along the tracks, but growing competition following World War II, plus hidebound, unimaginative railroad management, had brought many lines to the brink of bankruptcy. They tried to fix the mess the only way they knew how and made it worse. "We are the only industry that raised the price of the commodity we were selling at a time when we couldn't sell it," says Vice-Pres. Robert N. Woodall of the Norfolk & Western. Lines continued to operate as they had in the old days: arrogantly, on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. Customers left it in droves. "The number one trouble," says tough, able D. W. Brosnan, president of Southern Railway, "was the public-be-damned attitude, a hangover from the days before the automotive era."

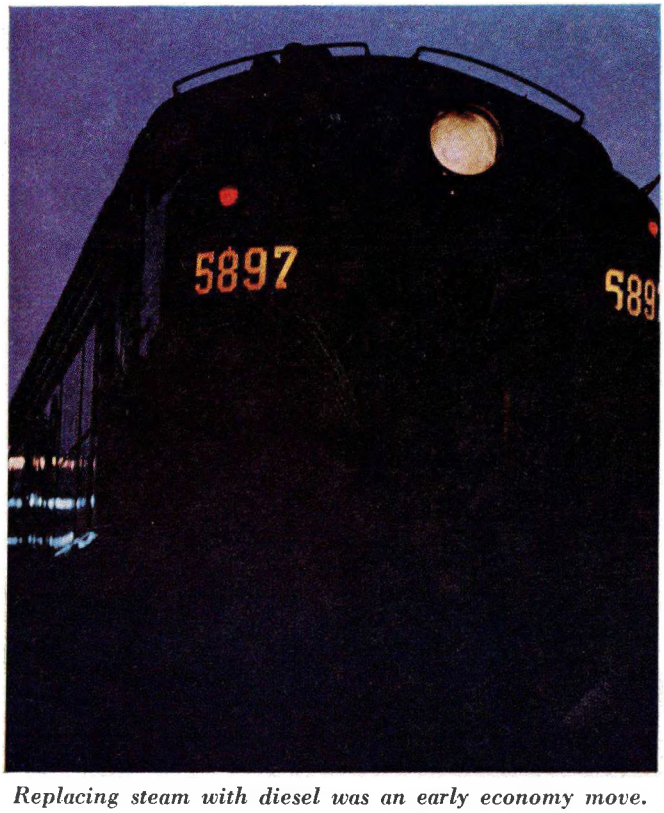
The railroads came by their iron-pants attitudes naturally. In the early days of their 100-year existence, these rich, moneymaking empires had been captured and run by some of the most ruthless industrial pirates



Southern Pacific car with drop center was built to carry loads of unusual dimensions, like this unwieldy piece of machinery.



Despite innovations like stratodomes, passenger travel lags.



Replacing steam with diesel was an early economy move.

Computerized yards, such as Houston's, reduce costs.

The railroads' new technology has produced some unique freight cars for specialized jobs

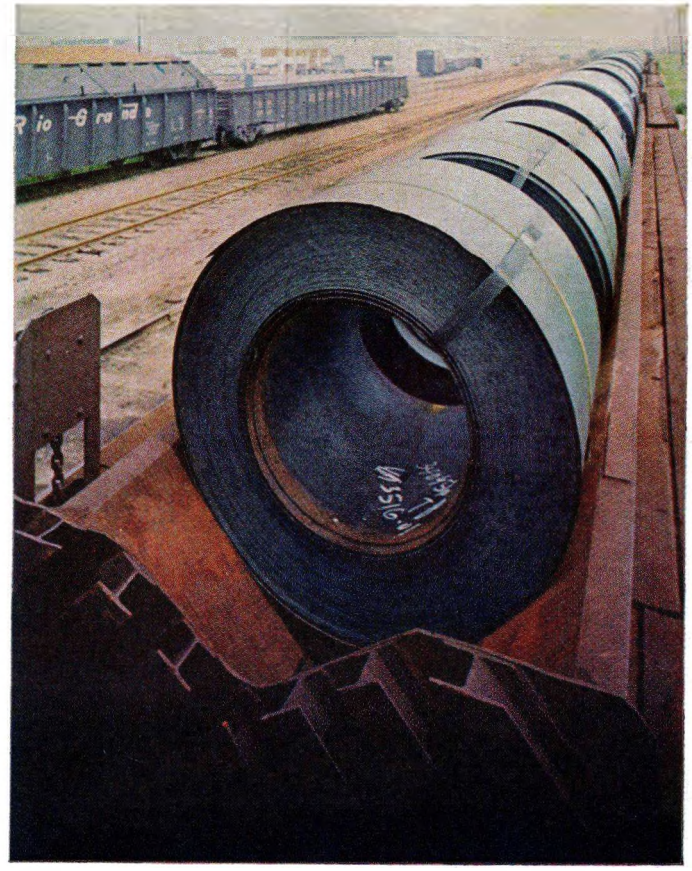
in history, the infamous robber barons of the late 19th century who were contemptuous of both the roads and their customers, interested only in the loot in the till.

The freewheeling exploits practiced by Jay Gould, Commodore Vanderbilt, Jim Fisk, J. P. Morgan, and others became far more difficult around the turn of the century. The Interstate Commerce Commission had been set up by an indignant Congress. And law enforcement agencies had stopped considering the printing of phony stock certificates, bribing of government officials, extortion, burning of records and, at times, armed attacks on competitors, as merely the irrepressible results of boyish high spirits.

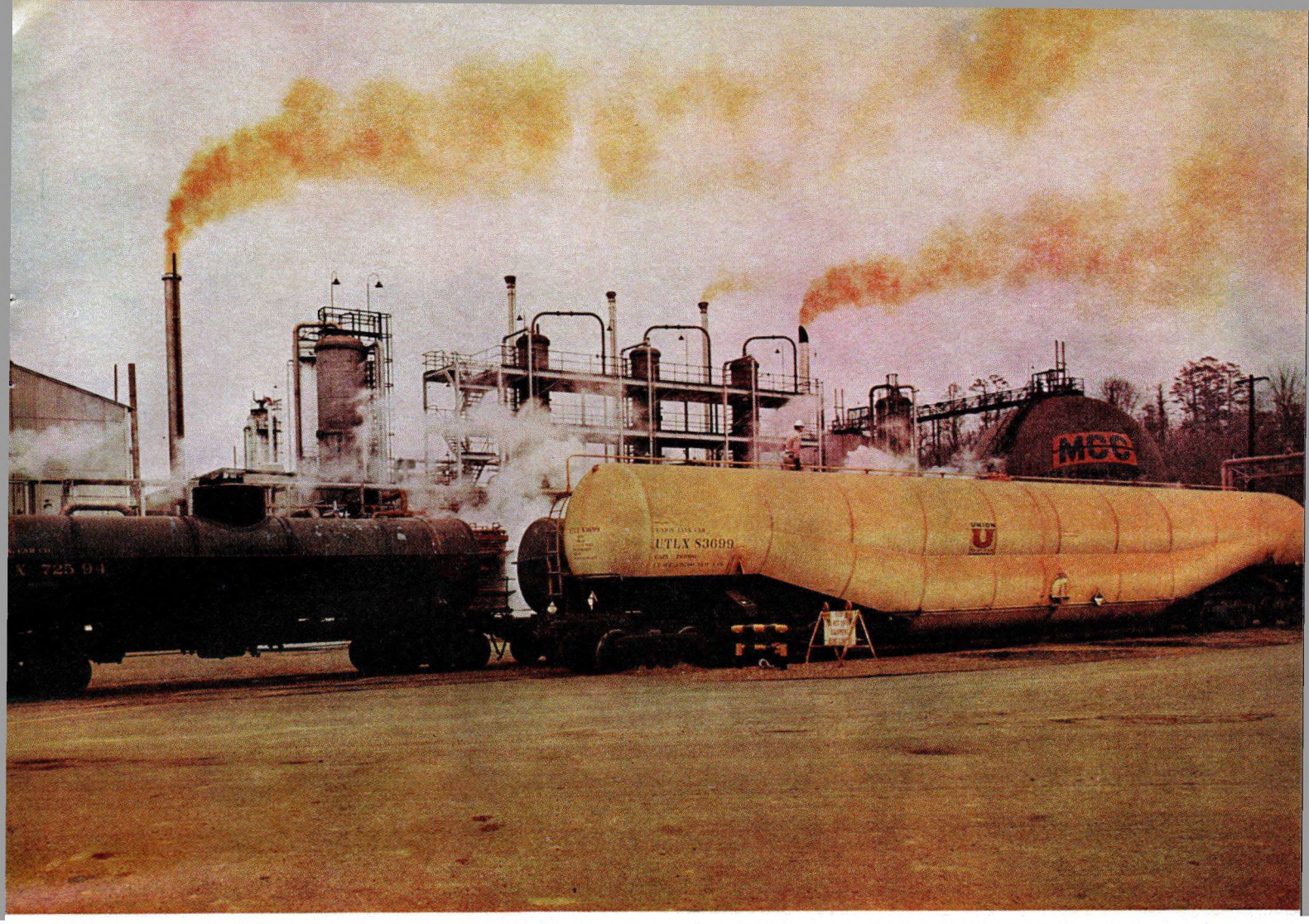
So railroads entered the respectable age. But the robber barons had left a legacy: the public-be-damned attitude, and a lack of any competition worth the name in many places. As virtual monopolies, the roads did not hesitate to charge exorbitant rates, supply minimum services and make money by the bushel. Naturally, they became rich, arrogant, profligate. And in the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency that followed, they failed to notice one important event: the arrival of the automobile age.

The oversight didn't make too much difference until the end of World War II. Then new superhighways began to push through the landscape like vines in a rain forest, giving truckers [*Continued on page* 97]

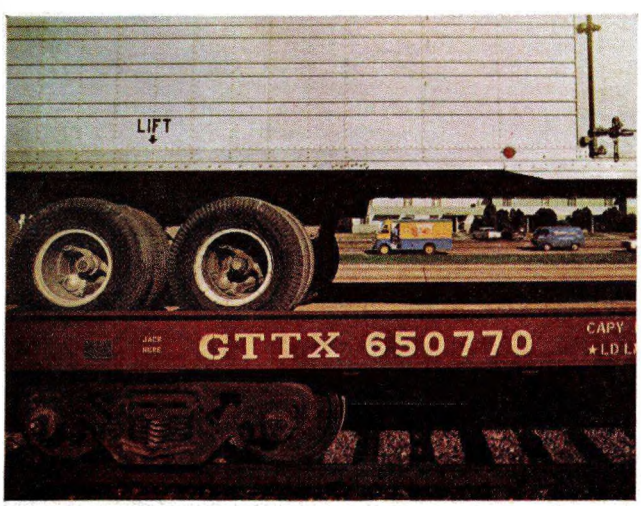
Prepackaged loads are easily shifted from road to rail.



Concave flatcars are specially designed to carry coiled steel.



The "Pregnant Whale," a jumbo tank car with 50,000 gallon capacity, dwarfs standard-sized 10,000 gallon tank cars.



Steel wheels give rubber ones a lift—and make big profits.

Car-hauling market is being recaptured by new auto-rack cars.

SCANDAL IN THE JOB CORPS

[*Continued from page* 35]

two-by-fours, the youths smashed up the buildings and each other, assaulted several of their instructors, then beat up the driver of a fire truck that had been called to the scene. About 200 boys fled and were afraid to return even after order had been restored.

Dr. Otis Singletary, then Job Corps Director, commented, "There isn't much happening in this program that we didn't think was going to happen," and found fault with whoever sent for the fire truck.

Both Singletary and Weeks have since been replaced—although reportedly resigning for reasons other than Job Corps controversy and scandal. But their attitude seems to be shared by their superior, Sargent Shriver. When Fort Custer Corpsmen celebrated his visit by smashing more than 20 large storefront windows, he told reporters he was "concerned but not surprised or dismayed. . . . Incidents could be expected in a program involving actual and potential juvenile delinquents. . . ." He added that when he was in the Navy and his ship entered a port, "we always had violence—at least equivalent to what happened in Kalamazoo." The Fort Custer enrollees not only read but proudly circulated this encouraging comparison. At this writing, a chain-swinging mob of 200 of them have just been turned back, by state police and sheriff's deputies, from a march on Battle Creek, allegedly seeking revenge after an earlier brawl with local boys.

One night this May, some 150 trainees from the Rodman Job Corps Center swarmed for two hours through residential sections of neighboring New Bedford, Massachusetts, wielding bedposts and lengths of pipe. They pounded on locked houses and made threatening and obscene gestures through windows, reportedly because a Corpsman had been arrested for pulling a knife on a local youth. Enough off-duty and auxiliary police were finally mustered to drive the rioting Corpsmen back to the center. One patrol car was reported fired upon, and a Molotov cocktail bomb was captured. The city council was soon unanimously requesting that the Rodman center be moved because, with "a lack of manpower, both police and fire, to deal with the resulting problems . . . the city is actually menaced by hordes of undisciplined youths, and it will not be long before it is reduced to a state of hysteria."

Shriver's response was a suggestion that a group of Job Corps officials and local citizens of New Bedford work out plans for creating "a more friendly atmosphere" with the Job Corps.

Ironically, no other part of the national effort initiated by the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, popularly known as the War on Poverty, was launched in a friendlier atmosphere than this program, the very first proposed in that act. Poverty War Chief Shriver has himself acknowledged the enthusiastic cooperation and support of countless civic groups, corporations and communities. The pressing need for this project had long been apparent in a nation with a serious shortage of automobile mechanics, appliance repairmen, heavy equipment operators, welders, construction tradesmen and other skilled workers—and a troublesome surplus of unemployed young men. As far back as 1961, in fact, Congressmen Albert Quie of Minnesota and Charles Goodell of New York had been sponsoring a bill to establish just such a system of "residential skill centers."

There can be little quarrel with the language of the legislation that was finally written three years later. The Office of Economic Opportunity or OEO was authorized "to prepare for the responsibilities of citizenship and increase the employability of young men and young women aged 16 through 21 by providing them in rural and urban residential centers with education, vocational training, and useful work experience . . ." and further ordered to prescribe "rules and regulations . . . to govern their conduct after enrollment."

Congress further specified that at least 40 percent of Job Corpsmen were to be assigned to "conservation camps" run by government forestry and conservation agencies. (And relatively little controversy has been caused by such centers, which are numerous but usually small.) No specific legislative direction was given for the management of the "urban centers," which are fewer but generally much larger. The OEO decided to subcontract some to universities and school boards and other such nonprofit organizations, while still other urban centers would be run by corporations for a profit. The corporation-run centers have since proven to be the least expensive, although this practice caused some protest at first.

In general, however, the Job Corps concept had such strong public appeal that Congressmen competed vigorously to have the centers located in their districts, and numerous judges began giving juvenile offenders a chance to avoid reformatory records if they joined the Job Corps.

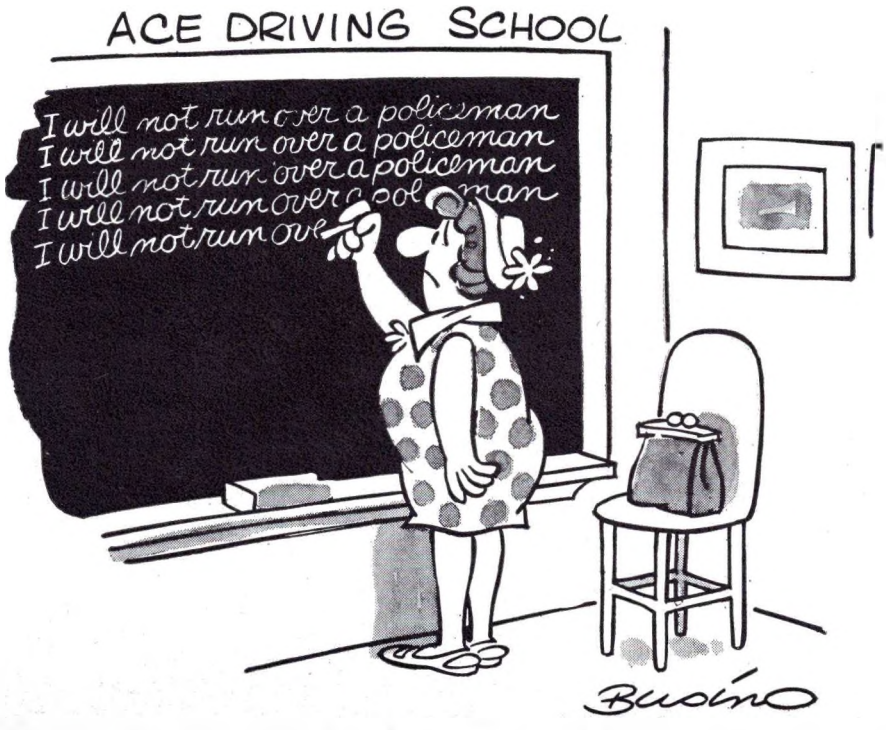
Now, less than two years after the January 1965 day when an American Indian named Kenneth Charles ceremoniously became the first enrollee, Republican Congressmen are charging that "the Job Corps program is floundering" and "the OEO has failed more noticeably in this area than in any other single anti-poverty program." Several Democratic Congressmen are bewailing the centers in their districts as political liabilities, because public hospitality has given way to public hostility. And at least one judge has sent a 17-year-old Corpsman to a federal correctional institute for juveniles, deciding this would "provide a better atmosphere for you" than the Job Corps.

Only a token number of female enrollees has so far been recruited, but the girls' centers have already produced more than their share of sensational news stories. Residents of Excelsior Springs, Missouri, filed a complaint this July against the director of a nearby center, charging "promiscuity in the yards, drunkenness, loud noise and lack of curfew" among the 400 girls quartered there. The St. Petersburg, Florida, girls' center had to be closed down after a year of complaints about its trainees having wild parties with hot-rodding boyfriends and soliciting on the streets of a quiet community of elderly retired people. From Charleston, West Virginia, came much the same reports, along with shoplifting, lesbianism, a stabbing and an episode where a girl climbing out after hours, fell from a three-story window and a policeman was beaned with a whisky bottle.

OEO officials, from Sargent Shriver on down, insist that such cases are "isolated incidents" and "blown out of all propor-

[*Continued on page* 70]

TRUE

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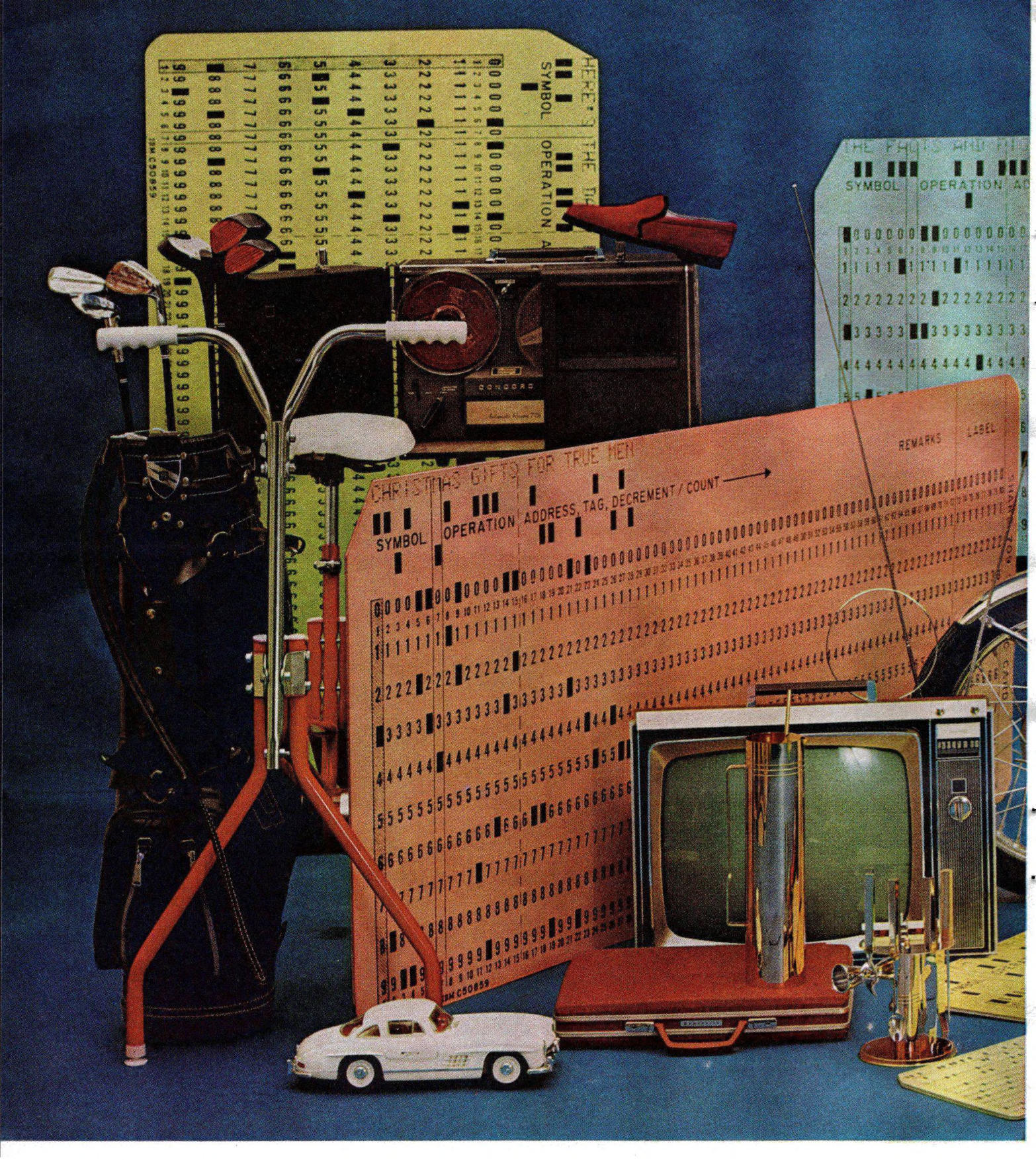
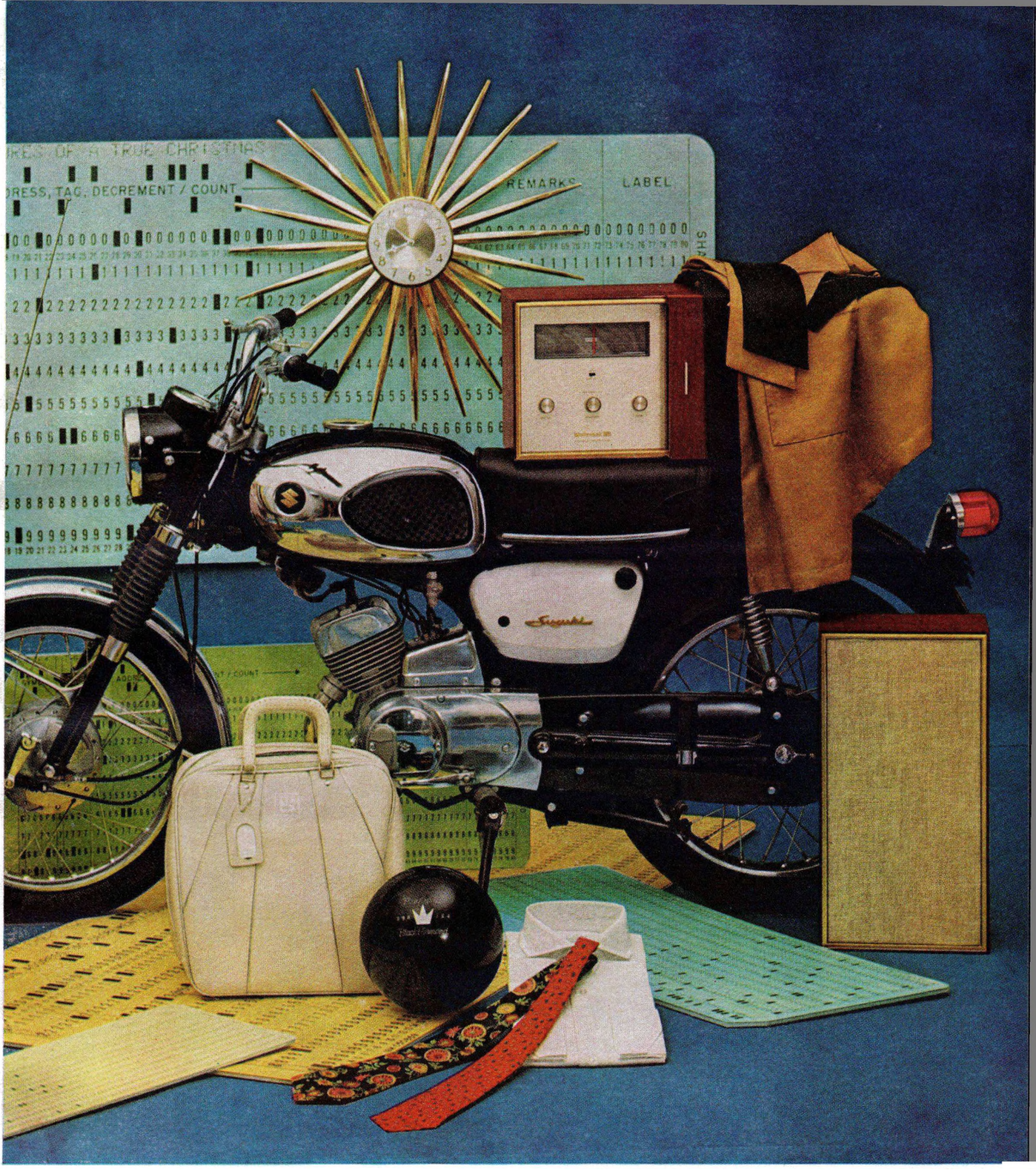


To assist the decisive male, TRUE
solves the biggest holiday problem with

COMPUTER ANSWERS FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF



It's the thought that counts, of course, but only the first ones. Today's decisive guy-on-the-go has no time for second thoughts or second-guessing when it comes to choosing the gifts he'd like to give and get. Here, with a computer assist, is TRUE's list of Christmas gift suggestions for the man who knows what he wants. Top section, from left: Gary Player Black Night golf clubs, $250, and golf bag, $50, all by Shakespeare. Gymtrim exercise bike by Diversified Products, $35.95. Model 776 stereo tape recorder, with automatic reverse control, by Concord, $349.95. Shoes, "Capri" Jiffies for Men by Kayser Roth, $5. Motorcycle, B-100P model, by Suzuki, $450. Solar battery-operated wall clock by Ingraham, $21.95. AM-FM stereo tuner by Wollensak, $169.95. All silk Judo Coat by Cezar Ltd., $75. Bottom, from left: Model Mercedes Benz 300 SL Gullwing kit by Renwal, $7.95. Signat attaché case, three-inch Envoy model, by Samsonite, $16.95. Sportabout "New Vista" TV set by RCA Victor, $169.95, with remote control, $219.95. Martini pitcher set, $30, and eight-piece bar set, $50, all in 24K gold plate by Commonwealth Silver, Inc. Sponsor bowling bag with oversized zippers, shoe and shirt pockets, $25, and Black Diamond bowling ball with white crown "Tracer," $24.95, both from Brunswick Corp. Lionhearted Mod-style neckties in glazed cotton by Wembley, $2.50 each. All-cotton Modleby long-sleeved shirt by Manhattan, $6. Walnut enclosed auxiliary speaker by Wollensak, set of two, $74.95.

COMPUTER ANSWERS *Continued*

Here are more precision-right Christmas gifts for busy, no-nonsense men. Top, from left: Bronzini brown four-suiter flight bag, $49.95, and matching casual bag, $14.95, both by Leed's Luggage. Decorator silver-plate beverage pitcher with walnut handle by Oneida, $30. "Marker" Tycora sports socks by Poplar Textiles, $2. Projection screen, shown closed, 40" x 40", by Kodak, $16.95. Baroque-design silver-plate cordial set—six pieces, tray and cherrywood stand, by Wallace Silversmiths, $45. Nob Hill model combination barometer, thermometer and humidity instrument, framed in walnut, by Honeywell, $50. Congress Six-Pack gift set by United States Playing Cards, about $10. Kodak Instamatic M95 movie projector for both super 8 and regular 8mm. films, less than $230. Rechargeable clock-radio in leather casing by General Electric, $39.95. Silk tie and matching handkerchief set by Mr. John, $6.50. Black Strap clothes brush and rack, shown at top right, by Rolfs, $10. Bottom, from left: Courier Hi-Intensity table-desk lamp by Lightolier, $17.95. Rechargeable Imperial flashlight,

$7.95, and rechargeable cigarette lighter, $14.95, both by Gulton. Jumbo knit bulky pullover by Barclay, $11. Single shot .22 caliber air pistol by Benjamin, $27.50. "The Pipe" by Venturi, $12.50. Classic high-intensity lamp by Tensor. $17.50. Butane pocket lighter in 18K gold by S. T. Dupont, $800. Paul Revere silver-plate beverage pitcher by Oneida, $11.95. Thinline 17-jewel wristwatch with alligator band and 14K case by Hamilton, $160. Zebra-wood table lighter by Bentley Lighters, $25. Accutron calendar pocket watch in 14K gold, with gift case, by Bulova, $225. Above watch, portable 2-watt transceiver by Raytheon, $119.95. Selectric typewriter, eliminates carriage movement, by I.B.M., $450. GT steering-wheel cover, shown folded under typewriter, by Korlis Ltd., $3. High-intensity lamp, atop typewriter, by Tensor, $12.95. Black Strap leather-covered paperweights by Rolfs, pair $5. Rechargeable sport lantern by Gulton, $9.95, Selektronic 500 cord/cordless electric shaver by Remington, about $40. Auto-Mate instrument, reports condition of car's electrical system, by Dynamic Instruments, $14.95.

[*Continued from page* 64]
tion." Critics claim they are inherent in Job Corps philosophies, charging that the program does its recruiting with a total lack of screening procedures, then turns its enrollees over to counselors who bear more resemblance to doting grandmothers than firm-handed fathers—counselors who persist in trying, on tough young men and women, a brand of outdated psychology that has failed to work on children. Whatever the case, one criticism of the Job Corps is generally admitted by all involved: the incredibly high cost of the program.

The total price of sending a student to the average American college is $2,500-$3,000 a year. The price of keeping a youth in the Job Corps a single year is at least $9,000, according to Dr. Franklyn Johnson, the current Job Corps Director. "We hope to get it down to $7,800," he says, "but it won't happen in 1967, I suspect."

Why must the cost of helping youths help themselves be so high? The fact that the OEO spent more to rent the Hotel Huntington in St. Petersburg for 18 months than its assessed valuation has been cited, along with the $345,000 spent renovating the Kanawha Hotel in Charleston, valued at just $250,000 by reliable brokers, with a lease guaranteeing $94,800 annually to a corporation headed by a prominent West Virginia politician—even after the OEO's own consultants had twice resisted pressure and declared the site unsuitable.

Such frills as the blue blazers each enrollee is given—in addition to a $75 allowance to be spent on clothing of his choice—have been criticized in Congress. And although the "readjustment allowance," paid upon leaving, of $50 a month or $75 if a Corpsman sends $50 of it home, seems reasonable enough, the additional spending money provided—from $30 to $80 monthly and as high as $200 in some cases uncovered by newsmen—has also been attacked on occasion.

Still, the amounts Corpsmen receive are an insignificant fraction of the program's price. Among Washington civil servants, Congressman William Ayres of Ohio charges, "the word has gotten around that 'the big money is in poverty!' " In the field, fully 208 staff members at the Camp Gary center in Texas alone were discovered to be drawing more than $9,000 a year, with the average pay raise enjoyed over previous salaries running 57 percent; and 22 of these poverty workers had more than doubled their previous year's earnings. Camp Breckinridge had a staff of 457 serving just 388 Corpsmen last October. When the fact that the director and 51 of his colleagues had their wives on the payroll leaked out, the OEO hurriedly fired these ladies along with 55 other superfluous employees. But the staff-student ratio still remained far above the Job Corps' own proclaimed standard of one employee for every four corpsmen.

Even Doctor Johnson's admitted figure of $9,000 per Corpsmen per year fails to give a true picture of this program's price, since it fails to reflect a dropout rate that the OEO estimates at 30 percent. Critics insist the rate is much higher and point out that, of the 1,400 youths who entered and left Fort Custer during its first year, only 315 could actually be called graduates—even though the Job Corps course, in most cases, is only nine months long. As a result, the cost-per-graduate was $28,254 for the boys of Fort Custer, $39,205 for the girls of St. Petersburg, and as shockingly high at most other centers.

"Can they [the OEO] hold out any hope to the American taxpayers," a Congressional minority report recently wondered, "that they will ever get their cost-per-Job Corps graduate down to as low as $20,000, without counting dropouts as graduates?"

Furthermore, by the OEO's own estimates, less than half of the 7,500 youths the Job Corps graduated during its first 18 months are now working. And the average wage being earned by young men who have been taught a trade is less than $1.70 an hour—little more than half of what Michigan automobile factories currently pay for unskilled labor.

In fairness, the Job Corps has had its success stories. Some individual graduates have gone on to good jobs. A few have even entered college; and a respectable number, like first-enrollee Kenneth Charles, enlisted in the Armed Forces. Yet critics charge that the program is hardly proper preparation for military service. Syndicated columnist Charles Bartlett visited Camp Kilmer and came away nauseated by "the slumlike accumulation of trash and paper that litters the grounds" and "the mess hall where hired janitors sweep up the bread, napkins and silverware which are strewn about the floor during every meal." Such time-honored institutions as K.P. duty and dive-bombing details were evidently considered too degrading in what Bartlett called a "Disneyland for the Disadvantaged."

In this same vein, Sen. Peter Dominick of Colorado makes an interesting comparison. Suppose two brothers from a low-income family have sharply-contrasting records. One has kept out of trouble and graduated far up in his class at high school. His country will probably induct him, pay him $78 a month and ship him off to the jungles and rice paddies. The other has fought with his teachers and dropped out of school to run with a street gang, snatching purses and mugging elderly citizens. His country will coax him to join the Job Corps, dress him in a blue blazer, pay him more than his brother and ask next to nothing of him except that he bolster the sagging statistics by staying on nine months to become an official graduate, whether he has learned a trade or not.

Senator Dominick could have carried this analogy even further with any number of actual cases. At San Antonio, Texas, in July of 1965, for example, two teen-aged Air Force boys named Bob Pettengill and Frank Marcello were jumped by a gang of five thugs in a robbery attempt. The outnumbered airmen fought determinedly to hold on to their money but discovered too late that their assailants had a gun. Blasted in the head at close range, Bob was left alive but blinded. Frank was in extreme pain from a stomach wound, but he managed to give police a description and make positive identifications of five suspects brought in—all Job Corpsmen taken off the Camp Gary bus, where the pistol used in the shooting was found hidden.

As unbelievable as it seems, all five Corpsmen were soon back on regular duty at Camp Gary. At taxpayers' expense, bonds of as much as $10,000 and $15,000

TRUE

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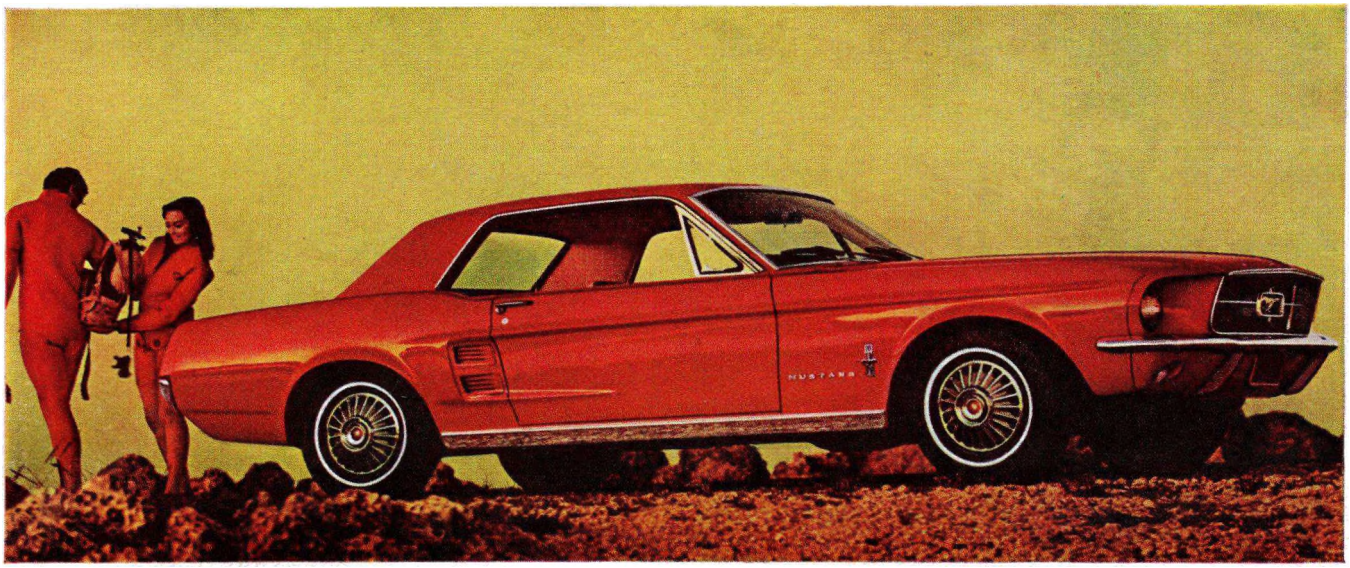

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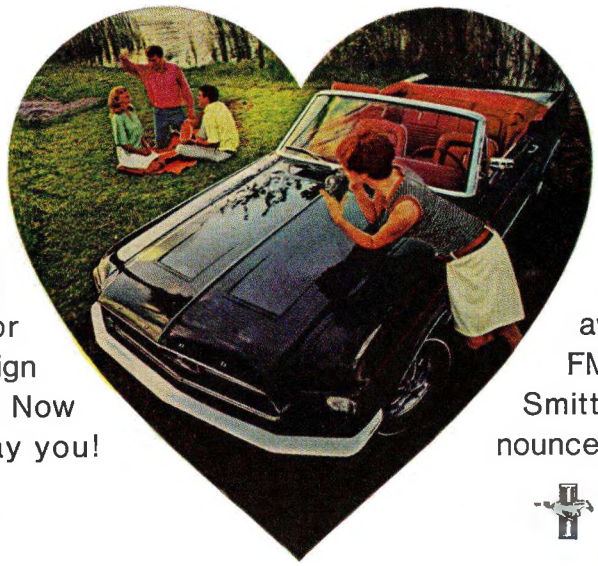

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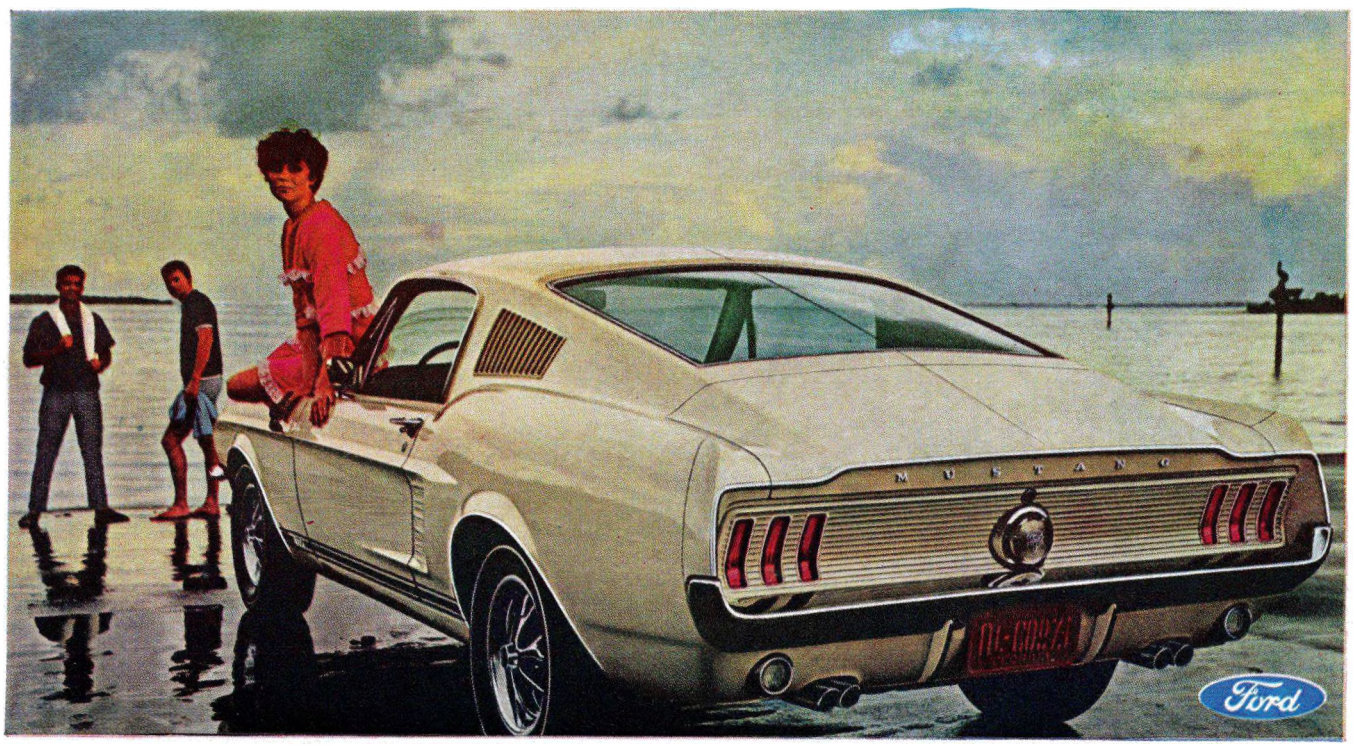

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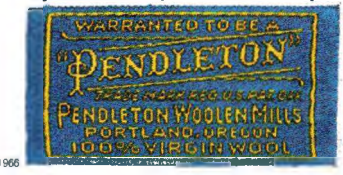

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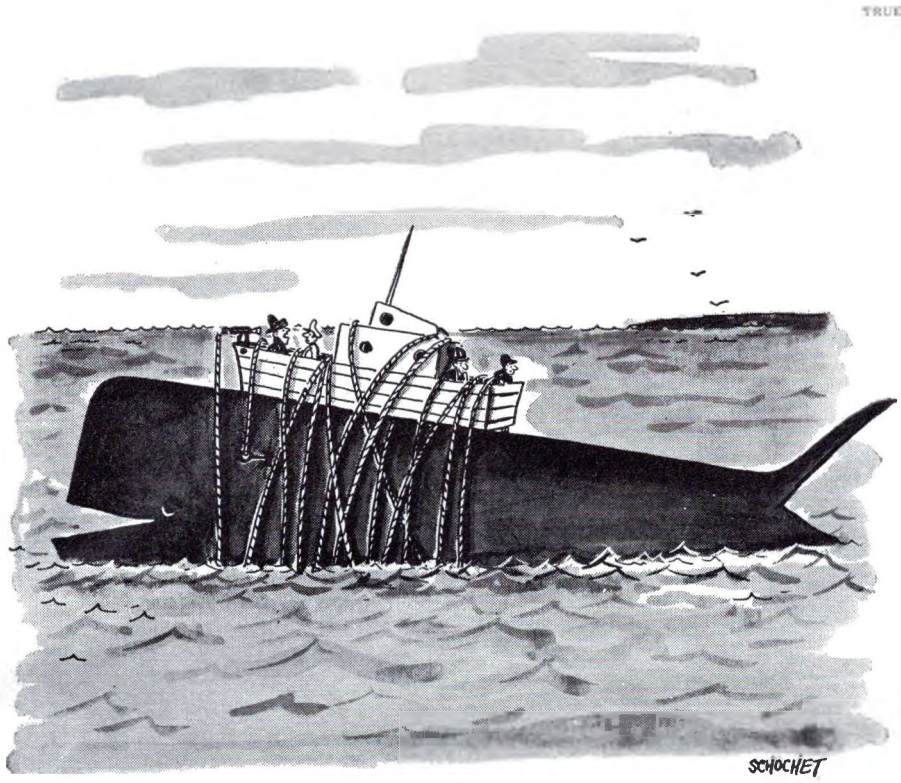

"Well, we got him!"

apiece had been posted, and three separate private lawyers had been hired to provide a defense.

At Kingsport, Tennessee, in December of 1965, two youths were charged with a brutal lead-pipe beating. That very morning, before warrants could be served, both were on their way to Job Corps centers in Illinois.

Former Job Corps Director Singletary excused a vast amount of violence and vandalism by asserting it wasn't the program's purpose "to recruit angels." But neither he nor any other OEO official ever explained why the Job Corps felt compelled to make promises that could hardly appeal to anyone but young criminals. Why, for example, was it advertised that applicants would be sent to a camp within 24 hours? Or three days or five days?

Many questions about Job Corps recruiting have never been answered. Why, when Congress specifically ordered the OEO to "establish standards of safety and health for enrollees," were applicants promised, between April 14 and May 7 of 1966, that they would "not need a physical examination if they are in good health"? (Just how can good health be determined without a physical examination?) Why, in direct violation of Section 203e of the Economic Opportunity Act, were many of the 1,700 recruiting offices paid a set price per enrollee? ("Here we are operating almost like a slave market!" Senator Dominick raged. "Paying $80 a head to shanghai people into the Job Corps!") Why were a half-million recruiting comic books, entitled *Li'l Abner and the Creatures from Drop-Outer Space,* printed at public expense, then left to gather dust ever since in a Washington warehouse with monthly storage costs? If, as the official explanation insisted, the Job Corps had a backlog of 152,000 applicants and didn't need them, why did any recruiting campaigns continue?

Congressional critics assert that the real reason for frenzied recruiting, poor screening procedures and permissiveness in the centers alike lies in the OEO's determination to build a vast Job Corps empire overnight, with the accompanying bureacratic superstructure. A House minority report bluntly charges that the OEO "has had ample opportunity to demonstrate its ability to administer a productive, worthwhile Job Corps" and demands that the program be transferred to the Department of Labor, with some basic and far-reaching changes. The large urban centers would be reserved solely for advanced Corpsmen, with both the current conservation camps and new "military career centers" providing a form of basic training and a weeding-out process.

Proponents of this plan argue that there is no need to furnish expensive vocational training equipment for youths whose prime interest lies in joining the Armed Forces or merely continuing their basic education. With the urban centers limited to youths who have proven themselves, it is claimed, the thugs and knife wielders would become the dropouts. With a "boot camp" of military discipline or hard outdoor work, it is reasoned, the Job Corps could produce many times the graduates at a small fraction of the cost.

The recommendations of Congressional minority reports are of course made by Republican legislators. But the demand for Job Corps reform has long since become bipartisan. In March of this year, Democratic Rep. Edith Green of Oregon angrily demanded to know why Job Corps costs were nearly double the figures Sargent Shriver gave Congress the previous September. (A number of her colleagues soon began worrying as well.) In the upper chamber, it might be expected that Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, who regards the entire Poverty War as "the biggest boondoggle since bread and games were given to the Romans," would charge that "a lack of discipline" in the Job Corps has "resulted in disillusionment, rioting and vicious gang rule." But more than a few Senatorial slumbers were shattered when as staunch an Administration supporter as Lee Metcalf of Montana said much the same thing.

Senator Metcalf was infuriated by the case of a fellow from Billings who first joined the Job Corps, then tried to gun down a policeman in a tavern, wounding a lady patron instead with his bad shooting. The federal government posted his bond, hired his choice of lawyers, sent him on to Camp Breckinridge for regular duty, then began flying him back and forth from Kentucky to Montana to keep his dates in court—all with the taxpayers' dollars, of course.

"The idea of the Job Corps is in my opinion a great idea, but this incident is wrong and really burns me up!" the Senator stormed. "These dropouts and malcontents are being coddled and complimented for their derogatory behavior!"

Within a few months, even Majority Leader Mike Mansfield felt compelled to join the increasing chorus of critics. "I do not like admonishing the Job Corps . . ." he admitted, "but it seems to me that there is something wrong. Perhaps it is a matter of lack of know-how and inefficiency on the part of the administrative Job Corps personnel involved. . . .

"First of all, it seems to me that everyone was in too big a hurry to get the first camps operating, and too little time was given to the screening of Job Corps applicants. . . . These camps should be limited to those who have given some indication that they want to be helped and are willing to try."

What had moved Mansfield to speak out was simply a continuation of the same incident that had burned Metcalf up. The latter-day Billy the Kid from Billings had become bored with both cross-country plane rides, so he'd walked away from Camp Breckinridge, stolen a car, and cracked it up in Indiana—killing two people and severely injuring several others, himself included.

"The Job Corps concept is sound," Congressmen Quie and Goodell, who proposed a Job Corps years before there was a War on Poverty, still jointly insist, "but it can't be administered successfully by administrators who coddle and encourage lawbreakers. Unless we start getting some realism into this program, the American people will rise in indignation and sweep out the good potential with the bad performance. And that would be tragic, for the many youngsters who can be helped by a good Job Corps program, as well as for our society as a whole."

—Gene Caesar

THE LAST BLOODY BATTLE

[*Continued from page 42*]

But Old Blue's reputation was as great. The grizzly in his turn had put away three big fighting bulls, swiping at them with bone-breaking blows, ripping out muscles, eyes, tongues, tearing off legs. He was figured to weigh 750-800 pounds, as against El Toro's 850-900.

Old Blue's name was far from descriptive; he was only a young bear, not yet fully grown, and he was certainly not blue. He had been captured as a cub and caged. When he was a year old, he broke out, but returned to Beartown the following winter in search of food. Lured back to his pen with fresh meat, he was locked up again. In a few months he had been set against his first bull, and had killed it in seconds.

El Toro was not large as fighting bulls go, but he was ready to charge anything that moved. During his last appearance at Taos he had gored to death one of his handlers, and on the way to Beartown in a sturdy freight wagon, he had all but torn it apart.

This forthcoming battle of the monsters was bringing in everyone in the region who could get to Beartown by train, horse or foot. The railroad track workers, mostly Mexicans, were betting their pay in Union Pacific script on El Toro, while the Beartown people backed their favorite with gold.

To accommodate the crowd, the promoters had hired a crew of track workers, under the direction of a local man named John Charles, to put up a 10-foot wall around the ring, with a grandstand section rising above and a couple of gated chutes for the animals. Neither Charles nor the tracklayers had any experience in building grandstands, but they figured their planked-up affair was sturdy enough to hold the 300 to 400 people expected—a big crowd for a frontier town.

The wall was 10 feet high because Old Blue had demonstrated at his last fight that at eight feet he could come mighty close to clawing the customers' legs. This time the builders were making sure there would be no human blood flowing. To reassure the spectators on safety, the promoters had also specified a high perch set on scaffolding for a couple of riflemen.

An hour before the fight was to take place, all the grandstand seats were gone. The promoters promptly switched to selling standing room, and the place was soon jammed with almost twice the number of people anticipated. Among them were three newspapermen: Alex Ravenswood of the London *Times,* who was making a tour of the West; Harold Hockaday of the Cheyenne *Leader;* and R. C. McCormick of the Arizona *Miner.* They were soon to tell their stories of what happened.

At 1 o'clock a bugle sounded, announcing that the fight was about to begin. The spectators pressed forward, trying to guess which chute would open first. When one did, El Toro came out. He was greeted with cheers from the Mexican group as he took two turns around the ring, tail and head up, looking for an opponent.

Then Old Blue ambled out of the other chute. Confused at first, he became quickly alert when he spotted the bull, and a deep growl rumbled from his throat. El Toro suddenly halted; backing slightly, kicking dust from the ground, he lowered his head and charged. Old Blue neatly sidestepped, and with a swipe of his paw added so much momentum to the bull's charge that El Toro crashed head-on into the wall. The impact jarred the grandstand, and a few women squealed.

Swinging immediately, El Toro charged again, quicker this time than the grizzly. A horn hooked into the bear's left shoulder and sent a spurt of blood so high that the wind caught it and scattered it over the spectators. Burying the other horn in the grizzly's chest, El Toro swept his head from side to side to drive in deeper.

At this point Old Blue sank the teeth of his massive jaws into the bull's neck and raked El Toro's sides with his long claws, stripping off bloody hide. The bull was forced to his knees, but heaved up when the grizzly lost its hold.

"It was as savage a battle as man ever witnessed," newsman McCormick was to write later. "Had I not seen it with my own eyes I would not believe that two dumb animals could have such determination to kill each other. It must have been like that back in the dawn of time when the brontosaurs, the dinosaurs and the other great beasts stalked the earth."

The roars of the animals and the shouts of the crowd were so great, the action so engrossing, that no one paid attention to a new sound—the rending of wood. No one but the builder, John Charles. He was seated in the grandstand directly above the arena wall, and the sound instantly gripped his attention. Bending down, he peered through the open seat planking to the bracing underneath. He saw two 4 by 6-inch struts that supported a third of the weight of whole grandstand slowly separating. If they gave way, part of the stand would collapse and some of the onlookers might be pitched into the ring.

There was still time for the people to get out, but Charles realized that if he shouted a warning, there would be a stampede and many would be trampled. For the moment he sat frozen, unable to decide what to do.

In the ring the action mounted. El Toro had rammed his horns into Old Blue's side and pinned him against the far wall. The bull's legs pounded like pistons as he struggled to force the horns home. Both animals were dripping blood from gouting wounds.

It made Charles suddenly aware that if the stand went down, not only would people be injured from the fall, but the maddened animals would turn on those thrown into the ring. Desperately he began to fight his way through the mob to the grandstand entrance, to tell the promoters of the danger.

But at the doorway he could find only the ticket taker, who refused to take any other responsibility. Charles bounded back up the stairs in search of authority. There were only minutes to spare.

The duel in the ring had swung again to Old Blue's advantage. He had worked his way off the damaging horns and slipped his shoulders between them. Those who had seen him in previous battles began screaming encouragement. The bear dug his teeth into the bull's neck and worried them in deeper. Now the Mexicans, cheering on El Toro a moment ago, grew alarmed. One, carried away by partisanship, drew a revolver and fired five shots at Old Blue. The grizzly's hold did not relax, but his supporters were quick to react. They pounded the Mexican over the head with the butts of their own revolvers.

The commotion was all that was

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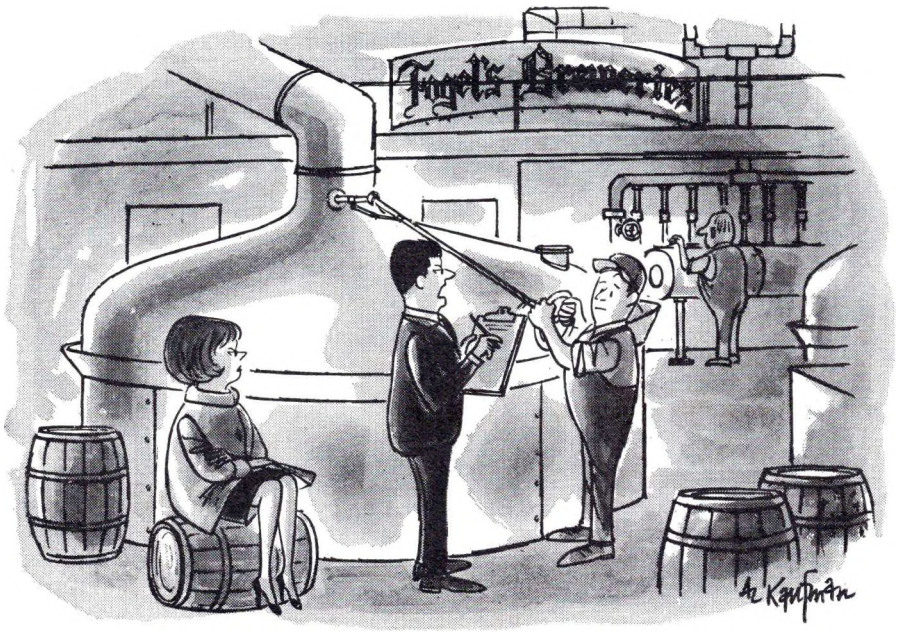


"I just got fed up with her nagging me about never taking her anyplace!"

needed to bring a section of the grandstand crashing down. With a screech of spikes and a splintering of wood, the plank seats for some 40 persons collapsed, and 16 spectators were thrown into the ring. For a moment everyone in the rest of the stand stared in horrified silence at the stunned, sprawling people below. Then panic struck, and the women in the ring screamed in terror as the men, regaining their feet, cursing bitterly, raced or limped around the walls, seeking a way out. There was none. The gates to the chutes through which the animals had entered were bolted from the other side, and the men supposed to be tending them were high in the grandstand, where they, too, had been watching the fight.

Instant action was needed, as the bull and the grizzly broke apart to size up the new situation. The two riflemen above the ring lifted their guns, then lowered them as they recalled their strict orders not to shoot without specific authority. One of the promoters was still under the stand, where he had been counting the day's take; and although the other was waving and shouting at the riflemen, he could not make himself understood in the hubbub going on.

Then it was too late. Both Old Blue and El Toro decided the greater enemy was man, and they charged. With a single cuff Old Blue knocked a man half way across the ring, and El Toro, catching a woman in the curve of his horn, tossed her through the air. The bull drove now for a man standing against the wall, but his target, a Mexican well acquainted with the technique of bullfighting, stepped aside at the last moment, and El Toro hit the wall with a shaking crash. In the grandstand the crowd began to cheer as it became aware that a new spectacle was developing.

But now the chute tenders reached their gates and swung them back. Three men lay on the ground, but the rest, men and women, jammed into the openings. Before they could get through, one was gored by the bull and two were bitten severely by Old Blue.

The grizzly was still roaring his rage at the escapers when El Toro, having completed a round of the ring, returned his attention to his antagonist. Neither paid any attention to the fallen men, one of whom was to die from his injuries, but the promoters finally signaled the riflemen to shoot.

Seeing the guns being raised, the Mexicans in the crowd roared their own protest. Several jumped into the ring, and again the riflemen waited. This time, before the attention of the animals was once more diverted from each other, the rescuers grabbed up the three injured and ran for a chute gate. It opened before them, and closed to leave the bull and the grizzly alone for the end of their battle.

The cheering and the cries for blood mounted. "Little can be said of the character of that crowd," wrote correspondent Ravenswood later in the London *Times*. "One would think that their display of barbarianism applies to the whole American West, and in a sense it does, rivaling the horrors of the Roman Empire."

After several charges, El Toro began to tire and back off, hooking only when Old Blue attacked. The bull was losing a lot of blood; it dripped from his belly and ran down his legs. His face and muzzle were torn, and his tongue, slashed and bitten by the bear, hung in ribbons. The climax was nearing.

With a powerful sweep of his paw, the grizzly tilted the bull's horns to one side and surged past their guard onto El Toro's neck. With his teeth buried deep, his claws hooked onto the horns, Old Blue heaved up and wrenched. In the roar of the crowd, the snap of bone went unheard. El Toro sank to his knees, rolled over on his side, and with an involuntary shudder let his breath go.

For a few moments Old Blue stood over the bull, waiting. Then he swung his red-stained head toward the crowd, his eyes still showing his rage. He seemed to tire. Lumbering over to a grassy spot along the wall, he settled on his haunches. Gradually his great form slipped down, until he lay stretched on the ground. He did not move when one of the chute tenders poked him with a pitchfork.

Later his owner, skinning him for his fur, noticed a small round hole. Cutting deeper, he found a slug. Old Blue had fought the last 10 minutes of his life with a revolver bullet in his heart.

—Tom Bailey

SLOTNIKS MAKE SLOT CARS GO BOOM

[*Continued from page* 47]

about all of this interest in slot racing.

I learned that the big thing is to keep your eye on your own car. If you watch the competition for a split second, your car will be flipping out onto the floor. The boys described some expert tricks. In *nerfing* you speed your car on a curve just enough so that the rear skids into an adjoining track, knocking an opponent out of his slot, or, at least, preventing him from getting past you. Defense is to smack the nerfing car's tail so the attacker spins around and heads back down the track in the wrong direction. (Excessive nerfing is frowned upon in better slot circles.) Where a track runs on a single electric circuit, a driver may cut his power at the moment an opponent hits a curve; the slight surge of current can send the latter crashing into the wall. Another gambit is to lure an opponent to chase you beyond safe speed, then brake suddenly and let the other rush by to disaster. One way to negotiate a curve fast is to "lean" your car into an opponent's in an outside lane; this works until *he* brakes. "It's just like racing big cars," says Bill.

In the next race spilled-out cars were to be replaced, and my pro friends volunteered as corner marshals—placing themselves strategically at curves so as to put back any car that upset. "It's a deadly job," one said. A car that causes others to crash is supposed to be put back last, but with all the drivers shouting ("Put my T-bird back on the green lane! No, the green, the green!") a marshal can get rattled. He is not supposed to look around but to keep his eyes glued to his curve.

Now Andrew showed me the fabulous riches at the parts counter. "Look at all those little tires!" I exclaimed. Thousands of them, in rich, shiny blacks and subdued blues, were displayed in transparent packages priced up to $4.00 a pair. Andrew said they are made in more than 40 different compounds and that it's up to each racer to find the best ones for his car. Rear tires provide the push and are wide and soft. They are glued onto solid or spoked aluminum or magnesium wheels that have operating knock-off hubs. An $8.00 set of real ball bearings can add speed, and you can also put in independent front suspension with torsion bars. Tire edges are trimmed so they won't fold under on curves, slowing the car. Pros use a special electric tire trimmer, or place the bit of an electric drill through the wheel hub so as to shave the tread with a knife to perfect roundness. Some purists rout out a groove in the tread and fit in a tiny steel ring, to give higher speed but keep traction on curves. Others inlay a similar groove with sponge rubber.

Front tires are narrow and hard, except in front-wheel-drive models—like the Toronado—that have "grippy" tires up front. An Akron tire factory (tires for real cars) has a noontime slot club for employees. Company engineers were putting in long hours to develop a tire with special road-holding qualities until the management found out the tires were 7/8ths of an inch in diameter and suggested that the laboratory return to the real world of 6.50-15.

Although rules forbid leaving a messy trail behind a car, many drivers apply "Tiger Milk" or "Bloo Goo" to tires with a brush, or rot them slightly in oil or lighter fluid, or run them back and forth over Scotch tape, in the hope of improving traction. The "table," as the track is familiarly called, is usually made of painted or pebble-surfaced composition board. (Some few, however, are of metal. One illegal car was built to magnetize itself to such a roadbed. It ran fine, never skidded off, and won all the races until the ruse was exposed.)

Andrew was tugging at my sleeve, but I had found a whole new section of showcase devoted to motors. "Tin cans" in cylindrical containers (made by Mabuchi in Japan, despite the U.S. labels, Bill Botjer told me knowledgeably during a break from corner marshaling), "sidewinders" that fit sideways into the chassis, "in-line" motors that go in lengthways. They cost from five to fifteen dollars, and Andrew said that any *real* driver rewinds the armature with heavier wire to increase speed by as much as one-third.

Andrew explained all about motors; they produce 2/100 of a horsepower and run at 25,000 rpm., although Strombecker claims to have one buzzing around at 80,000. Such speeds are possible because of the magnetic properties of an aluminum-nickel-cobalt alloy called alnico. After a motor has been rewound, it has to be remagnetized on one of the many bits of equipment no self-respecting slot store would be without—a magnetizer. And drivers can buy their own Magnameter "that tests the magnetic field strength of your motor. If a drop in the reading is noted, it is time to have your little jewel zapped by the local slot shop."

When a driver lets up on his controller button, a countercurrent brakes the motor and thus the car. Rewinding reduces this effect. Some drivers try to get away with hiding within the car body an illegal battery-operated gadget that gives additional braking force, but pirates like these are always found out. Gears affect braking: worm-drive wheels brake well because they lock when the power goes off. Gear ratios are changed every time a car races on a different track—the shorter the track, the lower the ratio. Advertisers of motors bubble over in Detroit style: "The Green Hornet makes your race car erupt from corners like a rocket and blister the paint off the straightaways." One driver has *two* motors in his Lotus 30. Some have separate motors for use in the same car, one on battery-powered tracks and one on rectifier-supplied direct current on commercial tracks. It's always 12 volts but these specialists believe the driving characteristics are not quite alike.

Weight is another arguable point. An eighth of an ounce can make the difference between skittishness and control. Fussy mechanics use a tiny battery-powered drill to make pinpoints in brass chassis to lighten them; others bolt on metal plates the size of a nailhead to add a gram here and there. Chunks of clay are illegal as ballast because of the danger of the stuff falling out onto the track and causing accidents. Most car bodies are made of lightweight polystyrene, but I noted a cast-iron Auto-Union racer described in one of the magazines: "No one can knock it off the track, but when it goes off it takes everyone else with it. The fellows hate it."

All this building, adjusting and tear-

TRUE

"The story takes place in a typical, small American town, so we're *bound* to run into censorship problems."

ing apart calls for a variety of tools. A six-part slot-car-tool jackknife costs $3: an attaché case that holds six cars and 23 tools, including files, pliers, tweezers and a jeweler's saw, goes for $15 (a favorite with the Executives' Club that races every noon at Polk's). A motor-driven shop with sanding disks, grinding wheel and jigsaw costs $50: a complete miniature machine shop—lathe, grinder, milling machine and drill—sells for $140.

Among the most delicate adjustments are those made to the contact shoe under the car; the more lightly it rests in the slot—while still providing contact—the less drag it causes. Some ride so lightly they fail to register on Polk's $1,000 electronic lap counter as the car passes over the start-finish line. In such cases a human marshal has to poke a quarter into the slot to make contact every lap, or he can just count out loud.

We went home, and I asked Andrew if he ever went to the big tracks. "I suppose your parents wouldn't let you go unless I took you, eh?"

"Ah, Polk's is good enough," he said.

It was obvious that he was too shy to ask me to take him, so the next day I surprised him by driving out to West Hempstead, New York, to Aurora Raceways, a $180,000 complex I'd seen described in one of the slot magazines I stayed up half the night reading as the world's most elaborate slot store. Built by the Aurora Plastics Corporation, it has a half-dozen great, sweeping tracks on two wall-to-wall-carpeted floors. At one track drivers simulate real driving by turning a steering wheel as the cars come into the curves; if the wheel is not turned properly the power cuts off. A foot throttle replaces the hand controller. But this rig is not popular with the pros. A blond, voluble young Aurora executive named Richard Schwarzchild told me, "This one is for the masses." Another gadget spurned by purists imitates the loss of weight in a real car as it uses up fuel; this hooks in electrically and gradually speeds up the little car until all of a sudden you're out of gas and the juice goes off. Schwarzchild and other executives and engineers frequent the track to test new models and to find out what drivers think is hot this month. "If they don't like it, we don't make it," he told me.

Along an entire wall run counters and showcases bursting with slot equipment. A clerk, in a black-and-white striped racing official's shirt, said, "I could take a pencil, put it in a plastic bag, print 'Slot Racing Equipment' on the label, and sell thousands." Here you can buy Instant People—plastic 1/24 scale heads, torsos, arms and legs with which to construct the driver who is by regulation required at the wheel of every open car; the hard little head acts as a roll bar. Fans paint on realistic features—if, for example, it's supposed to be British driver Graham Hill, his mustache has got to be small and *brown*. (Hill races slots too.) As for shoulder harnesses, rubber bands, painstakingly glued into place, work fine.

Tracks can be decorated in much the same fashion as the traditional train layouts that home slot sets have widely replaced around the Christmas tree. Slot car tracks were, in fact, originally made as a decorative adjunct to train sets, until people found you could race the cars; you can't race trains, and the cars soon took over altogether.

Some 20 years ago Lionel made the grandfather of slot cars—a car that ran on tracks. But it was ahead of its time. Then, in the '50's, cars running along a single raised track were raced in England. The Southport, Lancashire, Engineering Club set up the world's first major racing track in 1955. That same year the Model Automobile Racing Association of Kalamazoo, Michigan, built the first American track. Both used the single raised rail. Then the slot, invented by Alben Adams, Lord Mayor of Bournemouth, England, replaced the rail, making for realistic racing. In the early '60's, commercial slot tracks began spreading on the West Coast—there are an estimated 600 of them in the Los Angeles area alone—and then came East. They have also spread over Europe (two tracks in Prague already), to Japan (500 tracks), to Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, South America, Israel.

"We foresee a $300 million market," says D. William Silverstein, marketing vice-president of Aurora. One happy slot-store owner comments, "It's not like bowling. All you could sell were a few bowling balls. In slot racing, the components continually wear out." A Bank of America report warns, however, that the slot-store calling is demanding: "He is a sharp businessman, has a real liking for children, and is part mechanic, part race driver, part super salesman, part policeman, part family counselor, and a parent."

In realistic tracks green matting replaces artificial grass, which clogs up car wheels. A dollar buys six small hay bales, 36 trackside markers, 18 half tires for bumpers, and 12 marker cones. You can have hedges, radio towers, grandstands, first-aid stations, judging stands and pit stops. One enthusiast projects colored slides on the wall behind his home set, changing the scene from mountain to desert to seashore, as his hi-fi plays racing-car roars. But to most pros, decorations are just more things to crash into.

When tracks hold *concours* judgings the only standards are elegance and authenticity in a car's physical detail. A model builder can choose from great varieties of upholstery fabrics, decorative chrome strips, and other such refinements as a glove compartment with working lock and key, license plates, fog lights, door handles, grilles, louvers and bumpers. Since these parts are often damaged and need replacement, they help account for most slot stores' doing a dollar in parts sales for every two dollars in track-rental time. A set of pin-sized "custom gearshifts, no two alike"—costs 25 cents, and "four of the world's smallest assembled hinges" go for 50 cents. A tiger tail the size of a bit of lint costs 39

"That's all he remembers, chief!"

cents: "Stick a small one under your model's gas cap and scare off the competition." Paints come with fancy names: Kandy Apple, Gruesome Green, Monster Blue and my favorite, Hairy Canary Yellow. One fan trying to perfect his small world dropped castor oil on his hot motors for that authentic racing-car smell until his wife told him to douse it or meet her in Nevada. A British firm sells a small box that produces a "scream that puts your car in the fourth dimension."

Before we left the Aurora tracks, Schwarzchild asked me if I did any racing; not wishing to display my lack of talent, I replied that I contented myself with watching my friend Andrew. "Come and let me show you something," Schwarzchild suggested hospitably. He picked up an orange racer (it looked at first glance like a Cougar II but it had undeniable Maserati overtones) and a controller from the rental counter. Setting the car on a track and after some difficulty adjusting the shoe in the slot, he invited me to race away. Gingerly I urged the car along. It stayed on the track so I speeded up, and still it stayed on, even around the curve.

"Hey, Andrew, look at this!" I cried. Andrew came over and grinned as my car tore around the track at full speed. "What's so funny?" I asked.

"That's a special car for beginners," Andrew said. "The shoe clamps into the slot and it can't come out."

My face fell. "Is that true?" I asked Schwarzchild.

"Yes, it's very popular," he said. "It keeps learners from getting discouraged."

"Thanks a lot," I said bitterly.

But I wouldn't give up. A full-scale obsession loomed before me and I made up my mind to lick it. I returned to Polk's to try to find what was the fascination in the damned things. My young pro friends thought the kicks were all in the competition. Louis Polk thought the appeal lay in the combination of handicraft and competition and in the fact that "cars are a part of everyday life." Other opinions are on record: a Los Angeles manufacturer, James B. Russell, president of the American Russkit Company—he's a former racing driver—says, "It's the best thing to satisfy a Walter Mitty complex. You can be the terror of the track." (Among these Mittys are the Chicago Bears football team, Gov. William Scranton of Pennsylvania, Mel Torme, Bill Stern and Walter Cronkite.)

But *Newsweek* says it's "like scuba diving in the bathtub," and the New York City Planning Commission has moved to forbid slot stores because they attract a "bad element." Outraged fans from the more than 100 slot stores in greater New York soon collected protesting petition signatures by the thousand and, at last word, were confident of staying in the race. Slot stores like to use the word "family" in their names to avoid the stigma of the old-time pool hall, and they are generally accepted in their communities. Proper dress is required and children are not allowed in during school hours. Drinking is forbidden.

To stimulate interest, the stores run special events. During the 24-hour Le Mans race every year, for instance, parallel slot races take place all over the country. On Memorial Day, when the winner at Indianapolis gets the checked flag, hundreds of slot winners are declared at the same moment from coast to coast. An "enduro" race at Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island, was stopped in the 1965 blackout only until auto batteries could be hooked up to the track; the race went on, cars lighting their own way with their own "grain of wheat" headlights. The world's record enduro at the Pit Stop Raceway, Seattle, lasted 48 hours. The "hard luck" trophy went to a team that changed motors 18 times, had six changes of gears and five of tires. The winner made an average of 288.81 mph.—scale speed. The car actually covered 579 miles.

Timers accurate to 1/10,000 second are needed in a slot specialty popular in the East and South, drag racing. Incredibly fast cars are set on a piece of straight track and are blasted away into a pile of parachute silk. A motor can burn out in a single run, but nobody minds when a record is at stake. Drag racers have great husky rear tires, long tapering hoods and small-scale bicycle wheels up front. A record on a 55-foot strip is 1.297 seconds, or about a thousand miles an hour scale speed. This is faster, fans point out, than Craig Breedlove's 600-mile-an-hour land speed record in his (full-sized) jet-propelled "Spirit of America."

The Dodge Corporation encourages this short but snappy form of slot play with an annual race on a portable $10,000 drag strip 72 feet long. Most contestants mail in their cars, packed in popcorn, to be raced by proxy, but last year one drag man drove 500 real miles from western Ohio to Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, to watch his 2½-inch dragster travel 25 yards in about two seconds. Then he went back home.

The slot-car game is too young to have produced nationally recognized champions; regional organizations are still at the bickering stage. But there are some stars nevertheless. In a Strombecker contest last summer, an Elgin, Illinois, ace, Dave Muchow, 17, won a full-scale Plymouth Barracuda, a trip to the Le Mans race for himself and his parents, and a $500 scholarship to Bradley University. Last year, slot fans competing in conjunction with sports-car races at Lime Rock, Connecticut, were put up at hotels, given a banquet, driven in Corvette Sting Rays in a parade led by a bagpipe band, and kissed by Miss Miniature International Racing Association. American Model Raceways, which manufactures commercial tracks in California, put up $100,000 in prizes last year: Ford and Aurora sponsor what they call a "thousand-dollar-a-minute" contest, because the winner of a four-minute televised slot race wins a $4,000-Mustang. Aurora has made more than three million Miniature Mustangs—more than Ford has manufactured. Every fall when Ford's new model Mustangs come out—the scale models are out on the same day. Until that day, plans for the small ones are kept just as secret as plans for the big ones.

That real racing drivers have shown interest in slot cars may be because many of them now work for slot-car firms. Craig Breedlove and Stirling Moss are both retained by Aurora. According to pros at Aurora Raceway, Moss is a lousy slot racer ("He made my day," says one novice who beat him). Moss, who has his own home track, says, "Model racing can give everyone the opportunity to participate in some of the exhilaration of circuit driving." Indianapolis winner Jim Clark's contract is with the British slot

manufacturer, Scalextric. He says he likes to relax after a real race, "and how better than by rerunning and reliving the race on a replica of the famous circuit of the day's meeting?" (Various makers supply models of Laguna Seca, Watkins Glen, Le Mans, Sebring, Riverside, and many other real courses.) Other racing drivers who compete with the little ones include Augie Pabst, 1960 U.S. road racing champion; Jim Hall, Chaparral driver, Carroll Shelby, developer of the Ford Cobra and Dan Gurney. Juan Fangio has run the course at Polk's; at first he kept spinning out, but when he got the hang of braking at the right moment, he ran 50 perfect laps.

There was still one great moment in slot racing I'd missed, and though it no longer mattered to me, I thought Andrew really ought to have the experience of it—a championship race. By my assiduous reading of the slot press, I happened to know that the New Jersey State contests were set for the night before Andrew's parents came home. He'd never have the crust to *ask* me to drive him way out to a foreign state like that, but I was sure that if I took him he'd be grateful for the rest of his life. So I took him.

COMING . . .

Disclosed for the first time—
the real risks our space heroes
are taking

THE DAY WE LOSE OUR FIRST ASTRONAUT

Behind the scenes report
about untold dangers in space

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Andrew, the big city kid, played it cool by pretending boredom as we entered the East Paterson Family Hobby Center, which turned out to be a spanking-new slot store with three elaborate tracks. One of these had a curve banked at 80 degrees, but Andrew scoffed, "That's just show-off stuff." I thought he perked up at the sight of a row of three-foot chrome and blue-plastic trophies with Winged Victory figures on top. The champion drivers, some 20 of them, now posed for photographs, as I scrutinized their strained expressions for signs of their mental and physical greatness.

The drivers presented their cars for technical inspection. An official placed each car on a section of track and poked a wire under it to check for minimum clearance. One car did not pass this test; its owner, a heavyset man of about 30, rushed off to a shelf along the wall marked "Pit Stop" and hurriedly removed a screw from the bottom of his car. He returned, then, to have his car accepted, though he may have been wondering whether the motor was going to fall out. The inspector went over each car with a piece of cardboard cut to exact calibrations for measuring permissible sizes of tires, wheelbase, height, car width. Then each driver turned in an entry card containing the following information: type of body, color, number, and manufacturer; chassis manufacturer; motor manufacturer; gear ratio; manufacturer of front tires; manufacturer of rear tires; sizes of tires; manufacturer of armature; number of turns in armature rewinding job and size of wire used.

Now Homer Leovas, the administrator of the Miniature International Racing Association, who is race director, called a drivers' meeting. He is a tall, busy-looking man with quick dark eyes. The drivers, some blinking or licking their lips apprehensively, crowded close around Leovas clutching their little cars in their hands. The rule is that when the winner crosses the finish line, the other cars cross, too, and continue no more than another half lap; this is to prevent anybody who's behind, sneaking in an extra lap at the end of a race. Corner marshals are not to make any repairs, nor are they to toss cars across the track to the drivers.

Drivers take their places on stools colored to match the appropriate lane on the track. Cars make trial runs (many of these contestants were up until 1 o'clock practicing last night) and then haltingly draw up to the starting line. "Three, two, one," cries Leovas, and they rush off. They all crash at the first turn, and a restart is ordered. They're off again, but Purple isn't registering on the lap counter—this is a black metal box the size of a steamer trunk, with moveable numerals in little windows. A marshal begins shouting "Purple!" every time Purple goes past the line. After about 15 minutes, the first heat is over, but when Leovas announces second place, a well-combed blond young man in a camel's-hair sport coat shouts, "Dammit, Homer, *I* came in second! I was right behind the lead car all the way!" Homer says the lap counter has him figured for fourth place. All hands stare at the lap counter for some time, but it fails to tell them anything more. The row starts up more loudly, and I see Andrew rolling his eyes at me. I tell him, okay, we can go if you want to. I suppose some championships are more inspiring than others.

On the way out we pass half a dozen teen-aged girls, some holding slot cars, who are keeping long-distance eyes on the wrangling champions. One tells another, "Jerry gave me new rear wheels yesterday."

In the car, Andrew says, "Gee, those guys make a federal case out of it." I agree, but remain thoughtful for a time. Finally Andrew says selflessly, "You want to race when we get home? I got nothing else to do." I shrug. Maybe one more race. Why not? We get home, and Andrew beats me in thirty-seven starts out of thirty-seven.

So that's it. Now that I no longer have Andrew to amuse, I'm leaving the slots alone. I don't mind. It's only infantile amusement anyway. And you can forget about the Mako Shark for Christmas. I didn't want one in the first place.

What? That buzzing in my den?
What buzzing? —Roy Bongartz

THEY BOUGHT THE RIGHTS TO GET RICH

[*Continued from page 39*]

and Superman, it was sort of an all-in-the-family transaction. National gave Emmett and Stone 38,000 shares of its stock, worth about $1,500,000. They also got 10-year contracts to run LCA autonomously and at the same salaries they had been paying themselves. The only difference is that National now gets the profits. When asked why they gave up the joys and sorrows of owning their own business, Emmett says, "Why not? The deal made us instant millionaires."

Emmett is a tall, slim, handsome man of 38, with dark hair and a facial tic. He moves and talks rapidly, with a sort of driven intensity. His lithe, coiled, purposeful appearance suggests Sean Connery. Emmett shifts quickly from a good fellow, witty personality into one of a hard-driving, aggressive, sometimes even hostile executive. "If you can't get President Johnson or Dean Rush," he'll kid with the switchboard operator, "get me Harvey Shertok at Seven Arts." A moment later he'll be chewing out a secretary who has taken too much authority upon herself. "That's not your decision!" he'll snap. He is an expert at the insult type of humor indigenous to the show-biz milieu that the licensing business operates in. "I was watching the Mets on TV the other day," he'll tell a client over the phone. "Saw you and Edie in a box. The camera must have been on Edie for three minutes." There is a pause, then, "No, not on you, you ugly bastard!" He lives in a world of ringing telephones, with calls piled up from California, Wisconsin, Mexico. Someone phones him for an appointment the next day. He checks with his secretary, then says, "I've got a 2 and a 3 and a 4. Tomorrow at 4? Sold American, good-bye!" Between calls he shouts instructions to people in the office, his voice staccato, peremptory, harassed. The next moment he will grab a football out of the merchandise displayed around the suite and start tossing it around with somebody, or regale the staff with an imitation of Bobby Kennedy, or light a firecracker under the chair of a new girl in the office. He gives the impression of a man under tremendous pressure, but one who couldn't live any other way.

Stone is the creative man in the LCA partnership. Ideas come shooting out from him like sparks from a pinwheel. A manufacturer calls him on the phone, wants to make Batman Popsicles. "That's a dead name," Stone tells him off the top of his head. "How about calling them Batsicles? Or make them doubles and call them Dynamic Duos. You could have Holy Vanilla, Holy Chocolate. . . ."

Stone is a tall, heavyset man who looks like a football lineman 20 years out of college, which is what he is. (He played center at Hamilton.) He moves more slowly, speaks more gently than Emmett. He's a man more than usually aware of mortality. A year ago he was chinning himself in a game room in his basement and the bar broke. He landed on his head, breaking his neck, and was stretched in traction on a hospital bed for six months. On the day he and Emmett sold the company to National, Stone and his family were tossing off a toast in champagne and someone said, "To success." Stone smiled. "Oh, no," he said, "to health."

Emmett is chairman of the board and Stone is president of LCA. They flipped a nickel for the titles. They both sell, both handle contracts, both attend to the multifarious activities of the licensing business, such as seeing that promotional ideas are followed up and that advertising literature gets sent out. They both check sales figures on the innumerable items they license. Emmett, however, is a facts and figures man. If you ask Stone how much Batman products are expected to sell this year ($150-million retail all over the world) or how many books the James Bond series has sold (about 50-million copies world wide) he'll say, "Ask Jay, he's got all that stuff at his fingertips."

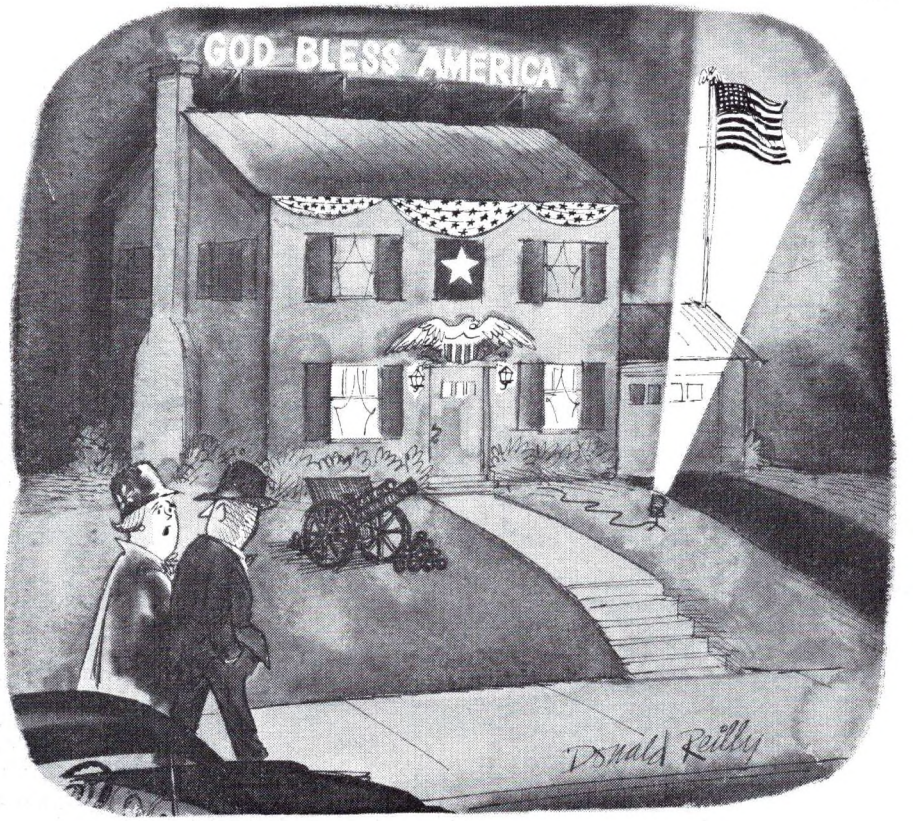
A licensing agent has a complex relationship with clients, selling and advising at the same time. LCA is continually on the lookout for new clients, new contracts. For example, when a plastic manufacturer applies for a Batman license, Stone calls him up and introduces himself. "From your letter," Stone says, "I see you were thinking in terms of using Batman's head. Are you using injection molding? Oh, blow molding? Then I think it would be better to do Batman's car. Another thing, you could do 007's Aston-Martin. You'd get a wider age group that way. Or you could do a gun." The manufacturer agrees, and Stone goes on. "We also represent Superman; you might like to do something with a Superman lawn sprinkler. An animated cartoon of Superman is going on TV in the fall. Good. I'll send you the contracts. You'll have an exclusive."

He hangs up. "I've sold him three contracts. I could have sold him Marine Boy, which is also going on TV in the fall. I'll do that later. Manufacturers like to deal with us because we have so many properties—it's one-stop shopping. This man wanted to make a head of Batman that shoots water, but he was using blow molding, which isn't as delicate as injection molding. A head wouldn't look good. So I sold him on the idea of making Batman's car, and also 007's. He was surprised that I knew about blow molding and injection molding, but we deal with so many lines I'm like the product development director of 200 companies. It's interesting, isn't it? It's very satisfying too. That man will sell about a million dollars worth of those Superman hose sprinklers."

When Batman burst into the American scene last January, all hell broke loose at LCA. Karen Klose, the switchboard operator remembers the time well. "We were so busy it was wild," she says. "The phones rang every two minutes. I had callers stacked up like airplanes at Kennedy Airport. It took presidents of companies four hours to get through to Allan or Jay. One man even wanted to make Batman toilet seats."

Things have now calmed down slightly in the Caped Crusader Suite, but it's still a jumping place. Despite the big money involved, there is a pervading air of fun and levity. "We work in a pretty light way," Emmett says. "You can't get too serious about this stuff. My wife tells me I ought to go to the office in knickers."

TRUE



"Now, for Godsake, don't mention politics."

IN '67 BUICK

Get in with the In Crowd in a Skylark

Now that the new cars are out, there's not much doubt which one's In. And that's Buick. You want proof? Get your hands on a Skylark. A sweeter-handling machine, a more comfortable chariot you'll never find. And it has a new braking system with dual master cylinders, and every one of the new GM safety features. But to get your hands on the car, you have to get your hands on the keys. At your Quality Buick dealer's. (Four out of five new-car buyers pay Buick-sized prices. Shouldn't you have the Buick?)

GM

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION MARK OF EXCELLENCE

"Who's on femur?"

But it isn't all fun and games at LCA. "The toy business is even worse than the government for secrecy," Stone says. "I've been in rooms where they look to see if you're bugged. If you have an attaché case, you have to open it." Underneath the frenetic gaiety and locker-room kidding is enormous tension. Emmett and Stone and the executives they deal with are extravagantly successful men, but they are working on slippery ground. A few wrong decisions or bad turns of luck and their world can collapse. The stakes are high and they are playing for keeps. Emmett, for example, hasn't had lunch out of the office in six years he says. "For five years I was too broke and last year I was too busy."

Allan Stone has a more relaxed attitude toward lunch but he, too, saw plenty of lean years before hitting the big jackpot. Stone's career in licensing goes back to the late 40's when his brother, Martin, was a television producer.

Martin had the first big children's hit on television, *Howdy Doody*. TV in those days was small-time stuff. There were only about 10,000 sets in the country and it was still considered a rich man's plaything. Howdy Doody, a puppet, was to give TV its first big shove on the juvenile level; Milton Berle was the prime mover for the adult audience. Martin suggested to Allan that he become Howdy Doody's licensing agent.

Allan took the job and started burning up shoe leather. He got nowhere fast. Nobody cared about television or licensing either. But the toy buyer at Macy's gave him a steer, suggesting he go down to a building on lower Fifth Avenue where most of the big toy companies have their offices. Stone started on the 14th floor and worked his way down. But nobody would touch the idea. For one thing, boy dolls didn't sell, they said. Second, TV was for the birds—rich birds. Thirdly, what in the hell was licensing? Finally, at his last stop, on the ground floor, Stone met a man who cared.

He was a young fellow named Bernie Baum, whose father had left him a large chunk of a big toy company. Its big product was the Didey Doll. Wearily, Stone launched into his pitch, when suddenly he was galvanized to hear Baum exclaim, "*Howdy Doody!* My kids love it!" Recalls Stone, "It was like hearing a voice in the wilderness." Baum agreed to gamble, and had 100 dozen Howdy Doody dolls made up at his Brooklyn factory. They placed them with Macy's, who ran a small ad in the papers.

On the day of the Howdy Doody doll's debut, Stone and Baum went to Macy's, not really expecting much. They got a soul-satisfying riot. "Women were screaming for the doll," Stone recalls. Within a couple of hours Macy's had sold out its supply. Stone and Baum grabbed taxis and scorched over to the factory in Brooklyn to bring up the reserves, the rest of the 100 dozen. "And zoom," says Stone, "that was it. Jewelry buyers, underwear buyers, all sorts of buyers started calling me. Aside from Mickey Mouse, this was the beginning of the licensing business. It became big business because TV made it so. Toy companies became big businesses. Licensing became so important to Howdy Doody that the corporation was making more from licensing than from the show itself—several millions of dollars."

Stone said so long to *Howdy Doody* when NBC took over the show in 1955, and he and his brother Martin formed their own licensing firm, Stone Associates. Then, at the height of his TV glory, they signed up Jackie Gleason as their first property. They figured this would certainly start them off with a bang. Gleason was playing Ralph Kramden, the bus driver, on his Honeymooners show, and the Stones licensed bus drivers' uniforms, toy buses, dolls of Gleason, games, puzzles. "The store buyers liked them," Allan Stone says, "everybody liked them. But the consumers didn't like them. In desperation, we tried the adult route. The Manhattan Shirt Company made Gleason shirts, ran Life ads. We had Honeymooner dresses. Nothing sold."

Stone had one particularly poignant experience with Gleason. At the time, Gleason was on a reducing kick. Every week on his show he would bring out a scale to show how much he had lost. Stone lined him up to endorse a brand of diet foods. Slenderella Salons was all set to market the line and so was a chain of supermarkets. Then the bottom fell out. Gleason couldn't stand it any longer and went off his diet.

At this point, the Stones scrubbed the Gleason mission and made a try for a comeback with Lassie, the movie pooch. "We attacked it both ways," Stone says, "with items for dogs and for kids." These included games, coloring books, dolls and such for the kids and an assortment of accessories, some rather improbable, for dogs, such as leashes, dog beds, dog pillows, and even dog cosmetics.

However, even a licensing agent will draw the line somewhere. One man who was seeking Lassie's imprimateur, called up with an idea for a soft drink for dogs. He'd researched the market and found out that dogs like to drink. He had three great new taste sensations—a meat flavor, a fish flavor and a cheese flavor. Stone turned him down, not because he didn't think there are doggie lovers in this world who would buy the stuff, but because he was afraid kids would drink it. "I don't want to do it," Stone told the man, "but I've got a great idea for a name. Why don't you call it Pupsy Cola?"

When Stone merged with Emmett, he joined forces with his most successful competitor. Emmett had worked for National Comics, the proprietors of Superman, as publicity director, in the early 50's. In 1955 he struck out on his own in the licensing business, taking Superman along for company. He also had in his original stable several other National Comic characters: Plasticman, Aquaman, Hawkman, Wonder Woman, Green Arrow, Golden Arrow, Green Lantern and Flash. It's no wonder he had some lean years.

Emmett's first live property was Pat

The more 7UP the merrier

A bright welcome is 7-Up. Crisp and Crackling—Bold, Bracing and Holiday Fresh! So cheers! 'Tis the season to be 7-Up jolly! **7-UP...THE MAN'S MIXER**

Boone, the idol of the teen-agers at that time. It was the first time the teen-age market had been exploited. For some reason, his success with Boone led Emmett to think of seeking out that French national landmark, Brigitte Bardot.

Wow, thought Emmett, what a property! Unfortunately, she didn't turn out to be so great. First Emmett persuaded Lovable Bra to put out a BB model. Then columnist Arlene Dahl disclosed that Bardot never wore brassieres. In anguish, Emmett wrote his client asking what on earth she could have been thinking of. She sent him a charming but rather limp reply in fractured English, saying she had written to Miss Dahl in French and that something must have gotten lost in translation.

When Stone and Emmett merged, it made them the largest licensing outfit in the business. The only one that comes close is Disney. Each of the networks has a licensing operation, but they are minor compared with LCA.

Estimating the size of the licensing business in general is difficult, but Emmett guesses it at about $400 million a year in retail sales.

Of that, Batman is expected to hit $150 million this year and James Bond has accounted for about $50 million in each of the last two years. LCA has licensed hundreds of Bond items, juvenile and adult. Stone and Emmett figure that with a new James Bond picture coming out every year, the Bond Bonanza is good for another 10 years.

Emmett and Stone got the Bond franchise through the reputation and connections that hard work over a period of years can bring. They both knew Harry Saltzman, one of the producers of the Bond movies, from his days as a U.S. television producer. They called him in England and they worked out a deal. The divvy on the licensing fees is a complicated one. LCA gets its cut. Saltzman and his coproducer, Albert R. (Cubby) Broccoli, get theirs. Glidrose Productions, to whom Bond's creator, Ian Fleming, sold 51 percent just before he died, gets a cut, as do Fleming's heirs. In addition, United Artists, the films' distributors, gets a percentage, and even actor Sean Connery gets a percentage from Saltzman and Broccoli. That's a lot of willing hands, but what they are cutting up is five percent of a very rich and filling pie.

"Legal and accounting fees are a major part of our overhead," Stone says. "Accounting is very important, to get the correct royalty statements. We have our own accountants, and an accounting firm that audits the books of the manufacturers. We spot-check all the time. We have rights in all our contracts to inspect the books. If we find someone cheating, we just don't do business with them anymore. And since everyone in the licensing business knows each other, we just say, 'Hey, stay away from them, they don't give you the right count'—that's what it's called—and they're out of luck for licensing."

One reason lawyers are needed is that in this imperfect world some fly-by-night outfits put out unauthorized products based on licensing companies' properties. These are called "knock-offs" in the trade. When a licensing company finds out about them, it sues. Recently National, acting with LCA, sued several large store chains, enjoining them from selling Batman infringements. They also sued the manufacturers, small outfits, the real targets of the suit. The big stores were reasonably innocent bystanders, caught in the middle. "They're not sore," Stone says, "because it gives them a legitimate excuse to return the merchandise."

Stone says his most accomplished spotter for these under-the-counter items is his youngest son, Robert, aged six. Robert is the world's greatest Batman fan and has the most complete collection of Batman trading cards in Lake Success, Long Island, and probably in the world. He also has every Batman item yet manufactured and knows his inventory cold. "The other day," Stone says, "I took him on a tour of stores on Long Island. When he sees a strange item, he knows that's not Daddy's. I'd rather have him with me than anyone."

The true word in the licensing business does seem to come out of the mouths of babes. The kids are the final arbiters. If they say you're out, you're out, and there's no fourth strike. "There are two products that are barometers," Stone says, "comic books and bubble gum, the reason being that these are what the kid buys himself. For 12 cents they can get a comic book. Every kid's got 12 cents. I always check these sales because if the kid buys it, you know it's good. The bubble-gum packages contain trading cards. The gum sales on Batman did $1 million at wholesale the first month. That's a lot of nickel items."

LCA has high hopes for Superman, although this character doesn't lend himself to the gadgets that Batman does. Superman does everything with his own superhuman powers. This is fine for the forces of righteousness, but not so good for licensing agents. Batman, on the other hand, is a licensing agent's dream. "Batman is a guy like you and me," Emmett says dreamily, "he needs equipment." Just the same, Superman has been a good property over the years, and with a new Superman cartoon now on TV, LCA is expecting a bit of a boom.

But they don't expect another Batman. In fact, Stone says, "Everybody's wondering what the next Batman is going to be. There ain't going to be a next Batman, not for a few years anyway."

In the meantime, the licensing boys, the manufacturers, the retailers, will be looking for tomorrow. Will that bonanza come out of a comic book? Is some newspaperman sitting around a city room dreaming up a fictional hero who will beat up all the men, seduce all the women, and in general provide golden wish fulfillment for the multitude? Whoever comes along, you can bet there'll be a licensing agent not far behind.

—Arthur Myers

TRUE

"After all, it's only the attorney general's word against *yours* that you're a monopoly!"

"Touché—another great stroke in the fight against ho-humdrum cars . . . '67 Coronet!"

DODGE REBELLION OPERATION '67

Cut loose. Get away from it all. In a car that's a big cut above the ho-hummers that surround you every time you hit the road. Slip into Dodge Coronet for '67. Let yourself go. Try Coronet in your driveway. A perfect fit. Try Coronet in your budget. Once again, a perfect fit. Try Coronet on the freeway. They're made for each other. You're on your way to being the envy of the neighborhood.

And it isn't going to hurt a bit. Not even if you specify your Coronet with some of the optional items it offers the imaginative. Like engines from the silky-smooth 273-cubic-inch V8 to the 383-cubic-inch V8. And TorqueFlite automatic, the slickest way there is to put all those up-and-at-'em horses to work. Even Coronet's list of standard equipment is inviting. Many safety items that used to cost extra. Like a rearview mirror outside on the left, remotely controlled from inside. And retractable front lap belts. And backup lights. And a dual braking system. All that and more in Coronet's price. Lower, much lower than you would expect. See it today at your nearby Dodge Dealer's. You've heard about the Dodge Rebellion? Now the Dodge Rebellion Operation '67 wants to hear from you.

'67 Dodge Coronet

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

"WE'RE 13-CENT KILLERS"

[*Continued from page 37*]

It's also partly a matter of equipment. The sniper gets a specially made rifle with telescopic sights, and he's issued ammunition normally reserved for competition match shooting.

Most of all, though, the sniper must have a different attitude from the average infantry rifleman. He has to get used to the idea of killing in cold blood.

The father of the Marines' sniper school in Viet Nam, Maj. Robert A. Russell of Vista, California, puts it this way:

"Sniping is much more personal, of course, than shooting a man at 500 yards with [conventional] iron sights. With iron sights you can't see how he looks when he's hit, or get a real impression of him. It's like hitting somebody on the freeway and not stopping, I guess.

"However, using a telescopic sight of nine power, you have the ability to see nine times better than the average rifleman. And if you recover readily enough from your shot, you can darn near see the expression on his face.

"As we all know, there are women Viet Cong guerrillas, and that's something a sniper has to think about, too. I personally would have no qualms about shooting one if I saw her with a carbine in her hand, or any other weapon. Some people might. I don't know."

How do you get a man tuned up mentally to killing by telescope?

One of Russell's four instructors at the sniper school, M/Sgt. George H. Hurt of Bristol, Virginia, a veteran of 22 years in the Corps, feels that the sniper should think of his art in terms of sportsmanship.

"I don't believe our snipers hate the VC," Hurt says. "It might sound a little glamorous, but I've always felt and I think most of the men think war is kind of a sport. It's a bad sport, but it's a sport, and the stakes are either kill or be killed.

"I think you have to train yourself mentally for sniping just as for any other real competitive sport, concentrating on exactly what you're going to do and how you're going to do it, and if possible, actually rehearsing it."

Like any other sport, sniping has had its champions—not all of them public heroes. In World War II, Japanese snipers were the scourge of the Pacific islands, killing thousands of Americans from their nests in palm trees and jungle foliage. Among their victims was the great American newsman, Ernie Pyle, nailed by a sniper on Ie Shima Island.

Viet Cong snipers have killed hundreds of Americans in this war, too. In true guerrilla fashion the enemy snipers use whatever weapons they can lay their hands on, but some of them now are getting special equipment. More than 50 brand-new Russian M-1891/30 sniper rifles with 2½-power telescopic sights were captured recently by the U.S. Army's 173rd Airborne Brigade. The rifles all were neatly crated in their original cosmoline packing grease. In each crate was a printed packing slip saying in Vietnamese: "Attention. This is a special, high-powered rifle to be used only for killing high-ranking officers and Americans."

The M-1891/30 is an old Russian design, but it's a fine sniping rifle. Viet Cong snipers are good and seem to be getting better all the time. Their success was one of the reasons for pushing the new American sniping program in Viet Nam.

Strange as it may seem, America's armed forces never before have had formal schools for sniping, or awarded Military Occupational Specialty (MOS) numbers to snipers. In American eyes, sniping has been traditionally associated with the bad guy. The assassination of President Kennedy by a concealed man firing a telescopic-sighted rifle gave sniping an even blacker name.

Now this is changing. Major Russell and four assistants started their experimental sniping school last autumn in the hills near Danang, central Viet Nam, and it wasn't long before the school and its graduates were attracting attention from the commandant himself.

In a matter of months, Marine Corps headquarters issued the instructions and field manuals that made sniping official for the first time. By the beginning of 1966, a graduate sniper could be assigned the regular MOS of 86.71, and assured of a continuously interesting job in Viet Nam.

Russell's course lasts for two weeks and covers 28 subjects. Among them are camouflage and concealment, marksmanship, care of weapons, self-discipline, target selection, artillery spotting (one of the jobs a sniper is expected to handle) and mental attitudes.

In the first year of operation, the school turned out over 100 graduates, all of whom were then sent back out to units in the field. The Marine snipers almost always act in two-man teams, with one man spotting while the other shoots, and vice versa. The rifles in use, while superb weapons, are mostly old-fashioned bolt-action guns, and two snipers can put out more bullets than one. Eventually, the school hopes to furnish every major Marine unit in Viet Nam with a complement of snipers.

The object of all the courses at the school is to train efficient killers. Thus, marksmanship is practiced in unorthodox ways.

The traditional infantryman fires his marksmanship course from four formal positions: standing, kneeling, sitting and prone. At ranges up to 300 yards, he fires at big circular targets with bull's-eyes 10 inches in diameter; the bull's-eyes are 20 inches in diameter for distances beyond that.

The sniper, on the other hand, always shoots from the prone position, and he can use any trick that will steady him. Instead of supporting the rifle by hand, he rests it on a sandbag, his helmet or anything else handy. The left hand he would use on a standard range to support the barrel is used to steady the butt against the shoulder.

And targets on the sniper range are empty powder canisters for 155-millimeter howitzers—tubes only eight inches in diameter and standing a couple of feet high. They are less than half the size of a

Here's the only place Brunswick gifts get returned.

When you give a Brunswick gift, you can make it a Brunswick Bowler's Gift Certificate. Then your bowler does the actual gift selecting. Perhaps he or she will choose a new Brunswick Black Diamond ball or Thunderball, both with Brunswick's exclusive new "Ever-lustre" finish. It's the deep treatment finish that lasts. And the balls have a distinctive White Crown "tracking tracer," too. Or, maybe he'll choose the popular Brunswick Trac-Master ball, with a choice of three hooking potentials. He or she can even choose a new bowling bag or new pair of bowling shoes. Brunswick Gift Certificates start at only $4.95. Make your Christmas shopping simple. See your Brunswick Pro Dealer.

man, and it's not enough just to hit one. You must hit it in a small black spot representing the heart.

Marine snipers in Viet Nam have a variety of rifles and sights, and more are coming. Among them:

THE M-1D. This is basically the standard M-1 Garand rifle issued to U.S. troops in World War II and Korea, but doctored up for sniping. In addition to regular iron sights it has a 2½-power telescopic sight mounted off-center. This is so the iron sights can still be used in conventional battle situations if needed. Because the scope is mounted off-center, the stock is fitted with a thick, leather cheek pad to bring the face into the right position behind the scope.

Another feature of the M-1D, in common with all other sniping rifles, is glass bedding. To glass bed a rifle, wood is shaved away from all parts of the stock coming in contact with metal. Plastic resin ("glass") is then substituted for the wood, so that the metal parts will fit precisely. The "glass," being much harder than wood, will hold the metal parts tightly for longer periods without wearing down. This is vital to accuracy.

The M-1D will accept regular eight-cartridge clips of M-1 ammunition, and will fire semiautomatically, but snipers prefer to feed it by hand, a cartridge at a time. For one thing, the ammunition they use is costly, special match ammunition with 173-grain bullets rated at 2,640 feet per second, loaded at Missouri's Lake City Ordnance Plant. These cartridges come in small cardboard boxes, not clips. Snipers feel they might get a tiny advantage in accuracy by hand loading their own ammo, but for the time being, match ammunition does fine.

The snipers in Viet Nam are less fond of the M-1D than other rifles, because it has many more parts than a bolt-action rifle. After long use, the operating rod in the M-1 begins to bend, they say, and rubs against wooden parts. This has a subtle but important effect on accuracy, which can mean missing targets 800 or so yards out.

THE WINCHESTER MODEL 70. This is the basic Marine Corps sniping rifle in Viet Nam. It's a well-known hunting rifle, bolt action, standard .30-06 (M-1) caliber, with a heavy barrel and comfortable stock, and capable of handling five cartridges. Sportsmen in the States pay about $200 for this rifle.

The Winchesters here were mostly mounted with eight-power Unertl scopes, generally making for a deadly sniping tool. While many a Viet Cong has been killed by the Unertl-Winchester combination, the scope has a major defect in this war. The torrid, humid climate of Viet Nam's jungles penetrates the Unertl scope case, tearing into the Canadian balsam that holds the lens elements together. More than once, snipers have snapped their rifles to their shoulders only to find a sight picture of fog, stars and bubbles instead of a Viet Cong guerrilla.

Consequently, the Unertl scopes are being phased out in favor of the Redfield three-to-nine-power variable, which is said to be nearly waterproof. The scope also gives the sniper his choice of magnification power, depending on the situation, and has a built-in range finder. Ranging with the scope, setting the elevation and windage and getting off the first round supposedly can be accomplished in seven seconds. The Redfield will be standard equipment on a new sniper rifle to be issued gradually to all Marine snipers here—

THE REMINGTON 40X. This rifle has the same basic characteristics as the Winchester, and is also a bolt-action rifle. However, it fires the new NATO 7.62-millimeter (.308 caliber) cartridge, which eventually will be standard for most weapons in all the armed forces of the NATO allies. The 40X with NATO cartridges has fired better scores than the Winchester, although its muzzle velocity is slightly less (2,540 feet per second). Ammunition, of course, will normally be match cartridges rather than standard military issue.

The actual business of killing with all these weapons and techniques was pioneered by the instructors of the sniper school before they set up classes. Each instructor is an exceptional rifleman, having qualified in national competitions for the coveted gold "distinguished marksman" medal. But to get firsthand knowledge of what their pupils would be facing—physically and mentally—the instructors set out for some experimental preschool sniping.

S/Sgt. Donald G. Barker of Harper, Kansas, one of the first instructors selected by Russell, was credited with the first Viet Cong kill, and with his partner, S/Sgt. Hayden B. Russell of California, may have got two more as well. Barker describes the events of the day this way:

"We went with a reconnaissance platoon to an outpost that had been getting a little trouble from the VC. The leader of the recon platoon had suggested we come along, and he said he could get us to within 1,000 yards of the VC causing the trouble, and at first light in the morning, we should be able to see the VC.

"He took us up a hill during the night and at first light, sure enough, we could see some VC about 750 yards away.

"There were three of them, just settin' down in a clump of trees. We watched, and one of them got up and walked toward the top of the hill they were on. Along toward the top there was a kind of a hedge line, and there was an open place in it, about four or five feet wide.

"The silly nut stopped right there in that open place, and turned around and looked right at us. I could see him clearly, through the three-to-nine variable scope on my Winchester. It was just like he was standing there in front of me. He had on a khaki shirt and one of those VC hats with little pieces of material tied to it as camouflage. We got that hat later, by the way.

"Russell and I figured there was about a minute of right wind blowing, so we set the windage on our sights for that amount, with a range of 750 yards.

"I got him with the first round. As soon as he went down, one of the other guys [Viet Cong] came running up to help him, and I guess he must have forgot about that open place too, because the idiot ran up there, stopped and bent down, right in the middle of the open place. Russell fired and knocked him down, but he didn't do too good, because the VC tried to get up again.

"While Russell was reloading, I knocked him down again, but I didn't hit him exactly right either, because he managed to get up again. Meanwhile, the third guy had disappeared, but pretty soon we found out where. He thought he knew where we were, and opened up on us with a machine gun 500 or 600 yards off to our left front, but he misjudged our position. We think we got him with

TRUE

"Nearly 50, eh? Well, I must say, you certainly don't look it."

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FAST FACTS: Three 1967 models, including two Wide-Track Skeeters — one with electric starting. Torque-Sensing Drive for peak performance under all conditions of load or terrain. Tough, heavy duty track with special ice cleats for extra "grab" on slick surfaces. Positive-neutral clutch control. 14 HP engine. Speeds to over 30 MPH.

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our rifles. When the platoon got to the top of that VC hill the body or bodies had been dragged off, but the hat was still there."

On missions like these, the instructors picked up valuable pointers to pass along to their sniper recruits. And over and over again, Russell's cadre emphasize the importance of patience. The usual "hunting" procedure of the Marine snipers is to stake out near a trail used by the Viet Cong and wait for someone to come along. It's often a long, tiresome wait.

Lance Cpl. Fred E. Allen of San Jose, California, and Pfc Stanley J. Jablonski, of St. Louis, Missouri, both armed with Winchesters, are one of the teams that often go hunting together. "The hardest part," Allen says, "is laying around in the hot sun all day, as still as possible. You're not supposed to smoke, and both Jablonski and I are smokers, so the day seems pretty long before you can light up."

Jablonski, a shy, soft-spoken 20-year-old, does not look or seem like a killer. Very few Marine Corps snipers do. But he recently brought down his first guerrilla.

"You don't feel good about it," Jablonski said, "but it has to be done. It was on Operation Orange, and another sniper and I had been posted to keep an eye on a trail the VC were using. After a while we spotted a couple down there, about 600 yards away. I killed one with the first shot. The VC dragged off his body before anyone could get in there."

The new Marine snipers have hung up some impressive scores. At this writing, the record probably is held by Lance Cpl. Richard Morrison of San Leandro, California, credited with killing 13 Viet Cong during Operation Georgia, a search-and-destroy action by the Third Marine Division in mountainous Quang Nam Province. Morrison's sniper sidekick, Pvt. Charles Harris, also distinguished himself during the operation with a bag of five Viet Cong.

Sniping has always been a risky business—once a sniper is spotted the enemy throws everything it has at him. But Marine losses thus far have been low. Fewer than a half-dozen have been killed, all by mines or enemy machine guns. But casualties may increase as the sharpshooters see more action. Sniper tacticians would like to see their men used as blocking forces, posted, for example, far enough away from clashes to be able to see the big picture, picking off VC trying to escape. Snipers are lone wolves, and can run into all kinds of trouble with no one around to help.

Snipers also make ideal forward observers for artillery. Depending on the size of the enemy force, the sniper has the option of killing his quarry with his rifle, or calling in a howitzer barrage on him. The potential is great enough for the Army's 25th Division, headquartered at Cu Chi, to take a lead from the Marine Corps and start a sniping program of its own. The Army also plans to field two-man sniper teams, but only one soldier will have a sniper rifle. The other will have an automatic rifle and a spotting scope mounted on a tripod.

Neither Major Russell nor any of his instructors claims that sniping is the whole answer to fighting the Viet Cong. They regard the sniper and his equipment as a special weapon for use in special situations.

"If Charlie is 100 feet away and pouring everything he has at me," Russell says, "I'll throw this sniper rifle away so fast it'll make your head spin. I'll grab anything I can that'll pop out rounds in a hurry, a submachine gun, or whatever. There's a time and place for everything. A man with a sniper rifle has no business trying to stand nose to nose with Charlie when Charlie's got a submachine gun. But move him out 300 feet or so, and I'll shoot circles around every submachine gun out there with a sniper rifle."

The snipers are proud of their art, and believe it has a vital place in Viet Nam. Said one Marine marksman: "You can kill a man just as dead with a 13-cent .30-06 round as you can with a thousand-dollar bomb out of a B-52 jet, that had to fly all the way from Guam.

"We're the real sportsmen in this war, and besides, we're misers with taxpayers' money.

"We're 13-cent killers."

—Malcolm W. Browne

HE EATS 25,000 CALORIES A DAY

[*Continued from page* 53]

(standard sized, with no cheating on the beef-pork-and-salami stuffing).

This performance is claimed to be a world record by the *Société des Gentilshommes de Cuisine* (Society of Gentlemen Chefs), a gourmet organization of northern California. "We've checked with other organized eating groups here and abroad," says Mitch Hoffman, an executive of the *Société*, "and no one has been known to come within 100 ravioli of Bozo Miller."

Yet this isn't his most outstanding feat, by a wide margin. Bozo, who is publicized as "the world's greatest gourmandizer," could have put the immortal "Diamond Jim" Brady under a table with a gastric seizure had they met in competition. Brady's most notable recorded dining performance (in 1893 at Rector's Restaurant) was as follows:

Brady devoured a dozen lobster canapés, 40 oysters, six servings of sole Marguery, a bucket of salad and four huge porterhouse steaks, with trimmings.

In 1964 Bozo challenged this at the Sultan's Table of the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas, and the event was televised. For two hours he did not leave the table. He did away with 14 canapés, 72 oysters, eight orders of sole, a mixing-bowl of salad, three potatoes (whipped), a double order of peas and six T-bone steaks, weighing three pounds apiece. "What," he then inquired, "is for dessert?" A mince pie was produced and Bozo's rhythmic elbow movement never slowed until it, too, had vanished. "And that bum, Brady, didn't drink liquor," he informed his TV audience, "He just drank orange juice. Notice that I drank two quarts of champagne with my repast."

Trenchermen with big local reputations have traveled to California from Chicago, Milwaukee, New York and Minnesota logging camps to face Miller in stomach-to-stomach contests, and all of them either have collapsed or quit at no further than the 14th course, which is where Bozo, complacently snapping his heavy jaws, goes into what he calls his "finishing kick" and plows through three or four more courses of such comestibles as filet mignon, English pudding and *crepes suzette*.

"Hell, with my own eyes," Reno Barsocchini told his customers, who stopped eating to gather around and watch Bozo having lunch that day last summer, "I've seen this man eat 16 chickens down to the skeleton. Sixteen! His dinner bill was $72. I'll back him against anyone in the world and name your bet."

Gratified by the crowd he'd attracted, Bozo now named his luncheon selection. "Bring me everything on the menu," he said. "Begin with a platter of antipasto and work on down through everything you've got to the homemade pie with cheese."

People gasped. A skinny blonde, the prim secretary-type, made sounds of disgust. She said, "What a terrible glutton! It's all a fake, anyway. He couldn't possibly do it."

Bozo is a man of many parts—a former bookie of horse races, a fight manager and an operator of nightclubs—who is friendly to almost everyone; but he has an acute dislike for doubting (and underfed) females. "Sister," he said, frowning at the blonde, "hold onto your fanny. What you need is a square meal. And a man with a belly bigger than your mouth who'd keep you busy in the kitchen. I will now demonstrate."

Waiters began arriving with the antipasto *hors d'oeuvre* course, followed by a heaping plate of pot roast and vegetables. Bozo has excellent table manners. He ate with delicacy but with speed and soon called for the next main course—roast turkey with dressing. Polishing off a full serving he moved on to the hot corned beef with potato salad. While munching away on course No. 4 he answered a few questions which were bothering me.

"You've never lost an eating contest?"

"Never. And I bar nobody, giants included."

"Who's been your toughest competitor?"

"A while back they brought in Haystack Calhoun, the 615-pound wrestler—the 'King Eater of the Ozarks.' He made me look like a midget. Calhoun, they claimed, once ate a whole pig and still was hungry."

Standing only five feet 7½ inches, Bozo makes up for his shortness in width and body depth. His weight ranges from 280 to 300 pounds and much of it is right out in front, which is what counts when he's up against such a genuine knife-and-fork phenomenon as Haystack Calhoun. Bozo's triple jowls quivered with mirth when he described the result.

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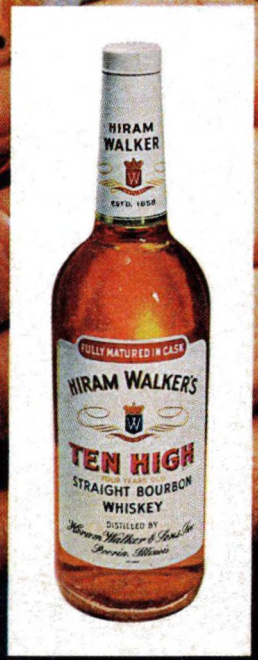

"Now then, where do I turn in one ticket bought on the family plan?"

"We started with 28 bowls of minestrone soup. Haystack's eyes started to pop when we finished. Then I called for six pounds of leg of lamb—for each of us—along with a whole baked cauliflower and a loaf of sourdough bread apiece. Calhoun barely got it down. He was wheezing and groaning. Next I asked for half-a-dozen stuffed bell peppers for us to split. 'Then we'll have some baked lasagna and a few king-size meatballs and finish off with a couple of chocolate cakes,' I told him.

"Haystack never ate any whole pig in his life. After two bell peppers he turned white, folded like a sack of jelly and slid off his chair. It took six men to carry him out. I finished my peppers and ate an order of lasagna, but skipped the cake. The man was defeated, so why make a pig of myself?"

While talking, Bozo cleaned his plate of corned beef and proceeded to courses No. 5 and 6, which were Virginia ham with potatoes-and-gravy and fried prawns. He showed no distress in stowing them away, not even loosening his belt. Next he switched to the sandwich menu, where he had each of four listed, along with coleslaw. "Now," he said, beaming at the audience, "bring on the Fish Polynesian." A large slab of *mahimahi* (dolphin) was placed before him.

New customers were crowding into Reno's to witness the miracle man of gastronomy. By now he had slightly slowed his pace. He took 10 minutes to finish the fish course. After that came an order of shrimp foo yong. Miller was sweating a bit and removed his coat, but with the crowd applauding every bite, he stopped only long enough to drink a glass of red wine. He seemed to gain his second wind. Deliberately he ate the shrimp foo yong.

"I think the meat loaf would go nicely next," he declared. "And another glass of wine, please."

When a good-sized meat loaf order arrived, I went to a phone and placed a call to Al Ghirardelli, president of the First National Bank of Oakland, California, one of the most prominent businessmen in the state. "Bozo Miller is putting on one of his exhibitions," I said. "If I write a story about what he can eat, nobody in the U.S.A. will believe it. You've known him for 20 years. May I have a statement from you which I can quote?"

"Certainly," said President Ghirardelli. "Personally, at Trader Vic's restaurant in San Francisco, I have seen him eat 27 entire chickens at one sitting. I'd like to make it clear these were not big chickens. They were two-pound pullets. But who else could do that without killing himself?"

Continued the bank chief, "You may say that I consider Bozo incredible and unbeatable. I saw him win a very big bet another night by consuming 75 roast-beef sandwiches made of French rolls. You want me to go on? There's much more."

With that testimony from one of the most solid of citizens I returned to the table, where Bozo had the meat loaf all but licked, and was sipping more wine while looking over a dwindling menu. Reno's food is hearty, but his bar-and-grill isn't large and the menu isn't extensive. Bozo had disposed of 13 separate items and not much was left.

"Dieting," he informed the awestruck onlookers, "is the curse of this country. I take in 25,000 calories every day, compared to the average man's 2,500. And I'm healthier than all you people who starve yourselves. How do you think William Howard Taft, Henry VIII, Jackie Gleason, Oliver Hardy, Gen. Winfield Scott, Phineas Barnum, Tony Galento, Fats Waller and Orson Welles got to be such successes? Hell, they'd eat anything that didn't bite back, and they had energy to burn. Of course," he went on, daintily wiping his lips with a napkin, "none of them could eat in *my* class."

Before he ambled out of Reno's at 2:30 p.m., to ringing applause, he had ingested all the major dishes available. The last of them was crab meat *ravigote*, in an avocado shell, and followed by dessert of apple pie with cheddar cheese. Reno Barsocchini estimated he had eaten some 22 pounds of food and his bill was $32.20. "The guy should be going out on a stretcher," marveled Reno. Bozo did a little tap dance as he departed.

In the next few days I learned that Edward A. Miller doesn't care what he eats (if it's well-prepared), or in what order food is served. "It's just that I've been hungry since I was a baby," he said. "I'll eat anything. For instance I love ketchup on 30 or 40 pancakes in the morning. Ever try chocolate syrup on a few dozen pork sausages? Tastes great."

Naturally anyone with such a wonderfully goofy claim to fame is in wide demand at food fairs, market openings and for "eat-offs" against regional champs, and Bozo proudly told me that he was presented with the key to the city of Oakland—where he lives, and works as a liquor salesman—by then-Mayor Clifford Rishell. "I won it," he said, "by beating the biggest damned gluttons from all over the country."

The scene was Idaho Falls, Idaho, some years back, when the Bonneville County Sportsmen's Association staged an "international meat-eating championship." The contest centered on a meat loaf composed of moose, buffalo, deer, elk and beef flavored with onions and peppers—which was 30 feet long. Dozens of fabled eaters dug into the loaf. It was served in 10-pound slabs. "It was a little gamey," said Bozo, "but I put away 20 pounds without trouble. About 50 guys started the contest. But when we started on the third 10-pound helping only me and a couple of lumberjacks were left.

"They doubled up with stomach cramps and had to quit after a few more bites. I was still breezing along and ate about half the third slab. It was an easy win. They gave me a trophy inscribed: 'EDWARD "BOZO" MILLER: THE MODERN DIAMOND JIM BRADY.' "

Back in Oakland, Mayor Rishell

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In fact, if they keep coming up with winners like this, someone's bound to insist that our engineers take a year off and give the competition a chance to catch up. That'll be the day.

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

handed Bozo the key to the city. Accepting the symbol of homage, Bozo asked the mayor, "Is it good to eat?"

Later, driving with him from San Francisco to Oakland, I had a few surprises. Always ready to capitalize on his reputation, he pulled handfuls of nickels, pennies and dimes from his pockets and flung them out the window to the crowds on the street. "I toss away about $20 worth every day," he explained. "The folks know it's me, and it is a hell of an ad for my liquor-selling business."

The public couldn't avoid knowing it was Bozo the Bottomless Belly driving by because his Cadillac is painted a blinding orange and carries the special license plate BOZO-000. When he presses the horn, the sound of a foghorn—*oooooo-awwwww*—blasts forth. A second horn gives off the *baaaahhh* of a sheep.

But the third horn is the lalapaloozer. It makes like a Swiss mountain yodeler. Pedestrians leaped in all directions at the weird sound effects, then were showered by coins by Bozo.

Crossing the Bay Bridge, he handed the toll keeper a quarter, and then another quarter. "I'm paying for the guy behind me," Bozo told the tollman. "He's got fantastic alimony payments and can't afford the two bits." Slowing down to let the driver behind catch up, Bozo grinned at the incredulous look on the man's face. "That guy won't get over it for a week," he said. "I love gags."

In Oakland we stopped at the restaurant of Mitch Huffman, an official of the Society of Gentlemen Chefs, of which Bozo is an honorary member. "Being in the wholesale liquor trade, Bozo entertains groups of buyers at lunch here," Hoffman told me. "Most days he plays host to three different groups. So he has lunch with each of them. Three big lunches a day is no trick at all for him. His average consumption would be a Caesar salad for six people, 14 to 20 lamb chops, side orders of pizza and ravioli, a few plank steaks and a meringue pie. To drink? Twenty straight shots of bourbon is nothing for him in a couple of hours. And he never gets tipsy."

By 6 p.m. Bozo was chewing on a thick hamburger at Mitch's—"I get hungry every few hours"—and making dinner plans. Into Mitch's walked a prominent Oakland physician, Dr. Samuel W. Yabroff, who has been Bozo's friend for many years. Doctor Yabroff was just the man I wanted to see. There had to be, I thought, a medical explanation for Bozo Miller's insatiable appetite.

"Does Bozo suffer from bulimia?" I asked the doctor. Bulimia is a disease producing a compulsive, constant desire to eat which afflicts such victims as human giants and circus fat ladies.

"That's what makes him all the more remarkable—he does not have bulimia," replied Doctor Yabroff. "Medically, he's quite amazing. He's normal in every way except that his great love for food has stretched his stomach and surrounding suspensory muscles beyond seemingly possible bounds. In fact, he possibly has two or three stomachs, like a camel. I've never X-rayed him, but I'd love to one of these days. When a man is 67½ inches tall and has a 57-inch waist, as he does, I'm sure I'd find he was born with some type of freak digestive equipment."

Leaving Mitch's—and throwing more coins from his car to the populace—Bozo scoffed at the "extra-stomach" theory. He was born in 1909, the son of Harry Larned Miller, a noted clown and unicyclist of old-time vaudeville. Son and father traveled the country with the act, but mostly Bozo grew up in Brooklyn and San Francisco. "The old man couldn't make money fast enough to pay for the meals I ate," said Bozo, "so we used my talent to win it, by backing me to outeat anybody. When I was 18, I won us $250 by beating the Los Angeles champ. He folded after the sixth 40-ounce New York steak. I ate eight and my reputation was made.

"But I don't have any extra stomachs, like the docs say. It's just sheer talent, that's all. But there's a secret to my eating and maybe I'll tell it to you."

The secret wasn't divulged until hours later; meanwhile, with Bozo feeling new hunger pangs, we dropped by the Bow and Bell, a waterfront resturant partly owned by Jackie Jensen, the former Boston Red Sox outfield star. Jensen greeted Bozo with glad cries. "Saw you eat 50 hot dogs at Yankee Stadium at one ball game," said Jackie. "That's the all-time record, they say."

Miller's fans keep scrapbooks, and the books record how Damon Runyan discovered Bozo, to his profit. "It was in 1946," Runyan wrote in the New York *Journal-American* shortly before his death. "I brought Bozo on from California as my guest at the Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight. Friends, I won cash galore in New York by matching him. No local sultan of caloric consumption could come close to his feat of wolfing a four-dozen egg omelette at Lindy's. But the one that flattened the Broadway sharps came with cheesecakes. Lindy's cheesecakes were mighty three-pounders. Half of one was the limit of human capacity. Miller ate *two* and apologized for burping!"

At Jackie Jensen's, Bozo ordered a quart of sparkling burgundy and a quart of champagne, had them mixed (his favorite drink) and in a short time the pitcher was empty. By 9 p.m. Bozo settled down to dinner. While I had an ordinary serving of *cioppino*—a rich Italian fish stew—he ordered three bowlfuls, along with two loaves of sourdough bread. Dipping the bread into the stew he pronounced it very good—"as far as *hors d'oeuvres* go." He then proceeded through pork liver pâté, a snack of Nova Scotia salmon, anchovy salad, a dozen stuffed Mexican shrimp, a double (four-pound) chateaubriand steak, beets and enough potatoes O'Brien to restore Ireland's economy. Dessert was strawberries and cream. Bozo had only one large order. "I ate more than I usually do today," he commented. "But I wanted to show you what I could do when I'm trying."

He was trying in a big way, one day in 1964, during a program carried by San Francisco's Channel Seven. The Canterbury Hotel (wanting to publicize a new roast-beef room) wheeled a foot-long, 14-pound roast before the TV cameras. During a one-hour show Bozo devoured it to the last morsel. He also put away a gallon of ice cream garnished with horse radish, tabasco sauce and catsup.

The show's producer, Marty Pesatta, says in awed tones, "I still can't believe it.

TRUE

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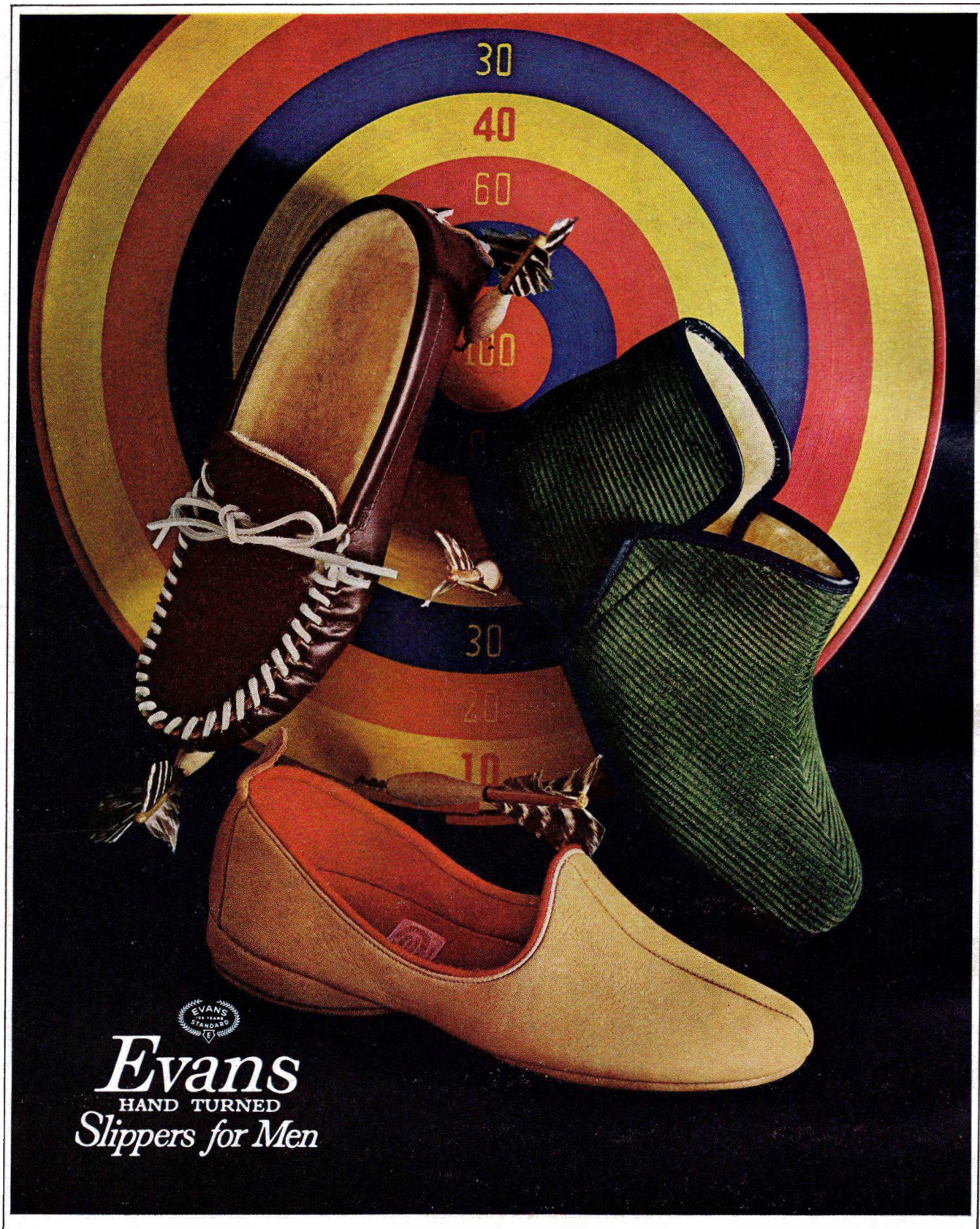

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Neither could our viewers. We had hundreds of letters claiming it was a fake."

At Bozo's spacious home near Lake Merritt in Oakland I met his wife and three young daughters—all named after food, to wit: Candy, Honey and Cooky—and saw the trophies he's piled up. One drinking cup was presented by Sally Rand, who bet Bozo he couldn't swallow three magnums of champagne—six quarts—with his usual staggering dinner. "I won everything but Sally's G-string," he chuckled. Bozo loves life as much as any man I've met and has a jukebox in his house, for the kids' enjoyment, along with 30 stereophonic speakers flooding music into every room. A relatively wealthy man, he also can afford three complete wardrobe sets.

"There's Wardrobe A—size-48 suits," he said, showing me his collection of 125 suits. "That's for when I'm entering contests and weigh over 300 pounds. Then I have Wardrobe B for when my blood pressure goes up and I lay off BIG eating and lose 20 pounds. Then there's Wardrobe C, my 'petite' department. It ain't very often I get thin enough to wear any of those clothes."

The most elegant restaurants welcome Bozo. Not at all discomfited by his gluttony, they regard it as a privilege to serve such a Falstaff, who often "plays" to standing-room-only audiences. One night after he performed magnificently in a contest at Joe DiMaggio's seafood emporium on Fisherman's Wharf—where he defeated a 350-pound contender by downing 30 pounds of boiled Mexican shrimp and won more than $1,500 in bets for his backers—a birthday party was held in his honor. His gift from the Gentlemen Chefs was Tempest Storm, the queen of strip-teasers, who pranced out wearing nothing but transparent ribbons.

Members of the Gentlemen Chefs, who have turned a nice dollar in pitting Bozo against star trenchermen from other cities, have a few ambitions for him. One involves sending him to Japan where, reportedly, a monstrous Sumo wrestler has downed nearly 500 oysters in two hours. "We'll cover anything Japan wants to bet," say the Gentlemen Chefs, "and stipulate that they wash it down with a quart or two of *saki*. Booze only increases Bozo's appetite."

When I pressed Bozo to reveal the "secret" of his capacity, which he earlier had mentioned, he gave me a sly grin. "I'm surprised you can't guess it. What I do is go into training, like a fighter. Only I reverse things and devote five days before a contest to nothing but drinking liquids. I don't touch a bite of solid food. The liquid expands my stomach and muscles around it. I also do heavy exercising at a gym to make myself loose and still hungrier. On the sixth day I'm a wild man. I could eat an ox. As a matter of fact I'm thinking of eating a whole ox some day. According to a German history book I read, back in 1880 a guy named Johann Ketzler of Munich knocked off a whole smoked roast ox in 42 days. Bet I could do it in half that time."

The Bottomless Belly, a few days after I visited him, caused a commotion at the Oakland Athens Athletic Club, where pudgy, dieting businessmen sweat, strain and suffer to lose poundage. After a three-lunch afternoon, he dropped by the club at 5 p.m. Waddling into the steam room he joined the perspiring members. "In 30 years around steam rooms," snarled one angry member, who had never heard of Bozo Miller, "I've never seen anything like it. There this man sat in the steam, with a double-decker sandwich and a bottle of beer in his hands! My God, he made a mockery of the place."

Edward Abraham Miller doesn't mean to mock anyone. Rather, like Henry VIII, he is making history, while satisfying, utterly, one of man's two great appetites.

—Johnny Cummings

YOU CAN'T CALL THEM CHOO-CHOOS ANYMORE

[*Continued from page 62*]

new high-speed arteries across the country. Busses, barge lines, airplanes, even pipelines took freight off the rails. Passengers deserted trains to travel by car.

By 1960, income of U.S. railroads had shrunk to $382-million, down from almost three times that much just five years before. Many lines, particularly in the overbuilt East, were desperate.

In the six years since, the picture has remained bleak in many places. The Central Railroad of New Jersey, which lost $4.2-million in 1960, managed to lose even more, $6.7-million, in 1965. The Grand Trunk Western lost $12.2-million in 1960, $10-million in 1965.

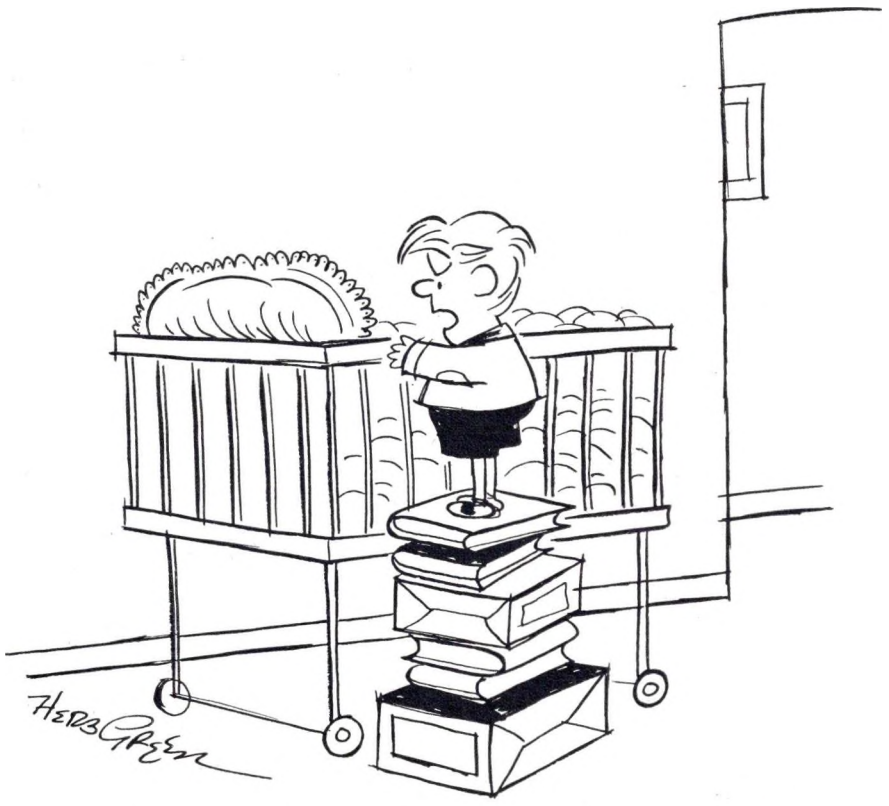
But despite such pockets of poverty, there has been a sharp turnaround in rail fortunes generally. Many roads hit bottom in 1961—and bounced. During the past five years, railroad profits have more than doubled, to $775-million. The revenue ton-miles figure, which is the basic indicator of railroad business, has risen sharply; 17 percent in the last three years alone. Stock prices have responded; the Dow Jones rail average has more than doubled in five years.

Three things account for the improving fortunes.

First, business in general is good. There's a bigger pie to slice.

Second, a vast merger movement is underway. Back in the old days when railroads were gold-plated money machines, many parts of the country were vastly overbuilt. Chicago, one of the worst examples, has 20 trunk lines, six major passenger terminals, 80 freight yards. Today, many ailing lines have been welded into stronger companies: 20 marriages of major roads are now in the planning stages. The New York Central and Pennsylvania systems are now in the process of becoming one. And, if the ICC approves, the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Norfolk & Western and five other major eastern roads will merge into the country's biggest systems.

These corporate marriages aren't just for fun. Merged lines save millions in operating costs by closing down unnecessary parallel tracks and duplicate stations and yards, and operating with fewer employees. They handle the combined business of the old lines, but they do it with



"Let's get one thing straight from the start—I don't dig dames!"

fewer, more fully loaded, more profitable trains.

Third, and perhaps most striking, there's a vigorous new spirit on the roads. "Today, we're where the trucks and barges were 35 years ago," says Southern's Brosnan. "We're lean and hard and hungry, and they're fat and happy. Well, we're going to fight for the traffic that's rightfully ours and we're going to keep on fighting until we win."

From this belligerent attitude is growing a new kind of railroad. Companies are pouring billions into building up-to-date transportation systems. Railroad men are figuring out new ways to drag their companies—sometimes kicking and screaming—out of the 19th century. In the process, they're getting back old business and grabbing new customers.

To old-timers, still mourning the passing of the age of steam, these new dieselized, computerized, 20th-century transportation machines are barely recognizable. But they haul the freight, and they carry on in the tradition of the roads that crossed the plains, opened the continent and shaped the nation. For example, every morning train ML-12 leaves Detroit loaded with new autos, pulled by anywhere from four to seven locomotives. "You don't have to be a railroader," says the Central's dynamic president, Alfred E. Perlman, "to get a thrill in seeing a train two miles long, powered by seven diesels, highballing down the line with 1,800 gleaming new automobiles. It's enough to make a poet out of an operating man."

The auto train generates more than poetry, though. The line charges some $560 to haul a trilevel full of autos from Detroit to New York. This comes to about $67,000 per trainload, and an average train costs about $19 a mile to run. So even counting the empty return trip, better than half of the $67,000 must be pure profit. This year the New York Central will carry a million automobiles and make more than $12-million clear profit on them. Other roads will share another 3½ million autos.

The railroads aren't new at handling cars; 30 years ago they hauled 90 percent of them. Then in the 1930's truckers built double-decker rigs that could haul more cheaply. The railroads kept handling them—inefficiently and expensively with three or four to a boxcar. For three decades, business dribbled away. By 1960, not more than one car in 10 went by rail.

Then in June, 1959, the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Company tried an experiment: The company rolled loaded auto trailers onto flatcars. By hauling more autos in the same space, the Frisco could haul them more cheaply and compete with trucks. By year's end, the road had hauled 15,000 cars; in 1960, the total was 90,000. At the same time, the Santa Fe was building a special three-level rack for automobiles, and on January 20, 1960, the weird contraption rolled onto a siding at the Lincoln plant in Wixom, Michigan. Into its 53-foot steel framework drove eight Lincolns and Thunderbirds bound for Los Angeles. With the specially-built trilevels, eight or more cars could be hauled in space that previously held four and at the same cost to the railroad. The trilevel was quickly stretched to hold 15 compacts or 12 standard cars. Now trains could haul autos more cheaply than could trucks—as much as $75 less per car on long hauls. In the six years since, railroads have been recapturing business rapidly and now have more than 40 percent of the market.

The multilevel auto carrier is just one device the railroads have used to drum up new business; there are scores more. And no road has been more successful in putting them to work than the Southern. One of the new techniques they devised is a better method of hauling newsprint.

A roll of newsprint is five feet long and 40 inches in diameter. It weighs almost a ton and looks as indestructible as granite. It isn't. Nudged a little too hard, it loses its shape. And a roll just one-eighth of an inch out of round will flutter on a high-speed press and tear things apart.

Until recently, trains were hell on newsprint. Every time one car couples to another, there's a small shock. The shock jars the rolls and can knock them out of shape. To minimize damage, shippers traditionally loaded only a single layer, some 44 rolls of newsprint in a car. This made the hauling costly.

One day a few years ago, Southern's Brosnan was traveling by air. When the DC-7 made a rough landing, he realized that 50 tons of airplane had slammed into the ground at 100 miles an hour. Yet there was almost no shock to the passengers. Brosnan got in touch with the Bendix Company, which is experienced in landing-gear design, and the University of Pennsylvania's highly respected research organization, the Franklin Institute, to work out a shock-absorbing coupling for freight cars. Today, "supercushion" cars (several firms now make them) carry a full load, some 78 rolls of newsprint, and handle it as gently as a lover's caress. With the bigger load in every car, railroads can charge less per roll and get more business. Supercushion cars now also carry delicate electrical meters, bottled goods and thousands of other items. Gone, almost, are the costly damage claims of the past.

Pampering freight is one approach to building business; building cars to lower costs is another. To recapture lost business, Southern has had special cars built for everything from tobacco hogsheads to bricks. It has been able to lower rates and haul more freight as a result. A special grain-carrying car called the "Big John" cut tariffs 60 percent and tripled the line's grain business. Loading lumber into boxcars had always been slow and costly. Each piece had to be snaked in through the door by hand, then stacked inside. Southern's engineers designed a car in which the whole side slides up like a garage door. Now lumber can be forklifted in, a stack at a time. What was formerly an all-day job now takes 30 minutes. ACF Industries, a major manufacturer and lessor of freight cars, has produced a tank car with built-in heaters to keep tar, chocolate and margarine in a liquid state. Ordinarily, such cargos are poured in and allowed to harden. It takes days of steaming to soften them for unloading.

Other lines have also been coming up with profitable innovations. Coal is the single biggest commodity hauled by the railroads. But a few years ago, even this mainstay was threatened when coal companies, fighting to keep electric utilities from switching to natural gas, came up with a cheaper way to ship their product.

They ground it into a powder, mixed it with water to form a slurry, then pumped it through pipes. A 108-mile pipeline was built from Cadiz, Ohio, to Cleveland, and plans were made to run one from West Virginia to New York City.

The railroads, seeing their biggest customer slipping away, countered by inventing the "unit train." They hooked a hundred or so coal cars together and began shuttling them back and forth nonstop between mine and utility. Previously, most of a coal car's time was wasted. They would sit at a utility's rail siding waiting to be picked up by a freight train. They would then have to wait in a freight yard until there were enough cars carrying various kinds of freight to be made up into one train, and that train would, of course, make many stops before the coal cars reached their destination. With the nonstop unit train, car use shot up from about 18 round trips a year to 156.

With the new trains, rates dropped sharply. The Cleveland utility had been paying $2.65 a ton for transporting coal; the unit train hauled it for $1.88. New York's Consolidated Edison saves $3 million a year on its fuel bill; the electric industry as a whole, $100 million. The Pennsylvania Railroad alone now runs 500 unit trains a month. That Ohio pipeline, by the way, went out of business, and plans for the West Virginia line were scuttled.

Undoubtedly one of the most lucrative new techniques developed by the railroads is piggybacking. Shippers don't have to be on a rail siding or ship in carload quantities anymore to use the rails. Today, most meat, fruit and vegetables are loaded on refrigerated truck trailers, driven to the nearest railroad and rolled aboard special piggyback flatcars for the trip across the country. Beer and candy may travel the same way. Piggybacking even extends across the oceans. In London, for example, huge quantities of Beefeater gin are loaded into the New York Central's special wheelless trailer-sized piggyback containers called Flexi-Vans, then put aboard ships. In the U.S., they're loaded on trains and hauled across the country. Finally, they're attached to sets of road wheels and towed to their final destination.

Getting the business is half the story. Making a profit on it is the other. And the way to make a profit is to keep costs down. To help with this job, the railroads are putting science and technology to work at a phenomenal rate.

Diesel engines on the New York Central used to be hauled in for routine inspection every few months. Today, some engines have been running for five years without inspection. Furthermore, they don't need it. When they do, operators in Cleveland will know it.

"There are lube oil testing stations at various points on the railroad," explains William A. Troth of the Central's Cleveland Research Center. "Twice a month, 10 grams of oil [about a thimbleful] are drained from each engine on the line, put in a little crucible and placed in an oven. This burns away the oil, but leaves an ash that contains residues of everything that was in the oil.

"If there is engine trouble, we can tell it by the metal residues present," continued Troth. "Lead, copper and tin in combination mean bearing wear. Chrome and sodium indicate a water leak. Chromium without sodium means chromium cylinder-liner wear. And so on. Before this system went into operation, we had to drain oil on a time basis and tear the engine down periodically to inspect it. Now we don't do either until these tests tell us we have to. It saves millions of dollars a year."

The Southern Railway has a hotbox detection system that's a big money saver, too. Hotboxes (overheated wheel bearings) used to be a main cause of derailments. A freight train may have more than 1,000 wheels. If oil leaks out or lubrication breaks down for some other reason, the bearing turns red hot. In minutes, the wheel can burn completely off. The car jumps the track, and with it much of the train. A single derailment can cost more than a quarter of a million dollars.

Every 30 miles, on the average, Southern's trains now pass a hotbox detector, an infrared sensor so touchy that it can measure the heat of a cigarette 20 feet away. The temperature of every wheel bearing shows up as a pip on a recorder in Atlanta. The higher the pip, the higher the temperature. If a hotbox shows, an Atlanta technician reaches for a radiophone and tells the engineer to stop his train. By the time the engineer has done so, the technician has counted the pips and can tell the train crew exactly which bearing on which side of which car is overheated. This system makes hotbox derailments a rarity.

Technology is breaking out like a rash on railroads across the country. Everybody has two-way radio now. ("It cleaned up the language around here a good bit," comments one old-timer.) Fluid amplifiers, so new they make transistors old-fashioned, are already being used to control locomotives. Radioactive detectors spot rotten cross ties automatically, and do it on the run.

Classifying, or sorting, cars has always been a big problem. A train travels a portion of track, picking up cars along the way bound for destinations all over the country. These mixed-up strings come into a classification yard, where they must be separated and rejoined into "blocks" of cars, each block bound for the same destination. Thousands of cars pour into a big yard every day. Getting them untangled has long been slow and costly. With modern electronic control, however, long strings of cars can be sorted automatically like peas through a grading machine.

In an old classification yard, long strings of cars are slowly pushed over the crest of a "hump" (an artificial hill). As each car passes, a switchman throws a number of switches to direct it onto one of the many sidings that branch out on the other side of the hill. In the electronic yards, instead of having to figure out and set a number of switches for each car, the switchman merely pushes a button and the car is automatically directed toward the proper siding. In addition, each car is automatically braked, in accordance to its weight, to make the

coupling with the other cars on the siding go more smoothly. Some 44 of these automatic yards are now in use on railroads around the country, reducing by hours the time each car spends in a yard and saving millions of dollars a year.

The space-age look of the railroads reaches what seems an ultimate stage in a well-lit, amphitheaterlike room on the seventh floor of a boxy building near Atlanta's Terminal Station. On one wall is a large map of the Southern system with places marked on it indicating the current whereabouts of every emergency crew, the sections of track being repaired and other information that might be needed on short notice. On either side of the map there are boards giving the schedule of each freight train running that day, with markers showing the stops it has made up to the moment. Teams of men constantly move along the wall posting new information. Opposite the wall at desks on tiers rising in a series of arcs, sit a score of men, scribbling notes, mumbling into telephones, glancing frequently at the wall. Automatic typewriters periodically clatter into action and rap out columns of cryptic numbers.

It looks like a war room deep in the Pentagon. The similarity is not accidental. It was designed by a tall, blue-eyed, retired Air Force colonel named George W. Thorpe, who, not surprisingly, helped the Strategic Air Command set up its bomber-control centers. Thorpe, who looks like a trim, graying Eddie Albert, explained. "I haven't seen a nickel's worth of difference between this and the Air Force. SAC has about the same number of terminals as Southern," he drawls, waving off a solicitous employee trying to set fire to the long, unlit cigar he chomps constantly. "SAC's units move on schedule, and so do Southern's. SAC wants to control its aircraft; Southern, its trains. It takes a lot of communications and gobs of computers to do either job."

The room has both. Stretching out through Southern's system like the radials of a spider web are thousands of miles of microwave communications links. Twenty-four hours a day, over these information superhighways, data on operations over the entire system flow to a trio of IBM 7044 computers one floor above the control room. Into the machines' memories go details on every piece of rolling stock on the line: location, cargo, shipper, destination, weight, history of recent moves. If someone wants to find out how many cars of a particular kind are available for use and where they are at the moment, the IBM's can tell him immediately. Directed from this control center, the road's trains move with the precision of a drill squad, get shipments delivered on time and save money.

With the new techniques, new equipment and new spirit breaking out everywhere, things are looking up on the railroads. But there are still plenty of problems. One of the main ones: passengers. Back in the old days, people rode trains. Now, mostly, they don't. Despite a few attempts to revive it, passenger service is dying; it's already dead in many places.

An aura of old-time elegance clings to the few trains that still maintain the grand style—New York Central's 20th Century Limited, Santa Fe's Super Chief, Union Pacific's City of Los Angeles, Illinois Central's Panama Limited. The Atlantic Coast Line's Florida Special even gives fashion shows and has first-run movies, TV, bingo and hostesses. But the era of the luxury train is past. The Central, while experimenting with a 200-mph. jet-powered train for future use on short runs, is asking the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to discontinue all runs over 200 miles, including the 20th Century Limited.

The reason for the passenger decline is that 90 percent of intercity passenger traffic is by automobile; airlines, buses and trains fight for the other 10 percent. "It's tough to see it go," says one rail executive, "but the passenger business is gone. There is simply no hope."

Bad as it is, intercity passenger traffic isn't the bottom. Short-run traffic is worse. Almost everywhere, commuter lines run at a loss; the New York area alone has an estimated $25 million a year deficit. Trains are frequently run-down, dirty, uncomfortable and late. In many areas money-losing lines periodically threaten to shut down entirely. The outlook is grim, everybody agrees. At least, almost everybody does.

Ben Heineman is an exception. When the scholarly lawyer, a former State Department official and aide to Adlai Stevenson but neophyte railroad man, took over the Chicago and North Western in 1956, insiders were predicting imminent bankruptcy. In the first six months of 1956, the line lost $10 million and was so sick it was selling scrap iron to help meet the payroll.

Heineman and his new president, Clyde J. Fitzpatrick, hit the line like twin hurricanes. Within 40 days they scrapped the 300 money-gobbling steam engines still operating. They shut down 14 freight-car repair shops and substituted one up-to-date one. With these and other major money-leaks shut off, Heineman and Fitzpatrick turned their attention to the commuter problem.

After lengthy hearings Heineman got permission to hike rates and close 20 close-in stations, most of them within the Chicago city limits. Then he started retiring the old, outmoded cars, launched a $50-million modernization program, buying clean, comfortable new double-deckers. As the new equipment came into service, he began a vigorous advertising campaign to attract customers. To hit potential riders at the right time, the line began sponsoring rush-hour helicopter traffic reports, figuring that motorists stuck in traffic would be receptive to the idea of fast, on-time commuting.

When Heineman began his campaign, the North Western's commuter service was losing $2 million a year. By 1963, despite a crippling strike and the opening of new expressways paralleling the company's track, the effort was paying off. At year's end, the commuter business was $200,000 in the black. In 1964, the net was $706,000. Last year's profit was $1,387,000, and the figures for the first six months of this year ran well ahead of the '65 rate.

While the North Western's solutions to the commuter problem might or might not be applicable elsewhere—most eastern roads consider themselves beyond hope—it does show what determination did in one case. That may be encouraging to railroad men as they face their two biggest industry-wide problems these days: regulation and featherbedding.

Virtually every American business considers itself the victim of excessive regulation. But the railroads make a good case. Back in 1887 when the Interstate Commerce Commission was created, railroads were compelled to get approval for such vital matters as changing rates or services. Then states came along and set up their own regulatory bodies, so that a railroad contemplating a rate change or adding or taking off a train had to get

TRUE

"Powerful, isn't it?"

permission from several bodies before it could act.

This regulatory network is still creating problems today. Four years ago, for example, Bill Bronan spent $13 million for a fleet of Big John grain cars and announced that the Southern was cutting grain rates a whopping 60 percent. It took seven months of hearings, 13 sessions in lower federal courts and two appearances before the Supreme Court to settle the matter. The lower rates finally went into effect two years after the original announcement.

Presidents Kennedy and Johnson both urged basic reforms in the laws regulating railroads, specifically to let the roads lower rates without having to get ICC approval. So far, no action.

Even the troubles caused by regulation pale beside the railroads' really big problem: featherbedding.

Railroad work rules stem from the old days, when a day's work was figured by mileage, not hours. Here's how it works today. From Detroit to New York, the auto train ML-12 is operated by seven engine crews and six crews in the caboose. Running time for the 785 miles is 21 hours and 14 minutes. An average engine crew works three hours and two minutes for a day's pay, covers 112.2 miles and receives up to $17 an hour per man for its trouble.

Throughout the trip, the fireman relaxes in his seat at the cab's left window. On the panel in front of him is one large red button labeled "Emergency Stop" which he is to push only in the event the engineer passes out or drops dead. Over his head are two windshield wiper controls. In the old days, the fireman earned his living by shoveling coal. Today he has no real duties, no responsibilities.

A bad situation is made worse by the so-called "full-crew" laws now in effect in about a dozen states. From Detroit to Erie, Pennsylvania, five crewmen ride ML-12: engineer, fireman, conductor and two brakemen. At Erie, just before the train crosses into New York, which is one of the full-crew states, a third brakeman climbs aboard. Back in the days when brakemen ran from car to car, manually setting brakes, they earned their pay. Today the engineer controls the entire train with a single lever. Brakemen work as general assistants to the conductor and engineer, coupling and uncoupling cars, serving as lookouts. It's hard to justify the need for two brakemen; for three, it's impossible. Yet the laws of some states require the presence of the third, unneeded crewman. Full-crew laws, most of them passed before 1920, now cost the railroads an extra $144 million a year.

One important step has been taken toward solving the featherbedding problem. Under the contracts now in effect, the railroads are gradually cutting out some 30,000 firemen's jobs. Ultimately, the move should save about $270 million per year.

Not all railroads waited for the 1964 settlement to start doing something about unnecessary labor. Several years ago, Southern's Brosnan, who learned to be tough as he worked his way up from track gang to the president's office, decided that the railroads were moving too slow in their efforts to ditch firemen. So he pulled out of the national negotiations then in progress between the railroads and the unions. He announced to his firemen that he would make no further attempts to get them off the trains; even the newest fireman could hold his job unmolested until he retired. But, said Brosnan, his contract said nothing about hiring new employees. And there wouldn't be any new hiring.

As firemen died, quit and retired, Southern began to enjoy a shortage. Thousands of trips were made without firemen. Officials of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers were outraged and went to court. They won. Southern was ordered to use firemen on all trips until the National Railway Adjustment Board made its final ruling.

Brosnan meekly began adding firemen, but with a twist. He hired about 100 men between the ages of 60 and 85, mostly Negro, and installed them in the empty firemen's seats. At one stroke he had: 1) Obeyed the court's ruling; 2) Stopped any potential trouble from the federal government over discriminatory hiring; 3) Put the union on the hot spot about its color bar (lowered a short time later to avoid expulsion by the AFL-CIO); and 4) Dramatically demonstrated his contempt for the fireman's job.

"The only training we gave them," said Brosnan, "was to show them where the comfort station was. We stripped the camouflage from the job. There's no skill involved except the skill to sit in a chair. We didn't require any physical examination. We didn't test for education. Whether he reads or writes isn't important for the job."

"Ten years ago, we were still coasting on inertia," says a New York Central executive. "We finally realized that we couldn't go on forever on inertia." This new attitude—breaking out all over the country—comes from a new breed of railroad men who are smart, resourceful and inventive. They're changing America's most hidebound industry and changing it fast.

Engineers now dress like casual businessmen, rarely wearing the old engineer's cap and striped overalls. Gone, too, is the gold biscuit, the standard timepiece that railroad men used to extract from some point just west of the naval. In its place—and this curdles the blood of old-time railroaders—most engineers wear wristwatches. Their attitudes are up-to-date, too. "A lot of people, particularly operating people, mourn the passing of the old days, of the steam locomotive," says one engineer. "They think they want things like they used to be, but they don't. It's much better now."

The front offices of all but the rockiest railroads would agree. The seas of red ink washing over the profit and loss statement of many lines a decade ago have been replaced by a surge of healthy black. And there's more snap, crackle and pop in the operation of most lines than there has been in half a century.

New spirit on the roads? Hell, it's a revolution. —C. P. Gilmore

[*Continued from page* 56]

said curtly as he approached the writer, "you must think you're William Shakespeare. Why don't you stop writing and get into an honest line of work?"

Klobuchar just looked at him. "Like taking money for playing a game?" he said.

Van Brocklin sputtered. "That's all, brother," he crackled, jerking his thumb up and pointing it toward the door. "Now step outside and I'll knock your damn bridgework down your throat."

Klobuchar said he liked his bridgework right where it was. He declined the invitation and went to bed. Not long after there was a knock on his door. It was Van Brocklin. "Had your breakfast?" said Norm. Klobuchar said no. "So we went out and had a breakfast of beer and pancakes," Klobuchar recalled. "And Norm acted as if nothing had happened. That was as close as I've ever seen him come to saying he was sorry."

There are locker-room theories and Freudian theories, two for a quarter, on why Dutch Van Brocklin's every move seems to involve a torrent of emotions. Some say because he sets his standards too high—that he expects everybody to be as shrewd, tough, and hardworking as he is. Others say his outbursts are merely those of a man who has been subjected to chronic frustrations for most of his career.

It's true that lots of things have gone wrong for Norm in his football life. Good as he was on the field—his passes gained a total of 23,611 yards and he was an all-pro selection—he had to suffer the indignity of sharing his quarterback job with other people. The analogy is to imagine Willie Mays being platooned. Traded by the Los Angeles Rams to the Philadelphia Eagles, he passed the club to a championship in 1960 and was told he would be the team's next head coach. Then he found out the owners wanted him to stay in uniform and out of their front office. Offered the Minnesota Vikings job, he looked around to see what the catch was. He saw it: the Vikings.

Midway through last season, however, came the biggest frustration of all. That's when Van Brocklin made his ,stormy well-publicized exit from the game. He said he was never coming back. He came back the next day, of course, but not before he had scared hell out of a great many people—including himself.

"It's the strangest thing I've ever done," Van Brocklin admitted. "I have no explanation for it at all. I made a mistake. I almost turned myself into a quitter, and that's the one thing in life I could never be."

Last year Van Brocklin thought Minnesota could win the Western Division championship after only four years of existence, even though some teams have not won a title in two decades. The Vikings started slowly, then built their record to 5-3 going into a showdown game with the Baltimore Colts. But the Vikings played nervously and got clobbered, 41-21. Van Brocklin walked glumly off the field.

Next morning he called an unscheduled press conference in his office. The reporters were standing around wondering what was up. They soon found out.

"I've taken this team as far as I can," said Van Brocklin, rising from his chair. "I thought we could win a championship. Maybe we can't do it with me as the coach. I'm quitting. I'm through with football. I'll never coach again."

That was all he said. He got into his car and drove home while the newsmen dashed for their offices. Within hours the Dutchman's bomb had exploded on sports pages across the country.

All day he sat at home like a man attending his own funeral. With his phone off the hook and his front door locked, he followed the radio and television accounts of his sudden exit. Players and fellow coaches were astonished. "Like losing your right arm," said Rip Hawkins, a linebacker. Max Winter, president of the Vikings, said, "If Norm wants a leave of absence, that's all right. If he wants a new contract, we'll tear up his old one and write a longer, better one—if he will just come back."

Slowly Van Brocklin began to have second thoughts. By late evening he realized he was quitting—the thing he had always told his players not to do. Finally, he reached for his telephone. He called Jim Finks, the Minnesota general manager, who had spent a frantic day trying to get through to Norm. "If you get a chance," said Norm, "would you mind stopping by the house?" Finks was there in 15 minutes. Norm pointed at the newspapers in his hand. "I didn't know people cared this much about me," he said.

Next morning a contrite and subdued Van Brocklin gathered his team about him. He told them he was embarrassed and ashamed. Nothing could have shocked the team more, for though the Vikings were stunned by Van Brocklin's resignation, they were flabbergasted by his return.

Ed Sharockman, a defensive back, said it best. "It was the players' opinion that he wouldn't come back. We always thought once he said something he'd do it. But he proved he was a man when he said he was sorry; he swallowed his pride, which isn't like him.

"He was very solemn," Sharockman said. "He told us he had expected too much from us, that he had expected a superhuman job. He said he wanted to mature as a coach, not go to such extremes of elation and depression. He said he would try to have more consideration for our feelings."

The implication there is that Van Brocklin's sharp tongue had begun to put a strain on his relations with the players. "Things were piling up and piling up," Sharockman said. "He looked tired, beat up. He was so intent on winning that the way we played against Baltimore made it unbearable for him."

There are some people in football who will tell you that if there was anything unbearable about Norm's walkout, it was Norm himself. Over the years his sarcasm has been as grinding as breaking bones, and those who have felt it wasted no sympathy on Dutch during his 24-hour ordeal.

"The guy gets too excited," one of his ex-teammates said. "We played together for three years in Philadelphia and the guy was always blaming everybody for their shortcomings. Is he going to blame his players for getting beat by a great team like Baltimore?"

There were people, too, who went so far as to suggest that Van Brocklin was like a spoiled child, waiting to be coaxed back, and with a fatter contract.

True, Norm's contract was torn up in favor of a five-year pact calling for a healthy increase, reportedly to $45,000 a year. But to suggest to Van Brocklin that he would not have come back without a better contract is to take your life into your hands. Once, over lunch, a reporter mentioned the contract. "You have security now," he said. "If the Vikings ever fire you, they'll have to pay you off."

Van Brocklin slammed his knife and fork down and just stared at the man. "Four coaches lost their jobs in this league last year," he snapped. "Is that security? What good is money if you can't do what you want? All I want is to coach."

Nevertheless, money is something Van Brocklin does not take lightly. In his playing days he once blistered an official with language that would melt the merit badges off a Boy Scout's chest. The league office slapped him with a $150 fine. Two months later the fine had not been paid. One morning in Philadelphia, Norm was having breakfast in a hotel when Bert Bell, the league commissioner, walked in and spotted him. Bell sat down and ordered a cup of coffee.

"About that $150," said Bell.

"How do you want it," asked Van Brocklin, "in small bills?"

"If you promise to behave,'" said Bell, "I think we can forget it."

"In that case," gushed Van Brocklin, reaching expansively for the check, "have another cup of coffee."

Van Brocklin lives with his wife Gloria and daughters Karen, 16, Lynn, 15, and Judy, 14, in a $35,000 two-story colonial

home in a fashionable Minneapolis residential area called Medicine Lake. He has a television show during the season that brings him extra income and has helped to make him extremely popular with Minnesota sports fans. Friends say he invests wisely in the stock market, and his personal wants are modest. He drives a Pontiac Grand Prix, wears moderately priced suits and his biggest social expense is the gasoline he buys to get himself deep into the Minnesota fishing country when he wants to get away from it all.

Mostly, he does not want to get away from anything connected with his job. Hard work is as vital to Van Brocklin as water is to a farmer. He will work 15 hours a day, and more, during the season and ease up only slightly in the offseason. The concentration he brings to his long hours is complete and startling. He is known to have studied filmed reruns of a single play as many as 50 times trying to pinpoint the reason why the play failed.

It's been like this for him ever since that day five years ago when he opened the Vikings' first training camp at Bemidji, Minnesota. He was starting out with enough problems to fill the Minneapolis-St. Paul telephone book. First, he had never coached before. Also, his only blue chip athletes were two rookies —Mason, the versatile halfback from Tulane, and Tarkenton, who would be stepping directly from the University of Georgia campus to a first-string pro quarterback job. The rest of the squad was made up of the very young and very old.

Norm knew he had to tear down before he could build up. He started tearing. People said it wasn't football, it was a demolition derby. Players started coming and going so that today only one man, tackle Grady Alderman, still remains from the original group of 36 castoffs the Vikings selected from the player pool supplied by the established teams.

Of all Van Brocklin's problems, none was bigger than the making of a quarterback. Norm studied films of 25 college seniors before deciding on Tarkenton. Then he had second thoughts. Tarkenton is the son of a minister and Norm wondered if he would be tough enough. He found out for sure in the Vikings' first game.

For weeks Norm drilled Tarkenton on the art of staying alive. "Once you release the ball," he kept saying, "don't stand around with your finger up your nose. Keep moving. Get away from those linemen." In the game, however, Tarkenton forgot to keep moving. His first pro pass was a pip and Tarkenton just stood there watching the play gain long yardage. An oncoming linebacker caught the rookie with a shattering forearm to the face. Tarkenton staggered off the field and dropped to his knees. Blood poured from his nose and mouth. Van Brocklin walked over to have a look. Another coach might have wrapped the rookie in cotton, patted him on the back and told him to lie down for the rest of the game. But Van Brocklin had to find something out.

"Kid," said the Dutchman, bending over him, "welcome to the National Football League." Tarkenton got up. He went back in and finished out the game.

Slow of foot and short of skill, the Vikings did more calisthenics, ran more laps and scrimmaged more often than any squad in the league. They became football's best conditioned and best disciplined team. They had to. Minnesota winters are awesome, and late in the season, when the wind comes roaring into Metropolitan Stadium and the snow is piled high on the sidelines, only the physically and mentally tough can perform well for 60 minutes.

The Vikings won three games their first year. In contrast, the Dallas Cowboys, in their maiden year in 1960, won none. The second year Van Brocklin went to his younger players and won two games. Then came five victories in the third season. In the fourth, 1964, the Vikings reached manhood. They won eight games and tied Green Bay for second place. Both this season and last have provided rocky moments for the team, but no opponent ever goes into a game with the Vikings overly confident of a victory.

Outstanding as many of the Vikings players are, none gets preferred treatment from Van Brocklin. "When the Dutchman stars chewing," said Tommy Mason, "you can see the teeth marks on every fanny in the showers."

It's been said that Van Brocklin finds it hard to baby his men because he himself was never a baby—that he never had much coddling.

Norman Mack Van Brocklin was born in Parade, South Dakota, on March 15, 1926, the eighth of nine children in the struggling family of farmers. When Norm was three, his father moved the family to Walnut Creek, California. By the time he was 11, Norm already was earning his own money for clothing and personal items.

Mack Van Brocklin, Norm's father, never had much money to give his family, but he gave something to Norm that has helped to shape his life. "He had enough pride and principles for an army," Norm says. "I was the only one of the nine kids who got a college education. My father didn't know or care about football, but that education was important to him. It was an achievement. It meant that I had tried hard at something. That was all he ever asked of me, that I try hard at whatever I tried to do."

Norm always did try hard. He was an all-around athlete at Acalanes High School, but attracted no college scholarships. Norm joined the Navy and spent 28 months in wartime service as a motor machinist. Then he entered the University of Oregon under the GI bill. As a freshman he was a fifth-stringer. It looked like the start of a short, obscure football career.

But two important things happened in Norm's sophomore season. First, Jim Aiken became coach of Oregon. Aiken junked the single-wing offense and introduced the T formation, with emphasis on passing. Second, Norm had fallen in love with his biology instructor—a lovely, dark-haired girl named Gloria Schiewe, who was a graduate student working toward a master's degree. Norm and Gloria were married. They had a nest

egg of one dollar. Norm had spent $399 of his $400 savings on the rings.

Though his financial condition had narrowed, Norm's football horizons were expanding rapidly. Aiken, the new coach, had plans for Van Brocklin. He showed Norm how to play quarterback. "We form a pocket of blockers for you to throw from. Stay in that pocket. Run out of the pocket and you're on your way home."

Van Brocklin did stay in the pocket, at Oregon, during nine years with Los Angeles and three more with Philadelphia. In his first four years as a pro, Norm led the league in passing twice and was second once. Amazingly, he did it on a part-time basis. Bob Waterfield was the regular quarterback when Norm joined the Rams. Also a marvelous passer and play caller, it was Waterfield who started most of the games. Norm became noted for his ability to pull games out of the fire with his long, last-minute throws.

Norm also became noted for other things. In one game, a big tackle named Tom Dahms missed a blocking assignment and Norm was buried under an avalanche of tacklers. When they got back to the bench Norm threw a cup of water in Dahms' face.

When Waterfield retired, Norm had the Number One job to himself. He did prodigious things. Against New York one day he threw 41 passes. He completed 27 of them, good for five touchdowns and 554 yards through the air—more than any passer before or since.

Things went bad for Norm in 1955, though, despite the fact that he passed the Rams to a Western Division title. In the play-off game against the Cleveland Browns he had his worst day. Six of his passes were intercepted and Cleveland won, 38-14. Rams coach Sid Gillman obviously lost confidence in Norm in that game because next season he began working in Billy Wade, a rookie passer.

More and more, Norm found himself sharing the work load again. Such platooning made sense when the alternate was Waterfield. But when it was a raw youngster, you couldn't blame Norm for looking over his shoulder to see if Gillman had the decency to blush. Finally, before the 1958 season, Norm went to the front office and asked to be traded. The Rams accommodated him. They dealt him to Philadelphia.

What Norm didn't know at that time was that Bert Bell, the league commissioner, had persuaded the Rams to send Norm to Philadelphia in an effort to save pro football in that city. As a team, the Eagles were a municipal ruin. Bell knew the Eagles needed something to bring the fans out. The something turned out to be Van Brocklin.

So Norm played for the Eagles that year. But he didn't like it. The club took some awful lacings, and Norm, Gloria and the kids were living in a small, inadequate apartment. It was a long season. Norm couldn't wait to get back to the West Coast. He never got there. The Eagles front office was worried that once Norm went home, he might never come back. He was offered $1,000 a month to remain in Philadelphia as an Eagles' public-relations aide.

He was offered much more. Norm said he was assured by Eagles officers that Buck Shaw, the Philadelphia coach, would retire in two years and that Van Brocklin would be named the new head coach.

Naturally Norm stayed on. His passes lifted the Eagles to respectability. In 1960, which Van Brocklin figured as his last in uniform, the Eagles won the NFL championship by beating Green Bay in the play-off. Norm was named the league's most valuable player.

Buck Shaw then resigned as head coach on schedule. Norm was ready to move up. That's when he discovered that his passing arm was wanted, but not the rest of him.

As Norm recalls, he was sitting across from the desk of Frank McNamee, the club president. Vice-President Joe Donoghue and the general manager, Vince McNally, were there, too. McNamee did the talking.

"Norman," he said, "would you consider being a player-coach?"

Norm shook his head. "I'm through playing," he said. "I only want to coach."

Then McNamee shook his head. "Well," he said, "the best we could offer you would be a one year contract. Of course, you would not have the authority to hire and fire the assistant coaches."

Van Brocklin blinked. This was a slap in the face. No coach ever is offered such terms. "I couldn't accept that kind of a deal," Norm said, "and you know it."

"Then would you continue for us as a player?" McNamee said.

"I'm through playing," Norm said.

"Well," said McNamee, "that's it, then."

"Do you mean," said Norm, "that I'm free to take a coaching job elsewhere?"

"Take a coaching job anywhere you like," said McNamee. "If you play, you have to play here."

The Dutchman bolted upright in his chair. "Why, you sonofabitch," he snapped, "I wouldn't play for you if I was starving to death."

"Now, Norman," said McNamee, "you've always been a gentleman here. Don't get huffy-puffy."

Norm didn't get huffy-puffy. But he did get out of Philadelphia. One sportswriter said Norm didn't get the job because all season long he had been popping off around the city that the Eagles had a lousy organization and ought to fire everybody from the general manager to the equipment man. No matter. Norm had a job waiting for him.

Minnesota had just been granted an NFL franchise and was shopping for a coach. When Van Brocklin suddenly became available, Bert Rose, at that time the Vikings' general manager, signed Norm to a contract. He admits he was told by several friends not to do it—that he was latching onto a guy with a quick temper and a fast tongue.

"I know there are people who don't like Dutch," Rose said. "He can be terribly outspoken. But he's a great player and will make a great coach. It's wonderful if a coach is loved by the men who play for him. But it's more important that they respect him. I know people who don't like Dutch, but I don't know anyone who doesn't respect him."

Norm told his players that he wanted to mature as a coach, to have more consideration for their feelings. And he's succeeded in maintaining a surprising degree of calm through a bad start and some trying games this season. But his players know that certain things about him will never change, for they are ingrained in him like the knots of a tree.

One day this fall, at training camp, a rookie pass catcher ran his first pattern for Van Brocklin. When he came back Van Brocklin was just standing there staring at him. "Buddy," crackled Van Brocklin, "you're terrible. You may be the worst I ever saw. You need more than help. You need donations."

Veteran players looked at each other and grinned knowingly. This is the way Norman Mack Van Brocklin is. This is the way he will stay. **—Ron Smith**

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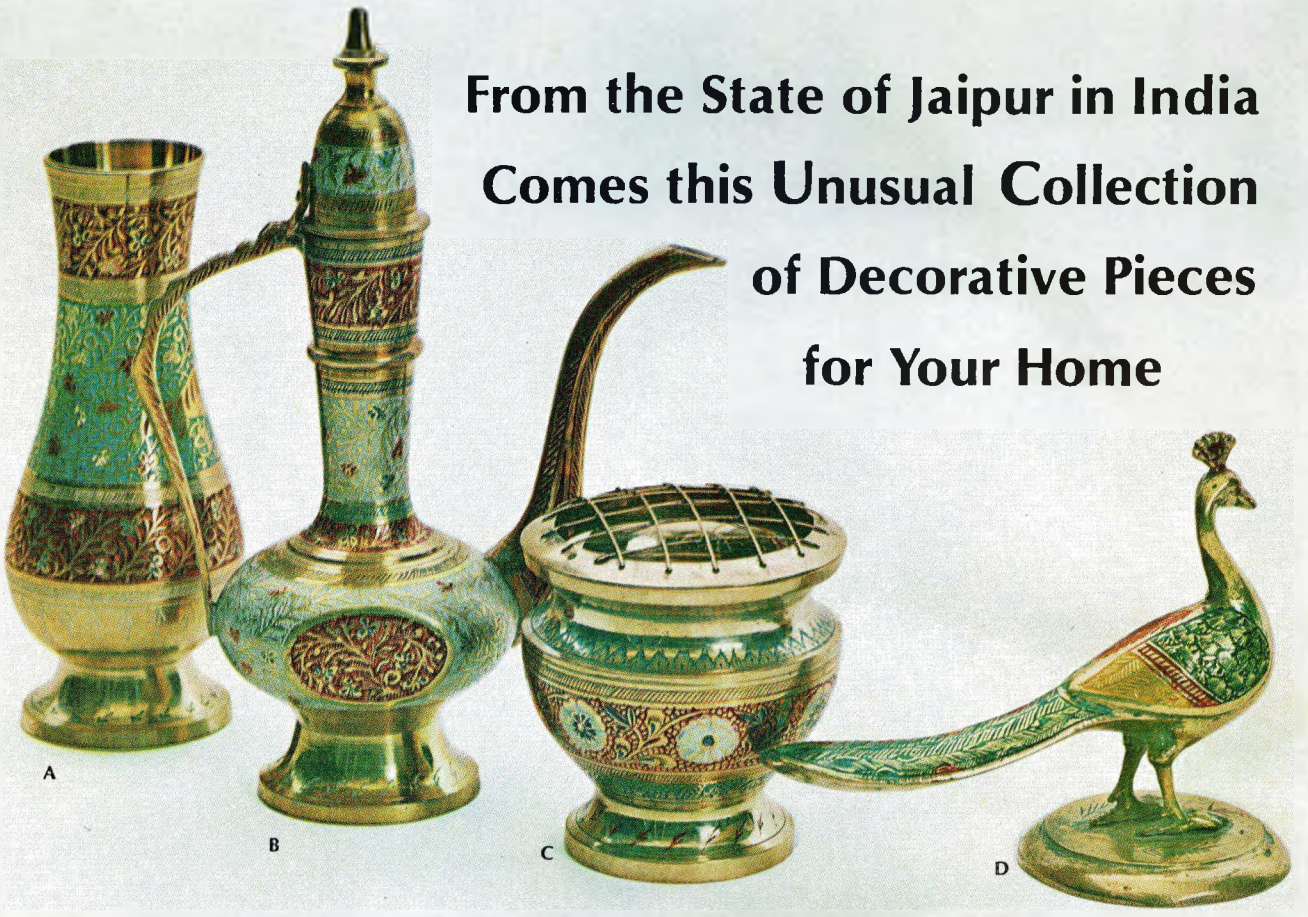

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THE SEXY SECRETS OF FUN-LOVING HOLLY

[*Continued from page* 40]

"Don't we all," I agreed. "But what seems to be the main problem with holly?"

"The male stamens don't always come into bloom at the same time as the pistils of the female. When that happens the pollen can't fertilize the pistils. This is especially true when you're trying to cross-fertilize two different species of holly that have different blooming periods."

"I can see where you'd have a problem there. What do you do?"

"Well, if you see the male is getting ready to bloom ahead of the female, you give him a cold shower to hold him back. If he's behind, you can try giving him hormones. Only the female bears the red berries desired for Christmas decorations, so to most horticulturists the males are a waste. They only keep about one male to every 15 females, just enough to make sure the females will be fertilized and bear fruit. Personally, I like the males. Would you like to see my stud farm?"

I assured her that I would, and Mrs. Meserve showed me a number of hollies so covered with white flowers you could hardly see the green leaves.

"How do they get to the female to pollenize her?" I asked.

"It's done by bees. We raise our own bees here to make sure the job's well done. The wild bees do their best but with so many hollies in bloom at the same time, their little pollen sacks are dragging by the end of the day. Our domestic bees are bigger and stronger and there are more of them."

One of Mrs. Meserve's main difficulties with the sex life of her hollies is rape. To make sure that the right father fertilizes the right mother, she has to protect the unsuspecting female from being fertilized by bees carrying the wrong pollen. She does this either by moving the female inside if the tree is small enough or else covering the female's pistils with little chastity belts made of fine gauze. Even so, occasionally an ant or even a snail gets in and there's hell to pay.

"There's a variety of Chinese holly that is absolutely promiscuous," said Mrs. Meserve severely. "With 17 different species growing here within bee's flight of each other, I don't keep any of the Chinese trees, believe me."

Around the orchard was a hedge of holly some seven feet high. In medieval times it was thought no evil spirits could get through a holly hedge. I could see why. That hedge was as impenetrable as a spiked stone wall. In some areas farmers are using holly hedges to fence in fields, serve as windbreaks, and also form an additional source of revenue by shearing them in December.

Mrs. Meserve explained that she was developing one strain of holly with inedible berries so the birds won't ruin them for the Christmas trade, and another, for bird lovers, with two crops of berries so the birds can have food all winter. "I wish I could create a strain that was mouse proof. The mice tunnel under the snow and girdle the trees. I've lost some of my best hollies that way."

Short of crossing a holly with a cat, I couldn't think of any solution to this problem. But I didn't offer my suggestion to Mrs. Meserve.

Our own native holly is a handsome plant even if it doesn't have quite the style of its English cousin. The American Indians regarded it with superstitious awe and fastened holly leaves to their loincloths when going on the warpath to prove they were sticky characters. They also used the tough holly wood as handles for their tomahawks. The first white men to see American holly were probably the Pilgrims. They used holly wreaths to ornament their tables for the first Thanksgiving. Being practical people, they also made birdlime from the gluey inner bark and used it to snare small birds.

Colonial carpenters found the holly wood so strong they often used it as a substitute for iron in making hinges and bolts. George Washington had a set of false teeth made from holly because the wood is so white it resembles ivory. To make sure of having a plentiful supply handy, he planted a number of holly trees around Mount Vernon, some of which are still growing.

Except for George, no one paid much attention to holly until some farmers near Fruitland, Maryland, got the idea to make holly wreaths for the Christmas market. There was plenty of wild holly around and December is a slow month on a farm so the families would gather holly and weave it into wreaths during the long winter evenings. Dealers heard about it, and Fruitland became the center of the Eastern holly market. On the three successive Wednesdays and Saturdays before Christmas, dealers from the big cities would travel by train to Fruitland and bid for the wreaths brought in by farm wagons and lined up along the siding. The holly trade kept many a poor family going when the crops failed or market prices on produce dropped. Today the practice continues, but on a smaller scale.

The focal point of the American holly industry is the magnificent holly orchard at Milleville, New Jersey. It is maintained by the New Jersey Silica Sand Company. The company was started in 1921 by Clarence R. Wolf. Wild holly trees grew in great numbers on the land being cleared for the plant and Wolf hit on the idea of sending holly wreaths to his customers at Christmas time. The gifts proved so popular that when there was a hard frost in 1937 and so many of the trees died that no wreaths could be sent out, the customers complained. To prevent such a disaster from occurring a second time, Wolf decided to plant a new holly orchard and protect it with smudge pots. Today Silica Sand has 55 acres planted in holly with about 14,000 trees. Every year the company sells some 35,000 pounds of holly sprays and the orchard has turned out to be a highly successful commercial enterprise.

Milleville now calls itself "The Holly City." Holly has been planted in front

of all the public buildings and in the YMCA there are frescoes showing the history of holly back to prehistoric times. Holly, by the way, is one of the oldest plants, going back 30 million years. I visited with Dan Fenton, who's in charge of the Silica Sand orchard. He is a man who regards holly growing as both an avocation and a business.

Fenton showed me through the Holly House, a museum at the entrance to the orchard. A mecca for holly enthusiasts, it contains the world's largest collection of artifacts connected with holly. There is a Nativity scene with holly-wood figures that were hand-carved in North Carolina. There are chairs, tables and benches made of holly, and even the Lord's Prayer carved from a single board of holly. All the tables are covered with cloths with embroidered holly patterns and the silver candlesticks have holly motifs. But the pride of the collection is the china, all with borders of holly or Christmas scenes.

Working with the Holly Society whose headquarters are in Baltimore, Maryland, Dan Fenton has done his best to preserve wild holly trees from destruction. "For many years fleets of cars would pour into the New Jersey pine barrens during December, full of people who wanted to collect holly to sell in the cities. They'd cut down a whole tree to get a few sprays and for a while it looked as though they'd exterminate the holly. Fifteen years ago we got a law passed protecting holly with a $25 fine for anyone caught cutting it. But probably even more important, we showed farmers who owned timberland how to harvest the holly as a winter crop, benefiting the trees by scientific trimming as well as making some money for themselves. I suppose our biggest triumph was saving the famous 300-year-old Ocean City holly tree, which had been marked for destruction to make way for a new highway."

There are a number of famous hollies in America. A tree at Indian Steps, Pennsylvania, is 50 feet high with a 24-inch diameter. The Dickerson Farm holly near Stovall, North Carolina, stands 60 feet high and is 11 feet four inches in circumference. Probably the oldest tree is in New Bern, North Carolina: it is 72 feet high and 11 feet in circumference. Both North Carolina and Texas claim the biggest holly. The Olympia, North Carolina, holly is 72 feet high and 11 feet one inch in circumference. The Hardin holly in Texas is only 53 feet tall but is 13 feet four inches in circumference. North Carolina holly enthusiasts claim the Texans are cheating as their tree is really seven hollies growing close together. Believe me, that's one controversy I'm staying out of.

The most famous holly in America stands near the tracks of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, between Philadelphia and Washington. Some years ago, the president of the B & O happened to glance out the train window and saw this magnificent tree over 60 feet high with a perfect pyramid shape. It was midwinter and the green against the white snow was especially spectacular. When he reached Washington, the president sent for the railroad's publicity man. "If that tree isn't on our right-of-way, buy it!" The publicity man had to buy a 20-acre farm to get the tree, but it proved to be a smart move. Every Christmas the B & O decorates the giant holly with 5,000 lights and ornaments. A choir sings and people come from miles around to attend the ceremony. In addition, the beautifully lighted tree is visible from all passing trains.

North Carolina is a great state for holly and the inhabitants use the plant for more than just Christmas decorations. The ancient Druids, for instance, believed they could cure rupture by splitting a holly tree, holding it open with wedges, and passing the patient through the cleft. The wedges were then knocked out, the tree allowed to close and the trunk plastered with wet clay to bind it together; as the cleft healed, so did the rupture. In North Carolina, a big holly tree was used for this same purpose 50 years ago. The man who was passed through it was a little boy at the time but he's still alive and cured of his rupture so maybe the Druids had a system.

Holly has always been connected with magical cures and prophecy. The Germans believed that Christ's crown of thorns was made from holly and called it "Christdorn." The name holly itself is derived from "holy." On Christmas Eve, if a girl wanted to see her future husband, she pinned three holly leaves to her nightgown, left three buckets of water beside her bed and turned in. During the night, her future husband would appear and if he really loved her, would "give a coarse laugh and empty the buckets over his future bride." In England, people made wishes by floating holly leaves in a basin of water with tiny candles on them. If the candle burned down to the leaf, you got your wish.

During the Middle Ages, alchemists considered holly tea a sure cure for gout, gallstones, skin trouble and broken bones. Culpeper (1653) suggested that wives give holly tea to their husbands "to stop their wandering." The American Indians had the same idea.

Certain hollies produce leaves which when boiled give a drink that is practically pure caffein. The South American Indians have known about this tea for centuries; they call it maté. It's the national drink of Argentina. Holly branches are dried in underground ovens and the leaves then ground into a powder. Gouchos pour some of the ground leaves into a gourd, add boiling water and get instant maté. They drink it through metal straws that have a filter in the end so they don't get the bits of leaves. A couple of gourds of maté and they're all set for another 12 hours in the saddle. During World War I holly tea was given to the allied troops as a stimulant. It's now being sold commercially in this country for people who find espresso coffee too weak.

Before you set out to brew up some holly tea on your own, by the way, make sure that you have the right kind of holly, and in the right concentration. These teas can be very potent and even dangerous.

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There are over 400 different species of holly and although all are evergreens, they differ enormously in other respects. There's a tall, thin Indian holly with almost no leaves, Chinese hollies that look like rhododendrons, a low-growing holly that makes an excellent ground cover, and the hardy species from Japan. There are also species with spikeless leaves. Some varieties have yellow berries and some black. But most people prefer the English or American species as a holly that doesn't look like Christmas simply isn't a holly.

The Holly Society of America, founded in 1947 by a group of holly enthusiasts, is especially interested in preserving outstanding growths of wild holly and protecting them from vandalism. One such outstanding reserve is the Ashumet Holly Reservation at Falmouth, Massachusetts, now owned by the Massachusetts Audubon Society. There are more than 1,000 holly trees in this forest. Another is the Fire Island National Seashore Park, near New York City, where there is a sunken forest full of what has been described as "primeval hollies" hundreds of years old.

At one time there was a real danger that holly might be exterminated. That danger seems to be over. Dozens of holly orchards are springing up to be clipped for Christmas. An even greater demand is for shrub hollies for ornamental planting around gas stations, restaurants and in parks. Holly shrubs offer the advantage of greenery in winter, when other ornamental shrubs are bare.

Imitation holly has hurt the market somewhat but growers are convinced that, since people use holly wreaths for sentimental reasons, they're always going to prefer the real thing. Then, as everyone admits, fake holly doesn't have any magical properties such as increasing sexual potency. As one holly grower advertised over his wreaths: "Organically grown—much more effective."—**Daniel P. Mannix**

A GAG BIRD FLIES AGAIN

[*Continued from page* 49]

uncomfortable feeling their shells were filled with mythical shot.

During early days of U.S. gunning, the snipe was most highly regarded both for sport and market. Later there was for many years a closed season on it. Thus, new crops of hunters grew up without introduction to jacksnipe shooting. Today, with an open season each fall almost everywhere across the U.S., all those hunters who still think of the jacksnipe as a total myth are missing some of the most sensational wing shooting in existence.

Jacksnipe range at one season or another almost everywhere over the continent. I've shot them in New England, in Ontario, the Great Lakes region, in the South and Southwest and in eastern Mexico. The birds are common in South America, Europe, Africa and Asia.

As Young and I moved along the trail in Texas, the brush opened before us and we were at the edge of a pond, its surface glassy smooth in the dawn calm. It was a man-made stock tank a quarter of a mile long. We stopped and I began studying the shoreline meticulously through the binoculars.

"Funny place to look for a shorebird," Young mused, "out in the middle of a cactus patch."

We had hit upon a unique binoculars technique on previous pond hunts. By first spotting the shy, feeding birds along the shoreline, we could then often make a successful stalk.

"I can see a group of five to our left," I said, "feeding in the edge of the water."

Paul looked at his watch. Legal shooting time was here. He propped the fly rod against a bush. We'd soon have use for it, too—we hoped. Now we crouched and began moving in toward the wading snipe.

Like their relatives the curlews, plovers and sandpipers, jacksnipe have long, slender legs and a bill to match. They weigh a mere three ounces normally and when extremely fat before migration, no more than four at most. They are (with only one possible and obscure exception—the sora rail) the smallest bird on the continent classed as game, and with no exceptions the trickiest target. One friend of mine described the bird this way:

"Imagine," he said, "a golf ball with a few short feathers pasted on for a tail. Two pipe cleaners are stuck on for legs. A cigarette forms the neck, a marble the head, another pipe cleaner the long, thin bill. This tiny creature bursts unexpectedly from underfoot out of marsh grass, with a rasping, repeated cry that startles you. It flies as fast as a hard-driven golf ball, but barely skims the grass—and, by some crazy magic this sizzling golf-ball-with-wings flies a twisting, corkscrew course. Just as you line up to fire at a zig, it zags, then shoots straight up like a rocket. Now who in hell can hit a thing like that, even if it was 10 times as big?"

As Paul and I eased up within gun range of our birds, the "whisp"—the term pioneer gunners used for the small groups in which snipe consort—ceased feeding. Then without warning they flushed, sending back their distinctive, derisive cry, "*Screak, screak, screak. . . .*"

They sliced low, barely skimming the water in a crazy zigzag. We shot. At that sound, numerous ducks that had also been on the pond swirled up in a great rush of wings and quacking.

For a moment they blotted out our targets. Then the tiny quintet appeared, unscathed, circling the shore, their flight pattern momentarily straightening. They were coming around, headed on a course to pass high over us.

In their towering, astonishingly swift wing maneuvers after the first low flight, jacksnipe are beautiful to see. The long bill is like a radar-equipped lance thrust out front. The sharply curved wings which have appeared so unstable and ill controlled at first flight are now diminutive scimitars that parry the air with lightning grace. The shapely miniatures dart and dip, plummet in startling drops,

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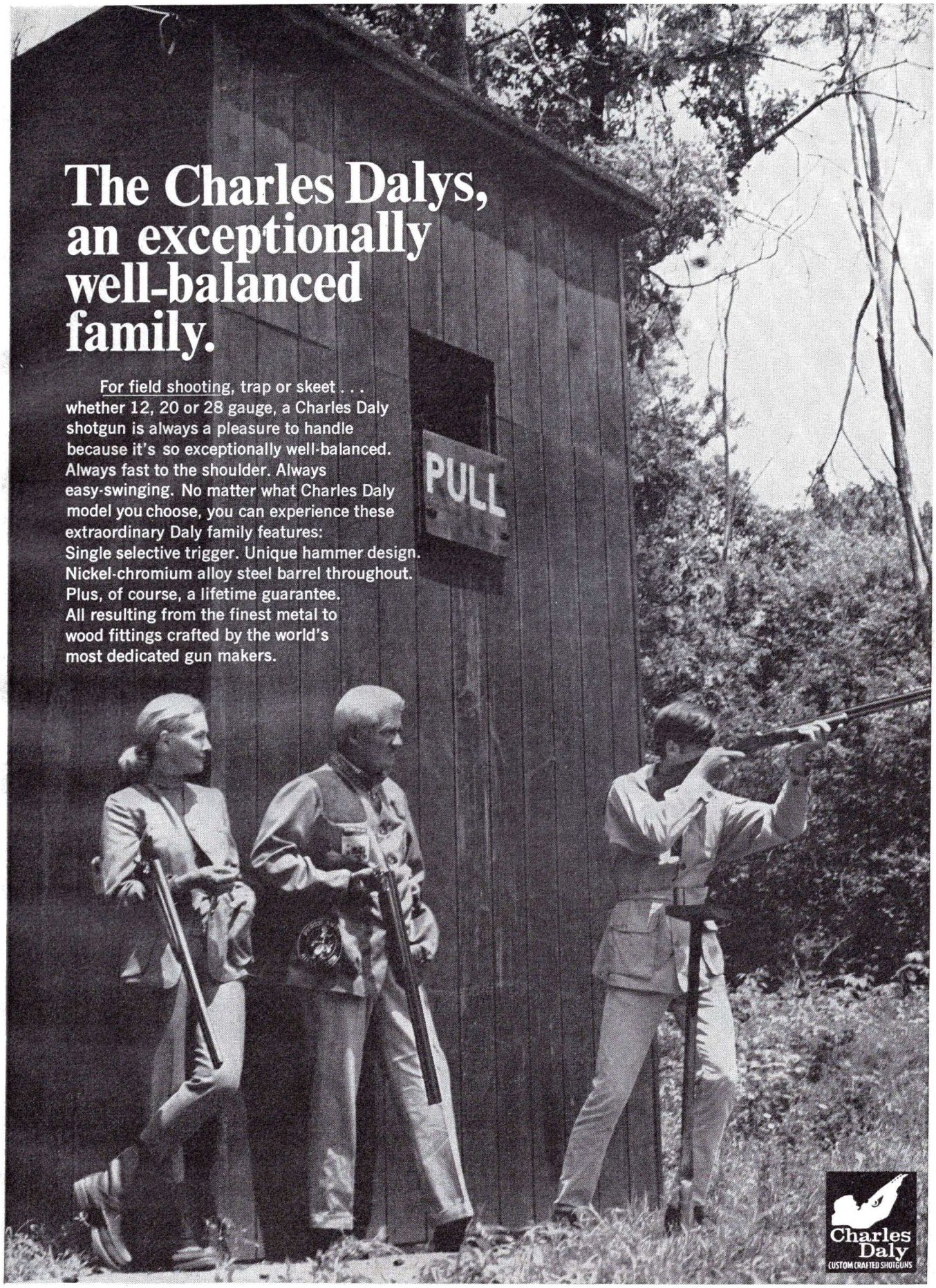

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MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

UPI

Stapp comes to quick, body-punishing halt after racing rocket sled down rails.

With the increased physical demands on astronauts in our accelerating space program, reader Eric Anderson of Baltimore wonders, "Did Doctor Stapp, the man who pioneered the study of high-speed and gravity effects on the human body, suffer any lasting ill effects from his grueling tests?"

When asked this question recently, Col. John Paul Stapp, USAF Medical Corps, answered with a point-blank, "No." Stapp won worldwide recognition for his pioneering efforts in the study of the effects of mechanical force on living tissues. Beginning in 1951, Stapp subjected himself to punishing rides aboard a rocket-propelled sled which would be brought to a sudden stop in order to simulate ejections from high performance aircraft.

Stapp rode the sled for the 29th and last time in 1954 at Holloman Air Force Base in New Mexico. Wearing ordinary flight clothing, Stapp strapped himself to the sled which rocketed down the rails at 632 mph., then slammed to a halt in 1.4 seconds. Stapp's body was subjected to a peak load of 40 times the force of gravity. Wind blast was later calculated at 1,107 pounds per square foot. Stapp thus proved that a pilot could survive ejection at altitude at a speed of one and a half times the speed of sound.

Today Stapp is Chief of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology's Impact Injury Branch in Washington, D.C. He works at solving critical problems of accident prevention. Stapp has testified frequently at Congressional hearings, and recently was invited to the White House to witness the signing of the new automobile safety legislation.

Following the rocket-sled tests, Stapp planned and directed the high-altitude balloon flights that saw Lt. Col. Dave Simons reach 101,516 feet in 1957. He was director of Project *Excelsior* in 1958-1960 when Capt. Joe Kittinger set a world record by bailing out from a balloon 102,800 feet above the earth. Stapp returned to Holloman in 1963 on a NASA contract to provide data for descent of the three-man *Apollo* capsule which will soon put Americans in a lunar orbit. Using pneumatic piston devices, Stapp supervised 146 new deceleration tests that subjected volunteers to jolting stops in less than two feet from velocities as high as 50 feet per second.

Stapp also is conducting exhaustive research into the effects emotions have in causing accidents. Not too long ago, Stapp underwent firsthand experience. Riding the rear cockpit of a jet trainer, the doctor watched as the overwrought pilot committed one error in judgement after another. The flight ended with the jet out of fuel over rugged terrain and with both men ejecting. Stapp got out only 400 feet above the ground and landed safely. The other man didn't. Stapp later learned that the pilot, a veteran airman with advanced degrees, had endured a violent family argument shortly before takeoff. He says that emotional unbalance, fatigue and improper use of drugs are bigger killers than we realize.

Q: Was there a Japanese baseball player who played in the major leagues before World War II? *Lou Botti, Daly City, Calif.*

A: No.

Q: What happened to the roof of the Greek Parthenon? *Tom Boyce, Ann Arbor, Mich.*

A: It was blown off by a well-placed cannon charge in 1687 during a battle between the Turks and Venetians. Originally built in 440 B.C., the Parthenon was at that time being used as an ammunition dump.

Q: What causes hot peppers and radishes to be "hot" even when they are chilled? *Merwyn Strausbaugh, Dundee, Ill.*

A: The burning sensation is a response to the chemical makeup of certain foods which stimulate the pain as well as the taste receptors in the mouth.

Q: How did the pebblelike stones called "Apache Tears" get their name? ***Ralph E. Spaulding, APO, New York, N. Y.***

A: These dark-brown or gray cores of unaltered obsidian (volcanic glass), usually about an inch in diameter and found in Arizona, take their name from the legend of Apache Leap, a sheer-cliffed mountain outside the mining town of Superior. During the 1880's, the Apache Indians had a stronghold near the mountain from where they staged sneak attacks on white settlers and peaceful Pima Indians. One evening while the Apache women were away gathering food, a detachment of cavalry troops attacked the stronghold. The Apache warriors were driven to the top of the mountain. With their arrows nearly gone, the Indians decided to leap from the cliff rather than be taken captive. When the women returned to camp they found the bodies of their men lying among the rocks at the base of the cliff. As they buried the dead, says the legend, their tears fell upon the earth forming the glass pebbles which can still be found today scattered widely about the foot of the mountain.

Q: What was the first living thing to be placed into orbit? ***Ricky McQuaid, Pierre, S. Dak.***

A: Disregarding any microorganisms which may have accompanied Russia's Sputnik I, the first living thing placed into orbit was the female dog, Laika. Fed by an automatic food-dispensing unit in the capsule, the dog went aloft aboard Sputnik II on November 3, 1957. Instruments measured her heartbeat, blood pressure and respiration, transmitting the data back to Soviet scientists. A lack of oxygen is believed to have caused the dog's death after about a week in space. The capsule remained in orbit for 162 days, until April 14, 1958, when it was destroyed reentering the atmosphere.

Q: There is a peak in the Blue Ridge Mountains called Grandfather Mountain. How did it get its name? ***Ralph Robinson, Wheeling, W. Va.***

A: The 5,964-foot mountain in the northwestern part of North Carolina takes its name from the man-like profile seen in its formation when viewed from several miles away. Well named, geologists estimate its age at 800 million to one billion years.

Q: Is it true that Texas has the legal right to divide itself into four other states if it so chooses? ***F. T. Aschman, Cherry Hill, New Jersey.***

A: Yes. This stipulation was contained in the resolution and ordinance passed by the Convention of the People of the Republic of Texas on July 4, 1845, approving the Joint Resolution of Congress annexing it into the U.S.

Wide World

Q: Though we are not officially at war in Viet Nam, is it possible for a member of the Armed Forces to win a Congressional Medal of Honor there? *R. G. Snyder, Jr., Trididad, Colo.*

A: Yes, a special act of Congress, passed on July 25, 1963, granted U.S. fighting forces in Viet Nam official acknowledgement for military honors. Prior to that time, even the Purple Heart was not obtainable in what is officially still described as a "counterinsurgency effort." Captain Roger Donlon of the Special Forces received the Medal of Honor, in December, 1964, for bravery in Viet Nam.

Q: How does a lamprey kill a fish? *Vinnie Barton, Fond du Lac, Wisc.*

A: An ugly, slimy, eel-like creature with a strong, suckling mouth, the lamprey, found mostly in the Great Lakes, attaches itself to the side of a fish and draws out its blood. The lamprey's mouth secretes a liquid (lampetrin) which rots the fish's tissue at point of contact and keeps the blood from clotting. At the same time its tongue, covered with sharp conical teeth, bores deep into the fish's intestines.

Q: What is the "Zone of Silence?" I've heard that it's an area in the Pacific Ocean where the atmosphere is such that it deadens all sound. *Paul Barsevskis, Ontario, Canada*

A: There is a legend attributing such qualities to a region near Vancouver, British Columbia, but scientists state that this has no basis in fact. The term, zone of silence, also refers to the space between refracted sound waves. The sound of an explosion, say, bounds off into the atmosphere and comes back to earth many miles away from its origin.

Q: How many people die from poisonous snake bites each year? How many are bitten? *Ralph Schmidt, Baton Rouge, La.*

A: Of some 2,300 victims each year in the U.S., less than one percent die from poisonous snakebite. World fatalities from poisonous snakebites, however, are estimated to be between 30 and 40 thousand annually. It is impossible to determine the number bitten.

Q: What method did old-time craftsmen use for bending the wood that was used in wagon shafts? *Howard Amberson, Pony, Mont.*

A: They used essentially the same method that is used today. Before wood can be bent it must be plasticized. This is done by submerging it in hot water for several hours, the actual length of time depending on the hardness and thickness of the wood. The softened wood was then either hand bent or pressured to fit a form or mold, secured and let dry.

Q: Are Tasmanian tigers, the animals with a wolflike head, tiger stripes across their rump and a rigid tail like a kangaroo's, extinct? *Julius Hubert, Gary, Ind.*

A: The last Tasmanian tiger was positively identified in 1938, but since that time there have been many reports of sightings and tracks tentatively identified as belonging to them. Known as the *thylacine*, the Tasmanian tiger is, or was, the largest of the Australian carnivorous marsupials. It was once found in large numbers through the island of Tasmania which is located 150 miles off the south coast of Australia. Because they attacked sheep, the tigers were slaughtered by the sheep ranchers who received a small bounty for each one killed. The Tasmanian state government follows all leads and remains hopeful of finding some tigers and setting up a preserve for them.

Q: When was aspirin discovered? *Roger Seton, Providence, R. I.*

A: Aspirin is a member of an ancient family of drugs known as salicylates. These are found naturally, in small amounts, in such common fruits as oranges, apples and grapes, as well as in certain flowers, and their medical value has been known for more than 2,000 years. Aspirin was artificially produced for the first time in 1853, from carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, by an Alsatian chemist, Charles Frederick von Gerhardt. It took another 50 years, however, before word spread that a new "miracle drug" could relieve the pain of rheumatic arthritis, not to mention headache, neuritis and neuralgia.

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Q: Just what is a sauna bath? *Ben Woodberry, Montreal, Quebec*

A: It is basically an insulated room with a wooden bench and heated stones capable of creating temperatures up to 175 degrees or higher. Unlike a steam bath, the humidity in a sauna is extremely low. The effect of this intensely dry heat is to relax tense muscles and speed circulation. A period in the sauna is usually followed by a brisk shower, a cool swim, or, in Finland, where saunas originated, a playful nude romp in the snow.

Q: What is the most popular musical instrument in the U.S. today? I say it's the guitar. *Jeff Lindey, Worcester, Mass.*

A: You're wrong. The piano is the overwhelming favorite. There are more than nine-and-a-half-million pianos in the U.S. and almost 23-million people who play. Only nine million Americans play the guitar.

HAVE A QUESTION?

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[*Continued from page* 108]

swirl up as one. But now, aloft, the erratic twisting of that first grass-burning flight has ceased.

We swung in desperation. The two shotguns shouted harmlessly. The birds flew on. I was reminded of the old snipe-hunt enthusiast friend who used to tell me after the first few rounds:

"Give me a marsh, a brace of snipe, a case of shells, and just leave me. I'll have a whole week's shooting!"

From out of nowhere a pair our racket had apparently flushed suddenly appeared right before us. I scrambled to fire, trying for the lead bird. As the gun spoke, by some amazing ill estimate and luck. I killed the second. By now Paul had found with his swinging gun the missed bird, and with a fine straight-away shot he neatly folded it. Both fell upon the unruffled surface of the pond.

Paul ran quickly for the fly rod. He came back working out line and grinning. After several casts he managed to hook my bird and bring it in. We moved on to his. We perfected this oddball technique for use on days when no breeze would blow our downed birds ashore, on any waters too deep to wade. After more casts, he dragged his in. The first brace of birds was ours.

Briefly we held them to admire them. Although the general hue of the jacksnipe is at a distance drab, close scrutiny shows numerous delicate shadings and stripings of buff, gray, black, white, tan. The head is striped with brown and buff, the back is darkly mottled, the underparts are streaked with brown, speckled in hidden spots beneath the wing with subdued grays and off-whites. The spread tail shows some black, and small edgings of striking white, and an almost startling patch of bright orange-brown.

Their small size is, I suppose, one reason so few of today's hunters have bothered to become acquainted with them. But what delicacies they are! Although several are required for a meal, the meat is wonderfully flavored and very rich. The breast meat is exceedingly dark, and like that of all shorebirds and waterfowl, large by comparison to the rest of the bird.

In fact for several centuries gourmets have considered snipe the ultimate in wild-game delights. Few are the epicures who would ever brook the slightest interference of seasoning to mask the taste of broiled snipe.

"Do you recall the classic tale of the gourmet who ordered broiled snipe in one of the better restaurants?"

This was in the days when many birds, snipe among them, were hunted for market. The waiter served this exacting customer two brace of snipe individually wrapped in bacon. The gourmet stared in horror, flew into a towering rage at having the delicate flavor of his birds thus degraded and shot the waiter dead.

We started on around the pond. We had taken possibly 10 steps when a snipe burst up almost from under my boots. Jacksnipe are creatures of odd, erratic and often exasperating habits such as this. Occasionally one will sit as tight as an upland quail or grouse. More often they'll flush wild. Sometimes you shoot one from a flock and the rest will dive, decoying to it as it drops. Or, they may fly on and leave the country for good.

Usually it's difficult to drive them from a pond or marsh. They circle and alight unseen behind. Two shooters, however, can sometimes drive birds back and forth between them if they're canny. In early days, hunters commonly spoke of "driven" snipe. Some even used specially trained dogs to flush them. Dogs and drivers who knew how, moved so as to head the birds in the desired direction. They'd fly for some inexplicable reason toward stretches of open water, then veer along the edge. Here the shooters awaited them.

Curiously, the "*screaking*" bird I had flushed now towered high, turned, came around and dipped down over us crying its derision. That was an error. I pointed the gun, swung, fired and saw the bird fold and fall upon the grass. A moment later as I pocketed the tiny prize, sweet memories of past hunts were flooding in. I was a young fellow, walking the bank of a little farm-country creek on my father's land in the "Thumb" area of Michigan. Each fall a few snipe always dropped in here on their way south.

The jacksnipe, like all shorebirds, is migratory. Years ago all these shorebirds —some 30 species, most much larger than the snipe—furnished romantic shooting and delectable eating, but today the jacksnipe is the only one on the legal game list.

I'd walk that Michigan creek bank, flush a bird, miss it, follow it, flush it again. That time maybe it would fly behind me and alight several hundred yards away. I'd keep it in mind and go on to find another, then retrace my steps. That half mile of homely, weed-grown ditch, with half-a-dozen snipe stopping over, furnished me much heady sport before I was able to escort the palmful of plucked birds to my mother's old iron skillet. And the misses, believe me, were real agony, because money for shells was hard to come by.

Today jacksnipe are nowhere truly abundant. During a long hunting season, they appear in scattered, small groups, true myths of the marshes, here today, tomorrow gone. Because the shorebirds lay only four eggs per nesting, they originally required vast nesting areas and virgin conditions of their marshy terrain in order to build large populations. Most of them, too, are quite colonial, hanging together. Incessant draining of wet lands over many decades, plus heavy market hunting in pioneer times, brought them near extinction.

But the jacksnipe, because of its immense range, broader by far than most of the others, and its habit of scattering out, traveling in small groups or "whisps" and seldom concentrating, has been able to survive in scattered adequacy, even though not in great abundance. It was, in fact, left on the game list for a good many years after other shorebirds, decimated to a remnant because they mostly followed the coastlines and thus were concentrated, had gained full protection.

The others ceased to be legal game early in the century. But I recall so well that I shot jacksnipe in Arizona in the fall of 1940. At that time I said to a shooting partner:

"We'd better enjoy this last taste. I doubt we'll ever do it again."

For a long time it appeared I'd been right; that was the last open season. Jacksnipe simply faded away into the limbo where they partially exist today. I recall looking eagerly each fall to see if any had turned up in my old haunts. Sometimes a season would pass without the sight of a single bird.

Then a few began to show. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service people, and some of the state wildlife biologists, began to talk in hopeful terms about the little bird that only half existed. I was in a northern marsh one spring in the early 1950's and became suddenly aware of a sound that sent a thrill through me. Jacksnipe—a veritable swarm of them over a wide area—were in the throes of courtship. The unusual display is as interesting to the nonhunting bird enthusiast as to any sportsman.

For instance, I watched a male bird leave the grass not far off and fly straight up to a height much above the ordinary flight paths of snipe. Then it began describing ever-widening circles as if showing off its winged prowess. Suddenly it plummeted. But as it did so, the wings were partially extended and held back. Down it came at great speed. Air passing through the wing feathers set up a most curious, melodious whistling or humming sound. So appealing is this sound, that many years ago it had been supposed snipe made it vocally.

As the bird seemed about to crash, it spread its wings, zoomed up a bit, whirled and flew barely above the grass, undoubtedly circling its mate hidden there somewhere, making a weird and harsh but subdued little cackle—*kuk, kuk, kuk*—over and over for perhaps an entire minute. Then it sailed to a broken-off dead tree and perched, calling in a rather musical note. In a moment it disappeared into the grass, but was shortly up again, towering high to repeat the routine.

At dawn and dusk jacksnipe pursue this curious courting routine sometimes for hours on end. But the most startling time to hear the sound is on a crisp, moonlit night in the northern nesting grounds, along in May or June. In such a hushed, otherworld setting, a listener is instantly certain why the snipe should have found its way into myth and unreality.

In the fall of 1950 I began seeing more

jacksnipe. A hunting crony said enthusiastically, "Did you hear the news? It looks like we'll get a snipe season again. A lot of talk about it."

Experimental seasons did indeed begin in various areas and flyways. By the mid-1950's, seasons were going pretty well, that is, causing no harm. There are no accurate figures on jacksnipe population numbers, nor on the annual kill by hunters. The bag limit has settled down to eight per day, but so few hunters pursue the sport—most still not even knowing what a snipe is—that it is estimated no more than a few thousand birds are annually taken. . . .

But back to Texas.

During the next half hour Paul and I each missed several birds, then had the exasperating luck of killing one and having a big hawk swoop in and snatch it from the edge of the pond before we could get there. We cursed the hawk, and as we prowled fell to talking about how different this was from what the early days of shorebird shooting must have been.

In pioneer times along our East Coast the traditions of snipe shooting brought over from England were quick to take hold. All shorebirds were at that time tremendously abundant. Without restricting game laws, market hunting quickly flourished. There was ready sale for great numbers of game birds in the cities, and several brace of snipe, tied together at the necks and hung in small bunches, were soon a common sight in the vending places.

The settings for much eastern snipe hunting in early America were the bogs and meadows, the freshwater marshes. But the brackish coastal marshes also swarmed with birds. Shooting was pursued during both spring and fall migrations. Because the shad bush bloomed and shad began to run in the rivers in early spring at the same time as the return of the jacksnipe, it was often called the "shad bird" and even "shad spirit" —that "myth" again!

The mythical quality derived in great part from the secretive habits of snipe. Unlike many other shorebirds, jacksnipe seldom appear on open mud flats. They select soft, spongy marsh grounds into which their slender bills can easily probe in earth containing varied worms and small crustaceans. They also eat numerous insects. But they insist on being near tussocks of grass or in damp grassy meadows which offer concealment.

Some years ago I knew an old man in Pennsylvania who had hunted snipe in the late 1800's with the big 10 and 8 gauge market guns then in common use.

"Snipe," this old Pennsylvanian told me, reminiscing, "would decoy readily. Everyone used snipe decoys along the East Coast."

For years snipe decoys have been forgotten. Today they are valuable collector's items. Some ancient ones, full of shot holes from blasts by market hunters into bunched birds on the ground, have brought hundreds of dollars. The snipe, of course, have not changed. They still decoy readily.

Several years ago I stood looking at a decoy collection in an eastern museum, and was suddenly struck with the stirring idea that I should try snipe decoys on my next hunt. It would be an exciting nostalgic experience. But where could I get them? I decided to make my own.

I'm certain no snipe decoys ever looked like those. I made cardboard cutouts in various poses, colored them, fashioned a leg for each from a small willow stick. I split one end of the stick, set a silhouette decoy into the crack. I could thus carry a whole batch of decoys in my pocket, cut sticks on the spot. All very nice. But what would the snipe think?

To my immense delight I discovered at the two small lakes we built on our hill-country Texas ranch a few snipe in residence for the winter, or stopping over to rest and feed. With a friend I set a stool of decoys on each lake. I took up my position beside my set, and my partner walked the other lakeshore, flushing and shooting at the birds. He got one.

At his shot I began looking intently around me. In a moment here came a group of half-a-dozen birds really slicing up the sky. They whirled out over the lake, wheeled along the far edge. Then suddenly they were coming straight in. I arose and shot, collecting what may well have been the first snipe taken over decoys in over half a century.

But on that enjoyable South-Texas morning when Paul Young and I were chasing snipe around the cactus clumps, we had left the decoys behind. About noon, with seven birds bagged, plucked and iced in the cooler in Paul's old hunting car, we drove across the big cattle ranch to another tank. From a vantage point atop the tank dam, Paul used the binoculars to scan the shoreline.

"There's one in the old creek bed."

We were instantly off, trotting toward the place. A pair jumped up under our feet. We jolted to a stop, swung almost as a team, and killed both. We had missed and hit enough during the morning so that we were getting sharp. Crossing a barbed-wire fence on our way, I got hung, and of course a snipe *"screaked"* up while I was ripping my britches.

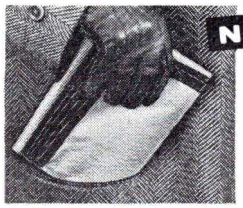
"Take it!" I shouted, and Paul did, to the accompaniment of my tearing pants.

We came out of the creek bottom an hour later with four more. We tried two more tanks but found not a bird. Paul said, "If I added right, we've got 14. We don't *have* to have a limit. Let's quit. I keep seeing tall, ice-heavy glasses of Scotch dancing before my eyes. Suppose they're mythical, too?"

They weren't. We proved it. And much later, as cool dusk drew down around Paul's old camp house out in the brush, we sat peacefully staring at a bed of mesquite coals that glowed a lovely red-gold and the fragrance of broiling snipe arose to bait our senses.

We were far back in history, in nostalgic times of great and romantic shooting that can never be wholly repeated. And presently, when the outside of each bird was darkly crusty but the inner breast still rare, we were wordlessly eating and quaffing red wine. Perhaps, after all, these birds were mythical. Certainly they were too delicious to be real.

—Byron W. Dalrymple



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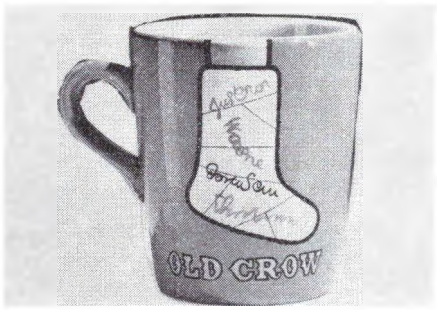

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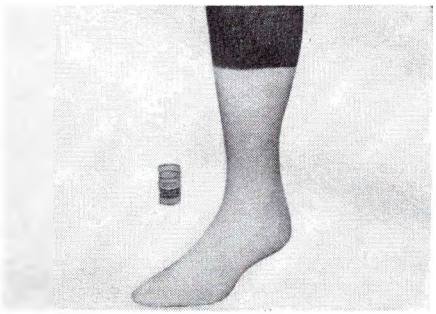

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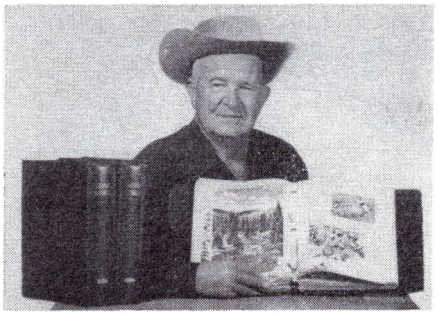

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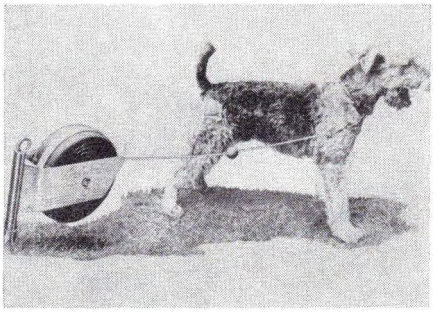

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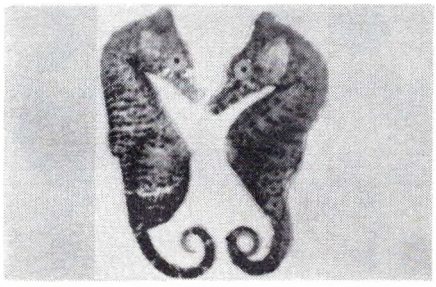

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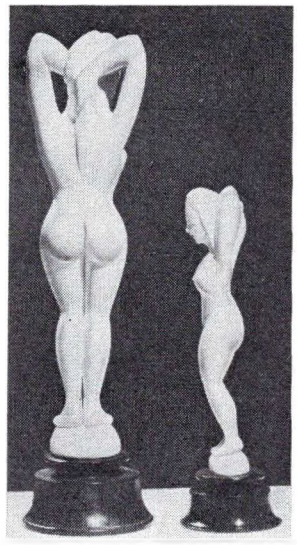

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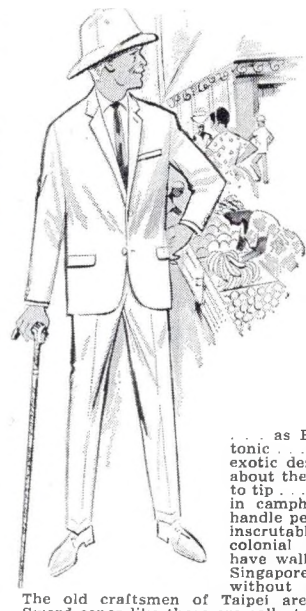

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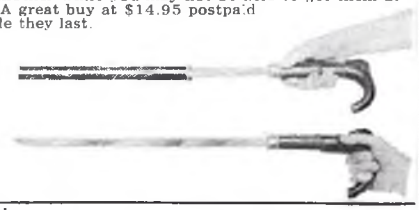

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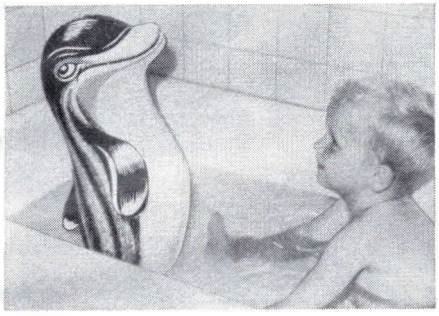

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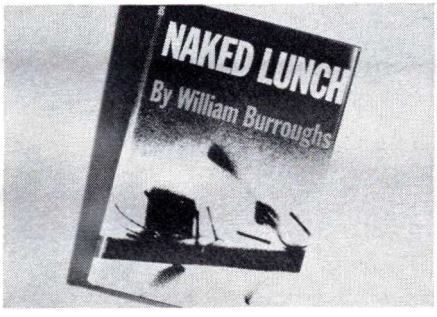

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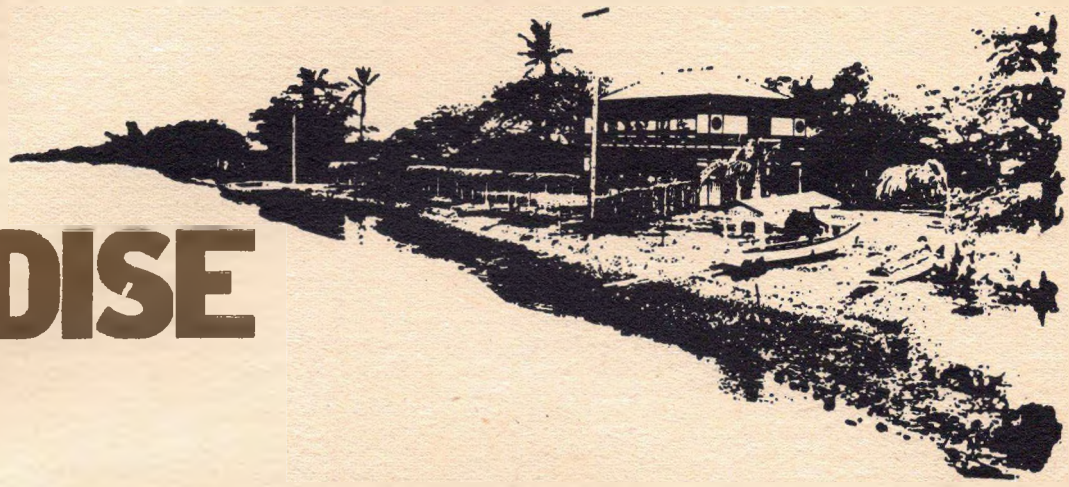
RAPE IN PARADISE



[*Continued from page* 58]

stores and toted up their wealth on old Chinese abacuses.

Along the foothills, rising behind the tree-matted city, was a different sort of community, representing no visible vices, but on the other hand an austere morality, not unmixed with the rewards that came from early missionary activities, such as spacious mansions lying on broad, well-tended land. These were the homes of the *kamaaina haoles*—the "old whites," whose forebears had been tightfisted Scottish and English merchants, shrewd Yankee traders, and most of all, the founders of the missionary dynasties who had come to Hawaii from New England early in the 19th century to spread the Gospel among the natives of the Sandwich Islands.

The descendants of the missionaries were now the great landowners, controlling nearly all the business in the Islands; introducing modern agricultural methods, new political systems, and, to some extent, replacing the old Hawaiian caste system of royalty and subjects with their more civilized caste system.

There was another part of Honolulu to which tourists were seldom taken, and which old-timers preferred not to see. This was the lowland area north of the waterfront known as Iwelei and Palama. This section housed the slums of Honolulu, and was filled with strange smells, muddy streets and small frame houses that were little more than shacks. This part of Honolulu had become a conglomeration of poverty, vice and disease; and it was here that many of the young people of Honolulu grew up. These were a mixture of many races—Hawaiians, part-Hawaiians, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese and Filipinos. But there were few *haoles* there.

The boys in Palama led a rather cheerful life, growing up largely in isolation from the sons of the white merchants and sugar planters who lived in the foothills. At night they would gather around the open fronts of *saimin* shops, chewing on a "crack-seed" or cheap Chinese candies; and some of the older boys would frequent the windowless "shops" where beer could be obtained.

On the night of September 12, 1931, five boys from this area had driven to the other side of town, to Waikiki Park, a glittering haven of syncopated sound, with shooting galleries, roller coaster, Ferris wheel, and a dance hall. The Order of Eagles had given a dance at the pavilion that night, and two of the boys—one Hawaiian and the other Japanese-Hawaiian—had wanted to "catch the last dance;" so they left a *luau*—a Hawaiian feast—in their own neighborhood and had driven out to Waikiki in a car owned by one of the boys. The two who wanted to dance had gone into the pavilion, and the other three—a Japanese, another Hawaiian and a Chinese-Hawaiian—remained outside beside the car. Finally they decided to drive back to the other side of town and return later.

One of the boys, a powerful Hawaiian called Joe Kalani, was a bit drunker than the others and stayed in the back seat of the car, half asleep. The driver was the Japanese called Shorty, and the third boy in the car was the Chinese-Hawaiian, Henry Chang.

Since it was "Navy night" at the Ala Wai Inn near Waikiki Park, most of the patrons were Navy people. In one of the booths on the upper tier Lt. Gerry Branson, a young Navy officer, was sitting with a group of civilians—all white people, but strangers to him. The sudden raising of voices in the next booth attracted his attention. He stopped talking, excused himself and left the booth.

In the adjoining booth, facing toward the orchestra, Lieutenant Commander Miller had been sitting with his wife and guests, a couple of junior officers and their wives. Two of his guests—Lieutenant Fish and his wife, Susan—were dancing on the floor below. The other two were Lieutenant Stogsdall and his wife; and one of the chairs across the table from Stogsdall was occupied by a girl in a green dress.

She had apparently just come into the booth, and she was leaning across the table, talking in a fairly loud voice to Lieutenant Stogsdall. She was blondish, with hair that hung almost to her shoulders; and her face, while quite pretty, had a perpetually pouting expression. Her blue eyes, set rather prominently in her face, were directed at Stogsdall.

"You're no gen'l'man, Lieutenant," she said. Her voice was slightly thick, and she moved her fingers awkwardly on the table, as if uncertain what to do with them.

Stogsdall's face contracted in a frown, and he rose as if to leave. Behind the girl in the green dress stood Lieutenant Branson, who had come into the booth. He was holding the back of her chair and leaning forward.

"Take it easy, Thalia—this is a public place."

"Don't care!" the girl said, shrugging away the hand which he put on her shoulder. "You're no gen'l'man, Lieutenant, talking to me that way!"

"You're a louse," Stogsdall said; and the girl in the green dress half rose from her chair, leaned across the table, and slapped him in the face. Stogsdall blinked, and passed his hand across his face. At that moment, Susan Fish came into the booth with her husband. She looked at the girl who had just slapped Stogsdall, and then turned to her husband:

"I think you'd better get Tommy."

Lieutenant Fish nodded and left. A few minutes later Lt. (j.g.) Thomas Massie came back with him, and the Miller

party with the Stogsdalls and the Fishes left. Branson returned to the booth with the party of civilians.

At Waikiki Park the music at the dance pavilion stopped at 11:55 p.m. The crowd, which had been trickling through the door for several minutes, poured out as the lights in the dance hall began to dim.

The Japanese called Shorty and the big Hawaiian boy wearing blue jeans and a short-sleeved blue silk shirt stood beside the Ford touring car, waiting for Henry Chang who had gone inside the park to fetch the two others in the group. Shorty's real name was Shomatsu Ida, but he was called Horace in school and Shorty by his friends. He was lean and strong, with a serious face and dark, intelligent eyes.

Joe Kalani, whose real name was Joseph Kahahawai, was a strapping Hawaiian, older than the others—he was about 28 and Shorty and Chang were in their early 20's. He had achieved some reputation as a boxer in Honolulu under the name of Joe Kalani. His face was long and angular, molded in the rugged contours of the Polynesian people; his powerful frame was built for heavy duty—heavy shoulders and thick, muscular legs.

In a few minutes Chang came out. With him were two other boys, both darkskinned and of medium height, but of different build. The Hawaiian, Ben Ahakuelo, was solidly built and handsome, with a smooth face and dark, lively eyes. He was well known in Honolulu as a star football player, and also as an amateur boxer. The fifth boy, David Takai, variously known as "Mac" and "Eau" (pronounced "ee-ow"), was the least impressive of the five, swarthy of color, with the sharp, black eyes of an Oriental. He had not distinguished himself either as an athlete or in any other way; but he lived in the Palama neighborhood, and was good-natured and well liked.

These five had gathered more or less by accident at the home of Sylvester P. Correa, a member of the Honolulu Board of Supervisors and a popular politician among Portuguese and Hawaiians. The wedding of one of his daughters had been celebrated that night with a *luau* in the broad tree-covered Correa place.

When the group returned from the park, the *luau* was all but over. They could hear singing in the back of the house, where a few boys were playing guitars and ukuleles.

Ben Ahakuelo and Joseph Kahahawai left the car and walked through the trees toward the house, leaving Ida, Chang and Takai in the car. In a few minutes they came back, and Ahakuelo announced there was no more beer.

After two or three minutes, Ahakuelo left for his home, which was nearby on Frog Lane. The rest piled back into Horace Ida's car and drove off toward Liliha Street, in the Palama district where Takai lived.

Police Officer Cecil Rickard was walking down Alakea Street, in downtown Honolulu, on his way to the police station in the old Kapiolani Building at King and Alakea Streets. It was about 12:40 a.m. As he neared the doorway into the police station, he heard a screech of tires, then saw a car round the corner from King Street and pull up in front of the police station.

A dark, heavyset woman bounded out of the car and headed for the doorway. Rickard, knowing he would have to handle the matter—whatever it was—quickened his pace and was behind the woman as she almost ran up the stairway.

The woman gave her name as Agnes Peeples, and said that the man with her was Mr. Homer Peeples, her husband. While they were driving down King Street toward town just a short time before, approaching the intersection of King Street with Liliha Street and Dillingham Boulevard, two cars were coming in the opposite direction on King Street, and a third was coming down Liliha Street. Mr. Peeples, a rather self-effacing white man, who seemed to let his part-Hawaiian wife speak for him, was driving the car. Mrs. Peeples' story of what happened is recorded in detail:

> A Ford car bearing the license number 58-895 coming from Liliha Street into King Street failed to make a boulevard stop and almost hit our car as they got into King Street. The car 58-895 then went to our right. My husband stopped our car and I sang out, "Why don't you look where you are driving?"
>
> One of the men, the one sitting beside the driver, said, "Get that damned *haole* off that car and I'll give him what he's looking for."
>
> Instead, I got off the car and pushed him away. He was standing on the right of our car as I pushed him. The driver got off the car, he was a Japanese. As I turned around to see who he was the Hawaiian hit me on the left ear. I staggered back and when I regained my balance I grabbed him by the throat with my left hand and struck him in the face once with my right. I then got into my own car and we went to the police station.

Mrs. Peeples' account of the defense of her person and her rights would probably have remained only an entry in the police records, had it not been for other events that were taking place at about the same time.

Officer Rickard noted the time of her complaint as 12:45 a.m., and the probable time of the altercation as 10 minutes earlier—12:35 a.m. At 12:50 a.m. he broadcast a description of the Ford car with license number 58-895 to all radio patrol cars, with instructions to pick it up if they saw it cruising around.

By 1 o'clock at the Ala Wai Inn everyone in the Branson party except Tommy Massie and Branson himself had gone home. Massie was looking around for some trace of his wife.

Branson had been with her earlier in the evening—when she slapped Lieutenant Stogsdall—but he said he had no idea where she was. Tommy Massie, a short, slender young man with a pleasant face, seemed more interested in developing a defense of his own performance of duty as a husband than in searching for his wife.

"She's probably home," he told Branson. "She was mad as hell earlier this evening. I'll call her just to prove I've been looking for her."

Both Massies had come from Kentucky, although Thalia had lived on Long Island for several years before she married young Tommy Massie when she was 16 years old, on the day he was graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis. She was a Hubbard and a Fortescue—two families that had collected the aura of the Army and the bluegrass country. Her mother, Grace Hubbard Bell Fortescue, was a niece of Alexander Graham Bell. Grace Fortescue's husband, Maj. Granville Fortescue, had retired from the Army after a career that included service as an aide to Theodore Roosevelt when he was President.

Lieutenant Massie made his call at 1:15 a.m. but did not get an answer from his house. A few minutes afterward, Massie and Branson took off in Massie's car, driving up to the home of a Navy officer who lived near the Massie home in Manoa Valley, thinking the party might have moved there.

They arrived at about 1:30 a.m. The maid let them in, but there was no one else home. Branson apparently was feeling the effects of a considerable amount of drinking during the evening. He threw himself on a couch on the porch, while Massie again tried to telephone his home. This time Thalia answered.

"Please come home," she said, in a thick voice. "Something awful has happened!"

Massie drove immediately to his house, leaving Branson on the couch; and from his home, he telephoned the Honolulu police to report that his wife had been assaulted by a gang of Hawaiian boys.

Police Officer Cecil Rickard was on night duty, sitting on a high stool behind the receiving desk, which was little more than a high counter in the makeshift Honolulu police station. Rickard had already made a routine check on the driver of the car bearing license number 58-895, reported by Agnes Peeples; and he found that it was a Ford Phaeton belonging to Horace Ida, who lived on Cunha Lane. He had jotted this down for future reference, although he doubted if the information would be needed. The case looked like one of those routine altercations between drivers who were probably both drunk and equally irate, with completely different points of view as to how the thing happened and what should be done about it.

At 1:47 a.m. Rickard received Massie's call. Rickard called the Detective Bureau. Deputy Inspector John Jardine, on night duty, answered.

"Something's up, John," Rickard said. "You might want to stand by. I've got a report that a lady in Manoa—*haole wahine*—has been assaulted by a bunch of night fighters. Probably the

same crowd that got in trouble at King and Liliha an hour ago."

Jardine's tone became sharp.

"Assaulted? You say it was a white woman?"

"That's all I've got so far. She was beaten up by some Hawaiian boys. I'm sending Bill Furtado and George Harbottle to check on it. I'll let you know."

Rickard broadcast instructions to Patrol Car No. 2 to go to the address in Manoa Valley and report immediately. He then called Patrol Car No. 1, Detectives John Cluney and Thurman Black, and told them to go to Cunha Lane, pick up Horace Ida, and bring him in for questioning. In Rickard's methodical mind, it seemed quite apparent that two events connected in time must also be connected in fact.

When Furtado and Harbottle arrived, Mrs. Massie was lying on a couch, wearing pajamas with a wrapper drawn around her. She was able to speak, but it was obvious to Harbottle that she was suffering great pain when she talked. Her hair was dishevelled and her face streaked with tears.

Furtado was doing most of the questioning. He asked her if she could recognize the car if she saw it again.

"It was a Ford car," she said. "The back was flapping, and it might have been an old car."

She explained that she had been thrown into the car, and held down in the rear seat, and got only glimpses of the car as her attackers were leaving. She was asked if she had been able to see the license number, and she said she had not.

"Would you be able to identify the boys who attacked you, Mrs. Massie?" Furtado asked.

She shook her head.

Furtado spoke in a low voice and his tone was sympathetic, yet with that relentlessness that has to be a part of the police officer's trade.

"Did you hear any of their names?"

"No . . . except one was called 'Bull.' I remember that name." Harbottle jotted this down in his notes.

"And you can't give us anything about the license number, Mrs. Massie?"

"I'm sorry," she said. Her voice was muffled by her swollen lips. "It was dark . . . I didn't see very much. I don't remember the number of the license."

Harbottle wrote this down.

Meanwhile Detective Cluney and Black, in Patrol Car No. 1, had driven to Cunha Lane and found Horace Ida at home, asleep. He was told to put on his clothes and come to the police station for questioning in "an assault case."

After he had aroused Horace Ida from his bed, Cluney asked:

"Where did you go tonight, Shorty—in your car?"

Ida shook his head.

"I don't go no place," he said. "I lent my junk to a Hawaiian boy. I don't know where he went."

"What Hawaiian boy? What's his name?"

Ida shrugged.

"I don't know his name. Some Hawaiian fellow—I know him, that's all."

Cluney stood for a minute, looking at the Japanese boy. He knew that Horace Ida's car had been at King and Liliha Streets, but as he said later, it did not occur to him that Ida was lying to avoid being involved in the affair with Homer Peeples and his wife. "I knew he was lying to me," Cluney said, "and that's all there was to it."

Detectives Furtado and Harbottle arrived at the Emergency Hospital with Thalia Massie and her husband shortly after 2:30 a.m. Deputy Inspector Jardine met them. He was a small man, with a curious habit of pulling his hat down over his eyes; and when he asked even simple questions they imparted an air of a confidential conspiracy.

Jardine took Massie to one side, during the time his wife was in the emergency room, and they stood on the porch, just outside the room where Mrs. Massie was being examined.

At that moment a radio car from police headquarters drew up outside the Emergency Hospital building. A radio broadcast from Rickard at police headquarters, picked up by the patrol car's loudspeaker, advised them that the Ida car, bearing license number 58-895, had been picked up on Cunha Lane, and Ida was being brought to the police station.

The license number was broadcast several times over the patrol car radio receiver, which was within 50 feet of the porch where Jardine and Massie were discussing the case. A policeman, standing nearby, said he heard the number, and he thought it could easily have been heard by Massie.

Thalia Massie, still in a state of semishock and visibly shaken by her experience, was asked to come down to the Detective Bureau and give a statement to Inspector John McIntosh.

Inspector McIntosh was already at the police station when Thalia Massie arrived shortly before 3:30 a.m. and was escorted into his office.

The statement that Mrs. Massie made in the early hours of Sunday morning, to Inspector McIntosh, was fairly lengthy, covering almost every aspect of her story. A lean, angular man of Scottish descent, McIntosh had spent many years in Hawaii and was a veteran on the police force. As senior officer in the Detective Bureau he was responsible for the conduct of all criminal investigations; and in this case he took the precaution of taking down Mrs. Massie's statement himself—in his own handwriting.

Following are certain parts of that statement:

> Around 12 midnight I decided to go for a walk and some air. I walked along Kalakaua Avenue and crossed the bridge over the canal and turned down John Ena Road and walked a block or so down John Ena Road.
>
> A car drove up behind me and stopped. Two men got off the car and grabbed me and dragged me into their car. One of them placed a hand over my mouth. When they got me into the back seat of the car they held me down between them. They were Hawaiians. I begged and pleaded with them to let me go. I struggled to get off the car and away from them and they kept punching me on the face. I offered them money if they would take me back to the Ala Wai Inn. They asked me where the money was. I told them it was in my pocketbook. They grabbed my pocketbook and found there was no money in it. They were driving along the Ala Moana Road all this time heading toward town. I really don't know how far they drove me—perhaps two or three blocks. They drove the car into the undergrowth on the right-hand side of the road, dragged me out and away from the car into the bushes and assaulted me. I was assaulted six or seven times.

Mrs. Massie's account indicated that there were "at least four" in the car—two in front and two in the back seat. She was asked if she knew the make, or model, of the car, and she said: "It was a touring car. I can't say what make it was, but I think it was a Ford."

She was asked if she remembered the license number and she gave the number 58-805. The number of Ida's Ford Phaeton, it will be recalled, was 58-895.

According to her account, the assailants held her in the little clearing in the bushes—later identified as the site of the old animal quarantine station—for about 20 minutes. As they started for their car, leaving her alone, she said she asked the way into town. One of the boys turned and pointed to the direction of the road. Then they ran for their car and drove off.

Her story continued:

> I managed to get back on the road and stopped a car coming from Waikiki and heading towards town. I told the occupants of the car what happened to me—that I had been assaulted by some Hawaiians—and asked them to take me home.

After Inspector McIntosh had taken the full statement, which was several pages long, he went to the door and called to Cluney.

"Bring the man in."

Cluney called to Horace Ida, who was sitting alone in a chair at the end of the assembly room. The Japanese arose and followed Cluney into the Inspector's office. Cluney stood at one side, and McIntosh looked at Ida a moment, and then said:

"Now look at your beautiful work!"

Thalia said nothing at first, merely looking at Ida. As Cluney later described the scene: "She nodded her head once or twice, and looked at McIntosh as if to imply that this was one of the men who had assaulted her."

Cluney noted at the time that Ida was wearing his dark leather jacket when he came into Inspector McIntosh's office.

A few minutes later Thalia Massie left the Inspector's office and was taken to her husband, who was waiting outside. Horace Ida was placed under arrest immediately afterward; and the

following morning police picked up Joseph Kahahawai, David Takai and Henry Chang at their homes. Ben Ahakuelo was arrested at Kauluwela School, where he was working out in football practice later in the afternoon. All five were charged with criminally assaulting Thalia Massie. In two more identification sessions on Sunday and another on Monday, Mrs. Massie identified four of the five suspects. At no time was anyone except the suspects exposed to her for identification.

Having decided at this point that Ida and the other four boys whom Ida had identified as being with him that night were "the guilty boys," the problem of "building a case" became McIntosh's chief concern. He called in Officer Claude Benton, who was on night duty.

"Take a run out to the old animal quarantine station," he said. "Look around and see if you can find any good tire tracks. If you can, we'll get pictures of them and compare them with the tires on Ida's car." He hesitated a moment, and then added: "Better check the tires on Ida's car first—so you'll know what to look for."

Benton left; and in order to follow instructions to the letter, he drove out in Ida's car. McIntosh sat at his desk, juggling a pencil in his big freckled fist. He wrote on a pad: "1. Identification. 2. Time factor." Then he erased the words and reversed the order. The time factor was the most critical, since it was factual and could be verified. Where had the boys been during the evening? He needed to trace every movement, and if possible find witnesses who saw them.

Since Mrs. Peeples had arrived at the police station at King and Alakea Streets just before 12:45 a.m. to register her complaint against Joseph Kahahawai for hitting her, it was safe to assume the incident at King and Liliha could have occurred less than 10 minutes earlier. He wrote down: 12:37 a.m.

Then he drew a time chart, working backward from that time to establish a probable chronology in reverse. This is what he wrote:

Time schedule

PEEPLES INCIDENT—KING AND LILIHA	12:37 A.M.
TIME NEEDED TO DRIVE FROM QUARANTINE TO KING-LILIHA	6 MINUTES
DEPARTURE FROM QUARANTINE STATION	12:31 A.M.
TIME NEEDED FOR ASSAULT (MRS. MASSIE ESTIMATE)	20 MINUTES
ARRIVAL AT QUARANTINE STATION	12:11 A.M.
TIME NEEDED TO DRIVE FROM JOHN ENA TO QUARANTINE	4 MINUTES
TIME NEEDED FOR KIDNAPPING	1 MINUTE
TIME OF KIDNAPPING	12:06 A.M.

Assuming that it would have taken Thalia Massie 10 minutes to walk from the Ala Wai Inn to the place on John Ena Road where she was picked up by the boys who assaulted her, this would establish her departure from the Inn at about 11:55 p.m.

When Claude Benton returned from his predawn visit to the old quarantine station, he went into the chief inspector's office. He pulled out a pad of paper and drew a picture of the area, with lines to show marks of tires that he said he'd found. "What kind of tire tracks?" McIntosh asked.

"One Goodyear All-Weather and three silvertown cords—the same as on Ida's car."

"We'll take pictures to be sure," McIntosh said.

Shortly after dawn, two other emissaries of the police department drove out to the old quarantine station—Officer George Cypher and Bill Hoopai, the assistant chief of police.

Later on Monday morning Claude Benton was sent back to the scene—again in Horace Ida's car—accompanied by the police identification officer, Samuel K. Lau, to take pictures of the tire tracks. Lau looked over the area, and shook his head. There were no identifiable tire marks, except the one short track that had been made by Ida's car when they drove into the clearing.

Benton suggested they drive Ida's car alongside the track that was visible—about three feet long—and take a picture of the two side by side.

"Why?" Lau asked. "You just made the first track, and you want me to take a picture of the second one, too?"

"Mac wants the pictures—that's why," Benton said.

Lau shook his head.

"I would have to testify," he said. "I would have to say both tracks were made by you."

Benton shrugged. They returned to the police station and reported the matter to the chief inspector. McIntosh scowled a minute, and finally said:

"I guess it may have been my fault. I drove out there this morning, to check on those tracks myself. I may have rubbed out some of them, and that's why you didn't find them."

The reasons for this curious series of misadventures was never made particularly clear. But in a sense, it set the tone of the investigation.

Inspector McIntosh had assembled sufficient information by Tuesday afternoon to recognize some major complexities in the case, which at first had appeared a rather simple matter of identifying the suspects and checking out the time element.

The first complication occurred Monday morning. McIntosh was told by John Cluney, who got the report through the police "grapevine," that some of the local "sporting set" who knew Ben Ahakuelo had seen him at Waikiki Park Saturday night and later on Beretania Street early Sunday morning. Sam Kahanamoku, well known and respected in Honolulu, had apparently gotten the story from a young fellow known in the Honolulu sporting world as "Tuts" Matsumoto.

Detective Lucian Machado was sent out to get in touch with Sam Kahanamoku and pick up Matsumoto. They found Matsumoto with a friend, Bob Vierra, and brought them in for questioning.

Matsumoto remembered seeing Ben Ahakuelo at Waikiki Park about the time the dancing stopped in the pavilion, but he did not see him leave the park. Vierra also did not see when Ahakuelo left, but he recalled that a girl with them, Margaret Kanae, had mentioned seeing "Benny" in the parking lot.

Matsumoto said that about 15 minutes after leaving the park, Margaret Kanae said: "Look—Benny and them is following us!"

Matsumoto did not look back; however, Vierra, facing the rear, saw the car as it drew closer. It seemed to him that Ben Ahakuelo, in the front seat, was waving at him. Vierra called to Matsumoto to slow down. When the second car had moved up until it was even with Matsumoto's car, Vierra stepped across to the bumper.

He asked Ahakuelo what he wanted, and the latter yelled: "Where are you going?" Vierra said, "To Judd Street." The two cars were running side by side, across from Thomas Square, when Vierra jumped back on Matsumoto's car.

There was an accident or some trouble at Fort and Beretania Streets, near the center of town, and Matsumoto stopped to see what was happening. The other car continued up Fort Street.

McIntosh sighed. "You think it was about half past 12?"

"At Fort and Beretania Streets, yes. About that time. The other time when Bobby jumped off my car, I was driving. I could not look back, but when this car came alongside Bobby jumped to the running board."

"I see," McIntosh said. "You saw Ben Ahakuelo later, though?"

"Yes, at Fort and Beretania Streets. We stop to see what is going on. The police was there and somebody had an accident or was fighting. That's when I saw Benny."

McIntosh realized that the information Matsumoto and Vierra provided would drastically alter his time schedule.

The first news of the assault on Thalia Massie reached the people of Honolulu on Monday morning, although there were many in the city who knew about it earlier from the swift course of grapevine reports and rumors.

At this point the only information the police possessed that indicated the five suspects under arrest were actually the perpetrators of the assault was Thalia Massie's own story. But the two English-language dailies, the *Advertiser* and the *Star-Bulletin*, proceeded to set up a public hue and cry against the "gangsters" and "degenerates" who, by implication, were the five youths arrested in the case.

The problem of prosecuting the perpetrators of the Ala Moana outrage fell upon the unwilling shoulders of James F. Gilliland, the district attorney for the City and County of Honolulu. The office of county attorney was elective, and in this case, Gilliland was in a fair way to run into some political crosscurrents, no matter which way he swam. He did what any astute politician would have done; he assigned two deputies to handle the case. These were Griffith Wight, a former Army captain, who was on good terms with the folks on Merchant Street, the business community of Honolulu; and Eddie Sylva, a personable young Portguese lawyer who had been graduated from Stanford and was acceptable to the Hawaiian voters.

The first stirrings of uncertainty seemed to have been creeping into the chief inspector's mind when Griffith Wight arrived at the Detective Bureau on Tuesday for a conference. Wight was a bristling, energetic man, and he walked into McIntosh's office with a bouncing step and a smile that seemed to radiate confidence. As he came into the room, McIntosh was sitting at his desk staring glumly at a sheaf of notes and tapping his pencil on the desk. He was radiating anything but confidence.

"Well," Wight began, cheerfully. "It's about time we tracked all these things down and got ready for the grand jury."

He glanced around the room. On the other side, facing toward the desk, was a smooth-faced man whose cherubic countenance radiated practically nothing. This was Sanford B. D. Wood, better known as "Sandy" Wood. He was the United States Attorney for Hawaii, and his connections with the *haole* elite in Honolulu were outstanding. He had come down, as he said, "to sit in and see how things are going."

The deputy county attorney went on: "We expect to be ready for trial in two weeks—as soon as we can get a grand jury indictment and have a trial date set."

The chief inspector's frown deepened.

"Two weeks? I don't think we'll be ready by that time, Griff."

"Why not?" Wight snapped. "You've got the right boys. The evidence is all there, and Mrs. Massie has identified four of the boys. The fifth was with them, so that's no problem. This town won't stand for any delay in this matter, John. I've talked with Admiral Stirling [Adm. Yates Stirling, Jr., commandant of the Pearl Harbor Navy Yard]. He feels the sentiment at the Harbor and at Washington won't brook any delay."

McIntosh shrugged.

"Why not let the Navy try the case, then? We're still looking for facts, and there are quite a few things to check out. We're doing it as fast as we can."

Wight's tone became sharper.

"What in hell is there to check on?" His face assumed an expression of professional authority. "Look here, you've done an outstanding job, John. An outstanding job! Rounding up these boys in less than 24 hours—it's commendable! I doubt if many Mainland departments could beat that. Now it's our job to get a conviction."

McIntosh tapped his pencil a moment, and then said in a low voice:

"We've checked into that story about Tuts Matsumoto, Griff. You were here when one of the boys mentioned following Matsumoto's car out of the park, weren't you?"

The deputy county attorney looked slightly puzzled; but he nodded.

"Yes, of course—but that was just Henry Chang's statement. We certainly don't intend to rely on the stories these fellows tell us, do we?" Wight laughed, although he seemed distinctly annoyed. "They've already lied enough so we know they are covering up."

McIntosh nodded, but he said:

"We have to check them out, all the same. We've already checked out part of that story, Griff. There are some details we need to pin down, but we've got to have time to do that. We don't want to take this case before the grand jury half-cocked, do we?"

Wight arose from his chair and walked around the room. McIntosh waited patiently for him to sit down again.

"There's nothing half-cocked about this," Wight finally said. "It's open and shut!"

"There are a few complications," McIntosh finally said. "Let me tell you what they are."

"There are always complications, John," Sandy Wood put in mildly. "You have to expect them, but they usually iron themselves out."

McIntosh recited briefly the matter of Tuts Matsumoto and his friend, Bob Vierra. He spread his notes on the desk and read the joint statement of the two. Wight came over and stared at the notes.

"When did you talk with these boys?" he asked.

"Last night."

Wight looked worriedly at McIntosh; then he snapped his fingers.

"Don't check anything further," he said. "We won't need this testimony, John. We've got enough to convict—and that's what we're interested in."

McIntosh looked shrewdly at the deputy county attorney. He put the tip of his pencil against his teeth and twirled it.

"We're checking out Tuts Matsumoto's story, anyway," he said. "Even if we don't use it." He turned and glared for a minute at Sandy Wood. "That satisfy you, Sandy? Or don't you think people will be interested in how we get a conviction, as long as we get it?"

McIntosh turned again to Wight, and asked: "Did you know Bill Heen was representing the five boys?"

Wight shook his head, and said a bit testily: "You know damned well we want everything checked out, John. But these boys are guilty as hell, and we don't want some fool with a cock-and-bull story to upset things. What these boys did put the Territory in a bad light, John."

McIntosh tapped his pencil on the desk. "You can forget the political speeches, Griff," he said. "We've still got to build a case, and that's my job." He paused and looked narrowly at Wight. "Maybe you didn't hear me when I said Bill Heen may represent some of the boys?"

Wight snorted. But his eyes showed he was worried. Heen was one of the most widely known Hawaiian lawyers in the Territory, and was popular with his people.

"We can't let politics enter into this," Wight finally said.

McIntosh smiled, without much humor.

McIntosh had already received some additional information, about the public reaction in Honolulu, which he did not want to divulge to Griffith Wight at the time. The *haole* elite were loudly demanding quick action and immediate conviction of the hoodlums who had marred Hawaii's reputation by assaulting the white wife of a U.S. Navy officer. Among other elements in town, however, there was a rumbling resentment. The Hawaiians had the old feeling that this was another case where they were going to get the "dirty end of the stick."

McIntosh realized that the time Thalia Massie left the Ala Wai Inn was becoming critical. Up to this point most of the evidence indicated she had left "around 12 o'clock," and McIntosh had accepted this since it confirmed his own theory of what happened—that she had been picked up shortly after midnight, driven to the site of the old quarantine station, where she was attacked; and the boys who attacked her had left in time to reach King and Liliha Streets at 12:37 a.m.

It wasn't too plausible a theory, and it required close connections; but it fitted the facts he had gathered thus far. However, the information supplied Monday afternoon by Tatsumi Matsumoto and Bob Vierra altered this schedule. If it should be definitely supported by Peter and Wilhelmina Correa, at whose home the boys claimed they spent some time both early and late that evening, it would require that Thalia Massie had left the Ala Wai Inn earlier than she said she did.

Peter Correa had come into the station Tuesday morning; but he was unable to fix the time he talked to Ben Ahakuelo and Joseph Kahahawai when they returned to the *luau*, except that it was "after midnight."

Later McIntosh and Wight talked with Wilhelmina Correa, Peter's sister. She thought they had returned at about 1:30.

But her recollection obviously was in error, since Horace Ida was found asleep at his home at about 1:30.

McIntosh sat with Jardine at the Detective Bureau that afternoon, rearranging the time schedule. They first worked out the reverse schedule for the five boys, beginning with the time of the Peeples incident:

TIME OF ACCUSED AT KING AND LILIHA STREETS	12:37 A.M.
ELAPSED TIME FROM CORREA HOME	3 MIN.
TIME SPENT AT CORREA HOME	6 MIN.
TIME OF ARRIVAL AT CORREA HOME	12:28 A.M.
ELAPSED TIME FROM FORT AND BERETANIA STREETS	3 MIN.
ELAPSED TIME FROM WAIKIKI PARK TO FORT AND BERETANIA	7 MIN.
TIME OF DEPARTURE FROM WAIKIKI PARK	12:18 A.M.

The latter time would conform generally to the time Tuts Matsumoto had driven out of the gate into John Ena Road—within a minute or so—and if the car driven by Ida had actually followed the Matsumoto car all the way into town, this would indicate the assault on Mrs. Massie had occurred much earlier—probably between 11:45 a.m., the time she probably was picked

up on John Ena Road, and 12:15 a.m. This, on a split-second schedule, would have allowed time for the five boys to have driven to the quarantine station site, assaulted Thalia Massie "six or seven times" and driven back to Waikiki Park in time to follow Matsumoto's car out of the gate. However, it required considerable shifting of her departure time from Ala Wai Inn.

On the Monday following the assault, Sam Kahanamoku had been told by a member of the Honolulu Police Force that a Japanese girl named Alice Aramaki had read the story of the assault in the morning paper and had some information that might be useful. On Wednesday, September 16, Alice Aramaki was brought to the Detective Bureau and questioned at length. She said she was standing in the store next to the barbershop where she worked, watching people pass by. She saw a white woman, answering generally the description of Thalia Massie, walk past the front of the store about 12:15 a.m., with a white man following her.

On the following day George Goeas, an insurance company executive who had been at Waikiki Park with his wife that night, came to police headquarters voluntarily, believing he might have information that would be helpful in solving the case. Mr. and Mrs. Goeas also saw a woman who generally matched Thalia Massie's description, walking "with her head bent down" along John Ena Road, with a white man following a yard or two behind her; and this also was about 12:15 a.m.

This information was not obtained by McIntosh until September 16 and 17. Thus, while it would have fitted the police theory of the case prior to the interrogation of Matsumoto and Vierra, *it did not fit the case after that.* If Thalia Massie was on John Ena Road as late as 12:15 a.m. Sunday, and the events of the kidnaping occurred as she said they did, it would have been impossible for the five suspects to have been her assailants.

Some six weeks later, Eugenio Batungbacal, Roger Lieu, Charles Chang and James Low, a former supervisor on the Island of Hawaii, came into the office of Deputy County Attorney Wight with some important new information. They had been riding in Batungbacal's car that night on John Ena Road and had seen the woman in the green dress. All their accounts were almost identical as to the time the woman was seen—about 12:15 a.m.—and her general appearance. There was considerable difference, however, in their accounts of what happened.

Batungbacal, Lieu and Chang all thought they saw several men forcing the woman into a car. James Low's account made no mention of a struggle, although he said that there was a car alongside the curb where he saw "a lady who looked like she was drunk—intoxicated—and immediately behind her was a man following her."

On September 21 McIntosh and Wight went to the Massie home, with Detective Stagbar, to obtain a final summary of her statement. Up to this time she had identified four of the five accused (David Takai was not identified, but the prosecution contended that since he admittedly was with the other four all evening, this was equivalent to identification).

By this time her recollection seems to have improved remarkably from the previous times she was questioned. She was now able to remember that Ahakuelo had a gold tooth and that Horace Ida wore a leather coat. She claimed she had noticed this at the time of the attack.

On Monday, November 16th, the five boys charged with criminally assaulting Thalia Massie sat in the dark-walled courtroom in the old Territorial Courthouse, ready for trial. In front of the building stood the statue of Kamehameha the Great, the conqueror of all Hawaii. Underneath the black figure with its golden cape, on a pedestal supporting it, was carved the motto of Hawaii: *Ua Mau Ke Ea O Ka Aina Ika Pono;* which loosely translated, means, "The life of the land is preserved in righteousness."

There was a great deal of righteousness represented inside the courtroom, but it is questionable whether it was the kind that would preserve "the life of the land." Judge Steadman, a mild-mannered man with a sound knowledge of the law and a reputation for firmness, was on the bench. In the audience were the usual groups of onlookers, mostly women. They were largely of the virtuous variety that dote on rape trials. They sat watching everything with eager, beady eyes, awaiting the moment when Thalia Massie would take the stand and tell her own story of the experience of being raped.

Bill Heen and Bill Pittman, the principal defense lawyers, presented a curious contrast. Heen had striking eyes, dark and sharp; it was the face of a born fighter. But Pittman seemed almost sleepy at times; he sat back in his chair, slightly paunchy, and calmly interrogated the witnesses in a slow, drawling voice, with a low-key courtroom manner.

Two other attorneys appeared for the defense—Robert Murakami, a Japanese lawyer, who represented David Takai; and Ernest Kai, a young Hawaiian from Hilo, who assisted him. Ahakuelo and Chang were represented by Heen, and Kahahawai and Ida by Pittman.

The jury that was finally selected consisted of seven white men, two Japanese, two Chinese and only one Hawaiian. The jury was actually a typical cross section of Honolulu.

On the third day—November 18—Thalia Massie took the stand as the Territory's first witness. She wore a light-tan suit, and her hair was fairly short, combed back from her forehead. Her eyes were set wide apart in what had been a rather plump face, but was now almost gaunt. They seemed heavy-lidded and expressionless. Her face was drawn and white, with almost no makeup.

She told her story the way it had finally evolved, beginning with her departure from the inn at "11:30" and including her recollection of Ahakuelo's gold tooth and Ida's leather jacket. She also told how she caught a glimpse of the car's license number as it drove away.

Heen conducted most of the cross-examination. He spoke in a low, conversational tone, touching only briefly on those parts of her testimony which involved the assault. He seemed to be more interested in the time element.

It became evident as the case progressed that the defense would rely on three basic points: the uncertainties and vagueness of Thalia Massie's identification of her assailants and the car they used; the confused time factor; and the "alibi witnesses," Tuts Matsumoto and Bob Vierra, supported by Peter and Wilhelmina Correa. Only one bit of evidence stood in the way of such a defense: the tire tracks at the old quarantine station.

Shortly after Thalia Massie completed her testimony, and medical evidence was introduced to show the nature of her injuries, Police Officer Claude Benton was called to the witness chair.

When Heen took over the cross-examination of the witness on Monday, it was evident to those in the courtroom that this was a crucial moment in the trial. At one point Judge Steadman had to admonish the audience to "remain quiet or the courtroom will be cleared."

"When you went back to look over the so-called tire tracks —this was Monday morning, wasn't it," Heen said to Benton. Benton nodded, and said, "Yes." He had testified under direct examination that after his first visit to the old quarantine station grounds early Sunday morning, he had returned later with Sammy Lau, in Ida's car, for the purpose of taking pictures of the tracks. Meanwhile Assistant Chief of Police Bill Hoopai and Police Officer George Cypher had also driven down to the site; and even McIntosh, as he later admitted, had also driven down sometime Sunday in Horace Ida's Ford. Hoopai reported having seen some tire tracks, which could have been made by Ida's car when Benton drove it down earlier in the morning. The welter of confused testimony on this matter made it difficult to establish when the tracks were made; and Heen and Pittman were not slow to seize on this confusion.

Heen asked Benton:

"Did you run Ida's car alongside the tracks and ask Lau to photograph them?" Samuel K. Lau was the police identification officer and official police photographer.

"Yes," Benton said, "but he did not do it."

"Did you tell him not to photograph the tracks because they were not the same tracks you had seen earlier?"

"I did not."

"Did he come to your home and talk to you about the matter?"

"He came the other night and we discussed it."

Later, when the defense presented its case, Sammy Lau was called to the stand as a defense witness—a matter that provoked an assortment of rumors that certain police officers had "defected to the defense" and was cited widely by the *haole* contingent in Honolulu to prove that the "Hawaiian faction" in the police department had "betrayed" the prosecution.

The result of this testimony, together with the cross-examination of Benton, struck an almost mortal blow at the prosecution's case. The demonstration of bungling was almost incredible. Why had Benton driven Ida's car down to the site of the

attack in the first place? Why had McIntosh gone back on Sunday and driven over the area, perhaps obliterating all tracks that had been made by the attackers? What did Bill Hoopai do when he and Officer George Cypher drove down Sunday morning?

And perhaps most important of all—why did the police proceed solely on the theory that it had to be Horace Ida's car that was to be identified by the tire tracks?

The closing evidence of the prosecution was devoted to presenting the testimony of Eugenio Batungbacal, Roger Lieu and Charlie Chang to produce evidence that "a woman in a green dress" had been dragged into a car on John Ena Road "around midnight" of September 12.

James Low, the fourth member in the Batungbacal party, was not called by the prosecution, but he was a witness for the defense. He estimated it was about 12:15 a.m. when he saw the woman walking slowly down the sidewalk, "like a drunken person," with her head down and being closely followed by a white man.

There was never any evidence presented that would indicate definitely, one way or the other, whether the woman was Thalia Massie, except for a description of her clothes. Alice Aramaki, in her testimony for the defense, described her as wearing a lighter-colored green dress than the one she wore that night; James Low said he thought the dress was blue; but Mrs. Goeas testified that police officers had later shown her Mrs. Massie's dress and she had identified it as the one she had seen that night.

If Mrs. Goeas' story was to be accepted at its face value—and there was no reason whatever to doubt it—this strongly indicated that Thalia Massie was the woman who was walking down John Ena Road at about 12:15 a.m. Sunday.

Inspector McIntosh took the stand as the prosecution's final witness. His testimony and answers to Heen's cross-examination did nothing to strengthen the prosecution's case. He denied that Thalia Massie ever mentioned to him that any of her assailants wore a leather jacket or had gold teeth.

It soon became apparent that the chief inspector had no intention of directly supporting anything Thalia Massie said that could not be verified as a fact from other sources. He was, in fact, "backing away" from the prosecution's theory of the case.

Why? The answer seems to lie in the very structure of the prosecution case, which by now depended entirely on Thalia Massie's story. There had been many rumors and suspicions of fabricated evidence circulated through Honolulu; and while John McIntosh, as a police officer, may have tried to "build a case," it was quite evident he did not intend to participate in an effort to sustain the prosecution's theory, while under oath, beyond stating the facts as he knew them.

The defense testimony was brief. It consisted mainly of the stories of the "alibi witnesses"—Tuts Matsumoto and Bob Vierra, together with another youth, George Silva, and two girls, Sybil Davis and Margaret Kanae, who rode in the car with them. In addition, the defense called William V. Asing, a clerk at the Territorial Board of Health, who had been at Waikiki Park Saturday night. Asing testified that he saw Benny in the park at 11:45 and outside the park after the last dance.

Two other witnesses—Tomomi Murada and Charles Kalami—both testified they knew Ahakuelo and saw him at the park "about the time of the last dance."

The one witness who might have established definitely the time Ahakuelo and the other four boys drove out of the park was the Hawaiian girl, Margaret Kanae, who was in Tuts Matsumoto's car. She first recalled seeing the Ford car, with Ahakuelo riding in it, as it was driven out of the park entrance. Under cross-examination by Wight, however, she became utterly confused and changed her story several times, smiling and nodding at every question, no matter how contradictory. Had her story been clear and unconfused, it might have settled beyond question the issue of the Ala Moana case; because Harold Godfrey, the manager of Waikiki Park, whose testimony could not have been challenged, had stated unequivocally that when he left the park shortly after closing, at midnight, he saw Tuts Matsumoto's car and two others just leaving the park.

There was one final spasm on the part of the prosecution. Just before the attorneys were about to present their summation to the jury, Griffith Wight received a note. He read it and jumped up, motioning to defense lawyers Heen, Pittman and Murakami, to follow him to the bench.

After a whispered consultation, Judge Steadman announced that trial would be adjourned until Saturday morning in view of certain "new evidence" that had just come to light and which the county attorney's office wished to present.

The *Advertiser* announced in screaming headlines on Saturday morning that two "mystery witnesses" would present the "new evidence" at the unusual Saturday morning session of the court. The story hinted broadly that the new testimony was likely to strike at the very foundations of the defense.

The "mystery witnesses" proved to be a Mr. and Mrs. George M. McClelland. George McClelland was manager of Honolulu Stadium. Mrs. McClelland testified that she had walked down John Ena Road on the night of September 12, shortly after the dance ended at Waikiki Park; and she "remembered she was wearing a green dress."

The new evidence which was supposed to have rocked the defense was refuted in almost a single sentence. George Goeas was recalled to the stand by Heen and asked whether the "woman in the green dress" might have been Mrs. McClelland.

"I know Mrs. McClelland," he said. "She was not the woman I saw."

This revelation furnished the basis for one of the most remarkable suggestions in the entire case, offered by Griffith Wight in his closing address. The prosecutor observed, in connection with the McClelland testimony: "Why shouldn't there be a number of women with green dresses? There may have been scores of them on John Ena Road that night." In his effort to minimize the importance of the testimony of the Goeases, Alice Aramaki, James Low—and even his own witnesses, Eugenio Batungbacal and his two Chinese friends—Wight painted a picture of a veritable St. Patrick's Day Parade of ladies in green dresses, all wandering down John Ena Road that Saturday night in September, shortly after midnight.

The *Advertiser* referred to the deputy county attorney's summation to the jury as a "strikingly effective closing argument." In many ways, it was. If there had been any doubt in the mind of an objective juror as to the ineptitude of the Territory's presentation, Griffith Wight's final address would have erased it. With reference to the time element, for example, he suggested that the time the five defendants left Waikiki Park was "not actually relevant."

"Perhaps they left earlier," he suggested. "The attack may very well have occurred long before midnight, and these five boys could have completed their dastardly work, left this poor woman beaten and helpless on the road, and returned to the park *before* the last dance!" Since Thalia Massie was definitely known to have been at the Ala Wai Inn until about 11:35 p.m., this would have required that she be kidnaped, rushed down to the old quarantine station site, raped six or seven times, and the attackers would then have driven back to the park—all within a space of 20 minutes!

Heen, in the final summation to the jury, threw down the racial gauntlet. He stood before the jury, his feet apart and his voice again ringing out in the courtroom. "If we are to accept the theory of the prosecution," he said, "we must believe that every witness in this case, except the complaining witness, must have been lying! Are we to accept only the testimony of *haoles* in this court? Are we to disregard witnesses for the defense simply because they are Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese or Portuguese?"

Judge Steadman gave the case to the jury at 3:40 p.m. on Wednesday, December 2. On Sunday night at 10 o'clock, more than four days after the jury had been given the case, the foreman sent a note to Judge Steadman:

"It is impossible for this jury to reach a verdict."

Less than a week after that, the Ala Moana case began to bear its first bitter fruit when Horace Ida was kidnapped, taken to a desolate area of the island, and beaten. His captors left him after he pretended to pass out. Ida was making his way toward the nearest town several miles away when a passing car picked him up.

The good people of Honolulu may have comforted themselves with the notion that this was merely a flare-up, a release of tension. However, the "bitter fruit" was still ripening.

On Thursday morning, January 8, 1932, Joseph Kahahawai left his home to go downtown to the Territorial courthouse where he had to report twice a week to William A. Dixon, the

probation officer. This was required of all five defendents in the Ala Moana Case, who were out on bail.

A cousin of Kahahawai, Eddie Ulii, walked with him. It was about 8:30 when they reached the courthouse. Eddie Ulii later said: "We saw a woman standing on the sidewalk, looking at Joe and me, but I didn't think anything about it at the time."

Kahahawai went into Dixon's office, while Eddie Ulii sat on a bench outside. A man stepped out of a black Buick sedan across the circular paving in front of the building, and walked over and stood beside the woman. She was wearing a trim, blue serge dress and had gray hair.

"After Joe came out, as we walked out of the courthouse, the woman was still standing there," Eddie Ulii said. "We walked about 50 feet, and I looked back. The woman was pointing at us."

Kahahawai did not seem particularly concerned. They crossed the sidewalk and started toward King Street, intending to walk back to Palama. As they started walking along King Street, Eddie Ulii noticed the Buick car following them.

"It turned into King Street without even making a boulevard stop," he said. "The driver of the car was a man wearing goggles. He leaned out and opened the door. The man I first saw with the woman came up behind Joe, and said. 'Get in the car. Major Ross wants to see you!' "

Maj. Gordon Ross was at that time High Sheriff of Honolulu and commander of the Hawaii National Guard.

The man handed Kahahawai a white paper with a gold seal in the lower right-hand corner. He said, "Get in the car—on the left-hand side, back seat."

Eddie Ulii said that Kahahawai called to him, as he was partly shoved into the car: "Eddie, get on the car!" He tried to step on the running board, but the man inside said, "We'll be back soon," and the car drove off, leaving Eddie Ulii standing on the sidewalk. It was the last time any of Joseph Kahahawai's friends saw him alive.

The so-called summons later proved to be a queer document. It was printed in rough, awkward letters, evidently by hand.

Eddie Ulii was worried about his cousin's departure, and finally he went back to Dixon's office and told him what had happened. Dixon immediately called the Honolulu Police.

The gray-haired woman in the car was Mrs. Grace Fortescue, the mother of Thalia Massie; Tommy Massie was the driver; and in the back seat, with a gun in his hand, was the one who invited or shoved Kahahawai into the car, Albert O. Jones, a Navy enlisted man from the Pearl Harbor Submarine Base. They arrived at a cottage on Kalawalo Avenue, in Manoa Valley, which Mrs. Fortescue had rented shortly after her arrival in Honolulu the previous October.

The events of the next few minutes will undoubtedly remain officially uncertain forever, since those involved were understandably vague in their story of the affair, told later at the trial. However, it seems evident that Joseph Kahahawai was taken into the house, tied to a wicker chair and for several minutes questioned by Tommy Massie.

One of the men in the room held a .32-caliber Colt pistol, pointed at Kahahawai. Later Tommy Massie, by implication, seemed to have assumed that role for himself, but there were other more or less apocryphal reports that indicated that one of the other two men in the room—Jones and another enlisted man from the Navy, Edmund J. Lord—held the gun.

At one point, according to these unconfirmed stories, Massie called Kahahawai a "black son of bitch"—a name that would anger most Hawaiians; and the muscular Hawaiian lunged toward him, dragging the chair. In the scuffle and confusion, the gun went off and Kahahawai collapsed with a bullet in his chest.

About 10:15 a.m.—more than an hour after the kidnaping of Kahahawai at the courthouse, but only about 45 minutes after the alarm was spread—Detective George Harbottle was on patrol duty on Waialae Road, the main highway leading out of the city toward the southern end of Oahu. He saw a black Buick sedan heading out toward Koko Head, a volcanic promontory near the southern end of the island. The car was traveling at a fairly high rate of speed.

With Harbottle was Patrolman Thomas Kekua, on a motorcycle. After a short chase, the motorcycle passed the Buick and blocked it at the top of a hill. Harbottle pulled up behind; he and Kekua waved their guns at the three people in the Buick.

Harbottle opened the rear door of the Buick and saw a white bundle on the floor, a roll of canvas. There were dark splotches on the canvas, and sticking out of one end of the bundle was a human foot. They had found the body of Joseph Kahahawai.

The place where the Buick was stopped is about 12 miles south of the Honolulu city line; and about three miles farther south, toward the tip of Oahu, is a well-known tourist attraction known as "the Blow Hole." This is a crevice in the volcanic rock, which extends in a cavernlike ledge over the water. The waves of the Pacific, rolling into the mouth of this cavern, drive the water upward through the Blow Hole with terrific force, spewing geysers 20 feet or more into the air. This spectacular act of nature creates a terrific force of water within the cavern that would pulverize any object thrown into it, such as a human body, and destroy all evidence of it in a matter of minutes.

It was apparently also a matter of minutes that prevented Mrs. Fortescue, Tommy Massie and the sailor, Lord, from reaching the place and getting rid of the body of Joseph Kahahawai—an act that might have effectively prevented criminal action against Tommy Massie or Mrs. Fortescue.

The people stood or sat at the roadside, awaiting the arrival of additional police and the coroner. Radio Patrolman Percy Bond, who arrived with a third police car, later reported that when he walked over to Detective Harbottle and said, "Good work, kid!" young Massie, standing nearby, looked up and smiled, and then clasped his hands as if he were shaking hands with himself.

"Weren't you speaking to me?" he asked.

Bond shook his head.

Mrs. Fortescue, a slender, handsome woman in her mid-50's with graying hair, possessed an air of hauteur that may have been due partly to her family origin, and partly the result of suppressed emotional reactions. This contributed to the impression of superiority over the common run of criminals when she was later provided with the opportunity of a "news conference" at the police station. "I cannot see why we were not placed in the custody of the Navy," she said, "instead of being sent to a common jail where the scum of the town is brought."

Meanwhile the fourth member of the group which had participated in the kidnaping and killing of Joseph Kahahawai, Machinist's Mate Albert O. Jones, was picked up by police at the Massie house, where he said he was "standing guard." He was taken to the police station and searched, and a .32-caliber cartridge clip was found, wrapped in the fake summons which had been used to get Kahahawai into the car. An empty shell was also found in his pocket.

Jones was turned over to the Navy, in custody of Capt. Ward K. Wortman, for "his own safety;" and subsequently the other three were also turned over to Navy custody. This aroused a storm of protest from the Honolulu authorities as well as from some local citizens; but on this matter the Navy Department in Washington took a firm stand. Secretary of the Navy Charles F. Adams wired Admiral Stirling ordering him to *refuse to deliver the four accused to Territorial authorities,* a step that would hardly have been taken in the case of a foreign government, let alone a Territory of the United States.

The newspaper reactions on the Mainland were interesting, to say the least. The New York *Daily News,* in a headline on January 11, warned of a "Melting Pot Peril!" *The New York Times,* under a three-column headline on page one, referred to the "mongrel mixture of races in Hawaii" and decided this was the cause of the shooting of an Hawaiian.

The Hearst newspapers, with characteristic restraint, unloosed a barrage all the way from New York. A two-column editorial on the front page of the New York *American,* headed "Martial Law Needed to Make Hawaii Safe Place for Decent Women," said:

> The situation in Hawaii is deplorable. It is an unsafe place for white women outside the small cities and towns. The roads go through jungles and in these remote places bands of degenerate natives lie in wait for white women driving by.
>
> At least 40 cases of these outrages have occurred, and nobody has been punished.

In contrast, a Report to the Senate Committee on Insular Affairs, made by the Department of the Interior on January 16, 1932, gave the number of sex offenses in Hawaii for 1931 as 12: 11 assaults with intent to rape and only one actual rape.

The feelings of the "man in the street" were expressed in gathering places along River Street, which ran through the slum areas of downtown Honolulu, and in beer shops on Kukui

Street and in Kakaako. Hawaiians are not belligerent by nature; they are easygoing and friendly. But their anger was slowly rising. When white sailors and soldiers from Pearl Harbor and Schofield Barracks came into town, they usually gathered in the beer shops and similar places around the Aala Park area; and when one of them would remark, "Damned good for the black bastard! He got what was coming to him!" a burly Hawaiian would often move alongside him and mutter in guttural pidgin English: "You like to try it yourself, white meat? You like to get what's comin' to you?"

Usually the sailors, who traveled in groups, would close ranks, and there were few outright battles, in spite of lurid reports of race rioting that gained currency on the Mainland. But the bitterness was not on the surface; it was deep down in the racial consciousness of the Hawaiians, who seemed to be watching and waiting. Most young men of Hawaiian blood were proud of their physical abilities, but they seldom forced an issue. The result was a stalemate of mutterings, veiled threats of reprisal, but few confrontations.

In all the outpouring of hysterical anger from Mainland newspapers, and from high representatives of the Navy Department—and even from the "leading citizens" of Honolulu—hardly a word was expressed on the matter of the lynching. The full force of the attack was directed at the Ala Moana case. None of the Navy authorities, including Admiral Stirling, seemed to have a critical comment on the four white people—three of them Navy personnel—who had killed a Hawaiian boy!

During all this turmoil and rising racial bitterness in Hawaii, there was an old man with graying hair, one stray lock characteristically hanging over his right eye, living most of the time in the Midwest. He was at Lawrence, Kansas, delivering lectures to young law students, a few days after Joe Kahahawai was killed in Honolulu. His wise gray eyes, set wide apart in a grizzled face over high cheekbones that looked as if he might have some Indian origin, glanced over a telegram, the last line of which read:

"Will you accept this case at a retainer of $40,000."

This was Clarance Darrow, veteran of almost 50 years of courtroom battles, and perhaps America's greatest criminal lawyer of his day. He had been the champion of the underdog—the defender of John T. Scopes, the Tennessee schoolteacher, in the famous "monkey trial;" of Eugene Debs after the Pullman riots in Chicago; of Big Bill Haywood, charged with murdering Governor Steunenberg of Idaho; and of the McNamara brothers in the Los Angeles *Times* bombing case. He was also the man who saved two wealthy young Chicagoans, Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb, from death in 1924 for the killing of a nine-year-old boy.

Darrow had retired from active practice in 1928, and was taking trips around the country, lecturing to law students and others on the tricks and traps of the law. Now he was being asked to take a new kind of case—one that seemed to involve deep racial issues; and the locale was in faraway Hawaii. The wire was from Montgomery Winn, an attorney in Honolulu representing Mrs. Grace Fortescue, Thomas H. Massie, Albert O. Jones and Edmund J. Lord, accused of killing Joseph Kahahawai.

While Darrow was deciding whether to take the case, things were happening in Honolulu. The four accused of killing Joseph Kahahawai had finally been returned to the custody of the Honolulu police, after much confusion and exchanges of legal and quasi-legal opinions between the attorney general of the Territory, Harry Hewitt, and Admiral Stirling and his faithful aide, Captain Wortman.

It was considered in the best interest of all concerned to let them remain at Pearl Harbor "for their personal safety"—and also their comfort—with a police guard from Honolulu.

The grand jury was not anxious to act. Whatever the jurors did would be wrong in the eyes of a substantial portion of the people of Honolulu. It took a good amount of prodding by the presiding judge before the grand jury found enough nerve to return an indictment.

Meanwhile a search had been going on for a public prosecutor to take over all prosecution of criminal cases for the City and County of Honolulu. On February 10, John C. Kelley, an Irish lawyer with a reputation for toughness in the courtroom, was appointed to this post. Meantime, Clarence Darrow agreed to handle the defense.

When Darrow, slightly stooped with the weight of more than 70 years on his shoulders, arrived in Honolulu, he made it clear that he was down there "to heal old wounds, not to make new ones." He told newspapermen—some of whom he had known in New York and Chicago—who were in Honolulu to cover the trial, that he had no intention of "carrying on a crusade for the white people in Hawaii."

"I'm down here to defend four people who have been accused of a crime that I do not believe was a crime," he said.

With this cryptic introduction, the trial opened at the Territorial courthouse before Judge Charles Skinner Davis on April 4, 1932.

They sat only a few feet apart, at separate tables facing the bench, the graying veteran of nearly a half century before the bar, and the young Irish lawyer from Honolulu. They were quite a contrast, these two. Clarence Darrow had the wisdom and wiles of many famous legal battles in his keen gray eyes. Jack Kelley was 40 years Darrow's junior and had no particular legal history except in the community in which he lived.

Nevertheless, Kelley was in no way awed by the reputation of the great Clarence Darrow. Almost the first question he asked of one of the prospective jurors, sitting in the jury box to their left, was a challenge to the issue Darrow raised with newspapermen before the trial.

"Would you be willing to render a verdict of guilty in this case even if you feel that the defendants believed it was right to commit murder—under the circumstances? That is, even if they believed the man they killed was guilty of rape?"

"Just a minute, please," Darrow said to the venireman. "I shall object to any line of questioning that seeks to bring in any trials or crimes or alleged crimes that are not part of this case."

Kelley stood up.

"Your Honor," he said to Judge Davis, "I want to know whether these jurors are going to be influenced by what they think of the guilt or innocence of Joseph Kahahawai. We have a right to know that in order to know whether they can reach a fair verdict."

Barry Ulrich, a tall young man who had been assigned to assist Kelley, also stood up. It was quite apparent to everyone that in the first few minutes of the trial, the underlying issue was to be squarely joined.

Judge Davis, anxious to avoid issues that would impede the selection of a jury, told Ulrich and Kelley they might ask the jurors if they would try the case under the law, but they could not go beyond that, involving other matters, or previous trials.

It should have been evident to Clarence Darrow that the line was being drawn on basic racial issues; but apparently he chose to ignore this warning.

Darrow's second miscalculation was his assumption that the spell of his oratory, with its deeply humanistic theme, would move the Oriental mind. Darrow said once, "Everybody thinks about the law and nobody thinks about people. It's what is in people's minds that makes them do things—not what the law says."

As the fantasy of many races passed before him, it was evident that he was losing command of the situation. During the courtroom sessions, he had raised points haltingly at times, and at other times he simply sat and stared, while George Leisure, the New York lawyer who had come out to join the battery of defense attorneys, conducted the questioning.

As the days wore on, and the crowd of onlookers became more restive—they had come to witness a performance, not an exchange of psychological subtleties between lawyers and the men in the jury box—the character of the jury became more definite. It was not an "acquitting" or a "convicting" jury. It was what Judge Davis later described as "an ideal jury—a jury that waits for the evidence and weighs it, and listens to the instructions of the court as to the law." It consisted of seven men of Caucasian blood, one Portuguese, two Chinese and three who were of Hawaiian blood, two of them only part-Hawaiian. They were sworn in by Judge Davis and the trial was adjourned until Monday morning, April 11.

Another major miscalculation which Darrow made was Jack Kelley. It is quite possible that the great legal warrior, known to the world as the champion of the downtrodden, had hoped to run roughshod over the local side, hammering home his

magic weapons of tolerance, understanding, mercy for the accused, against a slightly awed hometown lawyer. If so, he was mistaken.

Kelley was a fairly large, squarely built man with broad shoulders. He sat hunched forward at the prosecution's table, his bald head, fringed with a monkish crown of red hair, gleaming like the setting sun against the dark background of Judge Davis' bench. He was quick-witted and incisive, with Irish pugnacity and sharpness of tongue. And he knew Hawaii and the Hawaiians, as Darrow did not.

At one point in his opening outline of the prosecution's case, Kelley turned suddenly from the jury and faced Mrs. Fortescue, sitting rigidly behind the defense counsel's table. She straightened slightly when he pointed at her.

"There, as he stood under the shadow of Kamehameha, under the outstretched arm of the great Hawaiian who brought law and order to Hawaii, the finger of doom was pointed at this youthful descendant of the King's people," Kelley said, his voice ringing out in the hushed courtroom. "We will prove that it was the finger and hand of Mrs. Grace Fortescue that pointed to that doom—that in the vernacular of today, it was Grace Fortescue who 'put the finger' on Joseph Kahahawai!"

There was hardly a sound as he spoke, except for a slight sigh, apparently from the Hawaiians or their sympathizers in the crowd. But it was quite evident that Jack Kelley meant to tread openly upon the ground that Clarence Darrow had tried to declare "out of bounds"—the ground of racial dissension and bitterness in Hawaii that had grown out of the Ala Moana case.

A minute later, Kelley said in a much lower voice:

"We will show from physical evidence in the bedroom of Mrs. Fortescue's house that Joseph Kahahawai was shot as he sat there, and that he was taken into the bathroom, where he bled to death." He added, in sharper tones: "There was no struggle in this room that can be shown from physical evidence—no struggle that would enable these people to claim self-defense for shooting Joseph Kahahawai!"

As Kelley put his witnesses on the stand, the exchanges between Kelley and Darrow became sharper and sharper; and the tension in the courtroom seemed to increase as the courtroom battle became rougher.

Darrow, in cross-examining witnesses, sought to establish an atmosphere of sympathy for the defendants—of understanding of their motives, of the searing hatred that had grown in Massie's mind at the attackers of his wife, and the emotional tension of Thalia Massie's mother, who had come to Honolulu to see that her daughter was protected from insults and slander.

In the face of this, Jack Kelley was forging an iron ring of facts, attempting to prove premeditation.

The final witness for the Territory aroused the bitterest resentment Darrow had displayed. This was Mrs. Esther Anito, the mother of Joseph Kahahawai.

She was a slender woman, of medium height; her dark face was concealed for the most part by a handkerchief which she pressed to her eyes. When she was called to the stand, and stood up, Darrow immediately arose and stood between her and the witness stand.

"We will concede everything this witness has to say," he said. "We will stipulate she is the mother of Joseph Kahahawai—that she saw him that morning when he left—anything. . . ."

Kelley stood up.

"There are two mothers in this courtroom," he said, his voice low and biting. "One is a defendant, and the other has no defense. Her son is dead. We think both should be permitted to testify."

Darrow sat down and slowly shook his head. The old warrior was not defeated; but in a legal sense, he was being mortally hurt.

The first witness put on by the defense was Tommy Massie. He was dressed in a dark-blue suit, with a light-tan tie. His face was still set in the hard lines that seemed to have become fixed on his features since the beginning of the trial. He was tight-lipped, tense, short in his answers.

After leading him gently through the early years of his life Darrow asked:

"Do you remember an incident last September, going to a dance—?"

Massie passed his hand across his eyes.

"I could never forget it," he said.

Kelley got to his feet, and walked over in front of the lawyer's tables.

"I do not intend to interrupt with objections," he told Judge Davis. "But I feel that at this point we are entitled to know the relevance of this testimony. It is a matter which counsel has sought quite strenuously to avoid in this case—and I want to know the reason." He turned to Darrow. "Is it your intention to go into the Ala Moana case?"

"I am going to make this brief," Darrow said. "But I do intend to go into that case—yes."

"Then the prosecution should be informed at this time if one of the defendants will make an insanity plea," Kelley said.

"We do intend to raise the question of insanity—in the last part of this tragedy," he said. "That is, the one who fired the pistol."

Kelley said he would object to further testimony of the witness, Tommy Massie, "along these lines, unless the prosecution is informed that the plea of insanity is to be made in his behalf."

Darrow said he didn't see "how that is necessary at this time." Kelley said it was "known that certain well-known psychiatrists are here, in Honolulu, to testify." He added:

"We have the right to examine this witness through alienists if it is claimed that this defendant was insane at the time the murder was committed."

Darrow grumbled a bit, but finally said if the prosecution wished to have "certain doctors come and listen to the testimony, we will not object to that, but we may not see fit to submit the defendant or defendants for whom insanity will be claimed to the examination of any physicians."

Massie went on with his story, dramatically telling of his search for his wife after she disappeared from the Ala Wai Inn, his telephone call, the condition he found her in when he returned home and how she described to him what had happened.

Massie's lips began twisting when he told of the several times the police brought suspects before her—at home and in the hospital—and she identified four of them. Darrow asked Massie if she "knew any of the four assailants."

Kelley said, "Your Honor, I object to the use of the word 'assailants.'"

Darrow looked at Kelley, and then said: "Let's call them alleged assailants. Or suppose we call them four men."

"The four people," Massie said, his face twisted in a grimace, "were brought before her. She said, 'They are the ones.' Then she called me to her side and said, 'Please, darling, don't let there be any doubt in your mind, because you know what it means. Don't you know if there was any doubt in my mind, I could never draw an easy breath?'"

Massie stopped, and so did Darrow. This excessive burst of emotional feeling possibly had not been expected by him. He turned and walked back to the table, his finger pressed against his temple. It was fairly well known in Honolulu that Mrs. Fortescue's brother, Robert Bell, a nephew of Alexander Graham Bell, was with the Massie-Fortescue party at Pearl Harbor. He was a young man known to be experienced in "little theater" productions; and it was suspected by Jack Kelley, among others, that he had rehearsed the witnesses in the dramatic effects that might be achieved in the course of their testimony. But it is doubtful if even Clarence Darrow expected anything quite as spectacular as Massie's testimony.

Kelley watched sharply. The introduction of this unnecessary and overemphasized testimony reflecting Thalia Massie's possible doubt as to the identity of the boys she had accused and identified—in the form of her protest to the contrary—was, as Kelley later phrased it, "an unexpected windfall."

Massie had continued, after a brief pause, to describe the events that followed on the night of the attack. He told how she had suffered during the nights, and at one time he said she awakened screaming: "Don't let them get me!"

All this, Massie said, was wearing on her nerves. He went back to the Submarine Base at Pearl Harbor and reported for duty, but during the nights "the whole thing would come back to me and I would get up at night and pace the floor . . . and then I would see a picture of her . . . her crushed face."

It was at this point in Massie's testimony that he mentioned the matter of pregnancy. "The danger of this preyed on my mind," he said. "After Mrs. Massie's mother came, we knew an operation was necessary to prevent pregnancy."

"Did you know she was pregnant?" Darrow asked.

"There couldn't be any doubt about it," Massie responded.

Kelley knew this was a major flaw in Massie's testimony. He had in his briefcase, on the table, a copy of an official report of Thalia Massie's operation at the Kapiolani Maternity Home, signed by her physician, Dr. Paul Withington, which stated that pregnancy had not occurred.

The effort to introduce this proof that Thalia Massie had become pregnant as a result of the supposed assault on the Ala Moana Road was not contested by Kelley; nor was any effort made to impeach Massie's evidence. Nevertheless, Tommy Massie's testimony left no doubt in Kelley's mind as to the honesty of his testimony, or the integrity of the defense case.

Darrow was quite ill on Friday, and the trial sessions were adjourned until Saturday morning. Tommy Massie completed his story, explaining that he had "blanked out" as they questioned Joseph Kahahawai in the bedroom of Mrs. Fortescue's rented bungalow.

He told of taking the big Hawaiian into the house, threatening him with a gun and demanding a confession. According to Massie, Kahahawai finally blurted out:

"Yes, we done it."

At this point, Massie said, he lost all track of what happened. As Darrow defined it, Massie "held the gun" that shot Joseph Kahahawai. Beyond that, Massie remembered nothing.

Darrow announced at the beginning of Saturday's session:

"There has been some misunderstanding on this point. We believe a plea of 'not guilty' does not require that it be stated who fired the shot. But we are willing to say that the evidence shows that the defendant, Massie, now on the stand, held the gun when the shot was fired."

If Clarence Darrow had understood the processes of the Oriental mind—and there were three Chinese on the jury—he would not have relied on the *pro forma* defense that Tommy Massie was suddenly insane at the moment Joseph Kahahawai purportedly confessed.

But as has been noted, Darrow was getting along in years, and although he had not lost the fighting character of his earlier trials, he must have lost some of the mental agility which had made him the greatest criminal lawyer of his time. In any event, he missed what Jack Kelley thoroughly understood: that a pair of psychiatrists, considered among the rank and file of Honolulu to be little more or less than "witch doctors," would not be the means of saving his clients.

The two defense alienists, Dr. Edward H. Williams, and Dr. Thomas H. Orbison, pondered hypothetical questions for two days and came up with the same results on all questions; Doctor Orbison described the hypothetical situation which he had gleaned from examining young Massie as "shock amnesia"—a "mental bomb" that exploded in Massie's mind when Kahahawai is supposed to have said, "Yes, we done it."

Doctor Orbison launched into a vivid description of what must have gone on in Massie's mind when Kahahawai supposedly "confessed." Under some rather pointed cross-examination by Barry Ulrich, who noted that "amnesia" was not a legal insanity defense, the Mainland doctor changed his terminology to "an uncontrollable impulse" which presumably took possession of the young Naval officer when he was confronted with what he regarded as "direct and final proof that this was the man that assaulted his wife."

Doctor Williams contributed much the same opinion, except that he called it "somnambulistic ambulatory automatism" and described it as "a walking daze, in which a person may move about but is not aware what is happening."

Ulrich battered away at Doctor Williams for a while, but since neither Ulrich nor the jury seemed to understand what the doctor had said, and there was some possibility the doctor didn't, either, the whole thing went down in the records under the baseball nomenclature of "no hits, no runs, no errors"—except, perhaps, for the general error of having introduced this testimony in the first place.

However, it became necessary, in Kelley's view, to counterattack; and by the end of the week he had two psychiatrists of his own on the ground. These were Dr. Joseph Catton of Stanford University and Dr. Paul Bowers of Los Angeles.

On Wednesday, April 20, Thalia Massie was called to the stand. In many ways she was the most important witness for the defense of her husband and mother and the two sailors accused of the "honor slaying" in her behalf. It was she who had suffered most—except for the slain Hawaiian boy; and as she took the witness stand, her pallid face showed the scars of surgery on her jaw and the emotional ravages of the past six months.

The courtroom was filled—as it had been for most of the trial. In the forefront was the assembly of local white women, who paid daily tribute to the accused, sighing sorrowfully, almost in a body, as the defendants paraded up the aisle to take seats behind the lawyers' table.

Several days before this session of the trial, a professor from the University of Hawaii, Dr. E. Lowell Kelley, had dropped in at Jack Kelley's office at City Hall and showed him some papers. They were records of an examination taken in a course in psychology at the summer session of the University the previous summer. One of the examination papers was that of Thalia Massie.

Kelley looked them over and laughed slightly. He put the papers in his drawer, and except for showing them to a couple of newspapermen, he had not attached any particular importance to the matter. They merely reflected Thalia Massie's answers to certain questions of psychology. One set of questions had to do with marriage; the questions were: "Are you married? If so, are you happily married?" The answers required were merely "yes" or "no"; but on this subject Thalia Massie had written some rather extensive answers, covering the margins and the back of the paper. Kelley shoved them in his briefcase, however, on the morning Thalia Massie was to testify.

Darrow led her gently through a series of questions, most of which concerned the night at the Ala Wai Inn. Kelley got to his feet several times, and objected to Darrow's "retrying the Ala Moana case."

Darrow nodded agreeably. A master of courtroom technique, he had no intention of letting Jack Kelley break into the drama of his presentation. At Judge Davis' suggestion, he said he would confine his questions to "what Massie told her and what she told Massie."

At one point, Thalia Massie broke down and began sobbing. After a moment she continued, telling how she had identified her attackers at the hospital. She said when Kahahawai was there she had told Tommy Massie that he was the one who had hit her most.

She told of Massie's care for her during the time she was recovering.

"He took such good care of me. . . . He was kind and attentive, and never minded how much I woke him up at night."

When Kelley arose from his chair to cross-examine Thalia Massie, there was little question in the mind of anyone who knew him that he was fighting mad. He asked several questions in sharp, clipped tones. Then he said, "You have testified, Mrs.Massie, that your husband was always kind and considerate to you—that there were never any quarrels. Is that correct?"

She nodded. "Yes, that is so."

Kelley walked back to the table. His face was red with anger; and he pulled out of his briefcase the paper Dr. Lowell Kelley had given him. He handed it to Thalia Massie.

"Is that your handwriting, Mrs. Massie?"

She glanced over the paper, then stared at the prosecutor.

"Where did you get this? You realize, of course, that this is a private and confidential matter?"

Kelley said, coldly:

"I'm asking questions—not answering them, Mrs. Massie. Is that your handwriting?"

She half rose from her chair, her voice suddenly quite shrill.

"I refuse to answer. This is a private matter between a patient and physician, and you have no right to bring it into open court like this!"

She began to tear the document. Kelley watched her, without speaking. Suddenly the courtroom burst into applause, and some of the ladies in the front row stood up and cheered. Judge Davis banged his gavel so hard he broke the handle.

Thalia Massie arose from the chair and walked down toward the place where her mother and husband were sitting. She ran the last few steps, clutching the torn strips of paper, and fell into Massie's arms sobbing, "What right has he got to say I don't love you? Everybody knows I love you!"

Darrow looked over at Kelley, and then at the witness.

"The defense rests," he said.

Jack Kelley was frankly nonplussed by the whole situation. As he explained to reporters, "I got mad when she tried to pull that lovey-dovey stuff, and so I showed her that paper. Maybe I shouldn't have done it."

The furor and fanfare might go on among the townsfolk, pro and con; but in the quiet seclusion of the jury room, each juror would remember that she had destroyed a piece of evidence, and would wonder why she had done it.

The two psychiatrists that Kelley had brought down from the coast—Dr. Joseph Catton and Dr. Paul Bowers—were due to testify Saturday in rebuttal. There had been a brief court session Friday, in which Kelley asked that it be made a matter of record that the document torn up by Thalia Massie was "not a privileged communication."

Kelley turned to Darrow, who sat morosely in his chair.

"I think counsel will agree," he said.

Darrow nodded. "I don't think it was privileged under the laws," he said, and the trial was then held over until Saturday morning.

Darrow and Leisure had refused to permit the two prosecution psychiatrists, Doctors Catton and Bowers, to examine Massie. Their contention was that it would be of no value to examine him at this time, since no one claimed he was insane three months after the killing of Joseph Kahahawai. Kelley replied with considerable sarcasm that "if that sort of testimony has no value for the alienists we have here to testify, why does it have value for the defense psychiatrists—who never talked with Massie until long after the killing?"

Doctor Catton was expected to be the big siege gun of the prosecution. He had acquired considerable fame as a "debunker" of psychiatric testimony; and since the defense now relied wholly on the theory that Massie was "temporarily insane" when Kahahawai was killed, Darrow prepared to marshal all his artillery against the Stanford expert.

This was, in a sense, the old warrior's last stand. It was, in fact, Clarence Darrow's last criminal trial; he never took another case and he died a few years after the Massie-Fortescue trial.

Doctor Bowers had dug into Massie's background, and he began to bring the focus of plain understanding into what had been a confused picture.

He said there was nothing particularly abnormal in Massie's early history. He grew up in military surroundings, attended the Naval Academy, "where any fundamental traits of character, neurotic or psychotic tendencies" would probably have been observed.

Doctor Bowers then said: "The killing of an individual was part of a plan. He held a gun on this man, and had knowledge of the possible consequences of his act. He took deliberate and premeditated steps to gain his ends. I believe he weighed the probable consequences of his acts. He even wore goggles and gloves, to give the appearance of a chauffeur. He secured the automobile and made preparations for his act. After having committed the act—after having shot the man—he took steps to cover up his traces. At no time do I find any indication of insanity, or symptoms of insanity, in this sort of conduct."

Doctor Catton's analysis of the case under direct examination was brief. He said Lieutenant Massie, steeped in the traditions of the Navy and the section of the country from which he came —the bluegrass lands of Kentucky—was suddenly confronted by the tragedy of the Ala Moana case, the attack on his young wife. "The horror of this," Doctor Catton said, "fixed in his mind ideas that any normal and sane young man would have under the circumstances."

When Massie lost confidence in the ability of legal machinery of the Territory to satisfy his need for justification of his own desires and vindication of his wife's honor, "he determined to take into his own hands the means of obtaining that justification." After kidnapping Kahahawai, holding a gun pointed at him, and shooting him—"for whatever reason"—young Massie had "behaved as any normal man would act" in seeking to "cover up traces of his act."

When Doctor Catton reached the point where he was describing the scene at the Fortescue bungalow where Kahahawai was shot—taking his information from records of the trial itself—it was evident the jury was paying closer attention to his testimony than at any time during the previous assortment of monologues on the psychiatric aspects of the case.

Doctor Catton continued: "He [Massie] believed that some people believed his wife was not assaulted—that he, Massie, had beaten her up—that it was the result of her being with another Naval officer. We find him acting as a sane, normal rational man in desiring justification against these rumors."

This rather precise summary of the logic of lynching appeared to impress the jury quite as much as it disturbed Clarence Darrow. By the time Doctor Catton had concluded his statement of the case, describing the "normal fear-flight mechanism" in the acts which followed the shooting of Kahahawai, the case of "somnambulistic ambulatory automatism" and whatnot, propounded by the two defense doctors, seemed to have been completely demolished along with the theory of "temporary insanity."

The closing hours of the Massie-Fortescue trial were in many ways among the bitterest in the history of Hawaii. They laid bare gaping wounds of racial hatreds which Clarence Darrow had hoped to heal. To the people of Honolulu it was akin to the horrible experience of discovering insanity in the family.

Darrow planned to close for the defense; but George Leisure, the New York lawyer—who had few illusions about sentiment in a murder trial—was chosen to summarize the case for "honor slaying." Without once referring to it, and even specifically denying that the defense relied upon it, he nevertheless made plain that the fundamental issue for the defense was the right of a man to kill to protect his wife's honor.

Barry Ulrich, who led off for the prosecution, agreed that there were cases in which the law permitted the taking of life —such as self-defense.

Then his voice suddenly rose, almost for the first time during the trial.

"But you cannot make Hawaii safe against rape by licensing murder," he thundered. "You cannot use a plea of insanity as a peg on which to hang this verdict!" And he then took a shot which probably penetrated more deeply than anything any of the alienists had said.

"You jurors—the judge of this court—the people of Hawaii, all of us, are on trial. We have been charged with not being able to govern ourselves. You 12 people have the responsibility of answering that charge. Will you vote for the irresponsible acts of 'lynch law'—or will you vote for law and order?"

There was a brief recess, and then Darrow arose from his chair and walked over to the jury-box rail. It had become clear from the testimony of the last few days—particularly from Darrow's reaction to Doctor Catton's testimony that Massie's actions had been "normal and sane"—that the final argument between Darrow and Kelley would be on a basic difference in their interpretation of law and order. That was the unbridgeable chasm that divided them: their diverse concepts of law and justice. Darrow believed in "humanity" and all it stood for, in court and out of court. Kelley stood for the law. One would plead for understanding, sympathy, human tolerance; the other would ring down the iron bars of the law and demand punishment for those who defied the law. Darrow made this clear in his first words.

". . . This case illustrates the mysterious workings of man and human destiny, illustrates the effect that grief and sorrow have upon human minds and upon human lives. It shows us how weak and powerless human beings can be in the hands of relentless circumstances."

The old man spoke at times with the ringing words of a prophet of old, calling upon the inescapable power of the human conscience. At times his voice was scathing in denunciation of "man-made laws" and those who would place these before the human needs of man. At other times he spoke as a friend, a neighbor or a minister might speak, talking of human destiny and the ills that befall men and women.

Striding back and forth, his voice seldom raised except to direct a bitter blast at Kelley or Catton, the old man began to weave his magic spell of human understanding upon the 12 men in the jury box. For the most part they sat quietly, listening gravely and intently.

Darrow, looking at Thalia Massie, traced the story of the kidnaping and assault, as she told it on the stand in the Ala Moana trial. It was this story he had sought to keep out of testimony or argument in the trial, until he could introduce it with his own witnesses, under his skilled direction.

Now he described it with full effect.

"She was left on that lonely road," he said, "in pain and agony and suffering . . . the greatest humiliation a woman can suffer at the hands of man!" He described Massie's effort to find his wife, until he reached her by telephone and she sobbed: "Please come home! Something awful has happened!"

Darrow traced the facts detail by detail, describing her hurt face, her broken jaw, the weeks of suffering. At this point, for the first time in his summation, he spoke of "the other stories" —the "vile stories that spread over Honolulu."

Darrow turned from Massie to the gray-haired lady from Kentucky, Mrs. Grace Fortescue. She had remained in her chair, stiff and silent in unbending dignity throughout the ordeal of the trial. "Gentlemen," Darrow said in a low voice, "I wonder what fate has against this family, anyhow? I wonder when it will get through taking its toll and leave them to go in peace? . . . Here is the mother." He pointed to Mrs. Fortescue. "What about her?"

He told how Massie had cabled his mother-in-law after the assault on Thalia Massie. "And she came," Darrow said. "Five thousand miles over land and sea." He spoke of eulogies that had been written about mothers, and then, his voice almost inaudible to all except the jurors, he said:

"Life comes from the devotion of mothers, of husbands, of the love of man and woman. . . . When this dies in the human heart, then this world will be desolate and cold and the earth will take its lonely course around the sun, without a human heartbeat, with nothing except thin air. . . ."

It was at this point that Darrow seemed to have reached the highest moment of drama in his supreme appeal to the "natural law" of mother love.

He spoke of "something deep in the instincts of man, a yearning for justice, of what is right and wrong, of what is fair between man and man, that came before the first law was written and will abide after the last law is dead." Again and again he turned from the letter of the law to man's inherent need for human justice. "How much would you, and you, and you"—again pointing to the jurors, one by one—"how much can any human mind stand? Some men have gone insane by a word, by fear, by fright . . . others by slow degree."

Darrow referred only briefly to the two sailors, Albert Jones and Edmund Lord. "Are Jones and Lord, two common seamen, bad? Jones was faithful, he was loyal when a shipmate asked for help. Was this bad? There are so many ways to measure goodness and badness. They went along in case they were needed. There isn't a single thing these two boys did that should bring censure."

Near the close of his four-hour summation, Darrow stood at the rail, his hands resting on it, and said softly:

"Let me say one last word. I should be sorry to leave this beautiful land with the thought that I had made anyone's life harder . . . that I had compared any one class against another class. I have all the sympathy and understanding to make these Islands happier instead of creating more pain. I never knew what it was in my life to have any feeling of prejudice against any race on earth." He turned and again looked directly at Jack Kelley. "And I defy anyone to find a single word of mine or a line I have written that would contradict what I say."

Darrow's last remarks were the valedictory of an old warrior who had defended men of all degrees of guilt and innocence, and all stations in life, because—as he once said to the writer—"if a human life is worth anything, it is worth saving."

Darrow walked over to his chair and sat down. He seemed utterly spent, and for a time he sat at the table, his face in his hands. Judge Davis ordered a brief recess—from 2:23 to 2:37 p.m.—and then Jack Kelley arose and walked over, holding a roll of notes in his hand.

It was evident from the first words of the young Irish prosecutor that he intended to take up the challenge exactly as Darrow laid it down. The old man had preached a sermon on human pity; Kelley intended to preach one on the law.

"I stand before you for the law," he said, "opposed to those who have violated the law and those who ask you to violate the law."

He aimed a finger at Tommy Massie, sitting beside his wife, his thin-featured face almost ashen from the strain of the four weeks of trial.

"They ask you why Massie should take upon himself the blame for shooting Kahahawai. I'll tell you why. Because he couldn't hide behind the skirts of his mother-in-law. He couldn't blame those two men whom he had inveigled into this case. I am going to paint a picture of a conceited, vain, egotistical individual who is responsible for what happened since September 12—the selfishness of the man who insisted that his wife go to a party she didn't want to go to. Clarence Darrow tells you he is a brave, frank witness."

Kelley seemed almost to snort as he spoke. In contrast with Darrow, who had rested his aging body on the rail of the jury box most of the time, Kelley stood squarely on his feet, his white shirt gleaming against the dark panels of the old courtroom.

"I can show you evasion after evasion in this witness," Kelley thundered.

"The great Darrow told you it didn't make any difference who fired the shot. That was the story they relied upon. Then he asks you to believe that Massie fired the shot—because he couldn't hide behind the skirts of his mother-in-law! He couldn't put the blame on the two enlisted men. So Massie took the blame—and it is labeled temporary insanity."

Kelley turned and pounded his fist on the rail before the jurors.

"Since the case of Harry Thaw, that defense has been the sheet anchor for the rich and influential, so they can hire liars as experts and put on a defense of insanity. That was what was done in this case. This defense is not insanity; it is sympathy."

He turned toward the white-haired Hawaiian woman—Esther Anito, the mother of the dead Kahahawai—who was sitting quietly behind the lawyers' table.

"They tried to keep that poor mother off the stand—because they said it was an appeal to sympathy. But Massie was willing to sacrifice that girl"—he pointed to Thalia Massie, sitting beside her husband—"he was willing to sacrifice her on the altar of his own ego, to put her on the stand and make a Roman holiday for this claque that came to cheer for her," he waved at the phalanx of middle-aged women, mostly white, who still sat in the front row of seats, "so that a demonstration could be staged that was a disgrace to this court and the whole territory!

"Let us suppose," Kelley said quietly, "that this defense they offer is an honest defense. Let us suppose they entered into a plan to get a confession, and that Massie went insane? Where were Massie's brave comrades at the Submarine Base—the officers, Pace, Wortman, Brown and Branson—who knew his mind and had followed his sufferings? Where were they when he made his plans? Why did he have to get enlisted men to carry out his plan? Was it solely to get a confession?"

Kelley—who lived in Honolulu and knew the speech habits of Hawaiians—struck at another point in Massie's story. He had testified that Joseph Kahahawai had said, "Yes—we done it!" and then Massie said he blanked out.

"No Hawaiian would ever say, 'We done it,'" Kelley said. "He would have said, 'We do it' or 'We been do it.' That is the Hawaiian vernacular. There is no past tense in the Hawaiian language and they don't use that vernacular, which is common on the Mainland."

Then, turning again toward Mrs. Anito, who was still sitting quietly behind the lawyers' table, Kelley stood for a moment, looking at her. The courtroom was still.

"Mr. Darrow has spoken of mother love," he said, his voice low and biting. "He has spoken of 'the mother' in this courtroom. Well"—his tone sharpened—"there is another mother in this courtroom. Has Mrs. Fortescue lost her daughter? Has Massie lost his wife?" He turned, his finger pointing across the room at the Hawaiian woman, who was now weeping. Kelley's words rang out like a clap of thunder. "But where is Joseph Kahahawai?"

The courtroom was absolutely still.

Clarence Darrow may have felt the lash of Kelley's scorn. He leaned back and drew his hand across his forehead, as if to mop his brow. Mrs. Anito's sobbing was the only sound in the courtroom. Mrs. Fortescue, sitting only a few feet away, did not permit herself a glance at "the other mother." She stared stonily ahead.

Kelley ended his summation at 3:35 p.m., two minutes less than an hour after he began. Judge Davis delivered his instructions to the jury, and at 5 o'clock on Wednesday, April 27, the case was given to the jury. At 5:30 p.m. on Friday, after almost 50 hours of deliberation, the foreman of the jury advised the clerk of the court that the jury had reached a verdict.

When the jury filed into the courtroom, Foreman John Stone handed a slip to Court Clerk Milnor Wond. The defendants, Mrs. Fortescue, Tommy Massie, Albert Jones and Edmund Lord, were asked to stand.

Wond read the verdict. All four defendants were found guilty of manslaughter—a lesser offense than the second-degree-murder charges on which they had been tried. The jury recommended leniency. The penalty under Hawaiian law for manslaughter was a maximum of 10 years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Darrow told newsmen later that he was "stunned by the verdict," but it became apparent that he was not too stunned. He knew at the time exactly what was transpiring at Pearl Harbor, at the Governor's office, and in Washington.

The Honolulu *Advertiser* reported on Saturday, the day after the verdict was announced, that it was "freely stated in Naval circles that 'they won't serve time.'" This report was pretty well confirmed around town. Cables began to pour into Honolulu from Washington.

The sentencing was at 10 o'clock in the morning of May 4. Judge Davis had advanced the date of sentencing two days and hastily summoned the convicted defendants into court. Under Hawaiian law, the 10-year sentence was mandatory, with reduction in the term served to be at the discretion of the prison parole board. Judge Davis asked each of the defendants in turn if they had any statement to make, and each replied they had none. They were sentenced individually to "10 years at hard labor in Oahu prison."

It was only after the sentencing that it was disclosed by the defendants—who had been "sworn to secrecy"—that arrangements had already been made for a "commutation of sentence" from 10 years at hard labor to one hour at the Governor's office! There was almost a gala atmosphere in the courtroom while the defendants awaited the arrival of Major Gordon Ross, commander of the Hawaii National Guard and at that time the High Sheriff of Honolulu, who took them in custody and led them across the street to the Governor's suite in Iolani Palace, where they were destined to serve their sentence.

Gov. Lawrence Judd welcomed them with broad smiles, and shook hands all around. He handed each of them a document indicating their individual sentences were commuted to "one hour." The hour passed pleasantly, amid the chitchat usually incident to a cocktail party; and by noon all four defendants walked forth as free people once more.

It was disclosed that a good many cables had passed back and forth between Honolulu and Washington. The *Advertiser* revealed that a petition signed by "106 Congressmen" had also been sent to Governor Judd, urging him to pardon the Massie-Fortescue defendants.

Darrow was elated at the release of his clients. "I am very much gratified," he said. "This is the way it should be, and I approve of what the Governor has done. . . . This case has gone before a jury of a hundred million people. That jury has rendered its verdict, unhampered by foolish rules of law."

Jack Kelley had moved quickly at the close of the Massie-Fortescue trial to bring this harrowing chapter in the history of Hawaii to a speedy end, as far as was possible within judicial processes. Two items were left: to conduct a thorough investigation into the Ala Moana case in all its aspects, including the work of the police and the Detective Bureau; and to bring the remaining four defendants to trial.

When Thalia Massie left Hawaii on May 8, Kelley was without a complaining witness. He announced that he would retry the case anyway.

This would place Kelley in the unusual position of trying four boys who he knew were probably not guilty. At this point Kelley retained his own investigator, Cornealous W. Gibbs. He instructed Gibbs to trace every aspect of the Ala Moana case.

Gibbs needed answers to certain very specific questions:

First, if Thalia Massie was attacked—and there seemed every indication she had been assaulted in some way—and if the five Ala Moana defendants were not her assailants, who did attack her?

Second, who was "the white man who followed the white woman" down John Ena Road at about 12:15 on the night of the assault?

Third, if this "white man" was one of Tommy Massie's friends, as had been broadly hinted in the rumors and gossip at the time of the trial, why did he fail to testify?

Fourth, in a more general way, why was it that none of the Navy officers at the party—including Massie himself—took the stand to testify under oath as to what had happened at the Ala Wai Inn before Thalia Massie took her fateful walk? With the exception of Lt. Tom Brown and his wife, Mary Anne Brown, who offered the innocuous testimony that she had gone upstairs about 11:35 p.m. and failed to find Thalia Massie, not one member of the Navy party came forward to tell what he or she knew. Why?

Fifth, and perhaps most important of all, from the standpoint of the killing of Joseph Kahahawai—was there any evidence or information that would indicate that Tommy Massie did *not* believe his wife's story?

There was one other question in Kelley's mind, which he discussed freely with newspapermen and which seemed to bear on the entire Massie case; yet it had no real answer. That was the question of whether she was actually raped.

The physical requirements of raping a woman of the size and apparent physical condition of Thalia Massie, Kelley pointed out, were considerable.

"The important point in the question of criminal assault is the negative aspect. Her clothes were not torn, and there was no sign of seminal matter on any of her garments. She had douched when she got home, and there was no indication from a medical examination that she had been raped."

It is interesting to note, in connection with this aspect of the case, the only official comment that was ever made on the matter. This was in the Pinkerton Report made to Governor Judd more than a year after the attack on Thalia Massie.

Governor Judd had met in San Francisco on June 9, 1932, with representatives of the Pinkerton Detective Agency and secretly retained them to conduct a thorough investigation of the entire affair. In the report to Governor Judd, the Pinkerton Agency said: ". . . definite proof of actual rape has not in our opinion been found."

Whether Thalia Massie was actually raped was not merely an academic question to Jack Kelley.

"Everything ties into that one question," he said a few days after the close of the trial and the departure of Thalia Massie, her mother and her husband for the Mainland.

"There is always the question of motive," he said. "There are two possible explanations why she got into that car—if she did get into it. The first is that she was dragged in, as she said she was. The second is that for one reason or another, she got in more or less voluntarily. If the latter reason is assumed, then she must have known who the boys were. They could have been young fellows she knew casually on the beach. This would not be unusual, or wrong in any way. This would explain the testimony of those who saw a girl in a green dress on John Ena Road, with a white man following her and a couple of fellows either pulling her along or helping her along. Who was this white man—and why was he there? Was he one of the fellows picking her up, or a member of the party at the Ala Wai Inn who followed her to try to get her to come back? This would also explain why she was willing to identify any boys *other than the ones who picked her up*. She may have figured that since the boys she identified were not involved, they would never be convicted. Or she may not have thought about that aspect at all. She may have just wanted to get out of trouble. When she got deeper into trouble, it's entirely possible that her own psychological reactions and deep emotional involvement might have temporarily erased the actual facts from her mind."

Kelley stopped talking for a moment; then he said:

"The only thing we have to go on now is a theory—since Mrs. Massie had left the Islands. The theory that fits the story told by Mrs. Massie at the Ala Moana trial doesn't fit any of the essential facts in this case. The theory I have indicated fits all of them."

The specter of a nightmarish miscalculation—that Thalia Massie had left the Navy party at the Ala Wai Inn to go for a ride with some friends from the beach, and found the ride rougher than she expected—was one of the rumors that had circulated through Honolulu, with no foundation in fact, but with unusual persistence.

"That would certainly explain why nobody from the Navy testified in support of her story," Kelley said. "It also indicates something else. If someone she knew had followed her, trying to get her to come back, then it follows that Massie knew the real story. And he knew it when he shot Kahahawai."

One of the first things Kelley's investigator, Cornealous Gibbs, did was to look up the doorkeeper at the Ala Wai Inn, Joe Freitas. He had not been interviewed previously by anyone; but he talked quite readily. He told Gibbs he remembered the "girl in the green dress" because "when her party came in it was the first big party to arrive, and she walked ahead of the others, with her head bent forward. I thought maybe she was mad at someone or maybe drunk."

He said he recalled seeing her standing in the doorway about midnight—after the music at Waikiki Park had stopped; and he thought she spoke to a young fellow named "Sammy" who passed through the doorway.

There was a group known as "Joe Crawford's boys," who played on the island of Maui and often came out to the Ala Wai to listen to the music when they were in Honolulu. The sister-in-law of one of the boys in the Crawford band, was reported to have circulated a story around Honolulu that these boys "knew about the attack on the *haole* woman." "Sammy" often was with this group.

Gibbs spent several weeks tracking down friends of "Sammy," and finally brought "Sammy" himself into the City Hall one night and grilled him for five hours. "Sammy" said he knew nothing about the Ala Moana case.

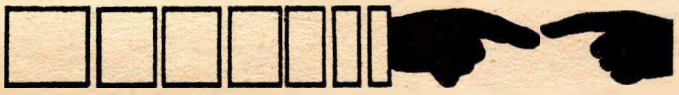
The only results the investigator for Jack Kelley obtained were negative: he traced every movement of "Sammy" the night of the assault and found that he had no alibi from about 11:30 p.m. Saturday until 3 a.m. Sunday.

The nearest to a positive clue Gibbs ever got was from a mechanic in a downtown garage, who had been with "Sammy" earlier the night of September 12. One of the girls who had also been with him came into the garage late in February 1932—after the killing of Kahahawai, and after "Sammy" returned from Los Angeles—and said:

" 'Sammy' is in real trouble."

The man asked her why, and she said:

"I was with him. I can prove it."



By the end of August 1932—some five months after the Massie-Fortescue trial and almost a year from the date of the attack on Thalia Massie—Kelley was in possession of about all the information he would ever have that might solve the mystery of what really happened to Thalia Massie on the night of September 12, 1931.

The questions that confronted Kelley at the beginning of the investigation, which he considered necessary for a retrial of the Ala Moana case, had been answered to some extent, and the answers were largely negative.

The report of the Pinkerton Agency was partially completed, and it was made available to Kelley. John C. Fraser, the Pinkerton operative in Honolulu, had come to the conclusion that the five Ala Moana defendants could not have been Thalia Massie's attackers, in spite of her positive identification of four of them. The identity of the "white man" who followed the "girl in the green dress" was still unsettled.

As to the final critical question whether Tommy Massie believed at the time he killed Joseph Kahahawai that the Hawaiian boy was actually guilty of attacking and raping his wife, Kelley had no positive solution.

Only one point in the Massie-Fortescue trial bore directly on the veracity of Massie's story, and that was Massie's positive statement that his wife was pregnant and that an abortion had to be performed at the Kapiolani Maternity Home. "There couldn't be any doubt about it," he testified. Yet the report of the attending physician, Dr. Paul Withington, showed a "negative diagnosis" after the curettement was performed. As Kelley remarked to newspapermen at the time, "Either Massie knew about that report, or he was a damned indifferent husband."

Summing it all up, Kelley became convinced that—as the Pinkerton Report set forth—"the testimony at the trial of the defendants makes it impossible to escape the conviction that the kidnapping and assault were not caused by those accused, with the attendant circumstances alleged by Mrs. Massie."

Thus the only results from the delayed investigation that might have provided a clue to what happened on the Ala Moana that Saturday night in September were lost in the fading traces of time. Jack Kelley finally became convinced he could not retry the case. He appeared in Judge Charles Skinner Davis' court on February 13, 1933, and moved for a *nolle prosequi*—"no prosecution"—in the case of the Territory vs. Ben Ahakuelo, Horace Ida, Henry Chang and David Takai. He said the prosecution had no means of identifying Thalia Massie's assailants and no witness to establish a complaint.

Clarence Darrow had asked, in his last words to the jury: "What has befallen this family? . . . What is behind this? Will fate ever have taken its toll of this family, and leave them to go in peace?"

There was something deeply prophetic in the old man's words; perhaps it was the inexorable "force of nature," as he called it, marching down the passageway of time. It may well be, as Darrow phrased it, that "there are so many ways to measure goodness and badness" that there can be neither blame nor justification for what happened in the Massie case.

The tragedy of this failure of justice affected not only the people involved directly in the Massie case; it lay deep within our society—then and today—far deeper than for those few unfortunate people who were caught in the meshes of that law and justice which offered one thing to four white people who were set free, and another to five "native boys."

But what of the others caught in those meshes of law and justice? What happened to those who were trapped, and those who were freed? It is known what happened to Joseph Kahahawai: He was killed. Ben Ahakuelo is still in Honolulu, living on the windward side of Oahu, a member of the rural fire department. Ida became a storekeeper; the others moved into various pursuits.

Jones was married a year after the trial to Rose Anne Berry of New Bedford, Massachusetts. Lord remained in the Navy and then dropped out of sight.

As for Thalia Massie, little was heard of this ill-fated girl, except for casual reports of those who had seen her in New York or Philadelphia or Washington, until October 1933, a year and a half after the trial ended. Then a report announced that she was going to Reno, Nevada, to divorce Tommy Massie.

In January 1934 she appeared in Reno, and six weeks later she obtained the divorce on grounds of "extreme cruelty." She told newspapermen, "Tommy insisted we get a divorce. It was the terrible publicity of the trial!"

The divorce was granted February 22, 1934; and a month later she took a Mediterranean cruise aboard the SS *Roma*. As the liner neared Genoa, she went to the bridge one evening, slashed her wrist, and jumped or fell to the deck below. She was taken ashore, badly hurt. The ship's physician, Dr. Emilio Borrelli, said she had "hallucinations—she believes someone is trying to kill her."

Young Massie was at sea, on the battleship *Oklahoma*. He radioed his sympathy. "I am terribly grieved. Hope you will get in touch with me if I can possibly be of help. Fondly, Tommy."

Thalia Massie did not reply to the message. She told an Associated Press reporter: "He has ceased to exist for me."

It was nearly 20 years later that the people of Hawaii again heard about Thalia Massie. Then it was from Los Angeles. She had "gone berserk" one night, according to the newspaper reports, and attacked her landlady, who was pregnant. The landlady, Mrs. Alfred Hugueny, sued her for $10,000.

This was in 1951—and Hawaii had still not achieved statehood. That came in 1959, after bitter debates in Congress over the ability of the "natives" to govern themselves.

Two years later Thalia Massie—at the age of 42—was a student at the University of Arizona. She met a 21-year-old fellow student, Robert Uptigrove, and they eloped to Mexico.

This lasted two years; then they were divorced and she went to Palm Beach, Florida, where her mother lived.

Tommy Massie had married again, in Seattle, Washington, on March 15, 1937. His bride was Florence Storms of Chewallah, Washington; and in 1940 he left the Navy and settled in San Diego, where he was last reported living quietly with his wife.

On July 2, 1962—more than 30 years after that terrible night in Honolulu on September 12, 1931—Thalia Massie went to bed in her apartment at West Palm Beach, near the home in Palm Beach where her mother, Mrs. Fortescue, lived. She never woke up. The coroner's report said she had died from "an accidental overdose of barbiturates."

The tragic story of this girl, "pursued, shamed and hounded from one end of the country to the other," as Darrow had said in his address to the jury, thus came to an end; and so ended "the Massie Case."

—Theon Wright

THIS FUNNY LIFE

During the recent airline strike, a friend was wait-listed for several flights to Washington—he could board a plane only if there was a last minute cancellation. The day was hot and the hours dragged on as he missed out on four flights in a row. Finally, for a fifth flight, a p.a. announcement instructed standbys to gather at one of the departure gates. A crowd of hopeful passengers had already gathered when my friend got there, but he pushed his way eagerly toward the ticket clerk. "Quick, quick, I've got to get to Washington," he shouted. "I have an urgent message for President Hoover."

C. Gilbride
Hicksville, L. I.

One of the fellows from the office recently returned from a business trip to San Francisco. We all were anxious to find out if he had visited any of the bars that features waitresses in topless bathing suits. He admitted that he had but was not enthused.

"After all," he said, "when you've seen two, you've seen 'em all."

James H. Burkhardt
Minneapolis, Minn.

The nemesis of a large office of clerical employees was the office manager, an incorrigible braggart and pompous stuffed shirt who overlooked no occasion to dress down and humiliate an employee in the presence of the entire office for the pettiest of reasons.

One day, after a phone call from his wife, the office manager strutted into the office, chest puffed out in obvious self-satisfaction, and loudly exclaimed, "My wife's pregnant!"

After a moment of silence a sweet young voice from the back of the room demurely asked, "Whom do you suspect?"

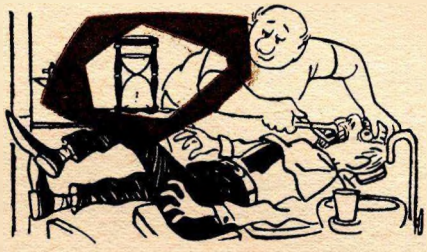
Charles Deibel
Jeannette, Pa.

I was upset when the dentist told me how much he was going to charge me for the extraction of a single tooth.

"Fifteen dollars!" I cried. "For just a few minutes' work?"

The dentist shrugged. "If you wish, I could pull the tooth very, very slowly."

Agnes Kempton
Portland, Ore.



During my first few months in the Air Force, I worked as a clerk at flight training headquarters, processing GI insurance policies. The job was pretty routine, but it had its moments. One day I was checking over the policy of a major who was decreasing the amount of his coverage. Everything went to his wife, with whom apparently he was having difficulties. Next to her name, in the space marked *Relationship,* he had simply scrawled: "hostile."

Wm. H. Thomas
New York, N. Y.

A hospitalized friend of mine who was being kept on intravenous feeding protested loudly to his doctor that he wanted something more substantial.

"But intravenous isn't so bad," said the doctor. "It's just what you need. Now, is there anything else I can do to make you happier?"

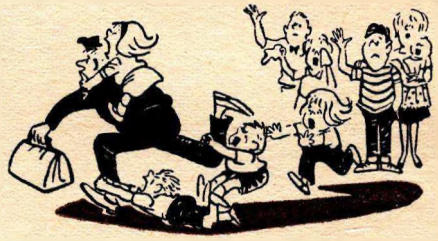
"Yes," snapped my friend. "Lie down and have lunch with me!"

Bert Wildermuth
Beaverdam, Ohio

During a recent noon hour, a fellow office worker and I were enjoying our lunch in a local bar and grill when we were unexpectedly joined by a conceited, and perhaps promiscuous, secretary from our office. After some preliminary conversation she began to discuss another of our married co-workers and his alleged attraction to her: "There isn't a day that goes by that he doesn't try to proposition me," she boasted. "But one of these days I'm going to fool him."

My friend asked, "What are you going to do—turn him down?"

Name withheld at writer's request
Kalamazoo, Mich.



On his way back to his post of duty after a furlough spent at home, a soldier stopped at a recreation center for a brief rest and some refreshment. Immediately he became the object of a barrage of questions from an inquisitive lady of uncertain age.

Patiently he responded to her questions concerning his career, the places he had been and, finally, his family.

"So you're married," she burbled. "Any children?"

"Eight," he replied.

"A wife and eight children! And you flitting all over the world! Don't you ever get homesick?"

"Yep," the hard-bitten soldier replied, "every time I go home!"

Adrian Anderson
Birmingham, Ala.

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