20th Anniversary Issue

TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

25c FEBRUARY 1956

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

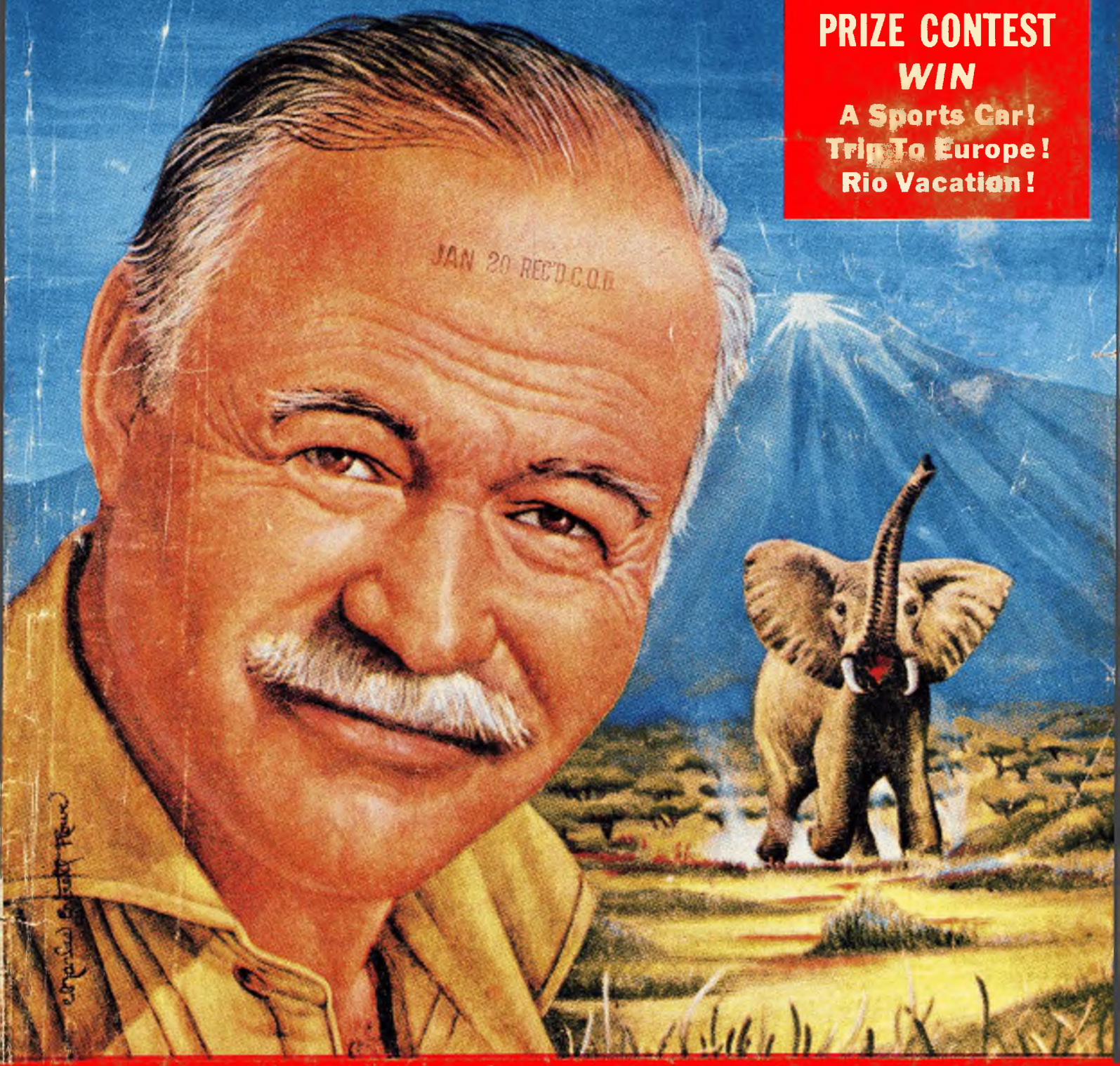
Stranger Than Flying Saucers

THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY

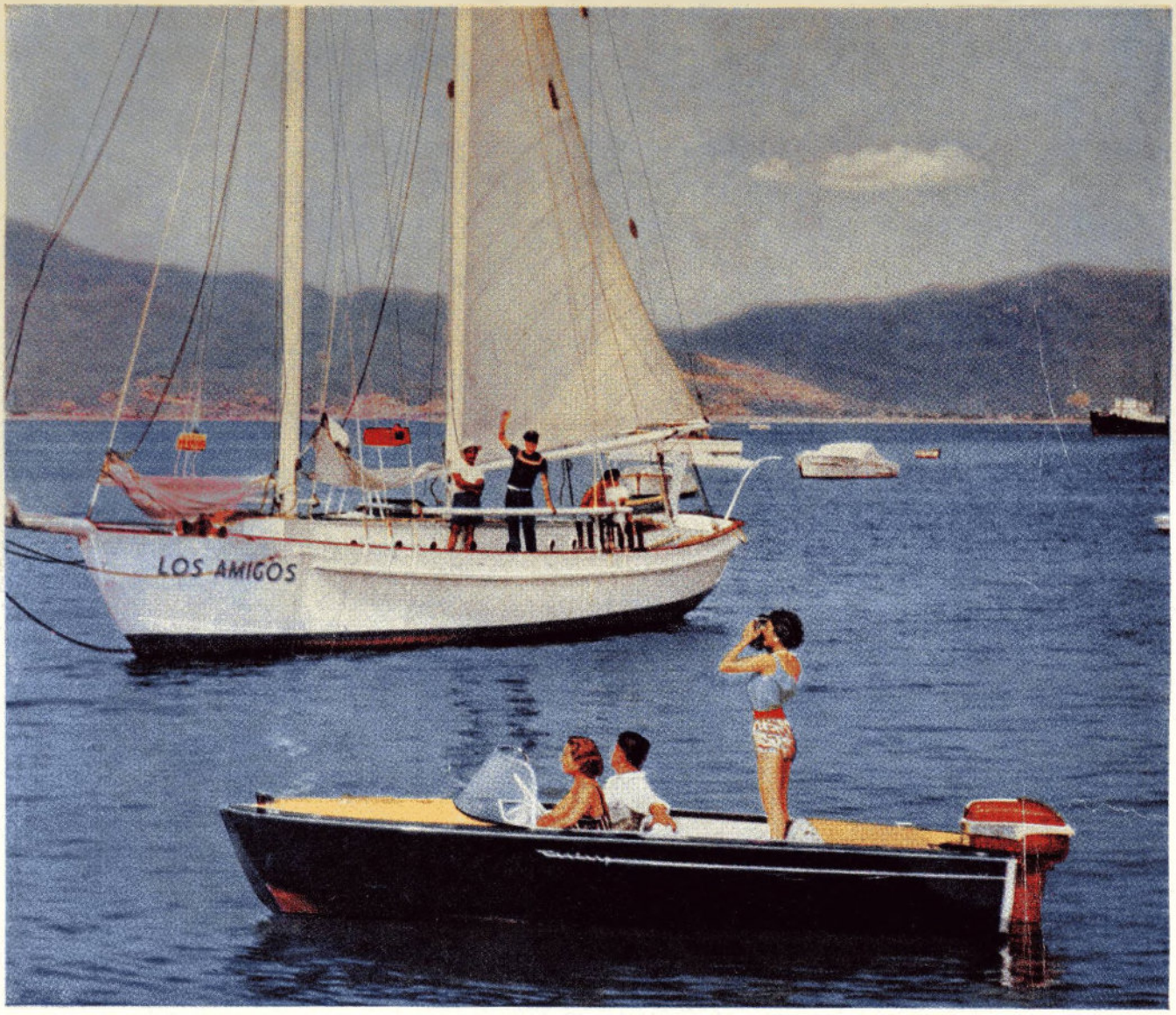
BIG PRIZE CONTEST

WIN

A Sports Car!
Trip To Europe!
Rio Vacation!



HEMINGWAY, ROGUE MALE, The Intimate Story by Friends and Enemies



Now Johnson gives you a choice of 9 models ... a correct size for every outboard need ... all newly styled in Johnson's beautiful Holiday Bronze

FOR 1956

JAVELIN*	30 hp.	$582.00
SEA-HORSE 30*	30 hp.	552.00
SEA-HORSE 30	30 hp.	462.00
SEA-HORSE 15*	15 hp.	452.00
SEA-HORSE 15	15 hp.	362.00
SEA-HORSE 10	10 hp.	321.00
SEA-HORSE 7½	7½ hp.	241.00
SEA-HORSE 5½	5½ hp.	216.00
SEA-HORSE 3	3 hp.	146.00

*Electric Starting ... Prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change ... All models except the "3" have separate Mile-Master Fuel System ... OBC certified brake hp at 4000 rpm (30's at 4500).

THIS is the year to get your Sea-Horse—the exact size you want—the freshness of gorgeous new styling in Holiday Bronze and Spray White—the extra value of important new developments! There is Balanced-Pull Starting and Fast Firing Ignition for new, liquid-smooth starting ease. There is the new Cruising-Range Fuel Saver (in all 30's). And new Stall-Proof Idling. Plus the heavenly *quiet* of Johnson's history making Suspension Drive. See your Johnson Dealer. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified telephone book.

Free! Write for your copy of the *new* Johnson Sea-Horse booklet, describing the entire Johnson line for 1956.

JOHNSON MOTORS, 2100 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois
A DIVISION OF OUTBOARD, MARINE & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
In Canada: Manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterboro

Johnson SEA-HORSES FOR DEPENDABILITY

They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. Although he worked 12 hours a day—he managed to study art at home in "spare time." Soon people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 22 he was earning $500 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

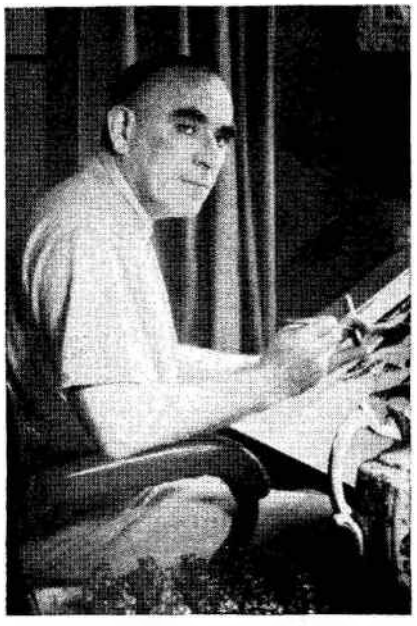
Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school at 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, son of a distillery worker, left school at 14. And Austin Briggs, who once couldn't afford a cold-water flat, now lives in a magnificent home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: Nearly ten years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists — Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a problem and a plan. He pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the war-born methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over

NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.



ALBERT DORNE—From the window of his skyscraper studio, this top, money-making artist can see the slums where he once lived.

5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw the "glamour girls" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually *draw*, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is launched; students quickly succeed. The Famous Artists Schools (whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in art education) now has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Don Smith is a good example. When he became a student three years ago, Don knew nothing about art, even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in New Orleans.

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company—on the basis of his work with the school. Now he helps design new car models.

A salesgirl in West Virginia enrolled in Famous Artists Schools. After completing her training, she became advertising manager of the leading store in Charleston.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U.S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 8-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it *might* lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 18-B, Westport, Conn.

I want to find out if I have art talent worth developing. Please send me — without obligation your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs. _____ Age ___
Miss (Please Print)

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

Advertisement

TRUE 20th Anniversary Issue

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1956

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

CONTENTS

VOL. 36 — A FAWCETT PUBLICATION — NO. 225

THE FACT STORY MAGAZINE FOR MEN

John E. Miller, Advertising Manager

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial offices: 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. Advertising offices: 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.; 672 S. Lafayette Park Place, Los Angeles 57, Cal.; 110 Sutter St., San Francisco 4, Cal.; 1659 Guardian Bldg., Detroit 26, Mich. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Louisville, Ky. Printed in U.S.A.

YOU CAN WEAR THIS OFFICIAL OLYMPIC LAPEL PIN—THE SAME PIN WORN BY MEMBERS OF THE OLYMPIC TEAM

Read this message from...

LOWELL THOMAS

World famous explorer and broadcaster

As a Chairman of the U. S. Olympic Fund Drive, I am proud to join TRUE Magazine in urging all Americans to get behind their Olympic team. Unlike the Iron Curtain governments, which pay for training and support of their teams, the American squad is supported solely by the American people. People like you, who want to show the entire world that a free, democratic country can produce an amateur team far better than one subsidized and manufactured as a propaganda tool of the state. Our Olympic team needs money badly, and it needs it now. I believe that it is everyone's patriotic duty to get behind his team, and help America to take the strongest possible squad to the 1956 Olympic Games.

TRUE as one of the sponsors of the

U.S. OLYMPIC FUND DRIVE

urges you to give generously...

GET THIS OFFICIAL PIN

(actual size)

CLIP OUT AND SEND THIS COUPON TO:

U.S. OLYMPIC COMMITTEE

Biltmore Hotel • New York 17, N. Y.

Herewith my contribution (one dollar or more) to the U. S. Olympic Fund. I understand that, as a recognition for my contribution, I will receive by mail a lapel pin identical to that worn by members of the U. S. team.

Name .....

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

A TRUE REMINDER!
YOUR CONTRIBUTION IS INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE!

TRUELY YOURS

tell it to TRUE • 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

Quick & Deadly

Hunting accidents can be drastically reduced in America by adopting a law which is currently in force here in Indo China. It stipulates that the hunter who accidentally kills another hunter must marry the deceased hunter's surviving widow.

—Gordon Campbell
Saigon, Viet Nam

And if the hunter kills a married lady hunter?

Bed & Bored

Pity the poor husband whose wife redecorates herself as described in *Bed & Bored*. He'll take off the mink stole, the face calsomine, the over-stuffed brassiere, the structural steel girdle, and he'll discover a piece of furniture that looks like hell after it's uncrated.

—J. T. Kromer
Kitchikan, Alaska

True—true—true!! I have in my possession a whiskered, itching male; but I've yet to see one who wears *only* pajama tops to bed.

—Leonore Lemmon
Chicago, Ill.

It's an old custom, from which comes the expression, "tops in entertainment."

My dear Miss Delafield, you are so right: pajama tops are uncouth & unoriginal. Here are my costumes:

Monday night: Boxing trunks & sombrero.

Tuesday night: Raincoat, space helmet & skiis.

Wednesday night: Kilts and a parka.

Thursday night: Trapeze tights and Indian feathered war bonnet.

Friday night: Sunglasses, a coat of mail and spats.

Saturday night: Campaign hat, rubber boots & fireman's red suspenders.

Sunday night: Officer's dress blouse, a Davy Crockett hat & sneakers.

—Mike Geary
Washington, D. C.

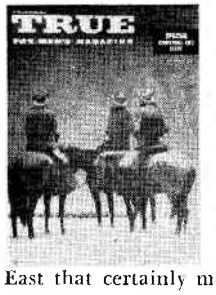
I'll take issue with those frigid Medusas described by Charm School Madam Delafield. Think of the multitudes of men who swig a 100-proof nightcap as an antidote to the wench who souses herself with lotions - in lieu of soap & water.

—P. M. Randel
Salina, Kan.

How TRUE can you get? Ann Delafield must have used my ex-husband as a model. Congratulations on a brilliant report that neatly covered the marriage bed.

—Gwen Golding
Los Angeles, Calif.

Cover Lover



Fred Ludekens' beautiful cover painting on the December TRUE shows three real cowboys riding night herd—just as those other herders did 2,000 years ago. They are cold, and their horses are cold, but they see something in The Star in the East that certainly must warm their hearts.

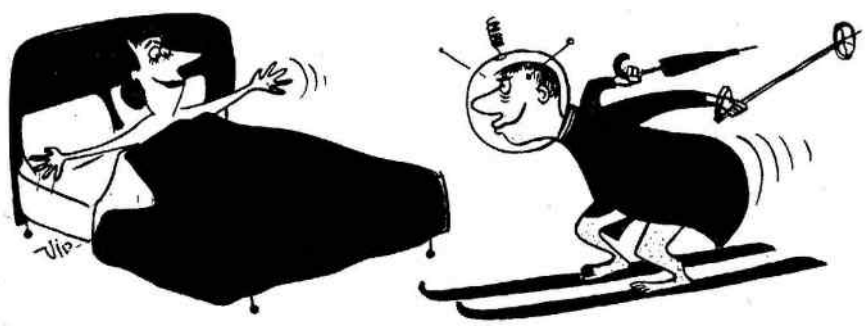
—M. A. Tharp
Winfield, Kan.

Wife Pacifier

I joined the American Automobile Association, then discovered I could get a supplementary membership for my wife for a smaller additional payment. Why don't you offer a similar arrangement? An extra TRUE would keep the wife from hiding the husband's copy until she's finished reading it.

—Joe Perrin, Jr.
Cincinnati, Ohio

TRUE is like a pair of pants with the zipper in front, Joe. They are both built for men alone, and woe to the husband that lets the little lady get either away from him.



Nobly Done

White Death, the personal account of John Noble's experiences in the Russian slave camp, Vorkuta, is one of the most compelling things I've read in recent years. It was like reading Victor Hugo!

A film should be made of this tragic story to let the world know what happened there.

—Bill Reynolds
Van Nuys, Calif.

***Reader's Digest* is going to reprint the piece in fourteen editions, and as many languages. No bids from the films yet.**

Tusko Tribute

I gladly turned off a darn good TV show to read *Trunkful of Trouble* in your November issue. I last saw Tusko at the Al G. Barnes Circus winter quarters in 1923 at Palms, California. He was busy tearing down his cage made of railroad rails. The greatest exhibition of strength I have ever seen.

—J. R. Cruzan
Jacksonville, Ill.

St. Pierre & Pall

Hearty congratulations on Ed Dieckmann, Jr.'s vivid and stirring account, *Death of a City*. I recently visited the island of Martinique and the city of St. Pierre. The gloom of the great destruction still broods over the place.

—Cyril Clemens, Editor
Mark Twain Journal
Kirkwood, Mo.

True Friend

I'm half way around the world from you people, yet I have my wife air-mail me every copy of TRUE as soon as it hits the stand. Costs me over a dollar a month but between you and me, I'd pay twice that. It's the only magazine to read.

—Sgt. B. T. Carville
7th Infantry Division
A.P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

Japanese 'Josans

Imagine paying 7,000 yen for a *'josan* in Tokyo! But then again, "Bill" in the story *Brief Encounter* is an officer, and we have some pretty dumb officers in this man's army.

—Sp. 3 Alfred Schlosser
A.P.O. 500, San Francisco, Calif.

You clue in the folks at home on what's going on here in Good Old Japan. Now the cat's out of the bag and we're in it!

I'll admit this wasn't a well-kept secret but you guys didn't need to *advertise* it.

—P.F.C. Joe Skinner
A.P.O. 500, San Francisco, Calif.

If it's true, of interest to men, we print it—let the kimonos fall where they may.

Reward Yourself

with the pleasure of smooth smoking

Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

Get a fresh start with a freshly-lit PALL MALL

Whenever the time comes to relax, reward yourself—with the smooth, gentle mildness of America's most rewarding cigarette. PALL MALL is so fresh and fragrant, so cool, so mild, so sweet, it tastes freshly-lit puff after puff. Choose well—smoke PALL MALL.

Fine tobacco is its own best filter. And PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild. You get smoothness, mildness, and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer. Enjoy the finest quality money can buy.

You get more than greater length when you smoke PALL MALL. For PALL MALL tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has ever been grown—and here it is blended to a flavor peak—delicious . . . and distinctively PALL MALL. Buy PALL MALL today.

PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos gives you extra self-filtering action. PALL MALL filters the smoke, so it's never bitter, always sweet—never strong, always mild. Get that certain feeling of contentment with PALL MALL today.

THE FINEST QUALITY MONEY CAN BUY

Outstanding...and they are Mild!

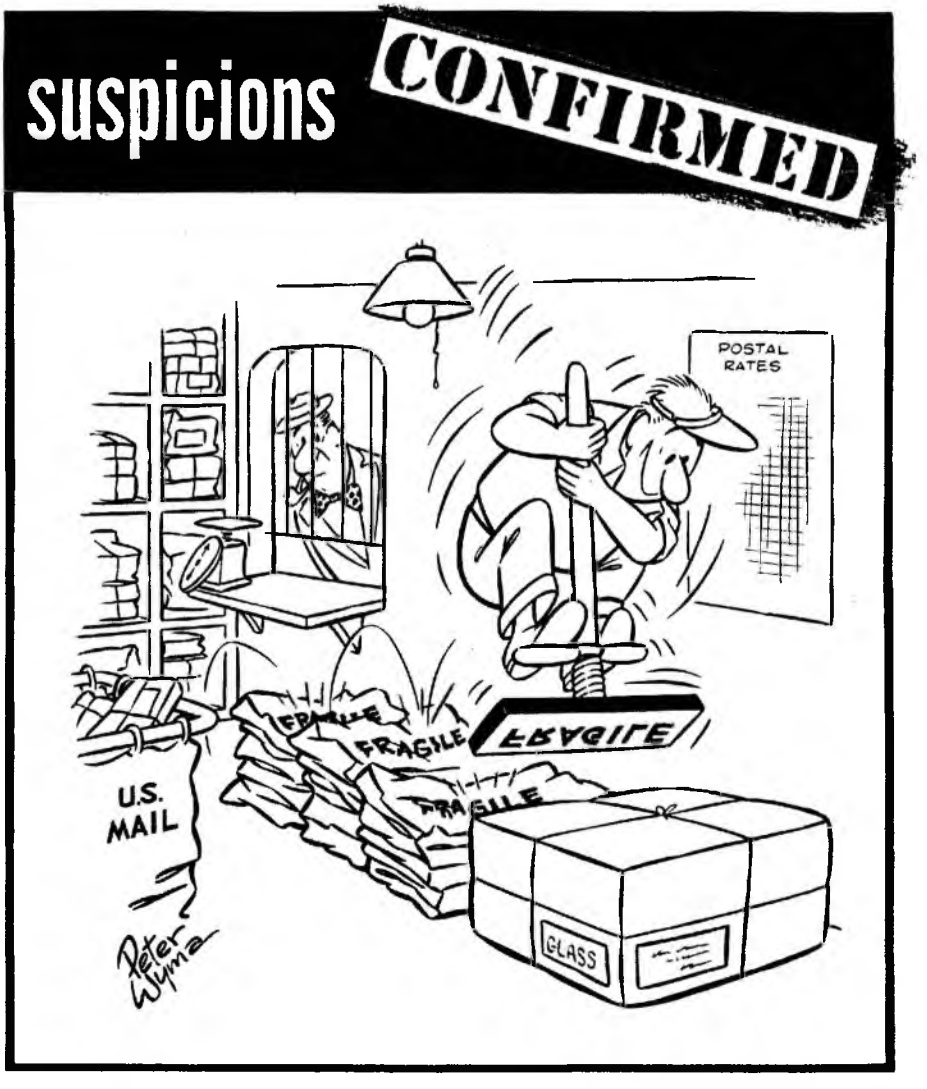
the EDITOR speaking

Well, guys, here it is: TRUE's Twentieth Anniversary Issue. Candidly, we think it's a walloper—and hope you agree. A lot of blood, sweat—but no tears—went into this package you hold in your hands. But all in all, we had a ball producing it.

The guy grinning crookedly at you from this month's cover portrait is, I think, a fitting symbol for this TRUE milestone. Of all men, living or dead, Ernest Hemingway stands for much of what we, at TRUE, admire. Hemingway represents a hairy-chested maleness, an irreverence for the conventional, a dislike of the traditional. He is, truly, a rogue male.

Hemingway's world is inhabited by beautiful dames (Ingrid Bergman, Ava Gardner, Marlene Dietrich and four wives, to mention a few). It is also inhabited by rugged guys: boxers, baseball players, soldiers-of-fortune (and misfortune). Hemingway hobnobs with nabobs—and bums. Hemingway hunts big game in Africa, catches big fish in the Caribbean (and drinks like them, too), and is a roving reporter of the violence of our times—from wars to bullfights.

But what's most important about Hemingway, I think, is that he can tell the next guy to go to hell—and make it stick. If you want to know any more about him,



turn to page 14 and read *Who The Hell is Hemingway?* (by his friends and enemies).

* * * *

Okay, so you're not Ernest Hemingway—and neither are we. But a pertinent question might be raised here: Who the hell are you, the TRUE reader? Well, we've been having some pollsters checking up on you, or a sufficient cross-section of the more than 3 million men who read this journal, and here are some facts about you: Economically, 90 percent of you own one or more cars, 61.7 percent of you own your own homes, and your income is way above the national average. During the last 12 months 52.8 percent of you went fishing, 34.9 percent went hunting (and 100 percent of you talked about "the one that got away"). Couple of other statistics: your median age is 33.7; some 30 percent of you went to college; about 55 percent of you were in the armed forces. About 70 percent of you smoke, about 70 percent of you drink (and about 100 percent of you talk about women). Actually, 85 percent of you are married, a statistic we found hard to believe. What's more, you apparently let the little woman get her clutches on your favorite magazine, since about 1.5 million women read TRUE, too (presumably *after* the *head* of the household). The above statistics make you sound like a pretty good guy to us.

* * * *

Speaking of reading, we'd like you to turn your attention back to the table of contents on page 3. We think we've compiled a package of spellbinders exciting enough to keep you from your TV sets for a solid 48 hours (67 percent of you are videots). We commend to your attention particularly *The Search for Bridey Murphy* on page 52. TRUE's subhead on that particular story is "The strangest story you ever read"; our cover blurb reads "Stranger than Flying Saucers." Neither is an overstatement.

We also think you'd do well to take a gander at TRUE's Anniversary Contest (pages 20-24). We've collected some $30,000 worth of prizes for you to shoot at, including the most exciting American sports cars yet produced: Studebaker's Golden Hawk, Ford's Thunderbird, and Chevrolet's Corvette. In addition, there are scores of other prizes ranging from expense-paid flights to Europe and South America to guns and outboard motors. What's more, the contest is easy and fun. There's only one thing wrong with it: way down in the fine print it says that I can't compete.

I'm sure most of you will remember the memorable story we ran last August titled *The Man Who Took Las Vegas.* It was about the astonishing undercover exploits of Jean Lafitte, alias Louis Tabet, alias some 50 other names. We called him "The Incredible Impersonator"—and promised, at that time, that we would give you his life story as only Lafitte, himself, could tell it. Next month Lafitte tells about one of his most exciting cases—how he recovered $200,000 worth of treasure and how he also put the finger on the Number One man on the FBI's most-wanted list! Look for it.

—doug kennedy

strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin

Nero has been wronged for 2,000 years by common acceptance of the tale that he fiddled while Rome burned. The Roman emperor was 50 miles away in his country villa at the time the fire broke out, and when word came, he didn't fiddle around. He hurried to the city, efficiently directed the fire-fighting operations, and saw to it that the homeless were sheltered and fed. After the holocaust—the Chicago Fire of its day—was over, he rebuilt Rome into a much better city. Because he blamed the Christians for the fire and cruelly persecuted them, churchmen later ignored historians' testimony, and pictured Nero as a callous monster. In reality, the dissolute emperor's handling of the fire was probably his most praiseworthy deed. *By Henry Beatty, Portland, Me.*

A prudent burglar who ransacked a house in Edinburgh in 1944 wore buttoned gloves so that he wouldn't leave fingerprints. Imprudently, he rested a gloved hand on the polished surface of a dining room sideboard. Alert fingerprint men noticed a faint smudge; it was the print of a small portion of the man's palm made through the gap in the glove above the button. Photographed and enlarged, the pattern of the few lines and tiny skin ridges went into the files of Scotland Yard. When a burglar who pulled similar jobs was arrested some time later, his palms were printed: a portion matched the fragment of print on file, and in court he attained criminal distinction by being convicted on a half-inch of palm print identification.

Business boomed in Cooperstown, N. Y., on the July day in 1805 when George Arnold, a local resident, was to be publicly hanged for murder. Merchants and street vendors did a capacity trade with the thousands of visitors from the countryside who came to witness the spectacle. At noon, a brass band enlivened a procession of uniformed troops, noted citizens, and the condemned man, who was riding in a cart, to the newly erected gallows. There, a minister preached a sermon, dignitaries made speeches, and Arnold spoke his last words. The sheriff put the noose around the condemned man's neck—and then announced regretfully that this was as far as the ceremony could go. A reprieve from the governor had come early that morning, the sheriff explained, but the town officials had let the preparations go on because they hadn't wanted to disappoint anybody. While the crowd howled, Arnold collapsed and was carried back to jail—there to serve a life term—and Cooperstown counted the day (and the visitors' money) well spent. *By William Croghan, Elmira, N. Y.*

The hairs on your head, if you're still lucky to have a full thatch, are by no means uncountable. They number something close to 89,280. This total figure has been obtained by multiplying the 744 hairs in a square inch of the average scalp by the normal 120 inches of scalp area.

Child marriage, long regarded as a deplorable feature of backward countries, isn't a custom that Americans can afford to get indignant about. While the Turks have set 15 as the minimum marriageable age for a girl, and India makes 14 the legal age, 11 states of the U.S. allow girls to be married at the latter age or younger. Seven states permit marriage at 14, two at 13, and two—Massachusetts and Mississippi—at the age of 12.

America's national museum is named for an Englishman who never visited this country but who wanted his name immortalized because he was illegitimate. James Smithson, born in 1765, was the son of the wealthy Duke of Northumberland and an aristocratic widow, Mrs. Macie, a descendant of Henry VII. The Duke's wife, of the ancient Percy family, resented the boy, and his father refused him public recognition. James grew up and studied at Oxford under the name of Macie. In 1802, a noted chemist and scientist, he defiantly took the duke's family name of Smithson. Sympathetic to the American and French Revolutions, he left the large fortune he had inherited from his mother to the United States to found a center for "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," on condition that it be called

the Smithsonian Institution. In his private papers, he wrote: "The best blood of England flows in my veins. On my father's side I am a Northumberland. On my mother's, I am related to kings, but this avails me not. Yet my name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten." And it probably will.

Bell-ringers, more than anybody else, fell victims to lightning during the 18th century because of a strange theory that was backed by a papal edict. Thunderstorms could be driven off, it was believed, by the tolling of church bells, since the noise of the bells would clash with the noise of the thunder. Churches were instructed to start ringing their bells whenever a storm approached. What happened, not infrequently, was that lightning struck the high steeples, traveled down the rain-wet ropes and killed the bell-ringers. The invention of the lightning rod brought new knowledge, and by the end of the century the papal edict was withdrawn. *By Joseph Millstein, New Rochelle, N. Y.*

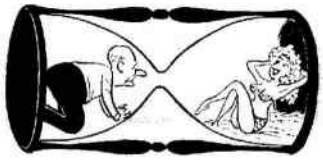
The oldest known specimen of printed matter is a small Chinese sign from the year 594—almost a thousand years before Gutenberg, in Europe, printed his Bible. Evidently intended to be used by householders, it says, "Beware of the Dog."

The queerest character in the annals of European diplomatic intrigues undoubtedly was the Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont, a small Frenchman who often dressed as a woman. Louis XV was deceived by his role at a costume ball, and when D'Eon, who was educated for the law, sought a government post, Louis sent him to Russia on a secret diplomatic mission. Wearing the latest Paris fashions, D'Eon became a popular young lady at the Russian court and a favorite of the Empress Elizabeth, to whom he delivered the French king's messages. Later, as agent for Louis in London, he dressed sometimes as a man, sometimes as a woman. Bets were made at Lloyd's as to his true sex. D'Eon haughtily regarded the matter as his own business, with apparent justification, because he led a blameless life, was not effeminate in manner, and never was the subject of any scandal. The bets were settled at his death. Though rather well-bosomed, he proved to be fully male. *By L. C. Moore, Norfolk, Va.*

Animals don't like to be "looked in the eye" and tend to avoid man's stare for a reason that has been found to arise from a structural difference between human and animal eyes. The human eye is most sensitive at the center of the retina; thus a man looks directly at an object he wants to see. An animal's sensitivity is spread more evenly over the whole retina: it sees every object well that is within its vision. Only when an animal is suspicious or prepared to attack does it fix its direct gaze. To an animal, therefore, being stared at has an unfriendly meaning, and even a domestic pet will grow uncomfortable under a prolonged stare. *By S. J. Perl, Miami, Fla.*

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

this funny Life



When Dr. Kinsey's book, *The Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* was first published, I happened to be talking to an elderly man about it. I asked him what he thought of the famous book. "Well," he said, "part of it I knew, part of it I suspected, but the rest came too late."

—R. L. Porter
Fort Smith, Arkansas

I bought a new pair of nylons in a busy department store the other day and rushed into the restroom to put them on. After quickly slipping them on, I then held up the hems of my slip and skirt in my teeth—in order to attach the tops of the stockings to my girdle.

I just happened to glance up, and was startled to see a man across the room watching my efforts. I dropped my skirt and gasped, "What are you doing here? I'll call the police!"

The man calmly opened the door to the restroom, pointed to the name on it, and said, "Madam, I *am* the police—and also a 'Gentleman,' as the sign on the door indicates."

—Mrs. Leo Landy
Portland, Ore.

As a press photographer I was sent out to get some shots of a church play being reviewed in our paper. The young pastor directing the play was a bright, cooperative person who had the cast of the play pose for a number of photographs. To my astonishment, the pastor even asked a pretty actress to raise her skirt a bit. I couldn't resist saying, "Take it easy—remember this is for a family newspaper."

The pastor laughed and said, "Of course, and this is a family church, too. But how do you think we get those families?"

—Walter Yurk
Appleton, Wisc.

I really learned about marching in Army basic training. Every day we pounded out eight miles to the rifle range at a blistering pace with only one ten minute break.

Once during the break, our tough platoon sergeant picked up a little mongrel dog that had been pluckily following us. "Look!" growled the sergeant. "This mutt lost a leg in an accident, but he marches better on just three legs than you bastards!"

"But, Sarge," protested a tired voice from among the flaked-out G.I.'s, "he's still got one more than I got."

—Rodney T. Hartman
Allentown, Pa.

My girl friend took a cruise to Hawaii from San Francisco and had the bad luck to hit a storm the first night out. She decided to turn in early because it was so difficult getting around the rolling ship. Besides, she wasn't feeling too well.

She was quickly rocked to sleep, but soon awakened with a violent attack of sea-sickness. She leaped out of bed and dashed for the bathroom in the hall—not even having time to put on a robe to cover her filmy nightgown.

She almost ran into a man who was staggering in the other direction. Her embarrassment and misery must have shown plainly in her face, because the man croaked, "Don't worry lady—I'll never live to tell about it."

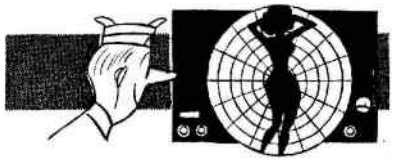
—Yule M. Chaffin
Kodiak, Alaska

This morning at our Thule, Greenland, air base, the chaplain gave us a character guidance lecture. He lectured enthusiastically on the way we could improve ourselves by improving our thinking. He pointed out the examples of great men

like Lincoln, Edison, and Eisenhower who worked their way to the top by thinking out what they wanted to do. He concluded with these ringing words: "Remember, men, what you are is determined by what you think about all the time!"

My buddy sitting next to me turned to me saying, "If that's the case, I'm either a naked woman or a Cadillac convertible."

—A1/c Charles C. Voorhees, Jr.
Thule, Greenland



Everybody who works with radar hears that radar rays eventually cause sterility in the male. When I was first in the Army radar school in Fort Bliss, Texas, we talked about it all the time. In fact, the instructors evidently decided to put a stop to this talk, because one morning the electronics lecturer announced: "Men, we have very important news this morning. After intensive research a world-famous scientist has proven it takes seven times as much exposure to radar rays to make you sterile as it takes to kill you!"

The instructor paused to let this sink in, then a lanky southerner raised his hand for a question. "Suh," he queried. "Don't you 'spose you all would be pretty sterile if you all was dead."

—Phil McCafferty
Stanwood, Iowa

I like to play cards with Ed, my neighbor, but it means listening to endless bragging about his conquests as a great Lover-Boy. Last night, I heard another dazzling description of the ways to woo and win a lady fair. Just as Ed finished, his wife walked in from the next room. Ed was as embarrassed as I was, apparently, because we both just sat and blinked. Finally the frosty silence was broken by Ed's wife who smiled at me and said: "Don't take Ed's stories too seriously. Remember: them as can, *does*—them as can't, *teaches*."

—D. L. Heverling
Seattle, Wash.

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

man to man ANSWERS

You are accused of a crime, or a neighbor claims your land. So you are bound and tossed into a pool—sink, you win; float, you lose. Or you plunge an arm into a kettle of boiling oil or molten metal. Or you fight your accuser with deadly weapons, winner-take-all. Or you carry a red-hot iron in your hand. By these and other methods your guilt or innocence is proved.

Sounds rough, but for many thousands of years men were tried in this way. It was called the ordeal. The wonder is that any man escaped conviction, and Jackson Hopkins of Chicago wants to know if this judicial method is used today.

The ordeal antecedes written history. It was common with most primitive people and is said to be used by some tribes in Africa today. The Church approved it until the 13th century. The best legal minds believed in it. As late as 1836, citizens of a town near Danzig, Poland, twice tossed an old woman accused of sorcery into the sea. She didn't drown, which proved her guilt, so she was stoned to death. In 1825 a group in England was prosecuted for using the ordeal to try a woman charged with witchcraft.

The ordeal has ancient roots in Japan and India. The Greeks used it, as did the Siamese and Iranians. It was common throughout Europe, with the Teutonic people leading. Witch-hunting brought a new surge in the 16th and 17th centuries. Originally it began with the idea that the spirit world supervised tests and determined guilt. The early Christian religion had much the same notion. In the 9th century the Church decreed:

"He who seeks to conceal the truth by a lie will not sink in the waters over which the voice of the Lord hath thundered (meaning water that had been blessed), for the pure nature of water recognizes as impure human nature which has become infested with untruths."

In 1215 the Catholic Church forbade the clergy to take part in trials by ordeal. In the previous century Henry II of England tried to install a more realistic form of trial, but the people liked it and it continued.

While the trial by water was best known, other forms of the ordeal were by fire, by boiling liquid, by lot, by combat and by poison. Hindus used the ordeal by fire early. So did the Greeks, and in the Middle Ages, Europeans also resorted to it. Some authorities believe the game which children play when leaping over bonfires resulted from it. In India a man carried a piece of red-hot iron a certain distance. The hand was sealed with a wrapping of leaves before and after the test and examined on the third day. A blister the size of a quarter meant guilt.

Boiling oil and water and molten metal were common tests. The accused plunged an arm into the hot liquid and innocence was determined by the amount of injury. The poison ordeal was in general use. If a man lived two weeks he was declared innocent. A primitive method was the ordeal by lot, and it long survived. The Hindus had an adaptation of it. A cobra and a ring were placed in an earthen pot. If the accused drew out the ring without being bitten he was declared innocent. The Hindus liked ordeals. They had nine types.

Greeks and Romans knew of the trial by combat but the Scandinavian and Teutonic people developed it. In Borneo the accused and plaintiff were placed in breast-high cages and threw lances at each other. The first wounded was guilty. Combat trials of knights in full armor are well known. In Europe the accused had to fight in all trials but later, in England, he could hire a champion to take his place in civil claims. The fighting wasn't so dangerous, the weapons being wood with a cow's horn attached. Few were killed, but if the battle went on until darkness, the accuser was declared guilty of perjury.

Trial by ordeal is almost as old as recorded history. The Hindus had nine different methods, including grasping a ring from a deadly cobra's lair.

Q: Who invented the Manhattan cocktail? ***Ken Roxbury, New York, N. Y.***

A: It is probable that a bored bartender was amusing himself. Who he was is not known. Earliest reference to the drink is found as far back as 1894, though it probably existed in a primitive form before that. Scotch, in a barrel, was introduced in the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel only two years later. This, and the Manhattan, seem to have inaugurated experiments in mixed drinks in the East, though 20 years earlier they were said to be common in Tombstone, Arizona. History of the Martini is equally ancient and indefinite, so please do not ask us about it. A Martinist, incidentally, is not a Martini addict. The term refers to an early follower of Martin Luther.

Q: Who suggested the idea of placing Red Cross first-aid supplies in filling stations? ***Lee Sens, New Orleans, La.***

A: The Red Cross informs us the idea did not come from a specific individual but was originated at the 1935 national convention, when a system of highway and mobile first-aid stations was planned. Highway stations may be in gas stations, garages, private homes, rural fire-company headquarters and business establishments. They should not be in cities or in doctors' offices or drug stores. At least two

persons in a station must have standard and advanced first-aid training. Mobile units are in vehicles of trucking concerns, law-enforcement agencies, public utilities, or any group operating on the highways. In 1936, 867 highway stations were organized but no mobile units. Today finds 2,000 highway stations and 14,000 mobile units.

Q: Where is Annie Oakley, crack shot, buried? ***C. R. Boone, Burbank, Calif.***

A: Phoebe Anne Oakley Mozee was born in Darke County, Ohio, in 1860. She was a remarkable shot when 12 years old and joined Buffalo Bill's show in 1885. She married Frank E. Butler, a vaudeville actor, was with Buffalo Bill until 1902, and died in 1926 in Greenville, Ohio. She is buried near her birthplace. The term "Annie Oakley," once commonly applied to the punched free tickets in the entertainment world, came from her ability to shoot holes in playing cards at some distance.

Q: When did U.S. women get the vote? ***Robert Palmer, Hanford, Calif.***

A: The House of Representatives on May 12, 1919, and the Senate on June 4, 1919, passed a measure to present universal suffrage to state legislatures. Between June 10, 1919, and August 26, 1920, three quarters of the states approved. On August 26, 1920, the Secretary of State proclaimed the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution in effect. Legislatures of Alabama, Maryland and Virginia rejected the amendment.

Q: What causes colored snow? ***Pfc. Arthur W. Ronnie, Holloman AFB, N. M.***

A: Snow banks in arctic and alpine regions are sometimes covered with a minute organism with red pigments. This flagellate lives in upper layers of snow and gives it a red cast. Colored snowfall is due to dust, plant pollen, minute plants or volcanic ash floating high above the earth and forming the base for rain drops or snow crystals.

Q: What propeller-driven plane was our fastest in World War II? ***Cpl. R. H. Avis, El Toro, Santa Ana, Calif.***

A: It was the P-51 Mustang, which still is our fastest propeller-driven fighter plane. However, it is now used only in National Guard units.

Q: Are the San Francisco pitcher, Steve Nagy, and the top bowler of the year, Steve Nagy, the same man? ***Rudy Kreus, Westwood, Calif.***

A: No. They're not even related.

Q: Whence the traditional name, "George Spelvin," on theater programs when a player has two or more roles? ***R. G. Pharo, Dallas, Tex.***

A: When Winchell Smith and Frederick Thompson produced *Brewster's Millions* in 1907 they had it on the playbill. After the play became successful, they used the name of this mythical actor in other productions as a token of good luck.

Q: Is there no such thing as cold? ***Pete Beamer, Glendale, Calif.***

A: The word "cold" started life as an adjective. *Webster's* concedes it slight mention as a noun, as many use it. Heat is something definite that can be measured in terms of energy and was once considered a fluid. At 100, 200 and 300 degrees or more below zero, some heat remains in any substance. It remains until absolute zero, 459.6 F., is reached. Cold is not a definite physical opposite of heat. It's merely a handy word we use.

Q: How did the Marines get the title "Leathernecks?" ***Dan M. Dys, Lafayette, Calif.***

A: The name comes from a leather stock, or collar worn around the neck, once part of their uniform. This is said to have been used in early days when warships, under sail, came alongside and boarding parties went onto the enemy ship. The stiff leather was protection in hand-to-hand combat.

Q: My son says Bob Fitzsimmons weighed only 157 pounds when he won the championship from Jim Corbett. I say 167. Right? ***Glen C. Liskum, Lynwood, Calif.***

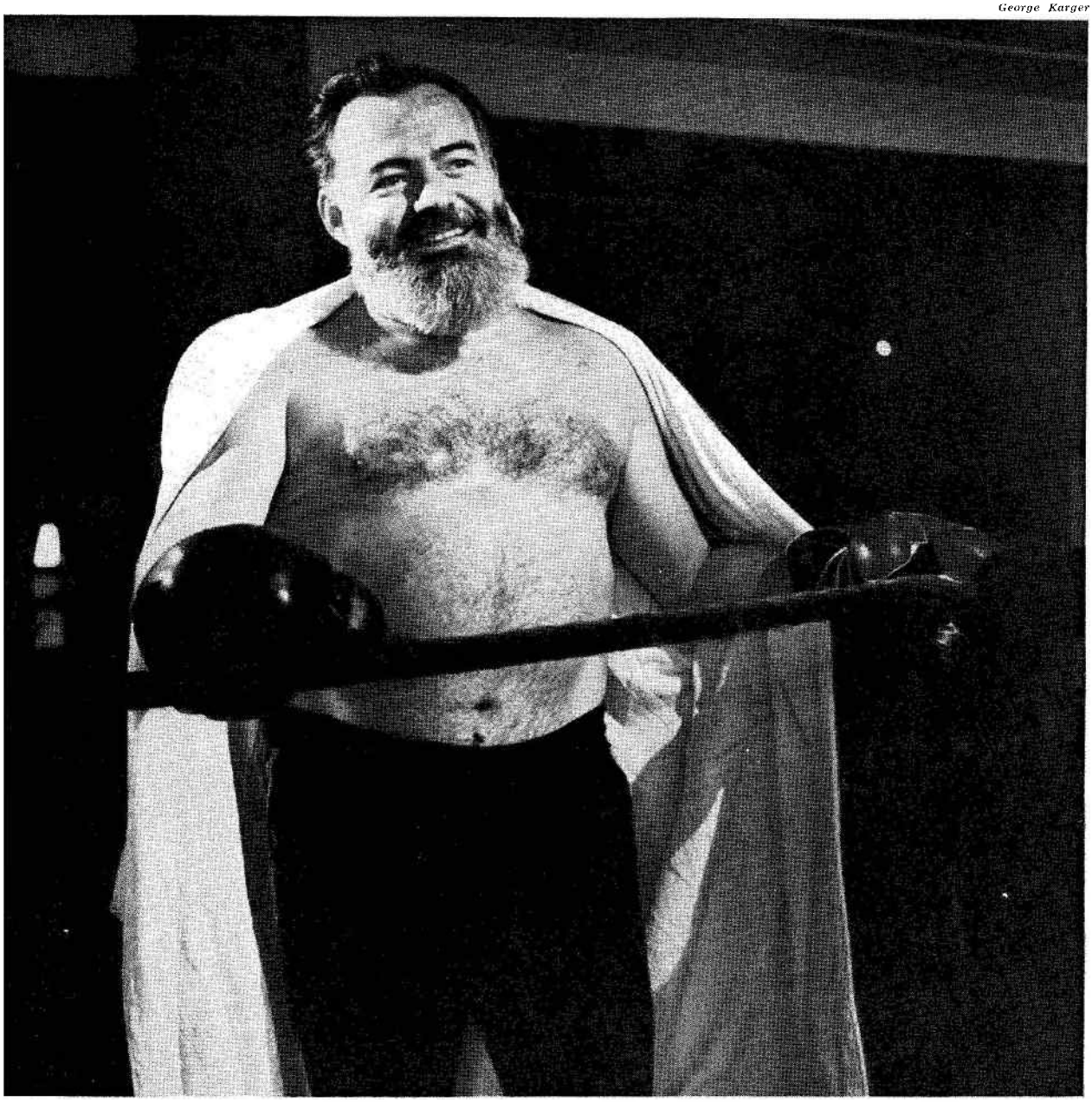
A: Dad's right.

Q: Who has executed, unassisted, a triple play in the major leagues? ***Clarence R. Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.***

A: Neal Ball, Cleveland, 1909; George Burns, Boston Red Sox, 1923; Ernest Padgett, Boston Braves, 1923; Forest Glen Wright, Pittsburgh, 1925; James Cooney, Chicago Cubs, 1927; John Neun, Detroit, 1927. William Wambsganss, Cleveland, 1920, is the only man who made the play during a world series.

TRUE will answer any reasonable questions you ask, free of charge, including questions on resorts, fishing and hunting vacations, where to go and how to get there. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your question to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-2, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N. Y.

George Karger



He has always sought the places of violence—the battlefields, the fight arenas and the bull rings.

WHO THE HELL IS HEMINGWAY?

An astonishing and intimate portrait of America's great soldier of fortune by his friends and his enemies: Sidney Franklin... Marlene Dietrich . . . Leonard Lyons . . . John O'Hara . . . Spruille Braden . . . Robert Capa... Mary Hemingway... Edward Scott... and many others

BONUS BOOK-LENGTHER

On January 25, 1954, with the world reading his obituaries, Ernest Hemingway emerged from an African jungle carrying a bunch of bananas and a bottle of gin. To the astonished newsmen who had gathered to write follow-up funeral dispatches on him, he announced: "My luck, she is running good."

Who is this legendary character, whose exploits as fisherman, hunter, writer, boxer, lover, drinker, bullfighter, and soldier have established him as one of the world's great personalities? The editors of TRUE feel the only way to present the inside, intimate story of Hemingway is to have it told by the people who know him best—his wife, Mary Sidney Franklin the Brooklyn-born bullfighter, Leonard Lyons the columnist, Marlene Dietrich, John O'Hara, Col. David Bruce, Robert Capa the great combat photographer, John Groth the artist, and many others.

But let *Hemingway* himself lead off with a description of what happened in that African jungle after the airplane crashed: "The crash had occurred in bush country practically in the middle of an elephant path leading to the water. The elephants had regarded this as an intrusion, and while I was conversing with the plane's pilot, Roy Marsh, the conversation was interrupted by a huge male elephant with quite big ivory who appeared at a distance of about 20 yards. He was evidently making his way up the elephant path to graze along the ridge when he stopped to investigate our fire. He uttered a very strange squealing noise and gave every sign of attempting to join our group."

Fortunately, Hemingway, Mary and the pilot escaped by hailing a passing river boat which carried them to Butiaba.

From Butiaba they attempted another flight in a fresh aircraft, a de Havilland *Rapide*. This time they crashed on takeoff, and the aeroplane began to burn.

"At the moment," Hemingway says, "when the crash of the aircraft had gone into technicolor, I remembered the old rule that in a twin-engined aircraft you get out the same way you came in. I, therefore, went to the door through which we entered and found it jammed. I got the door open and called out to Roy Marsh, 'I have it open here. Miss Mary okay?' Roy responded, 'Okay, Papa, going out the front way.'

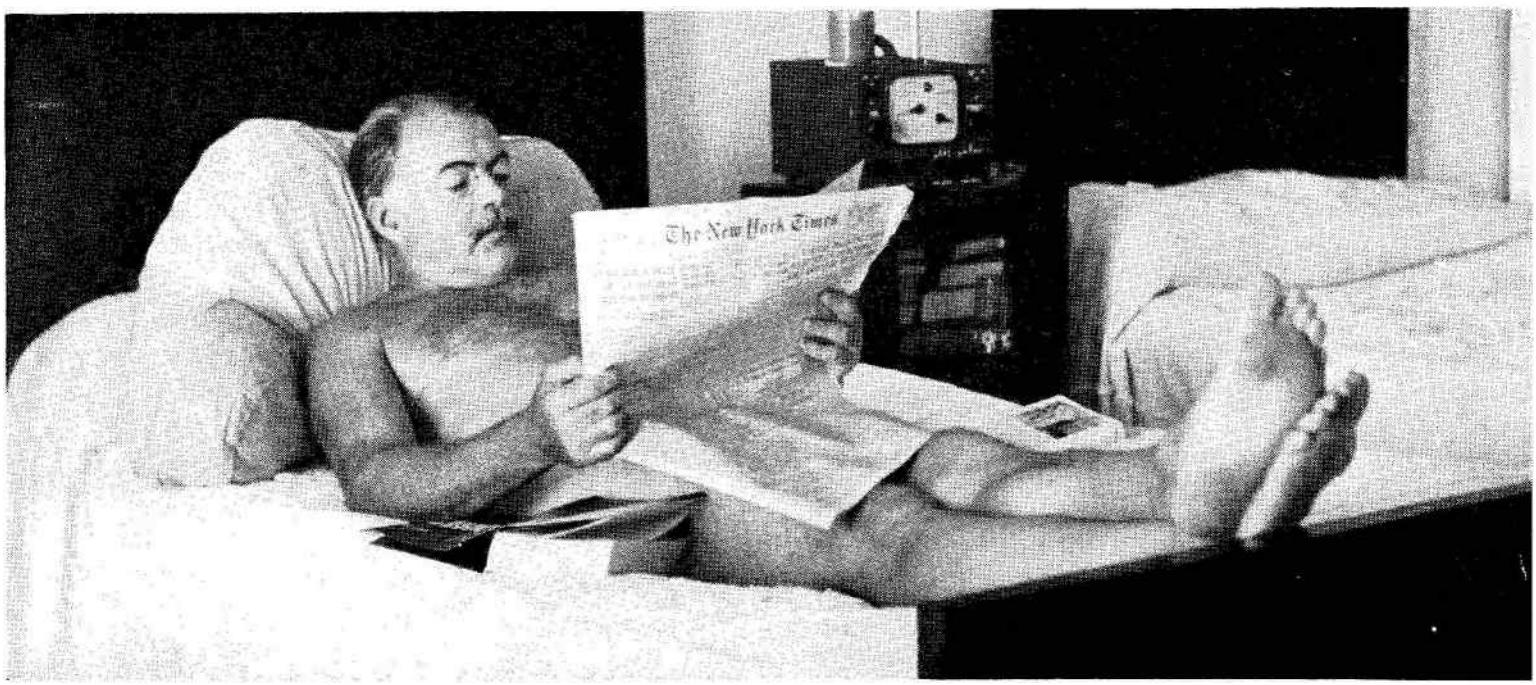
"As we stood there watching the plane consumed by flames, there were four small pops, the explosion of the bottles of Carlsberg beer which had constituted our reserves. This was followed by a slightly louder pop which represented the bottle of Grand MacNish. After this, I clearly heard a louder but still not intense explosion which I knew signified the unopened bottle of Gordon's Gin. This is sealed by a metal cap and, therefore, gives an explosion of greater power than that of the Grand MacNish which is only sealed by a cork and, in any event, had been half consumed. I listened for further explosions but there were none."

As a result of these crashes, Hemingway suffered a ruptured kidney, intestinal collapse, severe injuries to his liver, a major concussion, severe burns to his legs, stomach, right forearm, left hand, head and lips, a paralysis of his sphincter, dislocated vertebrae, a large blood clot on his left shin and a dislocated right arm and shoulder. He has now recovered.

* * *

LEONARD LYONS, the columnist, has known Hemingway for a long time: "I call him Papa and I've known him before, during and after the war years. Three wars. He's always sought the places of violence—battlefields, the fight arenas, the bull rings. He considers it part of his work, his education, like his constant travel which brings him new experiences: it's all aimed at the fuller life which has helped enrich his talents. With or without a gun. Once he tried to get John Ringling North to let him work the lions and tigers at the Ringling Circus.

"He is the champ and knows it, the way all champions do. He spawned a school of imitators and plagiarizers. 'He'd steal 'em as fast as I could write 'em,' Hemingway said of



What I want to be when I am old is a wise old man who won't bore. . . Would like to be able to make love good until I'm 85.

one. 'But I found a way to stop him. I stopped writing for two years—and he starved to death.' He once said to a young writer who was using too many big words: 'I don't know how to advise a young writer but in your case I'd make believe that the words were to be tattooed on a person. That should make you cut them short and to the point.'

"Once he mentioned tattooing for himself. It was when he had led some French Maquis in the race to recapture Paris. He was decorated for this feat, and when some jealous few suggested that his activities had gone beyond the non-combatant limitations of a war correspondent, the wounded Hemingway said: 'From now on I'm going to have the Geneva Convention rules tattooed on my seat, with the words printed backwards so I can read them in a mirror.'

"There was ample proof that he was first at the combat regions. When the American troops finally reached the Cathedral of St. Michel, they found a sign, 'Property of Ernest Hemingway.'

"I've seen a good bit of Hemingway's way of life. I've known him in the nightclubs of Broadway. A good drinker. Two-fisted. Saw him flatten a pestering man, but for that he needed only one fist.

"He showed me a trunk where a manuscript of his new book was stored. The servants had been instructed that in case of fire the manuscript must be saved first and then, only then, the rest.

"He showed my sons his hunting rifles and the skull of a lion he had shot. 'Were you afraid?' my little boy asked. 'Yes,' said Papa.

"He took them out to the fields to teach them how to shoot. Rows and rows of empty liquor bottles had been set up as targets. "How do you get so many empty bottles?" my youngest asked. Papa smiled and placed his arm around the boy's shoulders to help him hold and aim the gun. My son was nervous and missed. 'Look,' said Hemingway, you've got to shoot as if it's going to kill you if you don't kill it.' He talked to the boy softly, gently. 'You've got to get calm first,' he said. 'Calm inside as if you were in a church when that lion's coming at you. Get calm inside as if you've got something to believe in, and then shoot.'

"When he returned from World War II, his language at the dinner table was most polite. 'I used up all the dirty words in the war,' he said.

"His chest is broad and measures 48. Waist used to be 38, now 40. He used to invite his friends to punch it as hard as we could. Howard Hawks, the director, broke his wrist punching Papa's stomach. Once you could have broken a wrist trying to punch his bank book. 'Never yet sold a share of stock I bought,' he once told me. 'Never had to. I can ride out any depression as long as they put me in a chair and give me pen and paper.' And when in 1933 all the banks closed, Hemingway had withdrawn $30,000 and kept the cash in his pocket. To discipline himself, he said. Yet he offered this money to his friends Robert Benchley and Dorothy Parker. They laughed at him because they thought he was using stage money."

* * *

TOOTS SHOR, the beefy, slam-bang owner of a famous New York restaurant: "*Old Man And The Sea* is a great book. I read it and if I can read it, anybody can. When the Brooklyn Dodgers used to train in Cuba, Ernie used to pal around with a lot of the players. Hughey Casey, Billy Herman, Augie Galan, Larry French, Curt Davis and Mickey Owen used to go out to Hemingway's house all the time. One night, when they were all on the town in Havana, Ernie and Higbe made a bet as to who could hit the hardest. They were standing in an open doorway when they started the contest. Each blow was an absolute knockdown. Finally, Higbe couldn't get up on his feet any longer so Ernie was declared the winner, but you know each punch had been so clean that there was no blood or even so much as a loosened tooth. It's just like Ernie always says about these kind of scraps, 'Spittin' teeth is for suckers.' Ernie once made a bet of $50 with his good friend, John O'Hara, who had said that no man alive could break a shillelagh. Ernie picked one up and brought it down on top of his own head, snapping it in two."

His third, next to last marriage was to Martha Gellhorn.

* * *

JOHN O'HARA, author of *Pal Joey*, *Appointment in Samarra*, and other novels: "Ernest Hemingway is the most important writer living today, and the outstanding author since the death of Shakespeare. He was born in Oak Park, Illinois, U.S.A., on July 21, 1898. His father was a physician named Clarence Edmonds Hemingway; his mother's maiden name was Grace Hall.

"Hemingway went to Oak Park High and not to college. He got into the newspaper business, went to France as a Red Cross ambulance driver when he was 19 years old, and a year later was badly shot up in Italy. After World War I he spent most of his time in Europe, with visits to the United States and Africa for hunting, fishing, and seeing friends and acquaintances.

"He anticipated World War II, and took part in the actions in Spain. In 1944 he participated in the invasion of the European continent. (He was anti-Fascist in the Spanish hostilities and anti-Hitler in the subsequent activities. It may seem that these things should go without saying, but nowadays nothing goes without saying. These comments are meant to be straightforward, but there must be no lingering doubt.)

"Between WWI and WWII Ernest Hemingway produced the following books: *Three Stories and Ten Poems* (1923); *In Our Time* (1924); *The Torrents of Spring* (1926); *The Sun Also Rises* (1926); *Men Without Women* (1927); *A Farewell to Arms* (1929); *Death in the Afternoon* (1932); *Winner Take Nothing* (1933); *The Green Hills of Africa* (1935); *To Have and Have Not* (1937); *The Fifth Column* (1938); *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940); after the war, *Across the River and Into the Trees* (1950); *Old Man and The Sea* (1953).

"The chances are that Ernest Hemingway in the formative years didn't read much but Ring Lardner's sport stories in the Chicago papers, Caesar's Gallic Wars and the literature that any high school boy skips over. Over or through. He was a big kid with not very good eyesight and enormous, ill-controlled strength of muscle, and, apparently, an enviable admiration for an enviable father.

"The outsize boy, the doctor's son, the brittle bones, the halting speech, the defective eyesight—they all had and have their part in the mental and physical makeup of a great author.

GUY HICKOK, a life-long friend of Hemingway's: "When Ernie was 18, he was accepted by the Red Cross as an ambulance driver on the Italian front. On July 8, 1918, at Fossalta di Piave, while he was at a forward post on the bank of the river, Hemingway, to use his own words, was 'hit properly and for good.' It was an Austrian trench mortar called a *minenwerfer* or ashcan. Hemingway wrote me, 'I died then. I felt my soul or something coming right out of my body, like you'd pull a silk handkerchief out of a pocket by one corner. It flew around and then came back and went in again and I wasn't dead any more.' The *minenwerfer* had been loaded with small pieces of steel and over two hundred of them had imbedded themselves in Ernie's leg. The three Italians who had been with him had had their legs blown off: two of them were dead, one was alive and screaming. When Hemingway recovered consciousness, he slung the surviving, legless, Italian over his shoulder and started to carry him back to the trenches. An enemy searchlight caught him in open ground and a heavy-caliber machine gun opened up on him: he was hit in the foot and his right kneecap was blown off, but he made it back to the trenches. The Italian was dead.

"For this action, while he was in the hospital where they removed 237 steel fragments from his leg, Hemingway received the decorations which he says are the only ones he respects—the *Madaglia d'Argento al Valore Militare* and three *Croce al Merito di Guerra.*"

* * *

Hemingway went back home, got a reporting job on The Toronto *Daily Star*, married the first of his wives, Hadley Richardson. HEMINGWAY says: "I was trying to write then, and I found the greatest difficulty, aside from knowing truly what you really felt rather than what you were supposed to feel, was to put down what really happened in action, what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you experienced. The real thing, the sequence of motion and fact which made the emotion and which would be as valid in a year or in ten years or, with luck and if you stated it purely enough, always, was beyond me and I was working very hard to try to get it. I was trying to learn to write, commencing with the simplest things.

"But no one would buy any of the stories. They all returned in the mail through a slit in the door, with notes of rejection that would never call them stories, but always anecdotes, sketches, etc."

* * *

The late JOHN PEALE BISHOP was a very close friend of Hemingway's in those early days: "After Hemingway's novel, *The Sun Also Rises*, I saw a lot of him while he was living in Paris. Magazine editors from all over wanted him to write for them but he could not be bought. I happened to be with him on the day he turned down an offer from one of Mr. Hearst's editors which, had he accepted it, would have supported him handsomely for years. He was at the time living back of the Montparnasse cemetery, over the studio of a friend, in a room small and bare except for a bed and table, and buying his mid-day meals for five sous from the street vendors of fried potatoes. He was living alone because his marriage had gone on the rocks and in 1927 it ended in divorce."

* * *

A Farewell to Arms doubled Hemingway's fame, and he went to live in Spain. SIDNEY FRANKLIN, the Brooklyn-born matador, tells about it: "There was a knock on my door in Madrid and in comes this guy. He got to talking and the first thing I knew he asked me if I'd mind him going around the country watching me work at the different fairs. Knowing what a tremendously expensive thing that was, I sort of looked at him—his clothes, his looks and so forth—and it didn't seem to me that he could afford such a thing. But when I told him that it would be rather an expensive proposition he said, well, he'd manage to take care of that.

"I said, 'What do you do for a living?' He said, 'Well, I write. I'm an author.' I said, 'You're an author? Do you make a living at it?' 'Well,' he said, 'I manage to get along.' But he didn't say it in a way that could have given me any indication at all of who he was or what he was. Then I invited him home for lunch and while at lunch he started pressing me again. Would I mind if he went around the country. I said, 'Look I can't stop anyone from going around the country and seeing me fight. Therefore, if you've got the price to pay for admission you can get in any time, but I doubt if you're going to be able to, because as soon as my name goes up on a card there are no seats to be had at any price.'

"While we were eating, which lasted about five hours all through the afternoon, I was mulling the thing over and over; from his looks, truly, I didn't believe that the man was anything. But I suddenly decided, I'd try to help him out. We were traveling in about 20 or 25 cars at the time and I felt that we'd always have room for one more if he wanted to squeeze in. When we finally decided on that, then I said, 'I'll tell you another thing—if you come along and if you're not scared, I might make a place for you to go into the ring with my troop, not in the procession, but to come in when my swordsman and the valet come in with the swords and capes and things like that, and you just stand behind one of the bluffers there.'

TRUE'S SHOOTING CUP

When bench-rest shooters gather at Johnstown, New York, every Labor Day weekend, many of them shoot for a cup which appears destined not to be won. This is TRUE's cup for the best 10-shot score at 200 yards made with a rifle and 'scope not exceeding 12 pounds—in other words, a rifle comparable to a practical weapon for varmint hunting. The cup must be won three times by the same shooter before he can claim it. So far, there has been a different winner six years running.

Last year the winner of the TRUE match was Chester Benjamin of Eldred, Pennsylvania, with a group measuring 1.382 inches, which was considerably better than recent winning scores. By way of contrast, Sam Clark, Jr., of Waterville, Maine, who won the national championship and three other trophies, had an average of *five* 10-shot groups at 200 yards that were under 1 inch.

Clark used a bench-rest rifle of unrestricted weight, of course, which means that it probably scaled from 16 to 18 pounds and possibly more. His rifle barrel was made by G. R. Douglas for the .219 Wasp wildcat cartridge. Most of the other men who shot high scores used barrels made by Clyde Hart of Lafayette, New York. To my notion, Hart barrels are fully equal to those of the late Harry Pope, who in his day made the most accurate barrels known.

Actually, bench-rest shooting has recently achieved such a high degree of accuracy—the record 100-yard, 10-shot group is an incredible .2126 inch, with all the bullets literally in one hole—that its practitioners are looking about for new challenges.

As a result, the National Bench Rest Shooters' Association is planning to introduce two limited classes of rifles for forthcoming matches this year. One class will be for rifles such as men have used to compete for the TRUE cup, except that the weight of the rifle itself will probably be held at 12 pounds, permitting the weight of the 'scope to be added.

The other class will be for rifles suitable for big-game hunting and probably will not exceed 10 pounds overall. So now men like Sam Clark will have new problems to overcome. In the process, ideas will probably emerge that will benefit hunters everywhere. I'm glad TRUE started this.—**Lucian Cary**

"Well. I thought Hemingway was going to break down and cry at the time. Because I didn't know him well enough to call him Ernest, I called him 'you' most of the time. He said would I really consider a thing like that? That would be great, better than anything he could think of.

"So we made the rounds and it wasn't until I got back to Madrid after that trip, which lasted about 25 days, that one of the secretaries from the embassy was waiting at the house for me. She said I had been traveling around the country with Ernest Hemingway, and that the ambassador would let me name my own ticket if I would bring Ernest Hemingway to tea that afternoon. Why he was the world's greatest living author, didn't I know that?"

* * *

As a result of the trip with Franklin and other experiences, HEMINGWAY wrote *Death in the Afternoon*, one of the great books on bullfighting. Here, for example, is a passage from that book, explaining the *capea*, which is an informal bullfight or bull-baiting that takes place in village squares with amateurs and aspirant bullfighters ganging up on the bull, armed with knives, swords and other cutting objects: Hemingway wrote:

"All amateur or group killing is a very barbarous, messy, though exciting business, and is a long way from the ritual of the formal bullfight. The bull which killed the 16 and wounded the 60 was killed in a very odd way. One of those he had killed was a gypsy boy of about 14. Afterwards the boy's brother and sister followed the bull around hoping perhaps to have a chance to assassinate him when he was loaded in his cage after a *capea*. That was difficult since, being a very highly valued performer, the bull was carefully taken care of. They followed him around for two years, not attempting anything, simply turning up wherever the bull was used. When the *capeas* were again abolished, they are always being abolished and re-abolished by government order, the bull's owner decided to send him to the slaughter-house in Valencia, for the bull was getting on in years anyway. The two gypsies were at the slaughter-house and the young man asked permission, since the bull had killed his brother, to kill the bull. This was granted and he started in by digging out both the bull's eyes while the bull was in his cage, and spitting carefully into the sockets, then after killing him by severing the spinal marrow between the neck vertebrae with a dagger, he experienced some difficulty in this, he asked permission to cut off the bull's testicles, which being granted, he and his sister built a small fire at the edge of the dusty street outside the slaughter-house and roasted the two glands on sticks and when they were done, ate them. They then turned their backs on the slaughterhouse and went away along the road and out of town."

* * *

CHARLES SCRIBNER, SR., who died recently, told this story about Hemingway and Maxwell Perkins: "Hemingway had come to New York to talk to Perkins about a book he had just completed; he went up to Perkins' office to keep his lunch date. Perkins had read the manuscript, liked it very much, but wanted Hemingway to delete a certain four-letter word, relating to sexual intercourse.

" 'What word is it, Max?' Hemingway asked.

"But Perkins was too shy to say it out loud, so he wrote the word on his calendar pad. 'Sure, Max, sure, delete it,' Hemingway said. 'Now let's go to lunch and enjoy ourselves.'

"Along about 2 o'clock that afternoon I came into Perkins' office to consult him about an important matter, and not finding him at his desk, went over and looked at the calendar pad to see where he was. To my shocked surprise I found, opposite 12 o'clock, the four-letter word Perkins had written. Later that afternoon when I did find Perkins at his desk, I said, solicitously, 'Max, why don't you take the rest of the afternoon off? You must be done in.' "

* * *

LEON PEARSON, the critic: "Hemingway became the bronze god of younger men. He was a man who knew the women of Paris, the bull fighters of Seville, the lions of Africa. To the young writers he was a gray, bristling man who took obscene words off the backhouse wall and put them in print. Hemingway was no Longfellow, kindly, sober, patriotical, creating kindly Village Smittys who go to church on Sundays. Hemingway was no Stevenson, hollow-chested, dreamy eyed, creating swashbuckling pirates out of his fevered imagination. No, here was a swashbuckling pirate in his own right, living it up and writing it down. That's the way to write they cried, live it up so you can write it down.

He did everything young. He fought young. He drank young. He wrote young. And he married young. In 1921, when he was only 21, he married Hadley Richardson. In 1927, he married Pauline Pfeiffer. In 1940, he married Martha Gellhorn. In 1946 Mary Welsh. He was born a Congregationalist. He became a Roman Catholic. He is notorious as master of the four-letter words. He drinks liquor by the quart. He's off absinthe now but absinthe used to be his favorite drink."

* * *

MARLENE DIETRICH: "It was many years ago on a trans-Atlantic crossing on the *Ile de France*. I had come down to the dining salon to join a dinner party. As I approached the table the men rose and I was offered a chair, but as I started to sit down I noticed that there were 12 people in the party.

" 'Oh,' I exclaimed, 'I'm the thirteenth. You will excuse me if I don't join you. I'm superstitious about thirteen at dinner. I'll join you later.'

"I turned to leave, but my path was blocked by a large, trim man, who said, 'Excuse me, I don't mean to intrude. But I'd be glad to be the fourteenth.'

"That was Ernest Hemingway, and that was how we met, but even if I had never met him I would probably think him the most interesting man of my lifetime.

"That was in 1934, and for 20 years we have been good friends. We do not see each other often, but we write, and his letters are funny and sad and compassionate and sometimes so overwhelming I could die. It is a great pity I must be selfish about them and cannot share them with the world, so wonderful are they. I keep them in a fireproof strongbox, for they are the only possessions that have real value for me. My other possessions I have never cared about. But the letters are different. Sometimes I re-read them and enjoy them the way you enjoy certain classics, no matter how many times you have read them.

"Ernest has defined courage as 'grace under pressure,' and Erich Maria Remarque, in *All Quiet On The Western Front*, spoke of it as 'the flight forward.' Ernest qualifies under either definition. We once met, Ernest and I, during World War II in Hürtgen Forest, which was

At bull ring with fourth wife Mary, he shows off legendary drinking capacity.

the scene of one of the bloodiest actions of the entire war. Ernest was attached to the 22nd Regiment of the Fourth Division as a war correspondent, and I was roaming around the front entertaining the troops. Our meeting was brief, but I'll never forget the way he fished an old piece of paper out of his pocket and said that he had just scrawled a poem on it and would I read it so he could hear it spoken as it should be.

"It was a poem about war, beautifully written, and at the same time so overpowering an indictment of war, that I had to stop several times to compose myself. When I finished, I broke down crying.

"Hemingway has told me that he has left me the original of this poem in his will, and it is promised treasure. Several days later the Battle of the Bulge broke out and we did not see each other again for several years."

* * *

Here's the way HEMINGWAY says he feels about Dietrich: "She is brave, beautiful, loyal, kind and generous. She is never boring and is as lovely looking in the morning in a GI shirt, pants and combat boots as she is at night or on the screen. She has an honesty and a comic and tragic sense of life that never let her be truly happy unless she loves. When she loves she can joke about it; but it is gallows humor.

"If she had nothing more than her voice she could break your heart with it. But she has that beautiful body and the timeless loveliness of her face. It makes no difference how she breaks your heart if she is there to mend it. She cannot be cruel nor unjust but she can be angry and fools bore her and she shows it unless the fool is in bad trouble. Anyone who is in serious trouble has her sympathy.

"I love the Kraut and I love Ingrid (Bergman). If I weren't married to Miss Mary and didn't love Miss Mary, I would try to hook up with either of them. Each one has what the other hasn't. And what each has, I love very much."

* * *

MALCOLM COWLEY, writer and longtime friend of Hemingway: "It was during the Key West years, 1928-38, that Hemingway earned his reputation as a fisherman, a big-game hunter, a boxer and an all-around sportsman. He had a fishing boat, the *Pilar*, built to his design at a Brooklyn shipyard. He had taught himself navigation and soon was taking the *Pilar* on cruises through the Bahamas. At Bimini he boated the first unmutilated tuna — a 310-pounder — ever caught in those waters on rod and reel."

That was in the summer of 1935, the big season at Bimini when he caught so many marlin and won the fishing tournament. There was ill-feeling that year between the islanders and the visiting fishermen, and Hemingway tried to pacify the locals by giving them a chance to fight. He offered $200 to anyone who could stay four rounds in the ring with him and several of the locals tried it, but none lasted four rounds. Tom Heeney, the British Empire heavyweight champion, was in Bimini early that summer before the ring was built and he boxed with Hemingway on the beach, with the whole island watching. At last Tom said, "Let's cut this out. We're doing this for nothing and we ought to be paid for it."

He saw service in both world wars, and also took part in the 1936 actions in Spain.

* * *

JED KILEY, author and fishing companion of Hemingway: "Wherever he is, he wants action and he usually gets it. He introduced the late Floyd Gibbons and me to his special brand of shark fishing off Bimini. We'd been out in Floyd's boat and taken a 500-pound tuna, but the sharks had got two 50-pound bites out of him. Hemingway was furious.

"'No use fishing around here any more,' he said. 'But I'll show you landlubbers some real sport. We will go back and get the tools. We've got 500 pounds of bait.'

"We went back in. I began to catch on when the natives hooked a wooden raft on the stern of our boat and started wiring our tuna to the raft. Then I saw what Papa meant by tools. One was a sawed-off repeating shotgun that looked like a howitzer. Instead of buckshot each shell was loaded with 10 or 12 big steel ball-bearings about the size of a .45 slug. It had once belonged to gangsters and you only had to get hit by one of those pellets to get your name in the papers. The muzzle of the thing looked like the entrance to the Hudson Tunnel.

"The second tool was a Thompson submachine gun. The tommygun had also been taken away from gangsters in a certain town and presented to a certain person by the police.

"The raft followed us on a towline about 20 feet long. You could see the tuna blood dripping in the water. It was like sending out an invitation to dinner to the sharks, Hemingway explained.

"Gibbons had the sawed-off shotgun, Hemingway the tommygun, and I had a Colt automatic. Half a bottle out, the sharks started picking up the scent. You could see their dorsal fins coming up on all sides. Papa and Floyd climbed up on the top deck, but I stayed below in the stern fishing-chair.

"'Don't stand up,' Papa told me. 'And don't shoot till they start to jump.'

"The captain slowed us down to a walk, just moving enough to keep the raft away from the boat. Then a big shark suddenly speeded up and jumped. From where I sat he looked like a flying freight car coming out of the water.

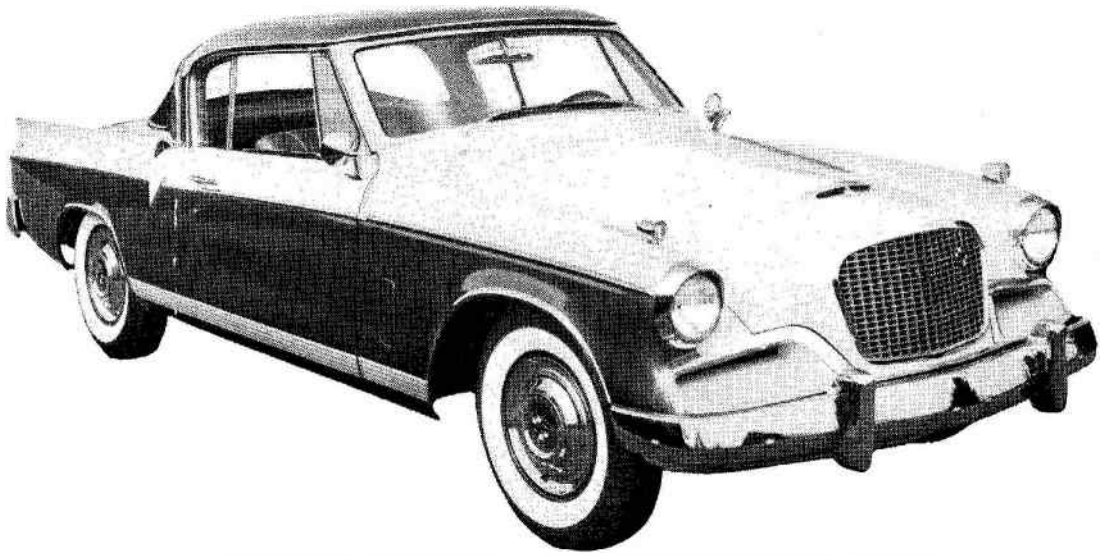
"I had never been hunting on the ocean before and this guy was so big I got buck-fever. Shook like a cocktail shaker and forgot to shoot. Guess Gibbons did, too—didn't hear his cannon go off. But Papa was shooting—*rat-tat-tat-tat-tat*—you could see the tracers going into the shark's body. At the top of his arc he seemed to hang for an instant in the air and then fell like a pile driver on the raft. The heavy log raft shivered under the impact and almost turned over and you could see the blood shooting out of the bullet holes in the shark's sides.

"While that wounded shark was still

[*Continued on page 25*]

FREE! WIN A

FIRST GRAND PRIZE

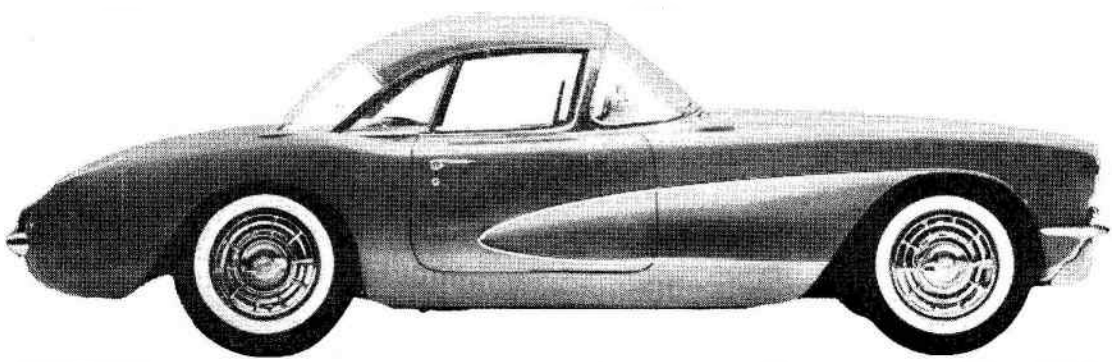


Newest of flashing American sports cars is Studebaker's 275-horsepower Golden Hawk, the lead model in the first full line of American-made sports-type cars. Designed to outperform any other car on the American road (via highest horsepower-to-weight ratio) the Hawk seats five, has big, round white-on-black instrument faces, safety-fin brakes, crash padding—and goes down the pike like the flame out of a blow torch!

FIRST GRAND PRIZE

Latest version of Ford's high-flying Thunderbird is this 225-horsepower 1956 model, complete this year with new wind-wing windows, Continental-mounted spare, restyled exhaust ports and available as usual with both hard and soft top. Ford sold over 16,000 of these critters under the 1955 label, making the T-bird the most successful sports car ever made in America. A TRUE contest winner will soon own one of these!

FIRST GRAND PRIZE



Restyled from headlamps to rear quarters, a 1956 Chevrolet Corvette rounds out TRUE's trio of grand prizes. Latest model of this glass-fiber-body car features a power-operated fabric top, a removable solid top as optional equipment, roll-down side windows (power-operated if desired), a 225-horsepower V-8 engine, choice of regular or Powerglide transmission—in any of six colors, black, red, green, copper, blue or white.

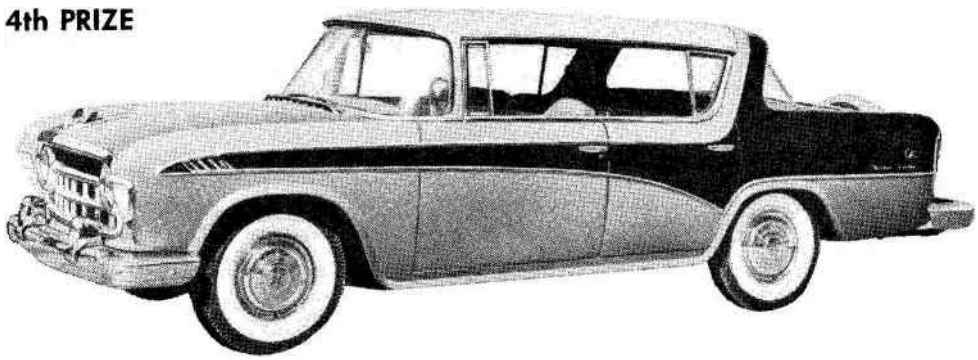
SPORTS CAR!

Thousands of Dollars in Other Valuable Prizes

ENTER TRUE'S BIG ANNIVERSARY CONTEST

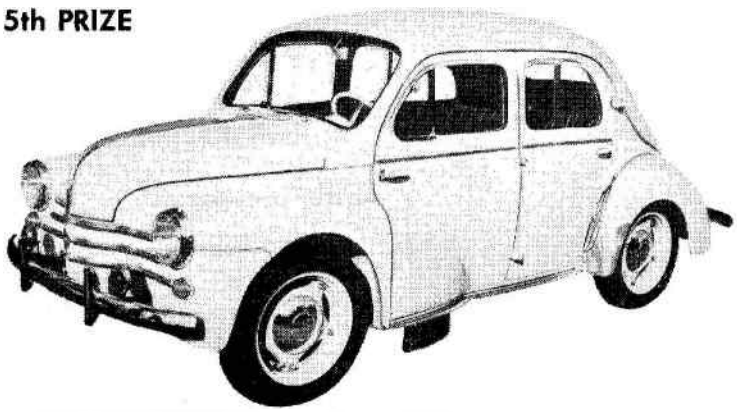
Within four months, the five top winners in TRUE's mammoth reader contest are going to be wheeling down the main streets of their home towns in these five great automobiles. Scores of other winners will be presented with the magnificent prizes listed on the following pages: fine guns, handsome clothing, versatile power tools, rod & reel sets, aluminum boats and many more. To celebrate its own 20th birthday, TRUE has assembled one of the biggest magazine giveaways ever—and it's easy to enter, easy to win. Take a good look at all that can be yours on these pages, then sharpen some pencils, reach for your Webster's and get to work fast. TRUE wishes you luck.

4th PRIZE



The sensational new American Motors Rambler, "a 1957 model completed a year ahead of schedule," has new 120-horse, overhead-valve engine, torque-tube drive, coil-spring suspension all around, larger interior (but trimmer exterior), plus travel beds and all the other fine features that have made Ramblers good American road cars.

5th PRIZE

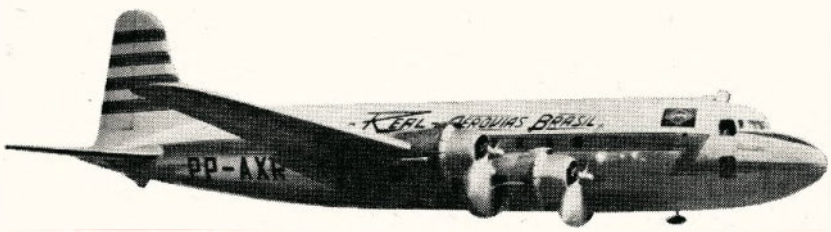


The smart, rugged French Renault 4CV is a fully equipped (heater, defroster & turn signals) 4-door, 4-passenger sedan that gets in and out of traffic like a rabbit, parks anywhere and puts out 50 mpg.

FOR MORE TURN PAGE

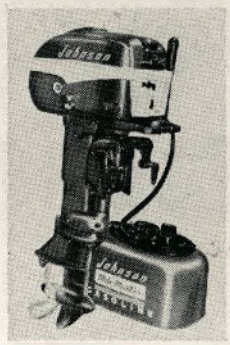
6th PRIZE Exciting vacation trip to Europe! Two round trips, New York to Hamburg, Germany via Lufthansa plus two weeks at Hotel Vier-Jahrzeiten. Worth $1301.

8th & 9th PRIZES Do-it-yourself for profit, for fun, for free! Two complete $606 home workshops by Toolkraft include table saw, drill press, lathe, band saw, belt sander, a quarter-inch drill and countless other accessories. All tools less motor.



7th PRIZE Travel to South America, go rolling down to Rio! Two round trips from Miami to Rio de Janeiro via Acrovias Brasil plus a week at Excelsior Copacabana. Worth $1298.

10th PRIZE 30 hp. $582.



15th PRIZE 15 hp. $362.

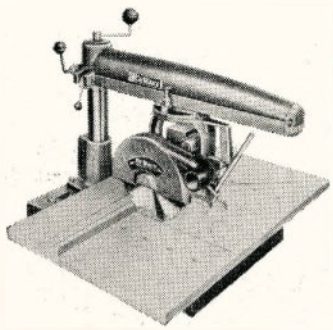
25th PRIZE 10 hp. $321.

26th PRIZE 7½ hp. $241.

32nd PRIZE 5½ hp. $216.

38th PRIZE 3 hp. $146.

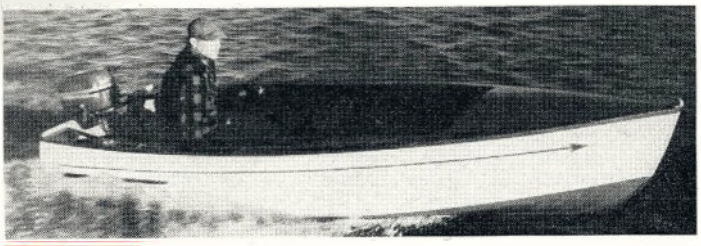
. . . six wonderful Johnson outboards, from big electric-starting Javelin to rugged little 3 hp—each of them famous for quiet and dependability.



13th PRIZE Power Shop by DeWalt, ¾-hp portable model with 9″ saw blade and accessories including 12″ lathe attachment, saber saw, shaper, dado head, bits, etc. Worth $429.

11th PRIZE Big 1½-horse DeWalt Power Shop stands on steel legs, has 10″ saw blade, 12″ lathe attachment, saber saw, shaper, dado head, disk and drum sanders, boring bits, chisels, assorted grinding wheels. Worth $575.

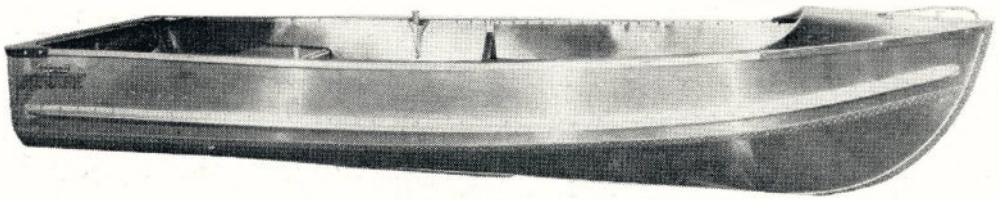
14th PRIZE Enjoy fishing fun with this $395 boat! A completely assembled, painted, equipped Roberts Kit-Craft 12-foot Sportster. . .

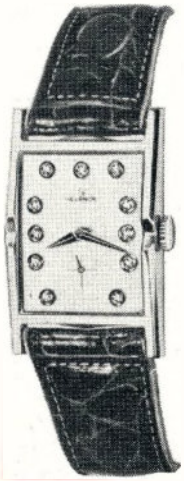


12th PRIZE . . . a completely assembled, painted and equipped Kit-Craft 14-foot Runabout, delivered to you. Worth $520.

16th-18th PRIZES Three After-Six formal-wear outfits for each winner: tails, tux and white jacket, each with trousers, plus shirts, ties, vest, etc. Worth $340.

19th-21st PRIZES Two 14-foot aluminum boats, each weighing a mere 160 pounds, yet rugged enough to be used with 20-hp motors. Complete with three seats and furnished with cushions. Worth $335.

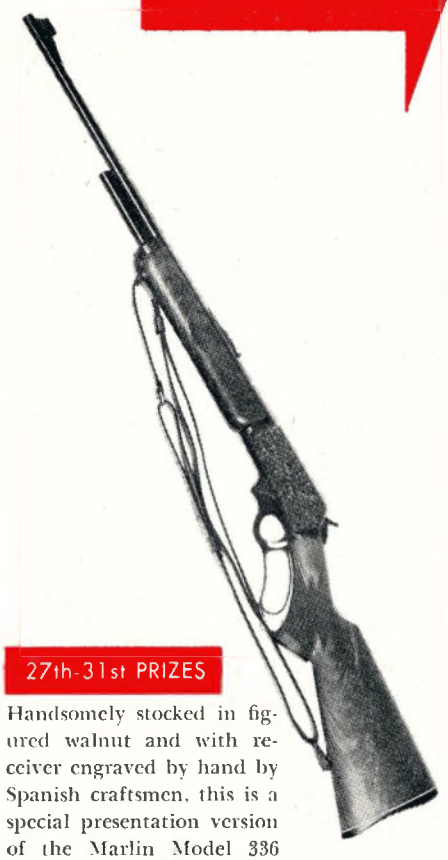




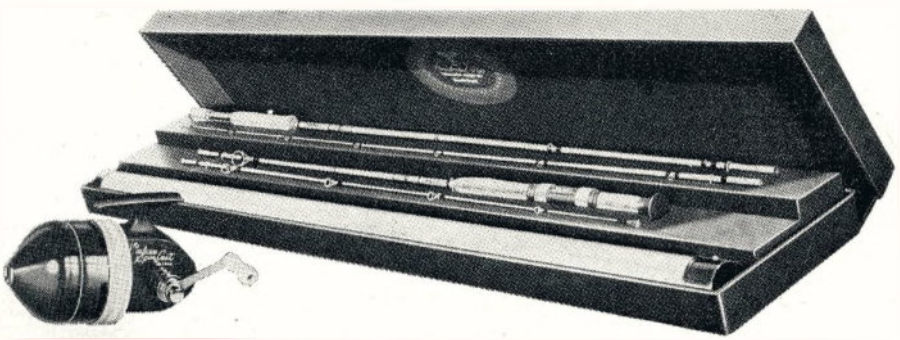
22nd-24th PRIZES Helbros $325 dress watches in 14-karat gold cases with the hours marked by 11 face-mounted diamonds.

33rd-37th PRIZES For each winner, $200 worth of Van Heusen merchandise—your choice of sport shirts, pajamas, swim suits, etc.

FOR MORE TURN PAGE



27th-31st PRIZES Handsomely stocked in figured walnut and with receiver engraved by hand by Spanish craftsmen, this is a special presentation version of the Marlin Model 336 lever-action big-game rifle. Each of five guns worth $225.



39th-48th PRIZES The finest in glass rods, South Bend's Presidential set, fly and spinning rods, handsomely cased, plus a South Bend SpinCast 1200 spinning reel—elegant $102 prize packages for each of ten very lucky fishermen.

it's easy! it's fun! read these rules
ENTER TRUE'S BIG ANNIVERSARY CONTEST

Read ALL the following rules and follow them carefully. You cannot win if you break any of them.

1.) TRUE'S ANNIVERSARY CONTEST is made up of three buildwords puzzles: No. 1 in the February issue of TRUE, The Man's Magazine; No. 2 in the March issue and No. 3 in the April issue.

2.) Complete all three puzzles, trying for the highest possible score. This score is arrived at by adding together the letter values of each and every letter appearing in your puzzle. PRINT your name and address on *each* entry blank and write your score for each puzzle in the box provided. However, on the entry blank for No. 3, write your *total score for all three* in the box marked "Grand Total." Also, write this Grand Total in the *lower left corner of the address side of your envelope.* When you've completed No. 3, mail *all three* puzzles together. Do *not* send in puzzles separately.

3.) Legible *copies* of the first two puzzles and their entry blanks may be submitted, but Puzzle No. 3 and its entry blank must be clipped from the April 1956 issue of TRUE, The Man's Magazine.

4.) Webster's New Collegiate dictionary will be the final authority on acceptance of words used in the puzzles. Any word *defined* in the main section of the dictionary, pages 1 through 997 will be accepted EXCEPT possessives formed with apostrophes (e.g. soldier's), hyphenated words (e.g. post-mortem), or proper nouns (names), or abbreviations (e.g. bldg.). Words may be repeated more than once.

5.) The three complete puzzles—stapled, paper-clipped or pinned—are to be mailed to TRUE'S ANNIVERSARY CONTEST, FAWCETT BUILDING, GREENWICH, CONN.

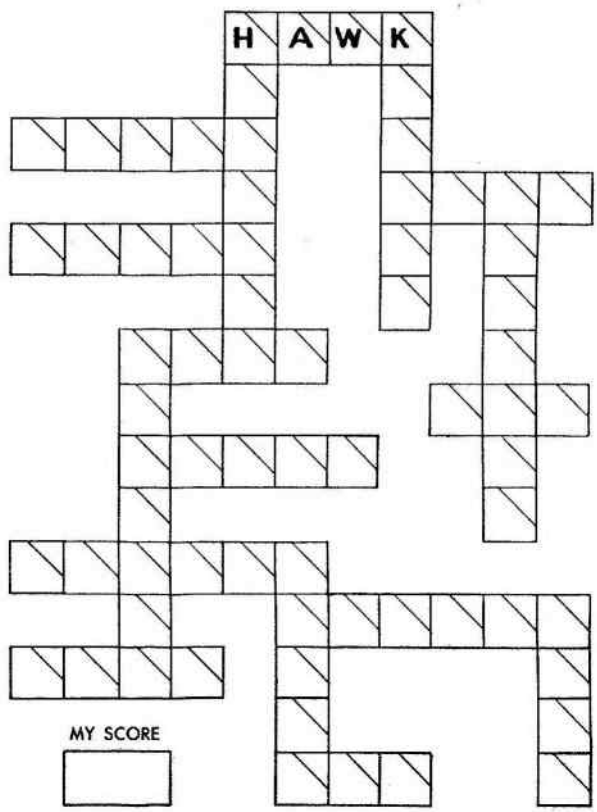
6.) Entries must be postmarked not later than May 1, 1956.

7.) The three contestants having the highest correct grand total will each win one of the three "First Grand Prizes." The contestant having the highest correct score will be given his choice of a Golden Hawk, a Thunderbird or a Corvette. The contestant having the second highest correct score will be given his choice of the two cars remaining, with the third highest-scoring contestant receiving the remaining car. All other prizes will be awarded as indicated. Fourth prize to the contestant with the fourth highest correct score, etc. Neatness, legibility and originality will be judging factors in case of ties.

8.) The Editors of TRUE, The Man's Magazine are the judges of this contest and their decision will be final. All entries become the property of Fawcett Publications, Inc., and none will be returned. *Correspondence will not be entered into with contestants concerning this contest.*

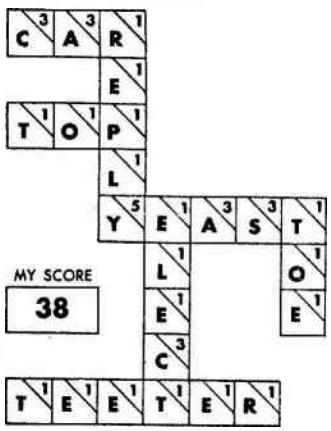
9.) Contest is open to any resident of continental North America except employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., its wholesale distributors and advertising agencies, and their employees and families.

10.) Winners will be notified by mail and their names printed in TRUE



TRUE'S ANNIVERSARY CONTEST IS FUN!

BUILDWORDS is an easy and simple puzzle. At right we have a completed specimen puzzle to show you the ropes. First, the key word is identified as a CAR, and the letters printed in the first single row of squares—much like a crossword puzzle. At the same time, each letter's numerical value (from the chart at bottom) is printed in the triangular space of each square. When the puzzle is complete, the numbers are added up, and the total—in this case 38—put into the MY SCORE box. All three puzzles are done in exactly the same way. Remember that all words must read from top to bottom or from left to right. The best way to raise your total score is to use high-value letters (e.g. Q, Z and X) as indicated by each letter value chart. PRINT your name and address on each entry blank, do ALL THREE PUZZLES and mail them *together. Do not mail any puzzles separately.* Try to use a medium soft pencil, since a fountain pen is apt to blot. Good Luck!



LETTER VALUE CHART

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

NOTE FOR SCORING

The total score of 38 (above) is arrived at by adding each letter value in the individual 24 squares. Do not add a letter twice, even when it is used in two words. For instance, the "R" in both car and reply is added only once for a letter value of one

LETTER VALUE CHART

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

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

Fill out puzzle, print name and address in blank, clip along broken line; write Grand Total for Puzzles Nos. 1, 2 and 3 in space above and in lower left corner of front of envelope. Pin, paper-clip or staple all puzzles together and send them in.

In cooperation with Contests Inc.

Who the Hell Is Hemingway?

[*Continued from page* 19]

flopping and very much alive the others forgot all about the tuna and turned on him. They tore him to pieces before our eyes. Hemingway kept on shooting and the sharks kept on biting each other until you couldn't tell who was eating who.

"Trying to get in a good shot, I came to my feet, and something that sounded like a 12-inch shell went off in my ear and somebody hit me over the head with a crow bar at the same time.

"When I finally opened my eyes the whole gang was standing around looking at me with that shocked look people always give some poor guy who has been hurt in an accident. You could see Floyd felt terrible about shooting me.

"But Hemingway was enjoying it. He ran his big hands through my hair, and he laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. 'Never touched him.' Papa said. 'Concussion just blew his hat off.' "

When World War II broke out, Hemingway got into it immediately, first by sea, later by air and land. SPRUILLE BRADEN, former U.S. ambassador to Cuba, has described Hemingway's early sea period: "Hemingway's service by sea was for Naval Intelligence in his 40-foot cabin cruiser, the *Pilar*, which had been transformed into a Q-boat. Under various disguises, it cruised from 1942-1941 off the north shore of Cuba. Aboard the *Pilar* was a crew of nine, plus radio equipment, machine gun, bazooka and high explosives. Hemingway's objective was to be hailed and ordered alongside by a Nazi submarine, whereupon he would put a plan into operation that was designed to destroy the U-boat. This was an extremely dangerous mission, as certainly a fishing boat under normal circumstances would be no match for a heavily armed submarine. However, Ernest had worked out the plan intelligently and, I believe, would have won the battle had he been able to make the contact. In fact, he would have made the contact had not my naval attaché called him into Havana one day when he was on a location he himself had picked and where a submarine did show up within 24 hours. Even so he obtained valuable information on the location of German subs on various occasions, and the *Pilar* was credited with having located several submarines which were later reported by the Navy as 'presumed sunk.' So worthwhile was Ernest's contribution that I strongly recommended him for a decoration."

* * *

Hemingway went to Europe in 1944 as a magazine correspondent. He flew missions with the RAF out of England, and then wound up on the Continent attached to the 4th Infantry Division. ROBERT CAPA, the famous combat photographer who was killed during the Indo-China War, reported: "Everybody knew Hemingway's jeep. From a string of fox holes or from out of the woods, you could hear hundreds of GI's voices saying, one after another, 'Good morning Mr. Hemingway.' It was like a royal procession. The officers of the 4th Division had an affectionate variety of nicknames for him, like Ernie, the Kraut Hunter, or Old Dr. Hemingstein—he got that tag for his arguments with the psychiatrist about combat fatigue—or they picked up the nickname he gave himself: Ernie Hemorrhoid, the poor man's Pyle. Mostly though, they called him Papa or Pop.

"During the drive on Paris a band of French irregulars gravitated toward him, and made him their leader. Speaking of his men, Hemingway once said, 'During this epoch I was addressed by the guerrilla force as captain. This is a very low rank to have at the age of 45 years, and so, in the presence of strangers, they would address me, usually, as colonel. But they were a little upset and worried by my very low rank, and one of them, whose trade for the past year had been receiving mines and blowing up German ammunition trucks and staff cars, asked confidentially, 'My Captain, how is it that with your age and your undoubted long years of service and your obvious wounds (caused, by the way, by hitting a static water tank in London) you are still a captain?' I told him, 'Young man, I have not been able to advance in rank due to the fact that I cannot read or write.'

"Hemingway's unit was equipped with every imaginable American and German weapon; they carried more munitions and alcohol than a division would normally control. However, they were a very scraggly-looking lot who steadily improved in appearance as the fortunes of war smiled upon them. 'The first time we entered Rambouillet,' Hemingway once wrote about them, 'all but two of the men were naked from the waist up, and the populace did not greet us with any degree of fervor. The second time I went in with them, everyone was uniformed and we were cheered considerably. The third time we went through the town the men were all helmeted and we were cheered wildly, kissed extensively and heavily champagned, and we made our headquarters in the Hotel du Grand Veneur, which had an excellent wine cellar.'

"As far as I am concerned, I credit Hemingway and his unit with exclusively liberating the Hotel Ritz in Paris, for when I arrived at the hotel, along with General Leclerc's liberating forces, there was Red Pelkey, Hemingway's driver, standing guard outside the door. Speaking in Hemingwayese, Pelkey told me, 'Papa took good hotel. Plenty good stuff in cellar. You go up quick!' "

* * *

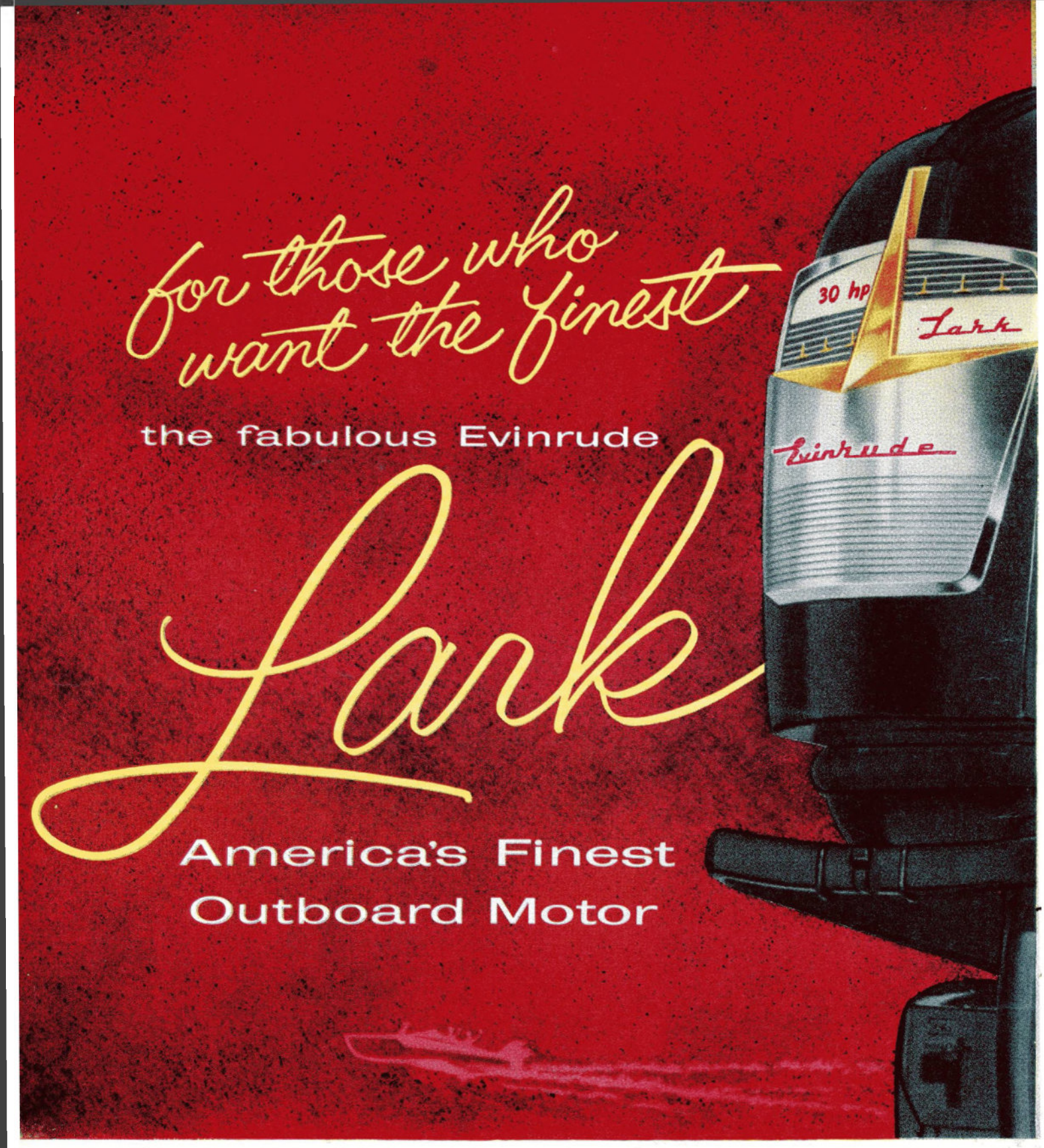
COL. DAVID BRUCE of OSS has this to say about Hemingway's operations: "Ernest's bedroom at the Hotel du Grand Veneur was the nerve center of all operations. There, in his shirtsleeves, he gave audience to intelligence couriers, to refugees from Paris, to deserters from the German army, to local officials and all comers. He had the help and advice of a French secret agent famous under his pseudonym of Mr. Sheep—M. Mouton. After posting guards on all the roads, Hemingway's chief concern was to locate the German defenses south of Paris. He sent out armed patrols to attract German fire and civilian volunteers on bicycles to penetrate the German lines; some of them pedaled all the way into Paris and came back to Hemingway with sketches, reports and hatfuls of fresh eggs. Soon General Leclerc arrived in Rambouillet with the French armored division that had been chosen to enter Paris. Leclerc did not like American correspondents or French irregulars, but his chief of staff had dinner with Hemingway and M. Mouton. What they gave him was a detailed summary, with sketches, of the German defenses on all the roads between Paris and Rambouillet. I believe that this information had a determining effect on the successful accomplishment of Leclerc's march to Paris."

* * *

JOHN GROTH, the celebrated artist: "When I checked in at Army headquarters at the front I was told to proceed to Hemingway's farmhouse which was designated on the headquarters map as *Task Force Hemingway*. The farmhouse, I discovered, was smack on the front lines, and the Germans frequently sent patrols into its yard. The first night I was there, Hemingway stood guard all night, after having given elaborate orders for crossfire defense against every conceivable attack. Hemingway gave me a ration of hand grenades just as I was getting into bed and wished me a good night's sleep. Needless to say, I had some trouble falling asleep. There was the Hemingway I had read so much about, downstairs on guard with a tommygun and with grenades hanging from his belt. All this was exciting and a little unbelievable.

"The following day, while I was at dinner with Hemingway and several officers at the Regimental Command Post, which was close to the Nazi lines, German 88s suddenly began to break their way in. To a man, everyone hit the floor in the accepted fashion and groped for their helmets and kept covered until the shelling ceased. That is, I *thought* everyone had, but when the candles were lit, I was stunned by what I saw. There was

[*Continued on page* 28]



One glance tells you . . . something wonderfully new and exciting has come to outboard boating. *The Lark is here* . . . with its sparkling million-dollar look . . . commanding power encased in spectacular beauty. One glance tells you that it's finer than need be—we planned it that way—and for you the pay-off is bountiful! The Lark's crisply modern styling lends distinction to the smartest runabout . . . gives a gay lift to *any* boat. Its performance is as you'd expect . . . just a bit out of this world! 30 eager horsepower, trigger-fast take-off, blazing top speed. Your crew is pampered with a ride that's pure luxury—noise-free, vibrationless—the sailing-smooth ride of Whispering Power. Truly a motor for those who seek the finest . . . and the price is the pleasantest surprise of all!

SEE YOUR EVINRUDE DEALER. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in the yellow pages of your phone book. He will gladly show you the complete line of nine Evinrude models for 1956. Three brilliant "Thirties," two with electric starting. New electric starting Fastwin. New Sportwin, 10 HP, and Fisherman, 5.5 HP. Revolutionary new Eas-A-Matic starting on five models. **CATALOG FREE!** Write today for big, full-color catalog. **EVINRUDE MOTORS,** 4174 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wis.

Evinrude

Pioneers in quiet Outboard Motors

A Division of Outboard, Marine & Manufacturing Company

In Canada: Manufactured by Evinrude Motors, Peterborough

Who the Hell Is Hemingway?

[*Continued from page* 25]

Hemingway still at the table, bareheaded, his back to the firing, still eating his dinner, all alone."

* * *

HEMINGWAY was never more brilliant in his understanding of men at war and of the residue of war than he was in this 1944 dispatch:

"The division had not advanced beyond its objective. It had reached its objective, the high ground we were now on, exactly when it should have. It had been doing this for day after day after day after week after month now. No one remembered separate days any more, and history, being made each day, was never noticed but only merged into a great blur of tiredness and dust, of the smell of dead cattle, the smell of earth newbroken by TNT, the grinding sound of tanks and bulldozers, the sound of automatic-rifle and machine-gun fire, the interceptive, dry tattle of German machine-pistol fire, dry as a rattler rattling; and the quick, spurting tap of the German light machine-guns—and always waiting for others to come up.

"History now was old K-ration boxes, empty foxholes, the drying leaves on the branches that were cut for camouflage. It was burned German vehicles, burned Sherman tanks, many burned German Panthers and some burned Tigers, German dead along the roads, in the hedges and in the orchards, German equipment scattered everywhere, German horses roaming the fields, and our own wounded and our dead passing back strapped two abreast on top of the evacuation jeeps. But mostly history was getting where we were to get on time and waiting there for others to come up."

* * *

Since World War II, Hemingway, outside of his flurry in Africa, has lived relatively peaceably. MALCOLM COWLEY describes him today: "Hemingway doesn't smoke, partly to preserve his extremely keen sense of smell: sometimes he sniffs the wind like an apprehensive bear. He doesn't enjoy big parties. Usually he talks to one person at a time in a low, confidential voice, while keeping his dark brown eyes fixed on his guest. He looks and listens and is proud of his accurate memory. 'When people talk, listen completely,' he said in a letter of advice to a young writer. 'Most people never listen.'

"He lives on a patriarchal scale, surrounded by his family, his friends and his retainers. There are no flocks or herds on his Cuban estate, but there are cats—25 by a recent count—and half a dozen dogs that wander in and out of the big Spanish-style farmhouse. Finca Vigia or Lookout Farm is the name of the property and it consists of 15 acres, with gardens, a tennis court, a swimming pool and a white tower at the top of which is Hemingway's study.

"On the terrace outside the farmhouse door is a Ceiba tree, sacred in voodoo rites, with its smooth bark the color of an elephant's hide. The living room, 60 feet long, has its walls lined with the heads of beasts that Hemingway shot in Africa. In the late afternoon the room is often noisy with guests, and the Chinese cook seldom knows how many to expect for dinner. Finca Vigia needs a staff of

One of the reasons Hemingway chooses to live in Cuba: the fishing is wonderful.

servants; besides the cook there are two houseboys, two or three gardeners and a chauffeur for the two big cars and the station wagon, not to mention an engineer for the fishing boat anchored in the little harbor at Cojimar.

"Mr. Papa's expenses are high, but so are his earnings. His books have a continued sale in the U.S. Abroad they are always appearing in new translations.

"Ever since *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was sold to Paramount for $150,000, most of his income has come from Hollywood. Three of his novels have now been filmed and *The Old Man and the Sea* is now in the process of being made into a movie by Warner Brothers. When 20th Century-Fox bought *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* for $125,000 it was a record price for a short story.

"Mrs. Papa—also known as Kitner and Miss Mary—runs the household efficiently and makes out the income-tax returns. Before she became Hemingway's fourth wife she was Mary Welsh, the daughter of a prosperous lumberman in Bemidji, Minnesota. She attended Northwestern University, worked on the Chicago *Daily News*, then on the London *Express;* and she was in the London bureau of *Time* when Hemingway met her in 1944.

"Hemingway's friends are a curiously assorted company. Among them are wealthy sportsmen of the international set, West Point generals (he often says that generals are good people), priests, prize fighters, jockeys, matadors, movie stars (Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich) and convicts lately escaped from Devil's Island.

"Hemingway is also fond of Loyalist exiles, especially the Basques, whom he likes so much that he has been learning to speak their impossibly difficult language. His other friends include—or have included, for many of them are dead—Spanish grandees, Cuban politicians of several parties, saloonkeepers of all grades and nations, ski instructors, hardware clerks, Chicago gangsters, prostitutes, rummies, gossip columnists, the trotting-horse expert of the New York *Morning Telegraph*, a Russian correspondent executed in the purge, Max Perkins, Gertrude Stein and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

"Whatever their social or financial level, most of the friends have achieved excellence in some particular activity that engages Hemingway's passionate interest. Another quality that most of them have in common is physical or moral courage combined with the habit of being dependable in a crisis. They are men and women who have taken risks, and that is one reason why the mortality among them has been high. Hemingway has taken risks and survived, but he carries scars—literally from the crown of his head to the sole of his right foot. One might say that the story of his life is engraved on his body."

* * *

MARY HEMINGWAY tells about her husband: "Ernest was probably never happier than during his stay in East Africa, living mostly outdoors, observing, photographing and sometimes shooting the strange and beautiful animals who live there. Perhaps the best of all his gifts to me has been the opportunity to live outdoors the year around. And after 20 years of it, it still gladdens him to live

on the Gulf Stream and to fish it, particularly when he has luck catching the giant marlin, weighing up to a thousand pounds, which voyage past Cuba in the late summer.

"It was primarily because he wanted to be conveniently near the Gulf Stream, with its mysteries and its variety of creatures, that he came to Cuba to live.

"His requisites for contentment can be most simple—the sea, the changing wind, the sky and the fishing. We turn on the radio for the weather reports. We have the empty beaches of small islands and plenty to read. Nothing else except each other.

"With few exceptions, the only parties we attend are those we give ourselves for two, 20 or 200 people, one reason being, as Ernest says, 'You can't control the food and drink at other people's parties.'

"He expects his food and wine to be good, however simple. We both respect and delight in good cooking, particularly Chinese but also Mexican, French, Italian, Spanish, Cuban and Indian. When I turn out something less palatable than I intended, Ernest seldom fusses about it.

"What a man likes or what he does may not always indicate the most important or most endearing part of him. I agree with the writer Han Suyin that 'it is bad to come too close to the center of a man's being' and since I believe in personal private liberty I try never to trespass on Ernest's inner privacy. But in constant living and especially in trouble, one slowly learns something of the depths below the traits of a personality.

"I learned long ago that Ernest is a good man to have around in times of trouble. He saved my life once, just that, in Casper, Wyoming. If atomic bombs rain down on us or flying saucers make a concerted attack, I should rather be near him than anyone else, even the men of buoyant courage and intelligence I knew during the six years of war I spent in Europe."

* * *

Edward Scott is a columnist for the Havana *Post*, who almost got into a duel with Hemingway. Here is his account of it: "I was talking to Mrs. Hemingway at a diplomatic cocktail party and she asked me if I had ever eaten lion steak, which she described as succulent and tender and worthy of a gourmet's approval. I said I wouldn't willingly eat the flesh of any carnivora because they live on other animals. 'I know,' she said, 'it is because you are stupid. You are stupid and prejudiced just like all the rest of the British colonials.'

"I said nothing then but later I wrote a column that was not exactly complimentary to Mrs. Hemingway. Mr. Hemingway telephoned me. I identified myself on the phone and Hemingway said, 'I want to know if you're going to apolo-

gize to my wife for the things you've been writing about her.' I replied that I did not intend to apologize in a situation in which I obviously was the offended party. Hemingway isn't as handy with a telephone as he is with a pen or a typewriter, but this day he was in good form. Well, he said, you said in your column that if I had said to you what my wife said to you, you would do this and that and so to me. Then Mr. Hemingway went down a long list of names, none of them of honorable connotation, which he thought should be applied to me. At the conclusion he said that he was waiting for me out at his residence. That I should go out there alone and he would be alone, and we would settle our differences man to man. I told Mr. Hemingway that the meeting would have to take place in some neutral spot, certainly not at his house.

"I then wrote him a formal letter in which I told him that I considered myself grievously offended by his language and conduct, and that I now challenged him to meet me with .45 caliber pistols, the other details to be arranged by the respective gentlemen serving as seconds. I stipulated that each pistol should have one cartridge in the chamber and a full clip. Each principal would have the right to discharge the entire magazine irrespective of whether or not hits had been scored.

"On the evening of August 21, following his several telephone calls in the afternoon, Mr. Hemingway again telephoned me. I told him that if he were looking for trouble he could set his mind at ease because trouble he was about to have. I then assured him that he would be hearing from my seconds within 24 hours. 'Oh,' Hemingway said, 'You're challenging me to a phony duel,' I replied there was nothing phony about .45 automatics and a full clip. Hemingway then said that he did not want to kill me. I replied that that was a task which lay ahead of him. When we talked in the evening, which was the last time I spoke to him, he suggested several times that my real intention was to make a front-page story about the difficulties existing between us. I then told him that I had no intention of riding to fame on his shirttails or his shroud. All I wanted was an apology, or for Mr. Hemingway to give me satisfaction at a shooting party. He could take his choice. The following day, my representative went out to San Francisco de Paula to see Mr. Hemingway at his house. He was received courteously and a lengthy conversation took place. The relevant part of it is summed up in my representative's letter to me in which he said that Hemingway manifested no intention whatsoever of apologizing to me. At the same time, according to the letter, Mr. Hemingway said he had no desire to fight a duel with me, and furthermore stated that he did not consider me to have the qualifications to fight a duel with him. I pressed the matter in a subsequent letter to my representative and insisted that he challenge Mr. Hemingway formally to meet me and give me satisfaction. To this challenge Mr. Hemingway replied by registered letter which read as follows: 'For good and sufficient reasons I do not choose to meet Mr. Edward Scott on the so-called field of honor nor anywhere else. I will answer no challenges from him and will send no friends of mine to meet with his friends. If any tribunal interprets this as being motivated by cowardice I believe they would be in error. I am not a publicity seeker and I will not be provoked into something which can only lead to the worst kind of publicity. Aside from other considerations, my obligation at this time is to continue my writing and resume my health. At the present time I am fighting no duels with anyone. If any friends of Mr. Scott's consider that to be an act of cowardice they are at liberty to think so, but it is a decision made by a man who has served in war with honor, and is fully conscious of his obligations. Since I have let you know my decision, reached after mature consideration, and after talking with you, there is little point in explaining further. Signed, Ernest Hemingway.' "

* * *

HEMINGWAY is usually very outspoken about himself: "My biographical data is in *Who's Who*. I work wherever I am and the earliest part of the morning is the best for me. I wake almost at first light and get up and start working.

"When I finish work I like to take a drink and go swimming. If I have worked well in the morning I try to get out fishing on the Gulf Stream in the afternoon.

"In the old days I could read anything. But now I cannot read detective stories any more unless they are written by Raymond Chandler. Mostly I read biography, accounts of voyages that seem true, and military writing, good and bad. You learn about as much from one as from the other.

"As far as contemporary themes are concerned, that is a lot of crap. The themes have always been love, lack of it, death and its occasional temporary avoidance which we describe as life, the immortality or lack of immortality of the soul, money, honor and politics.

"After you finish a book, you know, you're dead. But no one knows you're dead. All they see is the irresponsibility that comes in after the terrible responsibility of writing.

"The test of a book is how much good stuff you can throw away. When I'm writing it, I'm just as proud as a goddam lion. I use the oldest words in the English language. People think I'm an ignorant bastard who doesn't know the ten-dollar words. I know the ten-dollar words. But there are older and better words."

In her *New Yorker* profile, writer Lillian Ross records Hemingway's opinions about himself and the future:

"What I want to be when I am old is a wise old man who won't bore. I'd like to see all the new fighters, horses, ballets, bike riders, dames, bullfighters, painters, airplanes, sons of bitches, cafe characters, big international whores, restaurants, years of wine, newsreels, and never have to write a line about any of it. I'd like to write lots of letters to my friends and get back letters. Would like to be able to make love good until I'm 85, the way Clemenceau could. And what I would like to be is not Bernie Baruch. I wouldn't sit on park benches, although I might go around the park once in awhile to feed the pigeons, and also I wouldn't have any long beard. I would take up harness racing. You aren't up near the top at that until you're over 75. Then I could get me a good young ball club, maybe, like Mr. Mack. Only I wouldn't signal with a program—so as to break the pattern. Haven't figured out yet what I would signal with. And when that's over, I'll make the prettiest corpse since Pretty Boy Floyd. Only suckers worry about saving their souls. Who the hell should care about saving his soul when it is a man's duty to lose it intelligently, the way you would sell a position you were defending, if you could not hold it, as expensively as possible, trying to make it the most expensive position that was ever sold. It isn't hard to die."

For his last book, *The Old Man and the Sea*, Hemingway won the Nobel Prize. It is a simple story of how an old man conquers a giant marlin only to lose him to the sharks. This is the way Hemingway describes the old man's return to shore—critics have suggested that the way the old man feels is the way Hemingway felt, after his unsuccessful novel, *Across the River and Into the Trees:*

"The old man could hardly breathe now and he felt a strange taste in his mouth. It was coppery and sweet and he was afraid of it for a moment. But there was not much of it.

"He spat into the ocean and said, 'Eat that, Galanos. And make a dream you've killed a man.'

"He knew he was beaten now finally and without remedy and he went back to the stern and found the jagged end of the tiller would fit in the slot of the rudder well enough for him to steer. He settled the sack around his shoulder and put the skiff on her course. He sailed lightly now and he had no thoughts nor any feelings of any kind. He was past everything now and he sailed the skiff to make his home port as well and as intelligently as he could. In the night sharks hit the carcass as someone might pick up crumbs from the table. The old man paid no attention to them and did not pay any attention to anything except

steering. He noticed how lightly and how well the skiff sailed now there was no great weight beside her.

"She's good, he thought. She is sound and not harmed in any way except for the tiller. That is easily replaced.

"He could feel he was inside the current now and he could see the lights of the beach colonies along the shore. He knew where he was now and it was nothing to get home.

"The wind is our friend, anyway, he thought. Then he added, sometimes. And the great sea with our friends and our enemies. And bed, he thought. Bed is my friend. Just bed, he thought. I never knew how easy it was. And what beat you, he thought.

" 'Nothing,' he said aloud. 'I went out too far.' "

* * *

PHILIP YOUNG has written one of the important biographies of Hemingway, and he comes to this conclusion about him:

"The Heroic Hemingway and the Public Hemingway have somehow conspired to produce a Mythical or Legendary Hemingway. This is an imaginary person who departs from the actual person at some point that is very difficult to determine. He is partly the product of a branch of myth known as hero worship, which tries to make a man familiar to us by elaborating actual details of his life and career while at the same time exaggerating u usual or colorful traits in order to make the man seem very special, and a little more than human.

"Thus we have the man who administered a very bad beating to a prize fighter who had fought a dirty fight, who spectacularly rescued John Dos Passos from an afternoon death on the horns of a bull, and so on. Very often, the stories turn out to have been true. Years ago, Hemingway did (with a water bottle) beat up a prizefighter who had nearly succeeded in killing a lighter boxer. The writer is himself modest about his own exploits of an extra-literary sort. But even when the stories about him are factual, they have an air of having been gone over by a press agent.

"A few years ago, for instance, he was sitting quietly in a night club when a broker named Chapman came up to him, sneered, 'So you're Hemingway . . . tough guy, huh?' and pushed him in the face. Mr. Chapman was guilty of the all false, and he suffered severely for it. Max Eastman made the notorious charge that the chest hair was faked, too. Ever since Gertrude Stein published to the oversimplified notion that the myth was world the opinion that the man is yellow, people have quite regularly been swinging at him. They have all lived to regret it, as far as is known, and at least one of them had to repair for several days to a hospital, for like all legends this one has taken off from facts and is nourished by them."

* * *

One thing about HEMINGWAY that has

[*Continued on page* 68]

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES, or, A WOMAN CAN SOMETIMES BE PLEASED, BUT NEVER SATISFIED

By OGDEN NASH

I used to know a breadwinner named Mr. Peurifoy who was
far from the top of the heap.
Indeed he could only be called a breadwinner because he
had once won half a loaf of whole wheat in the Irish Sweep.
His ambition was feverish.
His industry was eager-beaverish.
His wife was a thrifty helpmeet who got full value for
every disbursement.
Yet their financial status showed no betterment, just
perpetual worsement.
The trouble with these two was that they dissipated their energies,
They didn't play the percentages.
If he got angry at a slovenly insolent waiter when they
were dining in town
She would either bury her face in her menu or try to calm him down.
If she got angry at the woman in front of her at the movies
and loudly suggested that she push her hat a little lower,
He pretended he didn't know her.
He defended his unappreciative employer against her loyal wifely ire,
And when he got burned up about the bills
from the friendly exorbitant little grocer around the corner
she tried to put out the fire.
One day they had a thought sublime, they thought, let's both get mad
at the same person or situation at the same time.
I don't know about Mars, but Earth has not a denizen,
Who can withstand the wrath of a husband and wife being
wrathful in unison.
To be said, little remains:
Only that after they merged their irascibility, it required
the full time of three Certified Public Accountants and one
Certified Private Accountant to keep track of their capital gains.
So they were sitting pretty, so what happened?
Well, as soon as Mrs. Peurifoy became the mistress of millions,
Why, she began spending in terms of billions,
And quicker than you could swallow an old-fashioned,
including the maraschino.
Mr. Peurifoy was in the poor house and she was in Reno.
Thus woman one more battle annexes
In the war between the sexes
Simply because, as Eve herself admitted on her way out of the garden,
The trouble with us is that when we are on top of the world,
sitting pulchritudinous,
Why, it seems to arouse a perverse mood in us.

More toasts are made with
Seagram's 7 Crown than any other whiskey...
because it's American whiskey at its finest

Say **Seagram's** and be **Sure**

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

PRUSSIAN LION OF AFRICA

Canny Colonel Von Lettow was given a tactical problem: take 216 soldiers and defend all of German East Africa from the Allies. Here's how he did it

BY JOHN GUNTHER

Illustrated by WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The night of November 2, 1914, was cold and crisp in Berlin. Snow had fallen and lights burned brightly. There was much gaiety, laughter and high hope for the future—all with good reason. Von Hindenburg had crushed the Russians at Tannenberg. Von Kluck and Von Bülow had poured through Belgium and stormed across northern France. True, they had been checked at the Marne, but Paris remained a mere 50 miles away and the Kaiser talked glibly of eating his Christmas dinner there. All seemed well with imperial Germany on this night in the fourth month of World War I.

But all was not well in one corner of the Fatherland a hemisphere away. Disaster threatened German East Africa, a rich but undeveloped tropic colony half again as big as Texas which sweltered on Africa's eastern coast, facing out on the Indian Ocean. Responsibility for avoiding that disaster rested on a graying, one-eyed, 44-year-old colonel named Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck.

On that night of celebration in Berlin, Von Lettow stood on a hill outside Tanga, the colony's secondary port, his uniform wet with sweat and his heart filled with frustration and rage—frustration that the High Command had given him so little with which to defend this enormous and valuable colony in the heart of British Africa, and rage at the arrogance of the enemy.

Two British cruisers and 14 troop transports rode in the harbor a few hundred yards out, well-lit and as contemptuously noisy as if they were anchored at Plymouth instead of a German port. Those 14 transports might hold a full division, Von Lettow estimated. Against them he had a bare six companies, less than 1,000 men, and four-fifths of these were native soldiers who would see battle for the first time when the British began their invasion. Upon these few men rested even more than the fate of the colony, however. If he could be beaten, hundreds of thousands of Allied troops would be free to fight on the western front and perhaps tip the balance fatally.

Counting up numerical odds, the German commander might have been discouraged about his chances of keeping his distant front active. But Von Lettow seldom stopped to count odds, and he

Having laid enfilading fire down the entire British line, Von Lettow's Tanga plan worked perfectly—but for one detail.

didn't get the least bit discouraged. He simply wasn't that kind of a man.

About 2 a.m. Von Lettow called for his orderly and requested him to mix up some mud. The native was sure he had misunderstood. He was even more astounded at the next order and categorically refused to help smear the mud over the *bwana* colonel's uniform, face and closely shaven head. Ignoring the protests of his adjutant, who strongly insinuated that Von Lettow was suffering from a delayed case of sunstroke, the German commander got on his bicycle and rode away alone into the night on what was a remarkably audacious personal reconnaissance.

He parked the bicycle behind the first house on the edge of Tanga. The town was empty and shuttered, evacuated by its German population upon the first appearance of the invasion fleet, and occupied by only a few British patrols and sentries. Von Lettow moved silently and quickly from tree to tree across open, moonlit spaces. Once he stood breathlessly in the shadow of a house as a 10-man enemy patrol stalked past less than 30 feet away.

Von Lettow had never expected to fight a battle in Tanga. Arriving in Africa only a few months before the outbreak of the war, he had drawn up a master plan for defense of the colony which consisted of massing his meager forces, waiting for the enemy to commit himself and then striking. He had never expected to be able to repel this

landing, but the British invasion fleet had unaccountably dallied a full day off the coast. And now Von Lettow thought he saw an opportunity.

He had studied the landing area from his observation post on the height outside the town, and adding the information he could get from his maps, he thought he saw a possible trap for the enemy. But he had to be certain before he committed his tiny forces, and a personal reconnaissance was the only answer. A group of houses had to be in just the right place . . . a small ridge near the port facilities must command the area he wanted to attack. This battle tomorrow would be crucial in the war for Africa, and the responsibility for its success was his alone.

Von Lettow satisfactorily completed his mission and was heading back to his bicycle when he heard the tramp of another patrol approaching. He slipped behind a native outhouse. The habit of command had asserted itself: the balancing of risk with hoped-for gain. Von Lettow was 44 years old and in his prime he had been no sprinter. The battle tomorrow was too important to jeopardize. He waited, holding his nose, behind the privy.

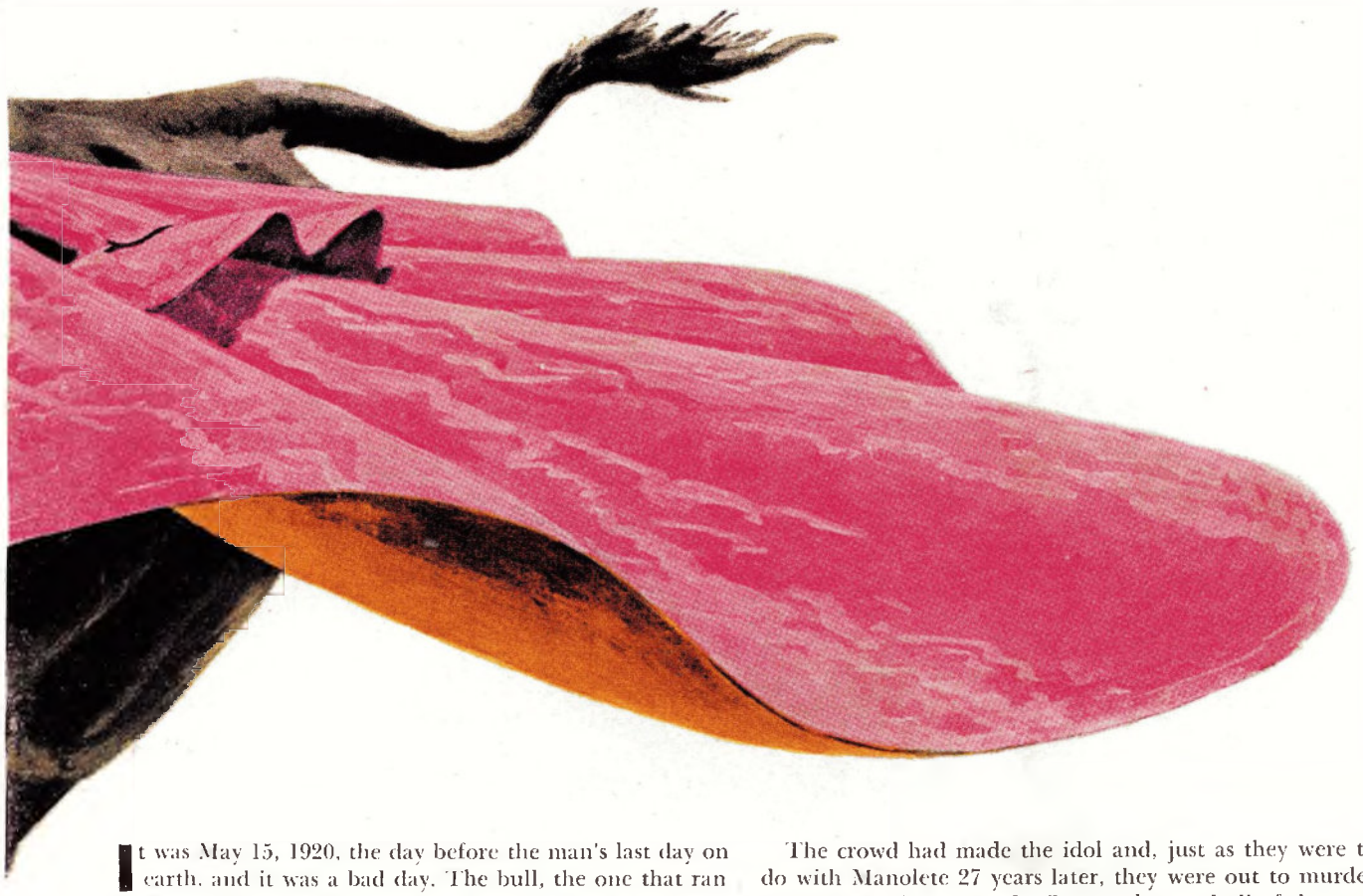
The patrol posted sentries every 200 yards as it went along. It eventually reached the outhouse, and a man was detached and stationed about 40 feet from Von Lettow's hiding place. He silently pulled out his pistol. The sentry failed to check the rear of this [*Continued on page* 92]

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MATADOR

"Nobody knows what I feel in my guts between the time the trumpet blows and the time that terrible gate opens for the bull to come in..."

BY BARNABY CONRAD

Illustrated by FRED LUDEKENS



It was May 15, 1920, the day before the man's last day on earth, and it was a bad day. The bull, the one that ran his total kills to 1,566, swayed and crashed over dead, and the 25-year-old matador down in the arena wiped his sweaty face, looked up at the Madrid crowd, and swore as they booed him.

This was José Miguel Isidro del Sagrado Corazon de Jesus Gómez y Ortega, known to Spain and the world as Joselito, or Joselito *El Gallo* or *Gallito*, or simply—The Best. Although universally accepted by other bullfighters, experts, and historians as the most perfect bullfighter who ever lived, this afternoon the crowd was shouting insults and howling for his blood.

It's a recorded fact that as he walked away from the dead bull toward the fence, a woman stood up in the stands and screamed: "I hope a bull kills you tomorrow!" A cushion struck Joselito on the arm, and as he looked up into the hate of the crowd, his melancholy eyes filled with tears. "This," he murmured to his sword boy. "This *must* end!"

The crowd had made the idol and, just as they were to do with Manolete 27 years later, they were out to murder the idol they had created. The treacherous bull of the next afternoon, *Bailador*, wasn't really needed for the job. Joselito was already dead. He had been dead for some time.

He was an old-young man when he died. But he had always been old. Born near Sevilla on May 8, 1895, one of six children, little Joselito never seemed to be a child. The son, nephew and brother of gypsy bullfighters, his kindergarten was in the unnatural shadow of the bullrings. His father, a good matador, died when Joselito was 2.

"How—," he managed to rasp in his dying sentence, "how did Rafael fight today?"

Rafael, El Gallo, Joselito's brother, was a promising young bullfighter then. Now 75 years old, colorful and revered, he told me most of this story of Joselito.

Another brother was also a *novillero*, and his three sisters married *toreros*, so it was only natural that Joselito's first photograph at the age of 2 shows [*Continued on page* 71]

Fitz *(rifle)* and guides with skin of his bear which, when alive, measured 8 feet 9½ inches from nose to tail.

GREAT BEARS OF DEADMAN'S BAY

When TRUE sent hunter Fitz to Kodiak Island last spring, we wanted a record trophy. Here is his amazing report

BY GRANCEL FITZ

Photographed for TRUE by the Author

ALASKA

When the daily plane took me over to the little town of Kodiak, the morning after I arrived in Anchorage, I came to the island where one of the two finest types of the giant Alaskan brown bear makes his home.

The choice of my hunting ground had not been easy, for the brown bears of Kodiak Island and those of the Aleutian Peninsula are just about identical in size. A brownie which held the world record for many years and now ranks second came from far out on the peninsula, some time before 1909. It was brought in by a Captain Wagner, who used his schooner in trading with the natives, and whether or not Wagner shot the bear himself is now a little obscure, as bear skins were an item of trade at that time. The present world record, collected on Kodiak Island in 1952 by a scientific expedition from the Los Angeles County Museum, was shot by Roy R. Lindsley, of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service in Kodiak, while he was helping the scientists.

Confronted with the problem of just where to go, I had solved it with my new system for picking a guide in any region where I don't know the local conditions. I checked the prize winners in the North American Big Game Competitions to see which guides were finding the best trophies. In the Alaskan brown-bear class, I noted that Hal Waugh's hunters had won three of those Boone and Crockett Club medals since 1950. No other guide had done so well.

As Hal's camp is on Deadman's Bay, near the southwest corner of the island, a little amphibian bush plane flew me there from the

A bonus for the air traveler in Alaska is the spectacular scenery. Brown bears inhabit this mountain range.

Guide Hal Waugh measures the skull of Fitz's bear *(top)* with homemade calipers. At left Waugh and Park Munsey roll bear up a bank. The job took four men an hour.

Brown-bear sows and cubs enjoy a summertime fishing spree on a river of the Alaska Peninsula when the salmon spawn.

town of Kodiak in about an hour, so that there was plenty of time to look things over before dinner. I certainly liked what I found. Hal turned out to be a big, soft-spoken, very well-informed man in his early 40s. A veteran guide, with camps in several of the better areas of the Alaskan mainland, he operates as far north as the Endicott Mountains. I hadn't talked to him long before I began to suspect what I later found to be true: he is one of the great ones.

I was quartered in one of the little tent houses—complete with a wooden floor, bunks, air mattresses and a stove—which are a comfortable answer to the rainy Kodiak climate. The main camp building was a snug board cabin across the creek from the tent houses. While I unpacked my duffel and made myself at home, I pondered the fact that air travel can make an enormous difference. With the help of the Northwest Airlines and a six-hour time difference, I had taken off from New York at 12:05 a.m. on May 15, breakfasted in Seattle the same morning, and arrived in Anchorage a few minutes after noon! This was only the second evening after I had been in New York.

Our actual hunting began the next morning. In a light drizzle Hal and I started out with Park Munsey, our packer, and cruised down the bay in a motor-driven Ouzinki dory. These locally prized boats are built by the natives of Spruce Island, off the coast of Kodiak.

"We'll try it today in Horse Marine Canyon," Hal said.

"Do you think the bears will be moving around much in this kind of weather?" I asked.

"Not many. My guess is that we'll see about six."

When we had moored the boat at the foot of the canyon, which ends about 150 feet above the salt water, my education in Kodiak bear-hunting began. The wet, grassy slope that led up to the canyon floor just missed being a vertical wall. We were wearing rubber hip boots, hardly to be recommended for that sort of climbing, and if I had been alone I'd have gone along the shore for several hundred yards to an easier place. But my companions started up that slippery cliff beside a plunging waterfall. If either of them reached out to steady himself I was too busy to see it. Most of the time I was pulling myself up with both hands and trying to control my sliding feet.

After we topped out, our route led through the lower reaches of the canyon, over broken country covered with hummocks of thick brown moss and huge tussocks of dead tundra grass. There were a few patches of alders, but not many. Heavy snow, covering the steep slopes of the mountains, came down so far that it ended only a few hundred feet above us. Our objective was a knoll that crowned a sort of divide, and when we had reached this high vantage point in the middle of the canyon and settled down to watch for game, I saw that it commanded a wide sweep of country.

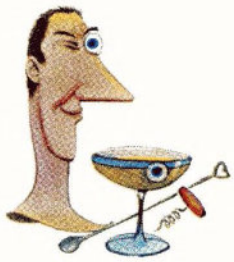
Hunting of this kind is mainly a matter of selecting a good lookout and using binoculars. The less walking around you do, the better your chances, for a bear of trophy size is often wise enough to leave for some other region after he crosses the scent in your tracks. This method sounds easy. Actually, it is a special game that has its own requirements. I found it hard to keep spying effectively, hour after hour, when I had searched the whole landscape and found nothing, and it was Park Munsey [*Continued on page* 96]

Photographs by STEVE MACCUTCHEON

A happy fisherman emerges with a prize. Contrary to popular belief, bears don't fish with paws but bite salmon in the shallows.

Talking over a catch. Fighting among the bears is common but it's mostly bluff. Some wrestling scenes outdo television.

VIP views



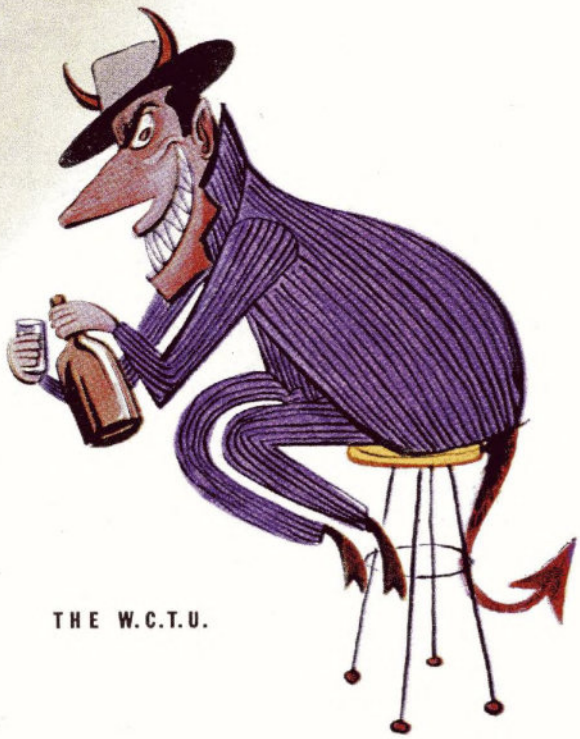
THE DRINK

as seen by...

THE BARTENDER

THE WOLF

THE WIFE



THE W.C.T.U.

THE CUSTOMER

THE OLD MAID

THE GUY ON THE WAGON

the strange case of the

COMPULSIVE KILLER

When the missing kidneys started turning up at Scotland Yard, the cops figured they had something different on their hands. They had. His name was Jack the Ripper

by alan hynd

Illustrated by TOM LOVELL

The Whitechapel district in London's East End was, in the dying years of the 19th century, the forbidding domain of mean and evil people. When night fell, these creatures of the half-way world materialized from the dives and lodging houses that lined the twisting cobblestone streets and blackened courts and alleys, and picked their way, as if by instinct, through the perpetual mists that rolled in from the Thames. They seldom showed their faces, these footpads and brigands, under the rays of the gas lamps that glistened off the wet cobblestones, for once their missions were accomplished, they slunk back into the shadows of their doorways.

It was against such a backdrop that there appeared, about 11 o'clock on the night of Easter Monday, in the year of 1888, a colossus among murderers, a killer apart, a man who, to this day, securely occupies a niche of his own in the hall of infamy. A tram driver, off duty for the night, was groping through a pea-soup fog to his lodgings when, in front of an abandoned cocoa warehouse on Osborne Street, he stumbled over the outstretched form of a woman on the pavement.

Leaning down and striking some matches to pierce the gloom, the tram driver saw that the woman's throat was cut from ear to ear. Her clothing had been pulled up over her stomach, and her abdomen slashed open. Her insides had been removed and left there on the cobblestones.

A few minutes later, a couple of bobbies were leaning over the corpse and examining it by lantern light. It was still warm. "*This* one," one of the bobbies was saying, "is jolly *different*."

What the bobby meant was that a corpse was hardly a rarity in the square mile of poverty, misery and crime that was Whitechapel. In the twisting byways, human flotsam was frequently found dead from drink or dope or brawls. But never had anyone been found so thoroughly and fiendishly slashed as this woman. The carved-up victim was Emma Smith, a middle-aged streetwalker.

One of Emma Smith's ears had been cut off. It turned up in the mail the following afternoon, in a plain cardboard box addressed to, of all places, Scotland Yard. There was no message to The Yard accompanying the ear; just the ear in that cardboard box.

Four months and four days passed. Then, during the last 30 minutes of the night of August 4, another streetwalker—a woman named Martha Tabram—was found dead in a foul alleyway less than a hundred yards from the scene of the Easter Monday ripping. This time the killer had added a ghoulish touch that [*Continued on page* 85]

The Strangest Story You Ever Read:

The SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY

Startling experiments in hypnosis led a skeptical businessman on a bewildering journey through time and space, discovering the hidden mysteries of the last frontier—the human mind

BY MOREY BERNSTEIN

Photographed by ORIN SEALY

Tonight I will attempt an experiment in hypnosis that I have never before undertaken. The subject will be Ruth Simmons. This is November 29, 1952.

I entered this note into my personal record, and sat back and gave some thought to the technique I would use that night. I decided to take my subject back to the age of one year by ordinary hypnotic age regression, and then suggest that her memory could go back even further. It seemed amazingly simple, but maybe it would do the job.

It was one night after a club dance that I had discovered Ruth Simmons' ability to enter an uncommonly deep trance while under hypnosis. About a dozen couples had gotten together after the dance, and several of them insisted that I give a demonstration in hypnosis. I am not a professional and I don't like hypnotic "shows," but I told them I'd guide them in an exercise in progressive relaxation which would at least show them how a hypnotic trance begins.

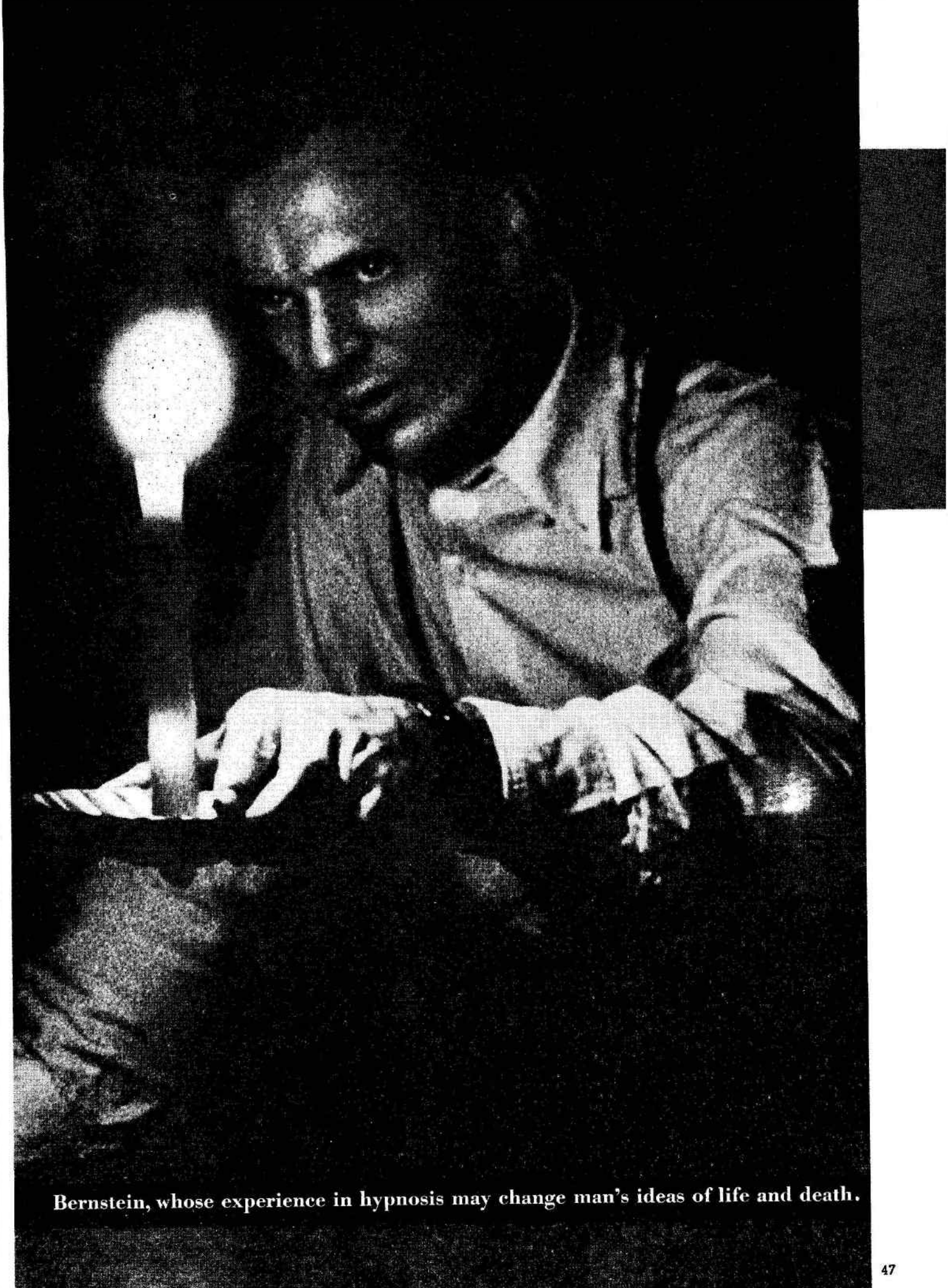
During the experiment which followed I spotted several people who looked like good hypnotic subjects, but there was clearly one standout—Ruth Simmons. A few weeks later I performed some age-regression experiments with Ruth, and she not only proved her remarkable capacity for entering immediately into a deep trance; she also showed that, under hypnosis, she could clearly recall events which had taken place when she was a year old. So it was no accident that she was here tonight. For this particular experiment, I knew I must have a splendid subject.

For this was far more than ordinary age regression—this time I was going to learn just how far back in time her memory could be taken.

I still remember how nervous I became while waiting for Ruth and Rex Simmons to arrive. I had a nagging fear that they'd back out at the last minute. Rex is a fairly unimaginative insurance salesman, and Ruth is a trim, vivacious, life-of-the-party girl. They were a popular couple and had few free evenings—not to mention the fact that neither one of them gave a damn about hypnosis.

But they finally arrived, and after a few nervous minutes of conversation, I asked Ruth if she was ready to begin. She shrugged her shoulders indifferently. I told her that I wanted her to stretch out on a couch, instead of remaining in her chair as she'd done before. I said I'd give her a pillow and blanket to make her more comfortable. She said that would be fine.

As soon as she was ready, I asked her to take seven deep breaths, just as deep as she possibly could. Because she was lying down this time, I decided to use the candle-flame method. When she finished the deep breathing, I lit a candle and held it about 18 inches from her eyes, and at a 45-degree angle from her head. I asked her to gaze intently



Bernstein, whose experience in hypnosis may change man's ideas of life and death.

The SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY

into the flame while she listened to my voice. It only took a couple of minutes to hypnotize her.

As soon as I was satisfied that the trance was sufficiently deep, I turned on the tape recorder and began speaking quietly.

"Now, we are going to turn back. We are going to turn back through time and space, just like turning back through the pages of a book. And when I next talk to you, you will be only 7 years old, and you can answer my questions."

I waited for a few minutes. Rex, my wife—Hazel—and I sat watching silently as Ruth seemingly slept deeply. Finally, I asked,

"What school do you go to?"

Her voice came, clear and small and utterly relaxed.

"Adelphi Academy."

"Who is your teacher?"

"Johnson."

"Can you tell me about the other children? Who sits in front of you?"

"Nancy."

"And who in back."

"Helen."

In the same way, Ruth was returned to her kindergarten days, when she was 5 years old. Asked who sat behind her, she answered, "Nobody." Then she explained that she sat at a long table; nobody, therefore, would have been sitting behind her. But she gave us the names of those sitting on each side of her. She also told us that her favorite game was hopscotch and her doll's name was Bubbles.

Then, a 3-year-old Ruth gave an elaborate description of her colored doll, Mandy. Questioned as to what she said when she wanted a drink of water, she answered, "Dink."

Further and further we went into memories stored deep beyond the reach of the conscious mind, until Ruth remembered when she was only 1 year old. She expressed her desire for water by saying, "Wah," but when I asked how she requested a glass of milk, she replied, "I can't say that."

And now I had decided to try something I had never before attempted. I was going to take her "over the hump." In short, I was going to make an effort to find out if human memory can be taken back to a period *even before birth.*

Only a few months before, such an idea had never even occurred to me. I had regressed some subjects to the scenes of their births, but had assumed, logically enough, I thought, that birth was the end of the road. But several books and reports had changed my outlook. I learned, for instance, that one English psychiatrist and scientist had, over a long period of years, performed pre-birth memory experiments with more than 1,000 subjects. And there were many doctors, engineers, ministers, and others who were actively engaging in similar research.

Now it was my turn.

Ruth was breathing very deeply as I took her memory farther and farther back. I fought to keep my voice calm as I continued.

"Oddly enough, you might be able to remember certain scenes that took place *even before you were born.* I shall give you a few minutes to drift on back, so you can remember incidents that took place before your birth."

No one spoke for three or four long minutes. Then I returned to the couch, switched the tape recorder on, and brought the microphone close to her mouth. This was the time, the important moment.

"Now you are going to tell me what scenes came to your mind," I said. "What did you see?"

"I scratched the paint off all my bed!"

I didn't understand. I hesitated, and then asked the only question logical under the circumstances.

"Why did you do that?"

Then we listened to that small, relaxed voice, so remote and so close, telling the logical, touching story of a little girl who'd been spanked and had taken her revenge against a grownup world by scratching the paint off her metal bed.

This little girl seemed part of another place, another time. My voice shook as I asked the question I had to ask.

"What is your name?"

"Bridey," she said. "Bridey Murphy."

After much persuasion, Ruth agreed to take the big step. I turned off the lights and slowly brought the candle toward her eyes. The fantastic experiment had begun.

PART II

When the phone rang, it was night—a stormy night, at that—and I was working late at the office. I probably never would have answered the call if I had known that it would send me spinning into a whirlwind investigation of hypnosis, telepathy and clairvoyance; and that it would start me, finally, probing the mystery of death.

"I didn't mean to bother you," a voice said, "but I took off from the Denver airport about

an hour ago, and this sudden storm has grounded me at Pueblo. My cousin, George Taylor, told me to call Morey Bernstein if I ever got stuck here."

Taylor was a rancher, a big operator, and one of my company's best customers. So I assured his relative, who gave his name as Jerry Thomas, that I'd pick him up right away. He turned out to be a pleasant, personable guy of about 25. After driving him out to my house and stowing his stuff in the guest room, my wife and I took him to a party at a friend's house.

At first the chatter was of the usual cocktail-party variety. I can't remember how the conversation drifted onto the subject of hobbies, but I'll never forget the burst of laughter when Thomas told us that his hobby was hypnotism. We thought he was kidding. "Okay," he said hotly, "If one of you will act as my subject, I'll prove it!"

A tall, attractive blonde said she'd been curious about hypnosis ever since one of her teachers had discussed it several years before, and she'd be his guinea pig. This, then, was to be my first close-up of hypnosis. I'd heard about it, read about it, and seen it on the stage, but I'd never really believed in it. When I was in college I'd walked out on a stage demonstration of hypnosis—a silly gesture that was supposed to show my college chums that this nonsense was beneath my intelligence.

"After you awaken," I had told Bridey, "you will draw a sketch of the place where you lived." Later, as Ruth Simmons, she picked up a pencil and began to draw. . . .

I couldn't walk out now; Thomas was my guest. Besides, I wanted to see just how he was going to pull himself out of this hole. He began by telling the girl to stretch out on the couch and make herself comfortable. He then took a ring off his finger and asked her to stare at it, explaining that she must focus her attention upon the ring and continue to stare at it until it became hazy and obscure. He held the ring above her eyes and waited silently.

After a few minutes of this we began getting restless. Nothing was happening: the girl looked at the ring. Thomas looked at the girl, and we looked at Thomas. As the uneasiness mounted, some of the group started whispering among themselves. Others drifted out into the kitchen. It looked as though he'd drawn a blank.

Then suddenly he was talking softly to his subject. Her eyes were closed and she seemed to be going to sleep. He continued talking, but I wasn't close enough to hear the words. In a few minutes he turned around and walked into the kitchen where most of the guests were showing more interest in food than in hypnosis. He said she was sleeping comfortably, but that he would soon awaken her. After she awakened, he promised, she would be perfectly natural—with one exception.

"After she has taken two bites of her food she will reach down and remove her left shoe and stocking."

This I had to see. We all went back and watched as Thomas awakened her. She got up, went into the kitchen, and started to eat. "Wonderful relaxation," she said enthusiastically. "I'm ready for that any time."

After her second mouthful of food, she abruptly put down her fork and removed her left shoe and stocking. There wasn't a sound in the room. She looked around self-consciously and asked what was wrong. There she was with one shoe and stocking clutched in her hand, and she wanted to know why everybody was staring at her. Finally a man said, "Why did you take off your shoe and stocking?"

I'll never forget her blank, incredulous expression—I've certainly seen it plenty of times since then. For a minute she didn't move; then she looked up and slowly shook her head. She didn't even try to explain.

I sank back into a chair, totally defeated. But there was more than defeat; there was an overwhelming sense of amazement, almost of shock. Although I didn't know it then, I had just stepped onto a long bridge, a bridge that was to span two continents, two eras in time. And at the far end of the bridge was a woman I was to know as Bridey Murphy.

PART III

The next morning I was back at my office. Legally and commercially it's known as Bernstein Brothers Equipment Company, but we refer to it as Ulcers, Incorporated. When my grandfather opened shop in 1890 it had been nothing more than a junkyard. He would wreck anything just to salvage the scrap material. He admitted that his ancestors hadn't come over on the Mayflower, but he was convinced they'd scrapped the big ship. When my father and uncle took over they'd shifted the accent to buying and selling—anything from bathtubs to diesel tractors—and the business had grown into a sort of industrial department store.

I'd always assumed that I would one day take my part in the family business and after graduating from Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance I went back to Pueblo and started to work. I liked my job, but my mind wouldn't stay on it that morning, and I was soon phoning a bookstore to order some books on hypnosis.

The books completely fascinated me. Whether it was concerned with the history of hypnosis, the technique of trance induction, medical hypnosis, the treatment of undesirable habits—whatever the topic—I gobbled it up. After reading everything I could find, I was ready to start. All I needed was a guinea pig. "Why don't you try it on me?" my wife asked. "I've got another splitting headache; maybe you can cure it."

Every doctor who had examined her and every clinic she had gone through (including Mayo's) had assured her that her headaches were strictly psychological. "Give me some time to make an outline," I told her, "and I'll tackle that headache." Then I went into [*Continued on page* 99]

A ray, head-on, its "wings" extended.

Sting rays can wallop a six-inch lance through your leg and manta rays can smash a small boat. But they are really friendly creatures, says the author, who has seen them tamed and petted

BY PHILIP WYLIE

Photos by DON OLLIS and STAN WAYMAN

FLORIDA

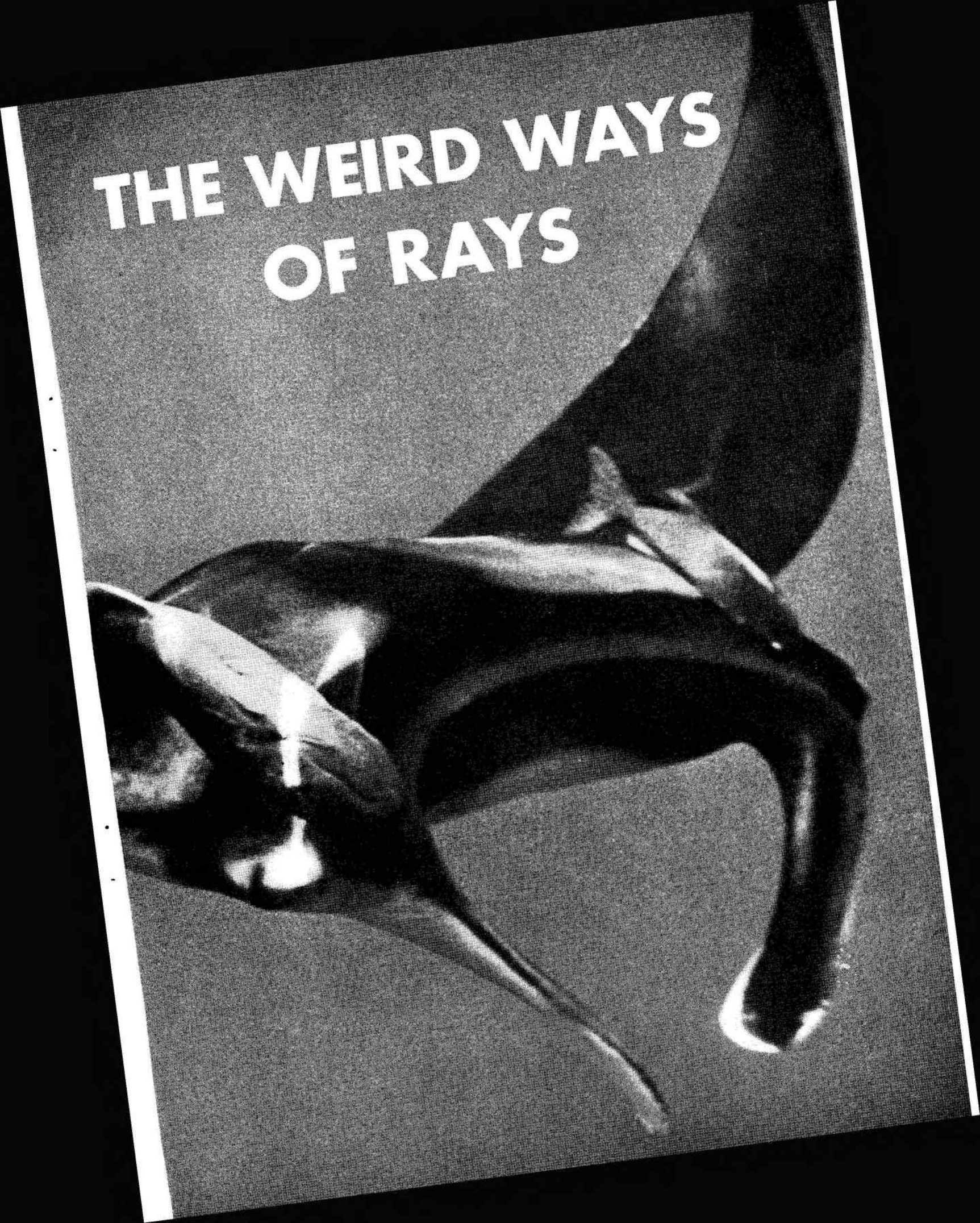
"The iron plunged home, deep and true in the blubbery gristle of the monster! Out came the gigantic devilfish, a ton and a half of fiendishness. Its colossal mouth—big enough to contain four men waist-deep—yawned gruesomely. And then we were in tow. A mile an hour, two, five, ten—the giant pulled us through the seas! I started the engine and reversed the propeller but in vain: the manta ray was taking us out to sea!"

You and I have both read tales of such encounters with giant, or manta rays. I have indeed (and somewhat to my chagrin) *written* such accounts. And they are true enough in their way: harpooning a manta ray can produce results both dramatic and perilous. There is a record in the archives of the U.S. Navy of a party of sailors that harpooned such a ray off Panama and was thrown overboard when the ray came up beneath their whaleboat, engulfed both gunwales with his "flippers" and, apparently with deliberation, upset the craft. There are accounts of boats having been smashed by harpooned mantas which merely leaped into the air and landed upon them—a ton or more of fish 20 feet broad.

And there is no doubt, either, of the ugliness of mantas; if their looks were evidence of their capacities, nobody would be safe within a mile of one and they would be hunted down with destroyers, at least.

In addition, mantas have smaller cousins—whip rays, stingarees and the like—which are provided with a weapon (the giant member of the family has [*Continued on page* 78]

THE WEIRD WAYS OF RAYS



Moran and fur-bearing friend (right) in native habitat. Photographed for TRUE by DAVID B. EISENDRATH, JR.

MASTER OF THE MENTAL HOTFOOT

Jim Moran has been referred to at various times as a compulsive exhibitionist, a benefactor of the human race, and a damn nuisance. Take your pick, but he's still one of the funniest men alive

BY H. ALLEN SMITH

"I've turned respectable," said Jim Moran gravely, as we strolled through midtown New York. "I may even shave off this beard."

I concealed a sudden feeling of alarm, dodged a predatory taxicab, and waited for him to continue. "I'm finished with all those off-beat shenanigans," he went on. "You are looking at a man who has changed. I'm now happily married and have more work than I can handle. I've quit drinking and gone on a diet and I've got my weight down to 195. I'm pushing 50, and I've turned respectable."

We came into Times Square and stopped at the curb and Jim glanced up at the tremendous man-made waterfall which surmounts the Bond building. This waterfall, said to be the largest advertising sign on earth, stretches the entire length of the block and is one of the unnatural wonders of the world. Jim cocked his head a little to one side and stared up at it for a long moment.

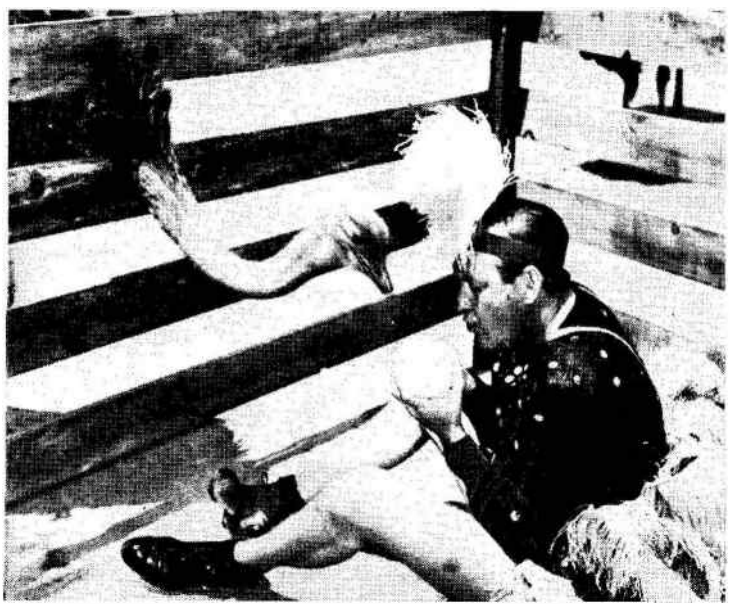
"One of these days," he said, "I'm going over that bastard in a barrel. The people in charge of it say they won't let me do it, but I *will* do it, and I'll attract the biggest damn crowd Times Square has ever seen."

And so I knew that Jim Moran really isn't going to stop

Jim went to Alaska in 1938, wearing a robe "made from 17 yaks I shot myself," and sold this icebox to an Eskimo.

Shortly before the 1944 election "Uncle Sam" Moran demonstrated the feasibility of changing horses in midstream.

A 1947 publicity stunt produced a baby ostrich named Ossip, which Jim now claims as his rightful son and heir.



being Jim Moran, and for a great many of us who appreciate life's zanier aspects, that's a blessing.

A few days after the waterfall incident Jim turned up at my house in the country with two white sheets and asked if I had any ant colonies on my premises. I replied that as far as I could make out, my premises consisted of nothing more than one huge ant colony. He took a shovel and went into the woods and after a while was back with two large balls of earth, wrapped in the sheets. Beyond saying that he was removing a thousand or so ants from my property, he refused to discuss his mysterious maneuvers. Jim loves mysteries.

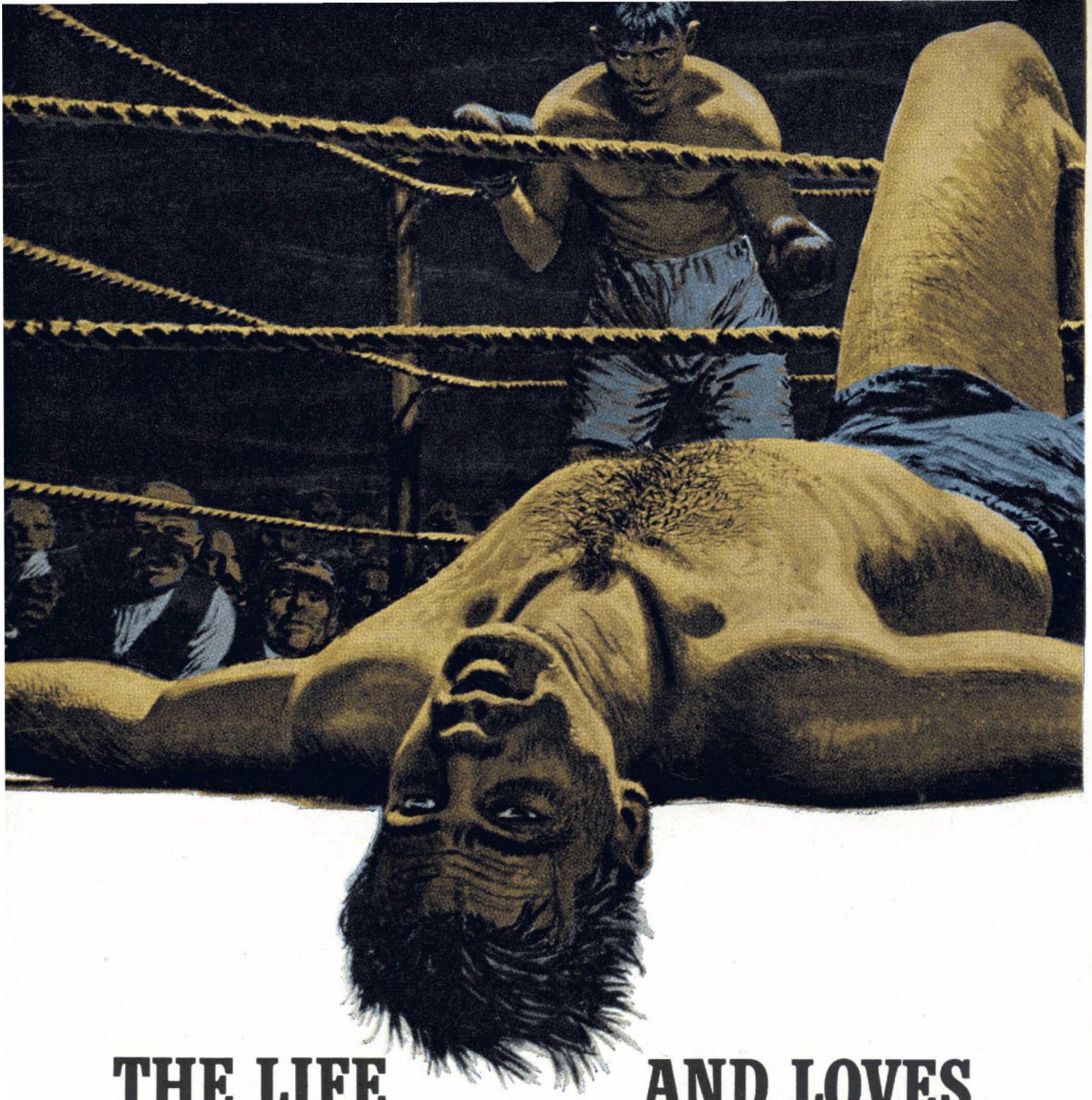
Several evenings later, however, I saw my ants on television. Jim had them now in a box and he had another colony in one of those glass-enclosed ant houses. He explained to the TV audience that the ants in the box were Mount Kisco ants, while the ants under glass were natives of New Jersey. He said that he was going to introduce some of the Mount Kisco ants into the Jersey colony.

"Ants," he said, in that solemn, professorial tone of his, "are a good deal like people. These New Jersey ants think they are still in New Jersey. The Mount Kisco ants don't know where they are. Now, let's see what happens when we introduce them to each other."

He took two of the Mount Kisco ants and poked them gently through a little hole in the Jersey ant palace. The camera closed in on the scene until each ant looked to be as big and as unlovely as a moose. The instant the Mount Kisco ants entered the palace, the Jersey ants at all levels began showing alarm, twitching this way and that, wiggling their antennae. The Mount Kisco ants made a few slight tentative moves, sensing trouble, and then up the ramp came half a dozen Jersey warriors. They pounced upon the invaders and though the Mount Kisco ants fought valiantly, rearing up on their hind legs and snapping like mud turtles, they were woefully outnumbered. Within a matter of 20 seconds they had been vanquished. It was one of the most interesting things I had ever seen on television, even though my paternal feeling for my own ants left me a little saddened and embarrassed.

In the last few years Jim Moran has widened his audience tremendously through his appearances on television and most of those appearances have been centered around his increasing interest in natural history. People who never heard of him in the past, and who know nothing of his colorful career, now recognize him and salute him on the street, no matter whether he's in New York or Los Angeles or Klamath Falls.

The beard is his trademark—that and his soft, untroubled voice. He is an imposing figure wherever he goes, standing six feet three and seeming to exude a special amiability toward the world. Several years ago one of those writers who seem to be obsessed with the gobbledegook of the psychiatrists tried to psychoanalyze Jim in print. He suggested that Jim is loaded with "pent-up hostility" toward the world and its inhabitants, and that he is motivated by "an insatiable craving for publicity." He wrote that Jim's projects "almost invariably involve some elaborate hoax *at the expense of the public*." The italics are mine, and the unmuffled oaths heard in the background also are mine. Jim is not a show-off. At parties and other gatherings he has never been known to identify himself, when asked to do so, beyond saying, "I do publicity," or, "I do a little work in television." It is a fact that many of the people with whom he is associated in television are not aware that they are dealing with the very man who [*Continued on page* 89]

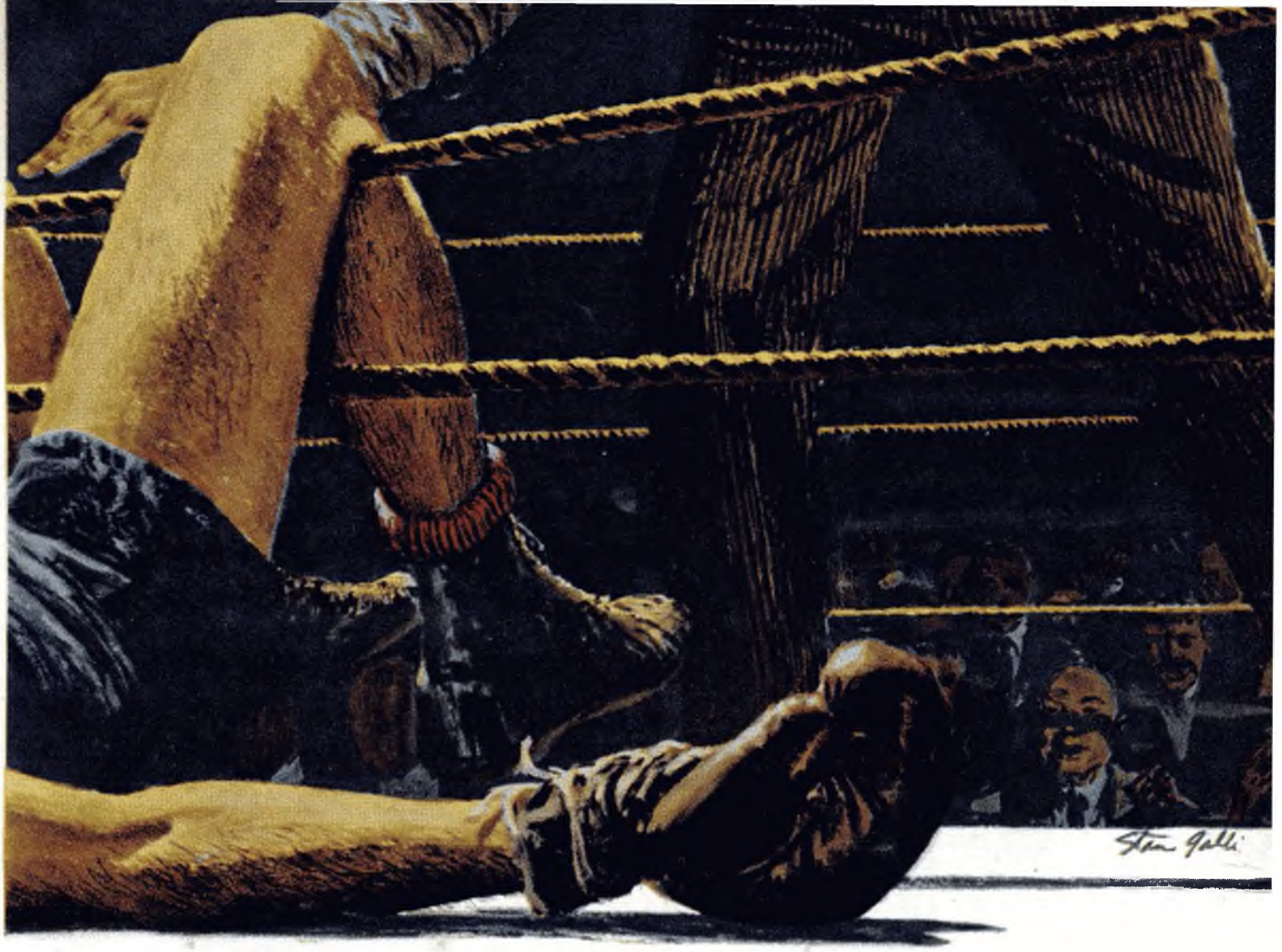


THE LIFE AND LOVES OF THE REAL McCOY

Kid McCoy breezed through life with a heart full of larceny, surviving 200 fights, eight marriages, and a stretch for murder. Nobody knows why he took his last dive

BY JOHN LARDNER

Illustrated by STAN GALLI



"Pull up your pants!" McCoy whispered. His opponent reached down with both hands, and the Kid knocked him cold.

The hotel manager and the detective stood looking down at the man on the bed, who had killed himself during the night. "Norman Selby, it says on the note, and Selby was how he checked in," the manager said. "Wasn't that his right name?"

"It was his right name," the detective said. "But he was also McCoy. The real McCoy."

Kid McCoy lived by violence, by trickery, and by women. He fought 200 fights, and was beaten in only six of them. He married eight women—one of them three times—and shot another to death. For the murder, he paid a light price, lightly. There was vanity in him, and guile, and wit, and cruelty, and some larceny, and a great capacity for enjoying himself. Above all, there was self-satisfaction. At no time in his life—not when he was world's welterweight champion (with a strong claim to the middleweight title, as well), nor when he was a bankrupt, nor a jailbird, nor a Broadway favorite, nor a suspected jewel thief, nor a semi-professional adulterer, nor a mellow old pensioner, owing his job to a friend—at no time did he do or say anything that displeased himself. No one knows why, on an April night in 1940, he suddenly lost his contentment with Norman Selby, alias Charles (Kid) McCoy, and wiped it all out with one impatient gesture.

The Kid wasn't sick, or broke, when he checked in alone at Detroit's Tuller Hotel that night. He had work. He was 66 years old, but in good shape, still with a lot of gray but curly hair over his fair-skinned, boyish face, and still nearly as neat, trim, and supple of body as ever. Registering with the night clerk, he had left a call for 10 the next morning. It was when he failed to answer the call that the manager went up with a passkey, and found him dead. An overdose of sleeping pills had put him out, and away. There were two or three notes in the room. In one of them, he asked the paymaster at the Ford Motor Company, where he'd been working, to turn over such wages as were due him to his eighth and final wife. In the longest note, the Kid said, in part:

"To whom it may concern—For the last eight years, I have wanted to help humanity, especially the youngsters who do not know nature's laws. That is, the proper carriage of the body, the right way to eat, etc. . . . To all my dear friends, I wish you all the best of luck. Sorry I could not endure this world's madness. The best to all. (signed) Norman Selby. P. S. In my pocket you will find $17.75"

As to health laws—it was true that McCoy had invented, and tried to sell, a so-called health belt, or health suspender. As to "this world's madness"—most of the madness the Kid had known had been of his own arranging, and he had endured it well and gaily. As to helping humanity—the Kid had always helped himself. An old-timer, seeing the dead man lying there among [*Continued on page 74*]

MAKE MY COFFEE STRONG

In Australia they make half-and-half—coffee and hot milk.

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

Photographed for TRUE by SID LATHAM

Coffeemakers courtesy Martinson Collection

America's favorite bean gets boiled, dripped, filtered, pumped and addled to make a brew black as the devil or weak as a kitten. But it takes a smart cookie (male or female) to realize that a good cup of java still takes coffee

For after-dinner *espresso* the Italians use the machine, above, which drives live steam through coffee to make four cups at a time. The French specialize in fancy café diable, at left, made in a chafing dish with spices and brandy.

America brews it mainly in pot, drip, Chemex, percolator.

Esther Feldman opened a vacuum-packed can of blended coffee. She removed a spoonful of the aromatic grains and flipped them into the upper bowl of a Silex pot.

"Nine out of ten people," Mrs. Feldman stated, with a slight shudder, "don't know how to make a really good cup of coffee."

She spooned coffee seven times more. She was making eight cups. The plastic spoon she used, equal to two level tablespoons, is the official measure of the Coffee Brewing Institute, which has an elegantly equipped kitchen on Fifth Avenue in midtown Manhattan. Mrs. Feldman is a food technologist employed by the institute, and she certainly knows how to make a delicious cup of coffee.

By now the water in the bottom bowl of the pot was churning furiously.

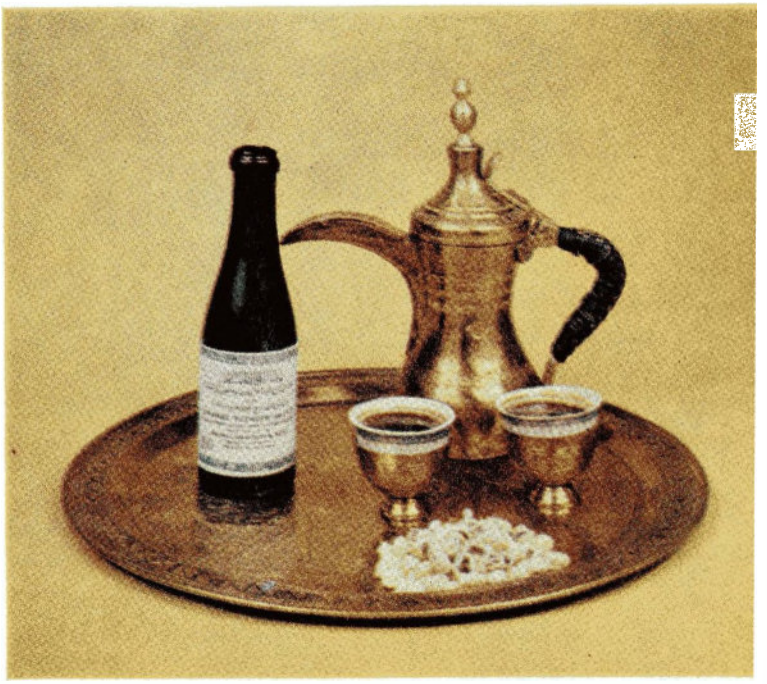
"I don't care how much you pay for coffee," Mrs. Feldman continued, "if you don't brew it correctly, you'll have a sorry mess."

She turned down the electric burner and wedged the upper bowl into the lower. Then, as the water surged up the narrow column to soak into the coffee grains above, she patiently stirred the mixture with a glass rod. In exactly three minutes she removed the Silex from the stove, let the coffee drip down, set aside the upper bowl, and poured.

It was a sensational cup of coffee, one of the best I had imbibed in six weeks of widespread coffee drinking. In the course of my research I have guzzled the black brew from Java and Yemen, from Brazil and Colombia, from Guatemala, Mexico, El Salvador, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and Jamaica. I have sipped Turkish-style coffee, Russian-style coffee, Italian *cappuccino* and Viennese *Kaffee mit Schlag*. I have driven my wife crazy with strange varieties of exotic beans which I've ground in our mill. I have experimented with pumping percolators, dripolators, Silexes, Chemexes, jezvehs and electric drip gizmos.

Before I embarked on my exploration into the mysteries of the little brown bean, I had been strictly a one-cup-of-coffee-at-breakfast man. Maybe after a big feast at an Italian restaurant I might order an *espresso*. Incidentally, even though the menu says *espresso*, it is usually not genuine *espresso*, which is made in special *machinas*, imported from Italy, that brew the coffee by driving live steam through black-roasted grains. A lot of joints claiming to serve *espresso* are actually selling you French drip coffee, a type brewed at the table usually in a small metal pot. Mind you, French drip coffee is, as the Pennsylvania Dutch

Brazil pours boiling water over coffee in neck of pot.



Syria makes Turkish coffee, boiling it up three times.

Photographs by JOHN BENNEWITZ

When the coffee "cherries" have been shaken down, they're gathered up and winnowed to clean them.

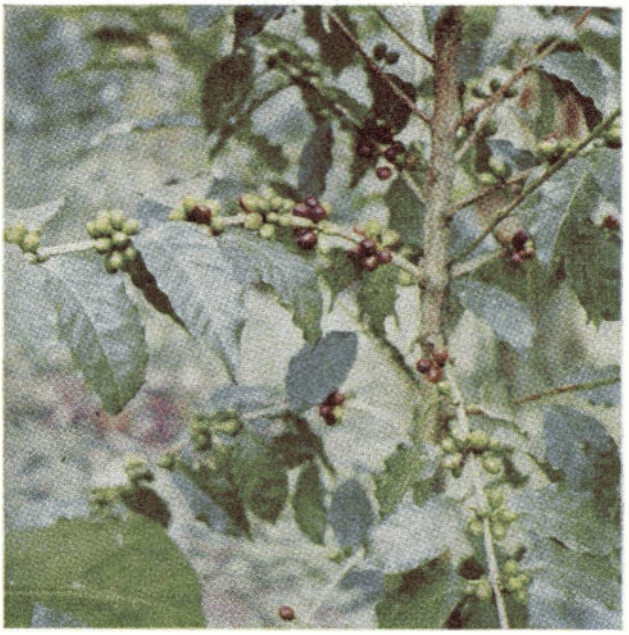
Spread out on a rooftop under the sun, the coffee beans are turned frequently so that they can dry thoroughly.

It's the rich red earth of Brazil, carefully cultivated, that grows most of the coffee used in the United States.

In Colombia the whole family gets into the act, with the señoritas out at harvest time to pick the coffee berries.

So important is coffee to Mexico that laboratories check beans and soil to make sure quality remains of the best.

A common sight in southern coffee lands is a mule train lugging bulging bags of the beans to a processing center.



This is the way the coffee "cherries" look while they're still on the tree. The pulp around the beans tastes good.

say, wonderful good, but it is not the authentic *espresso*.

As a result of my investigation, I now drink from 10 to 12 cups of coffee a day. I found out that unlike so many of the good things in life, a good cup of coffee is possible for anybody, even a woman, to make. It costs only a little more to brew good coffee than bad and for my money it's well worth it.

The first thing about making coffee right is the machine. Two out of three people use a pumping percolator. (It is inaccurate to use the term "percolator" to describe only a pumping percolator. *Any* coffee maker, except a boiling pot or jezveh, can be called a percolator.) The late W. H. Ukers, editor of the *Tea & Coffee Trade Journal* and one of the great authorities on coffee, once flatly stated: "To make coffee correctly, you must make it in a drip pot or a glass vacuum device, where freshly boiled water passes through the coffee but once. Avoid pumping percolators or any device for heating water and forcing it repeatedly through the grounds."

The basis for this warning is that when ground coffee is boiled in water an unpleasant chemical reaction takes place. Up to a point the caffeol—an aromatic substance formed during roasting—is released, and also the caffeine. But let the coffee boil too long, and a harsh, rank chemical complex—generally called caffetanic acid—is unlocked. This ruins coffee. Caffeol makes coffee smell so pungently and taste so pleasantly. Caffeine, a colorless and odorless drug, puts the kick in coffee. You want the caffeine and the caffeol but you don't want the caffetanic. (Unless your palate has been so depraved by years of drinking rotten coffee that you actually like the caffetanic flavor.)

Coffee should under no circumstances be allowed to boil —except for Turkish coffee. The water should come close to boiling, but never the infusion. [*Continued on page* 68]

BATTLE OF THE BLOODY PIT

Between the Union Armies and Appomattox stood a solid line of forts. They were considered impregnable, until a coal miner's chance comment lit the spark that was to set off the Civil War's most daring attack

BY BRUCE CATTON

Illustrated by WILLIAM REUSSWIG

It was the summer of 1864 and the Civil War, which had dragged on for three long, frustrating years, had reached a stalemate. The Northern Armies had blundered and lost valuable opportunities, and while they were within gunshot range of the key city of Petersburg, Virginia, they were able to go no farther. Facing the battle-weary Army of the Potomac, stretching south for five miles from the Appomattox River, were mile after mile of impregnable Confederate earthworks.

The Union troops were disillusioned, knowing that chances had been thrown away, and knowing that unless the situation changed drastically they could do nothing but dig in and hope to avoid being killed by sniper bullets. An attack had been ordered several weeks before, but the veterans had refused to get out of the trenches. When the rookies leaped up to charge, one of the veterans had called out: "Lie down, you damn fools! You can't take them forts!"

The rookies did lie down, but the 1st Maine Artillery Regiment ran through the ranks of prostrate men and made for the Confederate lines. The Confederates let loose a murderous fire and within a few minutes 600 of the 900 men in the regiment had been shot down, and the survivors were running for the rear.

If the men were convinced the Confederate lines could not be taken, the generals were not convinced of anything. They bickered indecisively among themselves, and Grant became infuriated by their ineptitude. And there was unrest at home, where the long casualty lists and the unsatisfactory results were taking a toll on morale, and things looked bad for Lincoln in the coming election. It was then that Lt. Col. Henry Pleasants got his idea—an idea that was to blow the Confederate lines sky high, and open up the way to Petersburg and Richmond. Once these lines were broken there would be nothing to stop the Northern troops, and the war would be over.

One day Colonel Pleasants was passing along a trench and came across a soldier peering through the firing slit at the Rebel works. The man stepped down and said, "We could blow that damned fort out of existence if we could run a mine shaft under it."

That was talk which Pleasants could understand, because he was a mining engineer himself and before being a mining engineer he had done railroad-construction work. Trained as a civil engineer, he had worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad in the early 1850's [*Continued on page* 80]

☆

TURKISH DELIGHT

The young lady so prominently displayed on these pages is named Nejla Ates, a Turkish name which translates into English as "Little Miss Firecracker," according to her press agent. She is, as you must have guessed by now, a Turkish belly dancer—and the only *belly* ever to appear in a show called *Fanny*. To confuse the issue thoroughly, *Fanny* is a Broadway musical which has nothing at all to do with Turkey.

Getting back on the track: the pyrotechnic Miss Ates is the first in a glamor-gallery series of TRUE international beauties. Upcoming: the cooler, classic quality of Sweden's statuesque Anita Ekberg.

In Mexico City, where TRUE sent Sid Latham to photograph her scintillating dance, Nejla was *oléd* as a tasty tamale.

Color photography for
TRUE by PETER BASCH

In the Broadway hit, *Fanny*, Nejla keeps audiences warm by wearing this air-conditioned costume.

Everything for Commoners & Kings

London's famed Bond Street area has been the center of men's fashion for centuries—and for a reason: painstaking craftsmen produce the best that money can buy—from the old school tie to a Rolls Royce

Photographed for TRUE by SID LATHAM

These quaint old shops lining the Row hold the best there is—from tweeds to shotguns.

LONDON

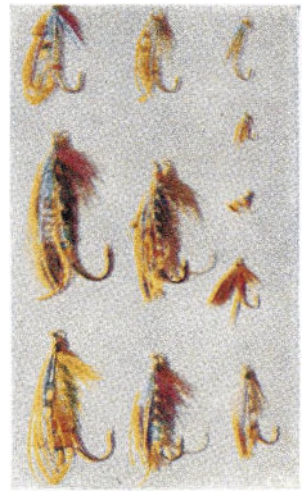
Time was when gunmakers Westley Richards staged rowdy cockfights in their cellar for the amusement of the young (and old) London "bloods." Even as late as Crimean War days, Gieves, Ltd., a semi-official tailor for the Royal Navy, loaded up a yacht with tailors and anchored it practically under the guns at Sevastapol to keep Her Majesty's officers looking shipshape. In fact, there was hardly anything a Bond Street shopowner wouldn't do—short of murder—to maintain the old motto that 'the customer is always right.' Nowadays, living up to the old traditions, frock-coated salesmen in Dunhill's carefully don gloves for the customer before handling a fine-grained pipe for inspection.

For Americans, familiar with the hustle and bustle of the modern (and efficient) store on Fifth Avenue or Main Street, such courtesy and service seems out of this world. It is. Yet every item of clothing you wear, right down to the buttons on the sleeve of your coat, had their origins, fashionwise, in the shops that line the few hundred yards that make up Bond Street and Savile Row.

These shops—in comparison with the glittering emporiums of Fifth Avenue—look more like quaint country stores than the world's most fabulous men's shopping center. However, the guns, fishing rods, clothes, pipes, leather goods and "spirits" that line the walls and fill the windows from one end of the Row to the other are worth a King's ransom. Here is a paradise with the best in everything, from tweeds to automobiles, to tempt the male spender.

Royal Navy outfitter, Gieves, Ltd., sells the sailing jacket for about $10. The Queen on horseback is an example of the fine detail of hand-painted model soldiers that run from $10 to $18.

A manager of Westley Richards fondly handles one of the firm's fine guns. Behind him is portrait of first manager who held cockfights in the cellar of the shop in the old days.



These three sizes of hand-tied Hardy salmon flies range from 75¢ to $1.50.

Everything from Pipes & Salmon Flies...

Alfred Dunhill salesman at right literally handles pipes with kid gloves. The Asprey & Co. fitted leather bar accessory case for sportsmen is $150.

Toppers and bowlers line the shelves of world-famous Lock's. The shops records go back to a Duke's hat purchase in 1759.

Group Captain Humphries (at left) of Hardy's on Pall Mall shows off $75 fly rod.

...to Fly Rods & Pink Coats

Justerini & Brooks makes a ritual of a customer's sampling wines and "spirits" in its ornate salesrooms.

Just say "Lock" to a London cabbie and he'll drop you right in front of Lock & Co., a hat firm so old even the present directors are vague about just when the first headpiece was blocked for the firm's customers.

If guns are your meat, the magic names of Westley Richards, Purdey, and Holland & Holland are all right in the area, waiting to show you, say, a double-barreled, engraved, .600 rifle for African game, fitted with a leather case. It's all yours for about £1,500 ($4,200).

The quality handwork is something Bond Street craftsman cannot and will not rush. It's a rare thing, indeed, to be able to walk into a shop, make an order and have the goods arrive, say, within a month.

Most of the gunsmiths, tailors and leather workers along the Row work on a variety of pieces, doing a little on each at a time. Because of a continual striving for perfection, a product may take as long as six months to a year before the craftsman feels it's ready for the customer.

There's one bright spot to counter any possible impatience. Bills are as belated as the goods. And Bond Street takes the same relaxed position about getting paid.

In spite of the extremely expensive items, a day's stroll can net a suit or jacket for $50-$75; silver cigarette cases and flasks for $5 to $15; silk ties a buck a throw; salmon flies 50 cents each and a fine spinning rod for under $20.

Fortunately today, the tradition and craftsmanship of this out-of-this-world area of London, are reflected both in style and quality at America's mass-produced prices.

Painstaking craftsmanship marks the models at the Sentry Box shop.

Veteran master tailor for Huntsman expertly works on a foxhunting coat.

Careful and strict selection of leather hides is the first step at Maxwell's boot shop. The firm makes the shoes for the Dukes of Edinburgh and Windsor.

A cutter for John G. Hardy measures a length of fine wool for an elegant suit.

A Robert Bryant gun case like the one he's working on will sell for well over $100.

Henry Lang, dean of engravers, touches up a Purdey shotgun.

Who the Hell Is Hemingway?

[*Continued from page* 31]

not been given much publicity is his robust sense of humor. Here, for example, is his hilarious description of how to hunt pronghorn antelope: "There are two ways to hunt pronghorn antelope; maybe three is juster. One is to shoot the buck that has been hanging around the back pasture and who believes himself to be a member of the family. He is shot on the opening day of the season by some dude who has been enticed to Wyoming by an outfit that advertizes 'Antelope Guaranteed' and has scouted the country closely for guaranteeable antelope. Often times he is gut-shot and makes an effort to get away with a hole in his belly or a broken leg. But he is in that pasture, gentlemen, and what a trophy his head must make.

"Then they hunt them on the flats and in the broken country between Casper and Rawlings, Wyoming, with the aid of command cars, (they carry more hunters), jeeps, (out of which only a few can hunt), weapons carriers. (plenty hunters, Jack, but just about as discomfortable as a weapons carrier always was). But you are after antelope, men, and shots are guaranteed. These vehicles will put you in range of the ferocious beasts and your marksmanship can be proven or un-proven. Hold your breath a little bit; put the peak, or the spike, or the cross hairs of the reticule low down on the shoulder and squeeze off. It's a trophy, men, if you glassed them right and took the biggest buck and didn't shoot a doe mistaking ears for horns. It is probably shot through both shoulders too and is still living and will try to get up, looking at you, as you come with the knife. From the eyes you can tell that the buck is thinking, 'What the hell did I do to deserve this?'

"Then," he says, "there is the third way where you hunt them in high country on foot or on horseback and no antelope are guaranteed. After taking a long time to make up my mind, and admitting my guilt on all counts, I believe that it is a sin to kill any non-dangerous game animal except for meat. Now, with low temperature refrigeration, you can keep meat properly and the amount of hunters has greatly increased. It has increased to such a point that you are lucky if some character does not loose off at you or your horse at least once in any three days of shooting. There is only one answer when this starts. Loose off quick yourself, shooting low. Because antelope, deer, elk and moose never shoot back and the character who opens fire, however undeveloped he may be in a sporting way, understands this basic principle. And if you should hit the son of a bitch it is only a hunting accident anyway. Shoot back at them if they shoot at you.

"Don't run up any white flags. They might take you for a bald eagle. Or, if you waved your red bandana that we wear around a Stetson since shooters became really at large, they might think it was a fox maybe or even a subversive element. But so far I have never seen one return the fire when you shoot back. Especially if you shoot back at where you figure their feet will be.

"Of course a hunter could go into the hills with a megaphone strapped to his back, and when shot at simply shout through his megaphone, 'Please cease firing brother shooter and fellow Sportsman. I am the animal that walks on two legs and pays income tax and there is no open season on us this year. You fooled yourself there, boy.'

"Or he might make it shorter and more sporting and say, 'Desist, brother sportsman. It is I.' "

Make My Coffee Strong

[*Continued from page* 59]

In a drip or vacuum device there is little danger of the coffee boiling, as it does in a pumping percolator. Another reason for avoiding the pumper is that it uses a coarse grind. As Lewis Bates (who runs Bell-Bates, a coffee-roasting house in New York) told me, "To get the real flavor out of coffee, you've got to grind it as fine as possible. Then a vacuum machine'll suck every last bit of flavor out."

Discriminating coffee drinkers and coffee experts are unanimous in favoring either the Silex or the Chemex. Abe Burrows, for instance, the author of the musicals *Guys and Dolls, Can-Can* and *Silk Stockings,* who is a 12-cup-a-day man, is a Chemexian and sips constantly at a cup of coffee as he composes witty lines of dialogue. Incidentally, according to a 1954 survey made by the Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 75 percent of the population in the United States drinks coffee. We drink an average of 2.38 cups a day.

I do not know if these statistics take into account the consumption of Oscar Levant, the movie actor, pianist and wit, who is the biggest coffee drinker I have ever run into. Levant puts away between 50 and 70 cups of the stuff every day. Levant gets up at 2 p.m. He doesn't eat any food until 9 in the evening. He just drinks coffee all day long. He calls this kind of a meal "drunch." Levant is a Silexian.

Mrs. Margaret Kronemeyer is a Chemex advocate. Mrs. Kronemeyer is the gorgeous-looking manager of The Coffee Mill, a restaurant dedicated to coffee in 20 exotic varieties, including Australian coffee foam (eggs, milk, syrup, and coffee mixed to a froth), Urkainian coffee (chocolate, coffee, sugar, milk, and whipped cream), and *cappuccino* (hot milk, cinnamon and whipped cream added to *espresso*).

The Chemex is a one-piece glass vessel shaped like a modernistic flower vase. Ground coffee is placed in a special filter paper formed into a cone and inserted into the neck of the vase. Hot water is poured onto the coffee and it drips very slowly through just once. The trouble with the Chemex is that it uses only one kind of filter paper and the price is a little high. The trouble with the Silex is that it breaks easily. Furthermore, unless you're very careful you can't control the temperature of the water in a Silex. According to Prof. Samuel C. Prescott, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who has made a study of coffee brewing, "The most favorable temperature should not exceed a range between 185° to 203° F."

Whatever device you use—even if you're still boiling coffee in a pot with a nose and putting eggshells in to clear the mess—the utensil must be shiningly clean. Its inside should be scrubbed briskly with hot water and detergent so every vestige of the previous brew is erased.

Customers in Fort Worth and San Antonio may want to ignore this advice. Texas cowhands of 30 or 40 years ago roasted their beans on a frying pan over an open fire until the beans were as black as the ace of spades. Then the beans went into a sack and were ground into dust by a cowboy's boot heel. A half-pint of coffee was used to a quart of water. The mixture was brought to a boil and simmered for two hours, so that it got good and loaded with caffetanic acid. The drink produced was strong enough to stand up and walk by itself, which saved the cowboys the trouble of getting it.

We now come to the most important stage in making a magnificent brew: the quantity of ground coffee to be used. Most coffee cans say a tablespoon of coffee for each cup of water. This is ridiculous. The Coffee Brewing Institute suggests two level tablespoons for each cup. I say you must contribute at least three tablespoons per cup if you want coffee with body and pungency and a fragrance that will set your nostrils twitching. You've got to make up your mind whether you want to make good coffee or save money.

Never use water from the hot-water tap. It tastes flat. Always start with cold water. Even then, if your water has a high mineral content you'll have an inferior drink. Never try to make two cups of coffee in a six-cup or eight-cup pot—use at least three quarters of its capacity.

No matter what technique you follow—again excepting Turkish coffee—remove the grounds as soon as the infusion is made. If you use a pumping percolator—and you can make reasonable coffee in it—bring the water to a rapid boil, turn the flame low, and *then* insert the basket of ground coffee, allowing it to percolate slowly for no more than eight minutes. As soon as that time is up take out the basket. If you leave it in, a few drops of the noxious caffetanic will drip down and spoil the brew. The same is true of any other conventional coffee maker. Dump out the grounds immediately.

As for the coffee, it is best to grind just enough of your own beans to make one batch at a time. Not more than 2 percent of the coffee we use is sold in the

bean, however, although whole, roasted beans hold their flavor for a month. When they've been ground they're almost as perishable as bread. Within two days 40 percent of their flavor has vanished. After a week the stuff isn't fit for man, beast or Texan. In a modern vacuum-packed can, ground coffee will keep fresh apparently forever, but as soon as the can is opened and oxygen hits those little brown grains, the coffee starts fading. If your wife buys coffee freshly ground to order in a paper bag, tell her never to put it near anything that smells. The super-sensitive coffee grains absorb foreign odors, so your morning coffee may come out reminiscent of filet of flounder.

There are actually very few brands of coffee available in all sections of the country, and these individual brands differ slightly in various regions to accommodate what are thought to be regional taste preferences. Chase and Sanborn and Maxwell House are two nationally available brands which can be depended upon to make a good cup of coffee.

Brazil is the world's most prodigious coffee producer. She grows about 50 percent of the world's coffee. The United States drinks more coffee than the rest of the world combined. We roast and brew 60 percent of it. In 1952 Brazil shipped over 15,000,000 bags of coffee, each bag holding 132 pounds. Total world production ran about 28,000,000 bags. Colombia, the second largest producer, shipped 7,000,000 that year.

Brazilian and Colombian coffees differ broadly in quality and taste. Brazil Santos No. 4, the basic coffee used in international exchange, has good body and is smooth and palatable, but is a stodgy, mediocre liquid in the cup. Santos No. 4 is like a strong woman with a good figure but no charm or personality. Coffee graders describe it as "strictly soft in the cup," which means that it doesn't taste earthy or what is called "Rio-y" in the business. Rio-y coffee comes, naturally, from Rio de Janeiro and is of very low grade.

The average blend has a proportion of two parts Brazil to one part Colombia. Coffees from Colombia—there are four types, Armenia, Manizales, Medellin and Bogota—are of superb quality and some of them rank with the finest produced in the world. Although they are light of body, they have delightful fragrance and produce an extraordinary cup.

The coffees of Mexico, Guatemala, Costa Rica, El Salvador and Venezuela are generally of superb character as well, with each tasting uniquely different.

A couple of years ago, when coffee prices began climbing wildly, some roasters bought inferior coffees from Ecuador, Haiti, Portuguese Angola and the Belgian Congo to fill out their blends. Low-grade African coffees like those of Angola and the Congo are grown from a different species of the plant than the high-grade coffees of Latin America and Indonesia. African coffees are cheap, strong, harsh and acrid, and are served only as weak brews in bad restaurants.

What are the most exquisite coffees in the world? Experts tell me there are three: Ankola and Mandheling from Sumatra in Indonesia, and Antigua from Central American Guatemala.

"Ankola," says dealer Lewis Bates, "is the best there is. It has a sturdy body, an unusual flavor with a kind of a vague sense of chocolate in it, and a really excellent bouquet."

André Uribe Campuzano, a Colombian coffee planter, claims that Mandheling is the most fantastic of all coffees. He says that a blend of equal parts of Mexican Coatepecs, Guatemalan Cobans and Mandheling produces an epicurean beverage.

Joe Martinson, whose Martinson's brand is universally rated among the highest quality blend on the market nowadays, avers that Antigua, which is produced on a few plantations near Guatemala City, is the finest he has ever imbibed.

"Antigua is the complete coffee," Martinson told me. "It has body, flavor, aroma, fine acidity—everything a coffee should have, and yet in one growth."

In addition to these three coffees I would personally rate Java, aged Colombian coffee, Puerto Rican, Blue Mountain from Jamaica, Arabian Mocha from Yemen and Kona from Hawaii as possessing the elements of flavor uniqueness. Kona is sold on the West Coast. At Trader Vic's in San Francisco and Don the Beachcomber's in Los Angeles you can buy a delightful little dilly called Kona Grog, which combines black Kona and Jamaica rum.

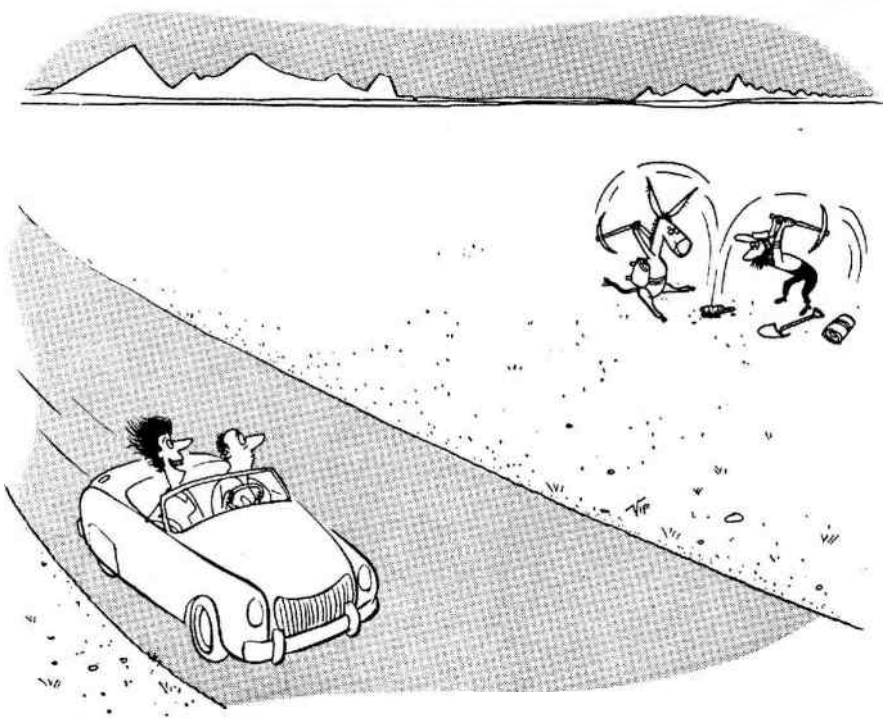
Logically enough, most of us prefer a blended coffee because a professional blender can bring together different growths from many countries to achieve a more pleasing and consistent product. The theory of coffee blending is that while certain types of coffee contribute body, others add flavor, "sparkle" and what might be called an "adhesive" quality.

Blenders usually refuse to reveal their formulas, but Joe Martinson told me his coffee is a blend of old-crop Bucaramanga and Cúcuta (from Columbia), past-crop Tachira (Venezuela), new-crop Medellin and Armenia, new-crop San Cristóbal (Venezuela), new-crop Salvador, Costa Rica, Guatemala and Mexican, and Bourbon Santos No. 2 (the highest quality shipped from Brazil).

Christopher Sotiro, who runs the House of Yemen, a small coffee store in New York catering to the Mediterranean trade, says he always adds a small quantity of Brazils to his Mocha-Java blend because they "kind of bind it together." Sotiro sold me a reddish coffee—made from a secret blend handed down through three generations of Sotiros—which is ground so fine it is as soft as talcum powder. With this, one makes Turkish coffee.

The brew of the Turks—and Greeks, Arabs, Serbs, Rumanians, Syrians, Lebanese and Iranians—is not difficult to make, and a demitasse of it after a hearty meal is an unusual treat. To make Turkish coffee you need a jezveh. A jezveh is not an Egyptian belly-dancer. It is a long-handled cup, brass outside and lead inside. Mine is a two-cup jezveh. First, I pour in two demitasses of cold water. Then I heat it over a low flame. When the water is lukewarm, I take it off and put in two heaping teaspoons of the coffee powder and two teaspoons of granulated sugar. I stir it around slowly until the water has absorbed coffee and sugar. Then I put the jezveh back on the fire and watch it carefully. Soon the fluid begins to bubble and boil and starts to rise. Just before it overflows, I whisk the jezveh off the fire and pour about a third into each cup. I set it back on the fire and again, as it foams up, pour some into the cups. The third time it fills the cups. The process makes a thick, sweet, heavy brew

TRUE MAGAZINE



"They really get the fever, don't they?"

"To think that I used to joke with the boys at the office about how I hoped I'd die like this."

with an indescribable pungency and sensual flavor. When the brew is drunk up, a residue of mash is left at the bottom of the cup. It is the custom of the Arabs (and Zolotow) to insert the index finger into the stuff and delicately spoon gobs of it into the mouth.

Turkish coffee is probably the most delicious of after-dinner beverages, but there is a lot to be said for Irish Coffee Royale. I was introduced to this Gaelic delight a few months ago while polishing off some corned beef and cabbage at Pat Moriarty's saloon.

One of Moriarty's henchmen brought over to me a tray on which black coffee was making in a French drip pot. The coffee was poured into a cup in which was a lump of sugar. Now a jigger of Irish whisky was added and the glorious creation was topped with a huge dollop of whipped cream. It's really no trouble to make at home.

Café Diable is another interesting little item to amuse yourself with on cold winter evenings. For this one you need a chafing dish. You start with a cup of freshly brewed strong black coffee. This is poured into the chafer. Then you add a couple of whole cloves, a fragment of cinnamon stick, a lump of sugar, and the grated rind of an orange. Light up the burner under the chafing dish and stir and heat the mess thoroughly. Now put out the burner. Pour three ounces of good cognac into a ladle. Light the cognac with a match. As the flame sparkles, dip the ladle into the coffee, blending in the flaming cognac. Then blow out the flame and, if you haven't set fire to the living room, ladle out the café diable.

I want to cover briefly two subjects on which there is some confusion. The first is soluble or instant coffee. This looks like coffee. But to a coffee lover like Zolotow it does not taste or smell like coffee. Soluble coffee was invented in 1899 by Dr. Sartori Kato, a Japanese chemist, and I am afraid that, to coffee partisans, that day will live in infamy. For decades, dozens of companies tried to merchandise soluble coffee without much success. Then suddenly, within the last two years, the stuff began surging in popularity. This year at least 25 percent of all coffee sold will be instant. Every roaster is jumping on the bandwagon.

Soluble coffee is made by such highly secretive processes—each firm has a slightly different set of tricks—that no reporters are allowed to inspect a plant. The basic technique, however, is to brew tremendous batches of coffee, then extract the water by any of several methods, leaving the dissolved coffee as a residue of fine powder or tiny granules. Everybody in the coffee trade loathes instant coffee.

If you *must* have coffee you can make immediately by adding hot water, then you might do better with the cold-water extraction method. This device employs a special gadget into which you dump the ground coffee and cold water, and leave them to associate 6 to 8 hours. The coffee seeps through a filter as a concentrate, which is supposed to keep for up to a month, and all you have to do is add the hot water. The only trouble is, the gadget costs around 25 bucks.

Let us now consider the question of chicory in coffee. As my friend Bates puts it, "Chicory doesn't help poor coffee and good coffee doesn't deserve it." The French market in New Orleans, as well as many of that city's justly famous restaurants, serves excellent chicory-and-coffee. I suspect it is good because the New Orleans chefs use 95 percent high-quality coffee and 5 percent chicory.

Chicory as a coffee substitute was one of Napoleon's contributions to world misery. He wanted to make France self-sufficient and he banned the importation of coffee. French ingenuity soon spotted chicory as a replacement. Chicory is a plant whose leaves are used in salads. It has a long brown root. This can be roasted and ground. It looks brown but that's about all. It's about as much a substitute for coffee as sarsaparilla is for whisky. The French got to like its taste, though, and even when they had good coffee again they mixed chicory into it. They still do. In other ways the French are a wonderful people.

There just is no substitute for coffee, and if there were one—who needs it?

According to all historians of coffee, the plant came originally from Ethiopia. In the beginning the beans were eaten either whole as fruit, because of the cherrylike flesh around them, or crushed and mixed with fat into round balls, as a kind of concentrated food. When the Moslem faith spread through Arabia, the drinking of alcoholic beverages practically stopped because Mohammed forbade it. So the Arabians turned to coffee. From Arabia the thirst for coffee spread to the Turks, who refined its preparation further and started coffee houses.

During the seventeenth century the Turks invaded Europe, and when they lost the Battle of Vienna they left something like 500 sacks of coffee behind. Nobody wanted the stuff except a man named Franz George Kolschitzky, who had been spying on the Turks enough to know what they drank. He asked for the coffee as his share of the booty. With it he opened the first successful coffee house, or café, in Europe.

The fashion of drinking coffee spread quickly to Italy, France, Germany and England. At first the English regarded coffee as a medicine, although they sometimes sprinkled it on their breakfast bacon.

The coffee plant was brought to the New World by a young French naval officer in 1723, although New Yorkers were drinking the stuff as early as 1668. There is a fine story that the officer's single tree was the grandfather of all the coffee plants grown in the West Indies, Central America and South America today, which would mean that this was one plant that really scattered its seed, even with the aid of a Frenchman. Actually, a little later there were quite a few trees brought over. Coffee is now raised in 40 countries, none north of the latitude of Mexico.

It takes about three years until a tree begins bearing. Then it continues being fruitful for 50 years if carefully tended.

The quality of a coffee depends on the soil in which it is grown (a volcanic, highly mineral soil is best) and on its altitude (the higher the better). Most of the high-quality coffees are raised at altitudes of from 2,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level, and sometimes their prices seem to let it go to their heads.

In appearance, a coffee tree resembles an evergreen, with shining green leaves. When the trees bloom, they are covered with fragrant white blossoms. One tree produces about 2,000 beans a year in tiny fruits which are round and bright red. This is the equivalent of a pound of roasted coffee. The Zolotow family needs about 100 coffee trees to keep them awake the year round.

In most growing countries much of the coffee is raised on small family-operated farms with a few thousand trees each. Brazil is different. The nearest thing to a King of Coffee is a stocky, laconic Brazilian named Geremiah Lunardelli. King Lunardelli owns 16,636,438 coffee trees (I have not personally counted them) which grow on 548,000 acres of the dusty red soil of Brazil. He ships out all by himself something like 50 million pounds of green coffee a year. This is enough to keep the Zolotow cousins awake, too.

There are different methods of preparing the berries, but basically the pulp comes off and the beans are dried. The resulting "green coffee"—any shade from light khaki to kelly green—goes to one of the great coffee ports—Santos or Maracaibo, Kingston or Cartagena or Aden—for shipping to enormous warehouses in New Orleans, San Francisco and New York.

All along the way each lot of coffee is constantly being cup-tested by graders in New York. Maxwell House, for instance, samples each lot, or "chop," of coffee five times, to make sure it isn't deteriorating in its travels, and it reserves the right to reject a lot until the final testing.

Every importer, coffee broker or roaster is either an expert taster himself or hires an experienced grader. There are only about 40 licensed graders in the coffee industry. They have to pass a tough examination, but a good grader earns $25,000 a year or more. On his often snap judgment hangs the balance of transactions that involve thousands of dollars. The success of any roaster depends on the nose, sight and palate of his taster.

Every expert taster, blindfolded, can identify by taste and smell what country a coffee comes from. Some tasters have acquired fabulous reputations. Roberto Aguilar, a coffee planter from El Salvador, told me of one he knew.

"He was name O'Brien," said Aguilar, "and he was a grader for Bickford & Company, big importers in San Francisco. Thees O'Brien, he is a genius. He had such a nose, such a taste. Even with one sip, he knows the coffee. I make a bet once with a friend of mine, Meardi, a coffee grower. I bet him you cannot fool O'Brien. We blindfold him. We give him eight different types of coffee to taste. He calls them off. Brazil, Colombia, Java, Costa Rica. Then he comes to El Salvador. He takes a sip. Then he laughs and say, 'Hey, Meardi, this one is from your plantation.' He was right too. Thees O'Brien, you could give him a blended coffee to taste and he'll break down the blend and tell from where each coffee is."

Most coffee graders do their tasting in the morning when their palates, they say, are more discriminating. Coffee graders do not chew gum or smoke cigars, and prefer to drink Scotch after hours. First they examine the green beans, looking for color and conformation and condition. (If green coffee is ground it looks like sawdust and tastes like it too.) Then they roast a batch of coffee in a small roaster and grind it fine. A small quantity is measured out on a balancing scale and dumped into a clear glass filled with boiling water. The infusion is stirred, and the taster brings his nose close to take a few deep sniffs. Skimming off the froth, he spoons some of the brew into his mouth and slurps it against his palate, trying to spray his cheeks and the back of his mouth. Finally he spews it out into a spittoon.

If the sample passes, the lot is bought and the beans are cleaned and roasted in huge machines. It takes about 14 minutes to roast green coffee. The roast varies from light through cinnamon, medium, high, city and French to Italian. Italian, almost coal-black, is the proper roast for after-dinner demitasse, the *espresso* type. The darker the roast, by the way, the lower the caffeine content.

The coffee is now ready for retail sale. Since coffee is grown in so many countries under such varying conditions, and since it is consumed so widely, it is only natural that its prices should fluctuate. Frost, floods, drought—all may affect a crop. It was frost in Brazil a couple of years ago that hit the crop, the coffee market, and ultimately your pocketbook. It hit the pocketbooks of all the Zolotows, too. In short order American consumption dropped 20 percent. Right on its heels were the coffee prices. Coffee growers groaned in anguish—but not too much anguish, because the Zolotows and the rest of the country were drinking coffee again.

I have come to this conclusion: whatever you pay for a good cup of coffee, it's worth it. That is, if it has three tablespoons of the stuff in it.

—Maurice Zolotow

The World's Greatest Matador

[*Continued from page 37*]

him practicing an *estocada* with a miniature sword. Joselito's mother, Gabriela, was also from a bullfighting family and she used to sigh and say wearily: "The only ones who don't get gored by bulls are the priests safe in the cathedral."

Gabriela fought to keep her youngest and favorite out of the ring. "Let's save one," she pleaded. "Let's just save *one!*" But she knew it was going to be a useless fight when she saw "the child of her right eye" growing a pigtail at the age of 6.

Then, at 8, he began skipping school. Usually she found him in the backyard of a painter named Cayetano who had a spaniel trained to charge like a bull.

Joselito's first public success came when he was 9. It was a festival at a little village called Coría del Rio outside of Sevilla. The arena was makeshift, formed by an enclosure of heavy wagons, but the bullfighters—and the bulls—were professionals. Joselito, wearing his first pair of long pants, and with a cap covering the pigtail pinned on top of his head, was perched up on top of one of the carts like the other spectators, and his sad young eyes watched every move the *toreros* made down in the arena. Inside his jacket he had tucked a pair of *cortas*. These are *banderillas* which are cut down to one-third normal size, hence the person placing them has to be that much closer to the bull, thus making the maneuver much more dangerous.

It happened on the second bull. The veteran *banderillero* was having trouble making the difficult animal charge the way he wanted it to so he could place the *banderillas*. Holding the barbed sticks ready over his head he made false runs at the animal twice, challenging it gutterally with his voice and rapping the two long *banderillas* together to try to provoke a clean charge. The animal just shook his big horns and pawed the sand.

Suddenly a boy's voice was heard by the crowd. "Where you're standing, man, it's never going to charge! Come, place yourself over there!"

The crowd laughed, and the banderillero looked up at the 9-year-old author of this statement and worked his mouth disdainfully.

Suddenly Joselito leapt into the arena and the crowd gasped. "*Toro,* hah-hah!" he called in as manly a tone as a treble can be, placing himself close to one of the wagons completely opposite to the direction the *banderillero* had been trying to force the bull's charge. He had the stubby *banderillas* in his hands and he leapt up into the air once to attract the bull's attention.

The animal, 20 feet away, stared curiously at this new target in a different area of the ring, and then it charged hard. The boy stood there like a post, his feet flat on the sand, his back arched gracefully as the big animal bore down on him. The crowd screamed in crescendo for it looked as though the horns couldn't miss. But when the sharp points were a mere six feet from him, Joselito jumped his right leg out to the side, leaning his body with it, but without moving his left foot. The bull, thinking the target was escaping, veered off its course to intercept it. In that split second, Joselito sucked back his leg, leapt up over the lowered horns, and jabbed the darts into the animal's withers. Using the sticks themselves to push himself away and out of the bull's course, he pivoted and trotted calmly toward the barrier as

the bull bucked and wheeled past him.

For a moment the crowd was too stunned to realize what they had witnessed. Then they set up a roar. But did you see it? A child! A pair of *cortas al quiebro*—and Espartero himself could have placed them no better!

Joselito held up his hand as he'd seen the professionals do and gravely acknowledged the applause as he climbed back to his seat. It was the first applause of his life. He liked it.

Word spread fast throughout Sevilla of the astonishing happening at Coria del Rio. "The youngest of the *Gallos* is a prodigy," was the verdict of the experts. How else could one explain that phenomenal pair of *banderillas* by a child?

That was a milestone for Joselito. The next came a year later at a *tienta* at the Miura ranch. Miura bulls are the most famous of all fighting bulls. A vicious, purebred strain raised exclusively for the ring for over a hundred years, they have killed more matadors than any other breed and have been labeled "The bulls of death." *Tientas* at the Miura ranch are highly exclusive, serious affairs, and Joselito pleaded with his brothers to be allowed to go. They kept him in the background during the testing of the calves, afraid of what old man Miura sitting up on the porch over the little arena would think about a child's being around and getting in the way. After the stubby-horned calves were caped by Joselito's brothers and the other aspirant *toreros* of 14 and 15, a large 5-year-old heifer with sharp horns was let into the ring. The *toreritos*, who a short time before were so eager brave and jealous with the 2-year-olds, suddenly retreated behind the *burladero* shields and very generously began "you-firsting" each other.

And then they saw a figure flash by them with a magenta cape that was larger than he was. Joselito was out in the ring before his brothers could stop him and he was holding the cape behind his body in the dangerous *De Frente por Detrás* pass.

Old Miura, sitting up on the balcony, leaned forward, tugged at his gray mustache, and watched incredulously as he saw Joselito execute pass after pass with astonishing grace and control. He sent for Joselito to come up to the big house for tea. Before the afternoon was over he had given the boy a horse and, most important, invited him out to practice with the calves any time he wanted to. Joselito took the old man up on his invitation, going out to "Don Eduardo's" every chance he got. Miura became very attached to this serious, honest boy who lived, breathed, and dreamed bullfighting and only bullfighting. He had never seen such dedication in anyone of any age, and he liked him for it.

With every *tienta*, with every bullfight he witnessed, Joselito was learning and perfecting. When he was 11 he said to his mother very solemnly: "Please let me become a professional, since soon I will be too old."

His mother, horrified, managed to keep him at school one more year. Then, when he was 12, he fought in his first organized fight, wearing his first "suit of lights" and in a real *plaza de toros*. It was in Jerez, and he was to receive 10 whole reales ($2.50) for fighting a pair of small bulls along with two other young "*fenómenos*." Joselito tasted triumph and tragedy that day. On his first bull he was superb, graceful and brave, and he had the crowd that had merely come to watch a novelty act cheering as though they were watching a top "sword" in action. He killed after two thrusts and the crowd went wild, making him take several triumphant laps around the ring.

Then came his second animal. He couldn't kill it. "It's made of concrete," he gasped to his brothers in between trys. Finally the warning trumpet blast sounded, and three minutes later the second, and then the last, and Joselito, with tears of rage and frustration, watched the animal be led out by the trained steers. Except for *Bailador* it was the only bull he ever took on that didn't meet death at his hands.

Joselito was miserable, but the critics overlooked the ending of the corrida because of the astonishing performance which preceded it. An impresario signed Joselito for 16 fights in Portugal. He was on his way. He performed well in those *becerradas*—calf-fights—and turned the pittance he earned over to Gabriela with a manly flourish, saying as his father used to say to her: "Here you go, Mamá—have a good time."

The next season he fought more, and by the following season he was being talked about all over Spain. But 1910, when he was 15, was his really big year. The usually acid-tongued critics raved about him as they had never raved about anyone before. "Positively *atomistico* (atomic!)" wrote one.

The next year was a repetition of success, with the addition of a feat unduplicated in the annals of tauromachy. On the 14th of May, just a week after he turned 16, this boy killed six *novillos*, instead of the usual two—all by himself! Before a crowd of 10,000 people he was awarded the ears off four of the animals; and this was back in the days when ears were very rarely awarded, no one yet having cut an ear in Madrid or Sevilla, for example. People in the rest of Spain were impressed by the feat, but they didn't quite believe it. "Cadiz is a small town after all," they said. "How would he do in a big city?"

The next year, Joselito's brother Rafael decided that the boy was ready to show them, and he arranged for a fight in Madrid. A *torero's* first appearance in Madrid is like a boxer's debut in Madison Square Garden, and the whole city was buzzing about the prodigy from Sevilla.

Joselito started the proceedings off in a highly unorthodox manner. The day before the fight he went to see the bulls in the corrals behind the arena. They were large, 3½-year-old *novillos*, bigger than anything he'd ever fought. Joselito studied the animals snorting in the enclosure for a moment and then announced firmly: "I won't fight them."

"But why?" the impresario protested. "Certainly they're big, but I think you can handle them."

"They're too small," said Joselito. "I won't fight."

The impresario blanched. He had sold 20,000 tickets for the next afternoon and now his attraction was walking out on him. "But what am I going to do?"

Then Joselito looked over into an adjoining corral where there were half a dozen huge 5-year-old bulls. "I'll fight those."

"But that's madness! Those are full-grown bulls—for full *matadors* next Sunday, not for a *novillero* who's never fought anything but calves!"

Joselito was adamant and got his way. His presentation in Madrid as a *novillero* was not with *novillos*, but with *toros de verdad*—true bulls. The first animal that blasted out into the sun to try to kill him was named *Escopeta*—Shotgun—and it weighed over 1,400 pounds! (900 is the officially required weight these days.)

The first thing the monster saw was the slight figure of a boy kneeling alone in the center of the golden sand. Joselito's father had invented the dangerous *larga cambiada*, and Joselito was out to show Madrid whose son he was. He shouted at the bull as soon as it came through the gate, and it pounded toward the man, its head lowered to kill. Thirty feet, 20 feet, 10 feet, and the boy stayed there unmoving on his knees, holding the cape spread out on the sand in front of him with his right hand.

When the bull was two yards from him he swung the cape over his head. The cloth leapt into life, blossoming out around his shoulders, and the bull veered off its course to slash at the cape. The bull's right horn passed just a few inches from Joselito's head as its momentum carried it a full 15 feet beyond him.

After that, Joselito did things which, according to his biographer, Gustavo del Barco, "converted that august *plaza de toros* into a cage of howling maniacs."

He gave them everything. He placed *banderillas* three different ways, and people swore they'd never seen sticks placed like that, so elegantly, so surely, so dangerously. On the last pair he let the bull come into him so close that the horn split open his right eyebrow and he had to withdraw to the infirmary before continuing. For his opening *muleta* work he called for a chair, placed it in the middle of the arena and sitting in it, he made the animal pass back and forth five times without standing up. Then he scratched an **X** on the sand with his sword and, planting his feet on it, he did eight frightening *natural* passes without moving off it. The tricks over, he settled down to give the damnedest lesson in classic bullfighting ever seen in Madrid, ending up with a perfect sword thrust that dropped the bull instantly.

Madrid had a new idol. For weeks afterward people discussed that incredible performance, jumping up in cafes to demonstrate how Joselito had placed the *banderillas* or to show how slowly and elegantly he manipulated the *muleta*. Three months later they went through the same thing again when Joselito took "the alternative." Usually calf fighters graduate to the status of *novillero*

and stay there for several seasons before becoming skilled enough to receive the degree of a Doctorate of Tauromachy and become a full *Matador*. If they make the grade it's usually when they're over 21. Rafael *El Gallo* figured his brother had nothing more to learn about the science, so Joselito eliminated a long apprenticeship as a *novillero*, and became a full *Matador de Toros*, the youngest ever to wear the title.

The next season Joselito fought 80 corridas, and found himself the top sword in all the world. The only others who could be mentioned in the same breath with him were his unpredictable brother, Rafael, and Gaona, the Mexican.

What was this young man like, this 18-year-old who was well on his way to becoming a millionaire and who was already Spain's greatest hero? To most people he was an enigma. The most completely dedicated of men, he was dull, remote, and taciturn on any subject but his own. Nothing in the world interested him, except bulls and the raising of them. Even in the years when he fought more than 100 corridas in a six-month season, if he found himself with a spare day when he wasn't either traveling to a fight or performing in one, his idea of a relaxing good time was to get out in the fields and cape heifers for a few hours.

He was superbly built, handsome with a thick-lipped, brooding quality. Women went mad for him. He had his women, plenty of them, and the best, but not for long. He preferred to get out on the ranches, to ride a fine horse through long fields of his beloved fighting bulls.

On July 3, 1914, Joselito reached the pinnacle. Alone, with no other matador, he killed six giant bulls in the Madrid arena (not young *novillos* as he'd done in Cadiz). As an added bonus he called for the substitute, killed that, and was carried out of the ring in wild triumph. He made 25 *quites* that afternoon, placed 18 *banderillas*, made 242 passes with cape and *muleta*, and never rumpled his hair.

It looked as though Joselito would simply coast along, unchallenged, into immortality. But then Fate saw to it to produce a comparable genius in the same period. Juan Belmonte arrived. His wild, foolhardy style captured the imagination of the people, and arguments raged as to which was the better *torero*, this newcomer or Joselito. The pair fought together for the first time in Barcelona in 1914, and the rivalry continued for another six years. Bitter opponents in the ring, they became the best of friends out of it.

The period leading up to Joselito's death is merely the telling of statistics and recounting of repetitions of triumphs: how he would tie his ankles together and give 12 passes of death in one spot; how he would fight entire *faenas* with his left hand, his right behind his back as though strapped there; how he fought 22 incredible corridas as the only performer; how, in 1916, he fought 105 corridas, killing 251 bulls in 210 days, more than anyone else had ever done in a single season. He seemed to get better and braver with each year, though everyone said it was impossible.

"You don't know the meaning of the word fear," a reporter once said in an interview.

Joselito smiled. "Nobody knows what I feel in my guts between the time the trumpet blows and the time that terrible gate opens for the bull to come in. Of course I know fear, but I hide it from the crowd—and the bull."

And Belmonte added. "If we had to sign the contracts one hour before the *corrida* was to start, there would be no bullfights."

And so, season after season, the success continued. But, as the saying goes, nothing fails like success. In 1919, when Joselito was 24, the tide turned against him. He lost his mother, his first and only real love affair went bad, and—worst of all—the crowds ceased to like him. He had become too perfect. The crowds were tired of applauding him day after day. It suddenly became more diverting, more sophisticated, to go to the plaza to boo him.

Joselito and Belmonte fought their last fight together on May 15, 1920, in Madrid. During the fight cushions started to rain down upon Joselito and the woman screamed she hoped a bull would kill him. After the fight Joselito said to Belmonte, "I'm going to get out of all this. It's time for me to retire. I don't know how to fight this."

The next day, eight days after his 25th birthday, was the corrida in Talavera de la Reina, a small town near Madrid. Originally, Joselito had no intention of performing in this second-rate arena, but he accepted the fight at the last minute to help out a friend. He took the train there, booked a room in the hotel, and napped until his sword boy, Paco Botas, and his brother Fernando woke him up. They remembered later that, though he had been terribly depressed by the crowd's attitude the day before, now as he dressed in the gold and scarlet "suit of lights" he seemed almost gay. He joked with them about several things and kept singing a bit of *cante jondo* from the Coplas del Espartero:

"Little Miura bulls fear nothing now,
For El Espartero, who used to kill them so well,
Is dead, olé, olé, olé!"

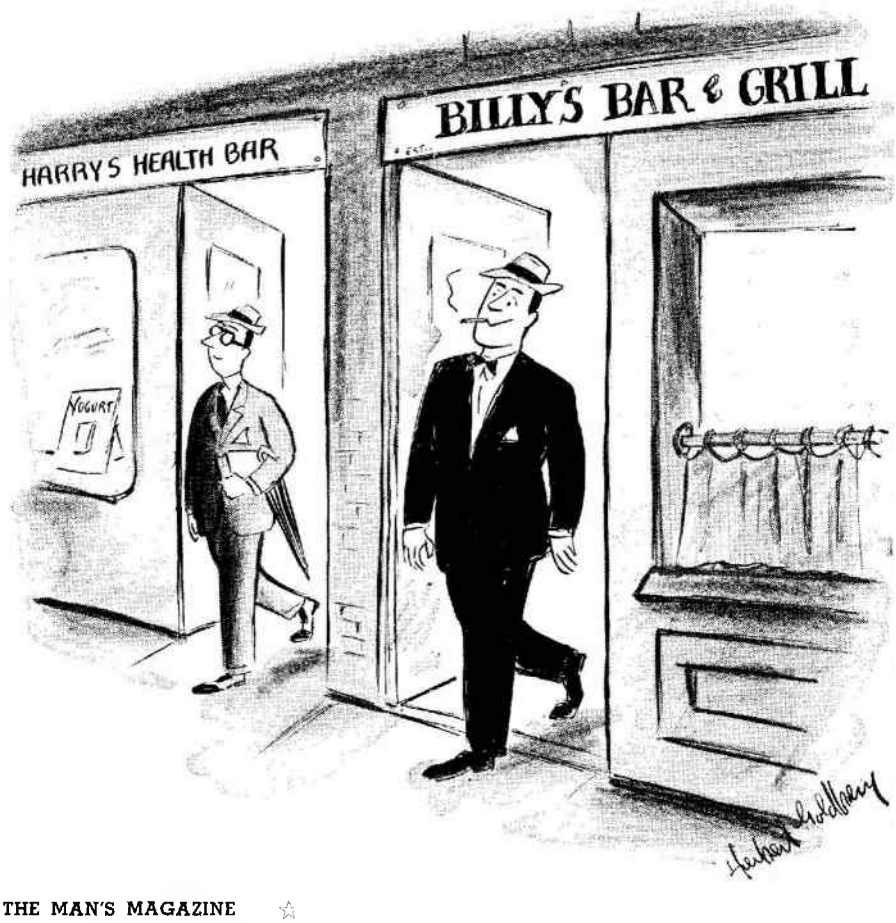
Joselito and his brother fought well against difficult bulls during the early part of the afternoon, dispatching four before an enthralled, enthusiastic crowd so unlike those in Madrid.

The fifth bull was named *Bailador*—Dancer. It came into the ring fast and low, corral dust blowing off its black hide, a big "O" branded on its flank and the number 7 on its side. The moment Joselito saw it he sucked air in through his teeth and his green gypsy eyes never left the animal for a second.

"Get behind the fence and don't come out," he ordered his brother. "Everyone look out with this animal. Get on those horns and you won't get off."

Bailador was comparatively small, 259 kilos dressed, which was about half the size of the bull of Joselito's presentation in Madrid. But *Bailador* had a killer's horns and a treacherous killer's charge which Joselito spotted immediately. He also discerned that the animal didn't see well close up but at a distance its vision

TRUE MAGAZINE



was good; *burriciego*, the *toreros* call it, and it's a dread thing, because bullfighters depend upon the bull's seeing well so that they can control him and make him choose to charge the cape instead of the man.

In the act of the *picadors*, *Bailador*, small as he was, killed five horses in six vicious charges. After the *banderillas*, which were placed with great difficulty, since the bull was completely unpredictable in its charges, the animal took a stand in its *querencia*. A bull's *querencia* is an arbitrarily chosen spot in the ring where the animal feels secure for some reason of its own. Perhaps it's the spot where he killed a horse or tossed a man. In his *querencia* he will fight a defensive, impossible, come-in-after-me type of fight instead of long, hard charges which both the crowd and the *matador* want.

When Joselito was handed his sword and *muleta* by his sword boy, he dedicated the bull. "It goes for the memory of my father who fought the inaugural corrida in this plaza so many years ago," he said as he doffed his *montera* and tossed it elegantly onto the sand.

The *banderillero* had managed to lure *Bailador* out of his *querencia* by repeatedly trailing capes in front of him, and Joselito pointed with the sword to where he wanted the bull placed. Then he ordered the *banderilleros* to leave him completely alone with the dangerous animal. He draped the *muleta* over the sword in his right hand and advanced on the animal. "*Toro*, ah-hah," Joselito chanted as he walked. "We'll teach you how to charge, little bull."

Fifteen feet from the animal he stopped and shook the *muleta*. The bull, seeing well at this distance, lowered its head, attacked hard, and *Joselito* gave it a beautiful *trincherazo* pass. Three more passes, and the animal was charging straighter and easier on each one, being controlled and learning how to charge from the master teacher. But on the fifth charge it suddenly broke away from the man and trotted back along the boards toward its *querencia*. It had been attracted by one of the *banderilleros* who had disobeyed his master and hadn't left the ring.

"Hide yourself, Enrique," Joselito called exasperatedly. "He's with you and won't take the *muleta!*"

Joselito went after the bull, headed it off, and gave it two more passes, but the capricious animal had lost interest in the *muleta* now and was looking around distractedly for the *banderillero*. Joselito blew out a weary sigh and retreated from the animal and wiped the sweat from his forehead. He took the *muleta* in his left hand, and looking down at the cloth he shook out the folds and started to redrape it over the sword in his right hand.

Then it happened. Joselito, by withdrawing five yards from the animal, had stepped into the area where the bull could see well. Suddenly, and without warning, it lunged forward, heading straight for the man's body. A *banderillero* cried out, and Joselito looked up. At that long range it would have been no trick for him, the greatest athlete the ring has known, to dodge out of the path of this animal. But he left his feet planted on the sand as though they were nailed there, and standing straight and gracefully, he flared out the *muleta* to distract it off its course as he had done with so many hundreds of other bulls.

But with the surprise of the attack he had forgotten for a fatal moment that this animal had a visual defect. Though the bull had seen the man clearly at a distance, its target became more and more blurred as it came closer, until it saw neither the man nor the flared out *muleta* designed to make it swerve. Without even seeing its victim, the bull crashed into Joselito. Its left horn hooked into the man's right thigh, and he was slammed up into the air.

As Joselito spun on the horn, the bull chopped its head from side to side viciously, and the right horn ripped open the man's lower stomach. He hung doubled up on the bull's head for a second, managed to push himself off the horn, and then fell to the ground.

The other *toreros* lured the bull away and ran to Joselito's aid. He struggled to sit up on the sand and was clutching his stomach when the sword boy reached him. There was terror and disbelief in the *matador's* eyes.

"Ay, *Madre mia*," he moaned, "My guts are coming out!"

Once he was in the infirmary, the two regular doctors there and two Madrid surgeons who happened to be in the audience slashed off the matador's suit. He was breathing feebly, his eyes closed.

"Leave the wound alone," ordered Dr. Pastor. "Take care of him first!"

They injected blood serum, cafein, and camphor oil into his arms and sides. But the man was slipping away. His *quadrilla* was allowed into the operating room, and they wept when they saw the look of death coming on the man. At 8 minutes past 7 Joselito opened his eyes.

"Madre," he said. "Mother, I'm smothering, I'm smothering!"

Then he died. The doctor explained later that the wound, in spite of its horrible aspect, wasn't necessarily fatal, but that Joselito had probably died of shock, that his heart had given out upon seeing himself so badly wounded. "He had begun to believe, as we all did, that he was invulnerable."

Joselito was taken through Spain to Sevilla with the largest funeral cortege the country could remember, and there he is buried in a tomb topped by a magnificent monument by Benillure. It depicts 19 life-size figures in bronze—weeping gypsies, bull breeders, and *toreros*—carrying the marble, god-like form of the dead *matador*.

Today, 35 years after his death, Joselito is far from forgotten. Nearly every young boy in Spain dreams of being as great a *torero* as Joselito. And today there are many like his mother, and tomorrow there will be more, whose hearts will be chilled as they watch the "child of their right eye" swirling a cape in front of a trained dog, and hear him sing "Coplas del Espartero", but changing the words to:

"Little Miura bulls fear nothing now,
For Joselito, who used to kill them so well,
Is dead, olé, olé, olé!"

—Barnaby Conrad

The Life and Loves of the Real McCoy

[*Continued from page* 55]

his last words, would have reflected that never before had McCoy played so sweet, peaceful, and tender a part. The old-timer might have suspected a trick.

Once, in 1895, in Boston, a welterweight named Jack Wilkes was dismayed by McCoy's looks, as they climbed into the ring to fight. The Kid's face was as white as a sheet. There were dark hallows under his eyes. Every few moments, he put his left glove to his mouth, and coughed rackingly. When they clinched in the first round, McCoy whispered, "Take it easy, will you, Jack? I think I'm dying, but I need the money." Wilkes took it easy; he mothered McCoy. But in the second round, just after a cough, McCoy's coughing hand suddenly snapped out and pushed Wilkes's guard aside, and his right hand drove against his chin, and knocked him unconscious. For that bout, McCoy had made up his face with talcum powder, and his eyes with indelible pencil. The prop cough was from many dime novels of the time.

In Philadelphia, in 1904, McCoy fought a large, highly-touted Hollander named Plaacke. In the second round he began to point frantically at Plaacke's waistband. "Your pants are slipping!" he muttered. "Pull 'em up!" Plaacke reached for his pants with both hands. McCoy hit him on the jaw, and knocked him down. "Stay down, or I'll tear your head off!" he snarled. The Dutchman was terrified by the savagery that had suddenly come into the Kid's voice and by the cruelty that transfigured his impish face. He stayed down, and his American manager sent him back to Holland on the next cattle boat.

When McCoy ran a gymnasium in New York, in the early years of this century, he said to a new pupil one day, as the latter came in the door. "Who's that that came in with you?" The pupil turned to look. McCoy knocked him down. "That's your first lesson—never trust anybody," he said. "Five dollars, please."

The Kid got a lifelong pleasure out of teaching this lesson. Once, only a few months before he died, as he was driving along a road in Wayne County, Michigan, his car had a slight collision with a truck. Both vehicles stalled. The drivers got out, and the trucker came at McCoy,

braying abuse. "I'm a little hard of hearing, Mack," McCoy said, cupping his hand to his ear. The trucker brought his chin close to the ear to make his point clearly, and McCoy, whipping his hand six inches upward, knocked him cold.

On the morning he was found dead, a true student of the ways of Kid McCoy, seeing the suicide notes, would have looked twice to make sure the Kid was there too. They were not the first suicide notes he had written. In 1924 McCoy was living with a divorcée named Mrs. Theresa Mors in a Los Angeles apartment. When Mrs. Mors was fatally shot by her lover, the police, investigating the crime, discovered near her body a message from Norman Selby which began—as his last one on earth was to do—"To whom it may concern." The message suggested that the Kid meant to end it all—but no dead McCoy went with it. In jail, a few days later, McCoy moved on to still another strategem, feigning insanity to protect himself from the murder charge. A visitor found him walking around his cell with a blank look on his face, stopping now and then to lick bits of cardboard and stick them on the walls.

"What are those for?" the visitor asked.

"Quiet!" McCoy said. "I'm making a trap for that rat, her husband."

The law, to be on the safe side, called in a team of alienists to examine the sudden madman. "He's at least as sane as the rest of us," the scientists reported. He was. The state, in proving its homicide case against him later, said that the Kid had had no notion of killing himself. He killed the lady, it charged, for a very intelligent reason—she was rich, and she wouldn't marry him.

Of all the rich and beautiful women in the life of McCoy, she must have been the only one who wouldn't. It was curious, the way the pattern of the Kid's loves and marriages changed with the changes in his own career. When he was young, tough, and fight-hungry, scrapping first with skin-tight gloves and then by Marquis of Queensberry rules, first on turf and covered bridges and dance-hall floors, later in the ring, outboxing scientists like Tommy Ryan, the welter champion, mauling and knocking down heavyweights like the powerful Tom Sharkey—in those times his love affairs were brief. About his first marriage, at 22, to an Ohio girl named Lottie Piehler, McCoy once said: "A few months after I married her, I met a burlesque queen who finished me as a married man." He wasn't finished, he was just starting. But he had to keep on the move. There was less sense of investment, of security for McCoy, in those early matings. There was even romance in some of them. Certainly, he loved Mrs. Julia Woodruff Crosselmire, whose stage name was Julia Woodruff. Certainly, she loved him. He caught her eye by breaking up a free-for-all fight in a railroad car, one day in 1897 on a trip from New York to Philadelphia. In the next few years, they were married three times and divorced three times.

A change set in when the kid grew older, when he fought only when he had to and felt the pressures and hardships of life as a job-hunter and part-time con man. That was how it was in 1905 when he married Lillian Ellis, the young widow of a millionaire. Julia had recently cut him loose for the last time—as a matter of fact, he had divorced *her*, the only time it happened that way with McCoy.

"She ran away with a man named Thompson," the Kid used to say. "They took a tour around the world, and when they got back, I seceded."

On the morning his engagement to Mrs. Ellis was announced, the Kid was lying in his bed in the Dunlop Hotel, in New York, when the telephone began to ring. "Before I could get my shoes on that day," McCoy said, "the phone had rung a hundred times, and a hundred friends had touched me for a million dollars." Mrs. Ellis told the press that she knew what she was in for. "I know I'm not getting any angel, but I'm satisfied," she said. The Kid himself was so moved that he wrote a wedding poem:

"Dogs delight to growl and fight,
But let men be above them,
It's better to have a gal for a pal,
When he really knows she loves him."

In a sense, McCoy said, these lines were his farewell to the fight game. For now,

at least, he was through—"Even though Jeff," he said, "is the only man alive who can lick me." He was referring to James J. Jeffries, the retired heavyweight champion of the world.

High-flown though it sounded, the last statement may well have been true. It's possible that for his weight, which ranged from 145 pounds to 170, McCoy was the finest fighter in the world, when he was at his best. "A marvel, a genius of scientific fighting," James J. Corbett called him. "Vicious, fast, and almost impossible to beat," said Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. It was a strange fact about McCoy that he did not need his tricks to be great. He cheated because he loved to cheat, just as, in the early days, he married women because he loved them. Fighting on the level, he would still have been the real McCoy.

The phrase which keeps his name famous was born in San Francisco, in 1899. At least, McCoy always said so; and while he was one of the most fertile and tireless liars of his generation, there's a good chance that he was telling the truth. The Kid went to the Coast in March of that year to meet the rough, hard-punching Joe Choynski. A little earlier, in San Francisco, a Joe McAuliffe had easily whipped a man named Peter McCoy. Kid McCoy, following this low-class act with a better one, gave Choynski a savage beating in 20 rounds, knocking him down 16 times. The press hailed him with gratitude: "Choynski is beaten," a headline said, "by THE REAL MCCOY."

As to how Norman Selby got the name of McCoy to begin with, there are two stories, both told by McCoy, and both plausible. He was born, probably in October 1873, in Moscow, Indiana, a little farmland crossroads northwest of the town of Rushville. The Selby family moved to Indianapolis when Norman was small. When he was somewhere between 14 and 16, he and two other boys ran away by train to Cincinnati. Cops met them at the Cincinnati station, alerted by their fathers. "Are you Norman Selby?" a cop asked Norman. "I'm Charlie McCoy," he said. The night before, through the train window, he had seen a sign, "McCoy Station." When he made his first prizefight it was under the name of Charlie (Kid) McCoy.

In a story the Kid told another historian, he once saw a burlesque act featuring the exploits of two real-life safe-crackers, Kid McCoy and Spike Hennessy. In the theater lobby, for a dime, you could buy a book on the lives of McCoy and Hennessy. The Kid read the book, was taken with the daring, aggressive character of McCoy, and borrowed his name. Either way, there's no doubt that he began fighting early in life as Kid McCoy. Some say his first bout, for $5 or $10, was against Charleston Yalla. Some say it was against Pete Jenkins, in St. Paul, in 1891. In St. Paul, the Kid, who was pausing there to wash dishes, joined the Baptist Church, because you had to be a member to join the YMCA, which had the only sports-training facilities in town. He beat Jenkins in four rounds.

After March 1895, the Kid was a fighter with a reputation; he was "the man who beat Shadow Maber." To Maber, he was "that bloody trickster." Shadow, an Australian fighting in the States and a boxer of note, met McCoy in Memphis. Near the end of one round, Maber heard a strong, clear voice say, "The bell has rung. Go to your corner." He started to turn for his corner, and McCoy, the author of the unofficial announcement, belted him in the jaw. McCoy went on to beat the weakened Australian in 10 rounds.

He had marvelous speed and elusiveness, the Kid did, besides his tricks and the cruel, cutting power of his punches. By practising endlessly, he was able to run sideways, or backward, nearly as fast as the average man can run forward. "In a backward race, in fact," he said once, "I could probably beat any man in the world." He improved the use of his left hand by eating, writing, and throwing a ball lefthanded. From every good fighter he fought or watched he learned something. Bob Fitzsimmons, then recognized as world's middleweight champion, was training for a fight in New Orleans while McCoy was down there for a bout of his own. The Kid picked up a few dollars sparring with Ruby Robert.

"You're a cunning bugger," Fitz told him after McCoy, feinting a left, drove his right straight into the pit of Bob's

stomach, showing that he had mastered one of Fitzsimmons's favorite moves. "And you can hit almost as hard as I can."

"For the same reason," the Kid said.

"Wot in 'ell do you mean by that?" the Cornishman asked. He did not like to think he was giving away too much.

"You're knock-kneed, Bob," McCoy said. "I figured the reason you hit so hard is because your punch comes up from the knee instead of the waist or the hip."

"------!" said Fitzsimmons unkindly. He considered that the theory was buncombe, and he may well have been right. It was a fact, however, as McCoy then demonstrated, that the Kid had schooled his own knees to come inward by walking around for 20 minutes or a half hour at a time holding a fifty-cent piece between them.

Fitzsimmons (who was to win the heavyweight title from Jim Corbett in 1897) was too big and strong for McCoy who in those years weighed in at about the welter limit, 145. The welterweight champion of the world was Tommy Ryan, thought by many to be the most skillful boxer extant. Ryan and McCoy were matched to fight for the welter title in Maspeth, Long Island, in March, 1896. It was a match Ryan had no worries about. McCoy had sparred with him, too, a couple of years earlier, and McCoy had deliberately made a poor impression—chiefly by a kind of cringing timidity. Once, in a workout, he had asked Tommy not to hit him around the heart. "It makes me sick, Mr. Ryan," he had said. "And it gives me a sharp pain that scares me. I wouldn't fight if I didn't have to."

In their fight for the championship, Ryan did his best to hit McCoy around the heart—and every place else where he thought there might be an opening. But there were no openings, to speak of. And in the 12th round, getting impatient and beginning to swing wildly, Ryan exposed his own chin, and caught a straight right on the end of it that drained all the strength and science out of him and left him helpless. McCoy then slashed and mauled the champion until the 15th, when he knocked him out.

It was in Africa, the Kid used to say, that he developed the "corkscrew punch." The phrase, like others coined by this prince of phrasemakers, became known all over the world. The corkscrew punch, probably, was only a left hook to the head, like other left hooks. Like other hooks, it involved a turning of the wrist, just before impact. But McCoy declared, and the world believed him, that he gave his left wrist an extra, prolonged spin that increased its velocity and its power to cut and maim. "It was the principle of rifling," he said. "I learned it by studying a rifle in South Africa."

It was in South Africa, too, at Bullawayo, that McCoy fought a 250-pound Negro called the King of the Kaffirs. In the first round, McCoy, running backward, lured the giant into McCoy's corner. The King, in sudden pain and confusion, looked down at his bare feet, and the Kid, at the same moment, brought up his right hand and knocked the Kaffir senseless. The floor, as it happened—we have McCoy's complacent word for this—had been sprinkled with tacks by McCoy's seconds just as the fight began.

It was strange, the way the elements of human nature were mixed in this curly head, behind the bland, youthful face and the smooth, bragging tongue. The Kid could not help lying—his picaresque imagination worked day and night to add to his own legend. He could not help swindling—his fight with Corbett, in 1900, after Corbett had lost the heavyweight title, was called by contemporaries one of the most flagrant fixes in ring history. One reporter wrote, "It was the cleverest boxing match ever seen, as it should have been, considering how carefully it had been rehearsed in advance."

But there was far more than greed and deceit in McCoy; there was courage and ferocity. He could fight, against odds, like a tiger. Under such conditions, Maurice Maeterlinck, the playwright, who had seen the Kid fight in Europe, once described him as "the handsomest human on earth." McCoy must have been like that on the night he fought Tom Sharkey—after he had given up the welterweight title, had outgrown a brief claim to the middleweight crown and was fighting them as big as they came.

Sailor Tom Sharkey was not a giant—he was squat, but massive, and very tough. In 15 rounds of fighting, the great Jim Jeffries was never to knock him down once. Sharkey and McCoy met on January 10, 1899, at the old Lenox Athletic Club, in New York City. It was the biggest gate of McCoy's life; there was $46,000 in the square brick arena that night. The Kid was about Sharkey's height, but he looked like a thin, pale boy beside the Sailor. His legs were slender, his stomach was concave at the narrow waist. Such power as he had was bunched in big arms and low, sloping shoulders. Running like a burglar, he made Sharkey commit himself with rushes and lunging swings. Then the Kid let the gap close. He countered the swings. He hooked Sharkey's head with his left, and drove straight rights against Sharkey's teeth and cheekbones. Twice he floored the man whom Jeff could not bring down. By the end of the ninth, it looked like McCoy's fight for sure, and the patrons were screaming for him to finish it. The truth was, the Kid himself was finished. He had used up all his strength on a head like an oaken bucket: in the tenth, his legs went dead. Sharkey caught him in that round, first with a body punch that seemed to cave in the Kid's ribs, then with a smashing blow on the jaw. Paul Armstrong, the playwright who wrote "Alias Jimmy Valentine," was covering the fight. Of the Kid, at the very last, he wrote:

"He clawed the canvas like some deep-sea crab . . . rattled along on all fours . . . and then bobbled into a meaningless heap."

In 1900, the Kid ran a night club in the cellar of the Hotel Normandie, at the corner of Broadway and 40th Street. He ran it until a matter of what the police called "larceny from a customer" by McCoy came up—then the customers began to abstain from the Kid's saloon. In 1904, he filed a petition in bankruptcy, having $25,000 worth of debts and no assets. The debts included one of $320 for clothing, and another of $569 for repairs to a fast, red car. It was natural that the Kid should react to this slump by marrying Lillian Ellis, the rich widow. It was natural that when Mrs. Ellis detached him, after three or four comfortable years, he should marry Mrs. Edna Valentine Hein, the daughter of a silver-miner. The Kid impressed Mrs. Hein favorably, before the marriage, by winning a street fight from Mr. Hein.

It was one of the few fights he had, in those years. When occasional spells of non-marriage, meaning poverty, overtook him, and McCoy was obliged to fight professionally again, he found the going hard. It was the flesh that was weak—not the two-edged brain. A lad named Young Jim Stewart climbed into the ring in New York one night, during these downhill days, to see what McCoy had left. He went to the Kid's corner before the bout to pay his respects. McCoy, waving to friends in the crowd, pretended not to see him. Stewart, hurt, but not mortally so, returned to his corner. When the referee called them out for instructions, McCoy tramped heavily on the youngster's feet and bumped him accidentally in the eye with his elbow. Next McCoy grabbed Stewart by the nape of the neck with one hand, pulled down his head, and cracked him two or three times in the jaw with his other fist. "What I want to know, Mr. Referee," said the Kid, deferentially, "is whether it's all right for him to hit me like this?" "No, it ain't," said the referee. Young Jim Stewart survived these preliminaries, and the fight got under way and went six rounds to no decision.

"Tell me, Mr. McCoy," said Stewart afterward, "did you expect to soften me up with that stuff with the referee?" "God knows, boy," the Kid said. "You can never tell till you try."

In the last fight on his record, McCoy met a British seaman, Petty Officer Curran, in London, in 1914. The bout was scheduled for 20 rounds—a long, weary haul for a man of 40. Three-quarters of the way through it, McCoy's feet had gone nearly flat. His nerves were snapping in his body like little twigs. Suddenly, the timekeeper, sitting by the ring in evening clothes, took a tall glass of whisky-and-soda from an attendant, and placed it carefully on the apron of the ring. A moment later, the Kid ran into a punch from Curran, fell to the floor near the timekeeper's seat, snatched up the highball and drank it off. The fight went the full distance. It was close, but McCoy, making his last post a winning one, got the duke.

Though he was still debonair, still a strutter, McCoy was plainly at the end of his rope, financially, when he beat his way home from London at the start of the first World War. The U. S. Army bought his meals for the next few years. Enlisting in 1915—tired, played out, turning to

the security of a uniform and steady pay as he had turned to marriage when he was younger—McCoy served on the Mexican border in 1916, and on the home front generally in the wartime years, mostly as a boxing instructor. There was another fling left in him, but in the Army, for awhile, he charged his batteries, and marked time.

When his enlistment was up, the Kid headed for California. He got a few bit parts in Hollywood, but this career died quickly. In 1922, he became an official bankrupt again—assets: two suits of clothes. One way and another, he took the busy, hot town for a dollar here and a dollar there, and hung on. And in the summer of 1924, he found his way into the life of still another woman with money and a husband she did not like.

Theresa Weinstein Mors was on the point of divorcing Albert E. Mors when she met McCoy. She was in her late 30's, and easy to look at. It is not known just how she came to meet the Kid, but on August 4, when their friendship became a matter of record, she described him to the police as her "bodyguard." The police had been called in by Mors, who complained that his wife and McCoy had used him roughly. The visit had been for the purpose of discussing the Mors' property settlement. The Kid, of course, had the habit of discussing things with his knuckles. In this case, however, it was Mrs. Mors who hit Mr. Mors in the mouth, while McCoy protected her.

A divorce followed, and the Kid and Theresa took an apartment together, under the names of Mr. and Mrs. N. Shields. There's good reason to believe that the Kid wanted marriage in more than name. Mrs. Mors, at least for the time being, did not. For this reason, and perhaps for others, it was a quarrelsome partnership. It came as no surprise to the Shields' neighbor, in the next apartment, when, on the sultry night of August 11, at a few minutes after midnight, she heard a woman's voice in the Shields' flat cry out, "Oh, my God, don't do that!" The cry was repeated. Then came a single gunshot. The neighbor investigated, but only to the extent of trying the Shields' door, which was locked. It was not till 10 a.m. on the 12th that the janitor found Theresa lying dead on the floor of the bedroom she had shared with McCoy. She had been shot once, in the left temple. A .32 pistol lay nearby. A photograph of the Kid had been placed across her breast. Also clearly visible was a suicide note signed Norman Selby leaving his estate to his mother.

At almost the same moment the police discovered the note and the body which did not match it, the Kid himself was running amok a few blocks away, with another gun, in an antique shop owned by his mistress. It was a wild scene he made there. Disheveled, apparently drunk, he burst into the shop with his gun out. He told the men there, mostly employes, to take off their shoes and pants. He put a dance record on the phonograph and, under cover of the noise, went through the pants pockets for money. Then, cursing with all the foulness he could muster from 51 years' experience, he went out the door again and, in the street, shot and seriously wounded the first three people he met, two men and a woman. The police caught up with him as he was running blindly through Westlake Park.

Had he been drunk? McCoy, though he'd taken some wine in his time, had never been given to drinking. Had he been faking madness, to set up a defense against a murder rap? Maybe. At any rate, his wildness, real or feigned, subsided after a few days in jail, and at his trial he told the jury in serious, sensible tones that Theresa—"the only woman I ever loved"—had shot herself to death in his presence. It was a story the Kid was to stick to for the rest of his life. The prosecution, in rebuttal, pointed out that Mrs. Mors, a right-handed woman, had been shot in the left side of her head. The prosecutor told the jury that McCoy had said to his sister, after the crime, "I had to kill that woman." It took the jurymen 78 hours to decide whom to believe. In the end, they disbelieved McCoy. He was sentenced to 10 years for manslaughter, and to two terms of 7 years each for the larceny and mayhem of his last daffy stand in Theresa's antique shop: a total of 24 years.

The rap seemed to mean that the Kid would die of old age in San Quentin. There was one way to escape such a fate—sweetness, light and good conduct on a scale such as McCoy had never before attempted.

When he came out in 1932, paroled after a little more than seven years, the Kid had established one of the purest records in the history of San Quentin—never a mark against him. With him he brought a canary named Mike, a prison pet as harmless as the new McCoy. His future life was to be mild and pastoral, too. Years before, he had given boxing lessons to a Navy fighter who used the name of Sailor Reese. In 1932, under his real name of Harry Bennett, the sailor had become personnel chief for Ford, in Detroit. Bennett gave the parolee a job as watchman in one of the Ford public gardens. The new line on the payroll read: "Norman Selby. Age, 59. Farmhand." The terms of his parole kept the Kid close to Detroit for five years. When, in 1937, he became totally free—the Kid used to say he'd been "pardoned," but it was really just the formal ending of parole—he went on living in Detroit and working for Ford.

He did make a few trips out of town after the papers came through. One of them was to Rushville, Indiana, near the place of his birth, where he took unto himself an eighth wife, Mrs. Sue Cobb Cowley. Another was to New York, where the Kid and an old fellow-wizard, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, pottered around town together for a day, cutting up touches and reviewing the past. Wherever he went, the Kid seemed happy. His marriage went well. His job was for life. When he lied, he told contented lies that showed the old vanity, the old satisfaction with Norman Selby, alias Kid McCoy. One day a man asked him if he ever saw his former wives.

"You won't believe it," the Kid said smugly, "but I see them all, regularly. Every year I give a party, and every woman I've ever been married to comes to Detroit to see me again."

He gave a roguish smile. "Why wouldn't they come, for me?"

The Kid was not crazy, or senile. He simply liked this lie and all the others that celebrated the glory, the beauty, the cunning of Kid McCoy. In everything he did, as his days dwindled down to the last and strangest one, his mind and his body worked smoothly and well.

And then, suddenly, smoothly and well, he killed himself. Perhaps there had been one special sin in his life that was too big for him to live with any longer. If so, nobody knows what it was but Kid McCoy.—**John Lardner**

TRUE MAGAZINE

"Hm-m-m, I think I know what's been causing your dizzy spells, Mr. Gavin."

The Weird Ways of Rays

[*Continued from page* 50]

none). This weapon, a "spine" located some inches from the root of the tail, is barbed, toxic and capable of producing not only a serious wound but one accompanied by shocking agony, and a wound from which the multi-barbed spine cannot be withdrawn. It must be excised or pushed on through. These smaller rays can be trigger-tempered; and all who have been stabbed by them tell me it is an experience they passionately hope never to have again.

Such factors have given the ray family a very bad name and all rays are regarded by many as highly dangerous. Most people—and even some who have had experience with rays—believe them to be highly aggressive. Some think rays seek out victims just for the fun of stabbing them.

And yet of all the potentially dangerous sea creatures the rays are, in my opinion, the least hostile, the least likely to harm you unless you harm them first. Indeed, in a quarter of a century of swimming and fishing in ray-teeming waters, I have only once seen a ray of any sort which seemed to have a quality, i. not of aggression, at least of worrisome curiosity.

Skin divers have no fear of gadding rays in their vicinity, mantas included. And ordinary swimmers need not be alarmed by them. What happens when a beach-resort vacationer meets a manta head-on was illustrated for me some years ago off Miami Beach. In this case, many bathers met the mantas, for there were two of them.

They were fair-sized mantas—15 feet across at a guess—and I saw, in the direct line of their approach, a lady on an air mattress, sunning herself idly and dabbling her hands in the water.

Her situation was soon observed by others who rushed to the beach and tried to scream warnings. Most of the increasingly hysterical observers felt that the bat-winged giants, with their huge mouths and the movable scoops or "lobes" that extend in a predatory fashion, would surely attack and swallow the still-unaware young woman.

Standing with me at the time was Captain D. A. Curtis, once of the Marines and currently the manager of our Cabana Club. Dave and I, having often progged for rays together, did not share the panicky alarm of the onlookers. All we wondered was which tactic of evasion the devilfish would employ when they saw the lady on the mattress. Presently they cut out to sea, around the lady, and came back on course beyond her. She continued to dabble in the water, unaware of her proximity to a pair of creatures which, had she seen them, would undoubtedly have thrown her into a world-record tizzy.

This reaction *was* exhibited by persons on a sand bar who happened to be next in the line of the fish—an old man, middle-aged man and a 12-year-old boy, who proved later to be grandfather, father and son. They were standing in water that came up to the youngster's neck. The two men, in consequence, perceived the pair of devilfish when they were some rods distant. Their reaction was identical. They turned toward shore and made a splashy run-and-swim for safety, without even taking time to tell their offspring to flee for his life. Thus the boy was left to face the mantas alone. This he did, stiffening when he saw the one-ton horrors bearing down on him and watching them veer and pass on with manifest relief. All down the beach, now, horrified bathers raced shoreward. I cite this story as a perfect example of the usual response of man to the ray family.

Rays, by and large, are timid; unless attacked, trampled or the like, they very rarely molest mankind. The most formidable of the breed—the mantas—lack teeth and stingers as well as an aggressive psychology. If they are assaulted, they will take such measures as instinct suggests at the moment.

Diamond-shaped, bat-shaped or round—gray, brown, purple or beautifully dappled in black and cream—rays are distant relatives of the sharks. Close relatives such as sawfish and guitarfish represent links in the family chain. Rays—and *their* kin, the skates—may be regarded as a remodeling job performed on sharklike ancestors to make them specialists in living close to the sea bottom.

The shark type of body was flattened. The pectoral fins were enormously extended to form the winglike flippers with which the creatures swim; the tail fin was altered into a mere rudder in most cases but, in some, into a whiplike appendage which may serve (and this is merely my private theory) as a sort of rear-end antenna to warn of anything overtaking the ray. The mouth and gills are on the underside. The tearing teeth of sharks have been modified into pavementlike grinders, sometimes far back in the throat, which crush shellfish.

Presumably the availability of mollusks and crustaceans on the sea bottom is the basic motive for the ray's design: food abounded in shallow, flattish areas—on "banks" and along beaches. Rays have spiracles on the top of their heads—nostrils, so to speak—so they don't need to breathe in through their open mouths. That feature, I suppose, enables them to go on breathing in comfort while they roil up the bottom by eating—it keeps grit and mud out of their breathing system.

Of course, there are variations. Mantas have lobes at the sides of their mouths (often mistaken for horns) which are movable and may help to scoop in small sea creatures or schools of fish. Certain species, such as the stingarees and the whip, eagle or leopard rays, are armed with a wicked weapon, already described. Another type is electrified. Sawfish, which are in the ray category, "saw" nothing. The big, toothed blade of the sawfish is used for feeding and sometimes for defense.

A few persons do run certain inadvertent risks with rays. Some years ago, for example, when I owned a house on the waterfront of Miami's Biscayne Bay, I used to permit the English butler of neighbors to fish from my sea wall. He was a devoted angler and often used to come shouting to my door with a catch new to him, eager for identification. One afternoon I heard him calling with especial vigor, "Oh, Mr. Wylie! Would you mind coming down a moment? I've taken some kind of skite." I left my study hurriedly, aware that by "skite" the butler meant "skate" and thinking that "skate" could easily be sting ray.

It was. The butler had hooked and brought ashore a sting ray of some 10 or 15 pounds and then managed, without ever noting its stinger, to pick up the thrashing varmint in both arms and carry it from the sea wall to my door, hugged to himself in such a fashion that by pure luck he was not struck.

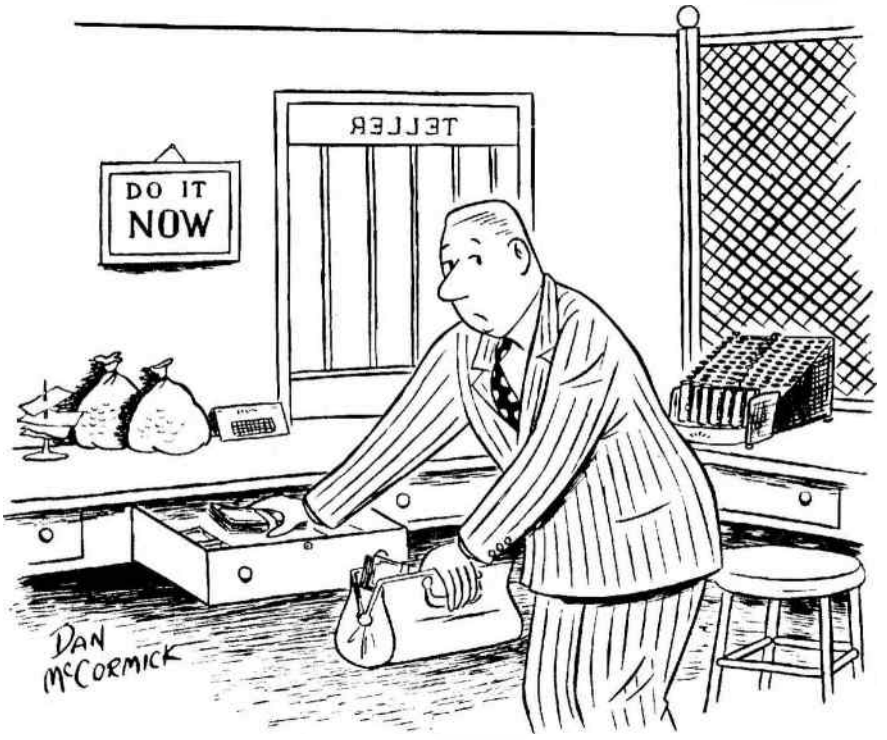
I separated man and ray with care and explained the situation. The ray was small but, even so, the butler might easily have found himself stabbed by an inch or two of bony spine-bearing barbs which make withdrawal impossible and surgery necessary. The spine would have broken off in the man. Such spines are provided with a little-understood poison which not only makes the wound incredibly painful—as I've said—but causes healing to be slow.

Just how much the butler risked in picking up the ray is indicated by the fact that a playmate of my cousin's once dived into shallow water from a dock on the West Coast and landed on a big sting ray. The boy was struck in the abdomen. My cousins got him out of the water, put him on the dock and ran for their father. But the boy died—in hideous pain—within a few minutes.

No autopsy was performed and it was assumed in those days that the ray's poison killed the boy. Today, it would be guessed perhaps that the boy was especially allergic to that venom. However, it is equally possible that the boy, though suffering toxic agonies as do all persons struck by a stingray, died of a different cause.

The lance of a big ray may be six inches long. It is very sharply pointed and after imbedding it in the flesh (such a spine may be driven clean through the calf of a leg), the ray breaks it off. (Underneath it, in graduated sizes, are "refills"—of which the topmost rapidly grows up to replace the lost stinger.) It will be seen that the ray, thrashing about to break off its daggerlike spine in the boy's abdomen, may have caused the spicule to pierce and lacerate a huge artery near the heart or even, possibly, the heart itself. So the boy may have bled to death from an internal wound.

People are most commonly struck by sting rays through the accident of stepping on them. Rays have a habit of sleeping on the bottom—at least, I assume they "sleep," since other fishes, higher in the scale of evolution, appear to sleep just as mammals do. The rays find a comfortable, flat patch of sand, lie down on it, and then agitate their fins



until they are nearly or even wholly covered. Sometimes a skin diver or glass-bottom-boat viewer will see, in the sand, a perfect outline of a ray—and he may be sure that, under the design, is the actual ray.

Usually, a wading person approaching such a buried and somnolent fish will waken it and scare it away. Once in awhile, however, the approach is so silent, or so masked by other sounds—or the ray is so deeply asleep—that a wader or swimmer will hit the fish. The thrust of the spine—which is located near the base of the tail (not at its end!) follows automatically. For this reason waders in opaque, ray-populous waters often shuffle as they go, making sure they send out warning of their approach.

Rays, no matter how big, are not considered game fish. When hooked—and they are frequently hooked in warm waters by bottom fishermen—they will make a strong and steady effort to escape, breaking water often, though rarely leaping. A free-swimming ray, however—even a great manta—will leap high and clear, landing with a *thwack!* Which, in the case of mantas, sounds like a house coming apart. The sight of a ray jumping, often repeatedly, used to be very common in Miami's Biscayne Bay in the days before sewage pollution rendered its waters inhospitable.

The man who catches a ray on hook and line would do very well to take note, first, of its breed. If it has stingers, these will be visible—and should be avoided. Even a beached ray, or one brought onto a deck or a dock, will try to strike bystanders—and I have made experiments which reveal that a big ray can reach with its stinging end all around its perimeter as well as a foot *forward* of its own snout. So a man who catches a ray should take care not to kick it, even in the nose. He should not take a hook from the mouth of a live one.

The chasing and harpooning of rays, while not an act of game fishing, is one which offers considerable exhilaration. The equipment should consist of a boat of shallow draft, able to do 18 miles an hour, a harpoon of the "Lily-iron" type (i.e., with a "head" which, after being thrust home, will turn and provide a transverse brace not likely to tear loose), a detachable shaft, a buoy made of an empty drum or gasoline can, and suitable rope or cordage. The harpooner stands, if he can, in the bow of the cruising boat, scanning the clear, blue water for quarry. When he sees a ray swimming in the distance he directs the chase by pointing with his harpoon. The helsman-engineer keeps the boat on whatever course the harpoon point indicates—and a chased ray will change and reverse courses rapidly and often.

Most small-boat harpooners—like most skin divers—do not hurl their weapons any great distances. A foot or two would represent par. The man in the boat, therefore will ride down his ray until he could spit on it. Then he will thrust. The struck ray will take off. The shaft of the harpoon, if the gear is properly arranged, will come loose to be retrieved later. Cord or rope will pay out until the buoy is yanked or tossed in the wake of the fleeing ray. The boatman and harpooner then pursue the can in what may be an hour of rapid and meandering junketing.

When it is overtaken the buoy will be hoisted back on board and a tug-of-war with the ray on the line will begin. Ray chasers usually employ a "killing iron" when the ray is brought alongside. This is a chisel or other similar tool fixed to a shaft permanently, very sharp or pointed, which is driven into the central, more vulnerable parts of an alongside-ray until it expires.

Such harpooning becomes more venturesome if done at night, with a scow or blunt-ended boat equipped with a gasoline lantern. But I have come to feel over the years that fishing of this sort, whether done by night with a light, or by day or night with the help of skin-diving gear—is not sporting. I am convinced that the spearman, the night-progger and particularly the skin diver can, if they hunt without restraint or sense, completely destroy the fish life in a vast area. There are "outside" reefs along the Keys, where, within my memory, groupers were as abundant as bluegills in farm ponds, baracudas lay like cordwood over the rocks, and amberjacks would swarm from "holes" by the dozens. But now—owing principally to skin divers—a day's trolling may not produce a fish and a day of underwater swimming will reveal very few of adult size.

Rays, being extremely vulnerable to every kind of attack, can easily be exterminated in any particular region, or even in a general area. Nevertheless, where the remoteness of the fishing territory warrants "sure" methods and conventional anglers few, a night of progging will disclose the abundance and variety of local marine life. Many fish—rays and sharks included—come into shallow water by night.

The variety of fish thus disclosed warrants, in fact, a certain degree of caution. I shall not forget a night when Captain Curtis and I were progging in new territory and I saw, swimming slowly on the bottom, a medium-sized and entirely unfamiliar ray. Instantly I stabbed—and the ray, after a tussle, came up on my gig-shaft, which was wet. When I lifted this particular ray out of water, however, a sudden and unpleasant feeling came over me. It was as if I had grabbed a pair of bare light wires. For this, I realized as soon as I'd recovered my composure, was not a skate, not a sting ray—but a torpedo, or electric ray.

Rays—along with small sharks and jewfish—furnished a novel form of "entertainment" available to me some while ago, when I lived on a sea wall fronting Biscayne Bay. There was a large tree in my lawn. Around its bole I tied a length of three-eighths-inch Manila line. With this, I made a U-shaped loop and between the ends of the U I fixed eight heavy door springs. At the sea end of the rig I attached a shark hook on a chain. This I baited with whole fish or with a crawfish tail and threw it into the bay. I had tied to the chain, with very light line (intended to break away), a sash weight—to keep the tide from carrying my "set" back to the sea wall.

It happened that a friend had presented me with an elephant bell, a beautiful brass contrivance which gonged pleasantly when shaken. I fixed the bell to the springs. What I intended was to lure fish, or rays, to hook themselves and thereafter "play" themselves against the eight springs—which I could just comfortably pull out a couple of feet. At the same time, as the springs stretched and contracted, the elephant bell would be made to ring, summoning me.

The whole business worked admirably. Often, after setting this line—to the scornful amusement of guests from the North—I would be deep in a game of bridge or whatever when the deep-toned bell would ring and I would leap across my lawn to tussle with and land a stingaree or leopard ray of perhaps 200 pounds, or a small shark.

The rays and sharks thus caught greatly interested my neighborhood and somewhat reduced the amount of swimming done in the island area where I lived. Three or four times, moreover, I caught pregnant, female sting rays which proceeded to give birth on my dock. The young, about the size of a dessert plate and sometimes transparent at the edges, were fully equipped with stingers and know-how concerning same. When kept in wire cages in the water they survived; and when let loose they seemed (and were) capable of sustaining themselves. I have seen as many as eight or ten of these young rays born at once.

In late years, however, my personal concern with rays has been more scientific than piscatorial. I have, to be sure, recently assisted in the capture of large specimens, but this was for the purpose of observation and study in the live pens of the Lerner Marine Laboratory—the Bimini field station of the American Museum of Natural History. Here, rays collected by trapping and by harpooning in the outer or fleshy edges (so the wounds will heal) are kept alive, often for years. Big manta rays have even been captured and placed in the stockades, although no means has been found to make them eat. (I believe, at Marineland, that mantas have been successfully force-fed.)

The mantas in the museum's pens, however, merely swam around and around, lugubriously and eternally, week after week, until it became evident that they would perish. Their wounds healed. They seemingly overcame all fear of man. But they would not eat.

On the other hand, sting rays adapt at once to the conditions of de-luxe confinement. It was found that the supposedly hostile and near-brainless sting ray is neither as "dumb" nor as irritable as had been believed. The native boys who daily fed the rays gradually became less gingerly about them. They took, first, to leaning down from the feeding platform and dropping fish into the ray's mouths. Some of the rays soon discovered that, by thrusting themselves up the side of the feeding platform, they would be first to be fed. The floundering and shoving of these big creatures made quite a spectacle—one which became even more dramatic when the boys learned they would be permitted—without being struck—to grab the front edge of the rays, hold them clear of the vertical wall, and place the fish in the ray's mouth.

At about that time they also found that at least one of a collection of such "tame" rays liked to have its back scratched! To touch the back of a 150-pound wild ray would have been to get six inches of steely, barbed bone rammed through an arm; but the domesticated ray came up to be scratched!

One of my own observations of sting-ray behavior perhaps bears telling, though I cannot claim it to be scientific or even definitive. One summer in Bimini the beach where we swam was plagued by sting rays. We were not especially troubled by the ones we could see, but we would have preferred to have none about. These rays did not seem to be shy of a man swimming on the surface and, indeed, would sometimes cut beneath a swimmer. People wading did not bother them, either. On one occasion, a large stingaree followed me when I was wading, coming so close that I headed for shore. The ray actually pursued me to land and when I came through the last few inches of water it was so close to my heels I could have touched it by kicking back. Whether he pursued me from curiosity, hostility, or in the belief my legs were edible, I cannot guess.

However, I noticed that when I swam *under water* any rays in the vicinity took off like scatter rugs in a hurricane. So we formed the habit, that summer, of surface-diving and swimming toward any ray sighted. The result was that we kept our premises free from anything more worrisome than intrusions by rays.

Why that stratagem worked was suggested to me by another observation, made while bonefishing on the Bimini flats. I saw a ray racing and darting at top speed near the boat—and directly behind it, in concentrated pursuit, a large tortoise, or hawksbill turtle. It looked as if the armed aggressor, with no reason to dread the ray's stinger, aimed to take a bite out of the fleshy wings of the creature, or, perhaps, bite enough to end the career of the ray. I have thought since that perhaps a man swimming under water looks like a turtle to a ray—which may explain the speed with which rays departed when we went after them below the surface.

They are interesting and—let's face it—not very formidable. Indeed, the time has come to "debunk" the ray-thriller story. Sure, if you step on a stingaree, you'll get hurt. But you'll get hurt if you step on a rake in your lawn. We cannot quite classify the sting ray and his armed relatives as harmless; but to regard them as comparable, say, to cobras, is absurd. And as for the manta, a more benign creature of his size does not exist; if he "attacks" it is because you chopped at him first—and even a tree, if you chop at it enough, can fall on you!

—Philip Wylie

Battle Of The Bloody Pit

[*Continued from page 60*]

and had had a hand in driving a 4,200-foot tunnel through the Alleghenies. A few years before the war he quit the railroad for coal mining and made his home in the Pennsylvania mining region.

A little later Pleasants passed the suggestion along to his division commander, Brig. Gen. Robert Potter, and Potter took him back to see General Burnside, who commanded the IX Corps, the one responsible for holding the line.

It was a sweltering hot night, and the two officers found Burnside sitting in his tent, coat off, bald head glistening in the candlelight, a long cigar cocked up at the side of his mouth. Burnside listened intently while the plan was explained, mopping beads of sweat off his forehead with a big silk bandanna. Pleasants admitted getting his idea from a chance remark dropped by an enlisted man. He then went on to explain how they could begin a tunnel on a sheltered spot on the hillside, 40 or 50 yards behind their trench, where the Rebels would not be able to see what they were doing. The shaft would slant uphill, which would take care of the drainage problem, and although it would probably have to be more than 500 feet long, Pleasants thought he could devise a means of ventilating it.

Burnside liked the idea and he said he would take it up with General Meade, then commanding general of the Army of the Potomac. Meanwhile, he said, Pleasants should go ahead with it. So the next day Pleasants organized his coal miners into details, led them to a spot on the protected side of the ravine and put them to work.

Meade took very little stock in the project, but he felt that it was good to keep the troops busy. Meade's engineers dismissed the whole proposal as clap-trap and nonsense.

Despite these gloomy predictions, Pleasants began the job, immediately organizing all the coal miners into shifts, with a non-com named Harry Reese as mine boss, and putting them to work round the clock. Picks and shovels were supplied, and although the picks were not the kind used in coal mines, there were plenty of blacksmiths in IX Corps artillery units and Pleasants persuaded them to remodel the implements.

When the shaft had gone a couple of hundred feet into the hillside, Pleasants felt that it was time to make some exact calculations about the spot where the powder magazine ought to go. So he applied to the engineers for the instruments with which he could make the necessary triangulations. The engineers laughed this off, and a plea to Meade's headquarters was lost in the shuffle somewhere, and at last Burnside—who seems to have been the only important officer in the Army who was disposed to be helpful—wired to a friend in Washington and had him send down a theodolite, an instrument for measuring horizontal and vertical angles.

On July 17, three weeks after the job had been begun, the inner end of the tunnel was squarely beneath the Confederate redoubt, 20-odd feet underground and 510 feet from the entrance, and the miners could hear Confederate soldiers tramping about overhead. Pleasants then had his men dig a 75-foot shaft running across the end of the tunnel, forming a capital T with the crossbar running along

directly beneath the Confederate works.

Pleasants reported to Burnside that the mine was ready for its charge of powder—at which point further operations were temporarily suspended because the Rebels had discovered that the Yankees were digging a mine and were sinking shafts of their own trying to find it.

Confederate luck right here was bad. Their engineers misjudged the direction the tunnel was taking, and their countermining shafts failed to intersect it. When Pleasants had his men stop working, the Rebels in underground listening posts could hear nothing, and in the end all of their protective measures failed. All of the magazines were connected by wooden troughs half filled with powder, and these troughs met at the place where the gallery crossed the inner end of the main shaft. The engineers had promised Pleasants a supply of wire and a "galvanic battery" to touch off the charge, but this was another delivery that was never made, so Pleasants got a supply of ordinary fuses, spliced them together, introduced one end into the powder in the trough, and strung the rest of the fuse back along the tunnel for about 100 feet. As a final step, earth was solidly tamped into place, filling the main shaft for 38 feet from the place where it met the lateral gallery. All that remained now was to light the fuse.

Pleasants never doubted that the mine would blow a big hole in the Confederate line, but the only other officer of any consequence who really believed in it seems to have been Burnside himself, and according to his lights Burnside did his best to make a success of the attack that would follow the explosion.

His corps contained four divisions. Three of these had been in action more or less continually since the Army crossed the Rapidan, and they had had a solid month of trench duty in front of Petersburg. Each of these divisions contained about 3,000 men, all of whom by now were very battle-weary. The fourth division had never been in action to speak of and its 4,300 men were fresh. Obviously, a fresh division ought to be used to spearhead the attack, and so Burnside brought this division forward and told its commander, Brigadier General Ferrero, to give it special training for the assault, saying it was the outfit that was going to break the Rebel line and march into Petersburg and win the war.

Burnside's plan was perfectly logical. The difficulty was that an imponderable entered into things here—Ferrero's division was made up entirely of Negro soldiers.

The use of Negro troops was an experiment to which the administration had been driven partly by the demands of the abolitionists and partly by sheer desperation, the supply of white manpower having slackened. The implications of this experiment were faced by few people—at the moment the great riddle was whether it was possible to turn Negroes into good soldiers.

Most men in the Northern Armies believed that the Negroes would not fight. In support of the belief it was pointed out that in many years of American bondage there had never been a really serious slave revolt. Surely this proved, they argued, that even though slaves might not be happy with their lot they had no real combativeness in them. This argument quite overlooked the fact that for many years the "underground railroad" had been relieving the explosive pressures the slave system had been building up, and had been in fact a great deterrent to slave revolt, for it took out of slavery precisely the daring, energetic, intelligent slaves who might have planned and led an uprising if they had been unable to escape.

Despite the misgivings about them, Ferrero's men were immensely proud of their new assignment, and he drilled them constantly in the maneuvers that would be expected of them. After the mine was exploded, they were to charge straight ahead. White divisions would follow them, wheeling to right and left to protect their flanks, but they were to go straight on and seize the long ridge that overlooked Petersburg. That would come very close to ending the war, and for these men it would be a new beginning, and the soldiers were buoyant and worked hard on their behind-the-lines rehearsals.

Never before had there been a chance like this. If properly defended, those Southern trenches could never be stormed, but with a huge hole blown in the lines and the Confederates confused and disorganized, the army could sweep through to Petersburg and Richmond.

Grant realized this, and while he had doubts about the plan, he was determined to give it a fair chance. Accordingly, he began to make ready for a full-scale attack all along the front. The thinnest point in Lee's line of defense was north

of the James River, directly in front of Richmond, and a Union attack there would immediately pull in additional Confederate troops to reinforce it.

Therefore, Grant ordered Hancock and the II Corps, supported by Sheridan and the cavalry, to attack this weak spot. If they could break through this would be all to the good. If they could not it would be because Lee had pulled troops out of the Petersburg trenches, and this would make Burnside's chances of success even greater.

Back in front of Petersburg, everything was ready. The Confederates had decided that it was impossible for men to burrow 500 feet under a hill, and had stopped hunting for the tunnel.

So, when he got wind of Hancock's threatening gestures toward Richmond, Lee pulled over half of the Petersburg troops, leaving only 18,000 men between the Union Army and victory. As darkness fell on that night of July 29, Meade sat down with Burnside and drew up final plans for the attack—which was to begin at 3:30 the next morning.

Burnside was to throw in his entire corps, and two additional corps would be on hand to help him—Warren's V Corps, on the left, and a corps led by Gen. E. O. C. Ord on the right. A powerful mass of artillery had been moved up—80 field pieces, 18 huge, 10-inch mortars, 28 of the lighter cochorn mortars, and 18 4½-inch siege guns, all dug in where they could bombard the Confederate position.

Burnside was to attack the moment the mine exploded, and sweep across and over the enemy ridge. In order to be in a position to move out at once, the men would be formed in columns of assault before the explosion, and Burnside's parapets and abatis must be leveled so that the men could advance in line of battle. Engineers would also be detailed to remove Confederate obstructions and prepare a way for the artillery to be brought up.

Everything was working out perfectly, and then Meade made one vital change in Burnside's plan—Ferrero's Negro division must not be used as the first wave of the attack. Burnside objected heatedly, pointing out that Ferrero's was not only his largest and freshest division, but it had been getting special training for weeks in the movements which would be involved in this assault. He appealed to Grant who upheld Meade, saying Ferrero's troops could be thrown in later, as support, but white troops must lead the attack. Profoundly disturbed, Burnside began to rearrange his plans. It was then only 12 hours before the mine would be exploded.

The Army of the Potomac was led to disaster many times, and there is a rather horrible fascination about tracing the steps by which in each case, it reached that destination. This time the trouble began with the decision not to put the Negro division first. Grant was later to admit that this decision was a mistake, but it was made for what seemed excellent reasons. Nobody could be sure that the mine would actually have the effect Pleasants and Burnside believed it would have, and if it did not, the troops that led the assault would be butchered. If those troops happened to be Negroes without combat experience it would immediately be argued that they had been sacrificed callously because no one cared what happened to them. Also, there was that belief that the Negroes would not be good fighters.

But this decision started all of the trouble, because its effect was to deflate Burnside completely. Until now, Burnside had done what a good corps commander ought to do. But from this moment on he was as poor a general as a grown man can be.

First of all he had to pick another division to lead the attack, and he called in the commanding officers of his three white divisions. These were General Potter, a capable man with a good record; Gen. Orlando B. Willcox, a veteran who had been commanding a division ever since Antietam; and Brig. Gen. James H. Ledlie, a civil engineer without military training or experience when the war

began, who had come into the Army as major in a New York heavy-artillery regiment and who had only recently risen to division command. Burnside confessed that he could not see any reason to prefer one division or one general over the other two, and suggested that they draw lots to see which division should lead the attack. The luck of the draw decreed that Ledlie's division must take the lead.

Why Burnside did not immediately call for a new deal is past understanding. Of all of his divisions Ledlie's was the weakest, and of all of his generals Ledlie was the most unfit. The whole division had grown notoriously gun-shy during the past month, and one of its two brigades was made up largely of heavy-artillery regiments and dismounted cavalry, none of which were highly regarded in the IX Corps. A few weeks earlier Burnside himself had called them worthless.

The real trouble, however, was in Ledlie himself. The Army contained a good many poor generals, but Ledlie was one of the few who had ever been accused of personal cowardice. In an attack on June 18, while his men fought to carry a Rebel entrenchment, Ledlie had taken to the bottle, and at a climactic moment of the fight he had been stretched out on the ground in a safe place. His soldiers knew it and his junior officers knew it, but Burnside did not know it. So Burnside was entrusting the supreme assault of the Army's career to a soldier who was taken with palsy whenever it came time to go out where enemy bullets were flying.

As July 29 drew to a close, there was a stir all along the line. While all of the Confederates and most of the Federals believed the attack was a rumor somebody had dreamed up over a jug of commissary whisky, the signs of coming action were there for all to see. Sick men in the field hospitals were sent back, and practically every unit in the corps was being moved from one place to another. Shortly after dark, Ferrero's Negro troops were brought forward and lined up for the attack. They were full of enthusiasm, because in all the excitement nobody had told them that the assignments had been changed.

During the night Meade and Grant went to Burnside's headquarters, half a mile behind the front, which Meade had designated as temporary Army headquarters. Burnside went forward to a 14-gun battery that had been built on a hill a few hundred yards back of the entrance to the mine. The night wore away, silent except for the shuffling of thousands of men moving to their places, and a little after 3 o'clock in the morning Pleasants sent a man to light the fuse.

Half past 3 came and nothing happened. Another half hour went by, and half an hour more on top of that, and the silence was unbroken, except for the occasional discharge of some wakeful picket's musket. In the east the sky was turning gray—and over half of Lee's army was north of the James River, with the full strength of the Army of the Potomac massed to smash through the fraction that was left. A little after 4:30 Pleasants called Harry Reese, the mine boss, and told him to go into the tunnel and see what was the matter.

In went Reese, on as nerve-racking an assignment as the war could produce, groping forward, all bent over, along 400 feet of a dark tunnel, never sure that the solid earth above him was not going to rip apart and bury him forever. He got to the makeshift fuse, traced it, and found that the spark had died at a place where one fuse had been spliced to another. He started back to get a new fuse, when a lieutenant came in, at Pleasants' direction, with the material he needed, and they went back to the splice and made a new connection. Then he lit the spark again and they tore out of the tunnel as fast as they could.

Four forty-five: and at last it happened.

To the men who were waiting in the front line it seemed to occur in slow motion: first a long, deep rumble, like summer thunder rolling along a faraway horizon, then a swaying and swelling of the ground up ahead, with the solid earth rising to form a rounded hill, everything

seeming very gradual and leisurely. Then the rounded hill broke apart, and a prodigious spout of flame and black smoke went up toward the sky, and the air was full of enormous clods of earth as big as houses, of brass cannon and detached artillery wheels, of wrecked caissons and fluttering tents and weirdly tumbling human bodies. And there was a tremendous crash followed by other, lesser explosions, and all of the landscape along the firing line turned into dust and smoke and flying debris, choking and blinding men and threatening to engulf Burnside's whole corps.

Then the order for the charge was sounded and Ledlie's division started to make its attack—at which crucial moment the soldiers realized that nobody had prepared the way for them. In Meade's orders there had been a provision for leveling the parapet so that a line of battle could swing up out of the trench and go forward in fighting formation, but this assignment had dropped out of sight somewhere and nothing had been done. The leading brigade was standing in the bottom of an eight-foot ditch, and men who were loaded down with muskets and cartridge boxes and haversacks could not get over the wall.

One officer had a squad improvise a ladder by jabbing bayonets into the log wall and holding the outer ends while their comrades climbed up and over. In another place, men tore down sandbags and piled them into a clumsy sort of stairway. Finally, with an additional ten minutes lost, a thin trickle of wholly disorganized men climbed up out of the trench and began to run forward. Stumbling along through dust and smoke, these men got to the place where the Confederate redoubt had been and found themselves peering down into a great smoking crater.

One hundred and seventy feet of the Confederate line had been blown up, and in its place there was a huge chasm, 60 feet across and 30 feet deep. All around this crater, balanced on its rim and tumbled over the ground on every side, were big hunks of solid clay, broken timbers, dismounted guns, and lesser wreckage of every kind. Down at the bottom there was more of the same, including many human bodies. Some Southerners had been buried to their waists, some had only their heads above the earth. Others had been buried head downward, their legs protruding into the air. As the men of Ledlie's leading brigade came up they paused, stupefied by the sight; then they slid and scrambled down into the crater and began to uproot the buried Confederates.

Colonel Pleasants' plan could not possibly have been more successful. Right in the middle of the impregnable Confederate chain of defenses it had created a gap 500 yards wide, and all the IX Corps had to do was march through and take the ridge. It would need to move briskly, because the gap was not going to stay open very long, but at 5 o'clock on this morning of July 30 decisive victory was less than half an undefended mile away. But the one thing which Burnside's corps could not do that morning was to move briskly.

While one of Ledlie's brigades was getting down into the crater and acting partly like a rescue squad, partly like a salvage party, and partly like a group of sightseers, his other brigade came dribbling out of the Federal trenches to support it. Those engineer parties which were to have cleared the way for the attacking columns had not materialized, and so the only gap was right in front of the crater, where the earth thrown out by the explosion had buried the entanglements. This second brigade thus came forward through a funnel which led it straight toward the crater, and since the men were not coming up in regular formation, and nobody in particular was shooting at them, they trotted up to the rim to have a look.

Not a vestige of military organization remained. Officers could not find their men and men could not find their officers, and there was a good deal of rather aimless activity. Along the farther rim of the crater, some industrious souls were trying to prepare a defensive line.

This, of course, was the kind of situation which generals in charge of infantry divisions were created to unscramble. But General Ledlie was snugly tucked away 400 yards behind the line, plying himself with rum borrowed from a brigade surgeon. And General Burnside, back in the 14-gun battery and serenely unaware that anything was wrong, was busily ordering fresh troops forward.

The fresh troops were Potter's and Willcox's divisions. Time would have been saved if these troops had been lined up in brigade front just behind the front-line trench, but it was held that troops moving forward to the front ought to go up through the covered way, so two infantry divisions were sent up a winding ditch that was wide enough for no more than two or three men abreast—colliding with stragglers, walking wounded, couriers, and other persons—and in due time they got into the front-line trench and scrambled up sandbag stairways, bayonet ladders, and what-not and went forward through the gap toward the crater. Their officers steered them off to the right and left, so that the empty Confederate trenches adjoining the crater could be possessed, and very slowly and with much confusion a trickle of Federal troops began to come into line on each

side of Ledlie's disorganized division.

Meanwhile, the Confederates were rapidly coming to. On the right and left, regiments were being formed so that they could fire on the flanks of the attacking column. Between the crater and the ridge there was a shallow ravine and an alert Confederate general put troops in it, and the fire from these men was beginning to be very heavy. The golden half hour in which the ridge could have been taken effortlessly was gone forever, and any advance that was made now would be made only after a hard fight.

Rebel artillery was coming into action. A quarter of a mile north of the crater there was a four-gun battery, and the Southern gunners who had decamped when the mine was blown up came back to these guns and trained them on the Yankees who were trying to advance from the captured trenches. Up on the ridge west of the crater the Rebels put 16 guns in line. In addition, the Confederates had mortars tucked away in hollow ground beyond the crater, and these began to toss shells into the dense jam of Federal soldiers.

Minute by minute the situation grew worse. Potter's men gained ground on the right of the crater, but they were under a killing fire and their battle line was slowly pressed back. Mixed elements from half a dozen different commands crawled forward a few dozen yards from the crater itself in a valiant attempt to reach and silence the guns on the ridge, but the Rebels had a good second line in operation now and there were not enough men in this attack to break it. On the left of the crater Willcox's men could do nothing but cower in the captured trench and keep up an ineffective musketry fire.

For the attack to have succeeded, it would have to have been in the first rush. The first rush had failed, and the failure was both incredible and irretrievable. What could have been done easily at 5 o'clock had become a matter of great difficulty by 6 o'clock and by 7 it had become virtually impossible.

But the high command did not know it. Burnside was a headquarters operator and he stayed in his command post, issuing orders to attack and keep on attacking. Meade had said beforehand that he could be reached at IX Corps headquarters, so there he remained, having no idea what was going on at the front. Burnside and Meade began bickering by telegraph over their concepts about what should be done, and as they were snapping back and forth the Confederates stitched together a semicircle of fire around the attacking troops and the advance came to a hopeless standstill. At precisely that moment, orders came down telling Ferrero's troops to advance and seize the crest.

Authorities had refused to let them lead the charge, lest they be sacrificed; now, in the midst of the confusion, they were being ordered to make a suicidal attack. The men tumbled through the covered way, struggled up to the front line, scrambled over the parapet and ran forward with a cheer. General Ferrero dropped off in General Ledlie's bombproof and borrowed a swig of rum.

It was impossible to go through the crater because it was already full of men, so the colonel of the leading regiment led them off to the right. By this time Potter's men had been driven out of their captured trenches, and the Negro troops found themselves between the Rebel abatis and a trenchful of Southern infantry. Some were bayonetted as they ran, and others received powder burns as they were shot by the Rebel guns. When they cleared the crater the colonel ordered them to attack the trench, and the men leaped in, slashing with bayonets and clubbing with musket butts.

But, although they captured the trench, they were now trapped between a Confederate crossfire. While the officers were trying to figure out what to do, a runner came from Ferrero ordering them to "immediately proceed to take the crest in your front!"—which may possibly have sounded like a reasonable order to a man safely tucked away far behind the front, but was strategically impossible.

The officers leaped up on the parapet, waving their swords and shouting, and most of them were shot instantly. Then a scattering of soldiers followed them and started running forward. The Rebels came out with a countercharge, and the pitiful little group of Union troops broke and started running back. The Confederates now overran all the territory captured by the Northerners, and began stabbing and firing at three-foot range into the mass of men jammed together in the narrow trenches. The men who could still walk ran back out of the trenches and dove into the crater, preparing to hang on as long as they could.

It was all over now, except for the killing. Grant had recognized failure and had told Meade to get the men back and call the whole operation off, and Meade had passed the word on to Burnside, but Burnside still thought that the attack somehow could be reorganized and made successful, and no recall was sounded.

Confederate mortars were dropping shells into the crater on a helpless target that they could not miss. A horrible debris of severed limbs and heads flew through the air after each shell exploded.

Somehow, finally—long after noon—it ended. The men who could went back to the Union lines, the others either died or were taken to Confederate prison camps. Burnside continued to insist to Meade that the attack could still succeed, but Ord bluntly told Meade that it was nonsense and defeat at last was accepted. Through it all, Colonel Pleasants had been standing on the parapet of the 14-gun battery where he could watch the proceedings, storming and swearing.

Never before had the Army met so completely ignominious a defeat. Grant wrote that it was "the saddest affair I have witnessed in the war," adding: "Such an opportunity for carrying fortifications I do not expect again to have."

The Union Army lost 3,793 men, more than a third of them in the Negro division. Measured by the standards of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, this was comparatively mild, but what could have been the glorious victory that ended the war had been criminally mishandled into a bitter defeat, and now the Confederate lines were firmly drawn and impregnable again. And it would be another nine bloody months before the Army of the Potomac would finally break through and march down the road to Appomattox.

—Bruce Catton

"Looks like I'm out of gas."

The Strange Case of the Compulsive Killer

[*Continued from page* 45]

was to become something of a trademark with him. He had removed, and taken with him, one of his victim's kidneys.

Judging from the amount of blood on the pavement, the murder had been committed right where the remains were found. Since the same condition had prevailed in the case of the previous ripping, a pattern was beginning to emerge.

The gentlemen at The Yard, speculating on Miss Tabram's missing kidney, and remembering how Mrs. Smith's car had turned up, hardly looked forward with pleasure to the next day's mail. Nor were they to be blamed. Next afternoon, the troublesome kidney turned up in The Yard's "anonymous" box, neatly packaged in an untraceable cardboard container.

The newspapers, curiously enough, made no mention of either the murder of Emma Smith or that of Martha Tabram. The *Times* and other journals of the largest city on earth were not in the habit of devoting ink and paper to the fate and shenanigans of the lower classes. The theory was that a recital of such happenings might put upper-class readers off their breakfast bacon.

When, however, on the night of August 31—just 24 days after the second disembowelment—a third prostitute lay fatally carved up on the cobblestones of Whitechapel, the newspapers decided they could no longer ignore a story that was now going around London by word of mouth. So they began to splash the news over the front pages.

The third victim, a prostitute of 38 named Nichols, had been found in a murky alley in Bucks Row, only a piercing scream away from the scene of the two previous murders. It was the same forbidding story all over again. The killer had appeared out of the fog and, with deft, lethal strokes, slashed the throat of Mary Nichols, disemboweled her, removed one of her kidneys and then, like a wraith, vanished into the night mists.

The gentlemen at Scotland Yard were both relieved and disappointed when no little cardbox turned up. "I wonder," one Yard inspector asked another, "what this fellow has done with the kidney *this* time."

"I wouldn't be surprised," came the answer—and a prophetic reply it turned out to be, too—"if he's eaten it. *We* eat beef and lamb kidneys, you know, and I wouldn't put it past a man like that to eat a human kidney."

Eight days later, a pea-soup fog closed in over Whitechapel late in the afternoon. Sometime between 11 and half after, the killer put in his fourth appearance.

The slasher encountered a middle-aged streetwalker named Annie Chapman on Hanbury Street, less than a minute on foot from a police station. When Annie Chapman's body was found, a little after 11:30, it was still warm. Like the others, she had gotten her throat cut and been disemboweled. And, to be sure, one of her kidneys had been removed and taken along.

The men from Scotland Yard found more than the body this time. A few feet away was an envelope, stained by bloody fingers. Postmarked August 20—19 days previously—it bore the crest of the Sussex Regiment. Before leaving the envelope behind, the bearer had torn off and taken with him the front of the envelope with its written name and address.

Playing a lantern around the immediate area where the fourth victim was found, a Yard inspector came upon some chalk writing on a brick wall about 30 feet from the murder spot. "I say," he called to a colleague, "look at this."

What the colleague saw were the words:

This is the fourth. I will murder 16 more and then give myself up.
Jack The Ripper

The signature of that chalk message on the brick wall marked the first time that the arch killer had given a name to himself. Thus, even to this day, 67 years afterward, the demon of the London nights has never been known by any other name than Jack the Ripper.

Next day, as newsboys roamed the streets of London hawking papers about Jack the Ripper's fourth murder and his threat of 16 to come, the fiend became a topic of conversation from Buckingham Palace to the pubs.

As night closed in on the day after the fourth ripping, a pall of fear seeped through Whitechapel. The narrow streets, twisting lanes and blackened courts were alive with bobbies and Scotland Yard detectives. Some of the men from The Yard were dressed as women, hoping by the masquerade to trap "the Ripper." Footpads and housebreakers and brigands, sensing the unusual concentration of police, were practically driven out of business. Prostitutes, fearful of venturing out, huddled in their lonely rooms, wondering when the terror would lift. Although the Ripper was noted for his silence, anybody making a noise was pounced on and questioned by the law. A decent citizen could hardly get drunk.

The newspapers, realizing that the Ripper was a circulation builder, began to raise a terrible hue and cry that the man be quickly apprehended and hanged by the neck until dead. A 32-year-old free-lance London newspaperman with a ginger-colored beard wrote a letter to the London *Star* which contained the following cracks:

If the habits of duchesses only admitted of their being decoyed into Whitechapel backyards, a single experience in slaughterhouse anatomy on an aristocratic victim might fetch in a round half million pounds for improving conditions and save the necessity of sacrificing four women of the people.

The letter was signed. George Bernard Shaw.

Scotland Yard quickly determined that stationery of the Sussex Regiment had, through the years, fallen into the hands of thousands of Londoners.

The Yard enlisted the aid of a couple

of bloodhounds named Barnaby and Burgho. The two dogs sniffed around the scene of Annie Chapman's undoing and, appearing to be interested, began to tug furiously at their leashes, held by two officers. Barnaby and Burgho led the officers down the street for a couple of blocks. Then, almost at the same instant, they broke loose from their leashes, lit out as if their tails were on fire, and lost the officers.

Barnaby and Burgho didn't turn up for eight days. Their descriptions were carried in all the papers so that the average Londoner would know them by sight. The two canines were spotted and captured while racing through central London.

During the eight days the bloodhounds were absent, somebody in The Yard had recently read a fiction story wherein a murderer was caught when a detective took a photograph of the victim's eyes and there found, recorded on the pupils, the last thing the victim had seen—the murderer's face. So now, believe it or not, Scotland Yard took photographs of the eyes of Annie Chapman.

"I could have told them they would have developed nothing by taking those pictures," said a 29-year-old London physician by the name of Arthur Conan Doyle. A year previously, Doyle had created the character of Sherlock Holmes in a book entitled *A Study In Scarlet*. He sat down and wrote a letter to The Yard, calling attention to the fact that a 35-year-old scientific cop named Alphonse Bertillon, in the employ of the Paris police, was well along with experiments in fingerprints. Bertillon had already established that no two thumb prints were alike; he was yet, however, to prove conclusively that the same held for *all* fingers.

"This chap Doyle," an inspector was saying as he read Doyle's letter, "claims that if we get thumb prints of something we know the Ripper has touched we'll definitely know him by his prints when we catch him."

One day a patient asked Dr. Doyle if he agreed with newspaper statements by Scotland Yard that Jack the Ripper was a man with medical knowledge. "I certainly do," Doyle replied. "The speed with which the Ripper slashes and disembowels a victim, then removes a kidney, clearly indicates that he has sound medical knowledge."

Doyle went even further. One night, after the last patient had left his waiting room, he was having a cup of tea with his wife. "You know," he was saying, "I believe that the Ripper once contracted some loathsome disease from a prostitute. That would explain why all of his victims so far have been prostitutes. A prostitute may have ruined his health and perhaps his career as a physician, and he has been driven mad with vengeance against all prostitutes."

It was late on the night of September 30—six months almost to the day since Jack the Ripper had first materialized from the mists—that he reappeared. A fog to chill a man's marrow was blowing through the East End when, at half after 11, a prostitute named Catherine Eddowes was found dead in an alleyway in Mitre Square, just west of Whitechapel and technically within the confines of the City of London. In addition to suffering fatal slashings of the throat and abdomen, and losing a kidney, Mrs. Eddowes had been deprived of her ovaries.

Ten minutes later, at 20 minutes before midnight, a horse drawing a small cart was clackety-clacking over the cobblestones on Berner Street in Whitechapel in front of The Workingmen's Educational Club. Suddenly the horse shied and whinnied. The driver of the cart stepped down on the cobblestones to look for the cause of the beast's behavior. Twenty feet in from the street, in a dank and darkened court, lay the body of another streetwalker—a woman known as Long Liz Stride.

Two inspectors, who were presently on the scene, were quick to decide that the murder of Long Liz, the sixth Ripper outrage, had been the most daring of all. The night had been unseasonably warm and sticky and the windows of the Workingmen's Club that faced the court had been wide open. There had been perhaps 75 men in the club rooms, some of them standing near the windows. Yet the Ripper had lured Long Liz Stride into that court and, right below those open windows, had cut her throat from ear to ear, disemboweled her and removed her ovaries and, of course, one of her kidneys.

The fifth and sixth murders were the same story all over again—with one vital difference. The Ripper had been *seen* this night, not once but twice. Long Liz Stride had had a passion for grapes. Not 10 minutes before her body was found, she had stopped at a fruit stall with a man. The man had purchased for her three pennies worth of grapes.

To the man who ran the fruit stall—a Yorkshireman named Mathew Parker—an inspector was soon saying, "I hope you obtained a good look at this man."

"Indeed I did, guv'nor. Tonight's not the first time I seen 'im, either. I've seen that same man on the street manys the time this last few weeks. Always at night."

The Yard man whipped a notebook from his pocket. "Describe this man. Was he tall?"

"About my size, guv'nor." Mathew Parker was of medium height.

"Thin, fat, or just what?"

Long Liz Stride's companion had been stocky.

"Dark? Light? Medium complexion?"

"Dark, guv'nor. Like a foreigner of some kind."

"Well dressed? Shabby?"

Long Liz's companion had been swathed in a great coat that reached almost to his shoe tops, and he had worn a battered slouch hat pulled down over his brow.

"It was his eyes I noticed most," Parker added. The man's eyes had been deep brown and penetrating. He had stood there eyeing up the fruiterer while Long Liz had been picking out her grapes.

"Did you hear him talk?"

The man had spoken just once, when he had asked how much the grapes were. "Spoke very nice, he did, too. Kind of foreign accent but quite distinct."

"Anything else?"

Yes, there was one thing more. The man in the slouch hat and the great coat had been carrying a bag.

"Oh! What kind of a bag?"

"A little black bag. Like a doctor might carry."

Catherine Eddowes, too, had been seen with a man. She had been seen talking to him under a lamppost not a block away from where Long Liz Stride was discovered by the shying horse. Catherine Eddowes' companion had been observed by a client of hers—a man who had good reason to make note of the characteristics of her customer, because the customer was engaging Catherine's attention at the very time when this other man, the cosmic urge upon him, was out looking for her. The man he had seen was of medium height, seemed to be stocky, and had a swarthy skin and dark, penetrating eyes. He had worn a great coat, collar up to his chin, with the bottom of the coat almost to his shoe tops. He, too, had been carrying a little black bag.

There banded together now a group of forward-looking citizens who called themselves the Vigilance Committee. Their objective was to bring Jack the Ripper to book. One of the prime movers of the vigilantes was a businessman named Lusk, who resided in a big stone house on Alderney Road. One morning, not long after the Vigilante Committee was organized, Mr. Lusk received in the post a cardboard box. Opening it he found a half a kidney and a note, scrawled in pencil, reading:

Mr. Lusk: I send you half the kidney I took from one woman; I preserved it for you. The other piece I fried and ate; it was very nice.

Jack the Ripper

The letter was not only signed; it bore the writer's fingerprints. Jack had not used ink to make his fingerprint impressions. He had used blood.

Conan Doyle got off another letter to The Yard about Jack's fingerprints. He supposed, he said, that The Yard had by this time handled the letter so much that all of Jack's prints had been destroyed. But in the future, Doyle urged, would The Yard *please* be careful to preserve any correspondence from the Ripper and at least give Bertillon's fingerprint theory a try.

It was along about now that another writer entered the picture. His name was Robert Louis Stevenson and two years before he had come out with a book called *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. People who had never read a book in their lives now began to go to the book stalls for a copy of *Jekyll and Hyde*. The newspapers had begun to speculate on the possibility that the Ripper, like Doctor Jekyll, might be a respectable physician by day and a fiend incarnate by night. In the bloody fingerprints on the letter to the vigilante, Lusk, one editorial writer saw the sign of a Jekyll-Hyde personality, a man whose good side abhorred what his evil side was doing and whose good side, hoping the evil side would be brought to book, had left those fingerprints.

Jack waited a month and nine days after his sixth ripping before he dispatched his seventh victim. The victim this time was another prostitute—Mary Jane Kelly, a girl in her teens. Mary Jane's demise was different from that of the others in two respects. It was committed indoors, in the room of her lodging house. Jack was in rare form that night. Mary Jane Kelly had been carved up so extensively as to make her predecessors appear, by comparison, to have suffered only minor cuts and contusions. The staid old *Times* had this to say about what happened to her:

The poor woman lay on her back on the bed, entirely naked. Her throat was cut from ear to ear, right down to the spinal column. The ears and nose had been cut clean off. The breasts had also been cleanly cut off and placed on a table which was by the side of the bed. The stomach and abdomen had been ripped open, while the face was slashed about so that the features of the poor creature were beyond all recognition. The kidneys and heart had also been removed from the body and placed on the table by the side of the breasts. The liver had likewise been removed and laid on the right thigh. The lower portion of the body and the uterus had been cut out, and these appeared to be missing. The thighs had been cut. A more horrible or sickening sight could not be imagined.

This seventh ripping of Jack's on the 9th day of November—seven months and six days after his first project—was so ghoulish in its execution that the details were published in the press of practically every civilized country on the globe. In Paris, Bertillon had by now perfected his system of fingerprinting. Scotland Yard announced, at long last, that it would be able to identify Jack if he left his prints again—and if it ever caught up with him.

There seemed little question now that, somewhere along the line, Jack had developed a strong dislike for prostitutes. Since all seven of his victim's had been ladies of the night. The Yard committed itself to Conan Doyle's theory that the Ripper, a man of medical training, had contracted a loathsome disease from a prostitute. So The Yard began a systematic round-up of all known prostitutes in what turned out to be an unsuccessful attempt to identify among their clientele a physician or a medical student who had been infected.

Now, as suddenly as he had appeared, Jack the Ripper dropped into limbo. He would have been crazy—crazier than he apparently was—to have continued his operations, in view of the way Scotland Yard was tipping its hand. Thus, as the leaves fluttered from the calendar and the New Year—the year of 1889—dawned bleakly over Whitechapel, mean and evil men, feeling comparatively free, were again abroad on the streets by night.

All the while, though, the cold-roast gentlemen at The Yard were grumbling ominously. Ceaselessly vigilant, they were poking through Whitechapel right around the clock, eyes peeled for some signpost of intelligence that might point the way to the man who, for all they

knew, might still be walking among them.

As in every great criminal drama, the nuts began to appear, first shyly in the wings, then, gathering confidence, on stage center. In various parts of London and on the Continent, screwballs, publicity hounds and the mentally disinherited began to thump the tubs and proclaim themselves, to audiences of various sizes, as Jack the Ripper. Scotland Yard men crossed one another's paths to audition the performances, only to find them uninspiring.

When, three years ago last summer, in a sedate brownstone house on a quiet residential street in Brooklyn, a man named Griffith S. Salway, a retired official of the English Speaking Union of the United States, died quietly in his sleep at the age of 86, the last chapter was written in the case of Jack the Ripper. Griffith Salway, a small, quiet, thoughtful man, was convinced, to his dying day, that he was the only man on earth who, without realizing it at the time, had been in close contact with Jack the Ripper while he was about his heinous work in Whitechapel. This is Salway's strange story:

Born in Plymouth, England, he was employed in the year of 1888 when he was 22, as a secretary in a brokerage firm in Gresham House on Old Broad Street, London. One bleak day in February, there appeared in the brokerage offices a Spaniard named Alonzo Maduro—a stocky, clean-shaven man of medium height, with swarthy skin, large, dark-brown eyes, coal-black hair and curiously large hands. Maduro, an impeccably attired native of the Argentine who was fluent in English and several other tongues, was a sort of international-finance mystery man. He had struck gold in Colorado and had come to England to try to interest the London brokers in floating a stock issue in the Colorado enterprise.

Maduro, a stranger in London, seemed to be a lonely man. Apparently taking a liking to Salway, he invited the young clerk to dinner at his hotel.

On the night of Easter Sunday—the night before the first Ripper murder—young Salway ran into Maduro darting out of an alleyway in Whitechapel. "I thought you were going away for Easter," said Salway. Maduro, breathing heavily, looked annoyed. "I changed my plans," he said, curtly.

Maduro was far from a fashion plate out of a bandbox this night. Instead, he was wearing a battered black slouch hat and a great coat that reached down to his ankles. And he was carrying a small black bag. He walked off into the darkness without explanation.

As the months wore on, Maduro seemed to draw within himself. "I am a man of secret sorrows," he said to Salway. One night he and Salway went to a music hall. "These girls," Maduro whispered to Salway, nodding to the chorines, "are all prostitutes. All prostitutes should be killed."

On a gray morning in November—the morning after the seventh and last of the Ripper murders—Alonzo Maduro appeared in the brokerage offices in a highly agitated state. He pressed a 5-pound note in young Salway's hand. "Go to my rooms at once," he said, "and put my things in my trunk and send the trunk to me at this address." Maduro handed Salway the address of Anderton's Hotel on Fleet Street. "I'll be waiting in the lobby there for the expressman."

"You are leaving for good, Mr. Maduro?" asked Salway.

Maduro nodded.

"But my company is about to approve your proposition."

"I can't help that. Please do as I say. My life is in danger."

Young Salway, curious about the whole business but having no specific reason to be suspicious, went to Maduro's rooms on the edge of Whitechapel. There, while he was packing the Spaniard's trunk, a small, metal, jewel box dropped out of his hand. When it struck the bottom of the trunk it made a hollow sound.

Rapping the bottom of the trunk with his knuckles, Salway discovered that the trunk had a false bottom. Salway leaned down and felt around until he succeeded in unfastening the false bottom. And there he saw something that he had never mentioned to a living soul until, not long before his death, he told his wife. Salway saw a great coat, one that would reach to a man's shoe tops, and a battered slouch hat.

Under the coat was a package wrapped in brown paper. Undoing the paper, Salway came to a covering of oil skin. Undoing *that*, he found several glistening surgical instruments.

Salway, more or less in a daze, put everything back. Then he packed Maduro's effects, summoned a cabbie, and paid him to deliver it at Anderton's Hotel.

Alonzo Maduro no doubt received his trunk and took it with him as he vanished into the mists of time.

Young Salway was sick for a week. There was no question in his mind that Maduro had been Jack the Ripper. But Salway kept his awful secret to himself. If he spoke up, he thought, Scotland Yard would brand him—as it was already justifiably branding many others who spoke up—as a nut. Thus ends the so-called Salway story.

Through the years, Jack the Ripper has taken up residence in a twilight zone between fact and fiction. He invaded the realm of literature in *The Lodger*, a short story by Marie Belloc Lowndes which was later expanded into a novel of the same name. The lodger was a man with a split personality, sane by day, an insane killer by night. Numerous short stories based on the Ripper theme followed the Lowndes' works.

Jack has twice been impersonated in a Broadway play, *The Stranger* having been produced in New York as recently as 1945. He has been the star of five motion pictures, one of which, *The Lodger*, produced in England 30 years ago, was directed by that master of horror and suspense, Alfred Hitchcock.

Whoever he was, whatever his motives, wherever he went after winding up his affairs in Whitechapel, one thing is certain about Jack the Ripper: the man is long since dead. It would seem ironically possible that Jack, having handed the lie to the old bromide that murder will out, died peacefully in bed.—**Alan Hynd**

TRUE MAGAZINE

"Great! What does she do for an encore?"

Master of the Mental Hotfoot

[*Continued from page 53*]

actually sold an icebox to an Eskimo, who found a needle in a haystack, who turned a bull loose in a china shop, who personally hatched an ostrich egg, and so on. They don't know it for the reason that Jim never mentions it.

As for the allegation that Jim operates "at the expense of the public," that would seem to be a charge made by a common scold. Those who know him best have always felt that he was rendering important and worthwhile public service. He is the master of the Soft Spoof. He is not a practical joker and he resents being called one. "The thing I deal in," he says, "is the Mental Hotfoot." He has never hurt anyone, although he has violated a few minds that needed violating.

Back in 1939 a friend telephoned me at the newspaper where I worked and asked if I'd like to meet a man who had once sold advertising space on the ceilings of Texas barber shops. I hurried uptown and met Moran for the first time; he was then preoccupied with whales. The New York World's Fair was about to open under the guiding hand of Grover Whalen, and Jim had come to New York to try and sell Whalen on the idea of exhibiting a live whale in a "whale-a-torium" at the fair.

"This is not a gag," he assured me. "I've known about whales and their habits for years. I once led a whale-hunting exhibition in San Francisco Bay. I know that a live whale has never been exhibited in this country, and I know that people would come in mobs to see one. In six weeks time I can deliver a live whale at the Fair. The whale and the whale-a-torium will cost $50,000. I figure a profit for the fair of at least a million dollars."

"And you," I said, "What do you get out of it?"

"I wouldn't ask for much. All I want is the concession to sell advertising space on the whale's back. It'll be a cinch. I figure that L. J. Fox alone will take one whole flank."

The fair managed to struggle through its two years without a whale-a-torium. Whalen and his associates balked when confronted with the proposal that the whale would be covered with advertising. A whale decorated with multicolored ads for furs and soft drinks and cigarettes and girdles would, to be honest about it, look a trifle gaudy. Impressionable children, viewing their first whale under such circumstances, might very well grow up believing that all whales, including Moby Dick himself, resembled the outfield fences in a ball park.

Jim was born in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia in 1907 and named for his father, James Sterling Moran. Perhaps the most significant event of his childhood occurred in a kitchen. He was standing by the stove, waiting for a pan of water to come to a boil. Some member of the family came along and said, "You'd better get away from that stove. Don't you know that a watched pot never boils?" Something clicked in Jim's mind and he planted himself firmly in front of the pot, never once removing his gaze from it. After a while the watched pot boiled. Jim Moran was on his way.

He had no fondness for education, and just barely made it through high school. By this time the Morans were settled in Washington, D. C. Jim's first job was selling magazine subscriptions from door to door. Right away he violated the most precious precept of the time. When a housewife opened her door, Jim bowed slightly and said, "Madam, I am *not* working my way through college. I just enjoy making money." This irregular approach paid off for him and after a while he became a door-to-door salesman of fancy radiator covers. He reasoned that the best market for his product lay in the homes of the well-to-do. The problem was to gain entrance to these households. He had a calling card engraved saying simply, "James Sterling Moran, 730 Park Avenue, New York."

"A housewife in a little bungalow," Jim explains, "knows how to cope with door-to-door canvassers. But a woman in a mansion has had no experience with them. Once you get into her presence you can sell her anything."

Despite his success, Jim couldn't stay with any one job. For a time he worked as an automobile salesman and acquired for himself a handsome phaeton which retailed for $4,800. When the depression came he hung onto his splendid car and tried to support it and himself by giving guitar lessons. The first inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt was approaching and one day Jim got a call from a White House aide who said there was a shortage of open cars for the inaugural parade and asked if they could borrow Jim's phaeton. Jim agreed and offered to send along his own chauffeur to drive. His passenger was to be Admiral Cary Grayson.

Jim went out and consulted a tinsmith and together they rigged up some sliding panels along the sides of the phaeton. The plan was simple. Once the inaugural parade was in full swing, with Admiral Grayson in the back seat and Jim impersonating the chauffeur at the wheel, Jim would throw a lever, the panels would slide back and the crowds on either side of the street would read in large letters: SEE JIM MORAN FOR GUITAR LESSONS. The mechanism was all ready to go when another phone call came. The weather had turned threatening and Admiral Grayson had decided to ride in a closed car, so Jim's phaeton wouldn't be needed after all. He was disheartened of course, but he soon found another project to occupy his attention: Operation Eskimo.

From that historic day when he watched a watched pot boiling, Jim had always been perplexed over the willingness of the American people to believe a thing simply because it is said over and over again. On a trolley car in Washington he overheard one may say to another, "You might as well try to sell an icebox to an Eskimo." Out of that chance remark came Jim's famous expedition to Alaska. He talked a broadcasting company, an

airline and the National Association of Ice Advertisers into underwriting the trip, and in Juneau, after a long search, he found an Eskimo named Charlie Pots-to-Lick who was willing to buy an icebox.

Jim returned to California with two fleas and 200 pounds of ice which he had chopped from the Mendenhall Glacier. In Hollywood he sold the fleas to Paramount Pictures for $750, and they were used as featured players in a Claudette Colbert film. Jim then sold a small piece of his glacier ice to Dorothy Lamour's press agent, and Miss Lamour was photographed undergoing a facial treatment with it. The remainder was sold to a prominent manufacturer of domestic ice who placed it in a show window with a sign proclaiming: "This Ice Was Made by Nature 100,000 Years Ago in Alaska. Laboratory Analysis Shows Our Ice is Even Purer."

The success of his Alaskan expedition sent Jim off on a long series of fabulous adventures. He had a haystack set up on a prominent street corner in Washington. The executive secretary of the Board of Trade threw a needle into it.

It took Jim 82 hours and 30 minutes to find the needle and when he wasn't actually searching he was selling individual straws to onlookers who wanted souvenirs of the historic episode.

Soon after the haystack stunt we find Jim in Boston, staging a cockeyed reenactment of the Battle of Bunker Hill. First he advertised for a dozen men. Two were to have normal vision, two were to be near-sighted, two far-sighted, and others were to be bleary-eyed or even cross-eyed. Jim dressed six of these men in American colonial costumes, while the remaining six wore British redcoat uniforms. Jim himself undertook the role of Colonel Prescott, commanding the Americans. He stationed his troops on Bunker Hill and signaled the British to charge. Then, as Colonel Prescott, he uttered the famous cry, "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes!" It was his intention to prove that this was "the stupidest command ever heard on a battlefield." He did prove it, at least to his own satisfaction.

Subsequently Jim dreamed up and executed the following highly successful stunts:

In Nevada, wearing an Uncle Sam uniform, he proved that it's fairly easy to change horses in the middle of a stream.

He sat on an ostrich egg for 19 days and finally hatched out a baby ostrich which he named Ossip and which, to this day, he declares to be his rightful son and heir.

He turned a bull loose in New York's most expensive china shop, proving that a bull in a china shop causes less tumult and destruction than people in a china shop.

He attracted large crowds in Los Angeles by placing in a show window a fragment of Persian rug, somewhat gnawed at the edge, with a sign proclaiming it to be part of a rug taken from the German chancellery and bearing the teeth-marks of Adolf Hitler.

He ran for the United States Senate in California on the platform, "What this country needs is a good five cents," and managed to corral 20,000 votes.

There have been many more, enough to fill a book, and not all have been successful. Once, for instance, Jim questioned the validity of the saying, "Drunk as a hoot owl," but the owl refused to swallow the stuff.

I think my own favorite of all Moran performances was one that had its origin in a hangover. Jim awoke one morning in December of 1940, decided he felt too horrible to get out of bed, and reached for a book with the intention of trying to soothe his screeching nerves. By chance the book was an anthology of verse and Jim's eye fell upon the celebrated rhyme:

I never saw a purple cow.
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one!

The first line of this verse insinuated itself into Jim's consciousness and stayed

there. All day long it kept singing through his head and finally he had worked up a fine hate for Gelett Burgess, the author of the poem. A few days later Burgess was in his room at the Imperial Hotel on Broadway when the telephone rang and he was asked to descend to the lobby. Moran was waiting for him, a purple cow in tow.

Jim had borrowed the cow from the Jersey Breeders Association. By nature she was a fawn color, but Jim rendered her purple by mixing a cosmetic dye with flour and talc and dusting her hair with it. Three of her teats were gold tipped and one looked to be solid silver. All in all, she was quite spectacular and Burgess confessed that he would never forget the sight of her as long as he lived.

It is true that press agentry has been involved in most of Jim's stunts but many of them, including the adventure of the purple cow, have cost him money. His technique is radically different from that of the usual publicity man. He dreams up his project and then looks around for someone to pay the bill.

Let us take the case of the ostrich hatching as an illustration. Back in the early years of World War II, Jim became as fascinated by ostriches as he had been fascinated by whales a few years earlier. He read everything he could find on ostriches and he told me that some day he was going to hatch out and become the father of a baby ostrich. Nothing came of this until Betty MacDonald wrote *The Egg and I*, and it was sold to the movies. Jim went to the producers with his egg-hatching idea and they put him, so to speak, to set. He wore a feathered costume in the hatching pen and at night roosted in a special bed which made it possible for him to transmit rump-warmth to the egg without breaking it. Reporters and photographers came in a steady stream. The pay-off for the movie studio was simple—a sign above the coop saying, "The Egg and I."

He has said that he would be quite happy to eliminate all commercial considerations from his debunking activities. He believes that he is contributing a little toward the sanity of the human race, and he resents the opposite belief—that he is a screwball, adding to the world's insanity. He feels that one of the big foundations should establish a moderate fund to finance his special operations, so that he wouldn't have to go around looking for commercial sponsors.

Jim lives today in a commodious apartment on New York's East Side. Last summer he married Barbara Buchanan, an attractive young actress who appears to be in sympathy with the unpredictability of his mental processes. His two previous wives tried to understand him, but they couldn't cope with the magnificent brainstorms that seized him, sometimes in the middle of the night. When a big idea hits him he has to tell it to somebody. If his wife happens to prefer her sleep and refuses to listen, then he gets on the phone. In 1942 he telephoned me at 3 in the morning.

"Pay close attention to this," he said. "As you may know, most of my life I've been interested in geology. I've made a careful study of the crust of the earth, and I can tell you just how thick it is at any given point.

"Now, I happen to know that in one locality the earth's crust is thinner than it is anywhere else. And I've discovered something else. I've invented a device that will put a cap over every active volcano in the world. My idea is this: I'll have these caps made and I'll cork up all of the active volcanoes. Then there'll be a rumbling and a roaring inside the earth, and it will blow out at the point where the earth's crust is the thinnest. I'll blow that part to kingdom come. You follow me?"

"Sure," I said sleepily. "Go on."

"Now," he continued, "guess where the earth crust is the thinnest. It's an area of about 300,000 square miles, covering all of Germany. It has been worn down to the fundamental gneiss by generations of marching men. Brother, I've got the war won!"

During the past year, for the reason that he is dieting, Jim has not been exercising one of his special talents—that of cookery. He specializes in esoteric dishes, such as curries and shashliks, and he is full of little culinary gimmicks that delight the womenfolks. Roy Rogers and

Dale Evans still talk about the time Jim cooked dinner at their home, and introduced them to a subtle little innovation —ground coffee sprinkled lightly over a green salad. "At first," says Dale Evans, "it doesn't sound too good, but wait'll you try it. I wouldn't eat a salad nowadays unless it had coffee sprinkled over it."

Jim has converted one large room in his apartment into a private zoo. He is restricted, of course, to smaller creatures, but his collection includes a kinkajou, a tarantula, an ant-eater, a java bird, an ordinary cat, a toucan, a tank of tropical fish, two ant colonies, a cricket which foretells weather, a South American owl monkey called a douroucouli, and a member of the lemur family known as a slow loris.

Elsewhere in the apartment he has his geological collection, with an ultra-violet ray machine which serves to illuminate the kaleidoscopic colorings of rocks that otherwise look just like rocks. He has a large collection of books, for he remains a steady reader in a world inhabited by people who spend their leisure hours looking at a box with a glass front. And he always has his guitar. He plays this instrument in the classical manner, plucking rather than strumming, and professional musicians regard him as an exceptional performer on it.

Lately he has become a writer and his first book is *Sophocles the Hyena*, a delightful little animal story which some of the critics saluted as a classic of its kind. Jim's musician friend, Tom Scott, has written a musical score for *Sophocles* and it has been performed by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York with Burl Ives as narrator. Jim is now at work on a second book which will be about dinosaurs.

His friends and Barbara's friends congregate frequently in the big apartment and they include writers, musicians, painters, sculptors, actors, and occasional nondescript characters picked up off the streets of Manhattan. These informal soirees are often musical although sometimes the gang just settles down and listens to Jim talk. He can spend an hour and a half discussing the life and habits of the white-ant termite. He can talk entertainingly for another hour about the sex life of the date palm, which he investigated during a sojourn at Indio, California. Or he might get out the recording he made years ago to accompany one of his most hilarious lectures. He stands beside the record-player and tells of the period in his life when he was a sound engineer, engaged in recording certain native American noises that some day would be extinct. "This particular recording," he says, "was made to preserve one of the nation's most distinctive sounds. I refer to the toilet flush."

Jim's television appearances take up a good deal of his time nowadays. He is in demand on such programs as the Steve Allen show, the Dave Garroway show, and other programs where an air of informality is cultivated. While he may turn up with an animal of one kind or another, he may also show up with a mechanical marvel, such as his Fat-O-Lator. This is a machine which, Jim explains, has 14,000 moving parts, each part going in a different direction. The Fat-O-Lator was inspired by the fat shortage during the last war. Jim reasoned that there ought to be a method of storing up fat in good times for use in bad times. Since we are now enjoying prosperous times, there is an oversupply of fat and the machine was designed to reclaim it for storage.

"Millions of Americans, including myself," says Jim, "are on reducing diets. Suppose we had just one million people who are each losing one pound of fat per day. Where is all that fat going? It has to go somewhere. Well, it's in the atmosphere. It stays up there in a sort of thin mist, moving around like a low pressure area, or just hanging in the sky like an occluded front. In its movement, this fat pursues a general pattern. In Seattle, for example, the people are exposed to waves of Eskimo and Siberian fat. The fat front moves on down the coast so that San Francisco gets Seattle fat, and Hollywood gets San Francisco fat. Over Hollywood the front picks up a couple of pounds of Marilyn Monroe and a pound or two of Lana Turner, and travels on toward Texas with this precious burden. I like to think of a good, clean American boy, lying in a field in Texas, knowing that somewhere overhead hovers two pounds of Marilyn Monroe. The boy will be a better American for that knowledge; he will grow up to be a better man."

There are people who don't like Jim. He has strong opinions, which he usually keeps to himself, but on occasion he will sound off with great vigor, regardless of who is present. He has made enemies, too, among his competitors. Rival publicity men sneer at his exploits, describing them as archaic and childish. They say Moran's type of publicity stunt went out with Harry Reichenbach, the fabulous press agent of the 1920's.

Jim pays no heed to his detractors, but goes on his merry way. His latest nonpaying operation involves an automobile telephone. In his apartment Jim has a plug-in phone with a long cord. One day a month or so ago he called up his friend Eddie Mayehoff, the actor-comedian, and they put their heads together. Jim got in his car and Mayehoff got in his and they started out together on the streets of Manhatan. They managed to jockey themselves into position so that they came up to a red traffic light together. At this point Jim was sitting in his car, one hand on the steering wheel, the other holding a telephone to his ear. The automobile telephone is still a rare sight in our land and he attracted a lot of attention from pedestrians and other motorists. He waited until he'd attracted sufficient notice and then reached over, handed the phone to Mayehoff in the other car, and called out, "Hey, Eddie, it's for you!" Eddie took the phone and began talking into it. Then the light changed and they drove off, leaving behind a group of thoroughly confused citizens.

"It gave them something to talk about," says Jim. "Maybe it brightened up their lives."—H. Allen Smith

Prussian Lion of Africa

[Continued from page 35]

dubious shelter, however, and the patrol moved off.

Von Lettow cautiously peeked around the corner. For some minutes he could see nothing, and then a figure emerged from the shadow of a tree trunk. Von Lettow saw that his adversary wore the turban of an Indian Sikh. For 10 minutes, 20 minutes, a half hour, the German commander waited. The sentry stayed put. Should he try to crawl between the two? Should he wait in the hope that the British would withdraw their pickets at dawn? No, he had work to do in his own camp before dawn.

The safest plan, he realized, was to shoot the sentry and make a dash over his body between the other two guards. There were plenty of shadows to cover him, and 200 yards is a fair range for a moving target at night. But something in Von Lettow's code revolted against killing like this without warning. Perhaps he could silence the sentry without killing him.

He tested the wooden butt of his pistol against the palm of his hand, but it was too light. Von Lettow felt in the foundation of the privy and worked loose a rock which he could hold comfortably in his hand. With the Sikh's long hair wound around his head inside the turban, Von Lettow doubted that the blow would be fatal.

The sentry was facing the German lines, and Von Lettow observed that he did not often turn to look behind him. Cautiously the German commander edged into full view in the bright moonlight. He began to walk slowly toward the sentry, picking each step with great care. In his right hand he held the pistol, in his left the rock. He would shoot if the sentry turned to look.

Halfway there he paused for a second and took a silent deep breath. Another 10 feet and he would make a rush. Step after step the German approached, afraid he would kick a pebble, afraid the sense of another being would force the Sikh to turn. Suddenly, Von Lettow switched pistol and rock to opposite hands. In an instant he was on the sentry. The rock thudded, and the sentry went down. Von Lettow snatched up his rifle and ran, darting from shadow to shadow. He reached his bicycle safely and rode back to his headquarters where he assembled his officers and laid the trap. . . .

With the exception of military historians and specialists on East Africa, few Americans know this man's story. World War I seems remote now, but Von Lettow's feats—beginning with this battle at Tanga—were so remarkable that they cannot be forgotten. While huge armies were bogged down in trench warfare in Europe, Von Lettow and a handful of men twisted the British lion's tail until it hurt—and for four long years tied up large Allied forces which might have sooner turned the tide of battle in Europe.

Von Lettow began the war with 216 white officers and soldiers and 2,540 *askaris*, black native troops. His maximum strength never exceeded 20,000 men, yet he kept at least 300,000 British and Allied troops pursuing him over an area half the size of the U.S., and they never caught him. He inflicted 60,000 casualties on the Allies, including 20,000 European and Indian dead. The campaign cost the British $300,000,000.

He was still a colonel when the war ended, but the Allies had sent 130 different generals into action against him. To see how this could possibly be so, we need only watch the action as it unfolds on the morning of November 3, 1914, at Tanga, German East Africa. . . .

British troops began unloading en masse from the troop transports about 6 a.m. Von Lettow held his troops in abeyance, watching each boat as it shuttled leisurely from ship to shore and back. It is axiomatic that a commander repelling a landing must hit the enemy on the beaches while he is still disorganized, but Von Lettow threw away the rulebook in strategy as well as personal tactics. It was not enough merely to force the British to evacuate: Von Lettow needed a crushing victory which would keep his coastal flank safe for some time while he harassed Kenya to the north by land.

By 10 a.m. on November 3 some 4,000 enemy troops had been ferried ashore. Von Lettow's officers begged him to open the attack at once. Four-to-one odds were dangerous enough, in addition to the fact that no one knew whether the German native troops would fight. Many of the German coffee planters who had been commissioned to lead them were firm in the belief that they wouldn't.

"Wait just a little longer," Von Lettow said. By noon the odds had grown to 6-1 and the German staff officers were muttering mutinously. Von Lettow called a conference and rehearsed in detail the assignment of each unit. "Now we will wait just a little longer," he concluded. And he added a word which is never used in the German army, "please."

At 3 p.m., with the British established in the center of the town, the Germans launched a single, knife-like attack with all six companies. This too was unorthodox, an all-or-nothing gamble. It won. The North Lancashire Regiment of English troops was driven back with heavy losses, and a whole street of houses near the edge of town was wrested from the Kashmir Rifles. The situation was still highly precarious, however. The German companies were exposed in a position which could easily be cut off. Moreover the British commander was stung with anger at this impudent attack. Von Lettow was counting on that. He wanted an immediate counterattack against himself with overwhelming force. When that came he had a surprise for the invaders.

Von Lettow himself carefully placed the machineguns of his 13th Field Company on the ridge he had scouted the night before, and saw that they were well concealed with interlocking fields of fire on the flank of the only area in which a mass counterattack could be staged. Then the German companies sat down to wait.

The defenders almost lost the attack

before it began when the two British cruisers in the harbor opened up on the town with their guns. It was the first time the native troops had ever heard artillery, and the first salvo landed right in front of the greenest company. With panicked cries the Africans threw down their guns and started running. Von Lettow grabbed a water bottle and hurled it at the first man who dashed past him, catching the native in the head and dropping him in his tracks. With immediate compassion the commander scooped the man up in his arms and faced the rest of the company.

"Get back to your guns!" he roared, and motioned as if to throw the man's body at their heads. Silently and shamefacedly the company returned to its defenses. Von Lettow carried the stunned native to a first-aid post. Never again for the rest of the war did an African company bolt.

At 4:35 p.m., with much blowing of whistles, the expected British mass attack came. Rank after rank of English and Indian troops, bayonets fixed and held at the ready, advanced at a purposeful walk. Not a shot was fired and, except for the exhorting cries of several British officers, absolute silence reigned across the battlefield. Slowly and relentlessly the ranks of men moved forward.

When they were 100 yards away a whistle blew and the British and Indians broke into a running charge, crying out wildly. At 50 yards the German machineguns directly facing them chattered into action. The first wave of attackers dropped as if it had slammed into a wall. Part of the second rank tripped over the fallen men, and others went down as bullets ripped into their bodies. Other men behind raced over them. There was no retreat.

Just as the weight of the attack had almost swept over the line of German defenders, Von Lettow gave the order to the machineguns on the flanking ridge. It was the dream of every commander—a clear field of enfilading fire down the long axis of an exposed enemy attack. "In wild disorder the enemy faltered and then fled as our machineguns, converging on them from front and flank, mowed down whole companies to the last man," Von Lettow records.

British officers attempted to rally their men and there were several more charges, all of them suicidal. A British colonel, correctly analyzing the flanking guns as the main source of disaster, rounded up a decimated company and led it in a charge up the ridge, straight at the gun behind which the German commander was standing.

As the men charged toward it, the gun ran out of ammunition, a detail he had not foreseen. The African crew finally fitted another belt into the smoking gun, and bullets chopped down the attackers almost at the crest of the ridge. The British officer, although wounded, continued to crawl toward the gun. He was unseen until he topped the ridge. The African gunner pulled out his pistol and calmly shot him in the head just as the Britisher raised his own pistol.

"That," says Von Lettow of the African, "was the kind of man who would never let us be beaten or ever give up."

The German troops counterattacked the disordered enemy, blocking further machinegun fire. The quick night of Africa fell on confused hand-to-hand fighting throughout the town—fighting at which the native troops excelled. It was only toward morning that Von Lettow managed to re-form his companies in any sense of battle order. He could well imagine the British commander's problems.

Just after dawn a long-delayed train rumbled in from Kilimanjaro training camp carrying Von Lettow's artillery—two ancient 1873 field guns. They were wheeled off the flatcars, ranged against the enemy cruisers, and fired. No hits were observed. As Von Lettow had no smokeless powder the cruisers immediately began firing back at the puffs of smoke, and he had to move the guns after each round. But the field guns were the straw that broke the camel's back, and the British commander decided to evacuate. It was a sound idea, but he had waited far too long.

It was now broad daylight, and the German machineguns had a clear view of the troop-laden boats. As the bullets ripped into the helpless men, the bay ran red with blood and sharks moved in close to shore to attack the wounded. On land, vultures covered the battlefield of the previous day. By the heat of midmorning, the stench was so great that the corpses, piled three or four deep in some places, could not even be counted.

Thus ended the battle for Tanga. Von Lettow estimated British losses at a conservative 2,000 dead. His own were 15 Germans and 54 native soldiers. The British never quite got over it, and did not threaten him seriously again for another year and a half. The casualties were probably the most one-sided ever inflicted upon a European power.

You cannot be long today in Tanganyika without hearing the name Lettow-Vorbeck. It carries a note of chivalry, daring, invincibility and command. European colonists say, "Ah, there was a man!" The black tribesmen say simply that he was a lion of lions; and among the tribes of Tanganyika this tribute is not casually bestowed.

Von Lettow was a kind of Lawrence of Arabia with Junker overtones. He was as formidable a guerrilla fighter as ever lived, but he believed firmly in Prussian organization and discipline. He never lost a battle, was never defeated, and was never forced to surrender, despite the fact that his country lost the war. Considering the odds and the difficulties, this German was one of the most extraordinary military geniuses of all time.

War seems to have been Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck's destiny. Born in Saarlouis in western Germany in 1870, the son of a general, he entered the Army for his military service and stayed in. He became an officer and served with the Kaiser's forces in China, Southwest Africa, and elsewhere. He advanced rapidly. In January 1914 Von Lettow arrived at Dar es Salaam, the capital of German East Africa (now the British-administered United Nations trust territory of

Tanganyika) to take charge of its garrison. Recently, in a letter to the London *Times*, he wrote that he did not have "a single modern cartridge or rifle or a depot or any hospital material." But World War I broke out in August 1914, and Von Lettow had to meet it with what he had.

He was at this time an archetypal picture of the old-style professional German officer—brilliantly educated, conscientious, indefatigable, and unswervingly loyal to his fatherland. He had a closely cropped skull, a smear of graying moustache, large protuberant eyes (one of which had been lost during a Hottentot rebellion in German Southwest Africa) and prominent cheek bones and chin. He was an athlete and a scholar, impeccably correct, but not without humor. His own record of his campaigns is written with such modesty and detachment that you would think he was describing the work of somebody else.

Despite his brilliant victory at Tanga, Von Lettow did not stop to rest on his laurels. Back in the highland Kilimanjaro area, he prepared to drive an offensive north into the British crown colony of Kenya, well-populated with European settlers. He had one special objective: only 100 miles away and parallel to the Tanganyika border a railroad ran 440 miles from the port of Mombasa to Lake Victoria in Uganda, the heartland of enemy Africa. Von Lettow decided to attack this railroad, not only to impede the Allied war effort but to tie up a good proportion of the vastly greater number of troops which eventually would be brought against him.

He quickly discovered that raids against the railroad had to be made with small patrols, not because of the danger, but because of those hundreds of miles of desert which had to be crossed. This part of East Africa was—and is—the wildest, most difficult country imaginable. Most of it is bush, little explored, peopled by savages and rotting with disease. There are few roads, no towns, and water, even today, is in miserably short supply. Only a small patrol had a chance to shoot enough game and find enough water to keep alive.

In the next two years German forces destroyed some 20 trains on the Uganda line, tore up the roadbed countless times, and forced the British to build and garrison a blockhouse every two miles along the entire length of it. But these successes were not without terrible cost.

A patrol of two Germans and six *askaris*, for example, left the vicinity of Kilimanjaro early in January 1915, reaching the railroad six days later. They set their mines—ingenious homemade devices regulated to go off after a number of wheels had passed over them, thus destroying the engines even when sand-loaded rail trucks were pushed ahead of the train. But while still engaged in the work a strong Indian guard patrol stumbled on them.

The Indians opened fire at once, and in the fight which followed, two German *askaris* were killed and a third wounded. The German patrol finally managed to withdraw carrying the wounded man, but its reserve supply of ammunition, food and water had to be abandoned. After 20 miles, it became obvious that they would never escape if they had to continue carrying their injured comrade. A reinforced Indian patrol, with native trackers, was on their trail. They had to move fast, or they would all be killed. The wounded man understood the situation, and gave the others his rifle and ammunition. They left him and moved on. There was no argument, no wasted emotion. . .

The German patrol found no food except wild game, which they were afraid to shoot for fear of bringing their pursuers down on them. As their hunger grew more painful they abandoned caution and shot an antelope, but had to flee before they could cook it. They could find no water. In desperation they opened the vein of a Masai-owned cow and drank the blood, but this only made their thirst worse. They could not seek help from the Masai, as they are a British tribe and would probably have killed them on sight. They pushed doggedly forward, the Indian patrol less than half a day behind.

One of the Germans collapsed and he too had to be abandoned, with the hope that one of the pursuers would find him and not kill him. Their thirst increased until they were almost mad. The three *askaris* and the remaining German drank their own urine in desperation. Nineteen days after they had left Kilimanjaro one *askari* and the German were found wandering aimlessly near their own lines. They were delirious. Both men were hospitalized, but only the *askari* recovered.

Supplies, even in Tanganyika itself, were terribly short. There had been no stockpiles in case of war and everything had to be improvised. Ammunition was a difficult problem from the beginning. In April 1915 a blockade-runner from Germany managed to reach East Africa but was chased and run aground by a British cruiser north of Tanga. A good portion of its munitions cargo was partly submerged but salvaged. For months every man, woman and child in Tanganyika took rifle cartridges apart, removed wet powder and fitted new caps where necessary. Even Von Lettow worked on a few himself each day. Eventually a quantity of front-line ammunition which gave only 20 percent misfires was produced.

Clothing began to run out, and everyone began spinning and weaving cotton by hand. Von Lettow took pride in making his own shoes from buffalo hide. Rubber was gathered wild and vulcanized with sulphur for truck and bicycle tires. A passable motor fuel was distilled from coconuts. A small factory made quinine tablets in the beginning; later when the army was on the run, an evil brew of bark, dubbed "Lettow Schnapps," sufficed to ward off malaria.

The natives showed Von Lettow many tricks which enabled the men to live off the land—how to burn certain plants and sift salt from the ashes; how to make bandage material from bark; how several foliage plants could be eaten like spinach; how to choose wild fruit and keep it from spoiling; how to roast the *mbinji* fruit for a dessert which tastes like hazel nuts; how to cook hippo and elephant fat.

For a year and a half Von Lettow kept German East Africa inviolate. Concentrating his forces into strong striking columns, he moved fast and crushed every invasion threat, all the while harassing the British behind their lines.

But this fantastic state of affairs could not endure forever. In May 1916 the German home fleet at last ventured into the North Sea. At Jutland, off the coast

TRUE MAGAZINE

"And now, in just a moment, ladies and gentlemen, we should have the decision of the judges. . ."

of Denmark, in the biggest naval battle of the war, it lost forever any hope of breaking the Allied sea blockade—and with it all hope of reinforcing the hard-pressed Von Lettow.

Then on February 12, 1916, three regiments of the British 2nd South African Infantry Brigade, supported by field artillery, launched an attack across the Kenya frontier. Von Lettow met them decisively, and the British fell back leaving the dead piled up between the lines. Over 43,000 fresh, white, South African troops were thrown into the struggle, commanded by none other than General Jan Christian Smuts. The British, seeing how well the Africans fought for Von Lettow, also began to use more and more African troops of their own, not only from Kenya next door but from colonies as far away as Nigeria and the Gold Coast. The odds against Von Lettow were growing higher and higher.

The British built a railroad to the Tanganyika frontier to supply their forces, and no matter how often Von Lettow's patrols cut it and no matter how brilliantly he deployed his meager army, superior pressure began to tell. By August 1916 Allied troops had pushed Von Lettow past the central rail line into the southern half of Tanganyika. But at this point Africa intervened. Von Lettow and his men had learned to live as part of the country; the British and South Africans had not. Fully half of Smuts' white troops were stricken with malaria and had to be shipped home. The advance halted.

Smuts sent a courteous letter to Von Lettow urging him to surrender to avoid further bloodshed. The German answered with equal courtesy, pointing out that the Germans, although fewer in number, were in better shape to continue the fight. It was the first of several mutually admiring exchanges between the two men. On one occasion, for instance, Von Lettow found a notation in a captured officer's diary that "no prisoners are to be taken." He wrote Smuts to inquire. Smuts replied that of course no such order had been given and thanked Von Lettow for his policy of *releasing* all Allied prisoners if they would give their word not to fight again in the war.

This was part of Von Lettow's code of chivalry, but it also made practical sense—released PWs did not have to be fed, clothed or guarded.

But, courtesy notwithstanding, the war continued. In Europe the Allies were at a low ebb. Russia had been all but eliminated from action and the Germans were pouring new troops into the western front for a final offensive. The United States had declared war but was as yet of little aid. It was still possible that Germany would triumph before America could make her might felt.

The closing months of 1917 brought no wave of optimism to the Germans in Africa, however. The disaster he had so long forestalled seemed at last to be closing in on Von Lettow. The Belgians had launched a column at him from the Congo, the Portuguese raided across the frontier in the south, a small force of Rhodesians were pushing in from the southeast, and the British-South African steamroller was moving again in the north. But, with trouble closing in on all sides, Von Lettow fought his way out and skipped nimbly into Portuguese East Africa.

Despite this victory, however, his tiny, self-contained army of 4,000 men was still surrounded on every side by hostile country, hopelessly outnumbered, thousands of miles from home and utterly cut off from reinforcements. But it was still eager to fight.

"The morale was magnificent," Von Lettow writes. "Every man realized that we had no place to go but forward."

Forward they went, one step ahead of the British and constantly engaging and defeating the Portuguese in their path. Filled with *allgemeine Wurchtigkeit* (absolute callousness), they bathed in the river and went hunting for game almost in sight of Portuguese garrisons. When they were ready they attacked and won. The Portuguese were understandably frightened of these madmen who would not be beaten.

The absolute comradeship of white and black was responsible in a large measure for Von Lettow's success in Africa. Germans and Africans ate the same food, slept in the same huts, wore the same clothes. They not only worked together, but *liked* each other. It was a new concept for the Dark Continent. Von Lettow was also an astute public-relations man; wherever he went, German doctors treated the tribespeople, even when medicines were scarce. And the German quartermaster always bought (with captured Portuguese army supplies) the food he needed. This, too, was a unique and happy policy to the African.

Portuguese gunboats on the broad Zambesi River seemed too much to cope with, and the German force turned north again, doubled behind the British pursuers, and rounded Lake Nyasa. Morale zoomed as the Germans once more entered Tanganyika. This was *German* territory, sacred German land for which they had fought so long. Von Lettow and his men had no way of knowing that the climactic German offensive of 1918 had faltered at the Marne, and that French and American troops had pinched off the Château-Thierry salient. It was the beginning of the end for Germany.

Von Lettow and his men felt good about getting back to German soil, and on October 18, 1918, they launched an offensive south into Rhodesia. He probably would not have believed anyone who told him that defeat had fostered revolution at home. Victory after victory followed in Rhodesia. Von Lettow outdistanced the British who followed slowly behind him, as he swallowed up larger and larger supply depots placed earlier for the attack on Tanganyika, leaving only scorched earth for his pursuers. Finally on November 13 Von Lettow threatened Broken Hill itself, population center of Northern Rhodesia.

As Von Lettow prepared to launch an attack, he learned from a captured British motorcyclist that an Armistice had been signed. The German commander promptly rang up the English on a still-intact telephone line to ask if this fantastic news was true. It was.

The German commander at this moment was not being engaged by the enemy; he had good stocks of cattle and ammunition; he was in no danger of being surrounded or defeated; he could have continued the war for years. His first impulse was to fight his way from Rhodesia across the Congo and retire to Portuguese West Africa, where it would have taken 100,000 additional men to get him.

However, he decided that, as a German soldier faithful to the Fatherland, he must honor the terms of the Armistice. So, still undefeated, he laid down his arms. He disbanded his troops and put himself at the disposal of the British commander-in-chief, in accordance with the stipulations of an armistice signed thousands of miles away by someone else. Von Lettow was never forced to surrender. He was never really defeated.

This odd old story is not done yet—not quite.

Von Lettow returned to Germany, retired from the army in 1920, and settled down to do a little gardening and write his memoirs. He avoided politics, and was too old to hold rank when war came again. Hard times faced him after the German collapse in 1945, and Smuts, down in Johannesburg, heard of this. He still had profound admiration and respect for his old adversary and suggested to a few wealthy British and South African friends that, in appreciation of Von Lettow's gallantry, they join together to pay him a modest pension.

Various technical difficulties, including exchange control, were worked out, and the pension has been paid ever since. Now 85, Von Lettow is being supported by what is surely one of the most unique financial arrangements of all time.

In 1953, 35 years after his campaigns, Von Lettow took a trip to Africa and stayed some months in Irene, near Johannesburg, as the guest of "Ouma" Smuts, the elderly widow of the field marshal. Smuts himself was dead, but his family welcomed their chivalrous old enemy, with open arms.

Enroute back to Germany, the aged Von Lettow stopped off for a few days in Tanga, the scene of his first great victory. Word spread among the Africans like a bolt of fire that the great, the indomitable, the invincible Von Lettow was there on their shores again.

Out of the bush came his old *askaris*. They greeted him, saluted him, and, wet-cheeked, saw him off a few days later with cheers. He was Von Lettow, the lion of Africa, and there are no more like him.

—John Gunther

Great Bears of Deadman's Bay

[*Continued from page* 40]

who spotted the first Kodiak bears I ever saw in the wild.

High on the mountain to the south of us, a sow and two cubs had come out of an alder thicket onto an open snowfield. They were at least a mile away. Even through the binoculars they seemed hardly more than dark specks against the white, and naturally we didn't want them. But just knowing what they were made them thrilling to watch. Like many another hunter, I had dreamed for a long time of the day when I might get my first glimpse of Alaskan brownies. The cubs kept frisking around as the little family moved slowly down the slope, and we kept our glasses on them until they disappeared in the brush.

Hal soon spotted another bear, probably a male, that wasn't big enough to tempt me, although it offered an easy stalk. I was resolved to hold out for a specimen that would score at least 29, which means that the length of the clean skull with lower jaw removed, added to the maximum width, must total 29 inches or more. These skull measurements provide the only acceptable basis for official records, as they are the only thing about a bear that cannot be faked, and none but exceptionally big old boars have skulls that score as much as 29.

A little later we saw another sow. This one had three cubs. They were working in and out of a strip of brush that edged a ravine, well up on the mountain to our north, and before it was time to call it a day we had located three other lone bears, one of them big enough to warrant serious attention. That bear proved to me that seeing a good specimen doesn't necessarily mean that you have any chance for a shot. He was away down near Horse Marine Lake, more than two miles beyond our lookout, and traveling up the mountain across an unbroken expanse of snow. We could only watch until he topped out and vanished over the high crest.

"You are the right kind of a prophet," I told Hal as we cruised back toward camp. "You predicted six bears, and showed me eleven."

He hardly had time to reply before Park Munsey spotted an enormous sow with two yearlings, bedded down on a brushy point that jutted out into the bay. The light was too far gone for any pictures, but Hal cut the motor, unshipped the oars and headed the dory toward the point without a sound. I was practically devouring the old bear with my binoculars as she raised her head to inspect us. Her face looked as big around as the end of a barrel, and her muzzle was like a massive peg driven into the middle of it. Later, Hal told me that she was about as big as sows ever get to be. She was very dark in color, with a grizzling of lighter hairs on her hump and head.

We had closed the distance to around a hundred yards when the old gal rose from her bed. As she stood, sizing us up with her body in profile, I saw that while she wasn't a great deal longer than the biggest sow grizzlies of the Canadian northwest coast, she was a much heavier animal. By that time the youngsters were standing up on their hind legs. They were only a year and a half old, but they seemed almost as large as some of the mature grizzlies of the Rocky Mountains. A moment later they all turned away and walked unhurriedly into the thickets.

The following day was less eventful. After another short trip in the dory we went up the east branch of a canyon at the very head of Deadman's Bay. Hal has named it Griffith Canyon, for a hunter who shot a notable trophy in it. The going was rather easy. We walked about nine miles, wading the creek many times, and watched from several vantage points before we returned to the boat, but we found only one bear, a striking blond that was a mile and a half away. There were no cubs to be seen, so the chances are that it was a boar.

"He isn't very big," Hal finally pronounced, and Park Munsey agreed with him.

Those fellows had me mystified. Several times, in hunting bears of other species, I had found how easy it is to be badly fooled on the size of a lone bear when it isn't very close. I knew that the old ones have a bulkier build and proportionately wider heads, but I couldn't even guess whether this one was really large or just an average mature specimen. So I asked Hal how he judged them. In the next few minutes I learned more about sizing them up than I had been able to grasp in the last 20 years.

"There are a couple of special things to watch for," Hal explained. "An old bear never runs, under ordinary conditions. He has a gait that eats up distance, but he never seems to hurry. This one scampered around a couple of times so I know he isn't as big as you want.

"An old bear never plays. The young ones play a lot. Last week we saw a bear come over the skyline that looked pretty goodsized. Accidentally he dislodged a piece of snow that rolled a little way down the mountain in a ball, and I'll be darned if he didn't go down and push that snowball around until it must have weighed several hundred pounds. I knew, right then, that he wasn't a very large bear."

The next morning we cruised to Atkinson Canyon, and Jim Woodworth came with us instead of Park Munsey. Jim, one of Hal's full-fledged guides, had worked with the hunters whose trip had ended when I arrived in camp. When we left the boat we walked up over easy going to the first lookout point, but the dismal weather had continued and there was enough mist to make the spying difficult. All we could see was a pair of nesting eagles.

After an hour we tried another place, and later we went up to the head of the canyon. There wasn't even any fresh sign to be found. Blank days are a part of almost every hunting trip, and this turned out to be one of them. In scanning the upper slopes for tracks which would show where bears had come out of their winter dens, we saw only the broad paths of a few avalanches. Although we were far enough out on the canyon floor to be safe, it would have been suicidal to try wallowing around in the deep snow near the mountaintops, for countless tons of it were softening up, ready to slide at any time.

Most of those mountains around Deadman's Bay are only a couple of thousand feet high—the highest on the whole island doesn't top 4,500 feet by very much—but they are so rugged that I was quite content to stay out of the higher country, even if the snow had permitted hunting there. Just the same I reflected, we might have to find places where we could do some climbing, for the bear business was slumping badly. We had seen 14 on the first day, only one on the second, and none at all on the third. We headed back toward the dory, and I began to understand that a hunt in the spring was not nearly as easy as I had imagined it.

It was May 20, the fourth day of my scheduled two-week hunt, that produced the big payoff, and when I think how memorable it turned out to be, it seems strange that it began with so little promise. Both Jim and Park came along in the boat when we left camp, but it was raining so hard that we certainly didn't expect much action. So we dropped both men off to saw up some firewood which we had spotted on the beach near Horse Marine Canyon, while Hal and I went back to the same lookout we had used on the first day. As we were as well prepared for bad weather as any wildfowler, we were in no particular discomfort.

"Some of my hunting parties wouldn't go out in weather like this," Hal remarked. "I never saw them shoot any bears in camp, though."

We settled down to the routine business of watching, and nothing seemed to stir until an hour or so after lunch, when the rain slacked off and stopped. Almost at once a fine big bear came out of a brushy draw, on the mountain where Park had spotted the sow and cubs which were the first bears we had seen on the hunt. This old buster was less than a mile from our lookout. We studied him carefully with our binoculars as he fooled around for awhile near the edge of the ravine. But when he decided to move, he started off the other way and there was no point in trying to follow him, although he didn't know we were in the world.

Off he went, angling down across the snowy slope. Without hurrying, he was there one minute and away over yonder the next. At last he came to a bear trail, below the snow line, that led down past Horse Marine Lake. Just below him a long patch of alders stretched away in the same direction, doubtless with other trails in it from end to end. I was wondering whether he would take advantage of the cover. He didn't. He roamed along through the open, as if he owned the whole island, until he turned a corner and was gone.

It wasn't more than an hour after that when a bear came over the skyline of the high ridge directly south of our lookout. He didn't seem to have anything special on his mind. Later, I wondered whether he was investigating the steep slope, to see where he could descend without starting a snow slide. When he had sauntered a few yards down the mountain, he stopped, looked around, angled up to the crest again and went over it. Now we saw him and now we didn't as he repeated this performance, working slowly over toward the east. He was far enough away to make it hard for me to tell much about him, but he seemed unusually dark-coated and reasonably big.

Several minutes after he had gone back over the ridge top for the third or fourth time, and close to where we had last seen him on the skyline, a big bear appeared and started down. The rain was beginning again. As we faced him, the route he chose was taking him to our left, over toward Deadman's Bay. Very soon he was lost to sight behind the top of a lower ridge which lay between us. It was then that Hal stood up.

"We might as well have a closer look," he said. "He's coming over to visit."

As we scrambled down from the lookout, I knew that there were dozens of places for the bear to go, for Hal had mentioned that there were several minor ridges between the one that confronted us and the main mountainside. But I've been impressed by one quality in a few of the best guides I've ever met—they seem to be almost psychic in knowing just what an animal is going to do. It was on a stalk of this kind that Hal led me.

The nearest ridge was steep, although not quite high enough to be snowy. We detoured a bit to the left, as we approached it, and found somewhat easier going. While the stiff little climb could hardly be compared to those made for sheep or goats, it was severe enough to make me stop and pant a time or two, in spite of our need to hurry.

Before very long we were just below the top, and by that time the rain had become a downpour, driven by the rising wind. Straight ahead of us the narrow spine of the ridge ended in a small promontory, then it broke off sharply to our left into a shallow gulch. I slipped the caps off the 'scope sight of my rifle. From sheer force of habit, I took off my hat. In sheep country you learn to do that before you ease your head over a skyline. When we wriggled on our bellies through the soaking tussocks of dead grass, far enough to let us look down into the country beyond, the view astonished me.

We were close to the edge of a flat basin of tundra, many hundreds of feet above the bay, dotted with a few small pools and carpeted mainly with dead moss. In contrast to the rugged terrain which enclosed it on three sides, it was about as level a place as you will find anywhere on Kodiak Island. And just in front of us, not far in from the right-hand side of this basin, we saw a huge blond bear.

He was within moderate rifle range, angling toward my right and walking rather slowly, but his course was also taking him toward a narrow thicket of alders at the end of the open flat. Those alders spelled potential trouble. If the bear reached them before I could shoot, he might walk right out of our lives, as they connected with a larger patch that led into a labyrinth of gullies. On the other hand, if I shot and merely wounded him before he got into the cover, we would have to follow him.

A big Kodiak bear weighs as much as three average lions or tigers. If he jumps

you at close range in heavy cover, he is correspondingly hard to stop.

All of these things flashed through my mind as I tried to do a quick, careful job of estimating the bear's size. I noted the enormous head. This was more bear than I had ever seen, or had ever expected to see. The vividly individual personalities of other great animals had struck me before—animals such as mountain rams, or bull elk, or bison, or giant moose, or grizzlies—but I had never encountered a more majestic creature than this one on any hunt anywhere.

When I turned to Hal, I wasn't sure whether I needed his judgment of the trophy or his reassurance that I wasn't seeing things.

"Is he what we want?" I asked.

"Yes," Hal said, packing a lot of suppressed excitement into a single syllable.

My position was perfect for prone shooting as I excitedly slipped my left arm into the sling and raised the rifle. Then I swore softly. I couldn't see the bear—with my hat off, the lashing rain had spattered the lenses of my shooting glasses and the front lens of my telescope sight as well, so that I couldn't see through the combination at all.

In the tense seconds that followed I wiped my glasses furiously, not knowing whether the bear was wandering away or not. Then I clapped the glasses back on and raised the rifle; if necessary I could use the iron sights beneath the 'scope.

The bear was only 30 feet from the brush. But he had turned away from it and had stopped walking. At a time like this one does things with a sort of horrified calm that afterward seems impossible. I recall figuring that I would have time to wipe the 'scope's lenses, and picking a dry spot on my bandanna for the job. Half watching the bear, I got to work on the 'scope.

The bear now stood at the near edge of one of the little pools. He was facing us, with his body quartering to my left and silhouetted against the water. I got into shooting position again.

He looked tremendous through the 'scope, a huge wet bear standing in the rain in casual unconcern. Where to aim? He must be stopped without injuring the precious skull. Above all, he must be hit fatally that first time. As I considered this, the Kodiak turned his head enough to show about a foot of neck between an ear and the bulk of a shoulder.

The picket of the 'scope swung to his neck at the height of the spine. I held the picket steady and carefully squeezed off the shot. At the crash of the rifle the great head dropped and the body slumped.

"He's done!" Hal shouted.

But it was no time to take chances. I shot the bear in the neck again, re-killing him. He didn't stir. Still with my eyes on the bear, I slipped out of the rifle sling and was reaching for my hat when I remembered a bull bison that had dropped as emphatically and then got up. "Another hole in his hide won't hurt," I thought.

A tremendous excitement had hold of me now. I got off a shot at a hummock yards away from the bear but of the same color, and realized my mistake a moment after I fired.

"I'd hate to tell you where that last bullet went," Hal said with a chuckle.

Feeling like a complete idiot, I took off my glasses which had become spattered again, and wiped them. We both laughed and shook hands with great enthusiasm and then, scrambling down into the little gulch beside us, we paced off the distance to the pool. It came to 148 yards, and at the end of it I had a double-barreled jolt of surprise. Instead of being on the bank as I had supposed, the bear had been standing in the water, a foot from the edge. Only the upper part of his head was above the surface, and as the rest of him was pretty well under, he looked about half as big as I remembered him. I mentioned this with some alarm. So Hal waded in, lifted the muzzle and propped the massive head on the bank.

"It's a real big one," he said. "He is just doubled up and sunk in the mud. You stay here, while I get Jim and Park. This is going to be more than a two-man job."

It surely was. When the *whole* crew had rolled that bear onto the bank, it stretched out like an accordion. I'm not going to try to kid myself by estimating its weight. From the tip of the nose to the end of the tail bone, it measured 8 feet 9½ inches, which made it 11¾ inches longer than my record grizzly.

Eventually we measured the hide, laid out on such big tussocks of tundra grass that we couldn't spread it flat. Despite the loss caused by the bumps and hollows, it taped 11 feet 1½ inch wide and 9 feet 6½ inches from nose to tail. Not that anybody cared. Although the size of a bearskin in the field is the index of comparison used by most guides, and by many hunters as well, Hal and I both knew that it is almost as meaningless as an estimated weight. Hides are cut in different ways when they are taken off, and they are often stretched both verbally and otherwise.

The final thrill came when the official measurements were taken two months later, by Samuel B. Webb, chairman of the Boone and Crockett Club records committee. Length of skull without lower jaw, 18 inches. Width, 12 5/16. Score, 30 5/16. In the all-time list, my bear ranks No. 3. The combined length and width of Roy Lindsley's world record surpasses mine by just 7/16 of an inch.

"You must have been born under a lucky star," a friend remarked later.

"Under a whole constellation," I said. "Under Ursa Major, the Great Bear."

—Grancel Fitz

If you're in a hurry to get to Kodiak, Alaska, to try your luck at bringing back a bear, it will take you approximately 22 hours' flying time from New York, 19 hours from Chicago, or 13 hours from San Francisco. For more complete travel information on this trip, write to Travel Editor, TRUE Magazine.

The Search for Bridey Murphy

[*Continued from page* 49]

another room with a stack of text books and worked out the questions I would ask. When I had finished, I went back to Hazel.

She responded just as the texts had assured me a good subject should respond. And, much to her amazement, when I awakened her the headache was gone.

Her astonishment seemed genuine enough, but I was afraid she might be faking a little just to humor me, so I hypnotized her again. This time I asked her to extend her right arm out from her body, saying that this position would be perfectly comfortable, and she could hold it indefinitely. The arm never wavered. I had hypnotized my first subject.

Hazel spread the word of my success, and my friends and neighbors began bringing me their problems. I cured cases of stuttering, migraine, insomnia, excessive smoking and other bad habits, and as far as I was able to find out, the cures were permanent.

As I gained increased skill in simple hypnosis, I began to experiment with one of the most fascinating phenomena in the field of hypnosis—age regression. There are two general types; in one, the subject recalls a particular experience as though witnessing it at the time. In the other, called true or total regression, the subject appears to be actually *reliving* that past experience. He will speak in the very same voice as he did then; will experience the same sensations, the same emotions, the same reactions, the same total experience.

It is interesting to note, furthermore, that changes in handwriting, behavior, vision and reflexes all take place during hypnotic age regression. For instance, the signature of one of my subjects, when told that he is 8 years old, will be substantially different from that of the same person when told that he is only 6 years old. When the 5-year-old level is reached, the subject can barely print his name; and at a younger age he will be unable to write his name at all. Handwriting experts will usually confirm that these samples of writing are practically identical to specimens which were actually produced during the childhood of the subject.

I also learned that intelligence tests and reading tests given at various levels during an age regression confirm its reality. Moreover, a person who stuttered at, say, the age of 7, will do so again when regressed to that level; and then the defect will disappear as earlier periods are suggested. Regressed subjects will also re-experience traumatic events, illnesses, and earlier episodes of almost every nature.

As I continued experimenting I learned the answers to many of the questions that are asked of every hypnotist. To begin with, there is almost no possibility of a subject remaining indefinitely in a trance; even if the hypnotist should place his subject in deep hypnosis and then leave the room, the subject would eventually drift into ordinary sleep and awaken in his own time. I learned that anybody can learn how to hypnotize—there are no mysterious mystic qualities involved. Just as anyone can learn to dance—and to become very proficient if they have talent and work hard at it—so it is with practicing hypnotism. The hypnotist is a guide, and while some are better than others, everybody can hypnotize *someone*.

In general, I find it impossible to put anyone into a trance against his will. However, there are a few cases on record in which certain subjects, despite all efforts to resist, will drift into a trance.

I have often been asked whether a hypnotized subject can be forced to commit a crime or immoral act. The concensus is that nobody will do anything under hypnosis that is fundamentally against his or her principles. However, it might be possible, over a period of time, to engineer the suggestion so that the final result is an act contrary to the basic principles of the subject. For instance, a wife would not react to the hypnotic suggestion that she murder her husband. But the same wife, repeatedly told under hypnosis that her husband was slowly poisoning her children, might conceivably be convinced that the only way to save her children would be to kill him.

Is hypnotism dangerous? More nonsense has probably been written on this matter than any other. I believe that all authorities will agree that hypnosis in itself is entirely harmless. As far as I have been able to discover, no bad effects, mental or physical, have ever been incurred by anyone as a result of merely being hypnotized. Like any good tool, however, it could be detrimental in the wrong hands. Every effective instrument can be misused—water keeps us alive, but we can also drown in it.

It is also important to note that the trance will not weaken the mind or body. The subject will not remain under the influence of, nor continue dependent upon, the hypnotist. In other words, there is no possibility of addiction.

No one seems to know why some people are better hypnotic subjects than others, but it is a fact that the subject, not the hypnotist, is the key figure in any experiment. Ordinary, normal, healthy people seem to make the best subjects. The higher the intelligence and the more vivid the imagination, the better a subject is likely to be. However, like all rules, this one has some startling exceptions.

Very nervous people make difficult subjects, as do skeptics and "know-it-alls." There seems to be little difference between races or sexes, but most operators feel that women make the best subjects. Children are much easier to hypnotize than older people, and elderly people are quite difficult. Alcoholics are easy to hypnotize, and so are those who stutter or stammer. Insomnia sufferers, however, are harder to help. Weakminded or insane people are extremely difficult, often impossible to hypnotize.

There are some people who just can't be hypnotized. As I happen to be one of these people, I can offer a personal re-

port. I have gone to great lengths in the effort, submitting myself to some of the finest and best-known hypnotists in the country. Failing there, I have tried electric-shock treatments, a carbon dioxide treatment, narco-synthesis (hypnosis under drugs), and finally an equalizing pressure chamber which actually permits the cessation of breathing. I'm still a complete failure as a subject.

I wanted to be hypnotized for two reasons. First, I wanted to find the universal method which would work with everyone, as this is a serious obstacle to the progress of hypnosis. Second, having seen the mind control demonstrated by good subjects, even when they have been self-hypnotized, I was eager to attain the same ability. A good subject can sharpen his concentration, accelerate his mental activities, transcend his normal mental capacity, anesthetize any portion of his body, control pain, and relax completely under almost any circumstance. In short, he can become complete master of his mind. This is certainly a goal worth seeking.

I have since discovered that hypnotists and others having a fair degree of knowledge about hypnotism are usually poor subjects; possibly because they cannot prevent themselves from criticizing or evaluating the technique of the operator. Likewise, close friends and relatives of the hypnotist are usually not impressed by someone they know so well, and you can generally do better with a complete stranger. All these conclusions are generalities, of course, and subject to exceptions.

Having given up my efforts to be hypnotized, I turned to the most fascinating aspect of this phenomenon. It is concerned with probing the unknown realms of the mind, with mysteries that have surrounded man since the beginning of time. But I was not yet able to get to the real core of the problem. Fate had other plans, and I stumbled into an examination of extrasensory perception—another step on the long bridge.

PART IV

The final push that started me digging into the problem of extrasensory perception came about as a result of an hypnotic experiment in age regression. A friend named Bill Moery and I were working with a hypnotized subject, and just before the subject awakened, I unconsciously toyed with a book on a shelf behind him. The subject suddenly said, "You have a book in your hand." Then he told me the name of the book.

Bill and I stared at each other for a moment, until I realized that the book had been in view before the subject was hypnotized. I decided to try something he could not have seen, and picked up a newspaper. He told me what I was holding.

"What's the name of it?" I asked. I was standing behind him, and his eyes were closed.

He hesitated a moment, and then said, *"Wall Street Journal."*

I nodded at Bill, who was standing so that the subject could not see him, and said, "Bill will hold up a certain number of fingers on his right hand. Tell me the number." Taking the cue, Bill held up four fingers.

"Four!" shouted our subject. But, after a few more striking demonstrations, he abruptly announced, "That's all I know."

When I asked what he meant, he explained that when he knew something he simply knew it. "Then all of a sudden I don't know, and it's all over." Despite our ensuing questions, he couldn't tell us how he got these telepathic powers, and he was never able to repeat this stunt. It didn't take a genius to realize that here was a matter worthy of investigation.

At this point I recalled that one of my college instructors had told us briefly about a professor at Duke University who was performing telepathic experiments with his students. He had been using specially designed cards, testing the ability of students to identify the cards without looking at them. "The results seem to indicate," my instructor had said, "that we ordinary human beings actually have telepathic powers. Interesting."

A little investigation unearthed the fact that my man was named Dr. Joseph Banks Rhine, and that he was still at Duke and still conducting his experiments. In fact, he is now generally recognized as the world's foremost authority on the subject, and his latest book, *Reach of the Mind*, is regarded as a classic in the field.

I further learned that as early as 1882, in a lonely protest against general indifference, a group of scholars in England had formed the English Society for Psychical Research for the purpose of investigating telepathy, telesthesia (clairvoyance), hypnotism, spiritualism, and other odd phenomena. This organization is more active today than ever before, and has piled up an imposing record of experimental studies.

As there was plenty of literature on the subject, I went off on another book binge, reading everything I could lay my hands on. I was amazed to learn how much evidence there is for extrasensory perception—and that no other phenomena in the history of science has had so little recognition, in light of the amount of experimental research. And I was even more surprised to find that successful experiments have been carried out at many universities other than Duke—at Germany's University of Bonn; at Cambridge, Oxford and the University of London in England; and in many American schools.

Even with all this evidence, I might not have gone any further if it had not been for Val Weston. On the day he walked into my office, I was sent racing across the long bridge and into the biggest adventure of all.

I had been answering my mail and was just removing a cylinder from the dictaphone when a voice behind me said, "Pardon me. My name is Weston. I'm with the Department of Commerce." I turned around. He was about 6 feet tall, built like a wrestler who keeps himself in shape. He explained his reasons for contacting my firm, I gave him the information he needed and he left.

Five minutes later he was back. "I understand you're interested in hypnotism and extrasensory perception," he said excitedly. He had run into my father before leaving the building, and Dad had told him about my hobbies. Weston and I promptly became engrossed in a general bull session. He'd long been in-

"I like it!"

terested in such matters, and had dug up a lot of information I'd never heard of during several years in the Orient. Since we were often interrupted, however, we parted and I agreed that Hazel and I would meet him later that night. Which we did.

We were talking about Eastern philosophy when suddenly the roof fell in. Abruptly and without warning he swung into what I considered a ridiculous subject—reincarnation. We continued to listen for a few minutes, wanting to make sure that he was serious. Then I stood up and said it was getting late, and Hazel and I got out of there.

Weston was in Pueblo on business a month later, but I contrived to be "too busy" to see him. He probably sensed that I was avoiding him, and simple deduction would have disclosed that the reason was his reincarnation rantings. I suppose that it was because of this that he sent me two books. One is called *There Is a River*, by Thomas Sugrue, and the other, *Many Mansions*, by Dr. Gina Cerminara. Both are concerned with a remarkable man named Edgar Cayce, who had died in 1945, only a few years before. Although I didn't know it then, those books would ultimately force me into fields that I had always regarded as ridiculous.

After the revelations in those books, I had to check further. I was stunned by what I found. There were literally hundreds of references to reincarnation—books, poems, researches and anthologies—in the New York Public Library. One of the first statements I read, by Professor T. H. Huxley, seemed to be pointed directly at me. "None but very hasty thinkers will reject reincarnation on the grounds of inherent absurdity."

Again and again I ran across famous men whom I should never have expected to be even remotely interested in the subject. The arch-cynic Voltaire said, "It is not more surprising to be born more than once; everything in nature is resurrection." And I found similar opinions held by Benjamin Franklin, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Walt Whitman, Donne, Goethe, Milton, Cicero, Virgil, Plato, Caesar, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Victor Hugo, Sir Walter Scott, Ibsen, Spinoza, Schopenhauer.

There were repeated references to the subject of reincarnation in the New Testament. One author writing on the subject said, "Reincarnation, not only in the case of men, but also as the law of life that applies to all men, is distinctly taught in the New Testament. To dispute this point is to deny that the authors of that collection of writings meant what they said."

Then one day I picked up a book by a widely known English psychiatrist, and was stopped cold by a chapter entitled, "Reincarnation Outflanks Freud." I read that the doctor had been for many years conducting age-regression experiments. But instead of stopping when the subject reached infancy, he had kept right on going, probing still farther back into the mystery of memories *before* birth.

That was the first time I had encountered such a thought, and I knew right away that I had to try it. I had to experience this for myself. First, I would have to select a subject, and I knew I had to use someone capable of a somnambulistic trance—that is, a subject who experiences complete amnesia during the trance. I thought over the best subjects I'd encountered during the past year, and immediately hit upon Ruth Simmons.

After a great deal of persuasion, and juggling of dates to make a free evening, we agreed that they would come over on the night of November 29, 1952. After the preliminaries I described earlier, we got about the work of the evening. She stretched out on the couch and I extinguished all the lights in the room, save for the one candle which I held before her eyes. I told her to stare at the flame and I would begin to count. At the count of one she should close her eyes and imagine that she could still see the flame. At the count of two she should open her eyes and look at the flame. At three she should close her eyes again, but try and pick up the image of the flame in her mind.

I asked her whether she understood my instructions, and in a sleepy voice she said that she did. I started the counting, monotonously repeating after each count all the suggestions designed to set up the association between flame and sleep. I am still not convinced that monotonous repetition is essential to trance induction, but it is the stock-in-trade of most hypnotists, and I didn't want to deviate on this important occasion. (In fact, I still use this technique. In the interests of space, I have crossed out most of my repetitive phrases in the transcriptions of the tape recordings which follow.)

A short time after the count of three Ruth's head fell to one side on the pillow. Her breathing was deep and regular. I began with the ordinary age regression, taking her back gradually toward her birth. Seven . . . 5 . . . 3 . . . 1. "All right. Now, clear your mind. Rest and relax. I want you to keep on going back and back and back and surprising as it may seem, you will find that there are other scenes in your memory. I will talk to you again in a little while. Meanwhile, your mind will be going back, back, back, and back until it picks up a scene, until oddly enough you find yourself in some other place, in some other time, and when I talk to you again you will tell me about it."

We all waited a few minutes, tensely watching Ruth Simmons. Then I switched on the tape recorder and began to speak.

Now you're going to tell me what scenes came into your mind. What did you see?

. . . Uh . . . scratched the paint off my bed. Jus' painted it, 'n made it pretty. It was a metal bed, and I dug my nails on every post and jus' ruined it.

Why did you do that?

Don't know. I was just mad. Got an awful spanking.

What is your name?

. . . Uh . . . It's Bridey.

Don't you have any other name?

Uh . . . Bridey Murphy.

And where do you live?

. . . I live in Cork . . . Cork.

And what is the name of your mother?

Kathleen.

And what is the name of your father?
Duncan . . . Duncan . . . Murphy.
How old are you?
Uh . . . four . . . four years old.
All right. Now see if you can see yourself a little older. See if you can see yourself when you're 5, or 6, or 7, or see yourself when you're an older girl. Are you a girl or are you a boy?
A girl!
All right. Do you see yourself when you are older?
Yes, I do.
What are you doing now?
Playing . . . playing house . . . playing with my brother.
What is your brother's name?
Duncan.
I see. How old are you now?
Eight.
What kind of a house do you live in?
Uh . . . it's a nice house . . . it's a wood house . . . white . . . has . . . has two floors . . . I have a room upstairs . . . go up the stairs and turn to the left. It's very nice.
What is the name of the country in which you live?
It's Ireland.
I see. Do you have any other brothers or sisters?
Have one brother that died.
What did he die from?
He was sick. Had some kind of black something . . . I don't know.
How old were you when he died?
I was 4 . . . just 4. He was just a baby.
I see. Do you have any sisters?
No.
Now that you are 8 years old, do you know what year it is?
Eighteen something. Eighteen oh . . . Eighteen oh six. (1806).
(Naturally, I was stunned by this information. But there was nothing to do but continue. My next questions, said as I was struggling to regain my composure, were rather aimless.)
What do you eat for breakfast?
Oh . . . uh . . . eat . . . milk . . . milk 'n muffins . . . 'n jam and fruit.
Where does your father work?
He's a barrister . . . down town . . . in the town and the village.
What town? What town does he work in?
In Cork.
Is your father a tall man or a short man?
He's tall.
What color hair?
Sort of reddish . . . like mine.
Your hair is red?
Uh huh. It's real red.
(As Ruth's hair is brown, I wanted to make sure I had heard correctly.)
Why did they name you Bridey?
Named me after my grandmother, Bridget . . . 'n I'm Bridey.
I see. All right, now tell me about your mother. Is she a big woman or a little woman?
Just medium . . . she is.
What color hair?
Black.
All right. Now, see if you can see yourself when you're a little older. See if you can see yourself growing up. See if you can see yourself when you're about fifteen years old. Can you do that?
Uh huh.
Do you have a job about the time you are fifteen years old? Are you working any place?
No.
Do you stay at home?
I go to Miss . . . Miss . . . Strayne's Day School, and I stay away from home all week.
What are you studying?
Oh, to be a lady . . . just house things . . . and proper things.
I see. Do you ever get married?
Yes.
What is the name of the man you marry?
Marry . . . Brian.
Is that his first name or last name?
First name.
What is his last name?
MacCarthy.
All right. What does he do?
His father is a barrister, too, and he goes to school at Belfast. And we get married.
Is the marriage a happy one?
Yes.
Do you have any children?
No.
I see. Do you always live in Cork?
No . . . go to Belfast.
(At this stage the Irish brogue was growing more pronounced. The words "go to Belfast" were rushed together and accented in a manner that seemed fresh from Erin.)
Brian goes to school in Belfast. His parents live in Cork, but his grandmother lives in Belfast, and we live in a cottage in the back of her house while he goes to school. He finishes school, to be a barrister, too.

He becomes a barrister?
Yes, he's a barrister, too, like his father.
Do you like Belfast as well as Cork?
No.
Do you have any friends in Belfast?
Yes.
What are their names?
Mary Catherine and her husband . . . his name is Kevin. Have children and we love to go over there.
What church do you go to?
I go to St. Theresa's.
What is the name of the priest?
Father John.
Do you know your catechism?
Oh . . . oh . . . married a Catholic . . . Don't know as I should.
Oh, weren't you a Catholic when you were little?
No.
What were you?
I was a Protestant.
All right. What are some Irish words?
Oh . . . oh . . . there's a colleen, 'n a . . . oh . . . I try to think of the word for the ghost . . . what do you call a ghost? Oh, I think . . . mother socks . . . oh. There's a . . . oh . . . a brate!
(The word "mother-socks," judging from the manner in which she used it, would appear to be a sort of oath which she muttered in exasperation while trying to think of more words.)
What does brate mean?
Aw, that's a . . . little cup . . . that you drink out of, 'n you wish on it. Very . . . very Irish, you know.
Are there any prayers . . . Irish prayers?
We always say the prayers from the Bible just . . . at our house.
Can you say any of them now?
Say the prayer we say before our meal:
"Bless this house in all the weather.
Keep it gay in springy heather.
Bless the children, bless the food.
Keep us happy, bright and good."
All right, Now is there anything else that you can tell us about Irish customs or traditions? Have you ever been to a wake?
Oh, yes, been to the wake before the funeral. Oh, it was . . . it was with Brian, 'n his uncle 'n . . . they all stay up . . . and they're all very unhappy. It's always the day before they take 'em to ditch them . . . in the grounds, and they and everybody's unhappy. Then the next day they ditch them.
What do you mean, ditch them?
Put 'em in the ground! . . . for good.
(Here again the brogue was especially distinct.)
I see. Are there any other Irish customs or traditions that you can tell us about?
Oh . . . dance when you're married.
What do they call it?
Oh, it's just an Irish jig thing; you dance and they put money in your pockets . . . to buy . . . it's a party and everybody gives their money and that way you have a gift, you see. It's just people that wouldn't send you other gifts.
All right. Now see yourself up to the time of your death. And tell me, tell me as an observer, so that it won't disturb you, tell me how you died.
Fell down . . . fell down on the stairs, and . . . seems I broke some bones in my hip, too, and I was a terrible burden.
Were you old?
Sixty . . . six.
How did you finally die?
Oh, just sort of . . . withered away.
You didn't want to live?
No . . . I was such a burden. Had to be carried about.
Was Brian still alive?
Yes . . . he was there.
Did he take good care of you?
Yes. He was so tired all the time, though.
Do you remember the day you died?
Uh huh. 'Twas on a Sunday.
And you remember it?
Yes, Brian went to church, and it upset him terribly that he wasn't there. He left me, deserted me. But he didn't think I was going that fast. A lady came to stay with me so he could go to church . . . and I died.
(This answer brought about a wholly unexpected turn in the questioning. It had never even occurred to me that I might explore her memories as to what took place after her death.
She had said, "Brian went to church, and it upset him terribly that he wasn't there." If Brian had not been present at the scene of her death—if he had been in church—then how could Bridey have known that he was "upset" to learn that she had died during his absence?
There was only one possibility. If Bridey had somehow been conscious of what took place after her death, then her comment would be understandable. I decided, therefore, to pursue this point.)

Can you tell us what happened after you died?

I didn't do . . . like Father John said. I didn't go to Purgatory!

(In looking back, this answer seems particularly meaningful. Instead of replying with a listing of her activities or any sort of statement about what she did, Bridey instantly charged back with an emotional outburst, declaring what she did not do!

It was as though, contended several of those who listened to the tape recording, Bridey had been particularly concerned with this Purgatory problem. It is possible, the listeners speculate, that she had been developing considerable apprehension over the Purgatory question as she lay on her death bed. Hence the reaction to her pentup anxiety, "I didn't do like Father John said. I didn't go to Purgatory!")

Where did you go?

I stayed right in that house until Father John died.

And could you see Father John all that time?

Uh huh.

But he couldn't see you.

. . . Father John. I said, "Father John," when he died, "you weren't right. You don't go to Purgatory."

Was Father John dead, too?

Oh, he died. . . . I saw him. I saw him when he died.

And then you talked to him?

Yes.

I see. Well, when Brian died, did he join you?

No. . .

He didn't?

No. Didn't see . . . watched him . . . lots of times until Father John died, then I left the house.

Oh, I see. When Father John died, you left the house?

Yes.

But you stayed in the house until Father John died?

Yes, he came to visit Brian, and I stayed.

All right. When you left the house, where did you go?

Uh . . . I went . . . home to Cork . . . and I . . . saw my . . . brother.

Which brother?

Duncan. And he was still alive! . . . And so old!

(Since Bridey likely had not seen him for many years—she had been living in Belfast—it is logical that her first reaction would have been one of surprise over the change which had taken place in Duncan.

And you stayed in the house there?

Yes, I stayed in Duncan's house.

Did you ever let Duncan know that you were there?

No, he wouldn't . . . he wouldn't answer me.

How did you try to speak to him?

I would stay by his bed where he sleeps . . . I would stay there by the bed and talk, and he would never see me.

Did he finally die?

Yes, he died.

And then did he join you?

No. There were lots of people there I didn't know.

Lots of people you didn't know?

Yes, but I didn't see everybody I knew. Father John I saw . . . 'n I saw my little brother that died, too.

(I had almost forgotten about Bridey's little brother, who had died when he was "just a baby.")

Did he talk to you?

Yes, he talked to me, but he didn't know, I had to tell him I knew who he was.

(Presumably, the baby would not have recognized this 66-year-old woman: she had to tell him who she was. On the other hand, Bridey recognized him at once; apparently he still looked the same.)

Then did he recognize you?

Yes, he said he just remembered some things about me, but he didn't remember anything about my mother or the house or . . . he remembered some things about Duncan, too. Duncan would push him off the little cradle side, and tip it over and he would fall.

Did you like where you were?

Yes.

Was it better than your life on earth?

No, it wasn't full enough. It wasn't . . . just . . . couldn't do all the things . . . couldn't accomplish anything and . . . couldn't talk to anybody very long. They'd go away . . . didn't stay very long.

(Here Bridey's voice became plaintive, almost pained. It is at this point that numerous listeners—to the tape recordings—have suggested that Bridey might well have been in Purgatory, after all, without having realized it.)

Did you ever have any pain?

No.

Did you ever have to eat anything?

No, never ate, never sleep . . . never get tired there.

Well, tell me how you finally left that world?

Oh . . . I . . . left there and I was . . . born . . . and I lived in America again. I was born in Iowa . . . I . . .

(Ruth was born in Iowa in 1923.)

Do you remember how you became born again?

I was . . . oh, I was just . . . I don't know how it happens, but I just remember that suddenly I wasn't . . . just in a . . . just a state . . . then I was a baby.

How did you know what body, how did you know what country to go to, how did you know all those things? Who took care of all those details?

Don't know . . . It just seems like it just happens . . . and you just don't remember and . . . you remember most things and then . . . all of a sudden . . . I remember just being a baby again.

(Bridey was never able to relate the details of the rebirth process. Other investigators, though, claim somewhat better results.)

Then you remember that you died when you were little.

. . . No . . . not when I was in Iowa.

(This was simply an effort purposely to trip the subject, something I have resorted to at many points throughout the series of sessions. It never worked.)

What was your name?

Ruth.

Ruth what?

Ruth Mills (maiden name.)

I see. Then you must have lived in the spirit world a long time before that.

Um . . . oh . . . I don't know.

In all that time you were never able to talk to anyone on earth?

No. Tried to.

Well, could any of the people in that spirit world talk to any of the people on the earth?

No. . . Tried. Lots of people wanted to talk to people, but they just wouldn't listen.

All right. Let's talk again about when you died. Did you watch them bury your body?

Yes, I watched them ditch my body.

Did they have a wake for you?

No. I'd told Brian I didn't want anybody to be unhappy and . . . mourn . . . for me. I was a burden and . . . I would be happy to just go to sleep.

Did Brian get married again?

No. He wouldn't.

(An interesting way of putting it. She didn't say that Brian didn't marry again; she flatly replied that he wouldn't—the sort of answer one might expect from a woman who was sure of her husband.)

Do you remember when Brian died?

No. I went away when Father John died. I stayed there until Father John died, and then I went home.

Where did Father John go?

He was there in the house. He used to come and visit.

Did Brian know that you and Father John were there?

No.

And you couldn't tell him?

He wouldn't listen.

(Almost a tense whisper.)

Did the people who died go to different places?

Yes . . . there were . . . no it's just one place, but . . . it's spread out.

How did you talk to each other?

Just like . . . we always did.

But the people on earth, like Brian, couldn't hear you?

They won't listen!

Do you think that if they would have tried to listen, they could have heard you?

Yes, I think so. I wanted them to . . . so bad.

Well, didn't anyone try to teach you?

No. Was just sort of a . . . transitory thing. Just a period . . . something that happened.

But you did realize that you didn't die, after all, when your body died?

I always wanted to tell Brian. He was so worried.

He was worried?

Was . . . afraid he didn't say enough prayers . . . or go to church enough.

All right. Now, rest and relax. Clear your mind completely, because you're coming back to the present time and place. You're perfectly relaxed, perfectly comfortable. All right, now you're at the present time and place. When I reach the count of five you will awaken and feel fine. One . . . two. . . .

PART V

The next day a stormy Scotsman named Sam MacIntosh dropped by with his wife, and we decided to play the tapes and get their reaction. As the words began they both hunched forward. His wife's jaw dropped open and Sam's eyes narrowed. Suddenly Sam jumped to his feet shouting, "Turn that thing off!"

I pushed the stop button on the recorder, wondering how I'd offended him.

"You two may have something of momentous significance here," Sam shouted. "Yet you sit there like a pair of dolts!"

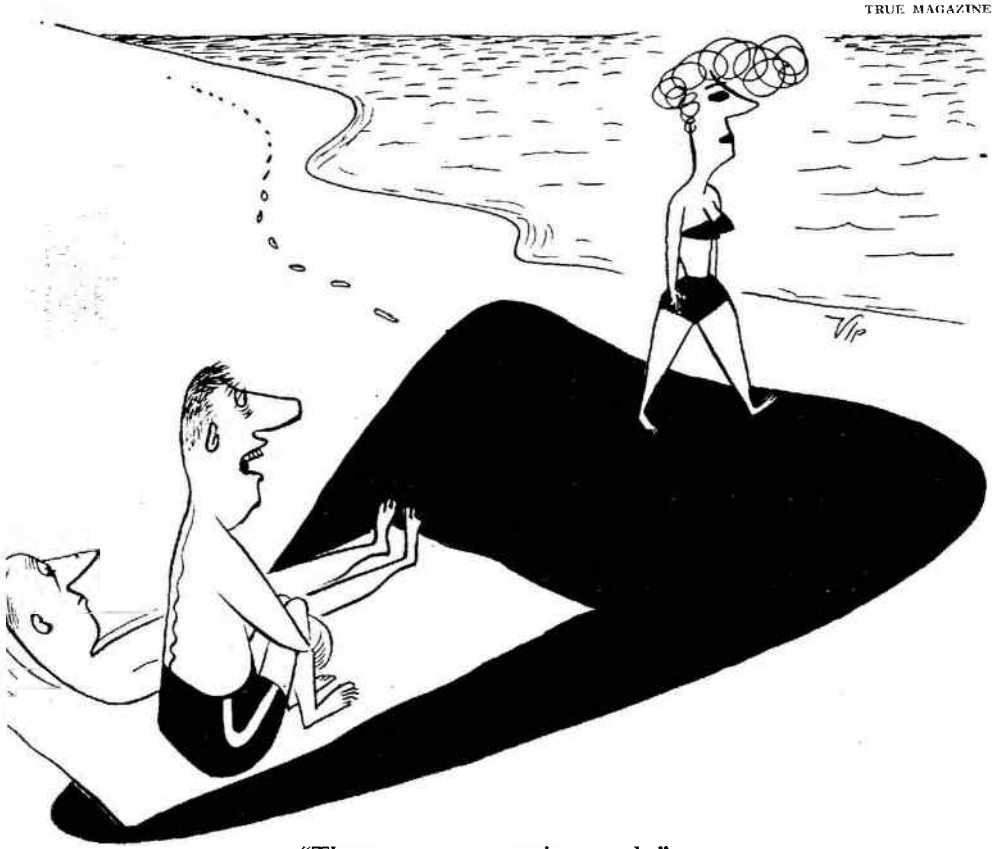
"Relax, Sam," I said. "We've already heard it."

"Heard it! Heard it! Wake up, Rip Van Winkle! I'm not talking about listening to it. I'm talking about doing something about it."

He saw that I was still puzzled, and thundered on. "Pretty soon, regardless of the precautions you take, people will start talking about this. Then you'll get a real taste of how much mayhem can be committed by rumors and gossip.

"Some will just call you a harmless fool, but others will say you're a fanatic, a trouble maker, a crackpot or a lunatic. You'll be getting phone calls and letters from mediums, cultists and faddists. And some people will be offended in the mistaken belief that you're trying to punch holes in their particular religious faith. Finally, in sheer self-defense, you'll be forced to fire back."

TRUE MAGAZINE



"There goes an attractive couple."

I thought about this for a minute. "Well, what should I do?"

"First, you and Hazel must have nothing personally to do with the checking of individual identities in Ireland—the ones involved in this tape. Leave that to an independent agency. If you start snooping around on your own, you'll be accused of digging up obscure facts and planting them with Ruth. As long as you keep out of it entirely, and she has nothing to do with Ireland either, the facts could only have come out of her mind." (This was exactly what I did, and the subsequent investigation was done by a firm of lawyers hired by my publisher. I do not know the name of this firm, and have never checked any of the facts myself. That will come later.)

"As to the other material," Sam continued, "dates, places, customs, general information—let me do that. I'll start checking right away. Keep as aloof from this work as you possibly can. You're just the middle man, the guy with the tape recorder. And make more tapes with this girl; check, double-check, and cross-check her. Get facts, facts, facts!"

While Sam was glibly suggesting "a lot more tapes," I was thinking of all the trouble I'd had in arranging the first session. But I determined to follow his advice. "Incidentally, Sam," I said, "I didn't know that you were interested in reincarnation."

He stiffened. "I'm not!" Then he softened a little and added, "But years ago I did a paper on child prodigies. I've never quite gotten over it. Mozart wrote a sonata when he was 4 and had written an opera by the time he was 7. I remember that a 12-year-old Swiss boy had been appointed inspector of the Grand Maritime Canal by the Swiss government because of his mechanical genius. And what about Samuel Reshevsky, the chess champion? When he was only 5 years old, he simultaneously took on three European chess champs, and whipped them all.

"How can a mind that's only a few years old write sonatas, solve complicated mathematical problems, and play championship chess? There must be some other factor, something we don't see."

I had often wondered about the same thing myself. I had observed, moreover, that in almost all these cases there had been no apparent hereditary justification for these capacities. Then, too, those fields in which the prodigies exhibited their proficiency were *old* ones—music, mathematics, chess, languages.

Before the MacIntoshes left that night, Sam helped me to draft some questions for the second session, keeping in mind that it would be asking too much to expect her to remember historical and political details.

Memory is, after all, vitally concerned with association, and association is linked with emotion and interest. You can probably remember your graduation from high school with no difficulty, even if it took place 40 years ago. But if you were asked to name the governor of your state at the time of your graduation, you would likely draw a blank.

We kept our list as short as possible,

as Ruth had been somewhat exhausted after the first session, and we wanted to make this one shorter. As I had expected, it wasn't easy to pin the Simmonses down for another tape. Finally, several days before Christmas, Rex called me. They were having guests that night, he said, and if I wanted to bring the recorder over and tape another session it was okay with them. I went.

On December 18, 1952, after having impatiently plodded through an hour of social functioning, I got the second session under way. The hypnosis and age regression went smoothly, and I again took her back to the time of Bridey Murphy, asking her to describe any scene that came into her mind.

Going on a trip.

To where?

To Antrim.

Where's that?

It's at the seashore. There are cliffs . . . 'n . . . white, bright cliffs . . . and there's glens . . . and other . . .

(Note that this is an entirely different scene from the one she described during the first session.)

With whom are you going on this trip?

With my mother . . . my father.

And how old are you?

I'm ten.

Just the three of you are going?

Oh, my brother, too. My brother, Duncan.

All right. Now tell me what town you live in.

I live in Cork.

Is Cork north or south of Belfast.

'Tis south of Belfast.

About what is the distance between Cork and Belfast?

Uh . . . uh . . . it's in a different province. Uh . . . I . . . I don't know how far away it is.

As you go from Cork to Belfast, can you tell me any of the towns or villages you pass through?

You go through Carlingford . . . there's a . . . Carlingford is a lake, too . . . a lough. . .

All right. When did you first meet Brian? Can you tell us how old you were when you first met Brian?

. . . I was . . . seventeen.

Was it in Cork or Belfast?

I met him in Cork.

How did he happen to be in Cork?

His father is a barrister, too . . . and his father and he came to our house.

Did you like Brian when you first met him?

No.

How old was Brian?

Oh . . . he was 19.

But you didn't like him?

Oh, he was all right. He wasn't anything.

How did you get engaged to him?

He came back in the summer and worked in his father's office, and I just . . . went with him. . . 'Twas just taken for granted, I think.

All right. What was the name of Brian's father?

Brian's . . . he . . . he was John.

John what?

MacCarthy.

All right. Now, we would like to check any records or any other indications that prove you lived in Ireland at that time. Where could we find something that would prove that you lived in Ireland at that time?

Uh . . . there would be some articles in the Belfast News Letter.

About Brian?

Yes. And he taught at the Queens University for some time . . . you know, the Queens University at Belfast.

Uh huh. And his name appeared in the paper?

Yes, on several times.

When you were married, was there a marriage certificate?

Oh . . . I believe there was . . . sure . . . there was banns published.

All right. Good. Can you tell us anything about the neighborhood where you lived?

Oh, it was near town. It was near a road.

What was the name of that road?

It was . . . about . . . three minutes from St. Theresa's . . . walking distance.

What was the address at Cork?

That was . . . the Meadows.

The what?

Just the Meadows.

All right. I want you to remember when you were forty-seven years old. About that time, did you have plenty to eat?

There was . . . a . . . I remember . . . we did. But . . . there was trouble.

What kind of trouble?

Well, the people in the south . . . uh . . . they didn't want to have anything to do with England. They . . . wanted to send no representative, have nothing to do with them. People wouldn't talk Gaelic. They would say, "Gaelic is fit only for the tongues of peasants."

I see. Did you ever hear anything about America?

Uh . . . yes . . . somebody went there. Some friends of my mother and father, and they went to Pennsylvania.

Did they write to you?

They wrote to my mother 'n my father.

What were their names?

. . . Uh . . . Whitty.

Did they like America?

Uh huh.

All right. Now let's go up to the time of your death. Do you remember how Father John died?

Father John . . . he just died in his sleep.

Do you have any idea where Father John could be now?

I don't know . . . he's living. He lives.

How do you know?

I just . . . know that you live.

But do you know where he lives?

No . . . I don't know. I went back to Cork and I didn't see him.

I see. All right, while you were in this spiritual world, did you hear anyone call it the astral world?

Yes, I've heard that.

All right, in this astral world, did you have any feelings or emotions?

You were just . . . satisfied. You weren't . . . I felt bad when . . . when Father John died, but it was not like the grief you have here. It . . . it's nothing to be afraid of.

In that astral world, was there any such thing as love and hate?

No . . . loved those that you left.

You said that you couldn't talk very long with anyone in that astral world, that they would go away. Where would they go?

They would just . . . journey . . . just a passing phase . . . you just have no time. There's . . . nothing's important. . .

All right. You said that you went from your house at Belfast into this astral world, and you drifted back to Cork. How did you get from Belfast to Cork?

I just willed myself there.

How long did it take?

I don't know. It wasn't any time.

While you were in Cork, did you know what was going on at Belfast?

I didn't . . . watch. You could, but I didn't. I just stayed there. . .

I see. Could you ever tell, while you were at Belfast, could you ever tell what Brian was thinking about?

Oh, I knew when he missed me. Knew when he was lonely . . . after Father John died, he was lonely.

I see. Could you read his thoughts then?

If I thought of it, I could think of . . . I could know what he wanted. . .

All right. Now, in that astral world, did you ever have any changes in temperature, any hot or cold?

No.

Did you have a sense of smell, and touch, and hearing and seeing? In the astral world, could you touch things?

No.

Could you smell things?

No. You could see. . .

You couldn't smell or touch?

You could hear.

All right. Now, rest and relax, and let those scenes come into your mind long before the lifetime in Ireland. Those scenes will come into your mind, and I'll talk to you again in just a few minutes, and you will tell me about them. . . All right, what is in your mind?

I don't know.

Any scenes at all?

No.

Do you see any scenes in which you were a child?

. . . In Ireland . . . I was a child . . . a little girl. I was reading . . . in a book.

Do you remember the name of the book?

It was Sorrows of . . . Sorrows of . . . Dierdre.

All right. How old were you when you read that book?

I was . . . eight.

What was the book about?

It was about Dierdre . . . and she was . . . beautiful girl and . . . she was going to marry . . . this king . . . King of Scotland . . . and she didn't love him . . . and this boy came and saved her. She was in a dungeon . . . and they ran away . . . and they were betrayed and brought back . . . and they killed him and she committed suicide.

You read that when you were eight years old?

No, it was my mother read it. It's a story that everybody reads in Ireland.

Do you know who wrote it?

. . . No . . . I just know I heard it.

Your mother told it to you?

Yes, and . . . the Tales of . . . Emer (or Emir).

What were those about?

About the most beautiful girl in Ireland . . . and she had . . . she had six gifts.

Can you remember what they were?

. . . Gift of beauty . . . and the gift of song . . . and the gift of pleasant speech . . . and the gift of . . . wisdom . . . and the gift of needlework . . . and the gift of . . . chastity.

All right. What else do you remember about that lifetime in Ireland, when you were a little girl?

. . . Uh . . . I remember . . . pulling the straws off the roof.

You had a straw roof?

No, it was . . . the barn was . . . thatched roof. . . Was pulling the straws off . . . and my father was so mad. . .

As I had now been questioning her for the length of time we decided on in advance, and she was showing definite signs of fatigue, I concluded the session. Sam MacIntosh and I went over the tape, and came up with a new thought. If the girl had really been Bridey Murphy and lived that lifetime in Ireland, then perhaps she had some special talent or ability that could either be demonstrated during the trance or brought out later by means of a post-hypnotic suggestion—some skill or ability that Ruth Simmons did not have.

They agreed to come to my house on the evening of January 22, 1953, and it was then that the following tape was made.

Let's go back before you were born in this life. Back, back, back before your birth. Do you remember that?

. . . I just . . . remember being . . . just waiting. . .

All right. Well now, in that astral or spirit world who told you that you were going on to another existence?

Some . . . women.

What did they call them? Can you remember?

(After Bridey's comments in the earlier tapes regarding the astral world, I checked the report of another investigator experimenting in this field, and derived a few more questions.)

I . . . I don't remember.

All right. Now, while you were in that spirit world, could you tell the future for people on earth? Could you look at people on earth and see what was going to happen to them?

Yes.

I see. What makes you say that you could? Give us an example.

I . . . I just . . . seems like before . . . you were born . . . you would know you would pass . . . just see things that were going to happen . . . and I saw a war . . . some man said there was going to be a war . . . It was before I was born. And he . . . he said . . . there was a war before I was born . . . they could see . . . people knew what was going to happen. . .

(Bridey Murphy MacCarthy died in 1864 and Ruth Mills Simmons was born in 1923—thus explaining the war that took place "before I was born.")

Well, that's very interesting. Now, rest and relax, rest and relax. I want you to remember farther back, just very easily without any effort, just remember back, back, back . . . let's go back to the day you were married. You said you were in Cork but you got married in Belfast. How did you travel from Cork to Belfast? What kind of automobile?

No automobile. I traveled in a livery.

A what?

In a livery carriage with horses.

What towns did you go through from Cork to Belfast?

. . . Oh . . . I went . . . oh . . . through . . . Mourne. . .

What else?

Through Carlingford and . . . we went through . . . oh. . . .

Give us one more place.

. . . Oh . . . yes, Baylings Crossing.

All right. That's enough. Let's go back to when you were in Belfast. Do you remember any Gaelic? Could your grandfather speak Gaelic?

Grandfather wouldn't speak Gaelic.

Wouldn't speak Gaelic?

. . . Said . . . Gaelic is just for the tongue of peasants. . .

I see. But did you know any Gaelic words yourself?

. . . Oh . . . just . . .oh, like banshee?

Yes.

And . . . like . . . oh, banshee and . . . oh . . . tup!

What?

T-u-p. Tup.

What does that mean?

Tup . . . oh, you're a tup! You're . . . you're just a sort of a rounder, just a . . . it's not very good grammer. They don't speak proper.

I see. Now, you had a newspaper in Belfast. What was the name of it?

Belfast . . . Belfast News Letter.

All right. Now, here is a question I want you to think about. While you were in that lifetime as Bridey Murphy, did you have any particular talent? Could you dance? Could you play the piano? Could you play chess? Could you play any games?

I could dance.

Were you a good dancer?

Oh, I was just . . . my family thought I was a good dancer . . . it wasn't . . . I just danced for my family.

Was there any particular dance you liked best?

I liked the morning jig.

Can you remember it?

Yes.

Good. I want you to go through that morning jig in your imagination, just go through it in your mind and you will be surprised that after you awaken tonight you will be asked to do that and you can do it very easily. Just relax now, and remember the morning jig. I will not talk to you for a few moments. You will enjoy the pleasant thoughts and memories of the morning jig.———

All right. Rest and relax, and you will find it easy to answer my questions. Now, did you have any other talents? Did you play any musical instrument?

Played the lyre.

(She pronounced it "leer.")

Did you play well?

Oh, just fair. For two years I studied. I played just fair. Duncan played better.

Could you play anything else? Could you play any games?

Played fancy.

What was that?

We played that with cards. 'Twas a game with a board . . . only two could play.

Only two could play?

Duncan and I would play, and . . . we would go around the squares. The cards would tell you how many times you would move.

Now, you used to cook for Brian, didn't you?

Oh, yes.

Was there any particular dish that he liked you to make him?

Boiled beef with onions was his favorite.

Was there any other particularly Irish dish that he liked?

That's Irish! Boiled beef and onions is a good Irish dish!

Do you remember the names of any companies in Belfast, any places where you traded, any businesses of any kind?

I remember . . . the rope . . . company. There was a big rope company.

A big rope company?

Yes, they made rope. And there was a tobacco house . . . was a . . . oh . . . it started with a J . . . J . . . J—something tobacco house.

Anything else? Any other companies, businesses, stores, banks?

There was . . . a . . . Cadenn's House. It was a . . . place for . . . uh . . . women's apparel, things that the ladies would . . . blouses and camisoles and . . . and . . .

How did you spell that?

. . . C, it's C-a-d-e-n-n-s.

Did you ever go downtown in Belfast?

Oh, yes!

Do you remember Queen's University?

Oh yes! Brian taught at that school.

Did you ever go there with him?

Oh, no.

All right. Now let's forget about all that and go up to the time of your death. We want to know what year it was. You told us you watched them bury you. You must remember what year it was.

It was . . . eighteen . . . uh . . . six . . . one eight six . . . four. Was on the tombstone. . .

Are you looking at the tombstone now?

Yes.

What does the whole thing say? Read the whole thing.

. . . Ah . . . Bridget . . . Kathleen . . . uh . . . MacCarthy.

Are there numbers telling when you were born? Maybe the first numbers tell when you were born.

One . . . seven . . . nine . . . eight.

Good. Now, how about the other set of numbers?

One . . . there's a line . . . a line and then . . . one eight six and four.

(She made a gesture with her hand when she said "there's a line.")

All right. Let's forget about this. We're going to come back. . .

I then proceeded to follow the normal awakening procedure, reminding her that she would do the morning jig for us after she returned to normal. I let her rest for several minutes and then awakened her. I chatted casually for several minutes while she slowly came back to normal, and then abruptly suggested that she stand up in the middle of the room and dance the jig. Her puzzled frown, like that of a bewildered child, made me feel that I had drawn a blank. "Please stand up, Ruth," I said. "Maybe some urge or sensation will suddenly strike you."

She shrugged her shoulders, still apparently wondering what it was all about. Nevertheless, she got up and stood in the center of the room. For a few moments she stood there facing us, making a helpless, forlorn gesture with her hands. Then suddenly her whole expression changed; her body became vibrantly alive; her feet were flying in a cute little dance. There was a nimble jump, and then the dance seemingly ended with a routine which involved pressing her hand to her mouth.

"What's this business with your hand on your mouth," I inquired.

"That's for a yawn!" she answered automatically.

"For *what?*" I asked. But I might as well have saved my breath. Bridey Murphy and her jig were gone. In her place was a stunned Ruth Simmons who not only couldn't answer my questions but who was not even aware of the words she had just spoken.

Suddenly the pieces came together; it was the "*morning* jig" that had been referred to during her trance. Morning and yawn—it all made sense.

But the final check would have to await the search for Bridey Murphy in Ireland.

The third session marked the end, at least for a few months, of my experiments with Ruth Simmons. The company sent me to New York on business and I had no time to think about Bridey Murphy. But I did want to check certain points which I thought could be uncovered in New York. While MacIntosh's research books had yielded confirmation of several items—he had found, for instance, the Belfast *News-Letter*, Queen's University, the *Tales of Dierdre*, and others—there was considerable information that apparently couldn't be checked in Pueblo.

To take one example, Sam had been able to turn up nothing on the Irish town of Baylings Crossing. Bridey claimed to have passed through this place, but no atlas showed it.

So, once in New York, I telephoned the Irish consulate. They had no record of any such place, but suggested I try the British Information Service. The answer was the same, but why didn't I try the British and Irish Railways? They couldn't find it either. There just did not seem to be a Baylings Crossing.

"My wants are quite simple."

Several weeks later, while my wife and I were spending a week end with a friend on Long Island, we met a woman who had spent a few years in Northern Ireland during World War II. Although I had no idea whether Baylings Crossing, if it actually existed, was in Northern Ireland, I took a shot in the dark and asked.

"Certainly," she said, "I bicycled through it many times."

When I asked her why it wasn't on the map, she answered that no map would be large enough to list all such tiny Irish crossings.

Even St. Theresa's Church gave unexpected difficulty. The Irish consulate told me that they knew of no such church in Belfast, nor was it listed in their Belfast telephone book. I was given the same information by a man who answered the telephone at the British Information Service. Before hanging up the receiver, however, he decided to check one more reference. After several minutes, he returned to the telephone. "Yes, there is a St. Theresa's in Belfast," he said. "It's a Roman Catholic Church."

During the early sessions Bridey had given us several expressions, such as colleen and banshee, that almost anybody would recognize. There were a few terms, however, with which I, and everyone else I asked, was entirely unfamiliar. For instance, the word which sounded like "brate." When MacIntosh couldn't dig it out of any of his source books I began to make inquiries among elderly Irishmen. None could help me.

My luck didn't improve when I resorted to the reference books in the New York Public Library. Nor did the English-Gaelic dictionaries solve the problem.

I had almost forgotten my quest, when something turned up quite unexpectedly. I had been playing the tape recording for a woman of English descent, when Bridey referred to the cup. She abruptly asked me to stop the recorder. Referring to her collection of antiques, she pointed out that she owned a small metal cup with half-handles extending from the top. She understood its correct name was "quait." Whatever its spelling, I finally had, it would seem, some fairly good evidence.

Another word that provided unexpected difficulty was "tup." Bridey had indicated that "tup" was a rather uncomplimentary reference to a male—a sort of "rounder." But the dictionary defined tup as a "ram." Further digging availed nothing—until I chanced to spot the word in Roget's Thesaurus. There, among a surprisingly long list of labels for the human male, was Bridey's "tup."

I had been in New York only one week when I met an editor, and told him about my "uncovering" of Bridey Murphy. He thought I might have material for a book, but suggested that I make a few more tapes before beginning the search for Bridey Murphy in Ireland.

At the end of the business trip I returned to Pueblo, called Ruth, and explained the need for a few more sessions. First she stalled because the Pueblo base-

ball team was making a home stand, and they never missed a game. Then I had to convince Rex all over again. He was afraid people were going to start calling him a crackpot—in fact, I suspect some already had—and wanted to forget the whole thing. Finally, however, I nailed them down at Rye, a mountain resort where they were vacationing for a few weeks. This fourth session, however, was cut short by a rather fantastic development.

Many times in the past I had instructed hypnotic subjects to open their eyes during a trance, but I had never known a subject to open his eyes unexpectedly. It happened on July 27, 1953, in a manner that frightened everyone in the room —especially me—and brought the session to an abrupt and premature end.

After the preliminary age regression I asked her to pick out any scene in her memory and tell me about it. She went back to the time she and Duncan had pulled the straw off the barn roof, describing the spanking she'd received from her mother. After the spanking she had been sent "to my chamber."

. . . uh . . . I remember my brother . . . came to the door. He . . . he talked to me, and he . . . he was sorry. And he . . . it was really his idea, but I didn't tell them.

You took the spanking and you didn't tell them?

He got spanked too, but . . . they didn't . . . I didn't want to do it, but he said I should do it or he wouldn't play with me anymore. But I didn't tell her that.

Was he younger than you?

No . . . he's bigger.

I see. How old were you when you pulled the straw off the roof?

. . . I was . . . I think . . . I was about eight.

All right. Now see yourself getting a little older. Watch yourself growing up. Now, pick any scene you want and tell me about it.

. . . I . . . I got a new sack comforter.

What is that?

A coverlet . . . for my bed.

What store did you get it from?

My mother sent . . . some lady makes them.

How old are you?

Fifteen.

(My next questions were about Mrs. Strayne's Day School, and about the day some people named MacCarthy came to visit her family. She remembered a young boy named Brian and his father. At this stage of her life she did not know that she was going to marry him, and made no reference to the fact. I went on to ask about her marriage, and she told me they were married in a cottage. Father John had told her she could be married in a church if she would "go over to the church" but she didn't want to do that. The conversation got back to St. Theresa's, and as I wanted to find out more about this for confirmation of her story, I pursued the subject.)

On what street was St. Theresa's?

It was on the main way.

What was the name of it?

It was . . . it was . . . it was off Dooley Road.

Well, what was the name of the road that St. Theresa's was on?

. . . Brian used to say it's on the main way . . . I don't remember the name. . .

Was it on the same street that your house was on?

No.

What was the street that your house was on?

We . . . lived . . . we had no road. We lived at the back of a house in a little cottage . . . the big house was on Dooley Road. We had to walk to the main way. It wasn't very far. . .

How far away was St. Theresa's?

Ah, it would take . . . Brian would just leave about five minutes before the bell?

Five minutes before the bell?

Yes. And he would just be there in time. He knew . . . every day.

I see. All right. Now, the kind of information we want is something in writing, some way that we can prove that you lived that particular life. Now, can you think of anything that would be in writing or records that would prove that you were there?

(Suddenly a tremendous sneeze came from Bridey Murphy. And this is the point where everybody in the room was petrified for a few appalling moments. Ruth, who had been in a reclining position, was brought to a sitting position by the force of her explosive sneeze, and her eyes popped wide open. Directing a subject to open her eyes during a trance is not uncommon. But I had never seen or read about a subject's spontaneously opening her eyes. Consequently, my first reaction was to suppose that she had been awakened by the violence of the sneeze. We were soon to realize, however, that Ruth was still very much in a trance: and when this fact dawned upon us, we were all scared stiff.)

Relax. Relax. How do you feel?

Could I have a linen?

A linen?

(Now confusion really broke loose. When she asked for a "linen," Rex stood up and stared at his wife; Hazel started hunting anxiously for a cover, as she misinterpreted Bridey's request for a "linen." Everyone sensed that something was wrong. And while I finally deducted that what she wanted was a handkerchief, my composure was falling apart so rapidly that it was several moments before I finally took a handkerchief from my pocket and handed my subject her "linen.")

Now relax. Relax. How do you feel?

. . . I need a linen.

Yes, we're getting a linen. . . Close your eyes . . . relax . . . close your eyes . . . go back to sleep. Later I'll awaken you. In a few minutes I'll awaken you. . . All right, relax now, close your eyes. . . Now, do you hear my voice?

Yes.

All right, now we're coming back to the present time. We're coming back to the present time. Do you hear me?

Yes.

All right. Now, do you know where you are?

I'm in Cork.

You're Mrs. Ruth Simmons. You're coming back to the present time, and you're Mrs. Ruth Simmons. You're in Rye, Colorado. Do you hear me?

Uh huh.

All right. Now, I'm going to count to five, and when I do, you'll awaken at the count of five and be Mrs. Ruth Simmons. You will be back at the present time and place. Do you hear me?

Uh huh.

All right. One. . . Two. . . (Sneeze again). How do you feel? How do you feel? Are you awake?

. . . Brian said I had a chill.

(I can't deny that I was badly frightened by now. No use trying to deny it, because the tape recorder at this point plainly indicates that my voice was cracking. It seemed as though she was going to insist upon retaining her identity as Bridey. Had I kept my presence of mind at this stage, I could have continued with the questioning. I was less than half finished, and this might have been an especially opportune time to quiz her.

But now there was only one thing on my mind: getting my subject out of that trance.)

You're going to forget about Brian! You're going to forget about Brian. By the time I reach the count of five, you will awaken and you'll be Mrs. Ruth Simmons. Do you hear me?

Uh huh.

One. . . Two. . . Three. . . Four. . . Five. You will awaken and you're Mrs. Ruth Simmons. Ruth, how do you feel? How do you feel, Ruth? Do you feel all right?

Uh huh.

(As Ruth was visibly once more herself, my sigh of relief could be heard all over the room.)

PART VI

"Bridey" sneezed again during the fifth session. But this time we had a "linen" ready for her, so it didn't disrupt the making of the tape recording. This session which took place August 29, 1953, proved to be one of the best. Ruth seemed to fade away, and in her place was a saucy, flippant Irish girl named Bridey, who manifested a distinct personality, talked back, registered moods ranging from suspicion to gaiety, and in general appeared to thoroughly enjoy the whole thing.

I want you to go back, back, back to your last lifetime on earth. I want you to go back to the end of that lifetime—just after they had ditched your body. Can you drift on back to that scene?

Yes.

Is Father John there?

Um hmm.

Who else is there?

Brian . . . 'n Mary Catherine, 'n the man who played the pipes.

The man who played the pipes?

Uh huh . . . the Uilleann pipes.

All right. What was Father John's last name?

Oh . . . 'twas . . . G . . . Father John . . . Joseph. . . He spelled it once. . . 'Twas G-O or G-A . . . R-M-A-N.

Could it have been Gorman?

Yes.

All right, now relax. Rest and relax. Now, do you remember the name of Brian's mother?

. . . I . . . must have seen it in the Bible . . . don't remember.

Do you remember the name of Brian's father?

Brian's father . . . John.

All right. How about Brian's uncle?

(Here "Bridey" did something which she repeated at various stages throughout all the tapes. Instead of replying directly, she went off into something else which pertained to the same general subject. This time the mention of Brian's uncle spurred her to remember some-

thing else, an incident involving his marriage.)

His father was upset when he married an Orange . . . you mean the uncle that married the Orange?

Married what?

The Orange.

What was his name?

His name was Plazz.

How do you spell that?

. . . Yes . . . P-L-A-Z . . . Z.

All right. Now, does Brian have any brothers or sisters?

No, his mother . . . his mother died. He had a brother. . . It was a still child, and his mother died. He went then with his grandmother. . .

Well, was this still child born before Brian or after Brian?

Oh, after!

Oh, I see. Then Brian would have been the oldest?

Brian wouldn't have been born if his mother had died!

All right, all right . . . Brian would have been the older. Now you told us before that Brian taught at Queen's University. It was a Protestant school . . . and Brian was a Roman Catholic.

I know. He taught law. He didn't teach religion.

And they had some Roman Catholics teaching there?

Yes. Several. That I knew.

Can you name one?

There was a fellow there. His name was William McGlone. Mc . . . G . . . That's a large G . . . l-o-n-e.

Do you remember anybody else at Queen's University there? Anybody . . . either Catholics or Protestants?

Well . . . hmmm . . . I think it was Fitzhugh or Fitzmaurice. There was a Fitzhugh and a Fitzmaurice.

All right. All right, tell me something else. You told me before that Brian had several articles in the Belfast News-Letter. Did you mean they were about Brian?

Oh, no. He wrote about . . . just different cases, you know . . .

Did he ever sign his name to them?

Oh, I'm sure he would.

Did you read any of them?

. . . Oh, they were above me.

I see. Did you ever read the Belfast News-Letter?

Mmmmmmm. . . Oh, a bit.

Now, what about these articles Brian wrote for the Belfast News-Letter? About how old was he at the time? It's very important that we find the year that he wrote those articles. While you're thinking about it, you can think out loud.

. . . Ah . . . it was . . . about. . . It was after we were married . . . let's see now . . . we had been married for . . . hm. . .

(Big sneeze from Bridey.)

Relax. Relax completely. You'll be very comfortable now. After you awaken, you'll feel still more comfortable. You'll feel fine after you awaken. Now, when you were in Belfast——

Twenty-five years. . .

(At first I didn't realize that she was still answering the same question that I had asked her before she sneezed. The sneeze had thrown me slightly off the track, although not nearly so scared as I had been during the fourth session.)

What?

You asked me when he wrote.

Oh. Twenty-five years?

We were married.

You mean you had been married for 25 years when he started writing for the Belfast News-Letter?

More, maybe more. But 'twas after we were married that long.

Now, when you were in Belfast, did you do your own shopping?

. . . I . . . did some of it. Brian wouldn't let me do it all. But I did some of it.

Can you name some of the things you bought and some of the places you bought them at? Some of the things you bought and some of the names of the stores where you traded?

Uh . . . uh . . . I went to Farr's. (Broad Irish here)

What did they sell?

Oh, they sold the foodstuffs.

Did you ever buy any camisoles?

Um hmm.

(The whole point of this question was to lead her to mention the denominations of the money she used at that time. Realizing that the currency would be different from ours, we were anxious to see what Bridey would have to say on this topic. Knowing she had purchased camisoles—she had told us this previously—we employed this tack.)

Where did you buy your camisoles?

. . . Oh . . . I . . . I've forgotten . . . ah . . . hmmm . . . I went there two times. That's a ladies' thing.

What's the name of the store?

. . . Oh, dear. I know it.

You told us the name was Cadenn's House. Is that right?

That's it! (With wonderment) How did you know? That's a ladies' place, you know.

Yes. But you told me once before.

Cadenn's House it is.

About how much money did you pay for a camisole?

. . . Ah. . . It. . . It was . . . tch (clucking tongue against teeth). . . Oh, it was less than. . . Oh, I don't. . . It was over a pound.

A pound and how much?

You see, we had a . . . an arrangement where Brian, he handled things for them, and it was not the same for anything he got. That's why he did the shopping. . . He had places there where he had to buy the things because he had an arrangement with the proprietors.

About how much?

Hmm . . . sixpence.

About a pound and sixpence?

About. . . Maybe. I wouldn't want you to tell them that I said they . . .

All right, we'll forget about that. Now, let's just talk about money in general. Did you have any paper money?

I didn't have very much.

What were some of the coins?

Uh . . . there was a tuppence. 'N . . . there was a half . . . a copper—half . . . penny. And there was a sixpence, and there was a . . . a . . . tch. . . You know I'm not supposed to know about the money things. It's not my place.

All right. All right, now did you have any favorite hiding places where you would hide . . . oh, some of your own personal possessions.

Why do you want to know?

(These six short words have to be heard on the tape recorder in order to be fully appreciated. The sly suspicion with which this sentence was charged has never failed to evoke a burst of laughter from every audience who has listened to the recording.)

Well, I would like to know where we can find some written evidence that will prove that you lived in Ireland. You don't have to tell us about a hiding place. But perhaps you can tell us about some written records that would prove that Bridget Murphy MacCarthy lived that life in Ireland.

. . . Mmmm . . . oh, I think you could go to the church or go to the town. . .

Would the church have some records?

Oh, I'm sure they would.

TRUE MAGAZINE

"You phoned for an exterminator?"

What kind of records?

We had to give a tithing. We had to be . . . obligated. I had to tithe. And do you know that when we were married, they had to put it on the church board. And they would have put there all about us . . . where we were from . . . how much we . . . how much money we had. . . Oh, everything. Everybody in the family that ever got hung. You know.

Did you ever go to Communion and Confession?

Oh, no. 'Twasn't allowed. You can't. . . But Brian did. You'd have to ask Brian about that.

Now, after you awaken, I'm going to ask you to draw a little sketch. I'll give you a pencil and a paper, and you'll draw a little sketch where the place was that you lived in relation to St. Theresa's church.

I don't want to disappoint you. I can't draw.

You won't have to draw. You just draw lines, just draw lines and squares to show us how many blocks and so forth.

I will try.

All right. Now, rest and relax. Can you tell me what your favorite song was?

Uh . . . I like the . . . Londonderry Air.

What else?

I liked . . . Sean . . . Sean.

What was it?

'Twas a song about a young boy.

Give me one more favorite song.

Oh . . . uh . . . tch . . . The Minstrel's March. There's no words, but I liked the march.

What was your favorite book?

(Rather shyly.) You'll laugh. I liked the weird stories, and I liked the stories of things beyond, and I liked the dreamy stories about Cuchulain my mother used to read.

About what?

Cuchulain. He was a warrior.

An Irishman?

Yes . . . he was the bravest, and the strongest, and when he was seven . . . seven years old he could slay big men. When he was seventeen he could hold whole armies.

Where did you hear about him?

My mother told me.

Do you remember any authors?

I remember . . . man named . . . Keats. I read a lot of things by a man named Keats.

What did he write?

He . . . he was a Britisher. (Defiantly) But I read it. He wrote fine things. He wrote some poetry, too.

Can you remember any one book?

Umm. . . Remember the name of the book. You go to the lender, and he'll tell you who wrote it. The Green Bay.

(In other words, she was telling me the name of the book. But as to the author—well, I would have to go to the "lender," apparently something equivalent to our libraries, to find out who wrote it.)

All right. Now . . . now, did you ever hear of Blarney Castle?

I heard of blarney.

What about blarney?

Oh . . . blarney, that's. . . There's a place where you go, and you know, you put your feet above your head, and you. . . It's a myth. Brian says that Father John would tell you the truth about that, too! You have to . . . put your lips to it, and then you get the gift of the tongue.

I see. Now, when you were in Cork, did you know about blarney then?

Oh, just. . . My mother would say, "You're full of the blarney."

All right. Now, where did you go to dance?

Miss . . . Strayne's. Had a hall.

What instruments were used?

There was a . . . lyre, and there was a . . . the pipes. Now I told you about the pipes, but don't ask me how to spell 'em!

(This sudden declaration was expressed with such emphasis that the witnesses could not help breaking into laughter.)

All right. Now, what was your favorite dance?

I liked some jigs . . . different jigs I liked.

What jigs?

Umm. . . There was the "Sorcerer's Jig". . . That was a fast one.

What was the name of the place where you went to dance?

Miss Strayne's hall. She was. . .

Was that the same place you told us about before? Where you went to school?

She had a hall. (Testily) I didn't go to school in the hall!

All right. Now, think about the time that Father John married you.

He didn't marry me. He didn't ever get married.

I'm talking about the time that Father John performed the marriage ceremony for you and Brian. What year was that?

Uh . . . uh . . . hmph . . . I was sixteen in 18 and 14. It was . . . 18 and 18.

How old were you when you got married?

I was 20 when I got married. (Indignantly) I figured that out myself!

All right. Now, let's talk again about when you traveled from Cork to Belfast. I want you to name some more of the towns you went through.

We went through . . . mmmm . . . Munster. We went through a little . . . place. We stopped for potato cakes.

What was the name of the place?

'Twas . . . ummm . . . starts with a D . . . D-O-B . . . and a Y. Doby!

You told us before there was a place by the name of Bayling's Crossing.

Ah, it's just a spot, you know.

Was it close to Belfast, or was it close to Cork?

It was closer to Belfast.

All right, now what about Mourne?

Mourne is near Carlingford.

All right. Now, can you see yourself in your mind doing "The Sorcerer's Jig?"

Oh, I'd do it with Brian.

Can you do it by yourself?

(Little snort of laughter) I don't believe so. You go 'round in a circle, you know, and hold hands.

I had told Rex that I would stop at a certain time, and as the time had been reached, I brought Ruth back to the present and awakened her. As there were some other questions that I wanted to ask, we arranged for a sixth session.

This time Bridey came out with a question that took me completely by surprise. I had been questioning her about the date of her marriage when she suddenly blurted out, "Who are you?" Other hypnotists say the operator should personally inject himself into the total situation, assuming some identity and thus reducing possible confusion for the subject. As it was, I was taken by surprise and gave a well-hedged answer.

I am your friend.

We have traveled before.

(Again I was taken by surprise. I didn't know quite what she meant, but I was not inclined to pursue the subject. Going back to Brian, I asked if he had a middle name.)

Oh, he had several names, you know. He had . . . Sean.

(She pronounced it "See-an," rather than "Shawn," the Gaelic pronunciation. When referring to the song, she had called it Shawn. She assured me now that "See-an" was the right way.)

All right. Now, relax completely. You're going to enjoy this. Now, did you get married in Cork or Belfast?

I got married . . . in Cork. But I didn't tell my folks I got married again in Belfast, too. Don't you repeat that.

No, no.

You repeat things. (We all laughed at this.)

All right. Now, when you finally got married in the church did you become a Catholic?

No, I told you that I didn't. I got married in Father John's . . . room.

I see.

He did it as a favor. It was so . . . just so it would be recorded for the church. For the children we didn't have. . .

I see. Now, what was the name of Brian's grandmother?

Her last name was MacCarthy.

Yes. What was her first name?

Mmmm . . . they called her . . . oh, how would you say it? They called her . . . Delilinan.

Devinan?

Delilinan.

All right. Now, did you do your own cooking when you lived in Belfast?

And who would do it if I didn't?

(I asked again where she bought her foodstuffs, and she told me about the greengrocer named John Carrigan, spelling it out for me. I also asked her about Cadenn's House, and asked her how to spell it.)

All right. Rest and relax. We can have some fun. We can enjoy this.

If we ever get through spelling, we can. (Laughter from the witnesses.)

All right. Now, did you ever write anyone any letters? Or receive any letters?

Oh . . . I . . . I'd get letters from home.

Did you save any of them?

Oh, I did. I saved them.

Would you tell me where you kept them?

I had them in the hut.

In the hut?

The house.

Any particular place?

Oh, I had them . . . you know where the . . . there's a . . . pewter dish, and it's . . . a funny brown color, and it's on the second shelf. And I had a tiny . . . portfolio, and I had it up there. And I had some ribbons, and I had some . . . letters. I had some tiny little sacks of rice. And I had . . . they were sewed to my . . . hmm. . . There is an elastic band that my mother gave me to put around my . . . my leg. . . And you'd snap the little rice bags on it. And it's a . . . a sign of . . . purity. And she wanted me to wear it. And I kept it when I went away.

(I went on to ask her about her brother Duncan again, and she told me that his full name was Duncan Blaine Murphy, he had married Aimee Strayne, the daughter of the schoolteacher, and had raised a family. I next asked her to remember the morning jig, so that it could be filmed after the session. This led us into a discussion of songs that she liked. I especially wanted to hear her sing some obscure Irish song, as it would hardly be the sort of thing Ruth Simmons would know.)

Is there any short song that you would like to sing? Just some little short song . . . some gay little song that you liked?

Mmmm . . . (a short pause, and then she began to sing)

Father's girl's a dancing doll.
Father's girl's a dancing doll.

Sing around and swing around.
Father's girl's a dancing doll.
All right. What was the date of your birthday . . . the month and the day.
. . . Mmm . . . I was . . . 'twas in the holidays.
Do you remember the month?
'Twas the 12th month.
What about the day?
It was the . . . 20th day.

This does not correspond in any way to Ruth Simmons' birthday—neither the month nor the day. I asked a few more questions and then brought her back to the present and awakened her. This was to be the last tape. Now the long process of proof would begin—the real search for Bridey Murphy.

PART VII

In asking people to listen to the tape recordings, I had particularly sought out keen thinkers whose incisive analyses would probe all possible explanations of the Bridey Murphy phenomenon. And I was especially interested in drawing out a conclusion from one listener whose brilliance and penetrating logic has won him national prominence.

"I'd be unwilling to state a definite conclusion," he said after hearing the tapes, "but I don't mind listing some general observations. The philosopher Hume said that no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle unless its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it's trying to establish. In the case of Bridey Murphy, the alternative explanations are more fantastic than the rebirth explanation she gives. Her explanation, in fact, is the only one which seems to fit all the facts.

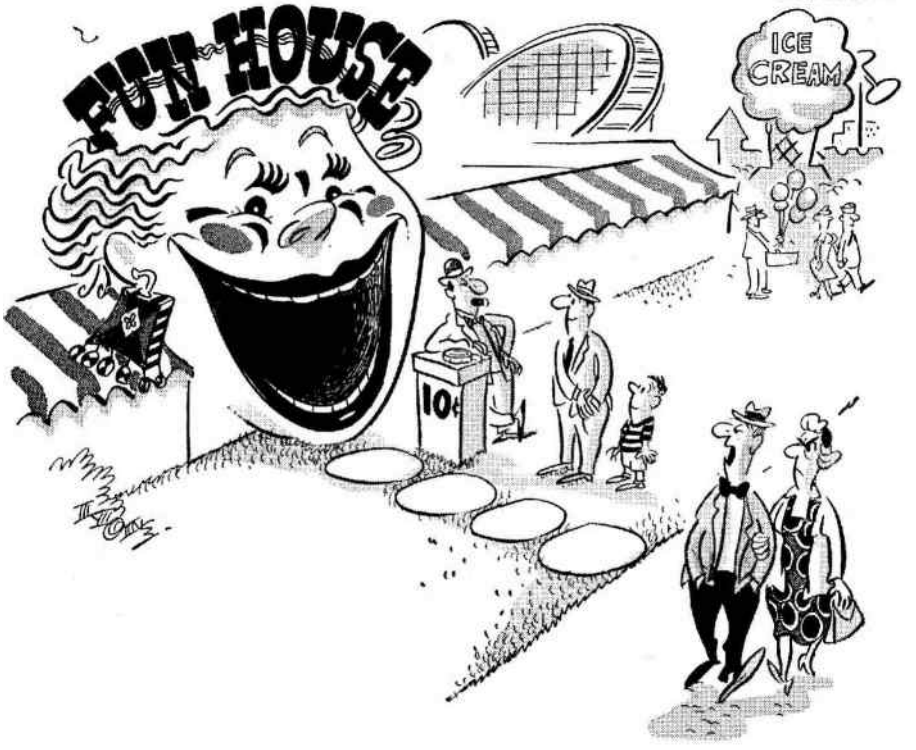
"For example, some people will probably suggest that she read or heard a story which she has adopted as her own, but this idea has too many shortcomings. Hearing or reading a story would not account for her subtle Irish brogue while under hypnosis; it would not account for her ability to dance the morning jig. Furthermore, Bridey's life is so drab and unromantic that it wouldn't be likely to have been the theme of any story. On top of all this, it is very unlikely that any story would have included the after-death episode that Bridey describes."

"What about the possibility that the whole thing might have been produced by fraud?" I asked him.

"That's even less tenable than the story theory," he replied, "for some of the reasons I just mentioned. Moreover, if there was trickery or deception, it means that your subject was acting. And that would make Ruth Simmons a greater actress than Sarah Bernhardt. Besides, much of the information she disclosed while in trance simply was not available to either you or her. Some facts were not even available on this side of the Atlantic.

"But I still think we know too little about the mind to say that this case proves the reincarnation principle. About all I can say, and all you should say, is that it's an interesting piece of evidence and worth further exploration."

As I played the tapes for people in Colorado and New York—groups which included hardened realists like doctors, lawyers, clergymen and Wall Streeters



"That reminds me, dear, isn't your mother coming for dinner tonight?"

—I was bombarded with questions.

Naturally, most people wanted to know what Ruth Simmons thought. How did a normal young matron, primarily interested in her family and home, react to hearing her own words tell such a fantastic story. To be sure, Ruth was stunned by the impact of the first tape, gasping time and time again as the Bridey story unfolded. But her interest subsided quickly as she returned to her normal duties as a housewife, taking it for granted that in her last lifetime her name had been Bridey Murphy. And that was that.

Her husband's attitude was also quite interesting. He said that they owned no encyclopedia or reference books, and he didn't even have a library card. "What choice do I have," he said. "I know my wife, and I know all that information couldn't be pouring out of her."

Another question that inevitably pops up is, "If we have all had previous lifetime experiences, why don't we remember them?" One observer believes that many children do carry memories of their pre-natal past, but that these memories are gradually washed away by the repeated suggestion that all children are original creations at birth. Moreover, few of us can remember even those events which occurred before the age of 3. How could we *normally* expect to remember anything even farther back?

Can the Bridey Murphy type of experiment be repeated with everyone? The answer right now is no. She is an uncommonly good subject, and her capacity is not repeated often. Even so, there are now many investigators delving into this field, and there will undoubtedly be other experiments which will make the Bridey effort seem amateurish.

As I look back now, I can think of a good many things that should have been done, of questions that should have been asked. But I am not a professional at this business. Besides, I have nothing to steer me, not even a text book.

As to questioning a subject, for instance, my first session presented a really perplexing problem. How does one interrogate a young woman who abruptly announces that she spent the previous century in Ireland? Perhaps she knew where *she* was, but *I* was lost!

And subsequent meetings were no easy matter, either. One attorney told me that he had called in his whole office staff and posed the problem for them: "If a woman walked in here today and claimed that she had lived in Ireland from 1798 until 1861, what questions would you ask her in order to prove conclusively that her statement was either true or false?" They were stumped.

The interrogation of Ruth Simmons was also encumbered by other limitations. The whole experiment would have collapsed without the cooperation of Rex Simmons, and so his recommendations had to be scrupulously observed. To make certain that Ruth would not be unduly fatigued, no session lasted more than one hour. Since this included the time required for the hypnosis and the ordinary age regression, there was not too long a period left for the interrogation of Bridey Murphy. He further asked that I avoid any type of question that might possibly result in his wife's anxiety or discomfort, and this stopped me several times.

And everything happened so quickly! I recorded the first tape in November, the third tape in January, and then left for New York four days later. I had been in New York less than a week when the editor suggested that I start writing.

PART VIII

The search for Bridey Murphy, the editor decided, should be put into the hands of an Irish legal firm, various librarians, and other investigators whose names were not revealed to me. In this way, I could in no manner influence the investigators.

It early became clear that the search would be far from the simple matter that we had at first assumed. A Cork librarian reported, "Ordinarily, no registers of births, marriages, or deaths were kept before 1864." The representative of a London newspaper, which had become independently interested in making its own search, wrote, "Apparently the records for that period are extremely rare."

The problem was further complicated by the fact that Murphy was the most frequent surname in Ireland. It became obvious, therefore, that a full-scale search for Bridey might actually necessitate my going to Ireland.

But all this would take considerable time, and the publishers were in a hurry to get the final manuscript in print, so they decided to publish what we had as soon as possible.

In regard to Bridey's father-in-law, an Irish solicitor made the following report: "We have heard from the Registrar of Kings Inn regarding the barristers in Cork, 1830, and we understand that there was a John McCarthy. . . He was from Cork and was educated at Clongowes School. He would therefore be a Roman Catholic." At that time, there was only one barrister of that name.

On one tape Bridey told us that Brian had bought "foodstuffs" from a greengrocer named John Carrigan. A statement from a Belfast librarian discloses that there had been a John Carrigan who carried on a business as a grocer at 90 Northumberland Street. And since there was only one such John Carrigan in that business in Belfast at that time, this fact would seem to be of special interest.

On another tape Bridey had told us that she had purchased "foodstuffs" at Farr's. William Farr, said a report from Belfast, was a grocer at 59-61 Mustard Street, which lay between Donegall Street and North Street.

An Irish commission on folklore was asked whether there had been an Irish custom of having a dance when a couple were married—"just an Irish jig thing; you dance and they put money in your pockets," as she put it. The commission answered, "Holding of a dance on the occasion of a wedding was common practice. As regards money, a silver coin slipped into the pocket was a good luck charm."

In 19th century Cork it was common practice, as Bridey signified, to keep personal records in the Bible—births, marriages, deaths, etc. Thatched roofs were common in Cork at that time. Galway was a port. There had been, in Bridey's time, a large rope company and a large tobacco company in Belfast. And her use of the words "banshee" and "tup" was correct.

Her reference to monetary terms was accurate—pound, sixpence, tuppence, and the copper halfpenny.

A prominent Irish literary figure asserted that Bridey's account of the Cuchulain story was accurate in all details.

Another example is the matter of Carlinglord and Lough Carlinglord. Both of these can be found in almost any atlas. But Bridey added a fact that can't be found in any atlas. In telling us about these places, she had commented that the lough (lake) was there before the town had been established. "Lough was there first," she had said, "and then there was the place." The researchers in Ireland confirmed her knowledge.

Then there is the matter of Mourne. The Mourne Mountains can be noted on almost any map of Ireland, but Bridey had indicated that there was a *place* called Mourne. Maps and atlases do not disclose such a place, yet we were informed that it existed.

As for the Blarney Stone matter Bridey's account would have been correct for her day ". . . you put your feet above your head . . . and then you get the gift of the tongue." Curiously, the procedure has since been changed. An Irish authority wrote, "The individual was lowered by his legs over the parapet of the old castle tower. The procedure has now been changed and what happens is that the person wishing to kiss the Blarney Stone sits on the stonework inside the parapet where there is a hole in the ground."

There was more than one instance when experts and authorities disagreed with Bridey's statements, yet it turned out that Bridey had been correct. A case in point developed when Bridey was challenged as a result of her insistence that Brian had taught at Queen's University. Brian, she had contended, was Roman Catholic. Queen's University, though, was a Protestant institution. That a Catholic could have taught at this particular school, therefore, seemed inconceivable to at least one authority, but research disclosed that instructors and students were not barred on the basis of religio .

Objection was made to Bridey's use of the word "slip." It was contended that "petticoat" it would have been more in keeping with the times. Further checking, however, proved that "slip" is an old and honored word and that one of its old-fashioned usages was as a name for "a child's pinafore or frock," undoubtedly the meaning in this case.

Bridey's reference to the uncle that married "the Orange" came in for criticism, too. Several persons felt certain that she would have said "Orangeman" instead of "Orange." Here again research supported Bridey. The term Orange applied to the ultra-Protestant party in Ireland—the secret society of Orangemen formed in 1795. And an individual member of the party, especially a female, could have been referred to as "an Orange."

A noteworthy fact developed from the very odd name of Brian's uncle "that married the Orange." Bridey had said his name was Plazz. On this point an Irish investigator reported: "Plazz. This is genuine all right and throws a sense of authenticity about the whole thing. It is the very, very rare Christian name Blaize, called after the Irish Saint Blaize, patron of those afflicted with disease of the throat." This researcher made it clear that Plazz was the popularized, phonetic spelling of the name Blaize.

I had been unable to find anyone who had even heard of such a name, so it is hard to understand how Ruth Simmons (who had been raised from infancy by a Norwegian uncle and a German aunt) could have been familiar with it.

Then there was the word "linen" for handkerchief. There is apparently no such usage in Ireland today, but it was found that one of the meanings of the word—a meaning now *obsolete in the singular*—was something made of linen such as a linen garment or handkerchief.

Undoubtedly additional evidence will continue to develop.

I think it only reasonable to expect that some of Bridey's memoirs are colored, that some are in error, and that even dates might be wrong. But this is not an area from which an airtight case should be expected. The whole issue is whether or not the principles involved here merit more intensive consideration.

The Bridey Murphy experiment, after all, was merely a personal exploration. I am hoping, however, that many more professional people—trained experimenters, doctors, psychologists—will launch their own research programs. Perhaps even one or more of the nation's leading foundations will become interested. Certainly, the stakes involved are high enough.

Mine has been the trail of a skeptic, a path first glimpsed when I looked away from business and the latest stock quotations long enough to learn that the wonders of hypnosis, much to my surprise, are realities, not nonsense.

As already indicated, I have been hoping that academic circles would become interested in this work, but the edges of my optimism have already been chipped away. As Bridey Murphy might have expressed it, *"They won't listen."*

There are a few, however, who are interested. Recently, for instance, a doctor heard about my work and reminded me that, even though the general public may not be familiar with the Bridey type of experiment, it represents nothing really original. He then proceeded to outline an idea for expanding the Bridey experiment—an idea so fascinating that I can hardly wait to get started.

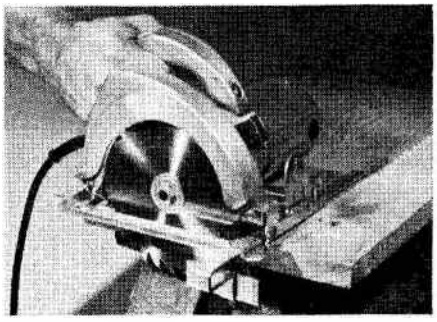
It looks as though I'm about to take another step on the long bridge.

—Morey Bernstein

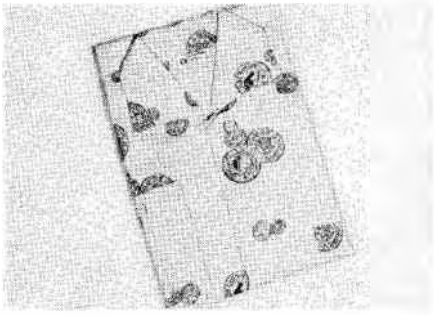
Phonograph records (12 inch LP, 33 RPM) made from the original Bridey Murphy hypnotic experiment can be obtained by writing Morey Bernstein, c/o TRUE, 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. ($4.95 postpaid). A movie version of this story will be released sometime this year.

TRUE goes shopping

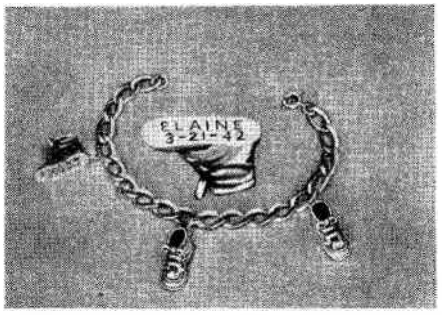
NECKLACE AND EARRINGS of handmade mosaic. Floral patterns are enhanced by delicate scrollwork which is done by hand and plated with 18k gold. Imported from Italy. $4.95 for the necklace. $3.50 for the earrings, button or drop, screwbacks or pierced. Set is $7.50, including velvet box, air mail delivery. All prices. Alpine Imports, 505 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



POWER SAW has ½-hp motor which drives blade at 3,400 rpm. It rips, crosscuts and grooves to a depth of 1¾", bevel or mitre at angles from 0.45 degrees; straight line cuts up to 6-inch width. Safety features are blade guard and trigger switch. Operates on 110 volts AC or DC. $19.98 f.o.b from Palley Supply Company, 2263 E. Vernon Ave., Dept. T, Los Angeles 58, Calif.



PAJAMAS with a Valentine's Day theme puts you in a class with Romeo and Juliet, Antony and Cleopatra, and Napoleon and Josephine, all of whom are featured in profile through a printed coin motif. The color of these fine cottons is predominantly red with your choice of blue, tan, or mint backgrounds. $5 ppd. from Brooks, 1545 Broadway, New York 36, N. Y.



BABYSHOES KEY CHAIN for fathers and grandfathers. Sterling silver chain proclaims the offspring. Each first name and birth date is engraved on sole of a separate sterling silver baby shoe. Lucky horseshoe keeps keys intact. $1.25 for key chain plus $2.50 for each baby shoe ordered. Engraving, tax, postage included. Zenith Gifts, Inc., Dept. Y, 55 Chadwick Street, Boston 19, Mass.

RECORDS for children. Fifty songs on six sides in a Treasure Chest box. Includes Mother Goose, Fairy Tales, Western songs, Play songs, a taste of Gilbert and Sullivan, and some wonderful originals. Also, a song book with lyrics of all 50 songs. Choice of regular 78 rpm or 45 rpm. $2.98 ppd. from John Surrey Ltd., 100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

WHEN YOU ORDER from True Goes Shopping be sure to specify you saw the item in TRUE. This will assure your order is accepted at the price published.

New! GUNBERTH★ BRACKETS

For Displaying Your Guns . . . in Cabinets, on Walls or Panels

These NEW, specially designed Gunberth Brackets are made of rubber covered steel and are easy to use, screw in type.

Note how easily and securely the guns cradle in the brackets! Will fit all sizes and types of guns. Available in two sizes; for handguns and for rifles or shotguns.

For Handguns: 55c per pair 12 or 55.50

For Rifles or Shotguns: 65c per pair; 12 pair $6.50

Prices Postpaid

FREE Catalog HM3 lists full line of Gun Cabinets, Plans, Kits and Accessories. Write for yours!

BUILD YOUR OWN GUN CABINET

Just Published! NEW Handbook, "How To Build Gun Cabinets and Selecting the Type Best for You" gives you the complete details on what to buy or how to build for the very finest in Gun Cabinets. Send for yours TODAY! Only $1.00 ppd.

COLADONATO BROS., Dept. G18A, Hazelton, Pa.

BRAND NEW **MAIL ORDER ONLY $14.75** Postpaid

ALL-PURPOSE SPORTSMAN'S BOOT

Luxurious comfort and handsome, rugged styling in a top quality reverse cowhide Western boot adapted for all-round use. Cushion foot construction with built-in arch support for comfortable walking, riding or leisure wear. Easy on and off, yet hugs the foot. Neo-Cord non-slip sole and heel. 10" top. Supple, scuff-proof desert tan leather requires no polish. Fit and satisfaction guaranteed. Men's regular shoe sizes 7 to 12 in widths A to E.

Send for FREE 40 Page Outdoor Catalog featuring hand-made leather shirts, boots hats, and exclusive equipment.

Sold only direct — No sales through dealers

Dept. 7 Norm Thompson T. M.

1311 N. W. 21st • PORTLAND 9, ORE.

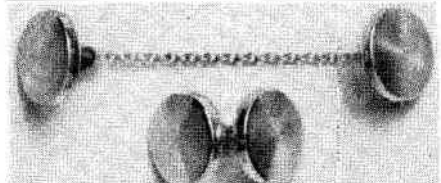
CUT REPAIR BILLS — SAVE MONEY

CHECK ALL YOUR TV RADIO & PICTURE TUBES *YOURSELF!*

NO TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE NEEDED

When a TV or radio repairman makes a home call to check your set, the first thing he'll do is test the tubes — and most times that'll be the trouble. Just plug any tube into this tube checker and Neon Light will do the same thing save enough money the first time to pay for the $4.95 ppd. It costs Has test leads to check circuits on motors, appliances or any electrical device. Safe — Quick — Foolproof Simple instructions included **SOLD ON A MONEYBACK GUARANTEE.**

CHABON SCIENTIFIC CO., 411-H Lincoln Bldg., N Y 17



NEW - EXPANDABLE CUFF LINKS

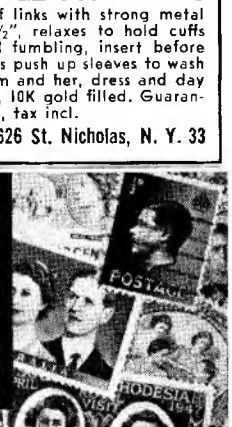
A hit from Britain, cuff links with strong metal chain stretching full 1½", relaxes to hold cuffs firmly. No more 1-hand fumbling, insert before putting on shirt. Doctors push up sleeves to wash hands. Ideal gift for him and her, dress and day wear. Shown actual size, 10K gold filled. Guaranteed to please. $4 ppd., tax incl.

SONIC Associates, 1626 St. Nicholas, N. Y. 33

FREE!

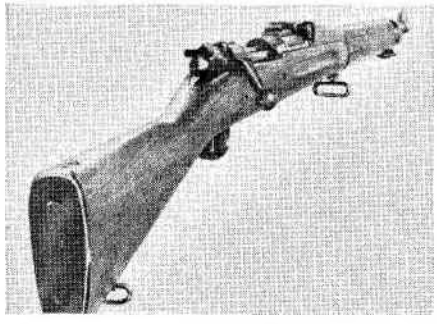
BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY STAMPS

other big offers!

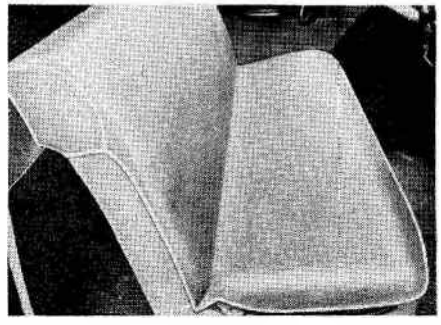


RUSH NAME. — get a big collection of scarce Royal Family stamps, *free!* Colorful stamps of Victoria to Elizabeth II, Margaret, Windsor, Philip, Edward VII, Georges — Coronations, Jubilees, Empire Royal Visits. *Many more, all different.* ALSO FREE, Offers for inspection *plus* free COLLECTOR'S GUIDE — how to find rare stamps, other facts. PLUS — color copy of stamp worth $50,000. Supply limited — *rush name.* GARCELON STAMP CO., Dept. 2TR Calais, Maine.

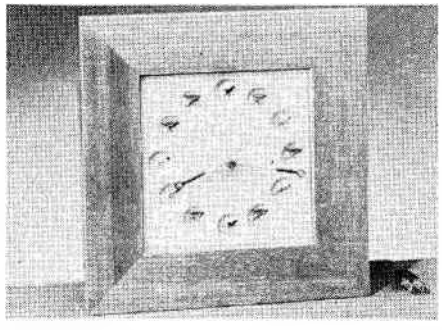
TRUE



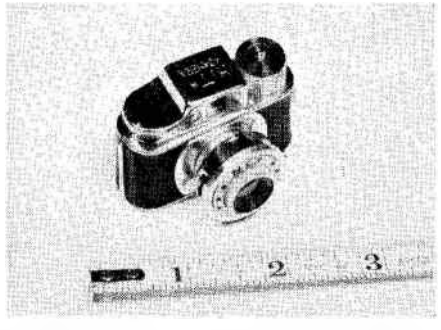
U. S. SPRINGFIELD, model 1903, caliber .30/06. Ideal for big game or can be converted to a sporter. Takes commercial .30/06 softnose hunting ammunition. Used with scope as sniper rifle by Marine troops during WWII. Condition of rifles is excellent and, of course, guaranteed. $59.95 f.o.b. from Golden State Arms Corp., Dept. A, 1165 E. Colorado St., Pasadena 1, Calif.



SEAT COVERS of durable nylon protect upholstery and keeps car interior neat and clean. Washable and quick drying. Easily installed without tacks or nails. Covers are good-looking as well as practical. Front (specify if split) or back seat $2.98. Front and back $5.50. Add 25c for postage with each order. Bea Sales, Dept. NB, 125 E. 46 St., New York 17, N. Y.

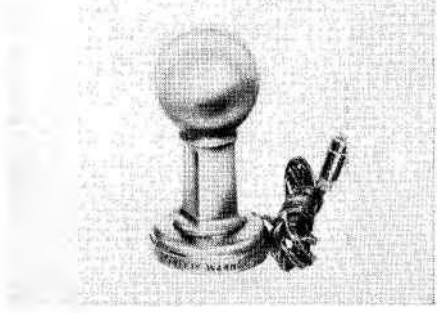


CLOCK with a sportsman flavor. A wonderful assortment of trout flies, in sunken panels, are the numerals. Hands are fishing rod tips. Clock is framed in genuine, fine grained mahogany and operates on 110V AC. If you're looking for a gift with a fishing flavor, this is it. $27.50 ppd. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 787 Damar Building, Newark 5, N. J.



MINIATURE CAMERA is 2½ ounces of sturdy all-metal construction with chrome trim. Precision built, with single-action, 1/25th-second and time-exposure shutter, and ground lens. Has an eye-level viewfinder and takes sharp, clear pictures with standard 16mm film. Complete with one roll of film, $1.98 ppd. Guaranteed Distributors, 35 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, N. Y.

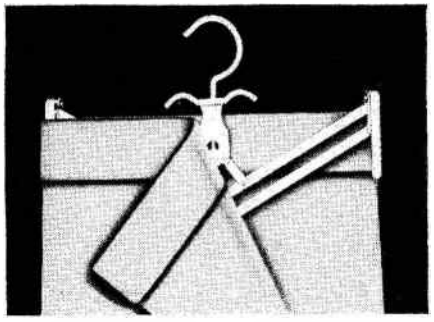
WHAT CAN YOU LOSE? Items shown in True Goes Shopping are sold on a moneyback guarantee. If you are not satisfied with what you get, send it back, pal.



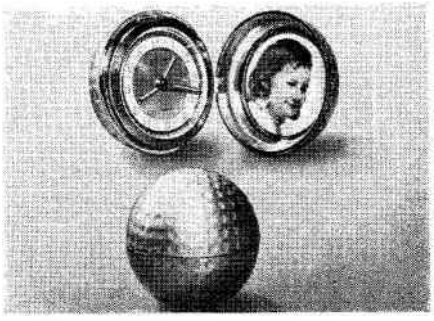
SAFETY FLASH helps prevent accidents when making roadside repairs. Powerful red flasher is especially helpful on a foggy night. No installation—plug it into cigarette lighter. Suction cup allows flash to be attached anywhere. Small enough to be carried in glove compartment. Cars with 6-volt system, $3.95 ppd.; 12-volt, $4.95 ppd. Best Values Co., 318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. The items shown represent the most interesting new products True has seen this month. They are believed to be good values. The firms listed guarantee immediate refund of your money if you are not satisfied.

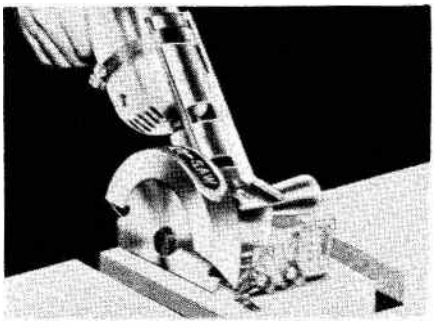


PANTS HANGER which hangs the trousers from the inside of the cuff instead of clamping on the outside. Stretches wrinkles from the cuff and leaves no marks on the outside as do the cuff-clamping type. Gives a crease which should save an occasional pressing bill. Set of three hangers in an attractive box is $2.98 ppd., from Sportsman's Post, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

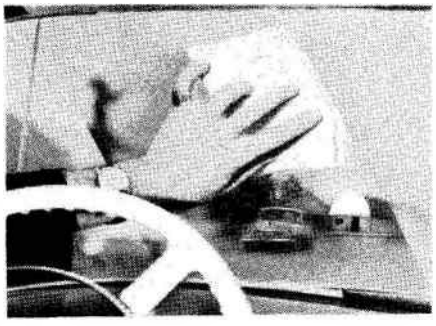


ALARM CLOCK shaped and designed like a golf ball. Luminous dial, easy-to-read numerals and space for a picture. Excellent seven-jeweled timepiece and combination alarm. Made of dull-finish, solid brass and is gold colored. Handy for traveling and practical for home. 2⅜" diameter. $11.95 ppd., from Scott-Mitchell House, Inc., Dept. GB-3, 611 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

POKER CHART gives you the odds of making a winning hand in every conceivable situation. Takes into account the number of players, the cards you hold, the kind of game and the stage of the game. Put it on the table, pull the slide and work when the odds are with you. $1 ppd., from Perrygral Slide-Chart Corp., Suite 1108, 150 So. Barrington, Los Angeles 19, Calif.



PORTABLE SAW ATTACHMENT with adjustable "Dado-Arbor." Goes through 2 x 4's in one cut. Cuts grooves up to ½" width and 1" depth. Used with any ¼" drill. Arbor is easily removed for straight or angle (up to 45°) cuts with depth-bevel-rip gages. With arbor and 5" blade, $12.95 ppd. Arrow Metal Products Co., 110 W. Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.



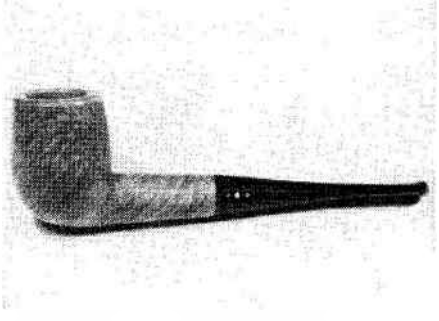
MIRACLE CLOTH prevents fog from forming on your windshield. Wipe this chemically treated cloth on any clouded windshield and a protective coating is formed against fog, mist or frost. Cloth is effective on any glass surface including windows, mirrors, eyeglasses, etc. $1 ppd. from Viking Sloane Corp., Dept. C-125, 136 West 52nd Street, New York 19, N. Y.

WHEN YOU ORDER from True Goes Shopping be sure to specify you saw the item in TRUE. This will assure your order is accepted at the prices published.

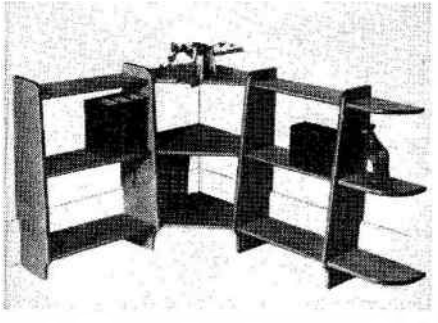
TRUE goes shopping

WHISKEY TOOTHPASTE cleans your teeth in a most intoxicating manner. Made with real Scotch, bourbon or rye, this toothpaste is guaranteed to start your day with a smile. The liquor is 6 proof, just right for so early in the morning. It is a regular toothpaste, flavored in its own way. $1.50 a tube, ppd. Spencer Gifts, 13 Spencer Building, Atlantic City, N. J.

FUN APRON includes a place for everything under the sun. In the pocket marked "Legal Documents" you'll find a Shot-Gun Wedding Certificate, an Arrest Warrant, Certificate of Divorce, etc. Other pockets contain false teeth, dice, sex indicators, and 36 life-of-the-party items. The apron is $3.95 ppd., Arden Co., Dept. TA, 386-4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

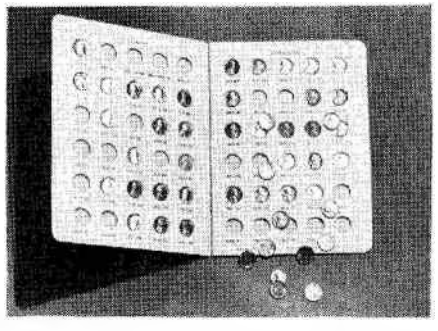


PIPE is handmade from imported briar. Golden finish is unmarred by varnish or lacquer spray. Instead, the briar is polished with a special wax which brings out the full color of the handsome grain. In addition to its good looks, you'll like the performance of the pipe. $5 ppd. John Surrey, Ltd., Dept. LB, 100 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



INSTANT BOOKCASES look "built-in." Slide together easily. Cut to fit over baseboard flush against wall. Knotty pine or unfinished. 30" high 9½" deep. Uprights—$2.25 ea., Shelves (3 per set) 36"-$4.95, 30"-$4.45, 24"-$3.95, 18"-$3.45, 12" Rounded Ends-$3.45, 18"x18" Corner Shelves-$6.95. Expr. Chgs. Coll., Yield House, Dept. JR, North Conway, N. H.

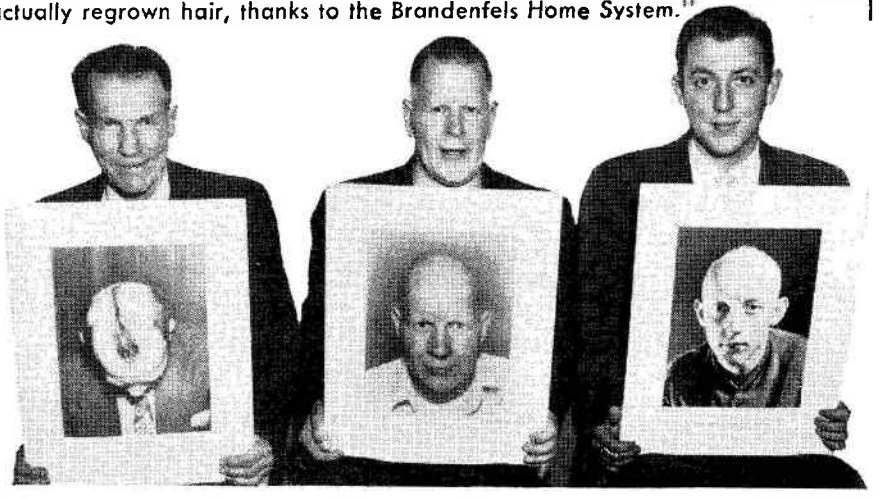
WHAT CAN YOU LOSE? Items shown in True Goes Shopping are sold on a moneyback guarantee. If you are not satisfied with what you get, send it back, pal.



COIN ALBUM will give you $16 if you can fill it with 59 Lincoln Head pennies. The dates on the coins must correspond with the dates indicated in the album. Some of them are easy to find, and some are hard come by. When you fill it, you send the album back and get $16 plus the purchase price, which is $1 ppd. Bybymail, Box 488, Dept. B, Hempstead, N. Y.

"I photograph the miracle of new hair growing on bald heads!"

'I am Von Smith of St. Helens, Oregon, and as the photographer who took these pictures I can verify that Roy Smith, Oiva Witikka and Eldon Beerbower have actually regrown hair, thanks to the Brandenfels Home System.'



Hair regrowth for Roy Smith, rancher, was so marked after almost 20 years of near-boldness that friends could hardly believe what they saw.

Air Force doctors were unable to help Oiva Witikka when he lost all his hair, and he was bald when he was discharged. What a change!

From complete baldness to light fuzz in 8 weeks (picture he's holding), Eldon Beerbower's final reward was a full head of hair.

Why You Can Order With Confidence

- All letters and testimonials quoted here are bona fide. Full addresses of any one gladly sent on request.
- All scalp pictures are just as photographed — never retouched.
- Against a common disbelief in hair regrowth Carl Brandenfels relies on the expert opinion of competent medical doctors and clinicians who conducted tests and made observations that showed hair regrowth in many cases with the use of Brandenfels home system. The drawings below explain their considered opinions.
- In addition, more than 20,000 letters and reports telling of hair regrowth, relief from dandruff scale, less excessive hair fall and improved scalp conditions, have been audited and attested to by outside, impartial, licensed certified public accountants.
- There are Brandenfels users in every state in the Union, in Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and in more than 80 foreign countries in the free world.
- Testimonials may be seen at St. Helens, Oregon, when permission has been given by the writers.
- References: U. S. National Bank, Bank of St. Helens, Chamber of Commerce – all of St. Helens, Oregon.

Drawings Explain Miracle of Hair Regrowth

These drawings were made from photomicrographs of biopsies taken in a medical test to show what happens when hair successfully regrows while using Brandenfels Applications. This is an unproductive hair follicle (root). It is blunted and the opening plugged with sebaceous gum and scaly skin, the doctors diagnosed.

Now, during use of Brandenfels Applications and Dilative Massage, an improved condition of the follicle was noticed. The follicle is less distorted, the scaly skin layer is disappearing and there's actually regrowth of a tiny hair in the follicle.

Now the follicle is producing hair! These sketches were made from actual biopsies on a test group of people who volunteered to participate in this, the world's first sub-dermal research project, conducted by medical doctors and technicians. Here's positive proof hair roots may still be alive in a bald head!

"When I first started taking these pictures I felt mighty foolish at not recognizing the men, women and children who came in for 'after' pictures as the same people I had 'shot' when they were bald, or virtually so. "Now I'm glad when this happens! It means another happy man or woman —or child. Yes, regrowth of hair is an actual fact in many cases with the Brandenfels System.

"In the Brandenfels offices I have seen files bulging with letters from men and women all over the world telling of one or more of these benefits:

- ✔ **RENEWED HAIR GROWTH**
- ✔ **RELIEF FROM DANDRUFF SCALE**
- ✔ **LESS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR**
- ✔ **IMPROVED SCALP HEALTH**

"I have seen how it is true that even on smooth, bald areas where no hair is visible the hair roots may still be alive and in many cases lack only the proper stimulation of the Brandenfels System to make them grow hair again."

Pleasant to use at home — no expensive office calls.

If you have excessively falling hair, ugly dandruff scale, a tight, itching scalp, a rapidly receding hair line, or any unhealthy scalp condition which is not conducive to growing hair, DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions RIGHT IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME without expensive office calls. Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to promote new hair growth, because not every user has grown new hair. He emphatically believes, however, that his formulas and unique pressure massage will bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp that in many cases helps nature grow hair. YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF...YOUR BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCES...AND YOUR FAMILY to give the Brandenfels System a thorough trial. Brandenfels' wonderful formulas are non-sticky, with a "clean" aroma, and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use. Enclose $18.00 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Use the handy coupon below. Send your order to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

Baldness may begin 2 years before your friends notice — act now!

If you—or anyone in your family—have already become bald, or are losing hair rapidly, SEND TODAY, for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage, with complete easy-to-follow instructions on how to use. Send the coupon below RIGHT AWAY. Remember, every day you wait may make your problem more difficult. ACT NOW!

Mail this coupon NOW —before you misplace it.

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon

Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

☐ I enclose $18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.

☐ I enclose $20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).

☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman the $18 plus postal charges.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid.

C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postal regulations).

IMPORTANT

When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information:

☐ Excessively Falling Hair

☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp

☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale

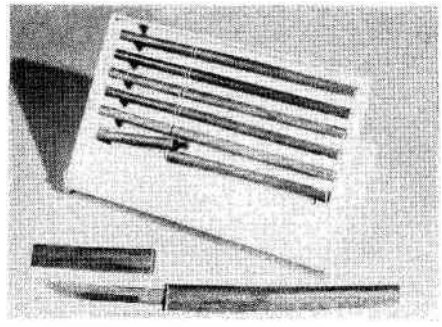
☐ Alopecia

T26

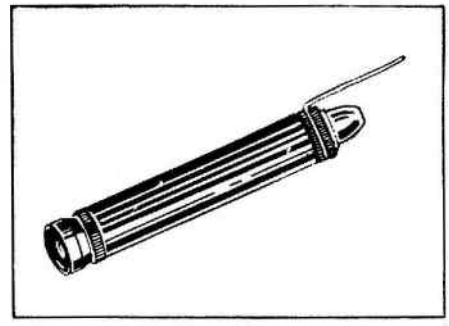
WORLD-FAMOUS Brandenfels SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE

IF YOU DO NOT HAVE THIS PROBLEM, PASS THIS IMPORTANT MESSAGE ON TO A FRIEND

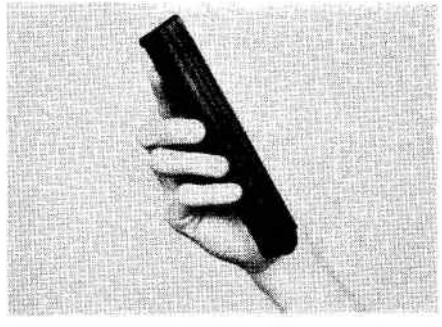
TRUE



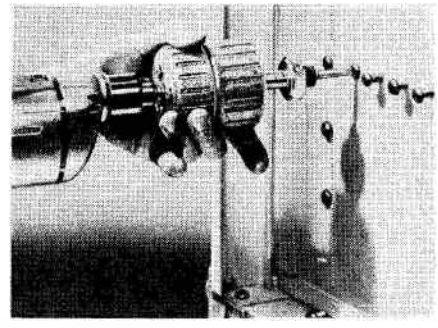
STEAK KNIVES that will make any dinner table distinctive. These Japanese Ceremonial Sword knives are in their own sheathes—each handle and sheath of select cherry-wood. Blades are hand-forged stainless steel honed to razor-like keenness. Set of 6 in attractive velvet lined storage box. $5.95 ppd. Anita Dennis, 4619-18th Ave., Brooklyn 4, N. Y.



PEN MICROSCOPE with variable power, 40, 50 or 60. Sturdy metal construction with well-protected optics so it can be carried in your pocket. Ideal for closeup examination such as detecting flaws in materials, observing insects, plant life, stamps, jewels, photographs, etc. Does the job of a full-blown microscope. $3.95 ppd. Edmund Scientific Corp., Barrington 4, N. J.



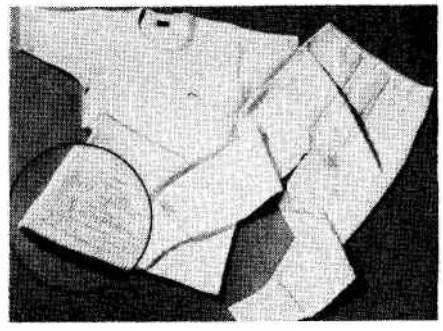
COMBINATION TOOL acts as a scraper, plane and sander. This handy 7-inch tool is made up of four steel blades set in a Styrene frame. It will remove paint from all surfaces, plane down small wood projects and smooth plaster applications. A handy tool for the guy who's handy. $1 ppd. from Arden Company, Dept. L, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



VERSAMATIC transforms any electric drill into a versatile automatic screwdriver and power wrench. Reduces speed while increasing torque of drill. Drills concrete, glass, glass-bonded plastics, etc. With standard screw bit, Phillips head bit, socket set attachment and instructions. $14.95 ppd., Kapner Hardware, Inc., Dept. P-105, 152 E. Tremont Ave., New York 57, N. Y.

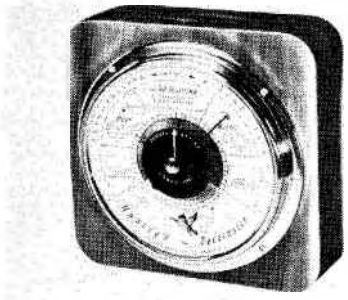
GO AHEAD AND TELL YOUR FRIENDS

Most of the letters we get from NEW readers say they regret missing TRUE for years. Seep age 102.

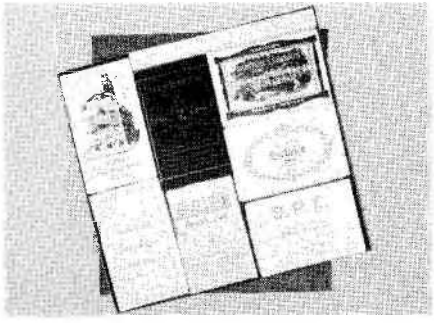


THERMAL UNDERWEAR is the newest in cold-weather protection. Lightweight weave traps heat to give warmth without bulk. Made of soft cotton, it does not irritate skin and can be worn by those allergic to wool. Complete suit of long-sleeve undershirt and drawers in small, medium, large or extra-large sizes is $12 ppd., from Norm Thompson, 1311 N. W. 21st, Portland 9, Ore.

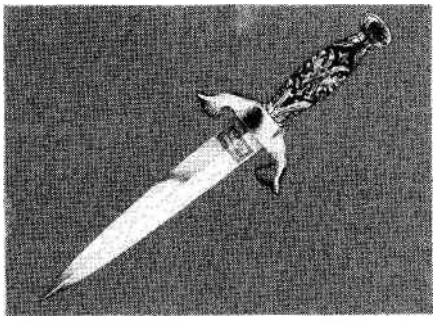
goes shopping



BAROMETERS for hunters and fishermen. Barometric pressures which affect fishing and hunting conditions are measured by these special sportsman's barometers. Help to make plans which are more likely to bring results. Case is hand-rubbed red cedar. 4" 4-color lithographed dial. Specify Hunter or Fisherman Model. $12.50 ppd. Corcoran, Stoughton, Mass.



TOBACCOS in a variety pack gives a smoker the opportunity to test 7 different blends. 10¼ ounces in an attractive gift package. Contains one pocket-size package of each of the following: D. P. E., Old State House, Number 68, Plug Crumb Cut, Boston Common, Number 207, and Ehrlich Blend Rough Cut. $2 from David Ehrlich Co., 207 Washington St., Boston 8, Mass.



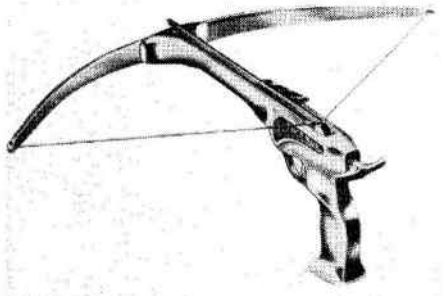
HUNTING KNIFE imported from Toledo, Spain. Combines beauty with durability. The handle is black, inlaid with silver color alloy, bearing the crest of the House of Hapsburg. A fine example of steel craftsmanship produced in a city where steel-making has been an art for centuries. $4.98 ppd. Thoresen's, Dept. OLHK, 352 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

CORK RETRIEVER for those who like their wine straight. Cork crumbs won't spoil your drinks because you can end the cork-fishing expeditions with this retriever. It spears the cork and lifts it out of the bottle, thus relieving you of one more frustration in your life. An Italian import which is different. $1.25 ppd. Vanguard Products Company, 15 East 10th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

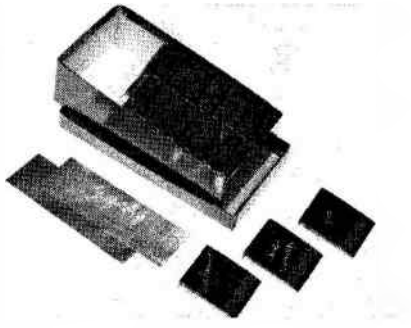
PHOTO ENLARGER takes all popular sizes of negatives from 35mm up to and including 2¼" x 3¼", and it's simple to operate. Lens with fixed diaphragm. No "f stop" mistakes. Swivel base permits extra-big enlargements. Folds easily for storage. Complete with carrying case and instruction book. $24.95 from Mr. Camera, 507 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Plant your crops of $$$ now for that big harvest later. Come rain or shine, flood or drought, your dollars grow for you when you invest them regularly in U. S. Savings Bonds. Inquire today at your place of employment or at your bank about a regular savings plan.

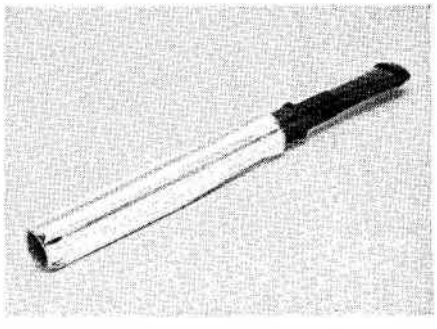
TRUE goes shopping



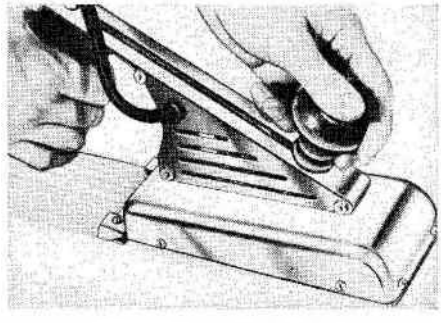
BOW PISTOL made of aluminum to standards of a match-grade handgun. Shoots 2-inch groups, and smaller, at 30 yards. Bow hurls arrows at lightning speed. Maximum range is 150 yards. Built-in "Bow-Jack" makes cocking easy. Pistol, hunting bow, arrows and small-game pistol target for $19.95 ppd. Malibu Archery Co., Dept. BH, 1036 S. La Brea Ave., Los Angeles 19, Calif.



DO-IT-YOURSELF KIT supplies you with enough gold foil and match books to put your name or favorite saying on 50 matchbook covers. Place a strip of foil over the match book, write what you want with an ordinary pencil and there it is, transferred to the cover. Great for stag parties. $1.50 ppd. from the Game Room, 1538 Connecticut Ave., Washington 6, D. C.



CIGARETTE HOLDER with "radiator" stem is designed to condense out impurities and allow only cool, clean, moisture-free smoke to pass through. No gadgets or filters to replace, and easily cleaned with a tissue. Expel stub by pressing ebony-black mouthpiece. Made of smart, polished Duralumin in three sizes—3⅛", 4¼", 5". $2.50 ppd. Kirsten Pipe Co., Seattle 7, Wash.



ELECTRIC PAINT REMOVER peels paint to bare wood grain. Features are safety, speed, convenience and efficiency. Removes up to 12 layers of paint or enamel. Generating intense heat electrically, body of unit softens paint. Then paint-removing blade peels off softened paint. Works on 110-120V, AC or DC. $11 ppd., from Meridian, 366 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

FAWCETT HOW-TO BOOKS

AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, LEADING DRUG STORE, SUPER MARKET, HARDWARE STORE AND BUILDING SUPPLY DEALER

How To Take GLAMOUR PHOTOS by Peter Gowland • Over 240 pin-up, nude, calendar, cover pics. (No. 285)

Handy Man's ELECTRICAL REPAIRS Handbook • How to repair home wiring, appliances. Illustrated. (No. 292) Also available in hard cover edition at $2.00 per copy.

HOME WORKSHOP PROJECTS • All new. Modern and traditional furniture. Toys, games. Photos. (No. 291)

HANDY MAN'S HOME MANUAL • Newest edition of a favorite. Refinish floors, workshop projects. (No. 290)

How To Finish ATTICS AND BASEMENTS • 10 Full projects. Dormers, workrooms. How to decorate. (No. 289) Also available in hard cover edition at $2.00 per copy.

LOW COST HI-FI • Low price kits, build your own cabinet. Record bargains, assembling systems. (No. 288) Also available in hard cover edition at $2.00 per copy.

Handy Man's TV REPAIR and Maintenance • Learn to save hundreds of dollars with this top guide. (No. 284)

FUNNY BAR BOOK and Guide to Mixed Drinks • Top recipes served with hilarious VIP cartoons. (No. 283)

Bill Baker's FURNITURE You Can Build • 20 modern, traditional projects. How-to photos, plans. (No. 281)

HOME REPAIRS • Interior, exterior, tools, heating, electrical, plumbing. Modernize, redecorate. (No. 280)

How To Prospect For URANIUM • Geiger, scintillation counters; staking claims; laws, maps, assays. (No. 279)

FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHERS TELL HOW • Photos and techniques of experts. Glamour, news, etc. (No. 277)

PENCIL DRAWING FOR FUN • Sound simple lessons for everyone. Figure photos, sketches. (No. 276) Also available in hard cover edition at $2.00 per copy.

How To Work With CONCRETE AND MASONRY • Mix, pour foundations, walks, etc. Brick, blocks. (No. 275) Also available in hard cover edition at $2.00 per copy.

HOW TO BUILD IT • Make 45 fascinating projects yourself. Furniture, toys, hobbies, sports. (No. 273) Also available in hard cover edition at $2.00 per copy.

Fred Russell's CAR CARE • An auto expert tells how to detect and repair trouble, save money. (No. 272) Also available in hard cover edition at $2.00 per copy.

PRACTICAL ELECTRONICS • Hi-Fi, amateur radio, radio control models, others. Illustrated. (No. 271)

How To Build PATIOS, TERRACES, BARBECUES, WALKS, FENCES, AWNINGS, GATES. (No. 270) Also available in hard cover edition at $2.00 per copy.

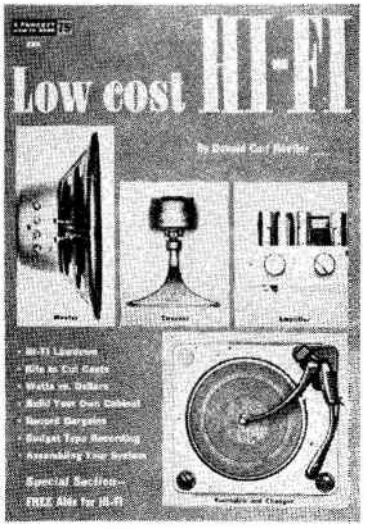
PHOTOGRAPHY HANDBOOK • Underwater glamour, How-To hints, photograms, salon section. (No. 269) Also available in hard cover edition at $2.00 per copy.

How To Build OUTDOOR FIREPLACES and LAWN FURNITURE • Barbecues, grills, recipes. (No. 268) Also available in hard cover edition at $2.00 per copy.

INSULATE and AIR CONDITION Your Home • Old, new houses. Cut heat and cooling costs. (No. 267) Also available in hard cover edition at $2.00 per copy.

Handy Man's CARPENTRY Guide • How to use hand, power tools; home repairs; modernization. (No. 264)

CANDID PHOTOGRAPHY • Candid glamour, nudes, animals, sports, children. Big salon section. (No. 263)



To order direct, send 75c per copy for regular edition or $2.00 per copy for hard cover De Luxe edition to: FAWCETT BOOKS, Dept. T-2, Greenwich, Conn. Add 10c per copy mailing charge for all books. Specify books by title and number.

A FAWCETT HOW-TO BOOK 75¢

IT'S A PSYCHOLOGICAL FACT: PLEASURE HELPS YOUR DISPOSITION

How's your disposition today?

FEEL BADGERED SOMETIMES if things don't add up? That's natural when little annoyances bother you.

But it's a psychological fact: pleasure *helps* your disposition. So everyday pleasures are *important*.

If you're a smoker, choose your cigarette for utmost pleasure. *Choose Camels—*
America's most popular cigarette!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

No other cigarette is so rich-tasting yet so mild as Camel!