THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS FEBRUARY 1967 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

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As "Witnesses" Insist?

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Allen Dulles Tells the OSS Story

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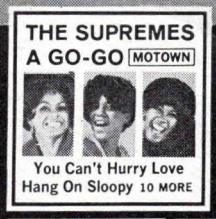
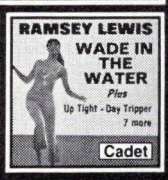
3542. Also: The Shadow Of Your Smile, If I Were A Rich Man, So What's New, Five Minutes More, Brasilia, Cantina Blue, etc.



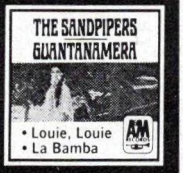
3555. Plus: I Am Woman, Love Is Like An Itching In My Heart, I Can't Help Myself, Get Ready, Money, etc.

2875. Works by Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak, Copland, etc.



3551. Also: Hurt So Bad, Message to Michael, etc.

3432. Also: Come Running Back, Any Time, 7 more



3617. Also: Angelica, Carmen, La Mer, Enamorado, etc.

3361. Also: Is This My Destiny, You Comb Her Hair, etc.

3563. Also: Man Of La Mancha, I Dream Of You, Dulcinea, etc.

3449. Plus: A Taste Of Honey, Unchained Melody, Mame, etc.

3465. Also: Sometime Lovin', The King Of Names, 12 in all

3525. Entremont plays Chopin, Liszt, Debussy, Albeniz, etc.

3441. Also: Sleepy Time Gal, Georgia Rose, 6 more

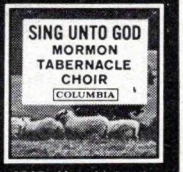
3618. Plus: Ghost Riders in the Sky, Gay Ranchero, etc.

3244. Plus: That Kind Of Girl, Words Of Love, 9 more

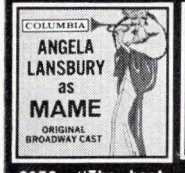
2407. Where Am I Going, C'est Se Bon, Yesterdays, etc.

3202. (Special Two-Record Set Counts As One Selection)

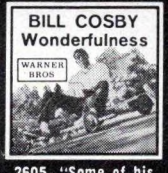
2673. Also: On A Clear Day, All Or Nothing At All, etc.



3515. Also: Listen to the Lambs; Come, Come Ye Saints; etc.

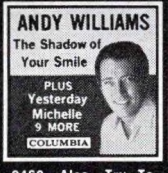


2672. "The best musical of the season."—CBS News

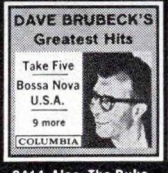


2605. "Some of his funniest material." —Billboard

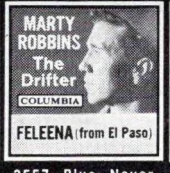
2603. Also: King Of The Road, Days Of Wine And Roses, etc.



2460. Also: Try To Remember, A Taste Of Honey, etc.



2414. Also: The Duke, Camptown Races, Trolly Song, etc.



3557. Plus: Never Tie Me Down, The Wind Goes, 6 more

2405. "Exciting, sensuous romanticism." —N. Y. Times

2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.

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Holy Holly!

Obviously Daniel P. Mannix did some research for his article *The Sexy Secrets of Fun-Loving Holly* in the December issue of TRUE, but here is some more information: the name holly is probably a corruption of the word holy, as the plant has been used from time immemorial as a protection against evil influence. It was hung around or planted near houses, as a protection against lightning. Its common use at Christmas is apparently the survival of an ancient Roman custom, occurring during the festival to Saturn, to which god the holly was dedicated. While the Romans were holding this feast, which occurred about the time of the winter solstice, they decked the outsides of their houses with holly; at the same time the Christians were quietly celebrating the birth of Christ, and to avoid detection, they outwardly followed the custom of their heathen neighbors and decked their houses with holly also. In this way the holly came to be connected with our Christmas.

—H. D. Cody, Jr.
Stamps, Ark.

Re Dan Mannix's holly story: it is quite true that maté is from the leaf of Brazilian holly (Ilex paragueyensis) and is also known as Paraguayan tea, yerba maté and plain maté. As a beverage—and I've consumed gallons of the stuff in Argentina, Chile and Brazil—it is as innocuous as tea, literally. As to its effect on the sexual behavior of the gauchos—I always attributed that particular propensity to their *youth*, which you must agree is far more reliable.

The Argentine gaucho does get a lift from a couple of gourds of maté, but this is mainly quick energy derived from the excessive amount of sugar he puts in the gourd.

I can recommend it as a beverage, hot or cold. The taste is similar to green tea, perhaps better, if it isn't loaded with sugar. If it's a good binge you have in mind, try rum instead of sugar—it's the same stuff, just distilled instead of refined.

—J. H. Gray
Clayton, Mo.

Pass the superior sugar, pardner!

Goof Boat

I enjoyed your story, about the *U-boat That Goofed* (November), very much. We often wondered what happened that night and now we know. A very good friend was at that refinery in Aruba, that night, and every one was of the opinion that the U-boat captain got confused between the town and the refinery.

Interestingly enough a man there got stoned on the way home that night and when he got up to answer a call of nature, the Germans blew the bed and the bedroom right off the house. Needless to say he sobered up right away.

—E. D. Hinman
Buffalo, N.Y.

Congressional Oil?

I read with interest your article on Dri-Slide in the October issue. In fact, I even wrote a note to my Congressman. I thought you might be interested in the answer I received:

"I appreciate your interest in our servicemen overseas which you expressed in your letter of September 21, although I would be somewhat reluctant to accept articles in a magazine such as TRUE as a basis for believing that our men overseas are lacking in essential supplies. I am inclined to believe that the manufacturer of Dri-Slide has submitted it to the Department of Defense for consideration and that the reason it has not been bought is because it is not needed. I know of no complaints that our weapons are not working smoothly, and as a former serviceman myself I can testify that even in my day there was no lack of adequate lubricants for our weapons. . . . Lionel Van Deerlin, Member of Congress."

—Louis H. Berube
El Cajon, Calif.

Obviously, the Congressman would be better informed about TRUE if he read it more frequently or more carefully—like many of his colleagues.

Questions

Mr. Epstein's *Inquest* makes tremendous reading. (*November* TRUE.) Thanks for bringing this important work into full view.

Immediately following the tragedy, as I watched the accounts on TV, I simply could not believe that a so-so rifleman using an inferior weapon could have been so successful in his grim task. I waited for months to learn the true facts but no enlightenment was forthcoming.

I finally wrote to the National Rifle Association (I was a longtime member) asking for their version. The NRA is obliged to answer questions posed by members. I received a "shut up; you don't know what you're talking about" letter in reply together with the suggestion that I read the Warren Report. I assumed that pressure was being introduced from a high source in Washington. I still believe just that.

Oswald was not capable of such fast and accurate shooting. No one is. Another aspect has not been mentioned. Any individual who is shooting at the President of the United States has just got to suffer from "buck fever."

—Frank H. Booth
Salt Lake City, Utah

The Warren Report would make a good comedy or nightclub act. It is really funny when you think of all those strippers, prostitutes, pimps, perverts and homosexuals appearing before the sedate and distinguished committee. They were all so compatible!

[*Continued on page 4*]

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[*Continued from page 2*]

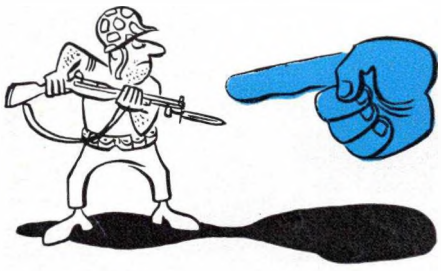
While, on the other hand, the committee didn't get along at all with the normal, law-abiding, average citizens who would have liked to tell the truth.

But I don't think it would do any good to reopen the investigation. Next time, they might try to tell us President Kennedy committed suicide.

—*J. Roberts*
Dallas, Tex.

After reading and rereading the reports and summaries of President Kennedy's assassination in *Inquest*, my scorecard reads: a home run for the FBI, while the Warren Commission never got to first base.

—*Joseph A. Cardin*
Bristol, R. I.



Marine—Him?

. . . Joel Rudom's snide remarks about the Marines in your November issue was about the tenth such stupid letter I've seen published about Lee Harvey Oswald being "trained" by the Corps. Has *everyone* forgotten the kook was KICKED OUT OF THE MARINES?

As for Whitman, the Texas Tower sniper . . . he was also an Eagle Scout and very attached to his mother (whom he killed). Has anyone suggested that the Boy Scouts of America, or his mother or anyone else put that tumor in his sick brain? (Yeah, some headshrinkers say he may not have killed those people because of the tumor, but the Marines sure as hell never issued it to him!)

One more point . . . my cousin, Lee Marvin, an ex-combat Marine, just won the Academy Award for acting. John Wilkes Booth killed Lincoln partly because he never received recognition as an *actor*! Now, if only John Wilkes Booth had been a United States Marine. . . .

—*Lou Cameron*
Bloomfield, N.J.

Or an Eagle Scout?

Brighten The Corner

In the October issue of your magazine, on page 96, there was a cartoon representing the Salvation Army as advertising Dudley's Gin.

We recognize that the Salvation Army, along with everybody else, must accept its full share of caricatures and good-natured ribbing. We would only ask you to be as thoughtful as possible in the portrayal of our organization.

Usually we laugh along with everyone at cartoons, but I must admit that this does portray a rather ludicrous situation, seeing that the Salvation Army is an organization of total abstinence.

May God bless you.

—*Robert J. Angel, Brig.*
Salvation Army
San Francisco, Calif.

We thought it was a "ludicrous situation," too.

Color Question

I could go places with that ski mask but the girls I know are more responsive to blue.

Can I get it in that color?

—*Webb Gallagher,*
Western Springs,
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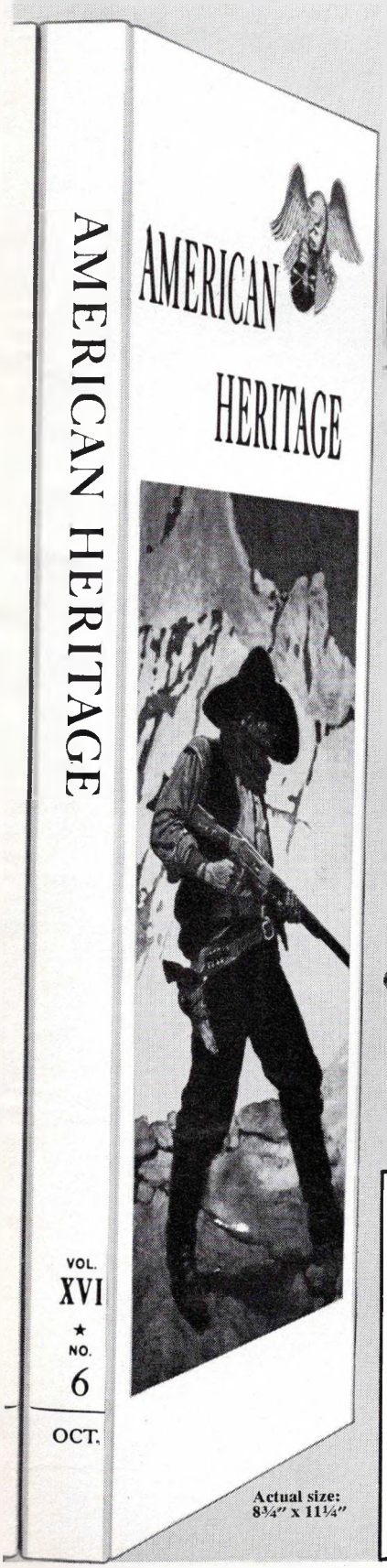

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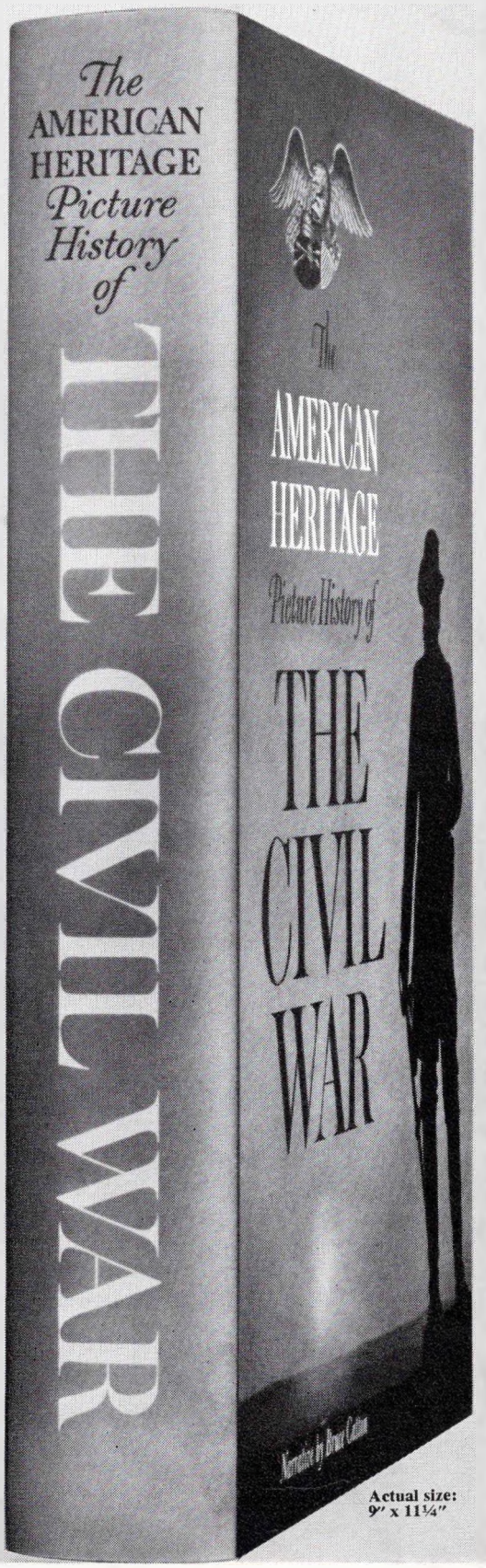

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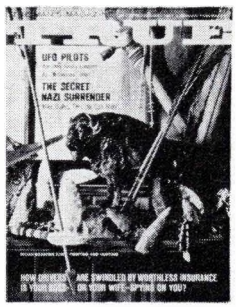

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60—Wide World

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE FEBRUARY 1967

TRUE

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

CONTENTS

VOL. 48 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 357

EXPERTS FIND

YOU NEED NOT BE OVER 65 TO GAIN FROM MEDICARE

■ There are two important things people of all ages should realize about the government's new "Medicare" program of health protection for people over 65.

Most men and women over 65 already know that Medicare will not pay all their hospital, medical and surgical bills. They realize they need *added* protection to supplement Medicare and avoid an expensive loss. More about that later.

But few people *under* 65 realize that they, too, can gain from Medicare. A little-known part of the new Medicare law gives people a much bigger tax deduction on their health insurance premiums, starting this year. This means that your health insurance can end up costing you less.

And now you can *also* get a revolutionary new kind of health insurance plan that *returns money to you* when you no longer need the protection because of Medicare.

When Medicare starts for you, this remarkable new low cost plan of protection will give you a big cash refund if you stayed well and didn't need the plan's benefits. Simply keep it in force until then, and you get paid a substantial cash "nest egg" to enjoy during your retirement years—to save or spend as you wish.

This extra cash can add important security to your retirement. Or you can use it for travel, a car, or for other things to help you enjoy your retirement more.

Like ordinary health insurance, this new plan pays you tax-free cash benefits if you do get sick or hurt. It pays you regardless of your other hospital, medical or surgical insurance. And with today's higher-than-ever medical costs, 9 out of 10 families urgently need added protection.

But unlike ordinary plans, this low cost plan means you no longer have to be sick or hurt to collect. Instead of paying premiums which return no money if you have no claims, you get a big cash refund at maturity. In effect, you've built up an extra savings account for yourself.

Life's more fun when you feel secure against medical bills. It's twice the fun knowing you'll get money back for staying healthy. Sick or well, you must collect.

Even if you do use up part of the benefits you can still get a refund. If you collect less than what you've paid in annualized premiums, you get a refund of the difference. Sick or well, you *must* collect.

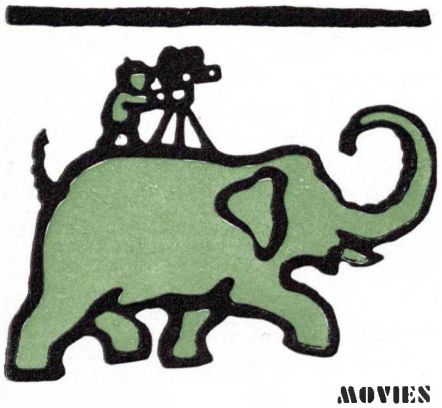
This revolutionary new kind of protection is offered by Bankers Life and Casualty Co. of Chicago as part of the famous White Cross Plan protecting over 6,000,000 Americans. And the White Cross Plan also includes new low cost protections specially designed to help people *over* 65 fill in the gaps in Medicare.

The story of Medicare's new tax savings, plus the remarkable "Money-Back" plan and special "Over-65" plans to supplement Medicare, is told in the Gold Book, an interesting and informative booklet offered to you free by Bankers.

People over 65 get the cash they need to help fill the gaps in Medicare.

****To get your free copy of the Gold Book, simply fill out and mail the postage-free airmail reply card bound in next to this page. There is no cost or obligation for this service.*

TRUEVIEWS: MOVIES BOOKS RECORDS



MOVIES

FAHRENHEIT 451. Sometime in the future, books are banned. Only mindless TV is left and the job of firemen in this time is finding books and burning them. That's the premise of this excellent picture, based on the classic Ray Bradbury novel. Oskar Werner plays a fireman who rebels against the system. Julie Christie plays two roles: his wife and a girl who inspires him to revolt. They are both magnificent. Don't miss this one.

CUL-DE-SAC. In French, it means "blind alley." In this movie, it means hilariously macabre comedy—among the blackest we've seen. Two gangsters on the run, both wounded, hole up in a seaside castle owned by a meek chap and his lovely young wife. The tide comes in and they're suddenly marooned. After a series of grotesque episodes, two of the four are dead and another is demented. Donald Pleasance, Francoise Dorleac and Lionel Stander are topnotch.

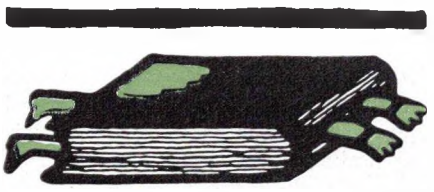
THE CRAZY QUILT. This is the first film by John Korty, a young Californian; may he make dozens more. It's a fable about love and marriage, men and women, success and failure that manages to be cynical and warmhearted at the same time. A man with no illusions meets a girl who, of course, has nothing but illusions. "Don't you believe in anything?" she asks. "Sure," he replies, "the law of averages." They marry and eventually fall in love. Sort of.

LOVES OF A BLONDE. This bittersweet Czech comedy is the "sleeper" success of the year. A simple story about a girl in a factory town where there are few men, it is quite touching and quite funny. She meets a piano player who seduces her and goes his merry way, unaware that she has followed him back home to Prague. When she shows up, the callow fellow disavows her and she goes back. Never trust a piano player.

FALSTAFF. You can never be quite sure what Orson Welles is going to do next, but you can always bet it's going to be extraordinary. In this case, it's also excellent. He's taken Shakespeare's story of Henry IV and the fat sot Falstaff and thrown it on film with the triumphant vigor of a man landing a whale. Welles plays Falstaff to a rotund T; John Gielgud, Jeanne Moreau and Margaret Rutherford are fine, too.

IS PARIS BURNING? No, but the customer who shells out money to see this dud will be. The story of the French Resistance in Paris at the end of World War II, it is slow, diffuse, cliche-ridden and episodic—an all-star mishmash. Only Orson Welles and Gert Frobe act their way out of the game of Spot the Star, and, as in any war, it is the unsung actors who carry the day.

KISS THE GIRLS AND MAKE THEM DIE. What a great idea! A secret-agent spoof! There's something new! This time it's about a guy who's going to wipe out the entire planet, leaving only himself and six girls. Michael Connors, Dorothy Provine (with an atrocious English accent), and Raf Vallone do what they can, but it remains as interesting as a mouthwash commercial on TV.



BOOKS

USE ENOUGH GUN by Robert Ruark. A collection of articles on big-game hunting, this last book by Ruark is intensely readable. He was at home out there in the boondocks, away from city smog and hypocrisy, and his muscular prose reflects it. An essay on the professional hunter is especially good. *New American Library; $6.95.*

OVERTAKEN BY EVENTS by John Bartlow Martin. The author was the Ambassador to the Dominican Republic during the tumultuous days following the assassination of Trujillo, through the election and downfall of Juan Bosch. This big (821 pages) book tells all about those days and then the revolution, when he went back, after the Marines, to try to help restore peace. It's candid, detailed and important. *Doubleday; $7.95.*

THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE by Robert Ardrey. The author of the best-selling *African Genesis* now turns his attention to one of the themes developed in that book: the dominating influence of "territory" on man. It's not as obvious as it sounds; Ardrey says this is one of the instincts we share with animals, and "instincts" is a dirty word to some when applied to man. Anecdotal, well-written and enlightening. *Atheneum; $6.95.*

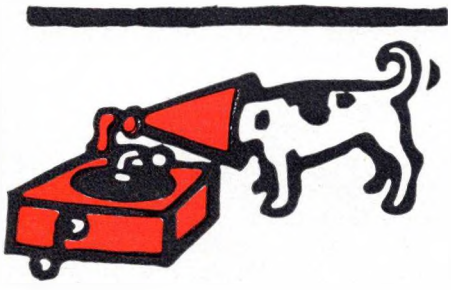
TRUEVIEWS

VESSEL OF WRATH by Robert Lewis Taylor. As everyone knows, Carry Nation was a lady who took an ax and gave saloons a whole lot of whacks. What you may not know (and can discover in this witty, ironic book) is that she was also funny, uproariously insolent and somehow likeable. Taylor calls her "a genuine and indiscriminate reformer," and renders her life and times with some of the best, most acidulous prose since H. L. Mencken. The biography of the year. *New American Library; $6.95.*

IF THE SUN DIES by Oriana Fallaci. This is a most unusual book. An Italian girl, a journalist, set out to write a story on the U.S. space program and ended up with a frightening preview of the world of tomorrow—which is already here. The world of NASA and its technocrats is, it seems, the ultimate in reason and quite without heart, adventurous though it is. It's a very personal book, much different from anything else written on the astronauts and much better. *Atheneum; $7.50.*

THE JURY RETURNS by Louis Nizer. The man who is probably the best-known lawyer in America details four of his cases: a divorce, the Crump murder trial, the John Henry Faulk libel suit, and the fight by Roy Fruehauf to clear himself of charges of illegal transactions with union leader Dave Beck. Nizer makes the law crystal clear and fascinating, though he's occasionally pedantic. The Faulk trial, which exposed blacklisting in TV, is compelling. *Doubleday; $6.95.*

THE LIFE OF IAN FLEMING by John Pearson. One of the most popular authors of all times was also one of the most enigmatic. The author, who knew him, has undertaken to clear up some of the mysteries; for the most part, he has done a fine job. Fleming emerges as a good, if officious, man, and people and incidents that gave rise to the Bond adventures are all here. So are a few gaps, however, like Fleming's reaction to the films and some circumstances of his marriage. *McGraw-Hill; $6.95.*



RECORDS

AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT. An album of songs, jokes and assorted nonsense by two of the funniest people around—Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, a pair of daffy Englishmen. They sing about de Gaulle (the song is called, "All Gall"), scientists and how to talk to them, home repairmen, one-upmanship, patriotism and a variety of other things, including a wild parody of bullfighting. *Angel.*

THE DAYS OF WILFRED OWEN. He was a poet who died at the age of 25 at the end of WW I, and a damned good one too. The 19 poems included in this album are among the best ever written on war, and they receive a voice to match—Richard Burton's. Backed by martial music, he reads movingly, bringing the poems leaping to life. *Warner Bros.*

CALYPSO IN BRASS. After excursions into jazz, pops and blues, Harry Belafonte now returns to his first love—calypso. He's added brass with telling effect. Standouts are "Man Smart, Woman Smarter." "Jump in the Line," "Tongue Tie Baby" and "Zombie Jamboree." *RCA Victor.*

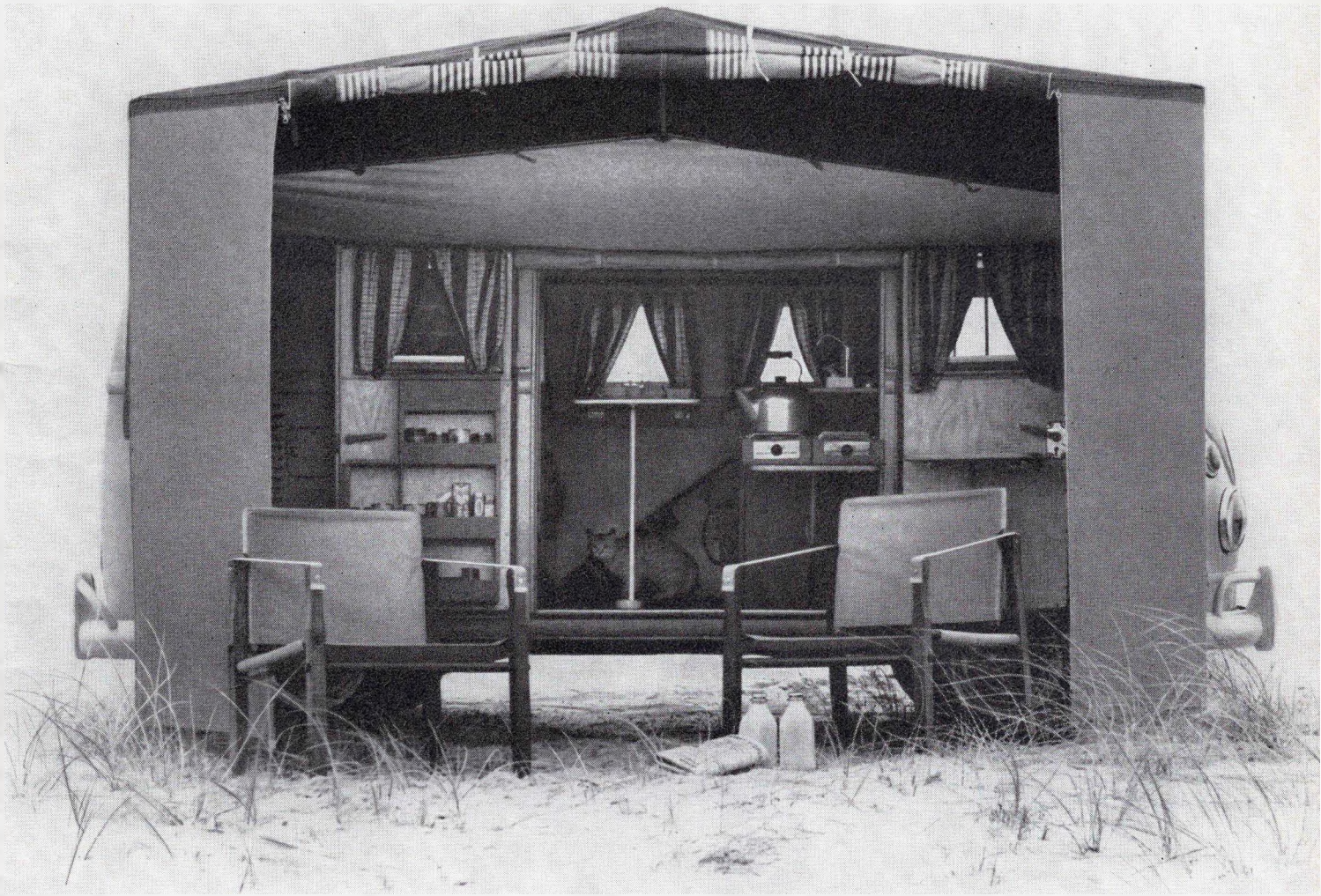
THE GLORY OF THEIR TIMES. The early days of baseball, talked about by men who were there. The material is taken from the widely-acclaimed book of the same title. Included are Sam Crawford, Goose Goslin, Davy Jones, Rube Marquard, Chief Meyers, Edd Roush, Fred Snodgrass and Lefty O'Doul. Their tales are hilarious and surprising, and well worth hearing. *The Macmillan Co.*

THE POPULAR DUKE ELLINGTON. A bouquet of 11 tunes written and played by the Duke, assisted by his orchestra. All the songs are ones that have endured, now done in new ways. The only thing they have in common is Ellington's excellence. "Mood Indigo," and "Perdido" are tops. *RCA Victor.*

BANG BANG. Xavier Cugat has taken a batch of contemporary tunes and given them a hard-driving Latin twist; the result is a high-stepping joy, great for listening or dancing. "Charade." "Boots," "Call Me," "Zorba's Theme" and eight more. *Decca.*

MOZART: THE SIX STRING QUINTETS. Mozart wrote five of these late in life, at the height of his powers. Though they are deeply sonorous, they are never funereal; they express Mozart's wit and genius perfectly. The Budapest String Quartet and Walter Trampler serve them well. *Columbia.*

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL MRS. MILLER? If you need proof that our society is tottering on the brink of ruin, it's here. Mrs. Elva Miller is America's worst singer—by several lengths—and one of its most popular. All the boobs without standards think she's funny. It hurts too much to laugh. *Capitol.*



The engine's in the back.

Tell the truth.

Did you know right off that it was just a Volkswagen Campmobile? Or did you think it was really a place to live?

It's an easy mistake to make, because the VW Campmobile is actually more like a house than a car.

There are curtains and screens on the windows, wood panelling on the insulated walls, and wall-to-wall covering on the floor. (All standard equipment.)

Two adults and two kids can sleep in it, eat in it, wash in it and keep their clothes and food in it.

And if the old scenery gets dreary, just fold the optional tent and move on.

Of course, it isn't a house. It's a Volkswagen. With all the things that make a Volkswagen a Volkswagen.

But lots of people go on making the same mistake.

We keep saying it's a Campmobile. And they keep saying it's a place to live.

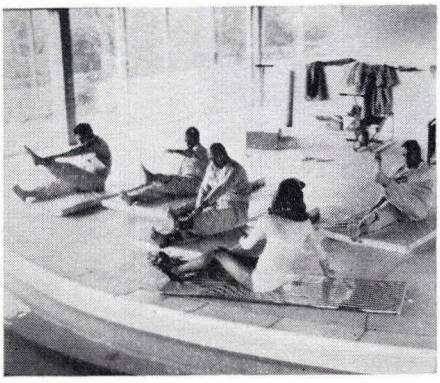
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

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

ISLE OF BLISS

A remarkable bit of land called Das Island lies off the coast of the Arabian Gulf. It bristles with oil refineries, but what's remarkable, according to an English correspondent, is the camaraderie and brotherhood of the men who work there—"the friendliest, politest, most hospitable collection of men I have ever met." The men live in peace and friendship, call each other by first names regardless of status or race, get a lot of work done, never quarrel or pull rank or indulge in rivalry. Everybody gave the same answer when the correspondent asked how such conditions of total bliss could exist. There are no women on the island.

PRETTY BOY



If we aren't the purtiest guy around the office it isn't the fault of the Hambletonian Spa. The spa in Goshen, New York, is a different sort of stable from those that filled the town when it was the world famous center of the harness horse trades. It's a posh establishment dedicated to the reverent beautification of women at $500 a week, a real bargain for many. The comely proprietress, Mrs. Beatrice Kimmel, is opening the place to tattered males for four weeks out of the year, at the same price. In furtherance of what she called "equal rights day for men," she invited about 20 male celebrities and gentlemen of the press to come up for a day's beauty processing on the house. We were of the press and Tom Poston, Peter Lind Hayes and Dick Cavett counted as celebrities. We changed from tawdry garments into sandals and robe and plunged into orgies of gorgeousness. A nicely leotarded girl named June led us through exercises of the kind given to women for bust control, which seemed sort of futile, but the life a fellow can get from swelling pectoral muscles is surprising. We swam, got pedicured, were massaged by Charles and sauna-bathed by Ritchie, but the real lalapalooza was a *facial.* In the beauty salon we lolled in a modified dentist's chair while feminine fingertips did gentle glissandos over our seamy countenance. We had a choice of strawberry, honey or lemon gunk for lubrication. We looked at the lovely operator and said honey. She went over our face with a small cold iron "to take out the wrinkles," although anybody could see a steam iron was needed. There was a hairstyling session that left us a little morose. Some of our fellow guests had their hair done, and we heard that hair with a part is Out. Why? "It's so unsexy!" Some men have an option but our own part is too wide to be voluntary. When we got home that night we took an old-fashioned shower to get the honey out of our pores, and went to work the next day prepared to fend off the ravished glances of secretaries and envious ribbing by colleagues. Nobody noticed.

50-CENT PRESIDENTS

Look for a strange new line on Form 1040 when you report your 1967 income. Mark an X in a box and $1 of your tax will go to subsidize the Presidential campaigns of major political parties. Most of your diverted dollar will go to the Republican and Democratic parties, so you'll lose 50 cents on the loser but have a 50-cent stake in the winning candidate and four years to wonder if he's worth the money. This is a new principle: voluntary tax diversion for a specific purpose. Nobody knows the troubles ahead when a new principle is let loose. Give political parties an X and pretty soon Form 1040 could become pockmarked with X's of taxpayers eager to divert part of the income bite for handouts of LSD, free bugging of telephones, steam baths for beatniks and other subsidies of the good life. Governments which recklessly permit taxpayers to say what their taxes shall be used for are heading for decline and fall. "Pay and shut up" is the time-tried principle that prevents anarchy.

MINI-KILT

That's not a short-haired girl in a mini-skirt off to the left. It's a short-haired, male fashion model, Tony Barnes. Tony models what he's paid to, in this case a mini-skirt for men which its English designer says is masculine as hell because it is an adaptation of the fighting kilt introduced into England by the old Romans. Remember what happened to the old Romans. They fell.

RABBIT SONGS

The man who said "let who will write the nation's laws if I can write its songs" may have the answer to the population explosion. The Egyptian government is so downcast about the indifference of its citizens to birth control education that it is flooding its radio stations with songs against love. One scornful stanza informs the prolific, "you have beaten the rabbit in having so many children." This may sound less corny in Egyptian than English, but songwriters have no experience in downgrading love. Their entire careers rest on a four-letter word. Maybe what they need are some examples of how slight changes in familiar songs can make the man-woman relationship obnoxious. For instance: *Love is an Oversplendored Thing; On a Bicycle Built for One; Antilove is Sweeping the Country; I Can Give You Any-*

(Continued on page 28)

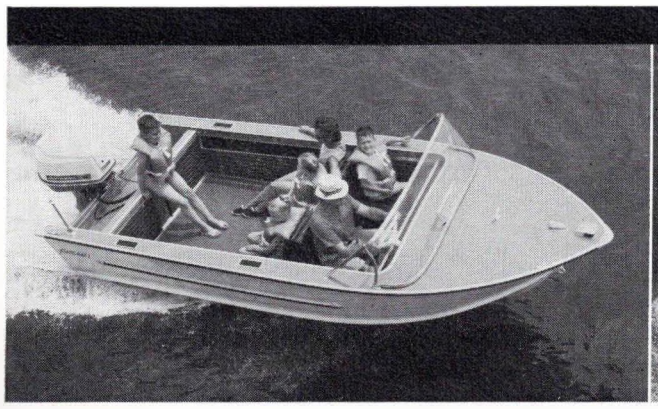
Quick like a bunny.

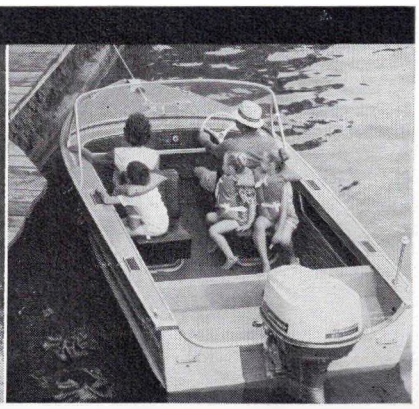
One third more power than last year. ■ When you add that much more power to a lightweight aluminum hull, you've got a sizzling performer. That's the '67 Jupiter. It has the same graceful agility as last year. The same level planing action. The only difference is you get from here to there a lot sooner. ■ A new 80 horse MerCruiser stern drive unit propels this sassy 16-footer.* Jupiter's concave vee hull makes whipped cream of rough water and performs with all the verve and spirit of a well-bred sports car. ■ Another thing you'll enjoy while you're skimming along, high, wide and handsome, deeply nestled into one of the back-to-back convertible sleeper seats, is being cooled by the gentle breeze from the vented windshield. ■ Ask for an in-person demonstration of how Starcraft takes off where others leave off at your Starcraft dealers. Send for the 1967 power boat and sailboat catalogs. Camper catalog is also available. Write to Dept. 7T-2, Starcraft Corporation, Goshen, Indiana 46526.

take off in a STARCRAFT®

Cruisers. Runabouts. Sportabouts, Fishing Boats, Sailboats and Campers.

*Outboard model also available.





BY BOB THOMAS

By moving where only prominent whites were supposed to tread, the grandson of a Chinese immigrant has not only grown rich and powerful, but he has helped make the 50th state as truly democratic as it always pretended to be

HE IMPROVED A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE

HONOLULU, HAWAII

■ Vincent Manno is a well-tailored, high-powered operator who sells newspapers—not by the copy, but by the corporation. As the nation's foremost newspaper broker, his customers bear such famous names as Hearst, Howard, Newhouse, Cowles and Copley, and he deals in millions with the ease of a car salesman adding up the extras. Hence Manno was unimpressed by a telephone call he received in his New York office one day in 1961.

"This is Chinn Ho of Honolulu," the voice announced. "I'd like to talk to you about buying the *Star-Bulletin*."

At first Manno suspected that one of his colleagues was playing a practical joke. But the earnest quality and faintly Oriental lilt of the voice on the other end indicated otherwise.

"I'm in New York on my way around the world," said Chinn Ho. "Can I see you before I go?"

"Sorry, my calendar is filled," replied Manno.

He later changed his mind, perhaps after consulting the caller's Dun & Bradstreet. Manno made arrangements for a meeting in a bar across the street from his office. He found Chinn Ho to be a stocky, bespectacled Chinese-American with a confident manner when talking in terms of millions. Obviously this was no small-time operator.

The visitor ordered Scotch on the rocks, then came directly to the point: he knew that a block of shares carrying controlling interest in the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*, its television and radio stations was up for sale. He offered $11 million for it. He would raise 40 percent of the amount; the rest would come from a New York financier who once lived in Honolulu.

The offer was better than any Manno had received, and he said: "If you are ready to go through with the deal, I'll get the documents together and we can conclude in 10 days."

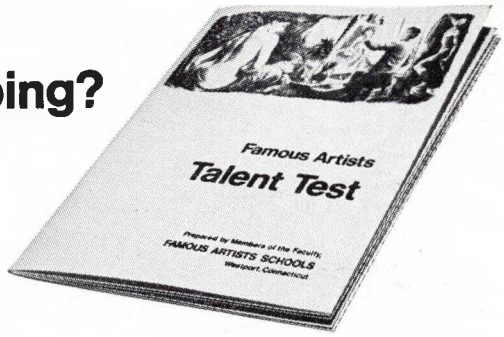
Chinn Ho calmly wrote out a $275,000 check, as his share of a deposit, left it with his partner in the deal, the New York financier, and resumed his round-the-world trip with Mrs. Ho. In Paris he received upsetting news: his partner had decided to back out. But Chinn wasn't about to let an $11 million deal collapse without making a tenacious second effort. He telephoned Manno.

"I think I can raise the money in Honolulu, but I need time," he said.

"The deadline," said Manno, "is still 10 days."

Ho began making frantic telephone calls to Honolulu, scarcely stirring from his Paris hotel room. The calls became even more frequent when the Hos reached Rome. And they began bearing fruit as potential investors became interested. He flew to Bombay, then Hong Kong where he left his wife, promising to rejoin her in a few days. Ho then jetted eastward across the Pacific to [*Continued on page* 22]

Do you have art talent worth developing? Take this free aptitude test and see



A group of famous artists wants to test your talent. If you pass, it could mean the beginning of a whole new life for you

If you have ever wondered whether you had art talent, here is your opportunity to find out. The founders of Famous Artists School have put together what many artists and educators consider to be the most revealing test of art ability ever devised. It is offered to you free of charge.

Designed for people uncertain of their ability

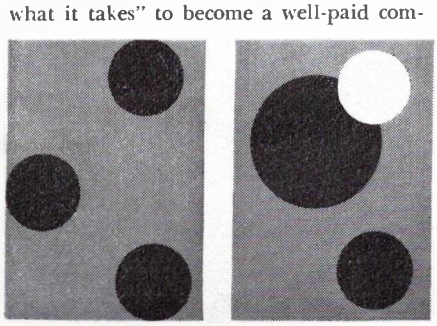
The people who take this Art Talent Test are of all ages and occupations—housewives, teachers, policemen, dentists, secretaries, salesmen, farmers, mechanics. Most of them have little or no previous art training. By professional standards, their drawings may be awkward and amateurish. But the ones who possess the precious gift of art talent reveal this talent in many ways. Through simple little exercises, they show the inborn sense of design, the feeling for composition, the ability to observe, and the lively imagination which are such important ingredients of art talent.

The reliability of this method of screening, as well as the effectiveness of the training has been proven again and again by the impressive record of success of our students and graduates.

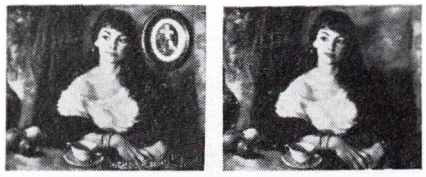
They passed the test and went on to become successful artists

When James Ryan took the Art Talent Test, he was a clerk, "stuck" in a low-pay routine job. Today he's an illustrator at Hughes Aircraft—and pours out a steady stream of free-lance art work in his spare time. Kathleen Gironda went from a salesgirl in a department store to a fashion illustrator and advertising artist in the same store. Irving Lowery, a New York policeman, has received several commissions to paint portraits, including one of a well-known judge. Virginia Bartter, a farmer's wife and mother of three, now sells just about everything she paints. These are just a few of the literally hundreds of "success stories" in our files.

So if you love to sketch or dabble in paints—and have often wondered if you "have what it takes" to become a well-paid commercial artist or spare-time professional painter—why not seize this opportunity to find out? All you need is a pencil and a half-hour of your time. For someone with your special interest, it will be one of the most intriguing and enjoyable half-hours you ever spent.



How good is your inborn sense of design?



Can you select the superior composition?

What the Talent Test Covers

For instance, in the first part of the test you will be asked to look at ten pairs of simple designs made up of squares, circles, lines, triangles, and other shapes. In each of the ten pairs, one design has a feeling of "rightness" about it that the other lacks. Can you pick the right one?

Then you will see twenty pairs of pictures which are almost identical. But in each pair, one of the pictures is an exact reproduction of the original painting, and the other has a subtle difference. Without being told which is the original, you will be asked to check which composition in each pair you find more pleasing.

To test your ability to observe, you will be asked to study a completed sketch and then take your pencil and finish an incomplete version of the same picture. To uncover how imaginative you are, you will sketch an amusing or surprising addition to an interesting situation. In similar ways your instinctive feeling for mood, form, movement, facial expressions, textures, characterizations, and so on will be tested.

The distinguished Guiding Faculty of the Famous Artists School

Commercial Art and Illustration	Painting	Professional Cartooning
Norman Rockwell	Ben Shahn	Milton Caniff
Al Parker	Doris Lee	Al Capp
Ben Stahl	Dong Kingman	Dick Cavalli
Stevan Dohanos	Arnold Blanch	Whitney Darrow, Jr.
Jon Whitcomb	Adolf Dehn	Rube Goldberg
Robert Fawcett	Fletcher Martin	Harry Haenigsen
Peter Helck	Will Barnet	Willard Mullin
Austin Briggs	Syd Solomon	Virgil Partch
George Giusti		Barney Tobey
Harold Von Schmidt		
Fred Ludekens		

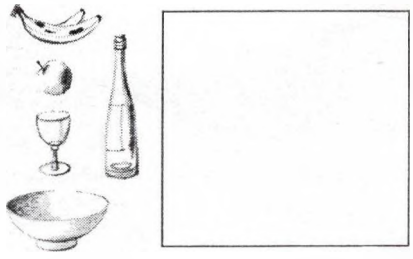
The new Famous Artists course for talented young people includes on its Guiding Faculty all of the above artists plus Bernard Fuchs, Bob Peak, Tom Allen, Lorraine Fox, Franklin McMahon, Julian Levi, and Joseph Hirsch.

Your test is graded free

When you complete the test and mail it back, it will be graded by a member of the School's staff who is especially experienced in spotting art talent. If you receive a passing grade (and we must warn you that many don't), or can offer sufficient evidence of art talent, you will then be eligible to enroll. You may choose whichever of our courses is best suited to your goals.

Courses offer personal instruction

These courses were especially designed for talented people who can't leave their families or jobs for resident art training away from home. The 12 famous artists who started the School over 18 years ago contributed all their lifetime secrets of craftsmanship and art technique into what they believe to be the finest art lessons ever created. They took time out from their own busy careers and made thousands of special drawings to demonstrate each point. Then they devised, and actively supervise, a method of constructive criticism that is as personal as tutoring. Your instructor, who is himself required to be a practicing professional artist of proven accomplishment, spends up to several hours on just one of your assignments. He actually draws or paints his suggestions for improvement, and then "talks" to you by letter, dictating a long, friendly message of specific advice and encouragement.



Could you create a harmonious still life?

You will receive an interesting brochure about our School and its revolutionary methods along with your free Art Talent Test. If you have ever dreamed of success in art, and wondered if it were possible, why not mail the attached postpaid card for both the Talent Test and the brochure right now? (If card is missing, write to Famous Artists School, Department 5320, Westport, Conn. 06880. Give your name, address, age, and ask for Art Talent Test.)

"We want to test your writing aptitude"

If you have ever wanted to write, here is an opportunity to find out if you have talent worth developing. Take this revealing Aptitude Test created by 12 famous authors

By Gordon Carroll

If you want to write, my colleagues and I would like to test your writing aptitude. We'll help you find out whether you can be trained to become a successful writer.

We know that many men and women who could become writers—and should become writers—never do. Some are uncertain of their talent and have no reliable way of finding out if it's worth developing. Others, who are surer of their ability, simply can't get top-notch professional training without leaving their homes or giving up their jobs.

A plan to help others

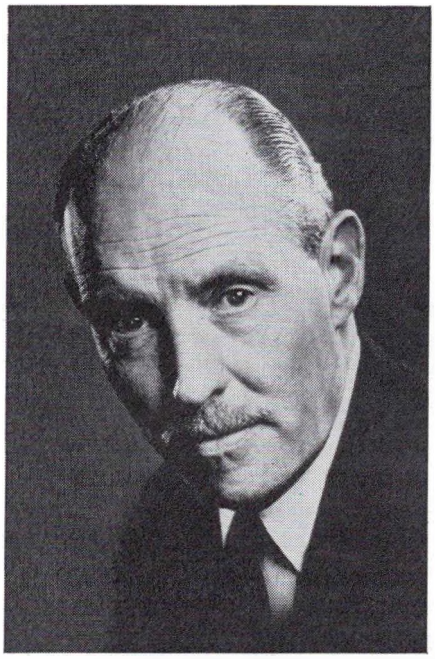
Several years ago, we decided to do something about this problem. We started the Famous Writers School to help promising beginners everywhere acquire the skill and craftsmanship it takes to break into print . . . to pass on to them our own techniques for achieving success and recognition.

Over many months, we poured everything we knew about writing into a new kind of professional training course—which you take at home and in your free time. The course begins with the fundamentals of good writing upon which every successful writing career must be built. Then you get advanced training in the specialty of your choice—Fiction, Non-Fiction, Advertising Writing or Business Writing. You learn step-by-step.

You are a class of one

Every writing assignment you return to the School is carefully examined by instructors who are themselves professional writers or editors, working under the guidance of the 12 experts who developed the course.

Your instructor goes over your work line by line, word by word, blue-penciling his changes on your manuscript, much as an editor does with an established author. Then he returns it with a long letter of advice and guidance on how to improve your writing. While this writer-instructor is appraising your work, nobody else competes for his attention. You are, literally, a class of one.



Gordon Carroll has spent a lifetime helping writers break into print. He is a former editor of the *Reader's Digest, Time, Inc.* and *Coronet* — and has been Director of the Famous Writers School since its founding in 1960.

Students breaking into print

This training works well. Our students have sold their writing to more than 100 publications, including *True, Ladies' Home Journal, Popular Science, Redbook* and *Good Housekeeping.*

Steven Novak of Wayne, N. J., announces, "I've just received good news — a check from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.* That's the eleventh story I've sold in the last six months."

William W. Blanks of Los Angeles, Cal., who enrolled with virtually no writing experience reports, "Recently, I've sold three more articles, which means that I've sold everything I've written since enrolling in your School."

Doris Agee of San Mateo, Cal., says, "The view from this part of the world — the top — is indescribable. I've just received a big, beautiful check from the *Reader's Digest* for a 'Most Unforgettable Character' piece. There's no question about it, without the Famous Writers School, the article would never have been written."

"Thanks to your training," writes Arthur Emerson of Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., "I was able to leave my job as a gas station attendant and become a writer for a large company in my area."

Robert Lory of Richmond, Virginia, sold a short story to *Fantasy and Science Fiction* only a few months after he started his training. He had tried to "crack" this market for two years.

"After your criticism of my last assignment, I rewrote the article and it was accepted by *Nation's Business,*" writes Don Jones of Whittier, California.

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As Faith Baldwin says, "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find other men and women with ability worth developing, my colleagues and I have devised a revealing writing Aptitude Test. The attached postpaid card will bring you a copy, along with a 48-page illustrated brochure describing the School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by a member of our staff. If you do well on the Test — or offer other evidence of writing aptitude — you may enroll for professional training. However, you are under no obligation to do so. (If card is missing, write to Famous Writers School, Dept. 6058, Westport, Conn. 06880. Give your name, address, age, and ask for writing Aptitude Test.)

Seated, l. to r.:
Bennett Cerf
Faith Baldwin
Bergen Evans
Bruce Catton
Mignon G. Eberhart
John Caples
J. D. Ratcliff

Standing:
Mark Wiseman
Max Shulman
Rudolf Flesch
Red Smith
Rod Serling

James Michener modeled a leading figure in the novel "Hawaii," after his friend Chinn Ho

[*Continued from page* 16]
Honolulu for the most crucial business deal of a bold, nonconformist career. Success was vital to him because for the first time he would be joined by members of Hawaii's powerful white elite which had long opposed him. And he also knew that ownership of the *Star-Bulletin* would provide him with a strong and important voice in shaping Hawaii's future.

For three days Ho thrashed out details with fellow investors, who included Alexander S. Atherton, J. Ballard Atherton and John T. Waterhouse, scions of leading Hawaiian families. Then Chinn Ho handed over the syndicate's down payment and flew back to his wife in Hong Kong. Chinn Ho, who now controlled 25 percent of the *Star-Bulletin,* became chairman of the board.

Ho's deal struck many members of the Hawaiian oligarchy with only slightly less impact than the Japanese bombs of 20 years before. That an Oriental should head the state's most influential newspaper was unthinkable, and that some members of the elite should join him bordered on treason. Even as Ho was negotiating its purchase, the *Star-Bulletin* was maintaining its longtime rule of printing social notes of whites only. (Since the change of ownership, the paper's society pages now carry news of all races.)

To observers of Hawaii's socioeconomic history, the sale of the *Star-Bulletin* eliminated another remnant of a bygone epoch when a benighted few could rule the islands like a feudal fief. Those few were mostly descendants of New England missionaries who came to convert the pagan Polynesians and ended up by converting the land into vast personal estates.

"They came to do good and stayed to do well," goes the island saying.

During most of its modern history, Hawaii had been ruled by five giant combines: C. Brewer, Castle and Cook, American Factors, Alexander and Baldwin, and Theo. H. Davies. Among them they controlled the shipping, banking, communication, building, farming and retail business of the islands. They also handpicked the legislature and the courts, both stalwartly Republican.

Such a society offered small chance for advancement to Orientals, whose fathers and grandfathers had come to Hawaii as plantation workers. "The Orientals will never be anything but servants," sniffed the old-line *haole* (white) matrons.

More than any other Oriental in the islands, Chinn Ho has beaten the odds. In the last 20 years he has built the investment firm that he controls and deals through, Capital Investment Co., into a $40-million concern that has major interests in Hawaii's biggest hotel and most ambitious new resort, in addition to the leading newspaper. Other Chinn Ho enterprises include 1,720 choice acres for development in Marin County on San Francisco Bay, the Empress Hotel in Hong Kong, and oil and gas holdings in Louisiana. Ho has even found a place on the board of directors of one of Hawaii's Big Five corporations, Theo. H. Davies.

If this sounds familiar, the same honor befell Hong Kong Kee, the wily moneyman who outsmarted the oligarchy in James Michener's novel *Hawaii.* It is no coincidence; Michener fashioned the character after Chinn Ho.

Michener met Chinn Ho shortly after the novelist settled in Hawaii with the intention of writing an epic about the American outpost of the Pacific. The two men soon became drinking buddies, and Michener recognized in Ho the prototype of a new Hawaiian race, the Golden Men "who see both the East and the West, who cherish the glowing past and who apprehend the obscure future."

Chinn Ho is an ebullient man with a tan face, snub nose and an upper lip that overhangs his mouth when he chortles, which is often. He is thoroughly American and can utter no more Chinese than is convenient for ordering a Cantonese dinner. But, like many islanders, he speaks a vestigial pidgin in which "they" often comes out as "dey" and extraneous articles such as "a" and "the" are often omitted. There's nothing omitted, however, in his business dealings.

"He has the ability of a bloodhound to ferret out business opportunities," says Sen. Hiram L. Fong, who has known Ho long and well. "He is what I would call a 'super one-man organization' of the business world."

There are a few dissidents who view Chinn Ho not only as a threat to the old social order, but to Hawaii's old-time charm as well. Such traditionalists favor the Royal Hawaiian Hotel's sprawling splendor to the towering functionalism of Ho's three-pronged Ilikai, and they shudder at the erection of each new high rise. Their voices grow fainter in jet-age Hawaii.

Grudging in his admiration, one veteran capitalist claims, "Credit is the secret of Chinn Ho's success. He has a flawless instinct for using credit to the nth degree to fit his needs. He couldn't have gotten away with it when our fathers and grandfathers made their fortunes in Hawaii."

True. It's only in recent years that Orientals have been able to take part in big financial dealings. There wasn't a Chinaman's chance to prosper in the Hawaii of a generation or two ago unless you were born into one of the select haole families. Chinn Ho's grandfather, Ho Tin Hee, discovered that when he arrived from China in 1875 after a 76-day voyage. He first tended coconut trees and worked at household jobs, hoping to earn enough to buy a rice farm. But the onetime missionaries would not sell their land, and Ho Tin Hee was forced to lease.

One of his children was Ho Ti Yuen, who reared his own nine children on [*Continued on page* 24]

Rally Sport Coupe

SS 350 Convertible

Chevrolet's new driving machine with big-car stability . . .

Wide-stance wheels (set almost as far apart as the big Chevrolet's) give Camaro its self-assured, flat-cornering ride. That's standard So are bucket seats, carpeting, fully synchronized 3-speed transmission. And safety features like the GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column and a four-way hazard warning flasher.

big-car power . . .

You start ordering V8s for Camaro at 327 cubic inches, 210 hp, go up to 295 hp in the SS 350. Even the 155-hp Six you specify feels more like the standard eight in a bigger car. Other sporting things to add: special suspension front and rear, front disc brakes, 4-speed, Positraction, special instrumentation including a tach.

everything you'd ask for . . .

Camaro's custom interior, something else again; the Rally Sport with hideaway headlights and more; SS 350 with the biggest V8, bulging hood, bold accent striping; niceties you add like a Strato-back front seat for three, 8-track stereo tape system, console, vinyl roof cover. Ask your Chevrolet dealer.

Command Performance

Camaro
By Chevrolet

CHEVROLET

[*Continued from page 22*]
his modest earnings as clerk of the Pacific Club, bastion of white supremacy in Hawaii. (It still admits no Oriental members.) Ho Ti Yuen accumulated enough money to start an import business. His thriving enterprise went up in smoke with a warehouse fire, and he went back to clerking at the Pacific Club.

One of his sons, born 62 years ago in Waikiki, was named Ho Chin. Later the future magnate adopted the occidental custom of placing his family name last; he became "double n" Chinn to avoid being mistaken for another Chin Ho, who was a poor credit risk.

Like other Orientals of his generation, Chinn Ho attended McKinley High School, derisively termed Tokyo High by wealthy whites who sent their sons to a privately-endowed school. McKinley provided Ho with his first venture into capitalism.

It happened when some members of his graduating class broke windows of the school building. The principal, who considered Chinn Ho a highly responsible student, summoned him and declared, "Your class must pay for the windows, 35-dollars' worth."

"We'll take care of it," the boy replied.

Ho summoned members of the class of '24 to a meeting at the YMCA. There he proposed formation of a cooperative to pay for the broken windows and also engage in moneymaking ventures. Named Commercial Associates, this was Chinn Ho's first *hui*.

The *hui* is an Oriental custom that filled an urgent need of Chinese and Japanese immigrants and their descendants in Hawaii. Since they found credit unattainable from the usual sources, their only chance to better their fortunes lay in placing their savings in an investment pool, a *hui*, and risking the total.

Commercial Associates began modestly, selling pennants and promoting dances. Later the *hui* invested in real estate and stock. Ho contributed a few dollars per month. When the *hui* was dissolved 10 years later, his share was $5,000.

College was out of the question in Chinn Ho's circumstances. His first job after graduation from high school was selling pencils, can openers and souvenirs door-to-door. He earned a brisk $10 a day, but he ran out of territory and took a $75-a-month job at Bishop Bank, a cornerstone of the power structure maintained by the Big Five.

The restless young clerk spent his lunch hours across the street at the Duesenberg-Wichman brokerage office, where he speculated in oil stocks. His acumen was noticed by the head of the firm, who asked him how much he was earning at Bishop Bank.

"Ninety dollars," Chinn Ho replied with a $15 lie.

"Start here tomorrow at $110."

Chinn Ho became a customer's man at the firm, which was later absorbed by Dean Witter & Co., another brokerage company. Always he looked for the competitive advantage, and he found it by arriving at the office at 4:30 a.m., when he could still take part in the day's trading at the New York Stock Exchange. Other brokers came to work when only the closing quotations were available and could only take buy and sell orders for the following day's trading in New York.

Ho preferred to work with advance consent of his customers to buy and sell at Ho's own discretion. "If a customer's stock was falling, I sold," Ho recalls. "If customer objected later, I absorbed losses out of my own pocket. But I never handled his account again."

This was in keeping with two canons of Chinn Ho's Law: 1. he makes his own decisions; 2. he sells immediately when an investment starts to sour. In 40 years of wheeling and dealing he has never suffered a serious loss. His present wealth is estimated conservatively at six million.

Chinn Ho approached marriage with his customary decisiveness. In June of 1934, he met Betty Ching, a pretty secretary at a dairy company for which he moonlighted as treasurer. He spent July on a business trip to China and returned to ask Betty's grandmother for permission to marry the girl.

It is a family legend that the old-world grandmother took pity on the young suitor and settled for one roast pig instead of the usual 10 in return for her granddaughter's hand.

The pair honeymooned by ship to New York, then attended the Harvard graduation of a classmate from McKinley High, Hiram Fong. Chinn Ho had been a special friend: without his loan of $1000 Fong could not have finished his final year of law school. In 1959 Fong would become the first Oriental to be elected to the U.S. Senate.

After Chinn Ho returned to his Dean Witter job in Honolulu, he became acutely aware of the changes that were affecting the islands. Japanese aggression in the Far East caused the Roosevelt Administration to spend new millions in making Hawaii the rampart of the Pacific. The money went into the hands of independent contractors as well as the Big Five, and some trickled down to the Hawaiian masses. Orientals remained in a subservient position, but many were girding themselves with college educations to prepare for the future.

Chinn Ho observed, assessed, waited.

He continued real-estate dealings in the 1930's, operating on the *hui* system. His investors included Chinese widows, Filipino bartenders, Japanese gardeners, even some *haoles*. Unlike normal investment groups which are awash in paper work, Chinn Ho's *hui* was informal. It operated solely on trust in Chinn Ho, who contributed his own savings and made all the decisions.

December 7, 1941, 8 a.m. Betty Ho was serving breakfast as strange, disturbing announcements came over the radio. All Army and Navy personnel were ordered to their posts. Doctors and nurses were summoned to duty.

The telephone rang. "Mr. Ho, this is Army Intelligence," said a crisp voice. "Would you please come downtown and open the Dean Witter office? We need to use it as a communications base."

Chinn Ho lived in a section of Honolulu where the noise of the Japanese attack was not heard. As he drove downtown, he could see the ugly stains of oil fires in the sky over Pearl Harbor. But he still didn't believe the reports that the fires had been caused by Japanese bombs. . . . Not until an Army sentry leveled his rifle at the car and commanded, "Stop or I'll shoot!"

The war brought new changes to Hawaii, and Ho studied them. Many landholders feared invasion by the Japanese and sold out at depressed prices. Ho bought. In 1944, he decided it was time to make his move into the marketplace.

He was 40 and living comfortably with his growing family in an oceanfront house that once belonged to his boss at the brokerage office. He could have continued to prosper as a stockbroker and part-time land investor, but he had bigger dreams. He felt that small accounts did not receive close enough attention in the brokerage business and believed their value could be greatly improved by combining land investments with stock ownership.

He formalized his *hui* as the Capital Investment Co., starting with $150,000 in stock, three employees and a shortwave radio set to monitor New York market quotations. He continued his predawn vigil over stock trends and studied every sizeable parcel of land that came up for sale on Oahu. As with his informal *huis* before, he made all the decisions. His authority was based on his own 50-percent ownership, plus another 25 percent owned by his board of directors.

Some of his land purchases brought him eyeball-to-eyeball with the white establishment. Once he purchased an estate near an exclusive residential area and subdivided it into lots. A leading banker demanded assurance that no lots would be sold to "undesirable" buyers. Chinn Ho agreed to submit the names of potential purchasers for approval. One of them was a Chinese doctor who was a leader in the community.

"Not acceptable," decreed the banker.

Generally Chinn Ho is a gradualist on racial matters, but at this affront he blew up. "From now on I sell those lots to anyone," he said. His first customer was the Chinese doctor.

Chinn Ho kept his operation lean and agile and reduced competition by playing for big stakes. "Not many people are

willing to compete in higher brackets." he maintains.

Says Michener: "I was twice with Chinn when he managed to corral several million dollars to attain land purchases over which the more slowly operating *haoles* were hesitating, unable to bring their capital to locus on the problem with the speed that Chinn had."

Chinn Ho's first leap into the big time came in 1947. One day at the Honolulu Stock Exchange, a friend asked, "Why aren't you bidding for Waianae Plantation?"

"I didn't know it was up for sale," Ho answered, his eyes beginning to glow.

The plantation was 9,000 acres of sugar land that stretched from Oahu's western shore through the verdant Makaha valley and up to craggy, towering cliffs. It was owned by American Factors, which, in the best Big Five tradition, had tried to keep news of the proposed sale within the establishment.

Chinn Ho knew that Waianae held a vast potential for the time when the Waikiki resort area would be overbuilt. "Get me a prospectus and I'll buy you a case of Scotch," he told his friend, who was associated with American Factors.

The friend obliged, and the prospectus convinced Ho that Waianae Plantation could be the property to advance his young company. But he needed more evidence. That would not be easy to attain, since the plantation was guarded like a medieval barony.

It was Friday. Ho called a civil engineer and instructed him. "Don't create suspicion. Just go up to Makaha for a picnic and look around. I need to know if there is enough water. Sugar cane needs water, so there must be some. But is there enough?"

The engineer's report was heartening: there was plenty of water. The engineer was so confident he wanted to put his own money into the purchase.

On Sunday night, Chinn Ho arranged to meet the president of American Factors at 9 the following morning. He arrived on the dot and asked six questions:

"Is the property for sale?"
"Yes."
"What is the price?"
"A million and a quarter."
"What are the conditions?"
"Ability to pay."
"Can the deal be closed today?"
"Yes."
"Do you have authority to sell?"
"Yes."
"Is $100,000 enough down payment?"
"Yes."

He went to his bank and returned with a $100,000 check. The American Factors president hadn't figured Ho could meet the financial conditions. The check took the president by surprise, but he protested that Ho's ability to pay the remainder still must be proved. Chinn Ho went to the bank that held mortgages on Waianae. He said he could raise upwards of $750,000 in cash and could spin off part of the plantation land for additional money. Would the bank grant him a $750,000 mortgage and so notify American Factors? It would.

Now it was noon, and the American Factors board had hastily convened to consider the proposal. The members, *haoles* all, were reluctant to sell off such a large block of land to an Oriental, and some sought means to balk at the sale.

At 1:30 Ho asked to join the board's meeting. The aggressive Chinese confronted the stalwart members of the white establishment and moved swiftly to eliminate their objections to the sale.

"We have a growing crop on the plantation; we must consider that," said the president.

"I will give you 18 months to harvest the crop," said Ho, knowing that his engineering surveys would take that long.

"What about our cattle?"

"I'll give you time to sell the cattle—or I'll buy them myself."

"We must also think of our employees. What about them?"

"They can live where they are for six months rent free."

The board members had no alternative but to approve the sale. Ho returned to his office and released the news to the *Star-Bulletin* in time for the home edition. By nightfall he was being flooded with checks of $5,000, $10,000 or blank amounts from those who sought to join the *hui*. By midnight he had received an offer to sell the plantation for a quick profit. He had no plans to sell.

But the establishment wasn't stopped yet. Members began turning the economic screws. To raise much-needed capital, Chinn Ho placed building lots on sale. The first 600 sold briskly, but purchasers found home loans unavailable at Honolulu banks. Ho beat the local freeze on credit when a Mormon savings and loan company agreed to write mortgages on Waianae property. He grate-

[*Continued on page 91*]

Holy Toledo, what a car!

Only Toledo could build this

Toledo? That's where 'Jeep' ruggedness comes from! Now it's built into a *bold new sportscar*. With bucket seats. Continental spare. Roll-up windows. If you like, add automatic top. Sports console. Hot new V-6 engine with automatic transmission. Power brakes, even air-conditioning.

And world-famous 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive is standard equipment. Flip one simple lever...you can leave the crowds behind, and blaze your own trail! Testing is believing. Test the adventure and safety of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. Climb a mountain. Cross a creek. Take the gang right down

YES, YOU'RE RIGHT...THAT'S TOLEDO'S FAVORITE SON, DANNY THOMAS!

rugged rascal. The Jeepster.

on the beach. Holy Toledo, what a car!

There's a whole family of Jeepsters to choose from...Convertible; Jeepster Commando Station Wagon; Jeepster Commando Pick-up; Jeepster Commando Roadster. Choice of colors, too.

Hop in and give the new Jeepster a test drive. You've never handled a sportscar with the smooth ride and bold, brash performance of this one!

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 14)
thing But Love, Baby; I'll Walk Alone; It Didn't Have to Be You; Keep Me From The Church On Time; Tea For One; Hit Me, Kate. It will be interesting to see if antilove songs can put asunder what man hath joined together.

GREAT LEAP FORWARD

Robert C. Knievel of Butte, Montana, plans to jump across the Grand Canyon on a motorcycle. Hell's Angels will never be the same if he lands in one piece. He has picked the spot, a canyon segment in Arizona which is about 3,000 feet deep and more than a mile across. The jumping motorcycle he is assembling in Florida is no piddling scooter. It will have a delta wing and a jet engine on each side. Knievel figures to accelerate to 130 mph., cut in a jet which will boost speed to 300 mph., then cut in the other to swoop him to thousand-foot altitude. Whereupon, if all goes well, he will descend by one parachute and the motorcycle by another. We report Knievel's plans without envy. Even if he has second thoughts which tend to discourage daredeviltry, he plans to display his machine during Speed Week in Daytona, Florida, in March.

GIMMICKS UNLIMITED

Women do heed the wisdom we dispense to them but it takes them a long time to get into action. Long ago we pointed out in these columns that trading stamps increase prices when they're "given" by every Tom, Dick and Harry and can no longer pay for themselves by increasing volume. Nobody paid much attention to us except some trading stamp companies that acted pretty sulky. But what happened when women around the country started to picket supermarkets in protest against food prices? A lot of them demanded that the stores stop giving stamps and give them lower prices instead. Yet it was housewives greedy for "something for nothing" who encouraged the trading stamp nuisance to begin with. The craze for prizes, games, sweepstakes and jackpots — more than 250 promotional "games" are now running—has recently hit gas stations like a tidal wave. We have had envelopes, tickets, hunks of prize paper and litter of all descriptions foisted upon us when all we wanted was gas. Gimmicks run in cycles and we think the day will come when some bright businessman will hit upon the unique idea of giving the customer fair value and nothing else.

MAN WHO GOT FIRED

Fashions in movie stunt men have changed since the days when it was the height of daring to walk the wings of a biplane. Stunters have to keep up with scientific progress. Like portraying a soldier with a flamethrower that goes wild and envelops him in a fireball. Jack Wilson, Hollywood's favorite human torch, took on this assignment in war scenes of Universal's movie *Tobruk*. He wore an outfit made of double-layered aluminized asbestos and a headpiece with special breathing apparatus which is supposed to protect him for a full minute. Jack ignited the flamethrower several times while the cameras ground, but if you happen to see him burned to death in the picture, remember that he walked away without a blister and a $2,100 paycheck. "I don't like to burn more than 15 seconds if I can help it," Jack says. "After that I get uncomfortable."

LOTTERY A'COMING

New York will be the second state to have a lottery if its legislators heed the mandate of the people who voted overwhelmingly for it. Some people think a lottery will sink the Empire State into a morass of vice but we have our doubts. Recently we spent some time in New Hampshire, the only state that now has a lottery, and the only sign of moral decay we noticed was some feeling that penny-pinching tourists weren't buying enough lottery tickets to finance the state's schools. Some New Yorkers we talked with opposed the lottery on grounds that it would impoverish the poor who are so hopelessly stupid that they would blow all their pennies on tickets. This attitude that ordinary people can't be trusted to blow their own noses without the stern supervision of a big brother who polices their pitiable weaknesses is all too common. We've never met a crusader for censorship who felt that his own sterling character could be demolished by something he read. A blatantly moral man is just a guy with weak impulses. It seems to us that law or the absence thereof is irrelevant to the prevalence of folly.

UNCUTTABLE GOLF BALL

Several companies are marketing golf balls that they claim don't nick, cut, or go out of round. What's different about them is that they're homogeneous: same stuff all the way through. Conventional golf balls have centers of metal, liquid or plastic, encased in rubber and frozen, then wound with latex thread, covered with special rubber and squeezed in a dimpled mold. The new uncuttable balls, which conform to U.S. Golf Association specifications, have no cores and the composition varies a little, but in general they're made of special dough that is compressed, baked and coated. A duffer can still slice them but they won't show it on their faces.

TOUCH ME NOT

A study of the "contact frequency" of couples conversing in cozy cafés has raised our eyebrows. Investigators who reported to the British Association for the Advancement of Science were ostensibly studying how "physical interactions contribute to social equilibrium." What they actually did was a countdown on the number of times men and women touched each other. In Paris cafés the contact frequency of couples averaged 120 times an hour, or one touch every 30 seconds. Pretty good. But similar couples in Mexico City touched each other about 180 times an hour. Of course they take siestas. British lads and lassies rolled up the most astonishing score—zero. They managed to avoid physical contact with each other almost completely. We wonder if there'll always be an England.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

Two University of Wisconsin professors propose that tobacco be grown under umbrellas to prevent rain containing radioisotopes from falling on the plants.

The 1967 cars contain an average of 40 pounds of plastic and 79 pounds of aluminum.

The *Veterinary Record* suggests that young women are sexier than in the past because they eat beef fattened with female hormones.

—THE EDITORS

Sun Upmanship.

That's the name of the game.
George goes around
smelling like flowers in bloom.
You go around with the manly
scent of Sun Up after-shave.
You get the girl.
Gillette didn't pick flowers
to find this new scent.
We're not perfume people.
We captured only
the manlier, muskier,
spicier scents of nature.
And we came up
with the scent that
you wear like a man
... like a man who's one up
on the other guy.

Sun Up After Shave
and Cologne. From one dollar.

"Sorry, George, I have to baby-sit tonight."


Here comes
the King of Beers!
Budweiser. is the best reason
in the world to drink beer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ANHEUSER-BUSCH INC
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Brewed by our original process from the Choicest Hops Rice and Best Barley-Malt
THE LARGEST-SELLING BEER IN THE WORLD
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THE CHRYSLER CREW COMES THROUGH FOR YOU!

New Chrysler 55—in a power class by itself!

EASY STARTING. Chrysler has the broadest range of electric-start outboards (from 9.2 to 105 hp.) in the business. And manual-starters take an easy one-hand pull!

QUIET GOING. Specially designed silencing chambers, interior sound-deadening materials, sound-absorbing fiberglass hood, make Chrysler a leader in comfortably quiet outboard performance.

CARE-FREE, dependable performance—Dependability comes naturally to a Chrysler outboard. Every engine is built to give you years of boating enjoyment. And, the famous Chrysler two-year warranty* gives you an extra measure of protection.

Chrysler hp. ratings are certified in writing by Outboard Boating Club of America. Be sure your outboard is "certified."

Fun-engineered outboards...for your kind of fun!

The 1967 Chrysler outboards are here . . . 27 fun-loving, carefree motors just waiting to kick up their heels. They're new as new can be, engineered to make boating more fun for you and your family.

New features? The spanking new Chrysler 55 is loaded with them. It's the world's first and only 2-cylinder, 55-hp. outboard. It has improved carburetion and timing . . . new full-length silencing . . . compact, lightweight design (only 134 lbs.!) . . . and beautiful new styling. And you'll find the same kind of advanced fun-engineering in our brand-new 35 and 45, too.

In fact, you'll find it in every Chrysler outboard. Our 9.2- and 20-hp. Autolectrics offer turn-key starting. Our 105 is the first outboard to develop more than 25 hp. per cylinder. Our 75 can quietly pull several skiers with ease. Our 3.5-, 6-, 9.2-, and 20-hp. fishing engines are extra light and economical.

Let the Chrysler Crew show you new boating fun. Look for the Chrysler Outboard sign (below) or see the Yellow Pages for the Chrysler Outboard dealer nearest you. Chrysler Outboard Corp., Hartford, Wisc.

CHRYSLER Outboard

*Chrysler Outboard Corporation warrants Chrysler Outboard motors to the original purchaser against defects in materials and workmanship for twenty-four months after delivery to the original purchaser and will repair or replace any parts thus defective at an authorized Chrysler Outboard Motor Service Facility, excluding only normal maintenance services such as adjusting breaker points, spark plugs or carburetor, checking gear housing grease, etc. Warranty limited to one year after delivery to the original purchaser if outboard is used for commercial or rental purposes.

CHRYSLER OUTBOARD CORP.

CHRYSLER MARINE PRODUCTS: BOATS, TRAILERS, OUTBOARDS, INBOARDS, AND INBOARD/OUTDRIVES

THE NIGHTMARE OF THE YEAR 2000

The turn of the century is 33 years away. By then, the U.S. population will be almost double today's. The world will be so jammed with people that some scientists insist a nuclear war will be inevitable. Mass famine and civil chaos will reign. That's the grim outlook—unless we make some sound decisions now

BY LAWRENCE LADER

■ On January 1, 2000, Ed Ames awoke in his home at Silver Lake, New Jersey, with a torrential hatred of his boss, Orville Drum, president of Toy-Joy and America's toy king.

Drum had destroyed New Year's Day. Drum had ordered Ed and his other New York employees to attend a massive celebration in Central Park to cheer the world's largest Population Clock as it ticked inexorably towards its expected total of 390 million Americans.

Drum had organized Pop Clock Day. Drum would introduce the mayor's speech. He had created the slogan now displayed on city billboards, "America's Power Is Child Power." Since 1967, in fact, when Drum had urged the Manufacturers' Association to "throw the planners out of the bedroom," he had become the titan of the big family movement.

At breakfast that morning, Ed Ames and his wife sullenly


400,000,000

Dream up your own horrors about the future. Reality could be worse

ILLUSTRATED BY ALAN COBER

faced a modern American meal. It was algae cereal, algae toast, algae pudding—food derived from seaweed and miscroscopic ocean life that all but the wealthiest ate at least once a day.

The headlines on Ames' newspaper read: "Starving Mexican Peasants Raid Texas Farms." In years past, when starvation swept India or Latin America, Washington automatically sent shiploads of wheat. By 1996, however, most Americans had reached the breaking point. Our grain reserves had fallen so low that Congress adopted a policy of American food for Americans only. Food exports were banned. The raids on U.S. farms had followed, and Latin America also retaliated by cutting off its food products from the United States. Ed and his wife Sue now drank ersatz coffee; little Billy Ames, aged four, had never tasted a banana.

It was Billy who brought breakfast to a dismal climax, bursting into the room, demanding, "I wanna go with Daddy and see the doggies in the zoo."

Ed realized the grim implications of his son's request. Civilization had sacrificed to human food pressures the pleasure of having animals around the household. Because studies showed that pet diets included protein enough to meet the needs of millions of people, an anti-pet law had been passed. No new pets could be bought. Old ones could not be replaced after death. Children had to visit zoos to watch a collie romp.

But Ed knew that on Pop Clock Day the park would be far too crowded for a little boy to visit the zoo. [*Continued on page* 98]

NEVER MIND THE SAUCER!

DID YOU

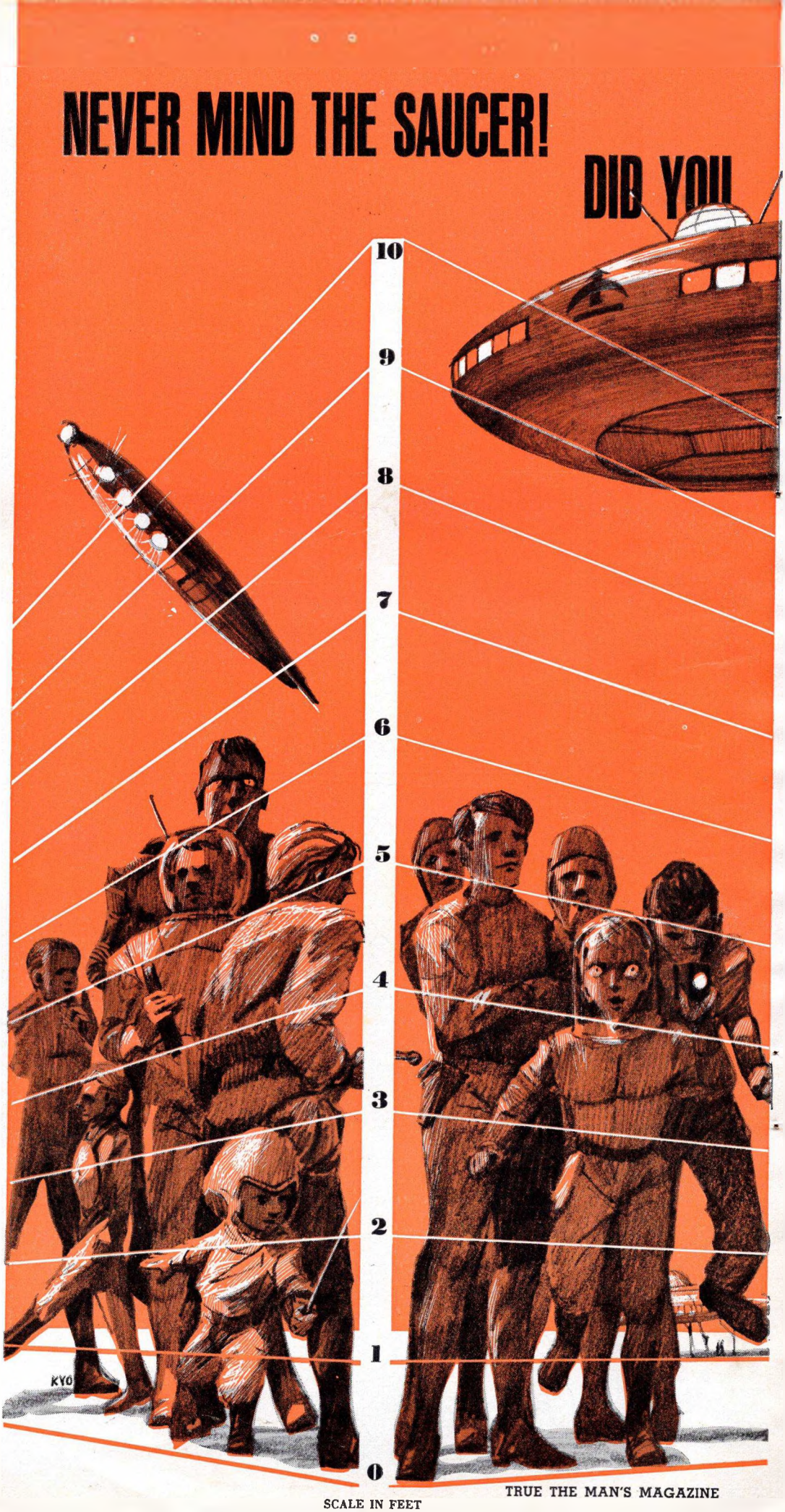
Spotting a UFO is no big deal any more. According to the Gallup poll, five million Americans think they have seen flying saucers. What's really big right now is meeting up with the funny men inside

BY JOHN A. KEEL

ILLUSTRATED BY KYO TAKAHASHI

■ "I would know him if I saw him in Oklahoma City tomorrow. He saw me. He'd know me, too." William "Eddie" Laxton, a 56-year-old electronics engineer from Temple, Oklahoma, was discussing a man he had briefly encountered in the predawn hours of March 23, 1966. He was an ordinary-looking man who might easily go unnoticed in a crowded bar, according to Eddie. But Eddie didn't meet him in a bar. He saw him getting into a strange, brilliantly-illuminated, cigar-shaped flying contraption which rested on four legs in the middle of a highway, a craft similar to many described by other witnesses all over the world. Usually they are termed "unidentified flying objects" or UFO's.

At about 5:30 a.m. that bleak March day, Laxton was driving along a deserted



SEE THE GUYS WHO WERE DRIVING?

stretch of Highway 70, near the Texas-Oklahoma border. He was on his way to work at Sheppard Air Force Base near Wichita Falls, Texas, where he teaches electronics, when a huge fish-shaped object suddenly loomed in front of him. According to the story he later told to newsman Paul Harvey and UFO investigator Hayden Hewes, he jammed on his brakes and pulled to a stop about 50 yards from where the object was blocking the road at a 45 degree angle. The thing was, he estimated, about 75 feet long.

"There were four very brilliant lights on my side," he said. "Bright enough so that a man could read a newspaper by the light a mile away." He also observed that it seemed to be lit up inside and that it "had a plastic bubble in front which was about three feet in diameter, and you could see light through it." It had a tail structure with horizontal stabilizers about 2½ feet long. Friends and associates say Laxton has always been blessed with a phenomenal memory and they believe him when he says he was able to distinguish a group of numbers painted vertically in black on the side of the fuselage. He remembers them as reading TL47(or 41)68.

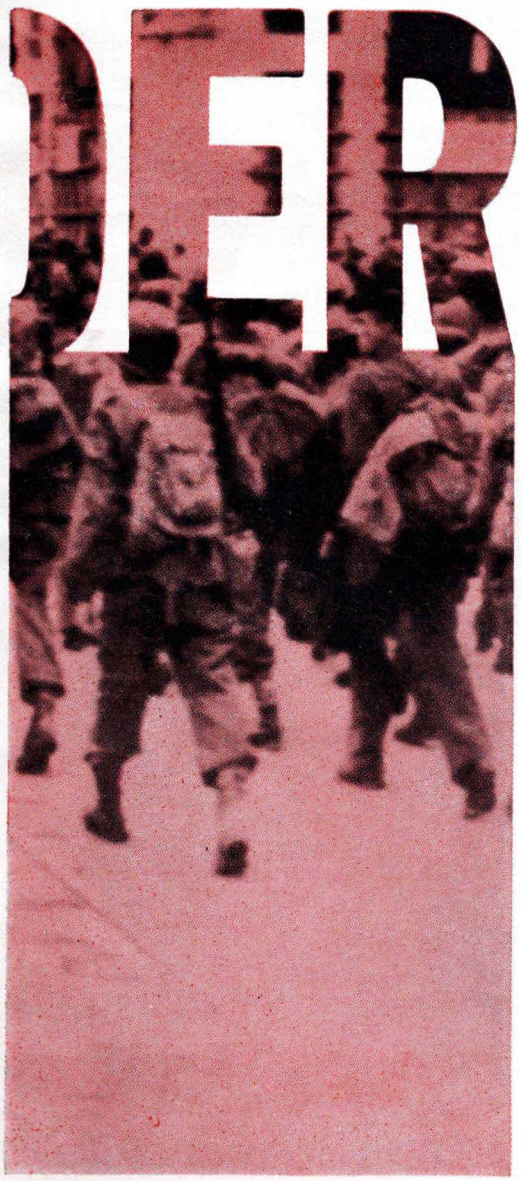
[*Continued on page* 78]

THE SECRET SURRENDER

Victorious Fifth Army troops enter Genoa as Germans trudge under guard to prison camps in opposite direction.

BY ALLEN DULLES

In the last winter of the war, the Nazi SS commander in Italy contacted Allied agents in Switzerland to negotiate a surrender. No one better knows the dangerous and delicate dealings that followed than the author. He was the OSS man in charge of the top-secret deal that led to the first great enemy surrender of World War II



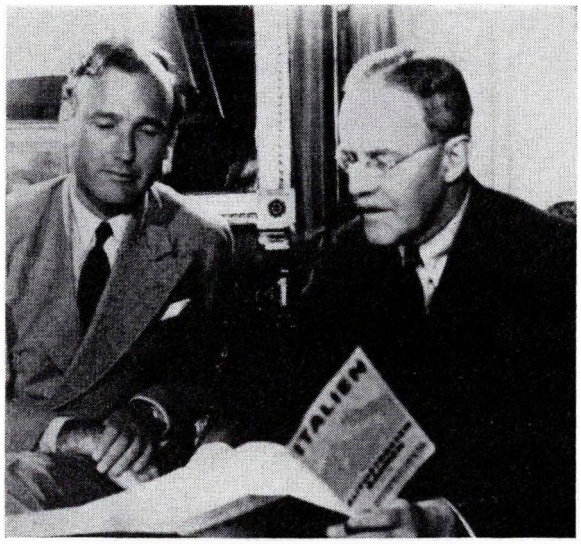
■ A few days before the end of World War II in Europe, on the evening of May 2, 1945, Winston Churchill made a surprise appearance in the House of Commons. The atmosphere was charged with expectation. Yet the Prime Minister did not immediately intervene in the debate which was then in progress. Whetting the appetites, as he was wont to call it, he glanced through his notes before asking the Speaker's indulgence to make a brief statement. Then, without flourish or rhetoric, letting the bold facts speak for themselves, he quietly announced the first great German surrender to the Allies of World War II. Close to a million men had capitulated unconditionally in Northern Italy. The war against Nazism and Fascism on that front was over.

Behind this announcement lay a dramatic chain of events. Since the end of February 1945, emissaries and messages had been passing secretly between the OSS mission in Switzerland, of which I was in charge, and German generals in Italy. For two crucial months the commanders of armies locked in battle had maintained secret communications through my office in Bern, seeking the means to end the fighting in Italy, hoping that a Nazi surrender there would bring in its wake a general surrender in Europe.

What prevented our early success was the stubborn and insane policy of one man, Adolf Hitler. Despite the hopeless position of his armies, he would not countenance any surrender anywhere. The generals on both sides, Allied and German, had long known the war could have only one military outcome. It was merely a question of time and of how the end could be brought about. Could there be an orderly German surrender, or would we be left with chaos and a vacuum of power in those parts of Europe left by the retreating Nazi armies? From reports reaching us it was clear that when the German military defenses finally crumbled, Hitler hoped to drag all of Europe down with him. The German army leaders had orders to "scorch the earth," to wreck what was left of the industry and economy of the countries they had occupied, and even of Germany itself.

We learned from German sources, however, that our policy of unconditional surrender constituted a deterrent, or at least an excuse, to German generals who might otherwise have been willing to act against Hitler. Several top generals whom the conspirators in the July 20, 1944, attempt to kill Hitler had approached had been unwilling to take part in the plot and to assume the political responsibility involved because the unconditional surrender policy, as they understood it, meant that Germany would be treated with the same harshness by the Allies whether the surrender came early through steps taken by Germans who dared defy Hitler, or later through the actions of Hitler himself or his henchmen.

In addition to the unconditional-surrender slogan, there were other roadblocks to getting a German surrender. The hopes entertained by the Nazis that they could hold out in an Alpine fortress



Dulles (r.) used Gaevernitz, a German-born, U.S. citizen living in Switzerland, to contact negotiators.

The papers were signed directing a million troops to lay down their arms. Then the German field marshal changed his mind

Colonel Schweinitz signs surrender for Wehrmacht. Major Wenner, standing behind him, signed for SS.

bedeviled our progress. And so did the myth of the "stab in the back." This idea was originally generated after Ludendorff and other German generals in World War I claimed that they had been lured into an armistice in November 1918 by the promises of Woodrow Wilson and his Fourteen Points. Weakness and even treachery were attributed to some of the German political leaders of that day, who, the myth goes, had undermined the will of the German people to resist and had forced the German generals to surrender even when they were still undefeated on the battlefield. Strangely enough, this myth affected not only the attitude of many Germans, it also influenced the thinking of the Allied political leaders in Washington and London. The war against the Nazis and German militarism, many of them said, must be fought to the bitter end this time. They did not want the Germans ever to be able to deny that Germany had been thoroughly defeated on the field of battle.

Hitler used still another myth, one about new German miracle weapons, to discourage any move toward surrender. Up to the very end he promised his troops that he had in reserve some kind of new weapon which would change the whole course of the war. And this claim was not as foolish as it may appear today. After all, we were not the only ones working on the atom bomb, and the V-1 and V-2 weapons were already in production.

The final myth impeding progress toward a surrender was that of coming Allied dissension. Hitler unflaggingly nourished the illusion that the Anglo-American Allies and Russia would quarrel and that he could then make a deal with one or the other of them. This myth grew apace at the time of Franklin D. Roosevelt's death on April 12, 1945.

Some of the main obstacles to peacemaking had been created by Hitler much earlier. Of these, the Nazi oath of loyalty taken by every soldier and officer in the German army was no doubt the most potent. The oath read as follows:

I swear before God to give my unconditional obedience to Adolf Hitler, Führer of the Reich and of the German people, Supreme Commander of the Wehrmacht, and I pledge my word as a brave soldier to observe this oath always, even at the peril of my life.

OSS radio operator "Little Wally" sent Allies messages from SS headquarters.

Principal intermediaries were Swiss intelligence officer Waibel, Swiss Professor Husmann and Italian Baron Parilli.

Key Nazis were, clockwise from left, Ambassador Rahn, Field Marshal Kesselring, Generals Wolff and Roettiger.

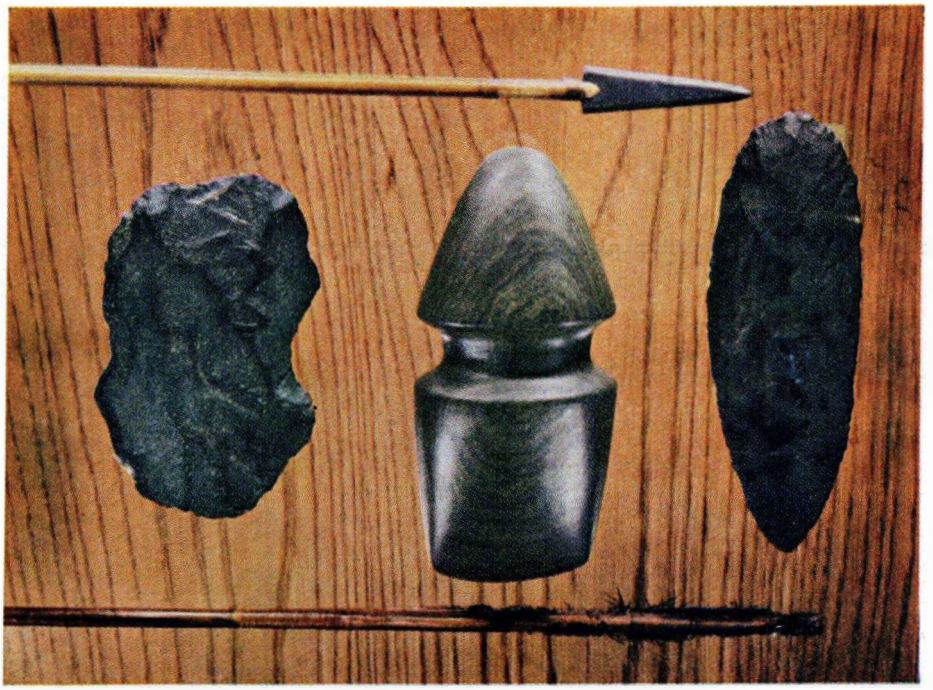
The distinctive feature of this oath was that it pledged the military to the person of Adolf Hitler, as leader and commander, and not simply to country and flag. Today, far removed from the scene in time and spirit, we find it difficult to form a notion of the awesome power the Nazi oath had on German officers.

Once the July 20th plot had failed, the generals—singly or as a group—were still less prone to try to influence the course of the war, either by direct representation to Hitler or by action taken behind his back. For Hitler's awareness of their treachery had turned him fanatically against the military caste. Even generals who had had no part in the assassination attempt had to fear the slightest appearance of treason.

After the 20th of July, aside from close personal advisers like Bormann and Goebbels, Hitler relied almost solely on the SS for the execution of his policies and for his own protection. The SS was, of course, precisely the faction which the Allies would be least disposed to recognize as spokesmen of a surrender and whose removal and punishment would be one of the prime considerations of Allied policy. Thus the outlook for early peace was exceedingly bleak.

Peace feelers

During the autumn and winter of 1944-45, however, we became aware of certain stirrings to the south of us, certain changes in the political weather in North Italy. The word "peace" began to crop up repeatedly. We were suspicious from the start because the dreaded SS rather than the army most often seemed the interested party in these peace feelers. Still, churchmen frequently appeared as intermediaries or emissaries, and one of the most dramatic reports we got stated that Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, commander of the German armies in Italy, was ready to quit if the Allies would offer acceptable terms. A few weeks after that, we heard from an Austrian agent who had been sent by Ernst Kaltenbrunner himself, the most powerful man in the SS Security Services after Himmler. His message rang a new change and, if it were true, gave some [*Continued on page* 117]



Sioux steel-tipped war arrow (top and bot.) has grooved shaft to drain blood. Axes are (left to right) chipped flint, double-bitted; rare mound-builders' grooved ax; long, chipped hand ax.

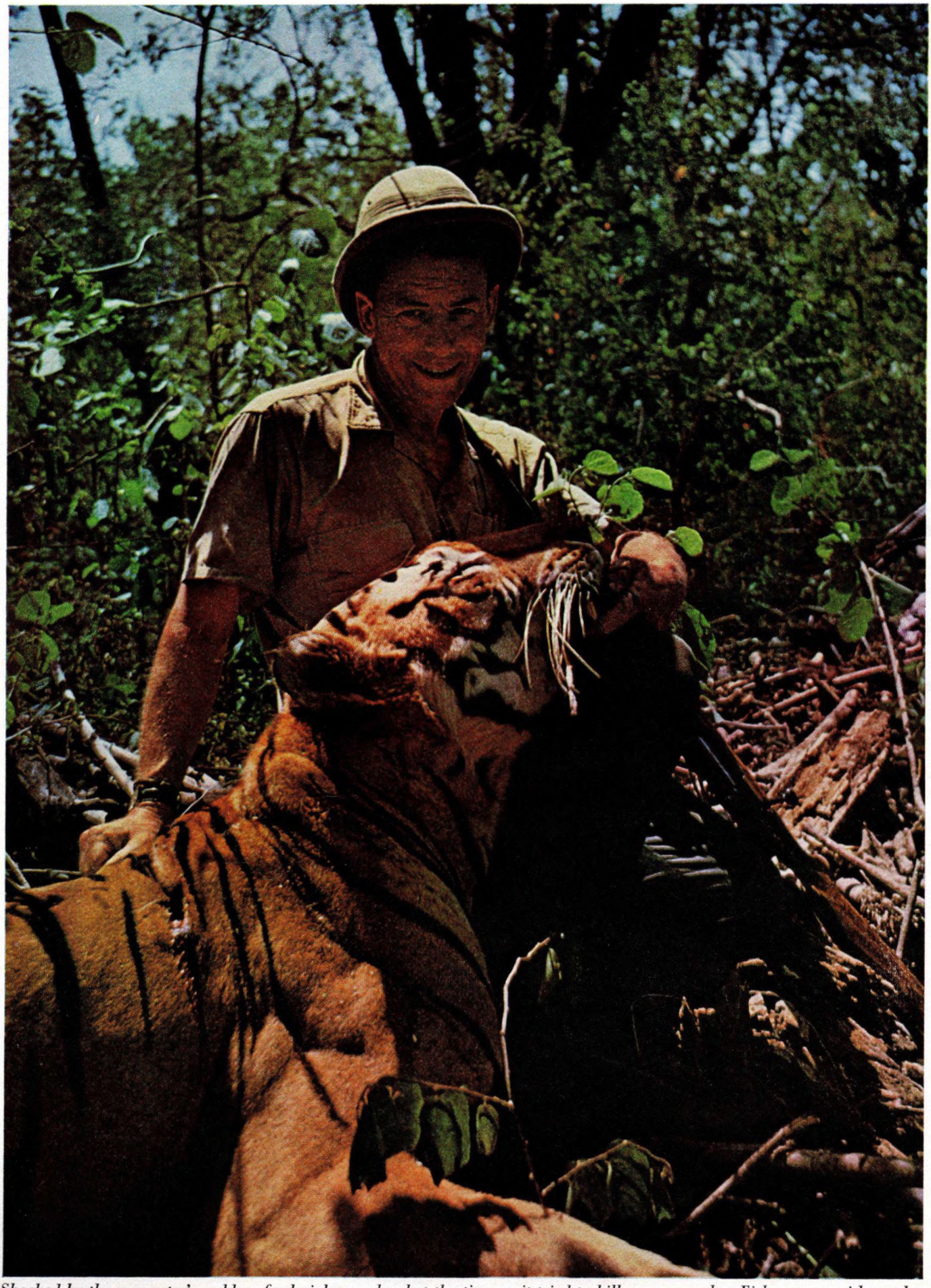
SHARP SHAPES AND PERFECT PIERCERS

■ Indian weapons are instant history. Our cover suggests buffalo hunting on the high plains, Indian attacks and the ring of wagons. And on these pages are Indian hunting and fighting weapons—some of them predate Columbus. Warren Siegmond has collected Indian relics all his life. Of his 1,000 weapon points, the ones shown here are among the best. For example the prehistoric mound-builders' ax, above, and the perfect Texas hornstone arrowhead, slanting up at left in bottom row opposite, are unique Indian craft. Not all points were for killing; some, like the five-pointed stone stars opposite, were probably tribal decorations. A hundred years after the last Indian war you can keep an eye peeled almost anywhere in the land and still find rare arrowheads.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY WARREN SIEGMOND

Once they hit their target—man or animal—these serrated arrows couldn't be pulled out.

Arrowheads from several tribes show geographical variety of Indian collections. Prized specimens, they were found in four states. Note the imbedded fossil at left.



Shocked by the man-eater's sudden, final violence—he shot the tiger as it tried to kill a man—author Fisher poses with trophy.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF WITH A MAN-EATER

BY WILLIAM A. FISHER

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

Again and again the tiger killed while I groped through the jungle on its trail. When would it make a mistake?

■ Often I had longed to hunt a truly dangerous animal. To be sure, American brown, grizzly and polar bears can give a hunter a hairy time if he makes a poor first shot. But I had managed to avoid this. The same usually holds for Africa's dangerous game, and I had shot buffalo and elephant without reprisals. What else was there for me to go after?

There seemed only one outstanding candidate—an animal that had turned maverick *before* I met it: a man-eating tiger.

Now at last I was going to have my chance. I'd corresponded with various hunting outfitters in India, offering to cable a substantial deposit and giving details of my hunting background. One day I got a cable from the respected firm of Allwyn Cooper's. A tiger had turned man-eater in Madhya Pradesh, a state in central India. Hurry!

So it was that I presently ended a frantic journey to Nagpur, in the district of the same name in Madhya Pradesh, and met E. "Jay" Ajaikumar, one of India's top native hunters who had been assigned to me. Jay soon plunged into an account of the man-eater in the school-book English of the educated Indian.

"It happened," he said, "in the hills of Abujhmad where we'll set up base camp. The scream of a peacock in the still, hot forest awakened Kokometta. He looked across the grassy opening in the jungle where last he'd seen his wife at work. Nothing had changed. There was no movement except the familiar sight of women at their labor down the hillside.

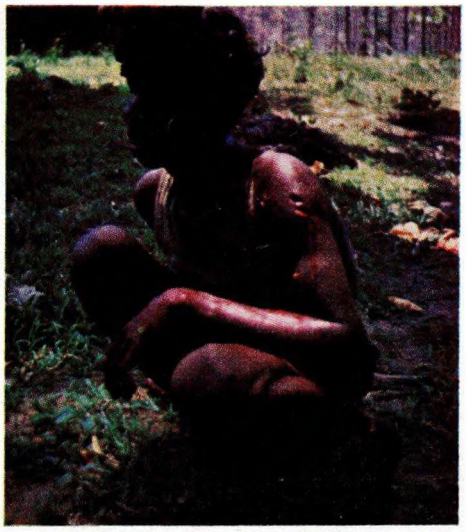
"Then the sudden waving of bushes on the far side of the clearing alerted Kokometta. Stealthily he reached for the bow and arrows at his side, for here might be a rare chance to obtain meat. He'd just lifted the bow when the bushes parted as a tiger sprang on the back of his wife, bearing the woman down onto the ground in one terrible blow.

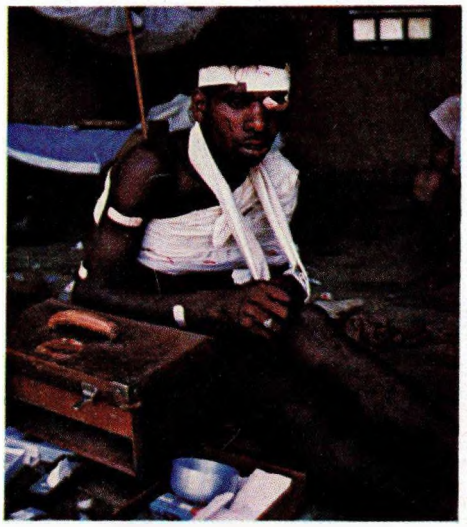
"Kokometta leaped forward, yelling. He grabbed handfuls of sticks and stones, throwing them at the tiger. Ordinarily a man-eater would have struck down this screaming thing that threatened to deprive him of his meal. But this tiger had failed to kill. One of its fangs had long since broken off and sometimes the beast was unable to puncture through the neck to the spinal cord of a struggling victim. Now the tiger wanted to drag the woman into concealing brush where it could complete the kill and feed in peace. Alarmed by a shower of sticks in its face, the tiger suddenly dropped the woman and streaked for cover.

"Kokometta straightened his wife out on the grass. There were deep punctures in the back of the neck and great claw marks running from her chin down her breasts. But no wound was severe enough to cause death. She must be carried to the village quickly where the witch doctor could cleanse her wounds.

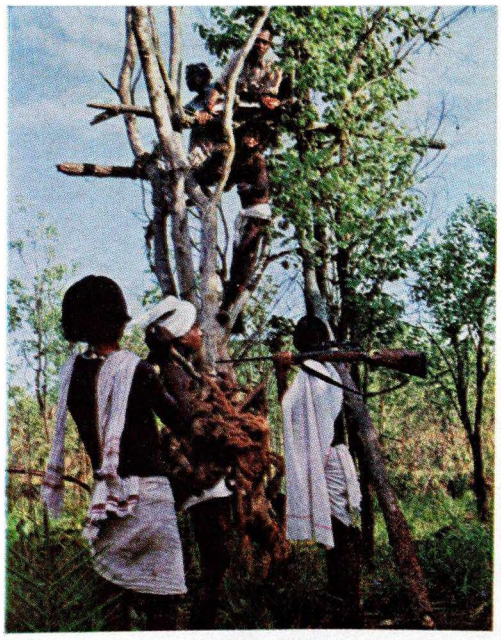
"Kokometta cooeed down the ravine for help, but at the first roar of the tiger the other women ran away. So he wrapped Mase in her torn sari, picked her up and started out. They were only minutes from the village when Mase's weight overcame him. He put her down at the base of a tree and staggered the rest of the way to the village for help.

"It took longer than anticipated. First the villagers had to be convinced that his wife still lived and then that the tiger had gone. Finally the old man returned to the tree with many friends. A pool of darkening blood, a few splinters of bone on the





Bitten about head and shoulder by aroused tiger, man is shown before, after treatment.



Building machan from which cat was wounded.

All seemed set, but a quick shot only wounded the tiger. Now they awaited the charge that was sure to come

Water buffalos were used to help locate and flush the tiger from heavy jungle cover.

smeared grass, the pug marks of a large tiger were all that were left."

Jay fell silent, and then added gently, "There will have been more deaths while we have been traveling."

Mase died just a month before we unloaded our gear in the hills of her birth in the pre-monsoon month of May to hunt her killer, the man-eater of Rajpur. This is a primitive area of jungle-clad 3,000-foot hills in a backward and inaccessible part of the Bastar District inhabited by tribes of Marias, an aboriginal people so untouched by modern times that superstitious belief in *shaitans,* or devil spirits, is a guiding force. Cut off from India's progressive cities at the end of steep ribbons of winding footpaths where even oxcarts cannot travel, Marias have no choice but to share the jungle with tigers.

Mostly this is a peaceful arrangement. The weapons of Marias are primitive—bows and arrows, spears and knives. Meat only rarely is captured with such aids. Living entirely on produce of the jungle—roots, herbs, yams and jungle fruits—natives are happy to come across a half-eaten tiger kill, annexing the remains for a village feast. So a tiger on peaceful pursuit becomes the friendly neighborhood butcher.

Explained Jay, "This armed truce is broken when a tiger turns man-eater. But it may be some time before a man-eater can be killed. The famed Champawat Man-Eater, a tigress, is credited with 436 human victims, which it killed over a period of six years in Nepal and Kumaon."

I found this an impossible figure until I learned that a full-grown tiger can consume 40 pounds of meat at a meal. To put it bluntly, there's less nutrition in the body of an emaciated hill woman than from a fat bullock. Human kills must be frequent, as often as every five days.

Vidya Charan Shukla, director of Allwyn Cooper, scotched the fable that tigers are born with a lust for

Carcass is stripped of its fat, a valued native cure-all.

Several volunteers carried the trophy to place of public display.

People came for miles to celebrate end of terror.

human flesh, or are trained to such foods as cubs. During my brief stop at Nagpur he told me:

"Man-eating tigers are not plentiful. In as large an area as Texas and New Mexico combined, there will be only five or six declared man-eaters. They are the exceptions, perhaps one in a hundred—tigers that have lost their instinctive fear of man when circumstances have prevented them from obtaining enough natural food.

"It can be a crippling injury, old age with its attendant slowness, broken teeth and splayed claws. Or it can be a tigress desperate for meat to feed a large litter of half-a-dozen weanling cubs. Such animals turn to domestic livestock first, then to man. It is more or less accidental, but once the tiger comprehends the ease with which this slow, two-footed creature can be overpowered, it turns almost solely to attacking people."

A contributory factor in India may be epidemic. Hindus cremate their dead, but when a plague has decimated the strength of a village, religious requirements are met by placing live coals in the mouths of the dead. Corpses then are cast down cliffs, where they become food caches for leopards and tigers.

During the long days and nights of the hunt, I learned that tigers kill with their teeth, using their sickle-shaped claws mostly for gripping. They leap upon the head, neck or shoulders, bear down the victim and deliver a fatal, wrenching bite through the neck vertebrae. They'll smash the heads of small game—pig or porcupine—with a blow of a forepaw, and sometimes attack humans in this manner. Tigers rarely feed at the point of the kill, but carry or drag their prey to deep cover.

The buttocks are eaten first, then hind legs and up the body toward the head. Aboriginal people of India firmly believe that tigers seek out females, both human and animal, for [*Continued on page* 84]

BY ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

DISHONEST ABE AND HIS ROYAL RACKET

To Abe Sykowski, any man with money was fair game. This democratic approach made kings and commoners his marks, and a hundred grand a year his style

■ The airline president and the distinguished lawyer were gunning for a financial killing that fine day in 1946 when the graceful little man ushered them into his luxurious suite in Montreal's Windsor Hotel.

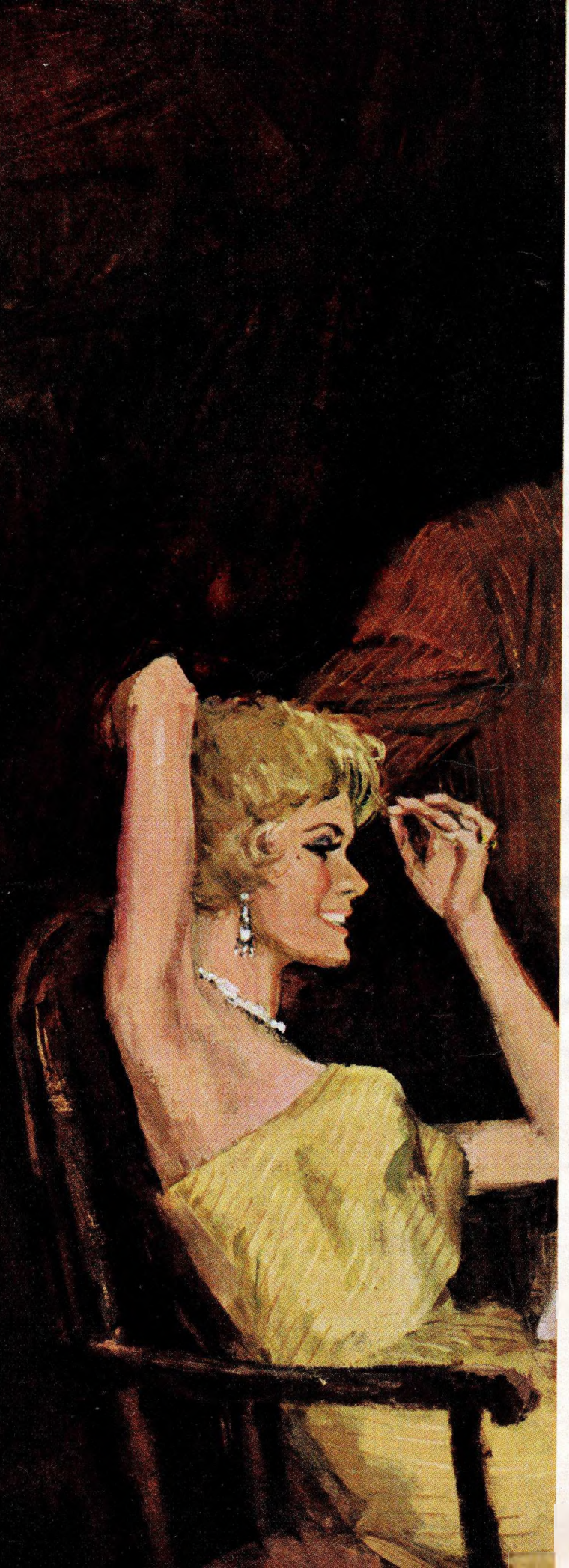
"So nice of you to come," said their host, who had checked into these luxurious quarters two months previously as Count Alexander Navarro of Madrid. The nobleman was addressing Sigmund Janas, the 52-year-old president of Colonial Air Lines, and 60-year-old Otto Dunning, a top Washington attorney. Flashing a smile, the Count sought to put Janas and Dunning at their ease. "Gentlemen, I am confident that this will mean big things for all of us."

Count Alexander Navarro stood five feet five inches high, had silken brown hair that lay flatly on a head much too large for his frame, enormous ears, leathery skin and sunken green eyes. Wearing a brown tweed suit of European cut, he was smoking a gold-tipped cigarette bearing the royal crest of Spain.

The red-blooded men and the blue-blooded one had come together to discuss money—specifically a third of a billion dollars. At a Montreal social function some time before, the Count had chanced to talk to a friend of Dunning. In the course of the conversation, the Count had disclosed that he was in urgent need of superior legal assistance for which he would pay a handsome fee. The friend suggested that he telephone Dunning long distance.

Navarro made the call to Washington and explained to Dunning that although he didn't care to go into details over the phone, he could divulge that he needed an attorney to help him dispose of a third of a billion dollars. The attorney, suddenly sensitive to the difference

[*Continued on page* 93]



Farouk stopped at Abe's table. "Haven't you taken on more than you can handle?" he asked.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHELLY GROSSMAN

A HOOTER VS. A HISSER

The color camera catches some rare views of a deadly battle between two of nature's longtime foes, an owl and a snake

THE GREAT HORNED OWL PERCHED SILENTLY on a tree limb spied its evening meal below: a coachwhip snake, standard fare for the hungry bird. Down swooped the owl only to discover that this particular coachwhip was no easy kill. Exceptionally large, it had a long, lithe body that could swiftly entangle an enemy, and sharp though nonpoisonous fangs which could rip into flesh. In the first photograph, the snake starts to slither around the surprised intruder.

THE COACHWHIP GAINS THE ADVANTAGE in the lower picture, winding itself around the surprised owl and forcing it to the ground. The tables have been turned on the predator. The snake now has victory within its grasp, if it can continue biting the owl while avoiding the bird's sharp talons and beak. But the owl is not finished yet. It thrashes furiously with its wings in a desperate effort to twist itself out of the tangling coils and escape from the slashing fangs.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING PREPARATION OF "BIRDS OF PREY OF THE WORLD" BY SHELLY AND MARY LOUISE GROSSMAN AND JOHN HAMLET

SUDDENLY THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNS. With a mightly shudder of its wings, the owl has broken the snake's grip, and with its talons free to attack, pierces the coachwhip's skin in several places. Driving for the kill (top), the owl clamps its jaws below the snake's head. The coachwhip battled valiantly but now is nearly helpless to defend itself against the attack; after being outwitted once, earlier in the struggle, the owl is not likely to ease up until victory is assured.

WITH TALONS IMBEDDED IN THE FOE, the owl completes its triumph. Crushing the last signs of life out of the snake, the bloody bird at last has its meal, which will be devoured immediately. It's for good reason that the great horned owl is known as "the tiger of the air." Preying on many different creatures, its next victim may be a rat, turkey or even a skunk. But it will be a long time before the now wiser owl again ventures to attack such a large coachwhip snake.

BY WILLIAM TENN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HAROLD KRIEGER

MR. EAVESDROPPER

Want to spy on your wife? Your partner? Your bookie? Or find out if they're spying on you? The man to see is Emanuel Mittleman, hottest bug-maker in the business

■ Someday you might find yourself in the part of New York City that is miscalled Radio Row by those not initiated in its mysteries, but is simply "Cortlandt Street" to the dial-happy, shock-inured, wire-splicing insiders who wander its five or six blocks in search of electronic bargains. There, if he's not too busy at his job of altering the everyday social fabric of our lives, you might have an illuminating talk with a man named Emanuel Mittleman, who works behind a door labeled, most improbably, the Wireless Guitar Co. More accurately, he is Custom Maker, by Appointment Only, of Specialty Bugs and all kinds of Swindling Devices—to the Trade.

The Trade? It's everything from thieves to municipal police forces, from millionaires suspicious of their mistresses to private eyes suspicious even of themselves, from con men intent on hustling a bookie out of a day's earnings to businessmen determined not to let their partners sell them out to the competition. Manny, as he's known to his customers, makes what they need, if it has anything to do with electronics. This is the last of the old-time craftsmen, working entirely by himself, making everything carefully and laboriously by hand, using only designs that he has evolved. He is paid exceedingly well for his amazing little devices.

The Amazing Randi, a well-known professional magician and escape artist, has said of him: "He makes James Bond's stuff look very, very amateurish." A police commissioner of a New England city calls him "the best engineer in the field—no one comes close to him for sheer ingenuity." But the Bugmaster himself, when told of these compliments, cackles and shrugs: "So long as it's money. If they pay me, I'll build it."

Manny looks like David Ben-Gurion's roughneck kid brother. He is a short, powerfully-muscled man with prematurely white hair, a rosy face and a sharp, sudden laugh that dies away in long bounces of enjoyment. His gestures are sharp and sudden, too: when you and he have reached agreement on anything, the price of an article, the status of women, the decision to go down and have a drink, he will stick his hand out at you abruptly for the Eastern European single, emphatic shake.

There's likely to be a customer in his shop, a bald psychiatrist from New Jersey, say, who has come to buy a bug and is stammering out justifications instead of detailing his needs. "When one's existence is in jeopardy . . . one's whole way of life . . . one turns to these things . . . desperate measures to preserve . . . to preserve. . . ."

Though they are both about the same age, Manny is very fatherly with him, very gentle, very patient. "Now, your problem," he suggests.

The psychiatrist looks around unhappily. He is

MR. EAVESDROPPER:

"Men bug their mistresses more than they bug their wives."

feeling very nervous. The shop is a smallish, brightly lit place, consisting of two heavy workbenches with a narrow walk space between. Both benches are covered with components from half-finished devices mingled with delicate watchmakers tools; above them, voltmeters, oscilloscopes and signal generators flutter out the news of electron flow.

"I saw you on that TV special, *The Big Ear,*" the psychiatrist begins again. "Your . . . your radio devices. You have such... such...."

Manny sighs and spreads his devices out on a bench. The bugs are uniformly small—only one is large enough to protrude from a man's hand—and uniformly black from having been dipped into a special epoxy which turns stone-hard. Manny cheerfully admits that he does this to keep the circuit designs from being copied.

"Will this help?" he asks, holding up what looks like a blackened package of chewing gum. "It's the battery-operated room bug. Hide it in a room—you can drop it on top of the molding—and it'll pick up whatever you'd hear yourself: a whisper, a tap, someone scratching his face. Sound is what activates this little gadget. It stops broadcasting when people stop talking and starts again as soon as someone says a word. You receive on a slave tape recorder. Once a day, you harvest the tapes."

"Morality? Are you talking of the real world? Who are you kidding?"

And Manny begins to demonstrate. This is the most remarkable part of his sales pitch, largely because it's hardly a sales pitch at all. People who have seen him do it say it's like a British salesman selling a Rolls-Royce when the salesman believes, as an article of faith, that the Rolls is the greatest automobile ever made. Since the psychiatrist is a new customer, Manny is delighted at the excuse to show off his entire repertoire of listening devices. The complete kit, one each of every model he is presently making—but without any modifications for special situations—costs a total of $1,625.

Manny runs through the properties of each bug, but in the end sells the room bug which the psychiatrist has been trying to buy all through the demonstration. After the customer leaves, Manny locks the door behind him and sits on a high stool beside a bench. He pulls a huge magnifying glass on a long gooseneck around to a convenient position and switches on the light in its rim. He begins to poke at transistors in a small brass box.

Now the Bugmaster thinks aloud. "That psychiatrist—I knew it was woman trouble. When a legitimate guy won't talk about his problem, it's got to be a wife or a girl friend. And a funny thing: men bug their mistresses more than they bug their wives. With a wife, they're looking for usable court evidence; with a mistress, they just want to find out and then they're likely to play the tapes over and over again to themselves for years. Plain masochistic pleasure.

"A long time I've been in this business, and in all that time I've never made five cents from selling to a woman. They'll come here and they'll look and they'll listen and they'll ask questions, but they won't buy. I think it's because you need balls to slap a bug on someone. It's a very ballsy thing to do.

"I'd feel a little guilty about selling a bug to a woman, though I'd take their money like anyone else's. I believe in the double standard, not as a personal opinion, but as an absolute, as the only thing that works. Any other attitude is pure swindle."

There's a knock at the door. Manny jumps off his high stool and goes around a partition into the outer office. "Hey," he says. "Haven't seen you for a long time. Where've you been?"

"Oh, around."

Manny comes back into his shop, leading a tired-looking

"I'd feel a little guilty about selling a bug to a woman."

man in a shabby gray suit. The man has a bad limp and spits a little when he talks. "I'd've called you for an appointment, but I was in the neighborhood, right downstairs. You still making shockers?"

"I've made stuff for thieves, but I've never dealt with crooks."

"I've got exactly one in stock. These days, I make only bugs. Pastposting is practically a dead issue." Manny takes a pair of black objects from a shelf and holds them out. They are the size of heavy cigarette lighters and both trail 10 inches of antenna wire. The transmitter has a tiny button; the black little receiver sprouts two short leads, soldered at their tips to silver dimes. "It's the very short-range model."

The man wipes his mouth with a handkerchief and considers the black objects. "It'll be good enough for what I want. How much?"

"What do you mean, how much? You know the price. The same as always. I don't go up, I don't go down. You trying to bargain with me?"

"No, Manny," the man whines placatingly. "I'm not trying to bargain. You can't blame a guy—you know." He sighs and hauls out a large roll of bills. He counts out the price in fifties. He gives them to Manny and Manny gives him the shocker.

"What happened to your last one? You lose it?"

"No, I had to sell it when I went to the can two years ago." He looks at the black object with the two dimes dubiously. "Will I feel it strong enough?"

"You'll feel it plenty. Try it."

The man places his right hand over the two dimes. Manny presses the button on the other black object, the transmitter, and the customer's hand twitched briefly from the shock. He smiles. "Just as good as ever." He limps out. "Don't forget," Manny calls after him. "You use a 22½-volt old-fashioned hearing aid battery." Then he comes back to his high stool and places the tiny device on which he is working under the large, self-illuminated magnifying glass. He puts components into place carefully.

"A very cheap thief," he mutters. "Very cheap. Almost a crook. With a guy like that, and he wanted a short-range model, he's probably working the card games. Who knows?"

Several seconds later, another man comes in: he has an appointment. He's a large, well-fed, well-dressed man in his late fifties, a private detective engaged in industrial counterespionage for one of the largest manufacturing corporations in America. Like most private detectives, he is an ex-member of a city police force.

He greets Manny, but leans against the bench with a frown on his face. "I met a guy coming down the hall from your office. And I know him, I know him, I know him." He shakes his head and slaps his thigh repeatedly with an open hand. "I got it. Little Harry Moe from Los Angeles. That's who was just in here, right? Harry Moe?"

"Don't ask me," Manny says calmly. "You know what kind of a memory I got for names."

The detective chuckles. He appreciates, as do many others, that one of Manny's most important services is his wretched memory. Manny even admits to having made some devices for the Mafia, but insists he knows no names. This, he says, is not a function of his memory so much as of Mafioso anonymity. "Those boys don't identify themselves. Whenever I'm dealing with someone who's got good clothes and nice manners and who doesn't argue one bit about the price, who comes in knowing exactly what he wants and treats me like a gentleman all the way through, well, I figure he's probably from the Honored Society. Do I ask him? I do not ask him. I'm not nuts."

"What people do with the things I make is none of my business."

Hitching himself onto the other high stool, the detective gets down to business. He has flown to Manny's shop from an industrial city in the Midwest because New York is to eavesdroppers and wire tappers what Paris is to gastronomes and wine bibbers.

He has come to buy a harmonica bug, the [*Continued on page* 68]

WORTHLESS POLICIES— THE AUTO-INSURANCE

■ At 6 o'clock on a windy November evening, Chicago advertising executive Richard K. Law was driving westbound along Roosevelt Road, on his way home to his wife Elise and their two children in their new ranch house in suburban Glen Ellyn. Law had the green light as he drove through the intersection of Mannheim Road, and he wasn't aware of the car speeding south through the red until it smashed him full abeam. Law's car was propelled into a light pole, killing him instantly.

Although brutally jarred by her husband's sudden death, Mrs. Law decided to go on as normally as possible for the sake of the children. There was some life insurance, and the teen-aged driver who had caused her husband's death carried adequate auto liability insurance. With a little luck and a lot of hard work, Mrs. Law could keep the house and the kids could go to college in the future.

It didn't work out that way. Mrs. Law never collected a brass farthing from the teen-ager's insurance company, even though her husband was killed on November 9, 1955—more than 11 years ago.

She tried, of course. A few months after the accident, a Cook County Court awarded her a $25,000 judgment. The Blackhawk Insurance Co. was the insurer of the killer car. But just about the time Mrs. Law won her case, Blackhawk Insurance, which specialized in writing policies on motorists considered too risky by the major national companies, went broke.

Mrs. Law was forced to sell her home and move with the children to a town in Louisiana near relatives. She now works as a desk clerk in a motel.

The widow's plight is far from unique. All across the country motorists are finding out that having an insurance policy doesn't mean one is insured. Imagine the jolt you'd feel if you were to wake up one morning to discover your auto insurance was worthless. The fact is that such an awakening is a lot more possible than you might think.

What has happened is that over the years the major auto-insurance firms have grown thoroughly choosy. Right now somewhere between 10 and 15 million drivers, by the industry's own reckoning, are looked upon as high risks; as a consequence they find it impossible to get standard auto insurance. Yet almost everyone must have insurance in order to drive. Several states make insurance compulsory, and all the others have some sort of law requiring proof of financial responsibility in case of accident. The motorists who can't get insurance through regular channels are forced to turn to companies writing high-risk policies. And there is where the high risk to the car owner begins. Some of these concerns are fly-by-night outfits run by crooks or incompetents who operate without much official interference because insurance laws in most states are either too weak to keep them in check or are not being properly enforced by authorities.

In an investigation that started two years ago and is still continuing, the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, which has been investigating the insurance business, has found that since 1960 alone, more than 300,000 badly injured accident victims and the families of about 5,000 persons killed on the highways have piled up more than $300 million in unsatisfied claims against insurance companies. These claims never will be paid off. The companies involved—65 of them, writing high-risk auto policies in 22 states—have closed their doors because the tills were cleaned out by crooked or inept management.

BY ANTHONY SCADUTO

Think you're fully insured? Check carefully. More than a million motorists have been stuck by companies that can't pay off a claim

SWINDLE THAT CAN BANKRUPT YOU

A classic example of how a firm can be milked dry concerns the Chicago attorney who used a $100,000 bank loan to take control of International Automobile Insurance Exchange of Indiana. According to testimony before the subcommittee, he promptly paid himself a $300,000 "management fee" out of International's treasury, then gave $100,000 of that sum to the bank to pay off the loan—in effect buying International with its own money. When Indiana state investigators finally moved in, they discovered, in cardboard cartons stacked in the firm's basement, 10,000 accident claims marked "closed" that had never been settled at all. Even though it had not a prayer of ever paying off these claims, the company was still writing policies when the state put it out of business in 1964. Beside the claims, International left behind it 20,000 car owners in 11 states uncovered by insurance.

Most high-risk auto-insurance companies, to be sure, are honest, sound and well run. But based on general performance over the last two years (when more than half the 65 insolvent firms collapsed), the odds are one in 10 that if you're insured by a high-risk company, your policy will be worthless. And a parallel bet is odds of one in 10 that if you're hit by a driver insured by such a firm, you'll never collect for damages.

This incredible financial mess has made few headlines. Yet Senate investigators uncovered evidence that at least a third of the high-risk companies which went under failed after swindlers milked them dry. Another third collapsed because the owners were inept in handling other people's money, although they were cunning enough to pay themselves monumental salaries, bonuses and expenses. Funds were simply stolen outright, or books were doctored to show nonexistent assets and reserves, or wheeler-dealer operators lined their pockets with gold by sucking out excessive fees and commissions.

Take a look at a character named Charles Bray, a perfect example of an insurance swindler. Back in 1955 Bray took control of Central Casualty Insurance Co. of Illinois, a small firm that was practically dormant, and he built it up into an active high-risk insurer that issued policies on 42,000 motorists in 14 states. He also built it into his own personal pot of gold, mulcting it of $153,000 by juggling the books. Central Casualty collapsed in 1962, leaving only enough money in the bank to pay off four cents on the dollar on the 3,400 claims outstanding against it. Bray got a five-year term in prison.

Against looters of this type, and incompetents in general, the public has little protection. Our chief safeguard rests in the state insurance departments, but in many states these are no safeguard at all because the men who are supposed to be watchdogs over the insurance industry are more like untrained pups, and the grifters are able to fleece the customers before anyone gets wise.

The reason the thieves are so frequently free to get home with their hauls lies in a couple of related facts which drive to the heart of the problem in the high-risk auto-insurance business:

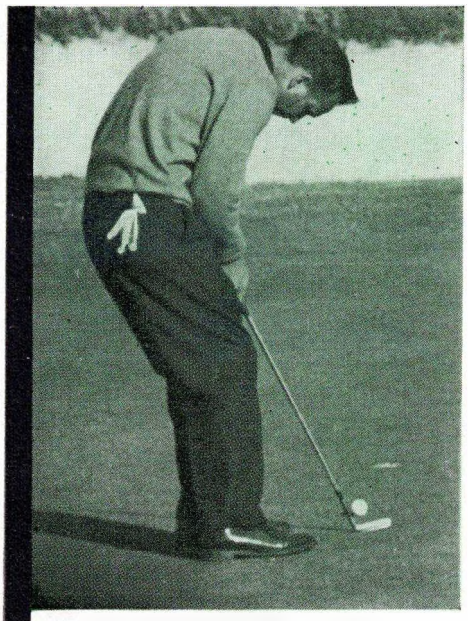
—In 1964, a typical year, the 50 states collected more than $737 million in fees and taxes from insurance companies, all of it car-owners' money derived from premiums. But less than $30 million of this amount, or just over four percent, was allotted to the state insurance departments to police all types of insurance companies.

—In New York State, which has one of the finest insurance departments in the nation, there are 339 examiners for 950 auto, life and health insurance companies. Illinois, one of the states hardest hit by the auto-insurance vultures, has only 60 examiners to police 1,300 firms—and it had but 41 until the Senate Antitrust Subcommittee began digging into the insurance scandals in the state. Furthermore, nine states don't have a single examiner on their payrolls, and six others have three or less.

"The investigations," a Senate subcommittee member recently said, "have uncovered a serious failure on the part of state regulatory bodies and the insurance industry itself to protect the public from the depredations of fly-by-night, fraudulent and inexperienced insurance operations."

In one state an insurance commissioner himself is under indictment with a number of auto-insurance executives on charges of fraud. They were all embroiled in the collapse of a high-risk company whose treasury was sacked of millions.

Such a sum may mean little to the average motorist. But if this company had issued his policy, and the loss had meant that he [*Continued on page* 102]

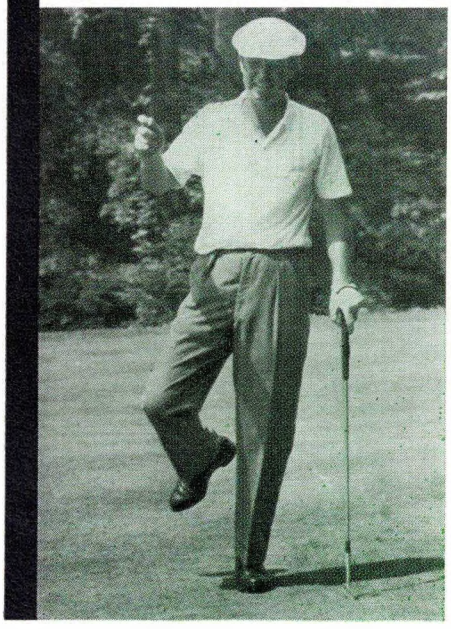


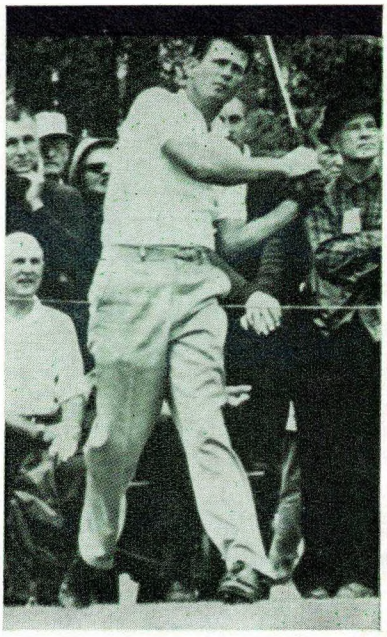
ARNOLD PALMER AT 1960 MASTERS:

"I had a virus. The doc gave me a needle on Monday but I still felt lousy."

KEN VENTURI AT 1960 OPEN:

"I started to shake all over. It wasn't nerves. My whole body was shaking."





Beware the Ailing Golfer

BY DAVE ANDERSON ■ If you're one of the millions of golfers in America, you've got the itch about now. The pros have begun their winter tour and they're on TV every weekend, their iron shots floating onto the green and backspinning around the cup. Seeing them makes you itch all the more, especially if there's snow in your part of the country. You itch so much you just have to do *something*. So during the commercials, you get up, square your feet and take a swing with an invisible club at an invisible ball. This usually provokes your wife into saying something witty, such as "Here we go again."

It's best to ignore her. After all, it's not really her fault. She just doesn't *understand*. She doesn't realize that while you're swinging your invisible club, you're thinking about keeping your left arm straight, your head down, and following through.

But there, sir, is where *you* don't understand what this game of golf is all about. Instead of worrying about how to fit your body into the diagrams in the instruction books, you might improve your game much more by waking up with a crick in your neck. Or discovering an allergy. Or developing a touch of bursitis. Or, to indulge in something more popular, staying out all night drinking.

Some of the world's best golfers have won some of the world's richest tournaments under similar circumstances and, sometimes, under far worse circumstances. It's nothing new. There has been a saying in tournament locker rooms for years to "beware the ailing golfer." Roughly translated, this means that when a member of your regular foursome complains of a bad cold or a sore toe, you should make sure to keep the wager low.

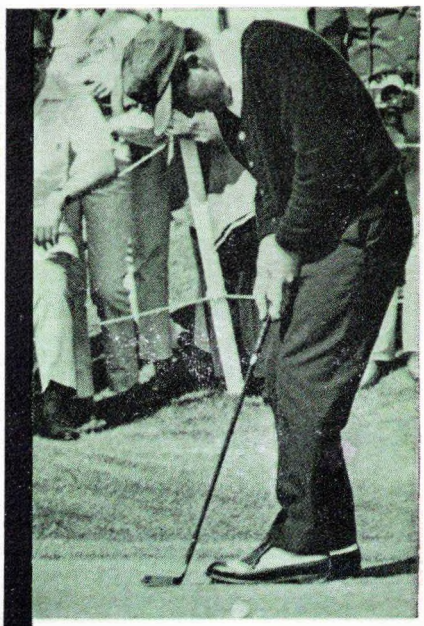
Of course, the injured golfer is not really a lock to win. Sometimes a healthy player will nose him out. But surprisingly often the man who is suffering from something is the one whose name is on the big check handed out by the tournament sponsor.

DOUG SANDERS AT 1962 PENSACOLA:

"They brought me to the tournament in an ambulance. I could hardly walk."

JACK NICKLAUS AT 1963 DESERT CLASSIC:

"I couldn't put any weight on my left hip. When I did, it really hurt."



GARY PLAYER AT 1965 CANADA CUP:

"Nobody had to tell me to hold my head still. I couldn't move it if I wanted to."

WHEN YOUR GOLF OPPONENT COMPLAINS OF A BAD COLD OR A SORE TOE, LOOK OUT, BUDDY, AND KEEP THE BET LOW. THE ODDS HAVE SUDDENLY TAKEN A BIG TURN IN HIS FAVOR

The day before the 1960 Masters, for example, Arnold Palmer sat on his locker room bench and talked with some sportswriters. At the Masters, Palmer usually has his head up and his chin out, the way he likes to march around a course. But this day his face was drawn, his eyes downcast.

"What's wrong?" one of the writers asked.

"I got a virus," Palmer said with a shrug. "Had it since Sunday and haven't been able to shake it."

"How are you scoring?"

"I've hardly practiced. The doc gave me a needle Monday and I didn't get out of bed. Tuesday I played 14 holes. But today I only went four. I feel lousy."

The next day Palmer opened with a five-under-par 67 and went on to win one of his record four Masters tournament titles.

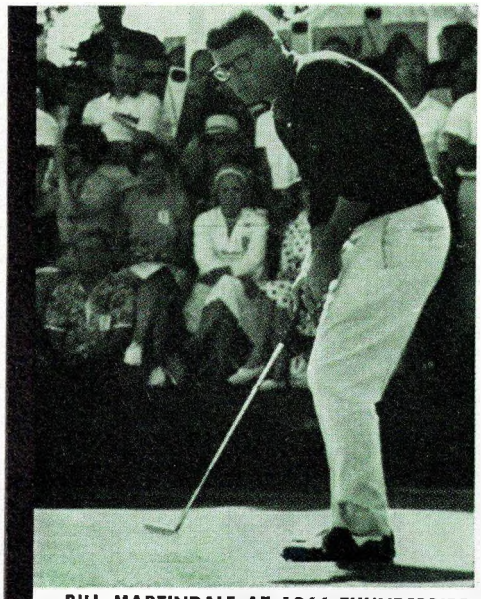
Aha, you say, that's Arnold Palmer. Sure, the 67 is Arnold Palmer, the Masters is Arnold Palmer. But it could be your 77 or 97 or 117. It could be your weekly match with the other golf nuts in your foursome. The next time you have a golf date and you wake up feeling woozy, don't curl under the covers. Get up and get out and you may shoot one of the best scores of your life.

"When something's wrong with you," says Doug Sanders, one of the leading money winners on the tour, "you'll find that it slows down your tempo. And in golf, that's good."

One day, in 1962, Sanders had to slow down so much he arrived at the Pensacola Open in an ambulance. The day before he had shot a four-under-par 67 in the opening round. Later, in his motel room, he recalls, "I was lying around barefooted and I kicked over a glass ashtray. A sliver of glass embedded itself in my foot and I couldn't walk on it." In the morning he checked into a nearby hospital where the glass was removed and the foot bandaged. After the ambulance ride, Sanders played 18 holes as if he were walking on eggs instead of grass. He shot another 67.

The next day Sanders put together a third 67. On

Beware the Ailing Golfer



BILL MARTINDALE AT 1966 THUNDERBIRD:

"My shoulder bothered me a lot yesterday but it's pretty good today. I have no excuses."

the final day, when "the foot felt a little better," he had a 69. He won the tournament with a total of 270 strokes, 15 under par.

Jack Nicklaus, the current Masters and British Open champion, had to slow down once, too. He was playing in the pro-am event prior to the 1963 San Francisco Open when he suddenly suffered a sharp pain in his left hip. It hurt so much, he remembers, that "I could hardly walk the rest of the course." Later in the day he went to a doctor.

"You have bursitis," the doctor said. "The only thing that will help it is rest." Nicklaus was not about to rest. He played in the tournament, but played so poorly that he missed the cut for the final 36 holes. He was scheduled to compete the following week in the Desert Classic at Palm Springs, California.

"I wouldn't play if I were you," several of his friends advised him.

"I guess I shouldn't," Nicklaus said, "but I assured them I'd be there."

Nicklaus also assured himself agony. "I couldn't put any weight on my left hip," he recalls. "Every time I did, it really stung." He had other problems, too. Instead of the usual 72-hole format, the Desert Classic is played over five rounds, a total of 90 holes. In addition, there is the dry desert heat to contend with. But instead of laboring, Nicklaus was 13 under par for 90 holes. All that got him, however, was a tie with Gary Player for first place. The next day they had an 18-hole play-off. Nicklaus shot a six-under-par 65, Player a 73. Over 108 holes, Nicklaus had been 19 under par.

"My theory about ailing golfers," Nicklaus says, "is that when something is wrong with you, it takes your mind a little off the normal pressure of the tournament. You're trying to protect whatever it is that's wrong with you. It also makes you more determined to play well in spite of the ailment."

Many other golfers, including Arnold Palmer, believe that an ailing player compensates for his physical problem with deeper concentration.

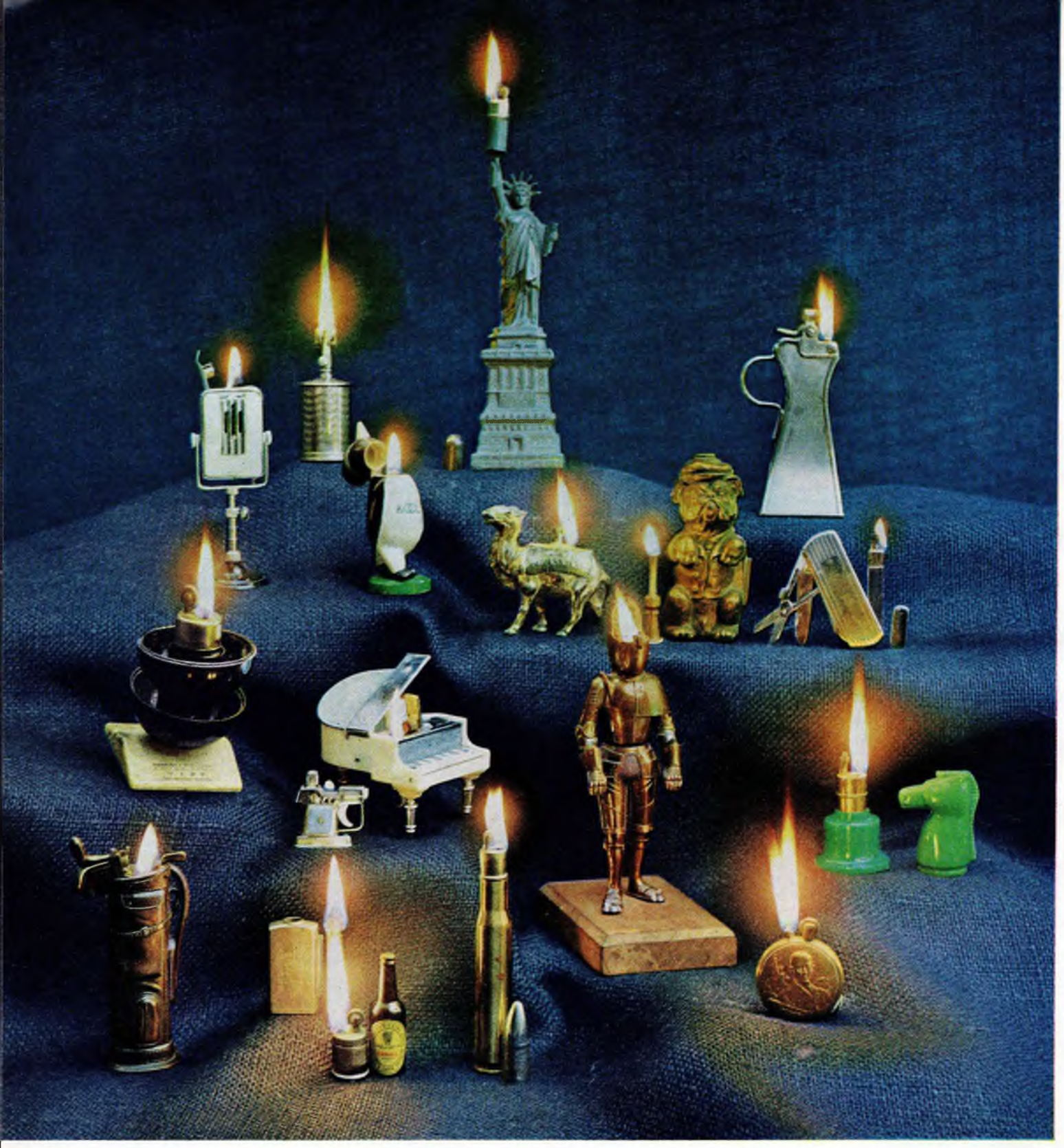
"And concentration," Palmer says, "is one of the most important things in golf." Another notion, somewhat contrary but more learned, is offered by Dr. Peter Cranford of Augusta, Georgia, a 57-year-old psychologist. Doctor Cranford not only practices his profession, but also practices his putting. He is a five-handicap golfer. Each April, he wanders the Augusta National course and observes the competitors at the Masters. He has written articles on the psychology of golf for the *Augusta Chronicle.*

"When a golfer isn't feeling well," Doctor Cranford says, "all he's thinking about is how he's going to get around the course. He's not thinking about swinging the club; it's swinging itself, subconsciously."

To Doctor Cranford, "the bulk of a golf swing, once it has been grooved, is a subconscious movement." As a result, he says, an ailing golfer is "focusing his attention on something relatively unimportant—his ailment—and he's letting his subconscious do the job of swinging the club head. Another factor is that an ailment removes anxiety from a golfer. He knows that people [*Continued on page* 105]

RIDDLE PHOTO: **What takes all forms but does only one job?**

FLIP ➡



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JERRY DANTZIC

LIGHTERS!

Ranging from the antique to the unique, and topped by a flaming miniature Statue of Liberty, they are the brightest lights in a collection of cigarette lighters owned by Howard W. Meagle of Wheeling, West Virginia. Take the bulldog, for example. It is a preautomatic lighter at least 60 years old with a separate striking flint. But the prize of the collection is the watch design in the lower right-hand corner. This stamped copper-and-brass lighter sold for a dollar when it was made to celebrate Woodrow Wilson's first election. The only other one like it still around is in the Smithsonian. Meagle adds to his collection constantly—the microphone lighter was a gift from singer Sarah Vaughan—and every new specimen puts him in a glow.

BY JOSEPH E. BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY KYO TAKAHASHI

Porpoises are as neurotic, erotic, compassionate and comical as man himself. Besides they are helping us learn the secrets of the alien world of the ocean

These Fellers Know Things That We Don't

■ One balmy summer morning a motor-powered sea skiff left Makapuu Point, Oahu, Hawaii, and chugged under a brilliant sky toward the open sea. Aboard were scientists from the nearby Oceanic Institute, led by California zoologist Kenneth Norris. A hundred yards astern was the reason for the project: an adult female bottlenosed porpoise named Keiki who at the moment was swimming in lazy circles, not at the end of a leash or in a cage, but completely free to go wherever she chose. Norris had released this trained porpoise in the open sea, and now he hoped she would return on command.

"We crossed our fingers and prayed hard at that moment," he recalls. "Keiki represented a tremendous investment in money and man-hours. We didn't know what she would do. Here we were, turning her loose in her natural habitat, hoping she would come to us when we signaled, instead of dashing out to join her own."

Keiki ("child" in Hawaiian) had been captured near Oahu five months earlier, in a school of 80 Pacific bottlenosed porpoises. An arduous training program followed, first in a tank, later in an open lagoon from which access to the sea was blocked with a net. Using an electronic underwater recall device, Norris began training Keiki to swim to him on command. At first she balked, but as the weeks passed (and as she became more accustomed to the lure of a fish dinner at each test's end) Keiki began showing signs of domesticity.

Norris felt if man could train a dolphin, with its uncanny abilities, and bend it to his own will in the sea where man is so limited, the scientific possibilities were enormous.

A few hundred yards past the lagoon entrance, Keiki suddenly began acting very strangely. Her tail flapped nervously, she emitted a series of high-pitched squeals and yelps—all known signs of distress. "We were puzzled and alarmed at first," Norris recalls. "Then it dawned on us—*Keiki didn't want to leave the lagoon!*"

Keiki's protests soon diminished, however, and she resumed circling in the sea. Then came the big moment. Norris switched on the recall instrument, a device which sent a series of electronic "bleeps" through the water, and held his breath. Within a split second, Keiki turned and swam swiftly and obediently toward the skiff.

That day—August 23, 1964—was one which Kenneth Norris will always remember with pardonable pride. Keiki had been given a chance to escape man's clutches and turned it down. Today she is still a captive—a contented, well-fed one—on public display in Hawaii's Sea Life Park.

In antiseptic laboratories and in commercial oceanariums around the world, dolphins like Keiki have become scholarly guinea pigs. But despite their intelligence, they seem to love it. They are, in fact, the biggest ham actors of all time. They are also neurotic, erotic, companionate and about as mixed up as any human you'd care to name.

There are records of [*Continued on page* 108]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ERNEST GAY

Ski sailors Westley Haight (left) and Bill Douglas slow their descent by catching wind in Batmanlike capes.

HOLY SKI SLOPES, NOW IT'S BATSAILS!

■ Swooshing downhill, the two skiers hit the bump on the slope, fling out their arms and —ZAP!—capes billow out behind them and off they soar. Strapped to their wrists and ankles, the capes function as combination sails and parachutes to float the skiers to a smooth landing. Could these men be the Caped Crusaders themselves, chasing the Penguin to his snowy lair? Nope. Our heroes are actually ski instructors turned "ski sailors" at Haystack Mountain, Vermont. Despite the caped resemblance, ski sailing predates the current Batman craze, going back to the late 20's when some Austrian skiers began using canvas "touring mantles" for slowing down

At takeoff, skiers snap their arms back to open sails for high-gliding jump.

Spread-eagled Dynamic Duo—Bruce Gavett and Haight—show little fear of crosswinds which could collapse sails.

on steep racing descents. The mantles proved too cumbersome for most speed skiers and disappeared from the snow scene by the early 30's. But five years ago a Connecticut sailmaker started producing six-foot-wide nylon variations of his racing sails for New Englanders looking for different thrills on snow. The soft braking action when coasting downhill and the gliding, suspended-in-air sensation when jumping inspired most experimenters to call the sails "a helluva lot of fun." No one, however, expects the slopes to be filled with ski sailors; even with experts a puff of wind at the wrong time means a spectacular—and colorful—tumble. (WHAM!)

If all goes well—as it has here—the air-drag effect makes landings smoother.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

Throwing men to the lions was done only at Rome in the bad old days, most people suppose. Modern history, however, records that this punishment occurred, in a country adjacent to Europe, just 57 years ago. Morocco, across the Strait of Gibraltar from Spain, was then a turbulent region ruled by Mulay Hafid, a sultan of primitive temperament. He liked to see live sheep fed to the lions and tigers of his royal zoo at Fez. In the countryside, a rebel claimant to the throne, called the Rogui, or Pretender, had been waging civil war. Captured finally, the Rogui was brought to Fez where for several days he lay exposed to taunts and prods in the palace courtyard. Then, on September 22, 1909, he was transferred to an empty zoo cell, and a door from the next cell was raised to admit a hungry lion. Mulay Hafid and members of his court watched eagerly. Everyone prepared to enjoy the spectacle, with some justification; the Rogui was not a nice man, having fiendishly tortured his own prisoners. But he was in poor condition, and of vile odor. The lion mangled one shoulder of the limp figure, then backed away. The Rogui was pulled out with a hook, and Mulay Hafid ordered him killed by a slave's sword blow. History's last execution by lion had proved a failure.

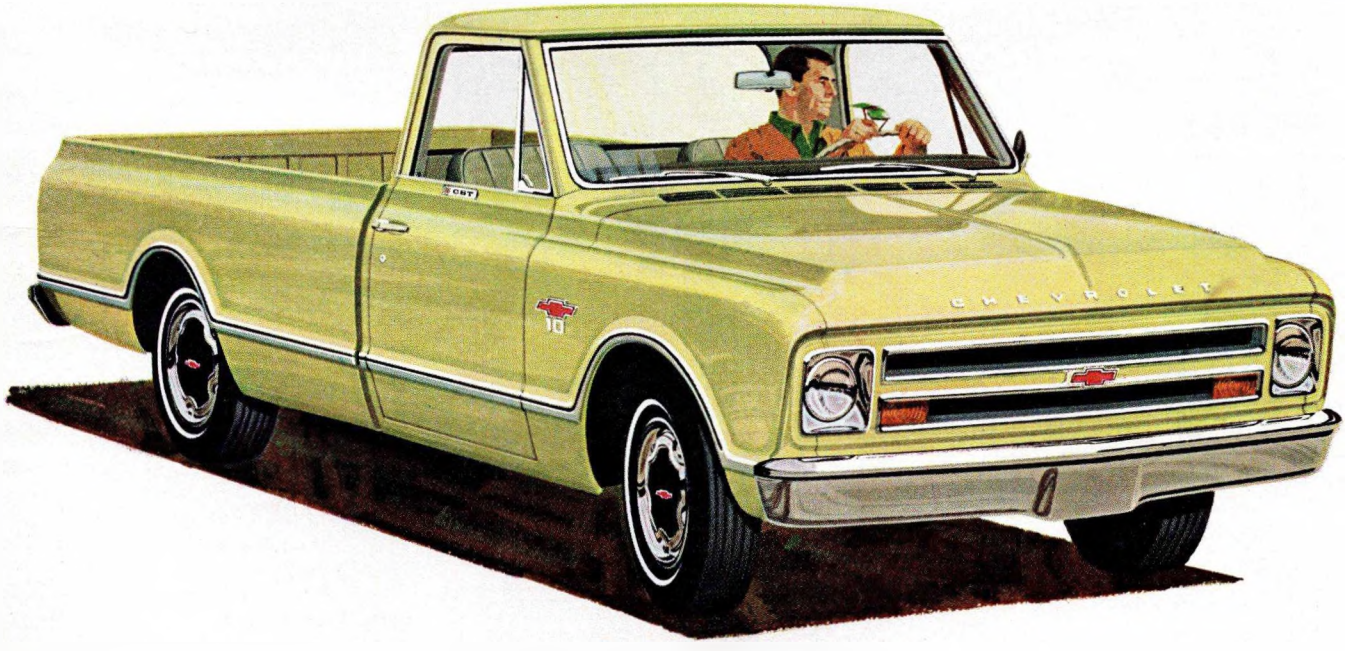
Becoming a father may mean more than the normal nine-months wait for a Moslem husband. The human female's pregnancy, according to Mohammedan law, can last two years, and sometimes even longer. This official doctrine was established, many centuries ago, by cases like that of a famous Arab saint, Sidi Nahil, who was gone from home two and a half years on his pilgrimage to Mecca, and whose wife Cheliha gave birth shortly before he returned. Allah alone knows why it is that a *raged*, "a child that sleeps in the womb," takes so long to be born. Moslem midwives and fortune-tellers have formulas for awakening a *raged*, and other formulas conversely for causing an unborn child to fall asleep for as long as the mother desires, but they do not always work. Widows and divorcées are prone to produce belated children. Such living mementos of outdated fathers have a legal claim on paternal property or support. To forestall spiteful relatives, occasionally a widow takes precautions, as reported by an observer in an Atlas mountain village recently. A Berber woman at her husband's funeral announced publicly that she was pregnant, as affirmed by three midwives. Pallbearers then lifted the bier on which her dead spouse lay; she stooped and with waistband loosened, passed beneath it. Henceforth if her "child of the bier" was a *raged*, it could take up to five years to arrive—Allah willing—and still inherit the husband's estate. *By William Stoettler, Waukegan, Ill.*

The oldest naval weapon, the ram—an underwater beak for puncturing an enemy vessel—had a curious career in modern sea warfare. Rams had worked well on ancient oar-driven galleys but not at all on sailing craft, too slow and unmaneuverable for ramming through the age of sail. In the 1860's, the ram made a comeback because steam propulsion gave ships new speed and control, and—paradoxically—because armor plating hardened them. When ironclads' cannonballs bounced harmlessly off each other, it seemed the only way left to hurt an enemy was to ram him. After some Civil War use, ramming made a big hit in an 1866 Austrian-Italian battle. The Austrian flagship, though without a ram, drove its iron bow into the Italian flagship, which sank quickly. That smashing success set a fashion in warships. Every heavy ship launched thereafter in the world's navies bore a ram. This device was not the ancient sharp spike—which might jam immovably in a pierced hull—but a rounded bump of solid metal, weighing 20 tons, designed to crush the side in. Ironically, the only damage these massive bludgeons ever accomplished was by mistake. Half a dozen harbor collisions between warships and other craft proved lethal, culminating in an 1893 accident when one parading British battleship struck another, sinking it with crew and fleet admiral. But in war, torpedoes and shells now kept fighting ships far apart, making the ram useless. It was finally discarded forever in the early 1920's. *By William Alpert, College Park, Md.*

When anything is "tripe," in American speech, it's worthless, a lot of nothing. Yet the actual food so slandered—beef stomach, or sometimes sheep's or pig's—was a favorite dish of ancient heroes. Homer sang of excellent tripe prepared for Achilles at the siege of Troy. The Greek world had *ephthopolioi*, or boiled-meat eateries, featuring tripe on the menu. William the Conqueror, who took Britain in 1066, relished tripe in Normandy apple juice. Today few present-generation Americans have ever tasted the meat; some cookbooks omit it entirely. But it has devotees elsewhere. Paris food shops do home-delivery business with a fancy dish, *tripes à la Caen*, served hot and ready-to-eat. At the other extreme, a traveler in northeast Africa recounted that when he shot an antelope, his hungry Abyssinian porters quickly extracted the stomach, shook out its contents, and cut it up to eat their tripe raw. *By L. L. Rentham, Binghampton, N. Y.*

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, N. Y. 10036

Meet the world's toughest 2-door



This brand new Chevy pickup looks so good you could call it a 2-door. (You could also call it the toughest Chevy pickup ever built!)

CHEVROLET

A BRAND NEW BREED FOR '67!

How's that for a nice looking truck?

We'll go so far as to say that it looks as good and rides as smooth as many cars. And is just about as comfortable inside.

That's a lot to say about a truck. But this is a brand new breed of Chevy pickup. It was built for hard work, certainly; but, beyond that, it provides more style, comfort and convenience than trucks have before.

For instance, the roomy interior is now color-keyed to match exterior paint. There are many new safety features. You can even get bucket seats—they're standard in the Custom Sport Truck (CST) model. You'll think you're in a car—till there's work to do. Then this Chevy turns right around and becomes the toughest of trucks with more durable cab and sheet metal construction, sturdier pickup box, and dependable Chevrolet truck power.

The result is, this truck does more for you. Works harder and plays harder when the work is done. You can see this tough good-looking 2-door at your Chevrolet dealer's, right now. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

MR. EAVESDROPPER
[*Continued from page* 55]

most famous of Manny's listening devices. After the bug is installed in the base of a given telephone, you can eavesdrop from anywhere. You dial that number and, a moment before the phone rings, blow a single specific note with a tiny harmonica which Manny provides. The harmonica sound at your end will activate the bug in the base of the telephone being called, and two things will happen: first, the telephone will *not* ring; second, you will be able to hear every word said in the room—as if the telephone were off the hook instead of being on it, and quite substantially magnified. Thus, from a booth in Newark, New Jersey, you can call a bugged telephone in Butte, Montana, and listen to everything said in its neighborhood.

In this instance, the detective wants the harmonica bug modified slightly for a particular operation. Manny questions him closely and then says he's done this modification before. He accepts a check as deposit.

Business over, Manny takes out a bottle of cognac and half-fills two large tumblers for himself and his customer. The detective says he's been hearing for years about Manny's mattress switch: it's a legend in the field. What was the real story? Manny takes a swallow of cognac, rubs his bristly white hair and begins talking. He's told the tale many times.

"This druggist from Queens comes in to my shop about 15 years ago. He says he wants me to make a special device for a radio, but he doesn't have a lot of money. I said, 'Mister, if you want *me* to build a special device for a radio, you better have a lot of money, because it's going to cost you.' But when I heard his story, I said to him, 'Not only will I make it for very little money, but I won't charge you a nickel for my labor—it will be a labor of love.'

"It seems he had a wife and a seven-year-old daughter, and recently the wife had been making out with a guy who lived down the hall. Other tenants in the apartment house had warned him what was going on. But he was a poor little druggist, he worked the shop himself, he didn't have enough money to hire private detectives. The wife and the other guy were practically right out in the open: one week they'd be in the guy's apartment, the next week they'd be in the wife's apartment. His drugstore was only a block away and twice already he'd gotten calls from a neighbor, saying, 'Quick, they just went into your place. Hurry up and you can catch them!' He'd run out of his store, leaving the door wide open, and he'd grab a friend to be a witness and he'd rush up to his apartment, but each time his wife and the guy would be sitting in the living room having a drink with all their clothes on. His wife would say, 'Now, Morris, if you want to catch people, you've just got to learn to come at the right time.' And the guy would laugh and keep drinking. For the last month, the druggist had left them alone. But he wanted a divorce, no alimony and custody of the child.

"He'd figured out a way. This was his idea: he wanted to plant some kind of switch in the mattress that would activate a secret alarm when two adults climbed into the sack. Then he could have all kinds of witnesses ready to run upstairs with him, flash photographs, everything. But he didn't know how to build the switch.

"I built it for him. I was only too glad to do it. I used a little switch attached to a spring that could be buried in the underside of the mattress. The druggist's wife weighed 120 pounds. Well, whenever any weight over 150 pounds pressed down on that spring, the switch would close and set off a transmitter which would broadcast a signal over WPAT, a station the druggist preferred because of its musical programs.

"I charged him 30 bucks for the whole deal, the actual cost of the parts. About six months later, he invited me to dinner. They'd caught the couple red-handed and he'd gotten his divorce."

The detective lifts the glass of cognac to Morris the druggist and his mattress switch. "Manny," he says, "you know what you've done to people's sex life with that switch? Any detective who's heard the story has told me that whenever he's in a strange bed, he flips the mattress over first and checks it."

Manny laughs and sees him out, commenting that he's never had a repeat order on the mattress switch. Usually, when he creates a custom gadget like this it becomes a standard model in the line.

The harmonica bug, for example. Early in 1964 Manny was visited by an advertising executive who traveled around the country servicing accounts. Recently, two of his fellow executives in the home office had organized a cabal with the object of having him dumped. Now, every day, about an hour before lunch, there was a conference of all the executives in the firm. If he could hear what they were saying, no matter where he happened to be, he could figure out what was going on and would be able to rush home in a crisis. There was a radio receiver in the conference room: could Manny adjust it to broadcast cross-country?

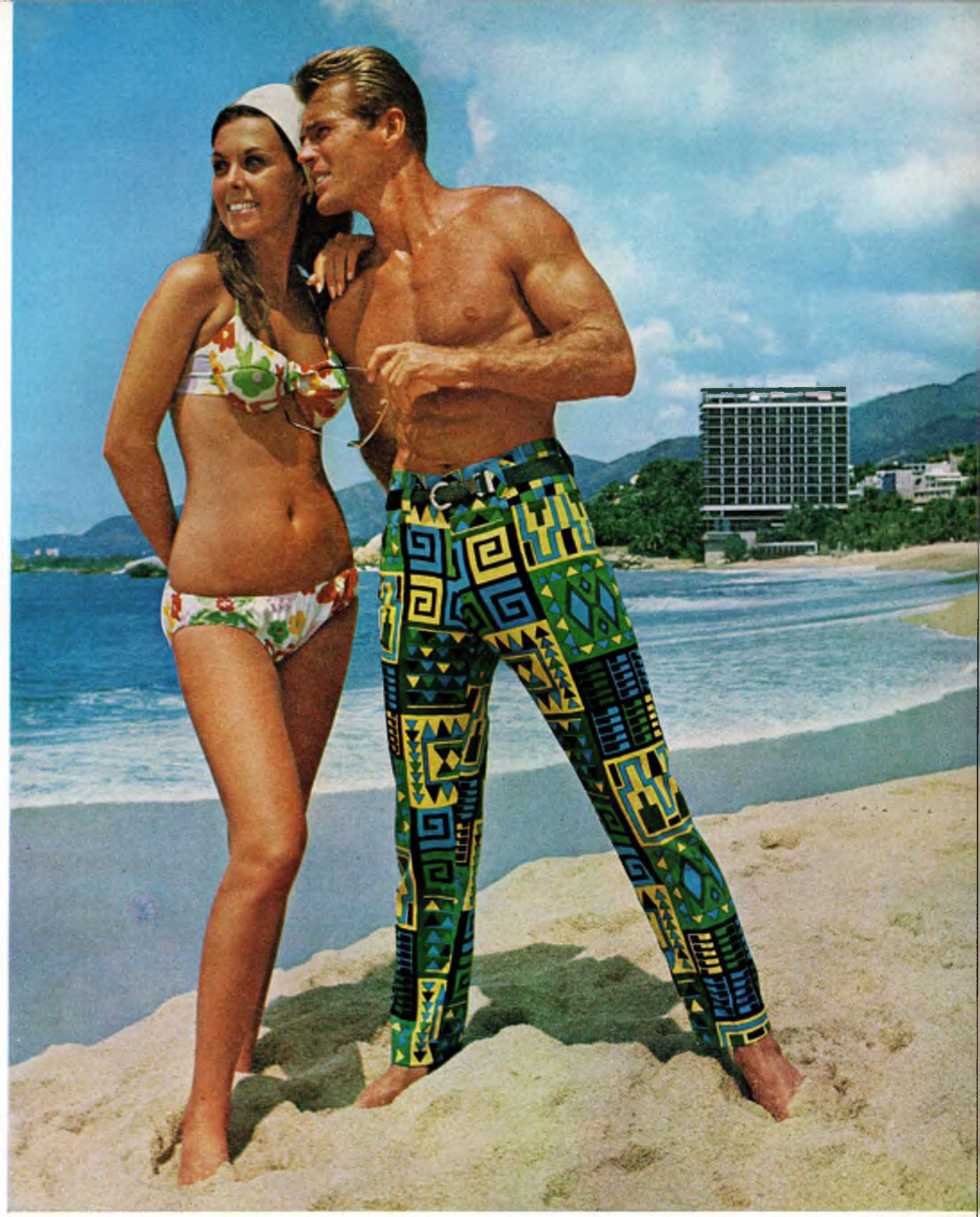
Manny assured him that it could not be done without making the radio an object of interest to far too many people. But, thinking about the equipment that was likely to be around during a conference, he remembered what he'd built for Stevie Bonaro.

Back in the middle fifties, Stevie Bonaro came to Manny with a problem about the racing service he ran. Bonaro "stole" results from various tracks, that is, he got the immediate results from tracks in states which barred entrepreneurs like himself, states where the results were supposed to be announced on sports programs well after they had been redboarded at the track. These states were trying to discourage off-track betting. Stevie Bonaro would send a boy to the track equipped with a transmitter that Manny had built: the boy would flash the information to a radio receiver in a house about a mile away; and a man, sitting near the receiver, would sing the information out on open telephone lines to Boston and Chicago where it could be made available to Stevie Bonaro's subscribers. Since such lines were invariably tapped by the police, sooner or later there would be a raid on the house and Stevie Bonaro would lose another good man.

Manny invented the prototype of the harmonica bug for him. This first model was not self-powered: it worked from the AC line and was a big, clumsy box. But it could answer a telephone automati-

[*Continued on page* 73]

"V!"

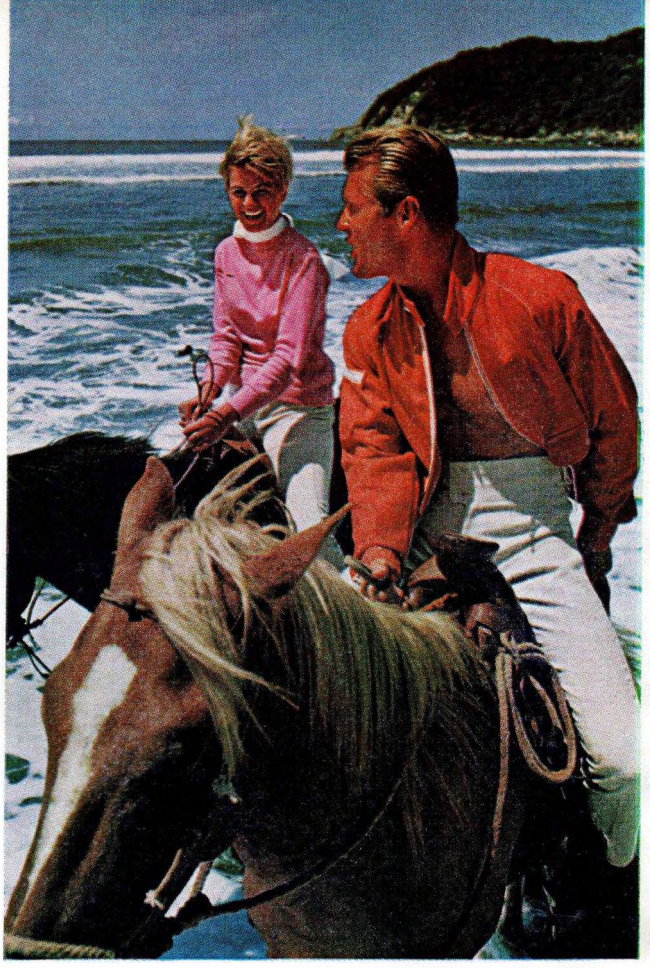


Wearing Contact Slacks by Miller, $11, an intrepid traveler establishes beachhead. In background is El Presidente Hotel.

ACAPULCO EXPOSED

To learn what's worn under the sun, take a look at a place built for fun

Terry-lined nylon boat jacket by Mighty-Mac, $45, contrasts sharply against the base of famed diving rocks at La Quebrada.



Spicy-styled casual slacks, $15, and jacket, $18.50, both by Robert Lewis, create a new look for surf riding, the Mexican way.

One of the great ironies of traveling to Acapulco is a Mexican customs regulation which permits anyone to bring in 50 hard-cover books, duty free. Who has time for weighty books in this tropical movie-type resort where it's sea, sun, sand, surf, spring and summer all year long? Located on the Pacific coast, a peso's throw from Mexico City, Acapulco has long been a place where members of the Jet Set went to rest their motors. Now it lures more than a half-million visitors from the U.S. each year, thanks mostly to low-fare jet travel. A seven-day round-trip excursion hop from Chicago, via Braniff International, for instance, is slightly over $200. Acapulco offers everything from jungle hunts to bullfights; it has endless ribbons of white beaches, the celebrated cliff divers to watch, native markets that bustle into activity in the early sunrise hours, and a nightlife that doesn't even wiggle into high gear until well past 12 p.m. The gals are bikinied, bronzed and beautiful. Dress generally is casual, on the uninhibited side. Little more than a drowsy fishing village 30 years ago, Acapulco is now considered by many to be North America's answer to the French Riviera. Millionaires abound, yet fine hotels such as the Villa Vera Racquet

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JOHN ZIMMERMAN

At posh Villa Vera, TRUE's *man of the evening hours wears a boucle dinner jacket by Raleigh, $49.50; formal shirt by Lew Magram, $14.95.*

And away he goes in a wash-and-wear "Acapulco" by Palm Beach, $55; shirt by Van Huesen. $5; and tie-handkerchief set by Mr. John, $6.50.

Club—where guests perch on submerged barstools for pool-dipped sipping—are relatively/reasonably priced. Motels as low as $3 a double are always available and many a visitor has spent a spirited night sleeping free on a beach-propped hammock.

[*Continued from page* 68]

cally—and the telephone in this case had been placed near the switched-on radio receiver.

Stevie Bonaro or one of his men would walk into a pay telephone: they'd dial the number and blow a harmonica in the right way to turn the bug on. Then they could hear everything that was coming over the radio. It was almost impossible to trace, since the men doing the telephoning would hang up frequently and keep moving from one pay station to another. Stevie Bonaro was so grateful he wanted to cut Manny in on his future profits.

"I said, 'Pay me now: don't make me a partner.' But years later, when I'd been in the business for a while and that advertising executive came to me, I remembered this. By this time, the state of the art had advanced considerably. There were now highly developed transistors, whereas in the 50's they were still very crude and couldn't be depended upon for anything. I sat down and worked out the design, and a week later I was able to give that executive a bug very similar to the one I make today. Small enough to be concealed in a phone base."

If you ask Manny how he feels about selling devices to both sides of the law, or about the use of his equipment for nefarious purposes, he counters by asking how the president of the Remington Arms Company feels about it. He's liable to hop off his stool and go rummaging in a desk drawer, returning with a copy of the hearings on electronic eavesdropping before Sen. Edward V. Long's subcommittee in February, 1965, hearings at which Manny appeared. he points out emphatically, as a friendly, voluntary witness. He will insist, despite your protests, on reading aloud the comments of the chief counsel on his harmonica bug which, along with his other gadgets, enlivened the hearings considerably:

"Mr. Mittleman, I think it would be proper for me to state at this time that there is nothing at all illegal about the manufacture or sale of this device."

And Manny will elaborate. "I'm a law-abiding businessman. If it becomes against the law to make something, I stop making it. But what people do with the things I make is none of my business."

Manny makes violent grimaces when asked if today's moral climate has anything to do with the use of bugs. "There's no such thing as today's moral climate," he says. "The moral climate has always been the same. The reason we have bugs today is that bugs can be built, not that people suddenly started wanting them out of nowhere."

This type of discussion makes him impatient. He'll bark out a swift laugh and snort, "Morality? Are you talking of the real world? Who are you kidding? Anyone who wants to talk about my morality, let him live my life. Let him see what I've seen. Then we'll have a nice talk about morality."

His life has given Manny a sense of disaster so acute that it might almost be termed an allergy. He was born in 1914, just 16 days before the German declaration of war on Russia, in a tiny Ukrainian village. His father was a university graduate who, on the outbreak of war, received a commission as medical officer with the rank of colonel in the Imperial Russian Army. But after the Bolshevik revolution, his father came home, took his uniform off and carefully buried it in a box in their backyard. For the next five years, battles were fought between reds and whites over the countryside and through the streets of the village.

One of his aunts, her husband and one of their children were killed by white guard bandits. The bodies were hacked up with swords so thoroughly that they had to be buried in a common grave. A drunken Petlyura Cossack came upon Manny in the street one day and slashed at him with his saber. The five-year-old boy ran like a fox, but the scar on his chest was two inches long and destined to last a lifetime. Another time, a child from an even more ravaged area came up to Manny's mother, his cheeks sunken, his belly distended. "*Mamushka*," he begged. "I'm starving. Please give me a little bread." When she pushed him away, Manny, very disturbed, demanded of her: "We still have some bread left. Why didn't you give him a piece?" He remembers that his mother turned on him and said harshly, "You should know why. Do you want to be him?"

"I thought about it," Manny remembers, "and all I could say was, 'No, I don't want to be him. I sure as hell don't want to be him.'" In 1923 Manny and his father arrived in New York. Soon after, Dr. Joseph Mittleman became ill and a semi-invalid. Incapable of anything remotely close to physical labor, he began floating slowly down through the insubstantial occupations of the *luftmensch*. He sold parcels of the Palestinian desert to elderly, wistful Zionists; he sold shreds and tatters of the Florida boom to poverty-stricken speculators. Most of his earnings, however, came from the street-corner peddling of stockings, handkerchiefs and shoelaces. Ragged, dirty, hungry, Manny tagged along and kept an eye on him like a movie child of W. C. Fields or the later John Barrymore, occasionally protecting him, occasionally acting as his shill.

"I have very vivid recollections," Manny says, "of sleeping on the sidewalk, using my school books as a pillow and picking myself up from the street and going to school the next morning—without breakfast, without a wash, without anything."

Separating from his father at 15, he began a series of low-paid, drudgery-filled "Boy Wanted" jobs. But he had already decided on his lifework.

Two weeks after his arrival in America, a somewhat older, much richer cousin had introduced him to radio as a kind of practical joke. "This kid would bait me every chance he got. 'Ya mockie, ya greenhorn, ya foreigner!' he'd yell at me. You'd think from his attitude he'd arrived personally on the *Mayflower*."

The cousin showed Manny a crystal set

TRUE

"He's our Air Force."

"Do what I do. At the first sign of a sniffle take a few stiff belts."

and told him it was a new kind of telephone. He invited him to make a call on it. But Manny noticed a wire going from the set to an open window and up to the roof. He followed the wire across the roof and "found that it was twisted around a piece of glass and went no further."

Manny was utterly fascinated. He pestered everyone he knew until they had explained the function of an antenna to him. Radio became the most important thing in his life, more important than food. Any lunch money he received went to buy tools. He heard of a factory that got rid of defective parts in a Canarsie garbage dump. He went out to the dump once a week and would frequently salvage something he could use.

At 13, he discovered Cortlandt Street, a neighborhood in which he has happily spent most of his life. In 1927 the dealers attracted the customers' attention by playing radios at full volume in front of their stores: Manny wallowed in the bedlam. Merchants, standing by their bins full of electronic odds and ends, recognized the undersized, always-excited boy as one of the district's characters: he was a parts moocher, an undercost haggler, a traffic obstacle in the larger stores where he haunted the magazine racks and read each month's technical periodicals from cover to cover without ever buying a single issue. They would drive him out, but Manny says, "I didn't insult easy in those times." He would come back and they grew to tolerate him, eventually answering his persistent questions on radio theory and helping him to find work in the field.

By 1931, however, the Depression had congealed cold and hard. There were no jobs for a boy like Manny. The 17-year-old, along with 200,000 other kids, began wandering across the country.

"Don't ask me how I ate: I can't remember. I know I didn't beg, this I know, and I never went to any organized charities. I'd steal from fruit trees along the way. I'd steal milk from the hallways of apartment houses early in the morning, I'd steal the bottle and slug the milk down fast. Every now and then I'd get a lift and whoever picked me up would see me and realize that I was starving—they'd take me into a diner and buy me a meal."

Manny had used those two desperate years to complete his apprenticeship. He read advanced textbooks on radio and electricity in libraries throughout the United States. He did hundreds of radio repairs for the price, literally, of coffee and a couple of doughnuts. And a few months after he had returned to Brooklyn, he talked a small company into hiring him as its chief designer of shortwave radio kits for amateurs.

He left this company after a few years and went into business for himself without much success. At the age of 23, he found himself flat broke, with no job in sight and with a wife and baby to support.

"I took a toolbox," Manny recalls, "and I went from dealer to dealer on Cortlandt Street. I was repairing their radios for 50 cents apiece, the going rate. Really tough jobs brought 75 cents, but they were unusual and the 75-centers would take about three times as long as the 50-centers, so there wasn't any big deal. On good days, I made a living."

Manny's life changed in 1938. Two men sought him out on Cortlandt Street. Thay had been referred to him by "a higher-echelon repairman—he actually had a place of business."

"Listen, kid," one of the men said. "We want something that will put a whistle on a radio. Can you make it?"

"Sure, 20 bucks," Manny said. They gave him $10 on account and he built something that would produce a continuous whistle in any radio. Three days later, the men returned, picked up the rig and gave him another $10.

But the next day they were back. They found Manny in the back of a store where he was repairing a radio. "This thing won't work, kid. It's no good."

Manny says, "Now at this point I was going to put up a death battle for my 20 bucks. I tuned the radio I was fixing to a station, I put the device I had made on a bench and turned it on. Sure enough, the radio whistled to beat all hell. But I could see they still weren't happy. They kept looking at each other and talking about a radio three blocks away. I'd figured they wanted to put the kibosh on a neighbor who was playing his radio too loud. But three brocks away—I said, 'Tell me what you want and maybe I can make it. But *tell* me.' They looked at each other and asked me to step outside into the street."

"Kid," the older man said, "I'm going to level with you. Three blocks away there's a bookmaker and he keeps his radio playing on one station all day long. He gets his results on that station. We can get the results before the station gives them out. If we can put a whistle on that radio, we can get the winner before he does and be betting on a sure thing."

Manny saw it. He said: "Why the hell didn't you say so in the first place? I'll make you a thing that'll go not three blocks, but six blocks. But not for 20 bucks. A thing like that has got to cost a hundred and fifty."

The price was one Manny had made up on the spot: it was exactly five times more than he'd ever gotten for building anything. But the two men didn't wince. They said they'd be back at the end of the week, and that if he had what they wanted they'd pay $150.

These men, of course, were pastposters, a breed whom the bookies fear as the cobra fears the mongoose. The essence of pastposting is to have the race results before the bookmaker who's taking one's bets. When a pastposter is sure that he has a source of information that is early enough and accurate, he patronizes a specific bookmaker and accustoms him to taking very late bets, most of which lose.

Until at last he bets heavily on a horse at extremely long odds which he knows has already won the race.

Variations of this procedure have been as plentiful as pastposters; but Manny's whistler was the very first application of electronics to the art.

"Sure enough," Manny says, "they did make a score. The older man came out of the horse room with a big smile on his face and he said to me, 'Here, kiddo, this is for you.' And he paid me, throwing in a big 50-dollar bill as a tip."

Through these men Manny met other pastposters, including Mount Vernon Pete, Big Jake and Joey Newspaper, the recognized masters of the profession. They also ordered whistlers and were impressed by Manny's capacity to build in whatever modifications they required. Manny's fame spread among thieves throughout the length and breadth of the United States. Here was a man, the word went, who could put together almost any kind of radio or electrical device that a thief could dream up—custom-built swindling apparatus.

At first Manny built pastposting machines on the kitchen table of his slum apartment in Brooklyn. But at the age of 29, he was able to open his first bank account and rent his first real office.

"I've made stuff for thieves," Manny points out, "but I've never dealt with crooks. A crook is a general no-goodnik; he's out to beat everybody. A thief confines his larceny to a given professional area, a narrow field like robbing bookmakers or cheating at cards. Outside of that area, you can generally trust him."

The war forced Manny to take time out with a job in the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. He was hired originally as an electronics technician, and was moved up fast, his lack of education notwithstanding, to the designing of radar circuits. But Manny has never liked working under supervision. He was unhappy in the job and left as soon as he could.

Again the world of pastposting beat a path to his door. The whistler was no longer usable by this time: a bookmaker would turn purple at the faintest crackle of static on his radio. So Manny developed a bookmaker's dozen of new and undetectable communication devices, chief among them being the shocker.

For bookmakers whose racing service had provided them with tickers, Manny devised the very special goody of the ticker-delay machine. The name describes its function. Attached to an external telegraph line serving the ticker, a ticker-delay machine could hold up the reception of race results for a minute and a half. Since it also made them immediately available to the man operating the device, the combination of a ticker-delay machine outside and a tiny shocker inside the horse room smashed bookies flat nationwide.

The shocker alone among Manny's pastposting devices has survived into the present. It is frequently used, for example, by a pair of card sharks to whipsaw a high-stakes poker game: the man holding the poorer hand doing the heavy, early betting when his partner has silently informed him of being dealt an unquestionable winner. And a couple of private detectives might take a shocker along on a surveillance job where they have to keep in touch with each other at a distance and are unable to use any device involving sound.

By the late 50's, Manny was doing a lot of business with private detectives.

"I like private dicks," Manny will say, shaking his head emphatically. "They're professional in their approach to my equipment: they know what to appreciate and they practically never give me a hard time. I like private detectives the way I like the better class of thieves. And, you know, the two types have a lot in common. They're both full of basic mother-wit; they both have an alert sort of grifter's sense. You have to respect them."

Private detectives would bring him their electronics problems; and, sipping his cognac thoughtfully, Manny would study and study, experiment and experiment. His first venture, the room bug, which contains a minute but extremely sensitive microphone and functions as a powerful little radio transmitter, was an enormous success. Shortly after this, he was retained as consultant by a large firm which was working on a telephone-answering device for small offices. When his time was his own again, he had become entranced by the variations he

could play on Alexander Graham Bell's theme.

His telephone bug, he claims, "is my conception from start to finish." This bug, called the "freeloader" or the "parasite" by many detectives, is attached to the phone line anywhere along its length: it picks up and broadcasts, in a six-block radius, all conversations thereafter held on the line.

While not the most glamorous, the telephone bug is the best seller among Manny's devices year after year. According to Manny, this is because the most useful information in surveillance work is derived from telephones. "When they get on that thing, for some reason or other, people lose all sense. They let themselves go: they talk away and they talk away about the things which really matter—something they wouldn't do in an ordinary room conversation. I think it's because most people feel they're only talking to themselves."

The telephone bug is about the size of a small European matchbox. Clipped to the telephone line above a door frame or attached somewhere out in the hall, it is hardly ever noticed. And the bug needs no battery; it draws its power from the telephone line itself—hence the nickname "parasite."

Manny got his own nickname out of that invention. The first detective who bought it, spread the word about "the Bugmaster's new baby" and the profession generally took it up. But it was a thief who put the telephone bug to its most original use.

Having discovered by accident that a man he knew belonged to a "hot horse office"—a group formed for the purpose of rigging races by such methods as doping horses or bribing jockeys—he bought a bug and an FM receiver from Manny and tuned in on the man's telephone. When the ring, having managed to rig a race, finally brought off its coup, the thief was in on it as an undeclared partner, one who had run no risks and made no investments.

Nor was this all. The thief was not interested in an occasional score: he was out to make a regular living. He has followed his man from racetrack to racetrack, from coast to coast and from one hastily organized hot-horse office to another, bugging him to find out which races are rigged and profiting enormously from the information.

He now uses several bugs to protect the source of his livelihood. Let the hot-horse man get involved with a woman who's giving him a hard time, who interferes with his concentration: the thief will hire private detectives to find out what is going on and musclemen to straighten it out. Let him discover that one of the present colleagues of his hot horse man is a police spy or a crook busy with his own plans: he will tenderly pass on the news with an anonymous message. The hot-horse man has been living a charmed life for the past three years. He should be, he has a guardian angel.

Manny guffaws reverberatingly when he tells a bugging story like this. He has been bugged a couple of times himself. About a year ago, he discovered a long wire going out of his shop. He followed it down the hall and into another office where it ended in the headphones of a highly embarrassed young man. Manny introduced himself and proceeded to berate the young man soundly for using such old-fashioned and awkward devices. Then he invited the young man into his shop, demonstrated his equipment and happily sold him a modern, radio-operated bug. "Nobody's going to follow *that* to you," he told him.

And, subsequently, he received a visit from the young man's chief—Manny positively refuses to identify the organization in any way—and sold the man a complete line of his stuff, one or more of every one of his models. "You have to take customers where you find them," he muses.

He was also bugged 11 years ago, in the only attempt ever made to pin legal responsibility on him for the use to which his devices are put. He was arrested, but the case was thrown out of court.

"You want to know how I felt about being bugged?" he asks. "I resented it bitterly. I still do. But only because it was the police, an arm of the government. When an individual does it, it's wrong. it's right, it's good, it's bad. You can argue. But when the government does it, there's just one thing that you can call it: 1984. That, I'm against. That, I'll fight.

"This is the reason I was so willing to testify before Senator Long's committee. The official title of the hearings was 'Invasion of Privacy by Government Agencies.' I don't believe the government has the right to listen in on the doing of private citizens. Conversely, I believe that private citizens do have the right to listen in on whoever they damn please, whenever they can get away with it.

"Now me, I wouldn't give you five cents for any of my equipment: I have no application, there's nothing about the private life of my fellowman that I want to find out. But if I had a partner who was robbing me or a wife I suspected of being unfaithful, believe me, I'd use everything I could to preserve myself. I sell to worried partners, I sell to suspicious husbands, I sell to the law and I sell to thieves, I sell to anyone who'll pay me. barring only spies against the U.S. or bandits who'll go out there with guns. But I've even sold one or two bugs to what you might call voyeurs, people who just want to listen with no particular object in mind. So what? Even neurotics have rights—their neurosis is *their* business."

If you ask Manny what is the best insurance against being bugged, he snaps back the answer: "Behave yourself! That's all there is. Don't give anyone a reason to bug you." He thinks for a while, before going on. "But it could be that you're dealing with business secrets that are worth money. Then you can behave yourself all you please and it won't do you any good. So there's only one thing to do. You know what?" He chuckles and rubs his great, calloused hands together. "Hold every important conference in the middle of the beach with all parties concerned completely naked. But first—rake the sand!"

—William Tenn

"Golly, I never knew you could be married by a desk clerk."

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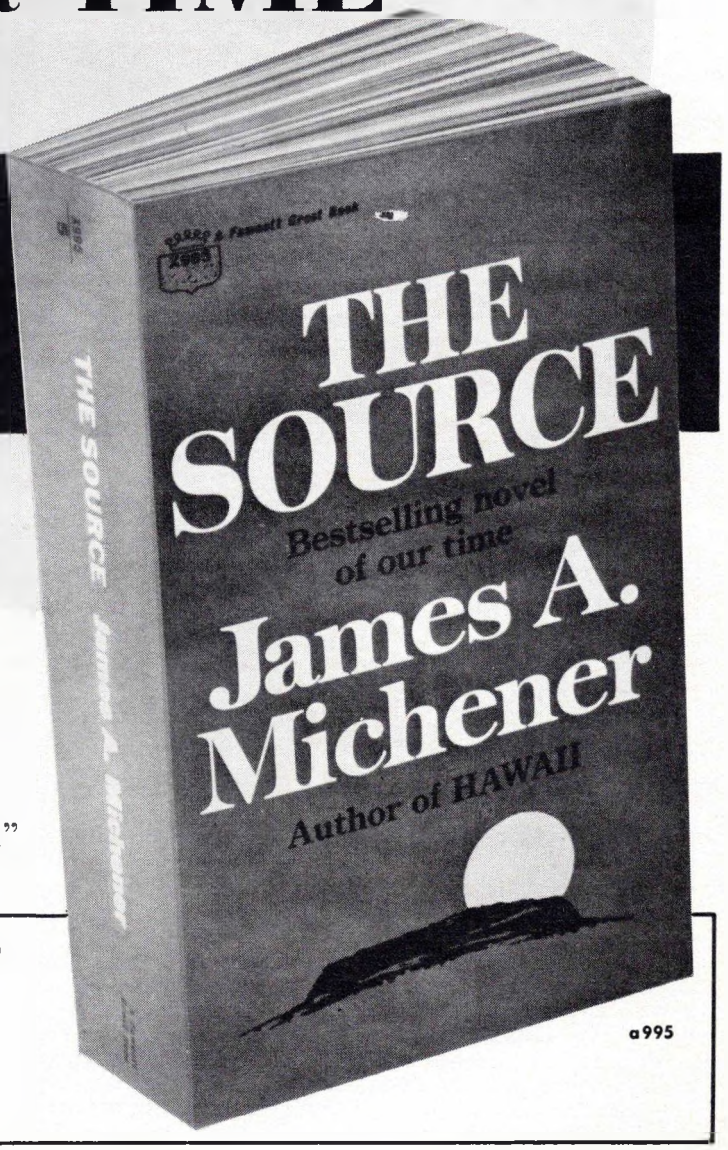

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NEVER MIND THE SAUCER! DID YOU SEE THE GUYS WHO WERE DRIVING?

[*Continued from page 37*]

Halfway along the fuselage there was a porthole about two feet in diameter. It was divided into four equal sections and there was a small door below it, measuring about 4½ feet high and 2½ feet wide. This door was open and white light was pouring from it. Directly outside the object, a human-looking man was examining the underside of the craft with some kind of flashlight. As Laxton climbed out of his car, this creature turned, climbed up a metal ladder and entered the door. "I'm sure it was aluminum," Laxton said later.

He described the mysterious "pilot" as weighing about 180 pounds and being five feet nine inches tall with a light complexion. He was wearing what looked like a mechanic's cap with the bill turned up. "I got the impression he was about 30 to 35 years old," Laxton said. "He wore either coveralls or a two-piece suit that looked like green-colored fatigues. I got the idea that he had three stripes above and three below on his sleeve. The above stripes were in an arch and the below stripes were in a wide V shape."

A few seconds after the door closed, Laxton says, "The craft started up . . . it sounded like a high-speed drill. It lifted off the ground about 50 feet high and headed toward the Red River. In about five seconds it was a mile away." When the machine took off, Laxton reported, "the hair on the back of my hands and neck stood up."

Admittedly excited by what he had seen, Laxton got back into his car and drove about a mile when he came upon a huge tank truck parked beside the road. The driver, C. W. Anderson of Snyder, Oklahoma, said that he had seen something following him in his mirror and that he had also watched it fly away toward Red River. After the two men's stories appeared in local papers, other truck drivers came forward with reports of having seen similar objects along Highway 70 earlier in the year.

Laxton was later interviewed by scientists from Northwestern University, the Institute of Atmospheric Physics and the U.S. Air Force.

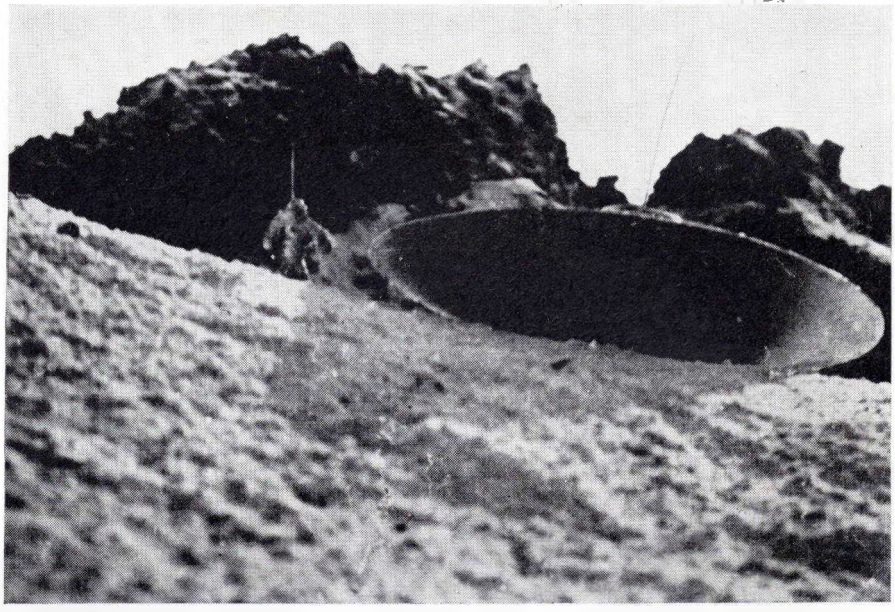
"I was interviewed by 25 or 30 persons," Laxton says. "There were generals, majors, captains, sergeants, secretaries and stenographers. They had me make drawings of the object and tell everything I knew about it. It was all one-sided. They asked, I answered."

Soon after he had filed his initial report, a group of army vehicles picked him up at his office. "A colonel, his driver and a detail of men drove me to the landing area," Laxton reports. "We were there about 30 or 35 minutes. While I answered more questions, the men searched the area. I got the impression they knew what they were doing."

"We'll put down that you saw a helicopter," he says one of the officers finally told him.

Laxton's report of a human-type UFO pilot in coveralls did not come as any great shock to followers of UFO news. In recent years, there have been many UFO reports involving human-type and human-sized pilots.

These unidentified tourists seem to have a limited wardrobe. They wear either coveralls or some type of space suit, topped off with visored helmets or transparent "goldfish bowls." In a few instances, as when one of them appeared near Adelaide, Australia, on October 28, 1962, they have been seen wearing a "gas mask" type of headgear. In that case the witness, a high-school teacher named Mrs. Ellen D. Sylvester, told of seeing an illuminated oval object resting on three legs near a highway. Mrs. Sylvester said she saw a six-foot-tall being "in some kind of uniform" with its face covered by "a form of breathing apparatus." It was apparently inspecting the tripod landing gear of the craft. She watched as it got back into the machine and took off in a northerly direction.



This photo, which seems to show a flying saucer and a spaceman, was taken in 1952 by an Italian engineer. Critics call it only a clever tabletop hoax.

On one occasion at least, it appears that a UFO pilot may have been photographed. On July 31, 1952, a 30-year-old Italian engineer, Gianpietro Monguzzi, and his wife were mountain climbing in northern Italy. They were struggling up the Cherchen Glacier in the Bernina Mountains.

"It was about 9:30 a.m.," Monguzzi explained shortly after the incident, "when we saw this circular machine with a transparent dome on top swoop low and land 75 or 100 feet away from where we were standing. I wanted to move closer to it, but my wife became frightened and begged me to stay with her."

Lying in the snow, Monguzzi says he unlimbered the camera he was carrying, a Kodak Retina I. It was loaded with fast black-and-white film and was equipped with a Schneider f.3.5. lens. He set it at infinity, f.8, 1/500 of a second. (With this type of camera at this setting everything closer than 25 feet would be out of focus.) After snapping a picture of the object, he and his wife were astonished to see a normal-sized being walk around from behind it and inspect its underside with a long flashlight with a glowing sphere on the end of it. This being was dressed in a space suit, wearing a helmet, a pack of some sort on its back and heavy, possibly weighted shoes.

Monguzzi excitedly snapped away, he reports, taking a series of pictures as the creature stiffly walked around the craft and bent over to look under it. An antenna had unreeled above the object after it landed and it looked as if the space-suited being was also wearing an antenna. The two witnesses could not see any form of landing gear. The object had settled directly onto the snow, its convex body leaving a circle on the spot. After completing its inspection, the creature disappeared behind the thing again and it lifted noiselessly into the air and flew away. Monguzzi even took a picture of its departure.

He was certain that he had taken the most astounding pictures of the century. And perhaps he had. But when they were developed, they looked *too* good to be true. A Hollywood special effects studio could not have done a better job with the latest in table-top photography techniques. The lighting was perfect. Too perfect. The bright mountain sun bouncing off the shimmering snow and ice produced a high contrast. The object was clear and distinct, and the creature was well outlined and appeared as a human-sized being might appear at that distance (75 feet) under those circumstances. At long last, the world had "proof" that flying saucers existed and that some kind of "human" life was riding around in them. Or so Monguzzi thought.

As soon as the existence of the pictures became known, and the young Italian didn't make much of an effort to keep them secret, he was inundated with

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Try him. He might give you a much better buy on a Something Else than a Something Else Dealer.

Look for this sticker and you won't get stuck.

reporters and, he claims, "an American secret agent" turned up at his cottage disguised as an Italian *bersagliero* (military ski trooper) and questioned him closely through an entire night, trying to get him to contradict his story. Later he sold the pictures to the Roman magazine *EPOCA* and was horrified when they were published with a caption identifying them as clever fakes. The conservative Italian Edison Society, of which he was a member, was also horrified. They booted him out unceremoniously. Regrettably, the director of the Society was also Monguzzi's boss at the Monza industrial plant near Milan. He fired the now disgraced photographer. Today Monguzzi prefers not to discuss the incident. "They cheated me," he told one UFO investigator. "This bad joke of the journalists made me lose my job as well as my membership in the Edison Society. I was in fact out of work for a year and a half."

Not all of the millions of people throughout the world who have reported seeing UFO's have lost their jobs, not even the hundreds who claim to have seen "pilots" or "ufonauts." A Gallup poll, taken in the spring of 1966, came up with the surprising information that five million Americans have observed flying saucers, or think they have.

A French student of UFO's, Aime Michel, recorded and investigated over 100 sightings of ufonauts in 1954 alone. Jacques Vallee, an astronomer at Northwestern University and author of the best-selling *Anatomy of a Phenomenon,* published a study three years ago in which he tabulated 80 specific sightings between 1909 and 1960. A total of 153 "beings" were observed around grounded UFO's in these sightings. Of these, 35 were described as normal-looking humans and several were seen wearing coverall-type garments similar to those reported by Eddie Laxton.

Other investigators have made similar tabulations, all of which tend to show that real or imagined contact with "space beings" is much more common than most of us realize. And it seems reasonable to believe that more cases occur than are actually reported. Many people, for obvious reasons, are reluctant to walk into their local police station or newspaper office and announce, "Hey, I just had a talk with a little three-foot man who got out of a flying saucer." Many witnesses who do make reports insist that their names not be used.

Since 1947, there has been a small but very vocal group of crackpots and publicity seekers who claim to be in almost constant touch with the "Brothers from Outer Space." These people have founded mystical cults and published absurd books expounding sophomoric philosophies (supposedly passed on to them by the flying saucer operators), bringing ridicule to what is already, in the eyes of many skeptics, a pretty ridiculous subject anyway. The odious reputation of these groups makes many an apparently sincere "contactee" reluctant to step forward with his story and thus inadvertently join their ranks.

But a few courag ous souls have taken the plunge. Consider the alleged experience of a prominent Brazilian lawyer, Prof. Joao de Freitas Guimaraes, a sober middle-aged military advocate in Sao Sebastiao. He says that he went joyriding in a flying saucer on a cool evening in June, 1956. For a long time afterward he kept his experience to himself, sharing it with only a few friends. On a dull, overcast evening, he recalls, he was walking alone along a beach on an island off the coast of Brazil, when he saw a jet of water rise up. A "potbellied" machine surfaced and moved towards shore. To his astonishment, two men, both over five feet 10 with fair hair and wearing tight green coveralls, clambered out. They approached him directly and silently indicated that they would like him to step aboard. He spoke to them in French, English, Italian and Portuguese, but they didn't seem to understand any of these languages. Since they didn't seem hostile, and since he was overcome with curiosity, he accepted their unspoken invitation, climbed up a long ladder mounted outside the craft and, with the help of the two men, stepped inside.

The ladder was retracted and the door eased shut. The professor remained in a small compartment next to a window. He could not say later how many compartments there were in the craft. As the machine lifted into the air he was surprised to see water splashing against the portholes. "Is it raining?" he asked.

For the next 40 minutes or so (he says his watch stopped during the flight) the flying object flitted about in the starlit upper atmosphere. During the trip he noted that he felt pain and cold in his extremities. He tried to ask the men where they were from but they did not answer. One of them showed him a chart, something like a Zodiac, and he had the feeling that they were trying to explain when they would return, and that they wanted him to meet them again. Finally they delivered him to the spot where they had picked him up and six months later he told the story to a friend, Dr. Lincoln Feliciano, who contacted a Brazilian journalist. Professor Guimaraes quickly became a celebrity of sorts in Brazil and was, he confessed, amazed by the grave respect his story was accorded.

A more recent contactee is a California TV repairman named Sidney Padrick. Padrick, who is 46 years old, was strolling along Manresa Beach, California, at 2 a.m. on the morning of January 30, 1965, when he says he heard a loud humming sound and saw a strange machine land nearby. It was, he said, about 50 feet long and 30 feet high. He has refused to describe it further, claiming that an Air Force major has instructed him not to discuss the details of his experience. In early newspaper accounts of the incident he said that a voice spoke to him from the craft and invited him aboard, assuring him that he would not be harmed. He says he entered through a square door and saw nine normal-looking men inside. One of them spoke to him in English. They all wore bluish-white tight-fitting uniforms and had dark hair. He noted that they seemed to communicate to each other silently, through

". . . Gemini capsule to Gemini control . . . put the chaplin on!"

gestures and facial expressions. Although he insists that he spent two hours aboard the machine, Padrick has not divulged much of what he saw or was told.

A gifted linguist who once served as the British Consul in Brazil, Mr. Gordon Creighton, has been quietly compiling documentation on the many incidents in South America and the Soviet Union. He has turned up some astounding accounts. On the night of June 5, 1964, for example, a 42-year-old doctor and his wife (they asked to remain anonymous, as many witnesses do) were driving from Cordoba to Rio Ceballos, Argentina, when suddenly, they say, a huge, brilliantly-lighted object came out of the sky and landed directly in front of them on the highway.

"I flashed my lights," the doctor said, "as a signal for the other to dip his, for the light was so powerful that it was impossible to see the road at all." But the light remained undimmed and continued to approach. The doctor pulled off the road and his engine stalled. The object came up to within one yard of his car and halted there, the bright light slowly fading to violet. Now the two alarmed witnesses could see that it was an elongated, cigar-shaped object. They sat motionless in confusion for 20 minutes. There was no movement in the object and it blocked their path. Finally the doctor tried to start his car again but it wouldn't respond. He was carrying a revolver and he at last decided to get out and investigate. But just as he was about to open the door he saw somebody, a very human somebody, coming up to the car.

"Que le pasa, amigo?" ("What's the matter, friend?") the person asked in a soft voice.

"My car won't start," the doctor answered in Portuguese, taken aback.

"Why don't you try it again?" the man directed. The doctor turned the key and this time, to his surprise, the motor caught. Then he turned on his headlights and they spilled onto a "fantastic object," a metal craft unlike anything he had ever seen before.

"Don't be frightened," the mystery man continued. "I'm a terrestrial. I have a mission to complete here on earth." Then he walked off slowly, towards two other human-looking beings, both dressed entirely in gray, who were apparently waiting for him beside the machine. All three got into it and it took off quickly and disappeared into the night sky. The doctor and his wife reported that they began "to tremble and shake like leaves" and it was several minutes before they could pull themselves together and continue their journey.

Another, even more incredible incident, is supposed to have occurred at almost the same spot seven years earlier. The witness, a young man from Cordoba, Argentina, swears that he was taken aboard a UFO there in April, 1957. He claims that he was headed toward Rio Ceballos on his motorcycle early one morning when his engine suddenly stalled. As he dismounted to look for the trouble, he was stunned to see a gigantic disk-shaped object some 60 feet in diameter hovering directly above him. In a state of terror, he leaped into a

"But I'm an unmarked police car too!"

ditch and tried vainly to hide himself as the mysterious craft landed on the road nearby. A "lift device" descended from the machine and a humanlike being appeared. The young man described this being as five feet eight inches tall, wearing "clothing like a diver's suit, fitting the body closely, and appearing to be made of plastic rather than cloth." This being walked over to the ditch where the youth was cowering and gently offered his hand, helping the Cordoban up and leading him to the craft. They entered the lift and rose into the saucer. Several other ufonauts were inside the machine, he said, seated before a series of intricate-looking control panels. None of them paid any attention to their visitor. He was surprised to notice a series of large square windows above the panels because no windows had been visible at all from the outside. After a few minutes, his silent guide gestured towards the lift and took him back to the ground. The young man mentioned hearing a sound like the hissing of escaping air during this entire time. The ufonaut put his hand on the youth's shoulder in a gesture of farewell, then returned to the craft. The witness reported that his motorcycle would not start until the strange flying machine had risen into the air.

Not all ufonaut reports concern human-type beings. Some of them are described as "little men." When police officer Lonnie Zamora reported seeing an egg-shaped UFO standing on four legs in Socorro, New Mexico, on April 24, 1964, he said that he had also seen "two children or small adults in white coveralls" walking around it. They leaped into the craft and flew off with a roar in front of his disbelieving eyes. Astronomer J. Allen Hynek, an official UFO consultant to the Air Force, investigated this case and termed it "one of the most puzzling" without attempting to explain it.

In 1949 two prospectors in Death Valley, California, told reporters that they had seen a flying disk crash. They claimed they had chased two tiny pilots across the sand dunes until they disappeared. When the prospectors returned to the crash site, the craft had also disappeared.

Radio announcer James Townsend of station KEYL, in Long Prairie, Minnesota, claimed that he saw three "animated tin cans" six inches high around a rocket-shaped device in the center of Highway 27 on October 23, 1965. Townsend says he watched the object take off with a bright glow and a loud humming sound. He led the local police to the site and they observed a large, glowing sphere in the sky over the area.

"Little men" have perhaps gotten more publicity than any other type but there are other varieties of ufonauts as well. One of the most common is a stiff-walking character with a "melon-shaped" head. A recent adventure with this type of being was related by Ricardo Mieres, a 17-year-old Argentinian. Mieres insists that he encountered some kind of "robot" while motorcycling down a road outside of Parana at 8:30 p.m. on July 26, 1962. He nearly ran off the road, he told investigators later, when he came upon a tall creature with a melon-shaped head and large round eyes that stared at him fixedly. The creature grabbed the boy's scarf and turned abruptly away in a manner Mieres described as "scarcely human." Badly frightened, the boy sped back to the city and gathered some friends. They returned to the spot in time to see a large white light rise into the sky. The area was covered with strange footprints and deep tracks.

It would, of course, be easy to discount the excited testimony of a 17-year-old boy, but less than a month later a medical doctor and his wife came face-to-face with the same kind of beings in the same locale. Dr. and Mrs. J. Gazcue were driving near Parana on August 21, 1962, when they discovered a large circular object surrounded by a luminous halo parked beside the road. Two "strange persons" walked towards the road, Doctor Gazcue said, and made signals for him to stop. They were over six feet tall and had light hair and huge, widely separated eyes. The doctor ignored their signals and stepped on the gas. Local newspapers reported that Mrs. Gazcue suffered a "nervous attack" over the incident and required several days to recover.

A retired longshoreman, John F. Reeves, 66, of Brooksville, Florida, swears he met this kind of being on the afternoon of March 2, 1965. He says that he was taking a long, solitary walk, as was his habit, when, about 1:30 p.m., out on the dunes a mile-and-a-half from his home he saw a circular craft standing on four legs in the sand. Later he described it as being about 30 feet in diameter and eight feet thick. There was a small dome on top and the whole thing was a reddish-purple color, "like a soap bubble," glistening in the sun. Curious, he started to walk toward it when he was stunned to see a "space-suited being" step out of the bushes and turn stiffly toward him in a slow, mechanical manner. The creature was, he told reporters later, about five feet tall and appeared to be wearing a tight, grayish-silver garment with a transparent globe over its head. Its face, he noted, appeared normal except that the eyes were unusually large and set wide apart and its chin seemed to come to a point. It was wearing mittens of some pliable material.

As he stood paralyzed with fear, he saw the creature reach to its side and produce a small black box which it raised to its face. There was a blinding flash, "like lightning in the night," Reeves said. He turned and started to run but stumbled and fell, knocking his glasses off in the process. A second flash of light went off behind him and when he looked up he saw the creature mounting a ladder on the craft. The ladder retracted and the machine lifted with a high-pitched whine, shooting off at high speed. Holes were found in the sand where the object's legs had supposedly stood, and there were several odd dumbbell-shaped footprints in the area. Reeves also found two pieces of thin paper, "like Kleenex" containing some strange hieroglyphics, which he turned over to Air Force investigators. The Air Force later classified the incident as a hoax, even though Reeves was given a series of lie detector tests and passed them all.

Many other witnesses have reported the robotlike beings with melon-shaped heads and large widely-spaced eyes. On August 3, 1966, at 5:30 in the morning, a 50-year-old woman in Erie, Pennsylvania, was awakened by the sound of barking dogs. She looked out of her bedroom window, she says, and saw a very strange being. It was walking up the street away from the United Oil Storage tanks on West 3rd Street. She describes it as about five feet six inches tall, with very broad shoulders and a slender build. It was dressed in a bright yellow garment with no visible pockets or seams. Its head was large, "moon-shaped," and seemed to be covered with "straggly muddy-colored hair."

"He moved," she said, "like a mechanical windup toy. The legs did not bend at the knees and it held its arms tight against its sides." Whatever it was, it frightened her enough so that she woke up her husband and they decided to call the police. The police just laughed. But a few days later, another woman in the same area reported seeing an identical creature. She was driving down the street in the early morning when the being stepped into her path. She stopped her car and a thing "pounded on the hood."

Then it shuffled stiffly off into the darkness.

There have also been reports of small, black monsters. A luminous sphere blocked a street in Caracas, Venezuela, early on the morning of November 28, 1954, forcing two truck drivers to stop. When they got out of their cab to take a look, they were attacked by three dwarfs covered with bristly hair. One of the drivers, Gustavo Gonzales, pulled a knife and tried to stab one of the creatures. He later reported that his knife glanced off "as if it were hitting steel." The truck drivers managed to escape. A local doctor, out on a late call, witnessed the whole episode and confirmed their story.

At 4 a.m. on the morning of August 16, 1955, another truck driver, Ernest Sudard, 35, encountered a UFO on a street in Bradford, England, and briefly glimpsed a small being, about four feet tall, wearing skintight black clothes with a silver disk on his chest. This one moved with a peculiar, jerky motion, holding its arms tightly against its sides.

The strangest being of all is probably the one sighted in Malvern, Arkansas, last summer. Fabar Mills, a local merchant who saw it, called it an "unidentified walking object." He described the creature as being luminous, about eight feet tall, and changing in color from red to orange to yellow.

Unfortunately, each new ufonaut sighting only adds to the mystery, a mystery that the U.S. government has now assigned scientists at the University of Colorado to solve. Any immediate solution, however, seems improbable. The origins and motivations of these creatures, if they are real, can only be speculated about. But millions of people throughout the world are now convinced that something is going on, that there is "somebody out there." More and more respected scientists, too, are beginning to take the matter seriously as they delve into the question of life on other worlds.

In the spring of 1966, some 300 physicists, astronomers and exobiologists met in California to discuss the possibility of extraterrestrial life. At that meeting, Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, president of the California Institute of Technology, said, "Sometimes I think we are alone in the universe, and sometimes I think we're not. In either case, it's a staggering thought."

—John A. Keel

COMING . . .

The men and the car who hit 409 mph, the old way—without jets

BRINGING THE LAND SPEED RECORD BACK TO THE U.S.

The thrilling story behind the epic run that topped Donald Campbell's mark

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

BLINDMAN'S BUFF WITH A MAN-EATER

[*Continued from page* 47]

the choice tidbit of a possible unborn fetus, torn out and consumed first. When a tiger has eaten its fill, it will hide the remainder beneath forest rubble to protect it from the sharp eyesight of vultures. The cat may return to the kill the next night, or not until the remains are a heaving mass of maggots. Before feeding again it will shake the carcass violently and blow all over the remains to keep torpid yellow jackets from crawling up its nostrils.

You may wonder, as I did, how a people can continue to exist as do the Marias in an area known for 50 years as a land of man-eaters. Marias would be just as puzzled by our tolerance of traffic deaths. They are fatalists, holding life cheap and believing that when a man-eater kills someone, it is the will of the gods, to be accepted without question.

"Times are changing here as everywhere," Jay told me. "In recent years roads have begun to penetrate this vastness, and along with transportation has come the first semblance of communication with the outside. Government officers now chart human kills, seeking to establish the territory and habits of a man-eating tiger so that it may be pursued successfully. The fact that often there's little cooperation is shown by the score of human kills within the past year and a half in these hills—a known 250, perhaps far more."

We spent the days driving over rough tracks to villages at the perimeter of the hills, talking to chiefs. Villages had been alerted to our arrival and instructed to inform us of human kills, but the locals kept a suspicious distance.

"They want to see proof of your ability to kill their *shaitan*," Jay advised. Privately I thought that native *shikars* (hunters) may have wanted the reward and glory for themselves. Months ago, this tiger officially had been declared a man-eater with a reward of 150 rupees (about $30 U.S.). As its depredations increased alarmingly, the reward had been raised to 750 rupees—a small fortune by upcountry standards. Or possibly these primitive people still believed that the spirits of male victims ride the head of the animal and lead it to the next victim, so that the person who helps in efforts to kill the tiger will be chosen next.

In time we pieced together habits of this tiger. It was moving in a 35-mile circle encompassing six widely spaced villages, three of them accessible by jeep, the remainder 12 to 30 miles from the nearest track in roadless hills.

Two new kills had occurred since we set out. Patel, chief of the village of Rajpur, told us his story. His wife had gone to the jungle to gather firewood. She did not return at nightfall, but fear was so great that villagers waited for daylight to begin a search. Soon they came upon the woman's bundle of sticks and a drag trail leading to a dry riverbed. There the tiger had eaten its fill, leaving only the head with cheeks neatly bitten out, the hands and tough thick soles of the feet. These pitiful remnants were gathered for cremation at the village burning *ghat* and the ashes set flowing to sacred waters. The feeding spot was so trampled that long search failed to turn up a clear pug mark.

The next kill took place six days later near Dhanora, 12 miles around the mountains. Rao, brother-in-law of the victim, had seen it from a distance and led us to the spot, not more than 100 yards from the closest house and immediately by the side of the road. Rao had sought the shade of the hut in the afternoon, idly watching the woman bent over in the village rice paddy. Suddenly the tiger broke cover and bounded silently across the intervening 30 yards of clear ground. A moment later it stood with head held high, the kill in its mouth, and loped quickly into the jungle. Rao immediately cooeed for his neighbors and followed the tiger into the jungle with much noise, but even in this brief time the tiger had eaten the lower portion of the woman's body. By attacking in an open field this man-eater showed that it had nothing but contempt for the puny efforts that had been made to destroy it.

We found clean pug marks in dry sand near the edge of the paddy.

"Study them with care, for the pugs of a tiger are its fingerprints, invariably distinctive," cautioned Jay. "These marks are huge, indicating a male animal. See how this forepaw is slightly splayed, possibly from the weight of the victim, with a kind of crease, or rut, running across the pad."

I knew I'd never forget them as long as I lived. We found pug marks again, apparently leading in the direction of Orcha, six miles farther on at the extreme end of the cart road. Jay believed that as the tiger had been driven off its last kill before having a full meal, it would strike soon again. With Dhanora now alert, it followed that the man-eater would move to the next village on its beat.

We spent hours questioning Orcha villagers, who told us there'd been no kill in the vicinity for over a month. For three long, bruising days we cast about in surrounding jungle for a glimpse of the beast or pickup of pug marks. No luck. Suddenly I grew obsessed with the conviction that the tiger had begun to kill somewhere else. We drove the 25 rugged miles back to base camp to pick up news.

Just after dawn the next morning, an exhausted runner turned up with word to return to Orcha at once. I was sick. Had my impatience cost still another life? We made all speed returning over that rough track, even more difficult now because during the night rain had fallen in torrents. After the flood, the man-eater had stalked boldly down the middle of the road and into the center of the village. Here it wandered from hut to hut, snuffling and growling and terrifying the sleepless people, and finally disappeared into the bush. Tracks of the man-eater were everywhere in soft mud—right toes slightly splayed, the pad rutted.

We set out immediately on its drag,

"We can't afford a psychiatrist, and besides, I don't mind your being a little nuts."

which soon played out in a rocky ravine. Casting about in widening circles, we searched for four more days. Nothing. No warning scream of magpies lifting into flight, no belling of sambar deer or cursing of monkeys warned jungle folk that the tiger was near. I was rechecking the ravine step-by-step, looking for a cave, when Patel sent a runner with a message that a tigress in heat was roaring its need near Rajpur—enough to bring the man-eater from a considerable distance.

This endless tension broke with bad news, even more discouraging in that it was three days old. The tiger had killed near Thondabeda, a village 12 miles up in switchback jungle trail above Orcha, then at Adair, still deeper in the hills. We struck our Chota Donger lowland camp, piled gear into the jeep, and loaded two live buffalos into a trailer to tie out as bait. At the end of the road at Orcha we started a drive into the high hills with the buffalos in 110° heat. A miasma of violent death hung over that deadly Adair trail. We expected the tiger on our backs at every tangle of stunted bamboo crowding along the footpath. We crossed a fast-flowing tributary of the Indravati River by swaying rope bridge. It looked so inviting I asked Jay if it were safe for swimming.

Assured that the water probably was clean, I tore off my sweaty, salt-crusted clothing and entered the river, delighting in the stinging bite of cool water in a thousand scratches and insect bites. I was to pay for that plunge in the weeks to come. Within three days the side of my head had begun to swell around the throbbing, insistent pain of a deep infection in the middle ear. The ear closed tight and I lost half my hearing—a miserable handicap on a hunt for a bold, tricky tiger.

At Adair we appropriated an unoccupied "guesthouse" belonging to the chief and hurried to the scene of the latest kill. The woman had been gathering broom grass, which is tied in great bundles and carried weekly for sale at Narayanpur some 35 miles away. Hidden in the grass some distance away we came across a drying pool of the tiger's vomit. In it were the woman's toes, swallowed whole. Prior to this moment my pursuit had been a hunt, now it became an obsession.

We surprised a fat tusker rooting in forest duff on our way back. I took the big boar with a single shot and we bore him to the village slung on a tree branch. This was a bit of phenomenal luck, for the wild pig and a bright T-shirt—conferred with some ceremony on the village chief—brought acceptance for us "foreigners."

The next tiger kill was not long in coming, this time at Adair Number Two, sister village three miles away. The victim was Hoba, who with his young wife Kamli and two small children had entered the jungle for broom grass. The tiger dragged the thrashing man into the jungle.

We found the telltale pug marks and followed a conspicuous drag. Hoba, very much alive when taken, had kicked up the earth and snatched and torn up brush in the struggle to free himself. Kamli, hunched silent and motionless before their little hut, was the personification of grief so intense, so hopeless, that I had to turn my glance away.

Since the man-eater still was in the area, we chose Adair Number Two for a stakeout. With the people and cattle safely herded within the confines of the village by noon, we tied one of our buffalos as live bait at the base of a tree, and therein hastily built a concealed machan. This small platform, held in the tree by ropes, was well hidden by foliage tied in such a way there remained holes large enough for sighting in three directions. For part of the area around the tree, head-high bracken offered a good approach for the man-cater. The tree leaned in the direction of the deep ravine in which the last remnants of Hoba had been found. Jay and I ascended and settled to remain the night, drawing up our rifles and a battery light with ropes.

Late afternoon passed quickly as we watched a colony of long-tailed langur monkeys cavorting about in surrounding trees. As they'd see the man-eater long before we could, we had a built-in vigilante committee working for us. The light began to fail and red jungle cocks called sleepily from all directions.

Full dark descended like a black curtain. A tiger's sense of smell is questionable but its eyesight, even in the dark, is so fantastic it will discern the slightest movement. Mosquitoes found us. We had no alternative but to submit silently to hordes of them. My head pounded with pain in the dead ear. I doubt that I've ever spent a more miserable night. Jay took it like a stoic. In the cold false dawn we climbed down stiffly, cut nearby grass for the buffalo and staggered back to the guesthouse for hot tea.

Again that afternoon we took up the vigil in the machan. To our delight, the buffalo grew lonely and blatted its misery loudly. Jay, on my good-ear side, whispered,

"He'll come now. A tiger can follow the bawl of a buffalo from afar."

Jay presently poked me in warning. We waited tensely, straining for sound, for even the light buff color of the nervous animal pawing below us was now no more than a vague blur. A sambar buck began its alarm call to our right. Again a span of minutes passed, broken at last by a slight brushing in the bracken. Then we heard the throaty ah-ooongh growl of a tiger followed by an odd low sound about midway between a wheeze and a moan.

Again time stood still, and then the ah-ooongh was repeated, this time from well below the bait. The buffalo snorted and blew. Minutes crawled by. The wheezing sound was close now. The tiger was circling, wary and suspicious.

It now was full night without a sliver of moon. I could no longer pick out a great splash of white orchids on a nearby tree. Our strategy was to wait until the man-eater was wholly engaged in tearing great chunks of meat from the buffalo,

"After you've finished the cast, how long will I have to wait for my custom-made shoes?"

then turn on the light beneath us for my shot.

Suddenly a heavy pad sounded directly below our feet. The buffalo went crazy. Every cell of my body strained to follow the movements of the animals as the bawling of the terrified buffalo and the snarling of the tiger came together in a tangle of sound.

The pungent smell of cat rose to our nostrils along with that of warm blood and fresh buffalo dung. We heard the tiger shake its new kill vigorously and tug again and again at the holding ropes. Then all was quiet. I was almost frantic with the silence till at last there arose the sounds we had been waiting for: the tearing and gulping and snapping of bones, the choked snarling and snuffling that meant the tiger had begun its meal.

Jay flicked on the light. In a fuzzy, half-blind moment I saw the tiger full face, whiskers flicking sharply upward in a snarl. Then instantly it let go its grip on the buffalo and with a twisting bound was off. As it flashed in the scope of my .378 Weatherby, I fired, aiming between the shoulders. The tiger leaped and rolled, regained its feet and was gone in a flash. The entire action seemed to fill a second in time.

"Where did you hit him?" Jay whispered.

"Between the shoulders."

"You missed the spine, but the shot should keep him from going far. Any ordinary tiger would have stood for seconds, giving us plenty of time, but this is no ordinary animal."

For long minutes we remained completely still. Then came a sort of huugh-huugh of heavy breathing from somewhere in the bracken. We turned the light in all directions, but the beam could not penetrate the thick tangle. We caught no red glimmer of hide, no ruby shine of eyes. I threw my hat, broken twigs, everything I could tear loose around the machen to get the tiger to charge us. No action. This beast waited for us.

"We'll have to stay the night," Jay said, "or the moment our legs come far enough down the tree for him to reach he'll be on us."

In the night, the heavy breathing sound stopped. . . .

"Now we have an ugly problem," Jay sighed next morning. "If the tiger is still alive and we go into the jungle after it, one of us certainly will be attacked before the other can help him."

We decided to drive several buffalos ahead of us, an old Indian trick. The buffalos would scent the wounded tiger and try to finish it off with their horns. Or the tiger would attack the buffalos. In either event we'd get a chance at a shot.

The chief sent runners to round up a small herd. We brought along five natives to help with the buffalos, instructing them to stay well behind. Jay and I, in sight of one another 20 feet apart, rifles ready and safeties off, cautiously drove the herd. Fortunately the stream made a horseshoe bend here, enclosing an area of tangled vines and thornbush and bamboo 200 yards deep by 300 yards in width. We were certain that the tiger was so seriously wounded it would not have attempted to leap the stream, but lay hidden in deep cover.

Great splashes of blood led in, but stopped abruptly. This didn't surprise me for I knew that the loose hide of a big cat pulls out of line with wounds when it walks, so that bleeding takes place inside the skin, pooling only when the animal stops.

Such tremendous tension, when you expect to be charged at any second, simply cannot last. In an hour both Jay and I, though still alert, had begun to assume that we'd find the tiger dead. We circled the search area, always closer to the thickest heart of growth. Then it happened. Jay was only 20 feet from me but was hidden completely. The buffalos were directly ahead, and one venturesome native had approached to my left. I heard a great tearing roar to my right and ahead, and then a quick shot as the tiger bounded across in front of Jay.

We'd instructed the natives to freeze, but the roar was too much for the leading man on my left. He broke, flailing his way madly into the tangle of jungle. Then pandemonium raged behind me. I heard beaters leaping up trees helter-skelter like a pack of alarmed langurs. The man-eater broke out, spotted the Indian fighting through brush, and ignoring wild-eyed buffalos on all sides, sprang onto the back of the man.

I first saw the tiger in this great bound. My rifle came up instinctively to frame a picture of tangled tiger-native for my eye. I must shoot somehow into this violence if the man were to have the slightest chance of survival. It took perhaps a second and a half to separate them. The tiger, haunches elevated, head down, was attempting to bite the man's neck through the defense of his raised arms. Pure reflex put a shot into the tiger's hump hindquarters.

The impact of the big .378 soft-point rolled the animal off the native and as the tiger whirled toward me, glaring with smoldering yellow eyes from a distance of 20 feet, I shot it cleanly through the neck. Then the tiger did a strange thing—it seized one of its paws in its mouth and bit through it, bone and all, turning final violence upon itself.

Staggering with vertigo from my infected ear, which somehow I had held in check until now, I rushed to the fallen man. The jungle whirled around me, as confused as my mixed emotions. What had I done? I'd come halfway around the world to rid a country of a man-eater, and now this pitiful bundle of blood and rags at my feet.

The tiger's teeth had slashed open the forehead, and there were numerous deep puncture wounds along the upper arms and chest where the tiger had driven its claws. But the full pressure of those murderous jaws had come at the back of the broken shoulder as the man hunched into a self-protective ball to guard his neck.

I suddenly remembered that because of my infection I was carrying our full

stock of antibiotics. What luck. For under a tiger's claws there collects rotting flesh and filth and in the heat of India, wounds of a tiger mauling are deadly, progressing to blood poisoning in hours. But I had the remedy at hand.

We stopped the bleeding and with antibiotic powders, iodine and yards of gauze sterilized the wounds. I poured reckless numbers of penicillin tablets down the man's throat as eager helpers dismantled the machan and with its parts put together a crude litter on which to carry our casualty to the jeep. There a driver took over for the long trip to the nearest hospital, 70 miles away. The man would recover. Relief flooded through me like the uncoiling of a tight-wound spring.

Only now did we turn to the tiger, surrounded by a growing crowd from miles around. One long look at that right paw, huge and slightly splayed, a rut running across the pad, and we knew that the man-eater of Rajpur was destroyed.

We carried the beast to the village so that women and children, their hands folded in a kind of reverence, could see that the devil was dead. Close examination of the rutted paw showed that it had been chewed around a number of suppurating punctures. I slit the skin of the foreleg and skinned it rapidly, discovering that the animal had tried to bite out the ends of old porcupine quills. The flesh of the leg was yellow and cheesy, with a mephitic stench of rot.

Deep in muscle and bone joint we found 32 quills from two to six inches long. No wonder the tiger moaned as it walked.

I'd hated this beautiful, evil beast for weeks and yet now, as it lay in splendid death in the yellow dust of a village path, I felt a twinge of sympathy. Then I looked up full into the tragic dark eyes of Kamli, newly come with her children to see that the beast was dead. I shook off the twinge and joined in the joy of a liberated people.

—William A. Fisher

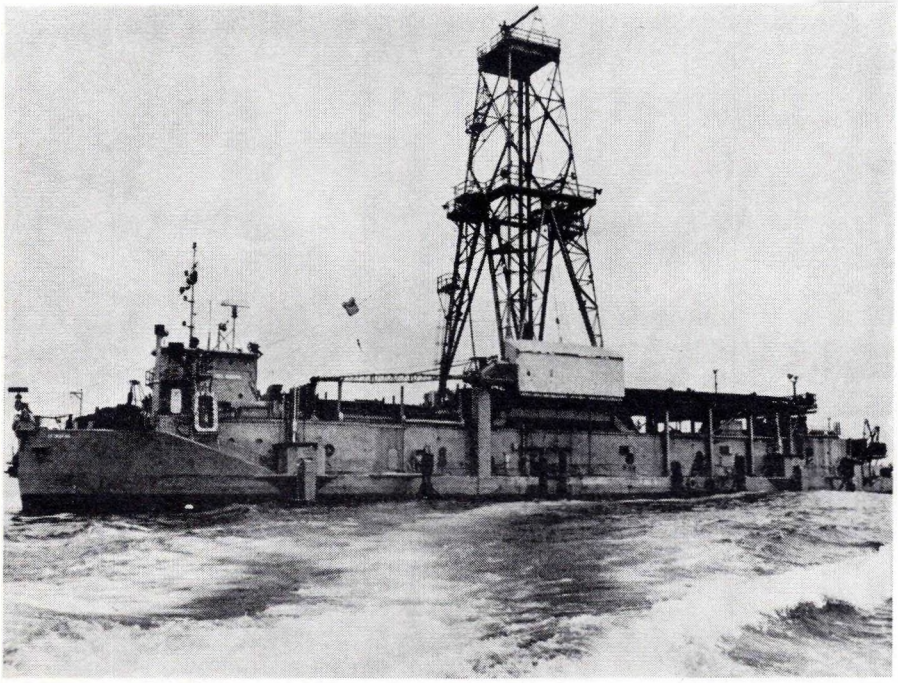
This was Dr. William A. Fisher's last big-game hunt. He died suddenly of a heart attack at 47 years of age. Bill Fisher packed into his years a remarkable record as a hunter whose pursuit of the monarchs of the animal kingdom took him to three continents and netted him trophies of most of the world's big-game animals. TRUE has been privileged to carry his accounts of many of these hunts.

Kamli, widowed by the man-eater at the time of this hunt, and her two young children were supported until his death by Doctor Fisher. This volunteer aid has since been taken over by members of Fisher's family.

—THE EDITORS

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Wide World



U.S. ship holds rig for drilling into Earth's crust as part of late Project Mohole.

Hal Waggoner of Tucson has heard that the Russians are attempting to drill a deep hole through the Earth's crust toward the mysterious core of our planet. He wants to know what the Russians are up to, and, if the undertaking is important enough for them, how come the U.S. doesn't have a similar project?

Until very recently, the U.S. *did* have such a deep drilling operation. It was called Project Mohole, but since Congress cut off its funds this year (after more than $50-million was spent on research and equipment) the project has been dubbed "Project No-Hole." The House subcommittee which killed the project stated that "the funds can more advantageously be used in other activities."

It had been an ambitious undertaking. From a floating platform about 170 miles northeast of Honolulu, engineers intended to drop a drill through 15,000 feet of water, then poke a hole another three miles through the Earth's crust and on through a layer known as the Mohorovicic Discontinuity to the Earth's mantle. An ocean site was chosen because the crust beneath the sea is some 17 miles thinner than on the continents.

Mohole's primary goal was to furnish information on the origin of the Earth which subsequently would lead to similar knowledge about the moon and solar system. Scientists also hoped to answer riddles about such things as continental drift, the Earth's magnetic field, and the chemical composition of matter far beneath the Earth's surface. In addition, it was hoped that the Earth probing would lead to a potential means of harvesting the rich oil and mineral resources known to be beneath the sea.

While the project appears to have had a genuinely sound basis, the Congressional abandonment may not be as cold-blooded as it seems. A member of the scientific committee that first studied the project's feasibility in 1959 stated that the job would cost "several million dollars." Later estimates rose to 15 or 20 million dollars, and by the summer of 1966 the estimate had soared to more than $127 million.

Possible political hanky-panky may have also influenced Congress' cutback. The prime contract for Mohole went to Brown & Root, a Houston firm, amid loud charges of political influence. Brown & Root, as it turned out, had not been the lowest bidder. Then, before the White House urged that the program be kept alive, it was disclosed that Brown & Root had made a $24.000 contribution to the "President's Club." Shortly thereafter, Congress pulled the financial props, killing the project completely.

Today, $356,000 worth of Mohole winches, the largest ever built, lay idle. A $300,000 data acquisition system has no data to collect. A $2,800,000 dynamic positioning unit has nothing to position, and Brown & Root has a $3,000,000 set of plans for a drilling platform that may never be completed.

Meanwhile, from the Kola Peninsula on the Barents Sea, the Soviets are engaged in their inner-earth project, reportedly exploring for minerals and developing deep drilling technology. On land, the Soviets say they will descend about 50.000 feet below the surface. They claim to have perfected a titanium drill pipe which is light and strong enough for quick success. They later plan on moving out into the ocean near the Kurile Ridge, north of Japan.

Q: What is the origin of the French symbol, the *fleur de lis? Clifford Webster, Falconer, N.Y.*

A: It is a heraldic emblem derived from the iris plant. It was common as a decorative device in ancient India and Egypt, and is also found on Etruscan bronze. During the 12th century in Europe, many of the leading families of France, Germany, Sweden and Switzerland used the emblem on their coats of arms. In 1367 Charles V of France ruled that he would use three golden fleur de lis on a blue background as his coat of arms. The emblem from then on became almost exclusively identified with French royal families. Certain French cities were allowed to incorporate the symbol, as a special honor from the king, as were certain privileged families.

Q: About how much money does the U.S. have in circulation? *John Allan Thomas, Mobile, Ala.*

A: As of July 20, 1966, $42 billion, 192 million.

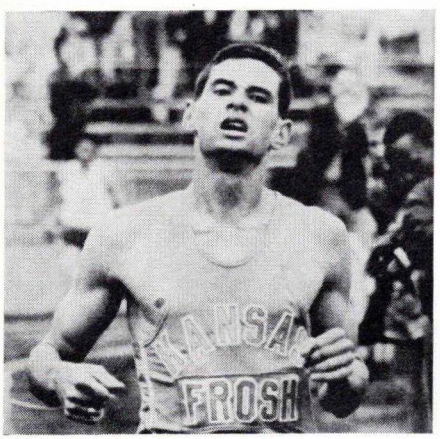
Q: Can tequila be made from any kind of cactus? *George Menhart, Crystal City, Colo.*

A: No. Tequila, the popular and highly potent Mexican liquor, can only be made from the maguey cactus; and of the 40 varieties of maguey grown, only from the blue maguey. Similar to a giant pineapple plant in appearance, blue maguey is also known as the century plant. It grows in great abundance in and around the small town of Tequila, Mexico, population 6,000, where the largest distilleries produce up to 300 gallons of tequila each a day. The 14 distilleries located there actually use up more than 500 tons of blue maguey daily.

Q: Do normal tides have any bearing on tidal waves? ***Stephen Roberts, San Diego, Calif.***

A: No. Tidal waves are caused by earthquakes or volcanic eruptions on the ocean floor and are completely unrelated to normal tidal activity.

UPI



Q: Recently Jim Ryun shattered the one-mile track record (July 17, 1966) with 3.51.3. Could the mile conceivably be run faster than that on a straight track instead of the oval one now used in track events? ***Christopher V. Clarkson, Jeffersontown, Ky.***

A: Yes. Experts say a straight track would give a runner a three-to-five-second advantage. However, regulations state that official world records must be made on the accepted quarter-mile or 400-meter oval track.

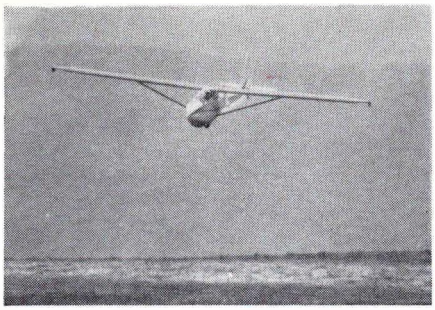
Q: Why can birds swallow bits of dry material with no trouble, yet have to throw their heads up in order to swallow liquids? ***Roger C. Smith, Boothwyn, Pa.***

A: A bird's tongue, which fits into its beak, has barbed projections which literally spear the food and force it into the bird's gullet. It has no such device for liquid. A small cuplike projection is made in the tongue for drinking, but the bird must raise its head when swallowing or else the water would run out through its nostrils which are located in the upper part of its beak.

Q: Why does a dog chase cars and snap at wheels, and how can it be trained to stop? ***J. M. Barden, Detroit, Mich.***

A: Chasing anything that moves—ball, rabbit, man or car—is part of a dog's protective instinct. To a dog, a car wheel that keeps turning after it's been snapped at is afraid and is running away which makes the chase even merrier. To cure car chasers, the act must be made unpleasant. One technique is for the dog's owner to ride with a friend at the wheel. Whenever the dog chases, the driver stops the car and the dog's owner jumps out and punishes the dog. Another method is for the dog's owner to splash water on the dog when it comes alongside. Any method must be repeated from different cars in order to be effective.

Farrell Grehan



Q: How fast and how high can sailplanes go? *Richard Perron, Mehlem, Germany.*

A: Top speed for soaring, or free (motorless) flight, is about 100 mph. The altitude record is 46,267 feet. It was set by P. F. Bickle, Jr., an American, on February 25, 1961, in a solo flight over the Mojave Desert.

Q: Who designed the Jefferson nickel? *William Barron, Willcox, Ariz.*

A: Felix Schlag. In 1937, he was one of 390 artists who submitted proposed renderings for both sides of a Jefferson nickel. After several revisions, his design was accepted. He received a $1,000 prize, but for some reason or other his initials never appeared on the coin. Last year friends initiated a campaign to have him so honored. They appealed to Treasury Secretary Henry H. Fowler, and as of August 1, 1966, all newly minted Jefferson nickels carry his initials.

Q: Why are hair balls found in the stomach of range cattle and not in the stomach of domestic cattle? *G. G. Modfrey, Providence, R.I.*

A: Hair balls—hard, compact balls of actual hair—are found in the stomach of all slaughtered cattle, range and domestic alike. Their prevalence depends more on the animal's age than the place where it was raised. Varying in size from golf balls to basketballs, they are caused by the animal's habit of constantly licking itself.

Q: Where are the Winterville Ceremonial Indian Mounds? *Jerry L. Salley, Cleveland, Ohio.*

A: They are located about three miles north of Greenville, Mississippi. The site consists of 15 large flat-topped pyramids which once served as substructures for important tribal buildings, temples and chief's residences. The largest pyramid is centrally located and is approximately 56 feet high. There are literally hundreds of such large ceremonial centers in the Southeast, particularly in the Mississippi Valley, and they reflect a once large population existing under feudal city-state conditions. The mounds have not been positively dated, but the pottery, stone and wood carvings found at Winterville and other sites imply definite contact with the more advanced Indians of Central America and Mexico, about 1,000 A.D.

Q: In terms of average fatalities per passenger mile, which is the safest means of transportation, automobile, train, airplane or bus? *Alvin G. Cramer, Kansas City, Mo.*

A: According to figures between 1962-64, the most recent available, planes had the lowest death rate with 0.16 percent for each 100-million passenger miles traveled. Buses were next lowest with 0.17; trains, 0.9, and automobiles, 3.5.

Q: In reading about the Texas Rangers, I read of someone killed by two needle gun bullets. What was a needle gun? *Glen A. Brooks, Deming, N. Mex.*

A: The term refers to a gun perfected in 1838 by Johann Nikolaus Von Dreyse, the first breech-loading military rifle using a complete cartridge. It was fired by a long, slim firing pin (the needle) passing through a powder charge, thus its name.

Q: There is a new amusement park in Texas which is called "Six Flags Over Texas." Where did it get that name? *Joey Ball, Wichita, Kans.*

A: Texas, at different points in history, had six different flags fly over it—those of Spain, France, Mexico, The Republic of Texas, the Confederacy and the United States.

Q: Is it true that pine cones germinate only after a forest fire? *William J. Smith, Belleville, N.J.*

A: No. However, certain pine trees, pitch and jack pine especially, do have a kind of built-in fire insurance. Their cone scales have a resinous material which seals in the seeds. A forest fire will cause the seal to break, releasing the seeds, more quickly than it would under normal conditions.

Q: How many motorcyclists are there in the U.S.? *Leo Grainger, Washington, D.C.*

A: About six million. There are 1,250,000 motorcycles now registered in this country and it is estimated that for each one there are four to five riders.

Q: How many pounds of roasted coffee are needed to produce a 10-ounce jar of instant coffee? *Elmer W. Johnson, Oakland, Calif.*

A: The formula varies for different brands, but most popular brands require one and a half to two pounds of roasted coffee for one 10-ounce jar of instant.

Q: What is the longest continuing rivalry in the National Football League? *Harry Jurgens, Orlando, Fla.*

A: It's between the Green Bay Packers and the Chicago Bears, and dates back to 1921. As this season started, the Bears led with 53 wins to the Packers' 35. There have been six ties.

Q: How did Viet Nam get its name? *John Tobias, Carmel, Calif.*

A: In 1801, part of Indochina gained independence from China and called its land Viet Nam, meaning "distant south."

HAVE A QUESTION?

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HE IMPROVED A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE

[*Continued from page* 25]

fully donated land for a Mormon church.

Events were conspiring to break the Big Five's hold on Hawaii, and Chinn Ho played an important role in hastening them. Oriental GI's back from the war were unwilling to accept the subservient position of their parents. Labor organizers invaded the islands and gained a beachhead after a bitter struggle. Mainland firms opened their own offices in Hawaii instead of channeling their products through Big Five companies, which previously had represented as many as 500 manufacturers.

In the mid-1950's a political revolution took place; the Democrats, led by Japanese-American war veterans, overthrew the longtime Republican hold on the legislature. That meant a whole new ball game for Chinn Ho and others who opposed restrictive measures of the Big Five. Though not firmly committed to either party, Ho welcomed the political changes. He was even urged to run for governor himself, but preferred to operate behind the scenes.

Statehood in 1959 and jet travel helped swing the pendulum further in favor of the new wave. In 1960 tourism passed sugar and pineapple to become Hawaii's number one industry. The Big Five combines, which increasingly were being run by managers from the mainland rather than the First Families, abdicated their power by seeking overseas investments.

Chinn Ho continued to acquire honors: first Chinese to be president of the Honolulu Stock Exchange, to join the businessmen's Commercial Club, to be named managing trustee of a landed estate. The ultimate acceptance on the business level came a few years back when he was named a director of a Big Five concern. Theo. H. Davies had decided to buck the prejudices still current among the Big Five in order to benefit from Ho's business acumen. Ho is also a director of Victoria Ward, Ltd., for which his grandfather once labored.

Ho's business dealings have also altered the Honolulu skyline. One day a pair of California promoters appeared at Ho's office. For $5,000 they had acquired from the powerful Dillingham family some property next to the Hawaiian Village Hotel. They hoped to interest Hawaii's most noted plunger in joining a scheme for a high-rise cooperative apartment house.

Chinn Ho's eyes, which ordinarily dance with delight at the prospect of a business deal, became cold as marble. "Not interested," he replied.

He *was* interested but wanted to build the apartments on his own, not in partnership. He saw immense possibilities in the Dillingham property, one of the last available parcels in the Waikiki area. He waited until the promoters' option had almost expired, then offered his proposal: $255,000 in return for the option, plus a like amount if apartment sales passed 75 percent. The promoters were more than pleased with the enormous profit they'd make and sold the option to Capital.

Ho, now free to go ahead with his own plans, got a six-month extension from the Dillinghams and commissioned an architect to design a 30-story building. Finding loans unavailable in Honolulu, Chinn Ho flew to New York and secured a $7½ million (later $11 million) mortgage from the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

Every day on his way to his office, Ho stopped to watch progress on the building, which was to become the city's most imposing structure. His pride was intense. He didn't hesitate in spending an extra two million to convert 506 of the 1,015 rooms to a hotel operation when the apartments stopped selling. The $22 million Ilikai Hotel has been a whopping success since its 1965 opening; 400 rooms and a convention center were added in 1966 to the hotel side of the operation.

"We needed someone like Chinn Ho to shake up our thinking," a *haole* millionaire admits. "Our fathers thought they could keep Hawaii as a white man's club, and we tried to go along with that philosophy. But the Orientals were too alert and aggressive; they moved in where we failed. Now it's better for us to use them than fight them."

The Hos have lived for 25 years at the foot of Diamond Head in a rambling, tastefully decorated house that lacks the showplace qualities of *haole* millionaires' homes.

Heather, the Ho's 17-year-old daughter, is the only other member of the family still living at home. The other children are: Stuart, 30, a Capital attorney; Dean, 28, a member of the Ilikai staff; Karen, 21, a government worker in Washington, D.C.; John, 20, the most unconventional member of the family, a surfer now on the beach in California; and Robin, 19, a Stanford sophomore.

Chinn Ho's office is a modest one in the Capital Building on Merchant Street. His salary is also modest: $24,000 a year (until four years ago, $15,000).

"I want my staff and stockholders to know I'm not milking the company," says Chinn, whose income from trustee fees and company directorships is prob-

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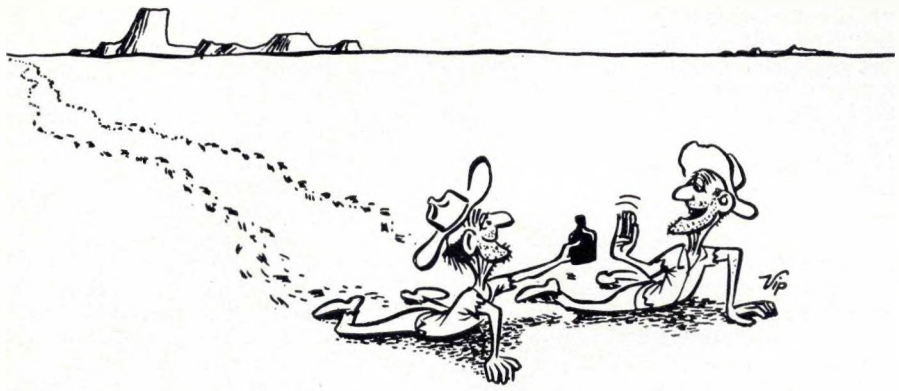
"You can let go of her hand now, sonny."



"Not on an empty stomach."

ably 10 times his salary. He allows himself no yacht or other extravagances, preferring to plow his profits back into investments.

The Capital team is compact—no more than 25, including secretaries—multiracial and fiercely loyal. Chinn Ho has fired only one employee in 20 years. The man was accused by fellow workers of being disloyal.

Two or three times a week Ho plays golf, shooting in the low 100's. His companions could be important politicians or visiting V.I.P.'s like Henry Luce or Hal Wallis. More often Chinn plays with his closest friends, who include *Star-Bulletin* president Porter Dickinson, local Pan American Airways chief Ernest Albrecht, *Advertiser* (Honolulu's morning newspaper) editor George Chaplin, and Capital attorney and political power Matsuo Takabuki.

Every Monday, Chinn Ho, his sons and top aides meet in his Ilikai suite for a sunset session of highballs and brainstorming about how to improve the hotel. The Ilikai is a great big toy to Chinn, who delights in asking patrons in lobbies and elevators, "Are you having a good time?" He beams when they reply they are.

Three or four nights a week, Chinn and Betty Ho embark upon the party circuit, Honolulu having more parties per square mile than any other American city, including Washington. The Hos are invited to the most elegant Hawaiian parties and often they find themselves the only non-*haoles* present. That they have penetrated the silken curtain of Honolulu society is tribute not merely to Chinn Ho's increasing prestige in the community. Betty Ho, long one of the islands' best-dressed women, is a mature beauty with a great deal of grace and charm.

The success of the island tycoon inevitably brings up the question: What makes Chinn run? Or, as a local article put it: What makes Ho hum?

"There should be no wonder where Chinn gets his drive," says an intimate in the publishing field, "not when you realize how Orientals were treated in Hawaii 30 to 40 years ago."

Chinn Ho admits such a motivation, but denies any bitterness towards those who opposed him over the years. In fact he tends to view his longtime opponents, the maintainers of racial status quo, more with amusement than scorn. "They don't like you," he philosophizes, "but they will respect you." The few remaining barriers, such as still being ineligible for membership in the Islands' most exclusive clubs, are shrugged off as matters that time will eventually take care of.

An establishment figure concedes: "Hawaii has been lucky that Chinn Ho was the leading figure in the economic revolution. A less moderate man might have been destructively divisive."

Chinn Ho has no time to dwell on past triumphs. He is more concerned with the future, and to him that means the Waianae Plantation land he purchased 20 years ago. He has held onto much of the vast acreage in Makaha valley, waiting for the proper time to develop it. That time is approaching.

"The next five years will be vital for Hawaii," he expounds as he drives northward to Makaha, famed as the surfers' Valhalla. He believes that the tourist boom in Hawaii is just beginning, citing estimates that total visitors to the Islands will pass the million mark by 1970; last year the number was 700,000.

Ho turns his two-door Dodge Monaco off the highway and heads for the highlands over country roads. He arrives at the two ranch-style apartment buildings where he has entertained Sandy Koufax and other mainland V.I.P.'s. There are ponds croaking with bullfrogs and alive with fish. Nearby is a grove of mango trees, a hundred varieties in all.

"Look at the scenery!" Chinn rhapsodizes. "Isn't it soft?"

It is indeed. Far above the lush foliage rises the crenelated mountainsides that enclose the valley on the sides and at the rear. The open side is bounded by the Pacific. Each vista changes by the minute, shifting to shades of blue, purple, and green as the sun filters through clouds.

Chinn Ho strikes across the red earth to the golf course. Mowers are trimming the turf for the first time, and he looks on approvingly.

"The first nine is almost ready, and the second nine will follow in a month," he says. "The clubhouse will be over there. Soon we will start construction on the first hotel of 150 rooms. In time there will be six hotels, all of a different motif, surrounded by 36 holes of golf.

"Toward the mountains will be high-rise apartments, each placed so as not to interfere with the view. There will be residential areas, too."

He returns to his car and drives further up the valley to a plateau where workers are laying the rubber floor of a 12-acre reservoir. "Big enough to water ski on," Chinn Ho says.

Further on, he visits a junglelike area with a *heiau*, a theater constructed of lava rocks, where ancient Hawaiians observed their rituals. Chinn Ho points to a slope 2,000 feet above. "Some day hotel up there, too," he says.

The entire project may eventually cost $100 million. Ho now figures Makaha will be half-finished by 1975.

As he drives back to Honolulu, Chinn Ho explains his philosophy:

"To me business has always been a game, something to be played and enjoyed. The goal should not necessarily be in achieving big profits but in building something that is creative. If you create something of quality, it will attract success. And that is what I plan to do with Makaha."

Chinn Ho seems to envision Makaha as his one great monument. The sage Chinese-American eyes another dream as well: a Hawaii in which all races would enjoy complete social and economic freedom.

"The potential for the various races of Hawaii has not been realized," he says. "The races have mixed well, and there is little they can't accomplish if given the opportunity. Much has been accomplished already. The restraints that some of us had to face from 1940 to 1955 have been 80 percent eliminated. But there is still a tendency to judge a man not on his own ability, but how well he performs on the cocktail circuit."

The example of Chinn Ho has had much to do with removing racial restraints. Other Orientals have found the way paved for them because of his public spirit and valued counsel in companies and civic groups that were once exclusively *haole*.

Ho long realized a progressive Hawaii would need to be less parochial, more attuned to the rest of the United States. Says Michener:

"I knew Chinn before he struck it big and even then he was obsessed by the idea of attracting to Hawaii absolutely first-class brains. The number of artists he has helped is legion, the number of writers, of architects, of scientists. He not only wanted them in the Islands but would help them to come there. . . . He is addicted to class and knows that without it no state can attain much."

Chinn Ho dreams of a Hawaii far removed from the one of his childhood, a state in which economic and social opportunities would be open to all, regardless of race. He intends to spend the remainder of his years in pursuit of that goal, the one outlined by Michener in his summation of Hawaii's Golden Men, who require "only that their ideas clash on an equal footing and remain free to cross-fertilize and bear new fruit."

—Bob Thomas

DISHONEST ABE AND HIS ROYAL RACKET

[*Continued from page* 48]

between the letters *b* and *m*, asked the nobleman to repeat the sum. Dunning had indeed heard correctly. He said, "I'll catch the first plane up."

Before signing off, the Count, almost as an afterthought, asked Dunning if he happened to have a client who might like to invest $125,000 with a gilt-edged guarantee of principal and interest back within 30 days. Dunning hardly hesitated befor replying that he did indeed have such a client—Sigmund Janas, president of Colonial Air Lines. "Fine," said the nobleman graciously. "Bring him up with you."

So there they were, in the Count's hotel, after having flown up in one of Janas' own planes.

"Let me begin," the Count said, speaking to the lawyer and all but ignoring the man who had come up to make a fast monetary killing, "by giving you the bad part of the picture. I made my millions—my many millions—by illegitimate means. I myself am illegitimate—a bastard, as you in the States would say." The Count, whose flawless English was but one of the six languages in which he was an absolute perfectionist, had a frail little voice that often brought out the helpful side of common men.

The nobleman cast his green eyes toward an old painting of a great beauty. "That," he explained sadly, "was my lovely mother. She came from a distinguished Polish family. A member of the Spanish royal family seduced her when she was just 16. And so I was born."

The Count, who seemed very tired, and obviously had to husband his energy, paused for breath. "My fortune came out of my intimate connection with Al Capone in Chicago during the bootleg era. I was Capone's behind-the-scenes financial adviser." Here he dropped a note of absolute truth: "I was the Capone associate," he said, "whom nobody ever heard of. . . ."

Abe Sykowski, to give the Count Alexander Navarro his true name, told the story well—it was a story he liked to tell. He was a small, smart Pole who thought big and acted bigger. In the long history of confidence men, few were ever so successful for so long. In a quarter century Sykowski stuck to this one remarkable dodge: a tall tale of a third of a billion dollars supposedly stashed in safe-deposit boxes in New York banks—a third of a billion which he claimed to have amassed as an associate of Al Capone during the roaring bootleg days of the 20's.

Dunning, a cautiously correct practitioner, asked "Count" Abe whether he had paid American income taxes on that third of a billion bucks. The self-made count fixed Dunning with a penetrating stare, then smiled. "I was hoping," he said, "that you were the kind of man who would be concerned about such a thing. It is *so* hard to find a thoroughly ethical lawyer these days."

He led Dunning and Janas into the bedroom. There he opened a small safe and handed the lawyer what appeared to be a batch of correspondence between Henry W. Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and Clarence Darrow, the renowned Chicago attorney. Henry's letters to Clarence were on official engraved Treasury stationery and Clarence's were carbons of his replies to Henry.

The letters, dated just prior to Darrow's death eight years before, concerned a tax matter. It seemed that Darrow, representing Count Alexander Navarro, had forked over 84 million dollars to Secretary Morgenthau in settlement of back income taxes of the Count's from the Capone days. Accompanying the correspondence were four canceled checks, to cover the full amount, drawn against Darrow's accounts in four Chicago banks and made out to the Treasury Department on behalf of Count Alexander Navarro. A final letter from Morgenthau, acknowledging payment, said the nobleman's tax problems with Uncle Sam were now over.

The Washington lawyer was genuinely impressed. Janas, leafing through the correspondence, reacted similarly.

Getting on with the reason for the visit, Dunning asked the Count why he needed a lawyer. Abe repeated what he had said in his phone call: he needed a lawyer to help him *dispose* of the third of a billion dollars.

"Let me begin," said the Count, "by saying that we in the Spanish royal family are cursed with an inheritance of hemophilia. One small cut—a scratch even—and we could very well bleed to death before being able to stop the flow of blood. I have been suffering loss of blood for years."

The Count paused to catch his breath. "Let us face the facts, Mr. Dunning: the best specialists of two continents have given me a year to live at the very outside."

The little man closed his eyes, crossed himself and his lips moved in what was obviously a silent prayer. "I must not lose a day to begin doing good with my ill-gotten gains or I shall never meet my Maker. My strength has all but gone—and I must have someone to begin the work and carry on after I have been taken."

Dunning cleared his throat, waited a moment in respect for such sentiments, and brought up the complicated questions of how much, to whom, and what could a hardworking attorney expect for all the trouble he would undoubtedly be going to.

The hook was going in, and Abe set it solid. Making a tent of his hands, he went off in deep thought while Dunning and Janas waited tensely. "Fifty million dollars," Abe suddenly said, and nodded. Then he explained that as a starter he would like to have the 50 million distributed quickly to the institutions he would name, so that if he checked out soon, it would be with the thought that at least he had done some good. "Let us agree," he said to Dunning, "that out of this first 50 million your fee will be 10 percent—$5 million—always provided, of course, that your qualifications meet with my approval." Abe paused, blinked, and

asked whether such an arrangement would be satisfactory.

Dunning nodded weakly, squeaked, and finally managed to shift to his regular voice. "Quite satisfactory," he said. "Very."

The Count's immediate problem, though, was to get to the United States. His third of a billion dollars was cached in safe-deposit boxes in dozens of banks in New York and other cities and nobody could open the boxes but him. But he couldn't get to the United States. A master at producing proof, Abe came up with a half-column clipping from the front page of the Montreal *Star* which described the robbery of his hotel nine days previously. "You can see," he explained, "my passport was among the items taken, and until a new one arrives from Spain I cannot leave Canada." The Count hoped that Dunning could pull some strings in Washington to hasten his entry into the U.S.A. "If you could succeed in obtaining for me a permanent American citizenship, I should be most grateful. . . ."

Dunning said he would be happy to represent him and see what could be legally accomplished.

Now things got around to the exact whereabouts of that third of a billion dollars in clammy cash. The loot, the Count explained, was stuffed in 33 safe-deposit boxes—roughly 10 million samolians to the box in one-grand bills—in banks in New York and several other American cities.

It was at this point that Abe poked into his safe again and produced a small Bible. This Bible, he explained to the by-now-highly-impressed Washington lawyer, contained, in secret ink, the locations and numbers of the safe-deposit boxes. All of the boxes, the little con man went on to say, were, naturally, held under fictitious names. The Bible pages containing the codes to the boxes, would, when subjected to treatment with a hot iron, bring out the secret ink and disclose the fake names and box numbers and locations. Reaching into his pocket, Abe produced a ring of keys for all the safe-deposit boxes. Nobody but the Count, of course, was permitted to use the keys to the boxes which was the reason why he had to get to the United States.

The little con man's safe in the Windsor Hotel was, to put it mildly, loaded with false evidence of the Count's own creation that looked more genuine than the real thing. He produced several clippings from a Montreal newspaper. These clippings told of substantial contributions that the Count had recently made to assorted Montreal charities.

Back in the living room over mellowing drinks, Janas had the first opportunity to ask Navarro about that 125 grand he needed for a short-term loan. "Oh, that," said the Count. "I need $125,000 because I am broke until I can get into my safe-deposit boxes."

At this point the Count broke into such a fit of laughter that the tears began to flow down his cheeks. When he regained control of himself, he said to the two pigeons: "I find it excruciatingly funny that a man with my many millions should come to a stage in his life where he has to borrow such a piddling sum."

But the Count had to face the facts and so he signed a 90-day note to the airline prexy, with handsome interest on $125,000, the idea being that he would, somehow or other, get into his New York boxes by that time and settle up.

The basic problems understood, the Count now got around to doing something to Dunning that Dunning and Janas should have been doing to the con artist: he asked Dunning for personal, professional and financial references.

When the meeting broke up, the two pigeons were to return to the States, Janas to raise the loot and Dunning to stand by while the Count checked on the background of the highly ethical lawyer.

Back home, Dunning and Janas went to work fast. Janas put up a chunk of Colonial Air Lines stock and Dunning, using it as collateral, borrowed 125 grand from a South Carolina bank. Everything was all set, then—at least so the suckers thought.

The loot in hand, Dunning, as the attorney for Janas, phoned the Count in Canada to say he had the dough and would be right up. "Stay where you are until I call you," said Abe, sounding a trifle irritated. "After all, Mr. Dunning, borrowing a small sum takes much less time than investigating a man who is going to be entrusted with a third of a billion." Abe paused to let his wisdom sink in. Then he added, as hardly the behavior of a man out to grab a bundle. "Just stand by until you hear from me."

Dunning couldn't have been more favorably impressed. Was Dunning stupid? Not at all. His normal thinking processes were somewhat clouded by that vision of a fast five million.

So the two fortune hunters sweated it out while Abe let enough time elapse to give things a feeling of authenticity. Every once in a while Dunning's phone would ring, with some strange voice on the other end wanting to know the details of some phase of his past. People with whom the attorney had had dealings years previously were getting calls, too, and then phoning Dunning to ask him what the hell was cooking.

Then, on the morning of July 2, 1946, some six days after the first meeting in Montreal, the lawyer's phone rang. "I have very good news for you," said the con man north of the border. "My investigation has revealed that your reputation is without blemish. I can't tell you how happy I am, Mr. Dunning."

"Then we are to come up?" asked the lawyer.

"As quickly as you can. And tell Mr. Janas not to forget the money because I am broke." The Count hung up in a fit of laughter.

It was but a matter of hours until he was breaking open another bottle for the two marks in his suite in the Windsor. As a sort of security for the loan, he forked over the Bible which, when its pages were subjected to the hot-iron treatment, was supposed to reveal the whereabouts of that third of a billion.

The plot now was for Dunning to see what could be done about getting the

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". . . and then again, Hogan, this could be the work of a diabolically clever mind."

Count into the U.S.A. and into those boxes. He had already done some preliminary work. Ten days after the payoff in Montreal, Dunning had reason to phone the Count at the Hotel Windsor in the Canadian city. "Sorry, sir," came the chilling words over the phone from Canada, "but Count Navarro has checked out."

"But that's not possible!" said Dunning.

"Count Navarro checked out 10 days ago and left no forwarding address. . . ."

The first thing Dunning did was to phone the bank that had issued the loan for the Count. It was too late. The Count had cashed his check and the check had cleared the bank.

After a couple of stiff drinks, Dunning got a hot iron and went to work on the Good Book. The code indicated that the Count kept safe-deposit boxes in the Guaranty Trust Company and four other New York banks. Phone calls to those banks disclosed that the Count did not have such boxes.

It now became painfully clear to Dunning that that correspondence between Secretary Morgenthau and the canceled income-tax checks to Mr. Whiskers had been clever forgeries. The correspondence and everything else about the Count, in fact, had been cooked up to look more genuine than the real thing. But that, after all, is one of the basic principles of confidence work: the creation of fascinating fiction to look like cold fact.

Dunning's next call was to the president of Colonial Air Lines. "Sigmund," he told Janas, "we've been taken."

When Dunning filled Janas in on the gruesome details, Janas asked: "Where do we go from here?"

"To the FBI," replied Dunning.

It did not take very long for the FBI to associate the description of Count Alexander Navarro with its make file on one Abraham Sykowski. Their records revealed that Abe had been born in Poland and brought to New York by his parents before he reached his teens. His father, a tailor, settled in New York's lower East Side. Undersized and underweight, little Abe Sykowski had to use brains and guile to cope with the bigger and stronger gamins in the Ghetto.

By the time he was 14, Abe had committed a number of robberies in the stores and tenements of his neighborhood and had learned how to duck the cops. At 16 he was using some of his earnings to haunt the more fashionable spots in the center of the city. With young Sykowski, it was the old story of a boy from a very poor background getting his first gander at the upper life: he was simply nuts about what he saw—the well-dressed men, their diamonds sparkling, the beautiful dolls they were with, the sight of the luxury in the glittering lobster palaces. Abe decided that everything he saw, including the dolls, was for him.

Among young Sykowski's gifts, aside from the gift of gab and the knack of picking up languages, was his considerable ability as a contortionist. His specialty was twisting himself into the shape of a pretzel. At the age of 18 he began making the rounds of the Broadway theatrical booking agents and was hired to join an acrobatic troupe that spent 40 weeks a year traveling coast to coast on the Keith and Orpheum vaudeville circuits. Abe was billed as the Human Frog.

After a few years in vaudeville, Abe was hired to do his frog act by the Barnum & Bailey circus. According to the story of his life (as he later told it to Amedo Lauritano, an assistant United States Attorney in New York), Abe decided, from his vaudeville and circus experience, that most people were chumps. Thus he eventually gravitated into the golden calling of the confidence man.

He commited his first audible fracture of the law in Havana in 1912, when as a 20-year-old, he took time out from the Human Frog act to clip a tourist in a money-exchange swindle. The exchange he drew was 40 days. For the next nine years he continued to size up the chumps across his adopted America, but he could never quite figure out how to put them on a paying basis.

Quitting the Rana Sapiens play in 1921, Abe promptly got mixed up in a complicated crime involving falsification of passports in San Diego, California, and was rewarded with a three-year term on the wrong side of the iron windows. Out after two years on good behavior, he involved himself in a couple of common thefts, got caught and found himself with six years' thinking time.

It wasn't until he hit Europe in 1930, at the age of 38, that bright-eyed Abe saw the great dazzling light. Why bother with small crimes where the pay was low and the danger high? Abe had come to know a few con men, in prisons and out, but he had never had the assurance to join their ranks. Now he decided he was ready. Tiny in size but not in mind, he proceeded to dream up the safe-deposit-box dodge. It was to serve him well. For almost a quarter of a century it would net him a hundred grand in an average year and three times that when the crops were good.

You'd think that with this kind of loot, unburdened by taxes, a man could salt a little away for a year of drought. But Sykowski had to make up for lost time. For little Abe, therefore, it was, as with most con men, easy come, easy go. Cursed with a love for gambling, he'd bet on absolutely anything, either side, whatever the odds.

Almost a quarter of a century passed between the time Abe gave up twisting himself and the time he twisted the lawyer and the airline president. There were many victims during this period in this country, Europe and South America.

Locating Sykowski was no problem to the FBI. J. Edgar's boys simply circularized the western hemisphere with photos and data, and within 90 days Abe was spotted in Willemstad, Curacao. Living in style there, under one of his many aliases, Abe had been following the high life with bottles, bets and broads.

Brought to New York, Abe faced Dunning and Janas in the office of Assistant United States Attorney Amedo Lauritano. The little con man was not only not shamefaced, but he admonished his victims: "This will teach both of you a

"Couldn't we just get a divorce instead, Martin?"

lesson about accepting huge sums of money from somebody in a jam."

Pleading guilty to the Dunning-Janas swindle, and kicking back a portion of the loot to lessen his punishment, Abraham Sykowski drew five years in durance vile in February, 1947. It was while in the federal clink at Atlanta that Abe cooked up the idea of taking nobody less than King Farouk.

Sprung from Atlanta in August, 1951, Abe hit France and did a little poking. He learned that King Farouk of Egypt was staying at the Carlton Hotel in Cannes. Abe arrived at the swank Riviera city in a chauffeur-driven, cream-colored limousine and checked into a costly waterfront suite at the Carlton under, of all things, his own name. He had, before leaving New York, rented several safe-deposit boxes and stuffed them with nothing.

Abe had, in taking Otto and Sigmund, played the hemophiliac with unlimited funds and numbered days. Studying King Farouk from the sidelines for a few days, Abe decided that he would take Farouk, who was simply nuts about dolls, via sex.

Farouk usually dined at 8 at a table overlooking the Mediterranean. Noting this fact Abe purchased from the maître d'hôtel the table next to His Majesty. The night the plot got under way Abe waited until Farouk, who happened to be dining alone, was well into his first course. Then the astute con man, a consummate actor, made his entrance.

Decked out in a white silk dinner jacket, and accompanied by three buxom blondes, Abe made a production of arriving at his table. During the course of the meal, the blondes, carefully coached by Abe, were all but clawing one another's eyes out vying for the attention of their diminutive host. Abe, concentrating on a sumptuous, specially prepared repast, gave the ladies his minimum attention.

Farouk, who had taken in the scene, stopped at Abe's table after dinner. The 32-year-old monarch smirked knowingly at the fiftyish con man. "Haven't you taken on more than you can handle?" he asked.

Abe flecked an imaginary speck of dust from his lapel and flashed a not-too-tired smile at the king. "Don't let age deceive you, Your Majesty," he said. "I've been doing this . . . sort of thing . . . practically every night for years."

"Every night!" Farouk rolled his eyes and ambled away, shaking his head. At the doorway he paused to stare back at Abe in wonder.

During the next couple of weeks, Abe continued to entrance the monarch by repeating the performance every night—with three different dolls each night.

Abe seldom appeared during the day, for reasons the king could well understand. A man who spent his nights as Abe did needed time to recuperate. One afternoon, though, Sykowski appeared on the beach, alone, in a flaming orange bathrobe. He had just settled himself near the water's edge, apparently to meditate, when he was approached by a mild little man who introduced himself as Antonio Pulli, secretary to the king.

"His Majesty," Pulli said, nodding toward the royal beach house, "wishes a word with you."

Joining Farouk, Abe was properly obsequious. "A great honor, Your Majesty. How may I be of service?"

"I am," said the king, getting right to the point, "most curious about how you accommodate so many women."

Abe played coy for a while. Then he spilled. He told the King he received injections twice a year from a remarkable physician in Buenos Aires. Interrupting this titillating narrative, the king said to Pulli, "Signor Sykowski will give you the name of a physician in Buenos Aires. Arrange to have him flown here at once."

Abe put up his hand. "Please, Your Majesty," he said. "The injections I get are for men not a day under 40—preferably closer to 50."

"What do you mean?"

Abe shrugged. "I'm no doctor and I don't understand it," he said. "All I know is that this specialist once told me when I suggested injections for a much younger friend that they would prove fatal." Abe gazed out at sea. "This modern medicine," he muttered, "is a strange thing."

The talk veered from Farouk's Number-One subject to his Number-Two subject: exactly what Sykowski had in mind. "Money, money, money," sighed Abe. "I have a third of a billion dollars in five New York banks and don't dare go near it."

Abe's tall tale to the monarch about the origin of the fortune was the same one he had spun for Otto and Sigmund only five years before with one vital exception tailored to the monarch: Abe had paid no income taxes on it and would, the moment he set foot on American soil, be clapped in the can.

Farouk, who was in all sorts of trouble, including financial, back home in Egypt, was naturally fascinated by the vision of a third of a billion bucks. He got off a long cable to his embassy in Washington on November 11, 1951, ordering an investigation of Abe's tale of the safe-deposit boxes.

While waiting word, Farouk, deciding that the key to so much loot shouldn't be left out of sight, instructed Pulli to move Abe into the royal apartment in the Carlton—where the little con man literally lived like a king.

When corroboration came that Sykowski had the boxes, Farouk began to talk with Abe. His plot to get the loot out, as Abe knew it would be, was to have Abe sign over everything. And what was to happen then? The king would grab for himself the top 10 percent of the boodle (a little matter of 33 million bucks) and Abe would agree to invest a minimum of $100 million for the construction in Cairo of a glittering gambling casino and other promising enterprises.

In a kind of apology for his demands, the king rambled on. "I am besieged," he said bitterly, "by traitors in the army, in the government, even in my household. They spread rumors about me, they say I have ruined the country. You may think it is easy to be a king, but I assure you it is not. With this money I can show my enemies that all my efforts are for Egypt." He paused ruminatively and shifted his ponderous weight in the chair. "Of course," he added, "there will also be nice profits for both of us."

That interview with the king was a revelation to Abe. He had had his eye on his usual goal, but it began to dawn on him that although he certainly wasn't going to let the cash down-payment go, it might no longer be the main chance.

He began to bargain with the monarch over gin rummy. In the course of their talks Abe lost quite a lot of money, but he charged it off in his mind to professional expense. A man had to think big and act big.

And the bigger Abe thought, and the better he knew Farouk, the more he wondered what the ultimate score could be. For once, he was not ready to sign commitments of any kind worthless though they would be. Instead, he haggled with the king over the types of enterprises his money would bring Egypt, the amount of control he would retain, the profit split.

Then, in February, 1952, he became almost honest with Farouk. "Here we talk about all these millions," he said, "and yet I am short of ready cash."

The equally big-thinking monarch, looking on Abe now as a gilt-edged investment, asked casually, "How much do you need?"

"Oh," said Abe, arriving at his favorite figure, "a hundred thousand dollars should tide me over."

Farouk summoned Pulli and gave the royal nod.

A month later, with negotiations still proceeding, the king got the word that he had better get back home because the pyramids were really rocking. Abe, with a hundred grand in his pockets and plenty of room for more, went along by invitation to the storybook Abdin Palace in Cairo. He figured he had plenty of time, what with planning, and studies of sites, and political explosions. Before too long he would undoubtedly need at least another 100,000 perhaps, this time, a quarter million. Meanwhile, the palace was jumping with dames and stocked with the greatest collection of pornography of all time. Abe was 60, and if three a night wasn't exactly his speed, still, he wasn't living exclusively on memories either.

For several months Abe found the going positively magnificent. Then in July came the blowup. An army officer named Gamal Abdel Nasser shattered Farouk's good life and incidentally Abe's plans with a socialist revolution. Farouk was shipped back to the Riviera and exile, with no dirty pictures, no third of a billion dollars and no Abe.

This isn't to say that Abe didn't survive. The sometime polished Pole, agile American, swindling Spaniard landed as one might have expected firmly on his feet. The record places him in Paris in 1957, enjoying life as usual. Undoubtedly he possessed 33 boxes in five New York banks and was willing, however reluctantly, to share his wealth in return for a small favor. The chances are good that he still is. So if you're taking a trip abroad, and you find yourself at a bar chatting with a gnomelike figure, don't bother finishing your drink—unless, of course, you have a hundred grand to spare.

—Alan Hynd

THE NIGHTMARE OF JANUARY 1, 2000

[*Continued from page* 35]

Even Central Park had become a victim of population pressures. With executives having to live 150 miles and more from the city in order to find suburban greenery, helicopter commutation was essential. Three years ago, the northern half of Central Park had been converted into a landing field.

Finishing his breakfast, Ed gulped down his tension pill with the one inch of water that Sue had carefully measured in his glass. Each family's water was rationed under the new federal law, and Ed and Sue restricted themselves to three glasses a day to allow more for the children.

Stepping out into the cold January morning, Ed hailed his neighbor, Buck Smith, calling across the six-foot strip of grass that separated their houses, "Happy New Year! Only 16 months to go for Yellowstone Park."

It was a bitter joke. As avid campers, they had formerly taken their families for at least two weeks of every vacation to the national parks. Today, with little more recreation space than in 1967, park permits were limited to a one-week stretch. Reservations had to be made five years ahead.

Ed left Smith and drove to the 10-lane expressway for the 100-mile trip to New York. Reaching the new bridge over the Hudson by noon, he saw the congestion ahead. All traffice ground to a halt. Ten minutes later on Ed's car radio, the Comsat network announced a breakdown in the automatic-parking system of Riverside Drive's 20,000-car underground garage. "All traffic on the west side of the city has been stalled," the announcer declared. "It's an unbelievable sight. For the first time in New York's history, no car is moving on the streets. Every street is packed, bumper to bumper."

Ed switched to his office tape machine. Drum's voice oozed from the speaker. "A special message for you, Ed. I know you'll be honored. In compliance with the federal directive to move 100,000 people from the metropolitan area, Toy-Joy has become a partner in the great city of New Town now being completed near Web Creek, North Dakota. You'll be assistant manager of our new plant there."

Oh, that bastard, Ed thought. Moving me to the middle of nothing. But what about the advantages? At least the family would have space, some green again, even a golf course. At the office tomorrow, however, Ed would find his hopes crushed. The blueprint for New Town showed all inhabitants housed in 30-story apartment buildings.

At 6 p.m., while Ed Ames was still locked in the traffic jam on the bridge, the President received the ambassador of India at the White House. The ambassador spread a dozen pictures on the desk. "These just came over the wire an hour ago, Mr. President," he said. "They are starving children, lying in the streets. A hundred thousand of them. We must have a dozen emergency planeloads of food by tomorrow, Mr. President."

The President wiped his brow. "You know the law banning food exports. We have the same problem here."

"I beg you, Mr. President."

"I'm sorry."

"May I get down on my knees for my country?"

The President shook his head, and turned away.

At the same moment the band in Central Park struck up a triumphant march. "The mayor must be coming," someone shouted. "No, no. It's the Pop Clock," others cried. The moving numbers on the face of the huge clock indicated that United States population had reached 389,999,997. A man standing near the front of the crowd picked up a rock from the dirt and threw it angrily against the clock. It bounced harmlessly off the unbreakable face. The clock ticked inexorably on.

At this point, we leave the fantasy world of Ed Ames. Leave it for what? Every scene in this fantasy from the water crisis to antipet laws has already been predicted by leading scientists. The frightening reality is that the actual world of the year 2000, based on research by scores of experts, may be worse than these grim scenes. Far worse.

In the University of Maryland's august halls, within the shadow of the nation's capital, a panel of the American Institute of Biological Sciences met recently to define the impact of skyrocketing population on our daily lives.

Would the doubling of world population by 2000 mean a catastrophe?

". . . That catastrophe appears a near certainty," insisted Dr. Harrison Brown of the California Institute of Technology.

What is the relationship between hungry nations and war?

"The most important problem facing human beings today is the problem of atomic war or, in biological terms, the problem of extinction," declared Dr. Clement L. Markert of Yale University, president of the Institute.

Would nuclear disaster be inevitable?

"If I were a betting man," concluded Doctor Brown, "I would bet that it would happen."

The twin scourges of hunger and soaring population stride the world today like colossal furies. Expert after expert foretells their consequences. "As things now stand we seem to face the alternative of nuclear annihilation or universal suffocation," warns Dr. Georg Borgstrom of Michigan State University, an international authority on food.

Analyzing the prediction that only one square yard of earth will be available to every human hundreds of years hence, Nobel Prize-winner Dr. Albert Szent-Györgyi told a U. S. Senate committee, "If the acceleration of increase goes on, this stage will be reached much sooner, and men will have to kill and eat one another."

But right at this moment—not three decades off—nations already short of food face the crushing burden of new population increases. India, kept from the brink today by U.S. wheat shipments, will add 200 million people by 1980. Venezuela will double its population in 18 years, Ghana in 15 years. Latin America as a whole will almost triple from 250 to about 700 million by the turn of the century.

"If these trends continue for the next 10 or 15 years, mass starvation will inevitably result," warns Dr. Raymond Ewell, vice-president for research, State University of New York at Buffalo.

Ewell predicts famine in India, Pakistan and Communist China around 1970; in Brazil, Egypt, Indonesia, Iran, Turkey and elsewhere shortly after. "The world is on the threshold of the biggest famine in history," he concludes.

Two simple figures highlight the extent of the population deluge. From the dawn of history until 1930, the world only reached a population of two billion. But in one century thereafter, population at present trends will multiply seven times to 14 billions.

The irony is that this crisis results not only from high birth rates but the miraculous development of new drugs and public medicine. Life expectancy in once-backward areas like Taiwan, for example, has been stretched from 43 to 63 years in two decades since World War II. At the same time, the death rate among children in these areas has been slashed so drastically that 40 percent of the population in Latin America, for example, is under 15 years old as compared to about a quarter in Scandinavia.

The tragedy is that even heroic efforts to produce additional food are quickly being swamped by population increases. Egypt's Aswan dam ranks as one of the daring engineering feats of our day. It will irrigate one million new acres of agricultural land.

But by the time the dam is finished in 1970, Egypt's population will have multiplied so quickly that these new acres will only feed a third of the new population even at the country's present substandard nutritional level.

"More than half the people of the world are hungry now; in less than 20 years, the number of hungry people will exceed the entire population of the world today," states Dr. George W. Irving, Jr., of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

The obvious consequence of overpopulation and hunger is political chaos. Doctor Ewell predicts uprisings in starv-

ing areas that will make recent revolutions seem like minor sideshows. Arthur Krock, the retired seer of *The New York Times*, predicts "mass desperation created in three continents by starvation and endless penury."

We have already witnessed the seeds of violence in India when student rioters attacked public buildings and buses in 1965 after the rice ration was temporarily cut. Across our own border, hundreds of children died recently of starvation in the Sierra Madre towns of Mexico. Although the Mexican government denied large-scale hunger there, an authoritative Banco de Mexico study warned of critical food shortages throughout the country by 1975.

Can such grim portents affect the United States?

"Look at the unlimited resources of our farms," cries the optimist. "Look at the wizardry of our scientists. Even if our population doubles by 2000, nothing can stop the irresistible advance of our living standards!"

Such delusions are quickly punctured by the authoritative statement of Sen. George McGovern of South Dakota, former U.S. Food for Peace administrator.

"The most striking fact about American agriculture is that our surpluses are gone," McGovern warned the Senate last summer.

Pointing to the exhaustion of wheat supplies, nonfat dry milk, and other essentials, McGovern added, "The depletion of our domestic wheat stocks is not just 'a preview right now of the world food crisis supposed to be two decades off,' but a worsening of a world food crisis that is already upon us."

"If all the wheat stored in the United States was promptly distributed to the underfed and malnourished of the world," Doctor Borgstrom reported as far back as 1964, "it would only give them a minimum diet for a period of two and a half months."

But will any Americans starve by the year 2000?

Probably not.

Because agricultural experts constantly develop techniques to give us higher yields per acre, Americans likely will be the last people to run out of food. But this does not mean the U.S. will be untouched by the political crises that erupt in the rest of the world.

If we keep shipping wheat to India at the present rate, if we add vast new shipments for millions of hungry mouths in Latin America and Asia, not even the U.S. grainery can stand the strain for long. Once U.S. aid runs out, political chaos on other continents and on our own borders could shatter world stability and cripple American leadership.

The second threat to Americans is not quantity of food but quality. By the year 2000, few Americans will get the food they want.

Luxury foods, particularly meat, will be so curtailed and high-priced that most Americans will dine partly on the substitutes confronting Ed Ames and his wife in our fantasy.

Livestock has already become a wasteful delicacy. Animals return only about 10 percent of the calories they consume, using the rest for moving and keeping warm. They eat a staggering amount of protein, the chief necessity of the human diet. Tabulating the protein consumption of livestock by human equivalents, Doctor Borgstrom reveals the United States is actually feeding well over one billion people in addition to its human population. And in his 1964 report he estimated that America's 25 million registered dogs consumed protein equivalent to the requirements of four million people, and that cats consumed one third of U.S. canned fish.

And the rest of the world is supporting the animal equivalent of another 15 billion people!

What will happen as protein feeds dwindle, as grazing lands are gobbled up for housing developments?

"There will be no room to cater to such gustatory luxuries as the charcoal-broiled steak or the Thanksgiving turkey," Dr. Lincoln Day of Yale University concludes.

What about our repeated boast that the oceans will feed the world?

Another myth. The United States, with a crisis in its fisheries, has already become the world's largest importer of fish. And if the sea is to yield enough food for at least 70 million people added to the world each year, the present world catch will have to be doubled every decade—a goal toward which we have made "deplorably pitiful progress," Borgstrom concludes.

As a result of these expected shortages of meat and fish, scientists have been busily perfecting such substitute foods as algae, artificially grown in vast ponds, and "wooden steaks" of dried yeast, produced quickly from waste sulphite solutions of pulp factories.

But that's not all. In the laboratories of Wilson & Co., Inc., the Chicago meatpacker, Dr. Arthur Karler is rushing to complete studies on the latest substitute —"mushroom meat."

In vast, dank sheds, Karler is test growing endless mushroom crops, fed on packinghouse wastes. The mushroom mass, reproducing itself every hour, even faster than yeast, is then converted by biosynthesis into a new product with the texture of real meat. Soon Karler expects to give it meaty color and odor, perhaps taste as well. If the research gets priority support, he expects his mushroom meat (particularly appropriate for stew and chili) to be available for U.S. dinner tables by the end of this year.

As a last resort, researchers on a National Aeronautics and Space Administration project are ready with a synthetic diet of which one quart in a soluble solution can satisfy the caloric and nutrient requirements of a family of four for a week. Families can line up at their kitchen dispensers and receive their whole dinner in a cup—adding a few crackers for bulk if desired.

The water shortage—"a race with disaster," President Lyndon Johnson called it recently—almost equals the food crisis.

"Either the world's water needs will be met, or the inevitable result will be mass starvation, mass epidemics and mass poverty greater than anything we know today," the President concluded.

Many U. S. cities are already drinking what Dr. Ian McHarg of the University of Pennsylvania calls "a brown, diluted soup of dead bacteria preserved in chlorine." But with a reckless American optimism that money can solve everything (present expenditures on dam building may run $74 billion in the next two decades), people forget that increasing population concentration in urban centers like New York and Los Angeles intensifies the crisis. By 2000, experts predict that a third of our population may be living in the arid West. Money alone cannot solve Southern California's bitter political struggle to draw water from the North. All the rosy blueprints of a mammoth cooperative project with Canada (that could cost $100 billion) sublimely ignore the fact that Canada may not want to share its liquid treasure.

Again, blind faith in scientific miracles has created the legend that desalinization of ocean water with atomic plants can obliterate the water shortage overnight. The jarring reality is that desalinization may only be practical along coastal areas. The cost of pumping this water inland is staggering. Agricultural irrigation per acre foot, pumping 100 miles inland, runs an estimated $353 compared with a high cost today of $5.30 in Colorado.

Above all, the disposal of atomic waste from powering these plants presents a frightening obstacle. An obstacle magnified further by estimates that one half of all electricity generated by the year 2000 will come from nuclear sources.

For those who still think it fantasy that Ed Ames and other Americans will have to make reservations five years ahead at national parks by the year 2000, consider the following evidence:

As far back as 1958, Michigan had to turn away 28,000 campers—one in every five—for lack of space.

The Northeast, with a quarter of our population, contains only four percent of recreation space.

In the "open" West, an estimated three million acres of barren land will be chewed up for housing developments by 1980.

The crisis of recreation space is a crisis of the American spirit. By 2000, when projections indicate that three-fourths of the nation will live in vast urban complexes, and almost all the New York-New Jersey urban area will have a density of 24,000 people per square mile, something will have gone out of human beings if they cannot glimpse wilderness more than once in five years.

The ultimate insanity of dwindling space and soaring population is traffic chaos already at the point of public emergency in many places. A few years ago,

"Miss Carlson, the company doesn't *usually* interfere with what our employees wear, but. . . ."

Washington, D.C., traffic was paralyzed for 12 hours. An avalanche of new cars, multiplying as population doubles will further aggravate the havoc. Ed Ames and other Americans may soon find themselves strangled by traffic that could prostrate their cities.

To prevent Disaster Day by the year 2000, to save the very meaning of life from suffocation by sheer weight of numbers, worried scientists, backed by calamity-warning statisticians, agree on a massive two-part program:

1. More food. The United States as the world's richest nation must make herculean efforts to increase agricultural production—particularly in developing countries—with irrigation, fertilizers and advanced machinery and techniques. The "must" target is quintuple production by the end of the century.

2. Above all, experts rate population control as the crucial solution. Not five or 10 years hence, but now. The goal they recommend is slashing the birth rate so that all families would be limited to a mathematical average of 2.1 children—enough to reproduce ourselves.

Even if we achieved this mathematical target by 1980, our population would still reach 250 millions by the year 2000. Could we possibly hold our population to that level, instead seeing it soar to the 390 million our present rate of growth indicates? Only by drastic measures. Only by cutting our birth rate even below the 2.1 family mark for several decades.

Yet a few countries like Austria, France and Sweden have proved that a population in balance with a nation's space, resources and other limitations can be a practical goal. Japan, to cite one example of population control, halved its birth rate in only 14 years after World War II.

U. S. scientists, backed mainly with private grants, already have completed preliminary research on "breakthrough" anticonception techniques ranging from a "morning after" pill that prevents a woman conceiving if taken within a week after coitus, to a male injection that would block fertility for eight or nine months. Another group of population experts considers abortion law reform equally decisive. At the moment, state laws permit only about 10,000 legal abortions annually. "Since the welfare of the United States demands a cut in the birth rate," concludes Dr. Garrett Hardin of the University of California, Santa Barbara, "an important solution is to liberalize abortion laws so that no woman is forced to bear a child she doesn't want."

Relying on privately-sponsored anticonception measures and liberalized state abortion laws would mean years before population growth could be curtailed to desired levels. Instead, many authorities on population demand sweeping federal action. They want a national population commission—as Japan now has—which would set an annual limit on births, based on careful studies of how many more children the nation can sensibly hold.

How would these quotas be enforced? The methods that have been proposed are radical. It has been suggested, for example, that our income tax structure be overhauled so that the present $600 exemption for each child not only would be abolished, but additional children after the second would be taxed on a rising scale.

Even more revolutionary is the prediction by some scientists that the government will be forced to a last recourse—biochemical control of fertility. Dr. Joseph W. Goldzieher of the Southwest Foundation for Research and Education, and Dr. Ashley Montagu, a prominent anthropologist, have just such a plan in mind. Whenever the birth rate rises dangerously, they want to have chemicals added to the nation's water supply that would produce temporary sterility. These sterilizing agents would block all conceptions for two or three months or longer, until the total population has been brought back to the desired goal.

"If antidotes were available to offset the antifertility effect of such additives, there could be no reasonable objection to the sterilization of whole populations since fertility could be restored at will," insists Doctor Montagu. "Compulsory birth control may be undemocratic, but if it is, then so is compulsory education, the compulsory draft, compulsory taxes, compulsory vaccination and compulsory obedience to the law. Having a child is no longer a matter of private will, but of public welfare. Whatever endangers the public welfare should, therefore, be carefully regulated."

Unless birth rates are slashed quickly by one method or another, there is only a single alternative to the fearfully overcrowded world that looms only three decades away. That alternative is to find giant new chunks of space for human settlement. And the search is going on—under the oceans as a start. Japanese planners have actually laid the blueprint for a complete suburb under Tokyo Bay, with a diameter of 20 miles and a ceiling of 80 feet, connected by tunnels with the mainland.

Other scientists hope the answer may lie in space colonies, starting with the moon as a temporary habitat. Astronomers, however, generally reject Venus as too hot and Mars as too cold. And if people are forced to search for a more livable home outside the solar system, Doctor Hardin raises the further obstacle that the nearest star at present rocket speed would take 129,000 years to reach. If rocket speed were increased to seven million miles an hour, the trip would still take 350 years, meaning that pioneer immigrants would have to live and procreate in their spacecraft for generations.

The overwhelming reality is that these Buck Rogers visions have no immediate prospect of realization. Meanwhile, the population flood inundates the world with 70 million more people each year. Unless immediate steps are taken to limit their numbers, the next few generations face the nightmare of nuclear annihilation or mass suffocation gloomily forecast at the University of Maryland. And, as historian Arnold Toynbee has concluded, man may have to accept "extinction with the dinosaur and dodo bird."

—Lawrence Lader

THE AUTO-INSURANCE SWINDLE THAT CAN BANKRUPT YOU

[*Continued from page* 57]

was suddenly without insurance coverage, the loss could be tragic.

In a Connecticut case, a 46-year-old factory worker was driving home from his job when a man behind the wheel of another car, blinded by the setting sun, smashed into him. The factory worker suffered a ruptured spleen, spent $2,000 in medical and hospital expenses, and was out of work for five months. The National Automobile Insurance Co. of Maryland, which had insured the other driver's car, offered to settle for $8,700 in 1959. By the time final agreement on the amount of compensation was being reached, the insurance company went bust. The factory worker received nothing for his injuries and wage loss.

In Michigan seven years ago a high-school basketball star was riding in a bus that was hit by a truck. The boy's left leg was mangled, and for a number of months amputation seemed likely. But his doctors saved the leg, although it will always be three inches shorter than his right leg. The boy will never play ball again. He lost a chance at an athletic scholarship. His medical and hospital bills have come to $19,000. Yet he has not collected a penny because the driver of the truck, found negligent by a court, was insured by the Michigan Surety Co., which folded in 1962 and left 18,000 policyholders without insurance and 8,500 unpaid claims totaling about $5 million.

Accident victims are not the only losers when an insurance outfit welches on its auto policies. Investigators have found that since 1960 more than a million motorists have been stuck with worthless policies by insurance-company failures. Because of court delays and administrative red tape, several months usually pass between the discovery of an insurance company's financial difficulties and the declaration of its official insolvency by a judge. During that period, its policyholders are unwittingly driving around without real protection. For most of them, the only harm is temporary loss of that protection, along with the premium paid out. But the thousands who did get involved in accidents and were found officially at fault, inevitably were ordered to pay the damages personally after their insurance policies turned out to be worthless. The consequence is that some have lost their life savings, their homes and businesses, and gone deeply into hock.

A couple of years ago, a 28-year-old Maryland electrician and father of three who thought he was adequately insured got into an accident in which the driver of the other car was killed. The court awarded the widow $32,000. Since the electrician had a $50,000 liability policy, he thought he was covered. But his insurance company failed at that point, and satisfaction of the judgment became his direct responsibility. When he couldn't meet it, his home was sold out from under him and a lien was slapped on his salary. He'll be paying that award, with interest, for many years.

It may be thought that the people who take out high-risk auto policies are hot rodders and crackpots who ought to pay for the lack of regard they have for other motorists. This is not at all the case. Most of them are quite ordinary guys except that they can't get standard insurance policies. They may include some of your neighbors and co-workers, or your father or kid brother. They are denied regular insurance coverage because they are "too young, too old, or just too risky"—as one insurance executive put it.

This lumping together of those outside the statistical minimum-accident group may seem arbitrary, but it has some basis in reality. In the earlier postwar years more drivers began having more accidents, car-repair bills were higher and court awards increased enormously; consequently, the regular auto-insurance companies found their profits drowning in red ink. They boosted rates and took other steps to cut losses. One measure they developed is "creaming the market"—permitting only drivers in low-risk categories to buy insurance at standard rates. The riskier drivers had to cough up an extra 40 to 300 percent to get a policy with a regular company. Millions of them, flatly refused standard coverage, were forced to shop around for firms specializing in high-risk insurance at premiums two to six times regular rates.

So many broad classes of people have been labeled high risks that out of more than 96 million drivers now on the road, according to the Insurance Information Institute, roughly 15 percent can't get standard policies.

If you're under 25, you're automatically deemed a high risk by the big national insurance companies, and they will not consider you for a regular policy at regular rates. With luck, or through a good insurance agent, you may get coverage with a major company at high-risk rates, or you may not.

Similarly, when a man starts pushing 60—your father, perhaps—the chances are that if he has a minor accident or two, even fender-scrapers in a shoppers' parking lot, he's going to find a notice in the mail telling him that he's a risk and his rates are going up, or simply that he's being canceled out.

What seems even more unfair is the attitude of insurers toward servicemen. When a man is called up to defend his country (and, incidentally, to defend the insurance companies), he immediately becomes a high-risk driver, whether he's over 25 or under. His rates automatically go up—provided his policy isn't canceled outright.

The insurance companies defend such rate boosts and policy cancellations as merely devices to help cut their losses. Another device is the "blackout," which is the mass cancellation of policies or refusal to write new policies in specific geographical areas. The companies don't advertise the fact, but if a man lives in certain slum sections or congested traffic areas in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago or almost any large city, he probably can't get regular companies to insure him because they've found they lose money on motorists in those areas. In fact, anyone who lives in an area where insurance companies have taken a financial beating may be canceled out for no other reason than that. For instance, some 80 companies last year blacked out three counties in South Carolina, where they say juries always come in with exorbitant awards in auto accident cases.

Whatever the reason for the cancellation of their policies, these motorists need insurance. That's where the high-risk companies come in. They've sprouted up like mushrooms in every state. At this moment, of the 880 auto insurance firms in the nation, more than 300 are high-risk outfits writing insurance on people who can't get policies elsewhere.

In most states it's not too difficult for a hustler to start an insurance company if he knows the business. He has to have thousands of dollars in capital, but in practice it doesn't have to be cash and it doesn't have to be his own money. Senate investigators discovered that at least one New York City outfit did a landslide business "renting" high-grade stocks and bonds to grifters all over the country. The grifters used the securities to con state insurance investigators into believing they had the capital they needed to get a charter and start writing auto insurance.

Some of these pirates were actually insurance agents who realized they could make more loot by working both ends of the business—getting commissions for selling the policies, and management income for operating the insuring company. As the agent, a swindler could take up to 30 percent of all premiums paid, and by also putting on the books a contract to manage the company, he could siphon off another 10 or 15 percent. That way a smart operator can skim almost half of all the premium income of the new insurance company before it even gets to the firm's treasury.

Experience has shown, however, that an auto-insurance company must set aside at least 70 percent of its premiums to pay off claims. Obviously, the operator who is taking 45 or 50 percent off the top eventually has to bankrupt his company.

"It is just like check kiting," explains Charles W. Gambrell, insurance commissioner of South Carolina, one state that has moved fast to cut down insurance swindles. "The operators of a phony outfit take today's cash dollars, and pay yes-

terday's losses only when they are absolutely compelled to. As long as they continue to write business somewhere, they can continue this kind of kiting. When their operation crumbles, an awful lot of people are going to end up on the short end."

A big reason for the lack of consumer protection is that too many of the state agencies consider themselves primarily spokesmen for the industry they're supposed to be regulating, instead of guardians of the public interest. The problem is an old one with regulatory bodies—either the men who work for the state have come from jobs in the industry that is being regulated and plan to return to them someday, or they're making their contacts to be sure of good positions when they retire on pension from their state jobs after 20 or 25 years.

"There are, as the saying goes, examiners and then there are examiners," says Commissioner Gambrell. "This is an intensely complicated field. No state insurance department in any of the 50 states is going to be any stronger than the weakest examiner on the payroll."

A large number of the insurance companies that failed did business in several states. It would seem only reasonable, therefore, that state insurance departments would coordinate their investigative efforts in order to keep a more effective check on what the insurers were doing. It doesn't work out that way. What happens is that crooked insurers move about with impunity.

For example, Pennsylvania Insurance Commissioner Audrey R. Kelly admitted at the Senate hearings that her department didn't know about the background of an auto-insurance executive who joined a Pennsylvania firm in a controlling position in 1965. The executive, according to the testimony, had been involved in a Chicago failure in 1962 and another in 1963, was charged with an insurance fraud in Philadelphia in 1964, and was suspected as a hidden partner in several other auto-insurance company collapses in those years.

The Pennsylvania commissioner, in fact, took the position that as long as a bad operation was eventually discovered and put out of business, the public was protected well enough. No mention was made of the thousands of claims that might be paid off at pennies on the dollar, or the thousands of policyholders left without effective insurance.

Dean Sharp, counsel to the Antitrust Subcommittee, who spearheaded the auto insurance investigation, says:

"There is a serious breakdown in state regulation and interstate cooperation, which is so vital for effective regulation of an interstate business. Even where the states coordinate regulatory standards, too often the lowest common denominator prevails."

Sharp is especially critical of the "protected mishandling" of one of the biggest insurance collapses, the American Allied Insurance debacle. It left about 120,000 motorists uninsured, along with millions in unpaid claims.

American Allied started on its way to becoming a case history in May, 1963, when Philip Kitzer, Sr., a 73-year-old Chicago bail bondsman, teamed up with two of his sons to acquire control of American Allied Mutual Insurance Co., a firm which was insolvent and owed $250,000 in claims. The next month Kitzer got a charter for a new company, American Allied Insurance. According to a report made later by the Minnesota attorney general, Kitzer promptly took $100,000 cash that was still in the treasury of Allied Mutual and had not yet been grabbed by the courts for the creditors, added $50,000 in U.S. bonds which belonged to another insurance company he controlled, and put this $150,000 on the books of American Allied as new assets.

The attorney general charged the books never showed that this money was owed to the companies from which it had been "borrowed." He added, in his report:

"The [Minnesota] commissioner of insurance, Cyrus E. Magnusson, accepted this transaction as an injection of new assets without requesting or ordering any examination or investigation. A proper investigation of this transaction at this time would have shown that American Allied Insurance Co. was insolvent on the day it commenced business."

Kitzer got a license from Commissioner Magnusson permitting American Allied to write auto insurance. He immediately began selling high-risk policies to all comers—policies the state now says were worthless before the insurance salesmen had taken the time to fill out the customers' applications.

Even as the premium money came into American Allied, a river of it began to flow out and into a number of pockets. The way the Kitzers set up the plan, says the attorney general, they were pulling out 25 cents of every premium dollar paid into the firm, although standard practice in the industry is to take only about a penny out of a dollar for profit. Before American Allied was closed down, two years after it started doing business, the Kitzers bled it of $3,400,000, a grand jury charged.

As a result of the investigation—which came about because a former state insurance commissioner became suspicious and tipped off the attorney general—American Allied was thrown into receivership, five other insurance firms in three states were put out of business, and the Kitzers, Magnusson and more than a dozen other men have been indicted and are awaiting trial on a variety of fraud charges.

The insurance picture presented by the Kitzer case and other insolvent firms seems pretty grim. It is—for all but the residents of New York, New Jersey and Maryland. These three states have set up guarantee funds, a sort of tax on all insurance companies that is used to reimburse policyholders and claimants who would otherwise be stuck if a company went out of business.

But suppose you don't live in one of these three states and you can't get insurance with a big standard company. What can you do to protect yourself? Senate subcommittee counsel Sharp isn't very encouraging.

"You should pick a reputable agent and be placed in the local assigned-risk

pool, which ought not be considered a stigma," Sharp says. The assigned-risk plan, which a few states have set up, requires all insurance firms in a state to take periodic turns selling a basic minimum of insurance to unwanted drivers, charging them above the regular rates. A major drawback of assigned risk, though, is that most states provide maximum liability of only $5,000/$10,000 or $10,000/$20,000. With the huge awards being turned in by juries, any man who owns a home or a business, or who has assets of any kind, must have more insurance than these minimums if he doesn't want to risk losing everything he owns. He has to shop around for a high-risk company that will sell him as much insurance as he needs.

"If you don't want assigned risk," Sharp continues, "you should get your agent to place you with a *good* high-risk insurance company. There are many of these. If you can't find an agent you can trust, you should contact your state insurance department. If you get no help there, then God pity you."

A further step you can take to check on a high-risk insurance company is to ask your bank, your stock broker or your lawyer to check the firm's credit rating, financial stability and management through an organization like Dun & Bradstreet or a local credit rating agency. And finally, you can check on a company, or decide on one which seems sound, by consulting *Best's Guide,* a reference work which rates insurance companies. It's available at public libraries.

What can be done to cut down on high-risk swindles in the future? One obvious measure is to beef up the state insurance departments and turn them into genuine policing agencies. This would be the quickest way to drive the swindlers out of the business. The enforcement machinery is already there; all that is needed is manpower and a determination to do the job. Yet, easy though this solution to the problem seems, the prospects don't appear bright for a great upheaval in state insurance departments to benefit the consumer. That's why, Senate investigators declare, the only truly effective way of regulating the high-risk business is to establish some form of federal control.

Subcommittee members say they will propose legislation to create an agency similar to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which insures depositors against bank failures. Such a proposal envisions securing all auto-insurance policies against loss. But simply insuring the insurance won't stop the crooked and the inept. So the agency to be set up under this planned federal law would be given the rights both of inspection and of regulation, to look into the books, ask questions and require a standard of performance, just as the FDIC does. Strict enforcement and the risk of a federal rap could make an insurance firm failure as rare as a bank failure by driving the vultures out.

Although few insurance executives will say so out loud, many of them support the idea of federal control. H. Clay Johnson, president of the Royal-Globe Insurance Companies, in a speech before the American Insurance Association last May, said that in general federal regulatory bodies seem to do a better job than state agencies. He added:

"Of course, that may be partly because many of the industries the federal government regulates are monopolies rather than free competitors. But that is not true of national banks—if we could be regulated as they are it would seem ideal."

Nearly every one of us has a stake in the honesty and the financial stability of insurance companies, in the rates they charge and the way they treat their policyholders. The insurance industry is vitally important both to the individual and to the nation's economy.

It would be not unreasonable, then, for a man to assume that the company which insures his car is honest. It would be not unreasonable for him to assume that the government agency overseeing it is faithful to its duty. And it would surely be not unreasonable for him to assume that his policy will protect not only himself and his family, but anyone who may have a legitimate claim for compensation against him. **—Anthony Scaduto**

TRUE

"Don't step on the tulips, Harry, and watch the living room window. . . ."

"Don't scratch the paint. Hold it steady. . . ."

"Keep it straight, Harry. . . ."

"Harry? . . ."

BEWARE THE AILING GOLFER

[*Continued from page 60*]

don't expect him to play well. An ailment fosters tranquility instead of pressure. And the better advertised the illness, the more the golfer is likely to play well."

Could it be, then, that a golfer might plant a story of his ailment as a built-in alibi? "I doubt it," answers Doctor Cranford, "but he's glad to have it. Just as any golfer would rather have a long putt for a birdie instead of a short one. If he misses the long one, he's got an excuse. It may be a subconscious feeling. But it's there."

Several years ago when Bruce Devlin, the slim Australian, was an amateur, he was bedded by an attack of pleurisy. During his convalescence, he decided to play in the Australian Open. When he checked in, the other golfers were surprised to see him.

"Oh, I'm just here for a vacation," Devlin assured them. "I haven't played in weeks."

It was no vacation for the pros. Devlin, the amateur, beat them all. Now, of course, he is a pro, too, and last summer he scored his most notable triumph at the Carling World Open in Southport, England. He arrived there with a complaint common among the touring pros. "I'm so tired," Devlin moaned day after day. "All this traveling wears me out."

He had undergone surgery last Winter for varicose veins. But, when he won the tournament, he found enough energy to accept the first-prize check for $35,000. "Devlin was so tired, he was relaxed," says Bob Gorham, the field secretary of the Professional Golfers Association tour. "Tiredness works two ways. Some players tighten up when they are tired and their game falls apart. Other players relax more when they are tired and when they're relaxed, they play better."

No golfer in history was as tired—exhausted, really—as Ken Venturi the day he won the 1964 U.S. Open. The tournament was being held at the Congressional Country Club outside Washington, D.C., in mid-June. The golfers had to go 36 holes on the final day and they might as well have been playing in a blast furnace. Hot? Somebody put a thermometer alongside the cup on one of the greens and it registered 112°. Humid? The spectators could see the crackle of lightning and hear the rumble of thunder several miles away. But, at Congressional, there was no rain. There was no relief, either. The heat and humidity hung over the course like a tarpaulin.

The worst conditions were on the 13th, 14th and 15th holes. Many of the other holes were on higher ground, but these three were in a valley. "You could hardly breathe down there," remembers a tournament official. "There just wasn't any air."

Into this cauldron strolled Ken Venturi after he had played the front nine pluperfectly: 3-3-4-3-3-4-3-3-4—30, five under par. He had added another birdie on the 12th hole but as he approached the 13th green, he wasn't walking, he was wobbling. "I started to shake all over," he later explained. "It wasn't nerves. My whole body was shaking." His game soon had the shakes, too. He missed makeable putts to bogey both the 17th and 18th holes. But he had shot a 66 and he was only two strokes behind the leader, Tommy Jacobs.

Venturi's problem, however, was that he had to play another 18 holes in the afternoon and he could hardly stand up. Staggering into the clubhouse, Venturi sat on the floor near his locker, his back against the wall. His eyes were glazed, his face ashen. Somebody summoned a doctor who took one look at him and said, "This man is dehydrated. Get him some iced tea. Two or three big glasses of it. With plenty of sugar." The doctor gave Venturi some salt tablets and ordered him to lie down until it was time for him to tee off. When the voice on the intercom announced, "Mister Venturi, please report to the first tee," the doctor checked his pulse.

"How do you feel?" the doctor asked.

"Let's give it a try," Venturi said.

The doctor went with him. The doctor had a container of salt tablets, a few chocolate bars, a thermos of iced tea and several towels which had been dipped in ice water. As Venturi plodded around the 7,053-yard course, the towels occasionally were wrapped around his neck. Walking wearily, but unwinding what energy he had to hit his shots forcefully, he shot a par 35 on the front nine and led Jacobs by a stroke. On the final nine Jacobs, strong and healthy, continued to falter. Venturi, sipping iced tea and dragging himself along in slow motion, shot another 35 to win by four strokes.

"I played like I was in a trance," Venturi conceded later. "That never happened to me before."

But suppose he had been feeling well, would he have played well enough to win the tournament? "I don't know," Venturi says. "The way it turned out, I wouldn't have changed a thing. If I had been feeling well, I might not have hit the shots the same way."

Something like this seems to be happening all the time. Gary Player had his happening in 1965. Player was representing South Africa in the Canada Cup matches which were being held that year at the Club de Campo course in Madrid, Spain. Player shot a 70 and a 69 in the first two rounds. But they didn't satisfy him. No score does, and Player, a physical culturist, went back to his hotel room to do a few of his favorite muscle-building exercises. In one of them, he stands on his head. When he did, he felt something pop in his neck. He took a shower, hoping the hot water would relieve the pain. He swallowed some pills. But when he woke up the next morning he couldn't turn his head. He phoned Fred Corcoran, the Canada Cup director.

"Mister Corcoran," Player said, "I don't think I'm going to be able to play today."

"Why not?" Corcoran asked, fearing the loss of the tournament leader. "What's wrong?"

"I've pulled something in my neck and it's terribly stiff. I surely can't swing."

"Well, come out and *try* to hit a few shots," Corcoran said. "Maybe it'll loosen up a little."

Player agreed. He bundled up in a black turtleneck sweater with a black cardigan sweater over it. Arriving at the Club de Campo, he walked stiffly out to the practice tee. Afraid to swing hard, he chipped a few easy wedge shots. His neck still hurt, but not as much.

"Well," he told Corcoran, "I'll give it a go and we'll see what happens."

Player birdied two of the first four holes and shot a 68. He breezed to the individual trophy. He and Harold Henning combined to win the team title for South Africa.

"Nobody had to tell me to hold my head still," Player laughed later. "I couldn't move it if I'd wanted to."

Corcoran, who has been around golfers for four decades, nodded knowingly. "The big thing about Player that day," he says, "is that he wasn't trying to kill the ball. Anybody who has ever played golf knows that when you're trying to hit the ball easy, that's when you hit it best."

Sometimes it's the neck, sometime it's the legs. At the 1950 U.S. Open in Merion, Pennsylvania, Ben Hogan had a real leg problem. Sixteen months earlier, he had been driving his Cadillac sedan on a fast Texas highway one lonely night when a cross-country bus came over a hill on the wrong side of the road. Moments before the collision, Hogan threw himself in front of his wife Valerie. His move not only saved her life, it probably also saved him from being impaled on the steering wheel. But he was so badly injured, particularly his legs, that he required a long series of operations. Doctors did not worry about whether he would play golf again; they worried about whether he would live.

Slowly Hogan recovered. In a few months he was able to wobble out to a practice green. There he would chip and putt until he was too weary to stand.

In the Winter months of 1950, he returned to the tour. His healing legs were wrapped in bandages. His target was the Open, to be played in June. But when the Open began, he still had not fully recovered from the smashup. His legs bothered him so much that he had to limp around the course. He never complained, but one night he was talking to a friend in a hotel lobby. Hogan was standing when, suddenly, he glanced around and leaned against a table.

"Pardon me," Ben said, "but if you don't mind, I'd like to rest my legs. I don't like to punish them unnecessarily."

On the course he had to punish them. And he did. Up and down the hills of Merion he hobbled, his legs aching with every step. Most people thought that the 36-hole grind on the final day would ruin his chances. But on the final hole, needing a par four to tie for the lead, his drive split the fairway. He then drilled a one-iron shot to the green and two-putted for his par. The next day, in an 18-hole play-off with Lloyd Mangrum and George Fazio, Hogan limped to a 69. Mangrum had a 73, Fazio a 75. An ailing golfer had won again.

The magnitude of Hogan's performance distracted one of his competitors, Dr. Cary Middlecoff. The year before Middlecoff had won the Open. During the final 36 holes at Merion, Hogan was paired with Middlecoff. Coming off the 12th tee in the afternoon, Middlecoff turned to a companion and said, "Did you see Ben almost fall over after hitting his drive? I don't know how he's standing up. He's got me so excited that I can't concentrate on *my* game."

Middlecoff often was an ailing golfer himself. He won two Open titles despite a chronic spinal-disk problem. He also developed an allerygy to, of all things for a golfer, grass.

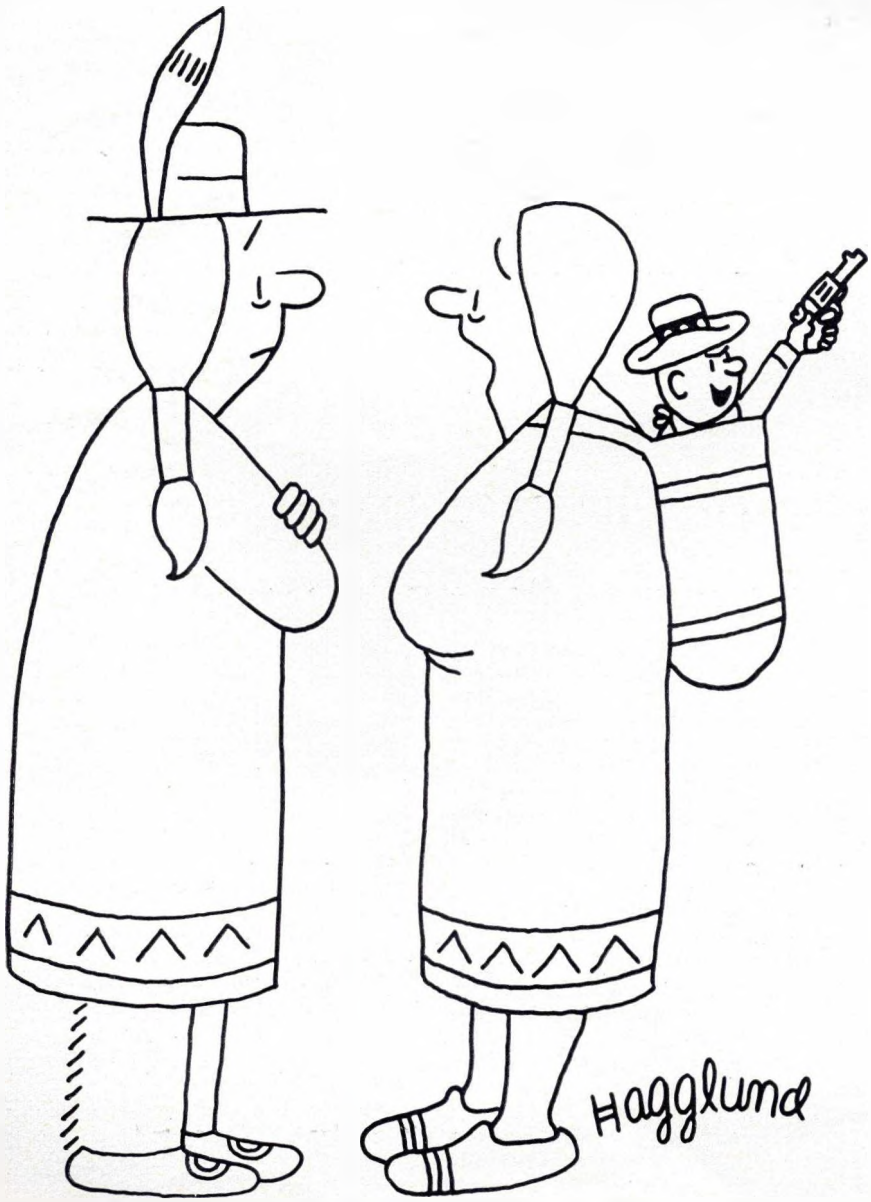
Occasionally, the problem is not hitting the ball; it's just *seeing* it. Walter Hagen had this problem the morning in 1919 when he was matched with Mike Brady in an 18-hole play-off for the U.S. Open title. Hagen's nickname was "The Haig," no relation to the Scotch of a similar name but Hagen would not have objected. A family discount would have saved him a fortune. Not that he worried about a few dollars, or a few thousand for that matter. Hagen liked a good time. Thinking he was going to win the Open over the regulation 72 holes, he planned to celebrate that Saturday evening. And when Hagen celebrated, he went first class. The tournament was in Boston where Al Jolson was starring in a musical.

"Al was a good friend of mine," Hagen liked to say. "And I used to like to go backstage after his performance. He always had a lovely chorus and I relished looking them over at close range."

Hagen and Jolson had arranged a private performance at a nearby beach club for Saturday evening. When Hagen finished in a tie with Brady, necessitating a playoff the next day, it never occured to him to cancel the party. "After all," Hagen once said, "it might have rained the next day."

Off they went—Hagen, Jolson, the

TRUE



"Somewhere along the way we failed him."

chorus girls and a few friends. Sometime during the night one of Hagen's companions told him, "Walter, you should get some sleep so you'll be in shape for the play-off. You can be sure Brady is in bed."

"He may be in bed," Hagen boomed, "but he ain't *sleeping*."

Hagen watched the dawn come up over the Atlantic Ocean and a few hours later, he realized it was time for him to get to the Brae Burn Country Club. He arrived at the starter's table in his white tie and tails.

"Just give me a couple minutes to change my clothes," he requested, "and I'll be ready."

While Hagen was in the clubhouse, he "took the oportunity to sneak a couple of quick ones from a supply I kept in my locker for just such emergencies." Properly fortified against the glare of the morning sun, he won the play-off by a stroke. And, as he has said many times with a laugh, "I gave sobriety one of the worst black eyes it has ever had."

Hagen pummelled sobriety throughout his career but he once proved to be no match for a man genuinely ill. In 1922 Hagen won the British Open while Gene Sarazen, now the TV commentator on *Shell's Wonderful World of Golf*, won both the U.S. Open and the PGA. To determine the "World" champion, a head-to-head match was arranged at what is now the Westchester Country Club not far from New York City. The morning of the duel Sarazen had some abdominal pains, but he teed off on time. As he trudged the hilly course in his familiar plus fours, he winced occasionally as the pains worsened. But he defeated Hagen, 3 and 2. On his return to the clubhouse, he asked a doctor to examine him.

"Get in the hospital right away," the doctor told Sarazen. "Your appendix has to come out."

Sarazen's theory is that a golfer "has his mind on the game and the opposition, and his inner drive to win doesn't let him think about" an ailment.

When Dr. Cary Middlecoff won the Masters in 1955 and the Open in 1956, his grass allergy was acting up and he was swallowing hay-fever pills as if they were candy. But his allergy problem was mild compared to that of Bill Casper, the current Open champion. Casper used to be fat. He used to mope from tournament to tournament complaining of headaches, backaches, sinus pains and muscle spasms. He had a reputation as a grouch.

But Casper also had a reputation as perhaps the finest putter ever to play the game. He won the Open in 1959 at Winged Foot, near New York City, with a total of only 114 putts over 72 holes. He was always among the leading money winners, but his bank account failed to soothe his sour disposition. He gobbled aspirin by the bottle. Hoping to learn a medical reason for his problems, he underwent a series of allergy tests in 1963.

It was found that he was allergic to such staples as lamb, chicken, pork, apples, melons, butter, eggs, wheat and citrus fruits. Just about everything he had been eating.

His doctor put him on an exotic diet. Casper now dines on hippopatamus, moose, rabbit, buffalo, elk and bear. He munches organically grown vegetables. He drinks herb tea. His health is improved. So are his disposition and his waistline.

"But," says one of his touring rivals, "his golf hasn't improved, to speak of. He was a great player when he was having his troubles. He feels better now, but he's not scoring any better."

To score better, for example, there is nothing like a pulled shoulder tendon. Bill Martindale, one of the young pros on the tour, found this out last summer. In the Cleveland Open, he had to take a left-handed swipe at his ball. Swiping at it awkwardly, he felt something pop in his right shoulder. It hurt so much he had to withdraw from the tournament.

"C'mon," he said to his wife, "let's go home for a few weeks and I'll get this shoulder treated."

Home is Dallas. Martindale, his wife and their baby daughter got into their car and started driving. But they had gone only a few miles when he began thinking about the $100,000 Thunderbird tournament the following week in Clifton, New Jersey. The more Martindale thought about the $100,000, the more he figured maybe he could get a piece of it even with a bad shoulder.

"Maybe the shoulder will get better by itself," he told his wife and aimed the car east.

Martindale opened with a par 72, then he had a 69. The third day he fired a six-under-par 66 and took the tournament lead. In the press tent that afternoon, he said, "My shoulder is still bothering me. I guess you have to have something wrong with you to lead a tournament." The next day he was on the practice tee when a bystander asked him about his shoulder.

"It feels pretty good," he replied. "No excuses."

It felt so good he had to struggle to shoot a two-over-par 74. He skidded to third place. Not bad.

"But this game seems much easier," Martindale said later, "when you don't feel good." So let that be a lesson to you, old buddy. When you feel lousy, double the bets. But when your opponent shows up with an ailment, be careful. Very, very careful.

—Dave Anderson

COMING . . .

How to train toads as mouse catchers and have the world beat a path to your door in

THE JOINT IS JUMPING
BY DAN MANNIX

Meet the newest additions to the world's greatest home menagerie

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

THESE FELLERS KNOW THINGS THAT WE DON'T

[*Continued from page* 63]

dolphins committing suicide, an act supposedly reserved for neurotic humans, not "dumb animals." Author Max Miller recalls one day in 1961 when a group of swimmers, pointing at what they thought was a shark fin, scrambled from the surf at La Jolla, California. The fin turned out to be that of a dolphin who literally was beating himself to death on the rocks. Twice, Miller helped push the injured animal into the surf; twice, the dolphin rammed himself high and dry again, and eventually died.

There are records, too, of homosexuality, nymphomania and masturbation among dolphins. Kent Burgess, director of animal training at San Diego's SeaWorld oceanarium, bluntly calls them "the horniest animals I've known."

Is the dolphin really as smart as his press clippings would indicate? Let's hear Ken Norris first on the subject.

"Dolphins," he says, "have been so overrated it is almost laughable. They are indeed incredibly intelligent creatures, undoubtedly the most intelligent subhuman creature of all. But when I read some of the stuff my colleagues write about them, I expect to see Flipper running for Congress! Some dolphins are smart, sure, but some aren't. They're just like people."

Norris, a professor of zoology at the University of California at Los Angeles, somehow has escaped being hypnotized by his finned charges. But he, too, sounds perilously close to surrender at times when discussing them.

"We've just scratched the surface of our knowledge of nature," he says. "I won't go as far as to suggest that in the dolphin lies a cure for cancer, the secret of perpetual motion or the key to world peace. But right now, he's brought us to the brink of some really significant discoveries."

Norris' own area of study is the animal's sonar system. Once man understands the secret of dolphin sonar ("echolocation" Norris calls it) the possibilities of its practical application are incredible.

"Despite millions of dollars and thousands of man-hours invested by the Navy," he says, "many of the most refined instruments have trouble telling the difference between a whale and a submarine. Yet a dolphin can tell, at close range, which of two nearly identical fish will make a better meal."

Norris envisions the day when human blind may be equipped with inexpensive "feeling devices" evolved from dolphin sonar. "Theoretically, we could produce such a device right now from known techniques, but its worth would be questionable."

Sonar is but one reason scientists have, in the past couple of years, launched a crash program of dolphin study. It is estimated that at least $1 million is spent annually on dolphin research in the United States alone. Scientists once devoted to other fields are now tape-recording dolphin noises, dissecting dolphin carcasses, digging dolphin pools, even talking to dolphins, or, more correctly, *trying to.* (No one has yet determined whether the dolphin cares to talk back.) And it really doesn't matter whether there's a handy ocean nearby for these studies; one Navy dolphin tank has been built smack in the middle of California's arid Mojave Desert.

Two curious facts emerge from all of this. The first is general agreement that the dolphin not only is an exceptionally intelligent creature, but is the animal who, as Plutarch wrote centuries ago, "loves man for man's sake," despite the fact that man insults his dignity by making a laboratory specimen of him.

"I've punched holes in their heads," says Dr. John C. Lilly of the Florida Communications Research Institute, perhaps the foremost authority on dolphins. "I've stuck wires in their brains and squirted them with electricity. But dolphins always have treated me with kindness, even love."

The second fact is that the more science learns about dolphins, the wider the disagreement about them. Take, for instance, their swimming speed. There are numerous documented accounts of dolphins swimming at speeds exceeding 30 knots. Ken Norris, on the other hand, ran some tests which dispute the reports. He subjected Keiki, a normal, healthy dolphin, to a series of speed runs in the open sea off Oahu. Her best time was 16.1 knots.

Likewise debated are the instances of dolphin suicide. On Okinawa, schools of dolphins return as faithfully as Capistrano's swallows to one harbor each year, only to have the populace reduce them to bloody pulps with knives, sticks and guns. One theory is that the lemminglike rush is the result of the dolphin's evolutionary instinct pushing him against his physical will. Another insists that the dolphin may be merely fleeing a killer whale—his only superior enemy in the sea—or is wounded or too tired to swim.

Let's take a brief look at this curious, controversial animal:

Dolphins, of which there are 50 species, are air-breathing aquatic mammals of the cetacean ("sea monster") family which includes whales and sea lions. The most common is the bottlenosed dolphin, *Tursiops truncatus* which averages eight to nine feet in length, is gray on the back and sides, shading to white underneath. Like other dolphins, its tail is horizontal instead of vertical like the fish, permitting him to rise rapidly to the surface when he needs air. Other species range from four to 12 feet and their life span averages 35 to 40 years.

In the United States dolphins of any kind are usually called porpoises. They are, in a strict sense, wild animals who in their natural state are free-living and as untamed as deer or wolves. But they differ dramatically from all other wild creatures in the way they will voluntarily associate with man.

Like humans, they are individuals. Some are mean, some are friendly. Human males, obviously, don't act like human females, and neither do dolphins.

Take Homer, a spirited, cantankerous, 400-pound, bottlenosed, boy dolphin who cavorts in the indoor Theater of the Sea at California's SeaWorld for a paying human audience.

"Homer acted just like any other dolphin when we first put him in the tank," a SeaWorld aide remembers, "until he made the happy discovery that the other three dolphins in the tank were female. Then he flipped." When human "Seamaids" joined the animal entourage as part of the underwater show, Homer's masculine ego became so inflated that he was furious when another male—human—entered his tank.

"Homer and the other dolphins," recalls pretty Chris Snell, one of the original Seamaids, "are as affectionate, intelligent and interesting as most people I know. Homer enjoys my company because I'm female. But let a man come in the tank, and he really gets sore."

Kent Burgess explains Homer's jealousy this way: "His ability to differentiate between a human male and female, between a regular diver and one who never has gone into his tank before, is an example of the dolphin's exceptional ability to discriminate."

Discrimination is also what fascinates scientists about the dolphin's sonar. At UCLA, an experiment by Ken Norris demonstrated this remarkable characteristic. A dolphin in a tank was trained to approach on command and indicate, by touching a bell device, which of two steel balls dropped in the water was the larger. His reward for choosing correctly was a tasty fish.

"We repeated the test, each time using balls of different size," Norris reports. "The dolphin didn't miss—even though the balls finally were only one thirty-second of an inch different in size!"

At the Navy's Point Mugu missile center, F. G. Wood, head of the marine sciences division, placed suction cups over a porpoise's eyes. Then a weighted ring was tossed in the water and a trainer blew a whistle. Promptly, the "blind" porpoise swam off and returned, carrying the ring around his neck. He found it by using his sonar.

"We cannot continue to insist," says Florida's Dr. John Lilly, "that man is on top of the evolutionary scale. Within a decade or two, humans may establish communication with another species; nonhumans, alien, possibly extraterres-

[*Continued on page* 116]

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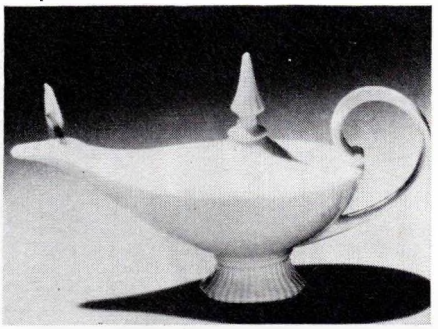

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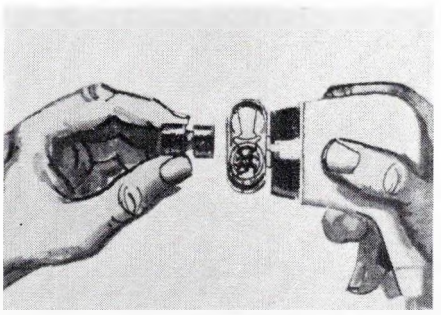

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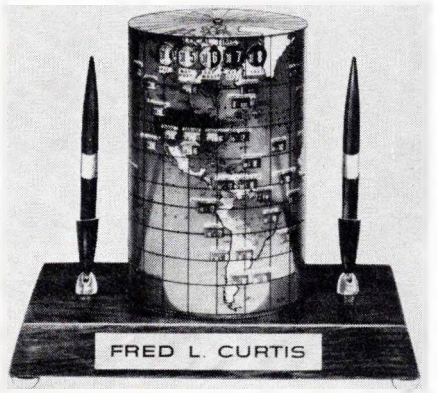

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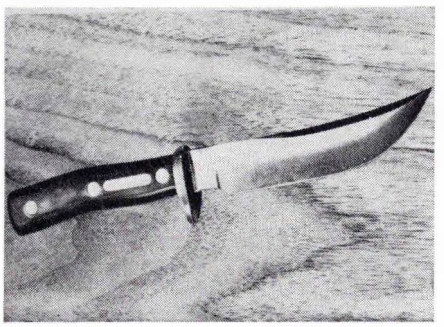

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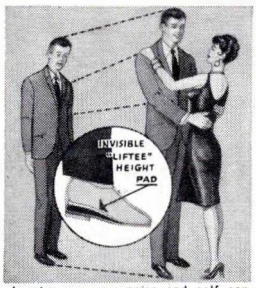

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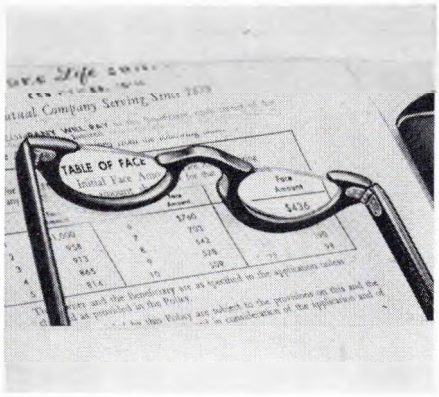

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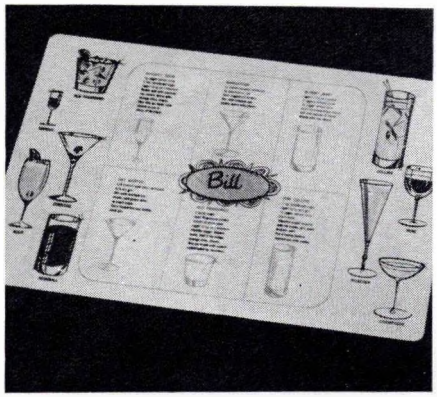

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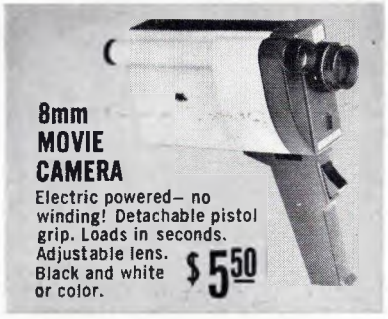

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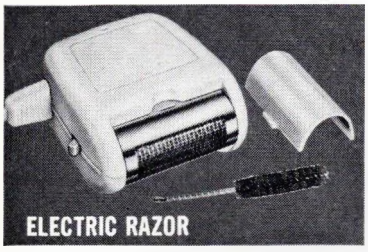

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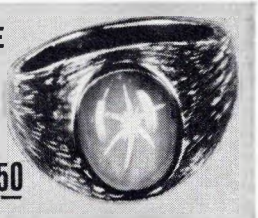

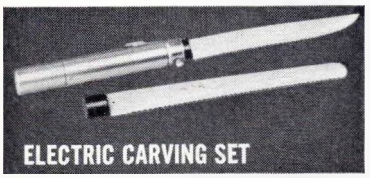

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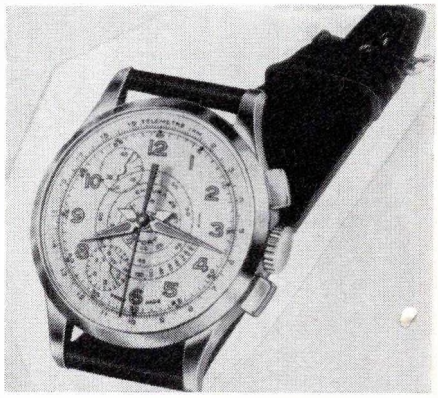

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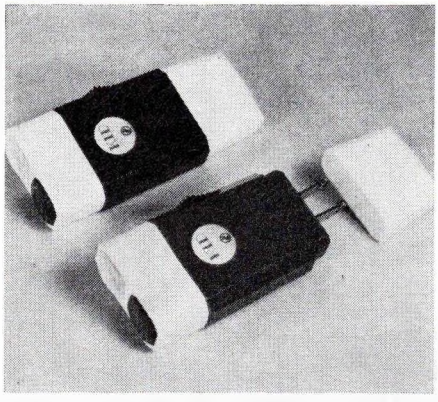

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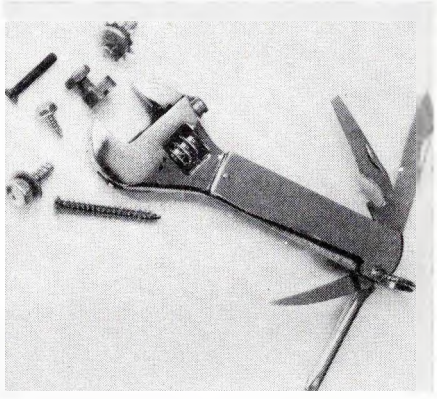

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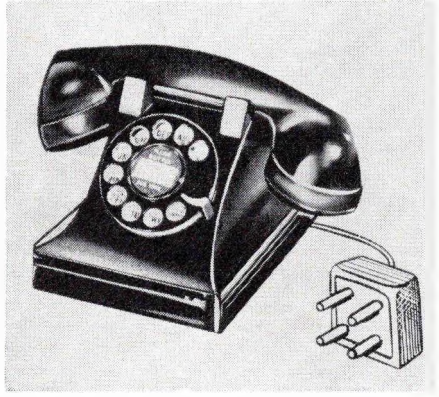

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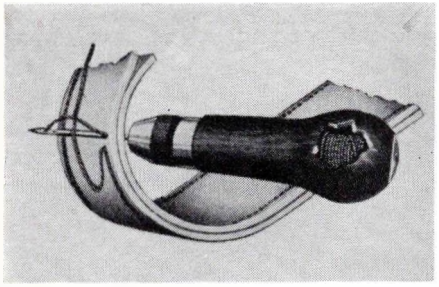

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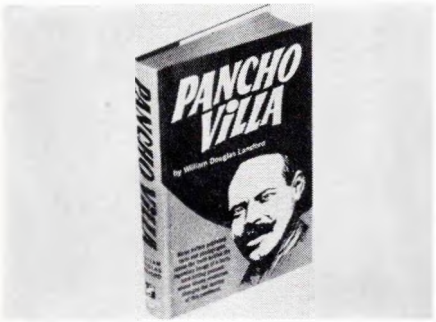

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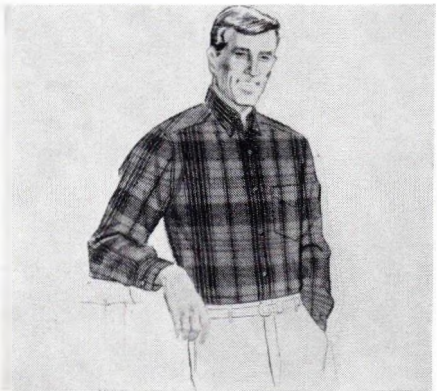

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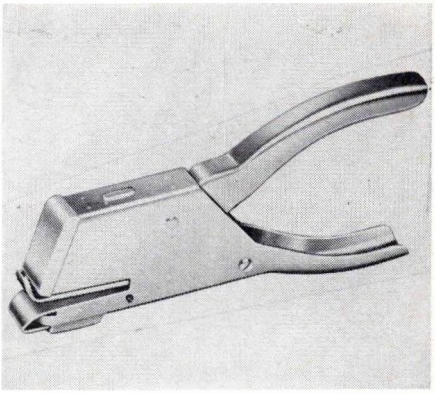

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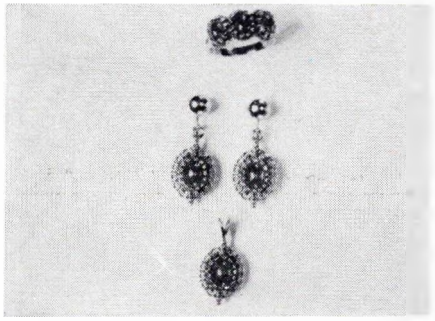

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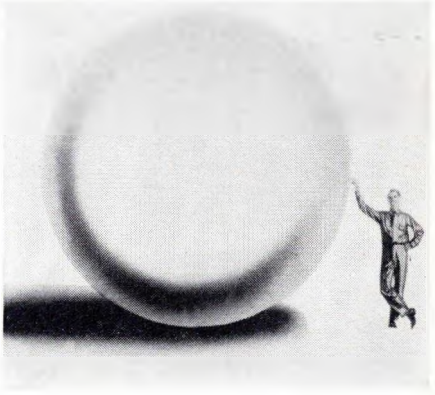

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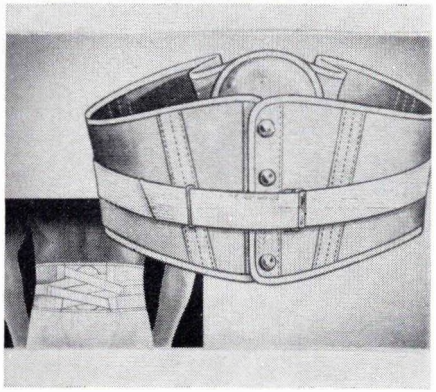

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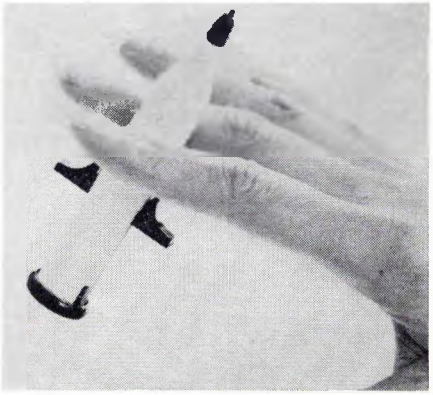

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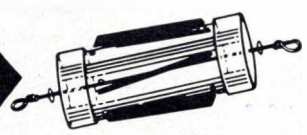

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[*Continued from page* 108]

trial, more probably marine. . . . It is probable that the dolphin's intelligence is comparable to ours, though in a very strange fashion."

Lilly thinks that if man can break the dolpin "language barrier" and communicate with the animal, the dolphin perhaps can be trained to perform oceanographic measurements far in the depths of the sea, or to obtain samples of unknown life from great depths.

Anyone who has seen dolphins in oceanariums knows they are quite vocal animals. They chirp, whistle, squeal, often mimicking humans. Norris and the others have taped these sounds under varying conditions—distress, at bay, playing—and are trying to determine what they mean. Many scientists think there isn't any known "language" involved, which can be translated and learned by humans, but interesting theories persist. One is that the talk of the dolphin may be some sort of "international tongue" which, if man could find the key, could be used to "talk" to dolphins and increase man's knowledge of himself a hundredfold.

Dr. John Drehrer, who conducted a dolphin study program for the Navy at Lockheed Aircraft, found dolphin sounds similar to those of the Mazteco language of Mexico. Drehrer recorded six of the 32 known dolphin sounds, and played them back to a social breeding colony of dolphins at Marineland of the Pacific, near Los Angeles. The sounds almost had the dolphins fooled. "It's a long, long way from here to a grammar, to a syntax, to a language," he remarks. "But we've made a start."

Doctor Lilly, who has written several books on the subject, thinks dolphins *do* have a language, but speak at a rate eight times faster than that of humans. "They also have an amazing gift of mimicry," he says. "When properly conditioned, a dolphin tries very hard to repeat human phrases. The replies come out as an unintelligible series of squawks, squeaks, quacks and blats, but every once in a while a dolphin will repeat an English word or phrase as clearly as a parrot or mynah bird."

Researchers at Sperry Rand Corp. of New York have gone a step further. They have developed a sophisticated electronic computer called the Sceptron which not only records dolphin noises, but automatically analyzes them and catalogs them as well.

"By using the Sceptron," says George Rand, senior research section head of the project, "we believe we can train dolphins to pronounce certain human words on command. The Sceptron can be connected to a signal device or, more appropriately, to a mackerel dispenser, so that the dolphin is rewarded when he correctly pronounces the word."

The next step, obviously, is to get the dolphin to understand what the word means, and catalog it in his own amazing brain. Though it may seem far out right now, this eventually could mean that man and dolphin could conduct a basic conversation in "pidgin English," much as two humans of different nationalities now can learn to do. Once this communications barrier is hurdled, most scientists feel, the possibilities of dolphins aiding man's quest for knowledge is limitless.

"Just to think about it makes your head swim," says Ken Norris. "Think of the things a dolphin can do that man can't. He can plummet in seconds to great depths with no physical damage. He can swim great distances with little 'fuel.' He is strong and fears nothing in the sea except the killer whale. He is agile. He possesses that fantastic sense of discrimination. He learns quickly and—best of all—seldom forgets a lesson once learned."

Norris envisions the day when dolphins can be trained to "ride shotgun" on groups of scuba divers, protecting them from sharks; to herd fish or aid in searches for people lost at sea.

At SeaWorld, Kent Burgess is training a dolphin to wear a harness as the first step in efforts to adapt the Aqualung to porpoise use. "A dolphin can stay underwater only five minutes or so," Burgess explains, "which is one of his few limitations. With a self-contained air supply, we open a whole new field of experiments."

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The thrilling story behind the epic run that topped Donald Campbell's mark

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

In September, 1965, the Navy conducted the Sealab II underwater experiment at San Diego. As part of the project, a specially trained, shark-scarred dolphin named Tuffy was flown by helicopter to San Diego from the Navy missile station at Point Mugu, north of Los Angeles. Tuffy's mission: to find and rescue divers who got lost while roaming the sea bottom near the underwater capsule.

Tuffy wore a collar to which was attached a tether line. Should a diver lose his bearings, he had only to press a buzzer attached to his wet suit. Tuffy, hopefully, would locate him with sonar. The diver then merely would follow the tether to the capsule. Fortunately the safety device wasn't needed, but in tests Tuffy performed like a veteran.

In 1961 word leaked out that Britain's Royal Navy had embarked on a hush-hush project near Portsmouth to train dolphins to detect enemy submarines and hostile frogmen. Nothing was said after that bare announcement five years ago; perhaps Her Majesty's weapons experts learned to their dismay that *Tursiops gilli* is at heart a pacifist.

Nevertheless, the United States Navy still is pouring a bushelful of tax dollars each year into similar studies. Perhaps the most extensive project in terms of money and manpower is that at the Point Mugu missile base in Southern California where ICBM's and bottlenosed porpoises coexist. The Point Mugu Marine Biology Facility is no small-budget, back-lot operation. Established in 1962 as a joint operation of the Naval Missile Center and the Naval Ordnance Test Center, China Lake, California, it now boasts six test-training tanks, a mile-long, 35-foot deep seawater lagoon which leads directly to the Pacific, and a dolphin population varying between 10 and 15, in addition to numerous sea lions and whales, and a scientific staff and support group of 18.

"Right now there is probably more dolphin research being done here than anywhere in the world," says F. G. Wood, head of the marine sciences division.

Communications is a primary study target at Mugu, but just as important to the Navy is learning the secret of the dolphin's super-refined hydrodynamics. "Hydrodynamically, the dolphin amazes us," Wood says. "He is superior to any hull man has designed. He moves through the water without inducing turbulence, which causes drag. He leaves no wake. He has a highly-sophisticated sonar system which operates on a different principle than the Navy's. He's an utterly fantastic animal."

With all this scientific snooping by man into the dolphin world, it is inevitable that the dolphin may soon begin to share man's own troubles. Take the case of Cyrene. A full-grown female dolphin at SeaWorld, Cyrene began growing listless day-by-day and soon began flubbing her lines in a lagoon show.

Dr. David Kenney, SeaWorld veterinarian, made a series of tests and came up with a startling diagnosis.

"Cyrene," he said, "has diabetes." What was worse, he said after further tests, she also suffered from pneumonia, gastritis and enteritis, and cataracts had begun forming over her eyes. Kenney began administering doses of special drugs, disguising them in mackerel. Insulin therapy came next. Cyrene then was X-rayed and inoculated and subjected to medication much the same as any human would be.

The care proved successful and today, Cyrene is again a healthy star performer in SeaWorld's outdoor lagoon show.

The incident wasn't scientifically exciting, because many other animals have been treated by man over the years. But it was perhaps significant in a different way; for if a dolphin can succumb to diabetes, might he not also fall victim to that coveted ailment that separates man from beast, that ailment that man grouses about yet wears like a badge of success: ulcers?

Might the dolphin begin to worry so much about calories and traffic jams, bill collectors and the Cold War, nagging wives and hangovers, that he may someday be forced to swap milk for mackerel to pacify a duodenal?

The next time you see Keiki or her friends, you might ask them if it's possible.

—Joseph E. Brown

THE SECRET SURRENDER

[*Continued from page* 41]

inkling of the conflict within the Nazi leadership. Kaltenbrunner wanted us to know that he and Himmler were anxious to end the war and were contemplating liquidating the warmongers within the Nazi party. They wanted contact with the British and Americans.

By the end of February 1945, we had talked to several churchmen and industrialists whom the SS—not the army—had sent to us as emissaries. Any connections to the army had been a result of our own initiative—and were fruitless. Among the SS feelers, it was still impossible to tell whether the men who had allowed their names to be used were acting on their own or on higher authority and, more importantly, whether any of them had anything to deliver. As we saw it, the SS appeared to be chiefly trying to get some good marks with the Allies to offset what was otherwise an unmitigated record of black criminality. It is no wonder, then, that when still another probe bearing all the familiar earmarks reached us, we were not especially enthusiastic.

I heard about it first on February 28, 1945, at a meeting with Gero v. S. Gaevernitz and Maj. Max Waibel of Swiss military intelligence. Gaevernitz is a naturalized American, German by birth, who had business interests and family holdings in Switzerland and who remained there after the outbreak of war largely because he foresaw that he might make himself useful in the anti-Hitler cause. He was deeply motivated by the conviction that Germany had never been so thoroughly permeated by Nazism as the world was inclined to believe, and that there were many people in Germany in high positions both civilian and military who were ready to join any workable undertaking that would get rid of Hitler and the Nazis and put an end to the war. Then in his early forties, Gaevernitz was a tall, handsome man with a great capacity for making friends. Indeed, on innumerable occasions, I enlisted his aid, and we have collaborated in the writing of this book. For many months he and I had been working closely with Waibel, and a strong bond both of friendship and of professional trust and understanding had grown up among us. Naturally we shared the desire to know what the Germans were planning. This was almost as vital to the Swiss as it was to the Americans.

That day Waibel had been contacted by an Italian and a Swiss. The Italian, a businessman whose name meant nothing to us at the time, was Baron Luigi Parilli. The Swiss was Prof. Max Husmann, who ran a well-known private school not far from Lucerne. One of Baron Parilli's relatives had attended Husmann's school, and this was the slender link that had led Parilli to tell Husmann his plan. Husmann, hearing what Parilli had to say, had come to Waibel, whom he had known before, and Waibel had turned to us. It was a matter, Waibel explained, which could not be handled by the Swiss, but only by the Allies. At the same time, he assured us, the Swiss had a very deep and natural interest in any project which would bring an early peace and spare North Italy from destruction.

What did Parilli want? What was he offering? For the details Waibel suggested we talk directly to the two men. I considered this for a moment and decided it would be premature to entangle myself personally with an unknown emissary who might be acting on his own, or worse, be the agent in a German attempt to penetrate our mission. Gaevernitz was ideally suited for the task. He had been working very closely with me for some time, knew my views and methods, and was eminently capable of forming an accurate opinion as to the genuineness of peace probes of this kind.

Gaevernitz reported to me the next day. At first the two men had struck him as unlikely contacts to the armed forces of Marshal Kesselring and the black-booted SS in Italy. The Italian baron was a short, slight, bald gentleman with ingratiating manners—as Gaevernitz put it, a bit like the keeper of a small Italian hotel who is trying to persuade you to take your dinner there. Husmann was talkative, given to sweeping generalities, and quite pompous in the delivery of them. During the pauses in Parilli's account, the professor lectured on peace and international understanding, which were as dear to our hearts as to his, but which the session in progress did not seem to be bringing us any closer. Parilli hedged when pressed for the names of the people he was representing. He kept on the theme of the coming horror of German vengeance in North Italy. He had had an inspiration, he declared, that he had been "chosen" to find the solution, to be the intervening "angel" for North Italy.

At last Parilli began to elaborate on the idea that the SS in Italy were somewhat different than you might expect. It was the SS, not the German army, that might be capable of some independent thought and action—certain people in the SS, anyway. Who? How did he know? Gaevernitz kept pressing for proof. Finally the baron mentioned his close relationship with a young SS captain, a certain Guido Zimmer, who until recently had been chief of counterespionage in the SS intelligence office in Genoa. Zimmer, despite his membership in the SS, was a devout Catholic, an aesthete and an intellectual. According to Parilli, he was moved by a desire to save the art and religious treasures as well as the industrial and power plants in Northern Italy. The talks between them had reached a point at which Zimmer carefully broached the whole problem to a top SS official whom he knew, Col. Eugen Dollmann. To Zimmer's great relief, Dollmann had listened to him with apparent sympathy, and had said that he would pass Zimmer's views to his chief, Gen. Karl Wolff, commander of all SS units in Italy. Parilli did not know what had happened after that. He and Zimmer, he said, had developed a plan of trying to get to Switzerland, to search out a connection with the Allies. On his own, Parilli had applied to the Italian authorities for an exit permit for "economic reasons." Somewhere in the Ger-

man SS command the word was given to let Parilli take his trip.

Gaevernitz was not overly impressed by all this. He thanked Parilli for informing him of his contacts and his good intentions and said that a talk with Dollmann or Wolff or preferably Marshal Kesselring might be worthwhile. Beyond that one could not go at the moment.

To our surprise, a few days after these meetings we had an urgent call from Waibel. Parilli had returned. Not only that; with him were Colonel Dollmann and Guido Zimmer. Their presence in Switzerland would be kept secret, but they would have to return to Italy shortly. It was up to us to see what we could extract from them.

It struck me as a good idea to try out another intermediary on these emissaries, one who so far had had nothing to do with this particular operation. The man I had in mind was Paul Blum, a trusted member of my Bern staff and an excellent judge of people.

On March 3, Paul met in Lugano with Parilli, Dollmann, Zimmer, and Husmann. Dollmann, with his dark look, his long black hair combed back and curling a little over his ears, struck Paul as a slippery customer who knew much more than he was telling. Captain Zimmer, good-looking and clean-cut, was obviously in a subordinate position, and hardly opened his mouth. Paul quickly learned that Dollmann would try to persuade General Wolff to come personally to Switzerland to continue the talks if there were any hope of establishing contact with the Allies. No claims were made that Dollmann spoke for Kesselring, nor did anyone promise to produce him.

Before the meeting I had decided that it was high time we had concrete evidence of the German emissaries' seriousness and of their authority. I had given Paul a slip of paper on which two names were written: Ferruccio Parri and Antonio Usmiani. Parri was one of the heads of the Italian resistance. Usmiani had been doing military intelligence work for me in North Italy and had rendered gallant services. Both had been caught by the SS police and both were being held in prison. I proposed, therefore, that General Wolff demonstrate the seriousness of his intentions by releasing these two hostages to me in Switzerland. Parri was probably the most important Italian prisoner the SS held.

Background of a surrender

Had we known at that time the anxiety of the German chieftains in Italy about their military situation, we would have been less surprised than we were at what came next. We knew that many of them were willing to pay a price to achieve a sure line of communications with the Allies but they knew they were risking their lives in giving to us a hostage of Parri's stature. Furthermore, the three representative components of German power in North Italy—the army, the diplomats, and the SS—had little reason to like or trust one another. And within the ranks of each of these three groups, everyone knew that his closest associates—out of fear or loyalty to Hitler, real or feigned—might betray to the Gestapo the least sign of wavering from Hitler's order to fight to the finish.

Even with the historical records we now have, it is difficult to reconstruct the way the idea of a separate Italian surrender grew, and how the various partners to it gradually approached each other. No doubt something in the atmosphere of Italy nurtured it. The people there were remote from the main European fighting front and from the German heartland. The Church was a mollifying influence. And these factors, combined with the particular type of men who happened to be on the scene, must account for it. One thing at least is certain. The prime mover in the end was SS Obergruppenführer Karl Wolff.

To supervise all SS activities, both police and military, a position existed in most German-dominated areas which was called the Higher SS and Police Leader. Normally, this is what Wolff's title should have been but Himmler wanted him to have standing in the eyes of both Mussolini and Kesselring. Accordingly a new and unique title was created for him. If the other bosses of SS and police were Higher SS and Police Leaders, then Wolff would have to be Highest SS and Police Leader. He was responsible directly to Himmler and of course to the Führer. He was sent to Italy as Himmler's personal representative to keep order in an area which, at the time of his arrival in 1943, stretched from north of Naples to the Brenner Pass. He was to be Mussolini's adviser in police matters, and no doubt he was to keep a close eye on Mussolini and his Salo government for Himmler's benefit as well. But Wolff was also to work with Kesselring in coordinating the disposition of his SS forces with those of the army.

To do all this, Wolff was given still another title: Plenipotentiary General of the Armed Forces for the rear combat areas of Italy. As the Nazi power dwindled, titles grew. This new title meant, of course, that if any question of authority between SS police and military forces should arise in the North Italian area, Wolff could intervene to coordinate matters.

Who was this Karl Wolff on whom Himmler showered favors and in whom he had such trust? The facts about him are briefly these. Before he arrived in Italy in 1943, he had been the chief of Himmler's personal staff and one of the liaison officers between Himmler and Hitler—that is, between the SS top command and Hitler's headquarters. At times, he was also liaison between Himmler and Ribbentrop—*i.e.*, between the SS and the Foreign Office. Thus he was not primarily either a commander of troops or a police official. Rather, he was a kind of diplomat or political adviser to the SS leaders. He had unobtrusively slipped into very high places as a man who could manage other men by dint of his personal qualities.

Shortly before coming to Italy, he had broken one rule of the SS which Himmler could not lightly forgive. He was married and had four children but, early in 1943, he decided to marry another woman. He went to Himmler with his request for a divorce. (Every marriage and divorce in the upper ranks of the SS required Himmler's approval.) Himmler turned him down; his own chief of staff could not be allowed to set such an example. Without a word to Himmler, Wolff then went to Hitler and asked for his permission. Hitler gave it. According to many accounts, this incident, which annoyed Himmler, was one of the reasons he packed Wolff off to Italy. A top SS official was needed there and while there were other more experienced SS administrators, Wolff had the rank and the personal qualifications for the job and Hitler apparently still thought highly of him.

Reportedly Wolff had told the Pope in May 1944 that he "was ready to commit his own life to the cause of peace." Few knew he had seen the Pope; one of these few was the ubiquitous Dollmann, and it was he who seems to have been Wolff's eyes and ears in sounding out like-minded, potential supporters in a conspiracy for peace.

When Dollmann, according to a report he wrote after the war, was in Florence in July of 1944, he received an invitation to visit the commander of the German Air Force in Italy, Gen. Max Ritter von Pohl, at his headquarters outside Florence. To his surprise, Pohl opened up at once with a hard-hitting statement on the absurdity of continuing the war and the hopelessness of convincing Hitler that it had to be stopped. The idea which was really the key to the whole surrender in Italy was clearly formulated by Pohl on this occasion, almost a year before the event. Pohl told Dollmann that an agreement would have to be made with the Western powers without Hitler's knowledge. The army, with its cast-iron notions of loyalty to the Führer's oath, could not be called on to take any action. The SS was the one organization left in Germany with sufficient authority to carry out negotiations to stop the war, yet Himmler would be an unsuitable and unacceptable spokesman. Therefore—and here Pohl turned to Dollmann with a question—wasn't there an energetic and uncompromised leader in the SS who could approach the Allies? Dollman brought Wolff and Pohl together that September.

As Wolff told us much later, he had believed in the possibility of a compromise peace until the beginning of 1945. He believed in it because he thought that Hitler was really going to produce the new weapons he had been boasting about. After the failure of the Ardennes offensive (Battle of the Bulge in December 1944 to January 1945), Wolff heard that the Germans had almost no air support. The long-awaited new jets had not materialized. For the first time, he realized that Hitler's promises were lies. In mid-February he talked to Hitler in front of Ribbentrop about the need for Germany to find a way to stop the war. Hitler remained unruffled by the proposal, didn't say no, but didn't actually give Wolff permission to do anything.

At the same time, one other man of highest rank in the German establishment in Italy was thinking about surrender and

was perhaps even readier to act than Wolff. This was the German ambassador, Rudolf Rahn, Hitler's personal emissary to Mussolini. While Rahn commanded no troops himself, and had none of Wolff's police powers or military titles, he was closer to Kesselring and had known him longer.

After Wolff moved up to quarters on the Lake of Garda in the summer of 1944, he became a neighbor of Rahn's and the two men carefully sounded each other out. Both Rahn and Wolff realized that only Kesselring could bring about an armistice, and that he would have to be won over. Rahn offered to talk to him, since he knew him best.

Early in March, Kesselring dropped in to see Rahn, who was sick in bed at the time. Rahn drew him into a discussion of the hopeless military and political outlook for Germany, and told him bluntly that the final moment had come to save the remnants of the German nation from total destruction. As far as Rahn could see, only Kesselring, the last undefeated German field marshal, could do something effective. He alone could really influence his fellow generals to surrender. Rahn waited. Kesselring didn't bat an eyelash. Outwardly he was a cool and dispassionate man. He quietly referred to his oath as a soldier and added that he thought the Führer would still pull them all through. To this Rahn said, "Field Marshal, this is no time for either of us to resort to propaganda slogans for each other's benefit. If you cannot make a decisive move now, I hope you will be ready to the moment we hear that the Führer is dead." Kesselring said nothing. He rose from Rahn's bedside to leave. Just before he went he said in an unmistakably friendly manner, "I hope your political plans succeed."

The general pays a visit

When Parilli had approached us, of course, we knew nothing of all this and we were astounded when, on the 8th of March—only four days after he had started back to Italy with the report on the Lugano meeting at which I had asked for "hostages"—those hostages were delivered to me. Furthermore, Wolff was hard on their heels. Wolff and Parilli had crossed the border shortly after the two released men, Parri and Osmiani. With Wolff were three German officers. Colonel Dollmann, Captain Zimmer, and his adjutant, Major Wenner. All in civilian clothes.

Wolff had acted with astonishing speed. How did he do it? Did he regard himself as invulnerable? Was his power so great that he had nothing to fear? Was he perhaps foolhardy? How did he cover up his tracks? Or did Himmler know, and had he given his approval, and was there, therefore, nothing to hide?

I then decided that it was worth the gamble to see Wolff myself, in full recognition of the fact that considerable risk was involved. It would probably be the first meeting to discuss peace between a commanding German officer and an Allied official since the war began. If Wolff was trying to trick me, and the news leaked, the consequences could be unpleasant. I could see the headlines it would make: "Envoy of Roosevelt Sees High SS Officer." Wolff would learn nothing, but he could make political capital of the fact that I had talked to him. At least I had an alibi: Through Wolff, I had secured the release of two Italian hostages of importance to the Allies, and I hoped to get valuable intelligence also.

Before our meeting, Husmann handed me some papers which he said General Wolff wanted me to see. They were surprising documents, written in German and with Wolff's official card attached. The covering page, in translation, read as follows:

KARL WOLFF

SS Obergruppenführer and General of the Military SS.
Highest SS and Police Leader.
Military Plenipotentiary of the German Armed Forces in Italy.
Commander of Rear Military Area and of the Military Administration.

Information about the above person can be given by:

1. The former Deputy of the Führer, Rudolf Hess, at present in Canada.

2 The present Pope: Visit in May 1944, release of Professor Vasella at request of the Pope, who stands by to intercede, if desired, at any time.

3. Father Pankratius Pfeiffer, Superior of the Salvatorian Order in Rome. . . .

There followed seven or eight more names of churchmen, Italian aristocrats, and so on, with details of how Wolff had been helpful to them, in most cases by releasing them from prison. On the next page were claims of a different sort. Here Wolff set forth that on his orders several hundred of the most precious paintings of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence had been removed to safety in North Italy when Florence was bombarded, along with various sculptures and the famous coin collection of the King of Italy, which was said to be worth many millions of dollars.

He claimed also to have been responsible, along with Kesselring, for saving Rome from German bombardment; to have settled without bloodshed the general strike in Turin, Milan and Genoa, involving some 300,000 workers in 1944; and to have negotiated with the partisans in November of 1944, with the result that an amnesty had been declared and the Italian population of North Italy no longer needed to fear being drafted into Mussolini's armies or into German labor forces. There were attachments in support of the claims made. Wolff wanted to show us what kind of man he was, in case I had the wrong idea about him.

I have always tried to have important meetings around a live fireplace. There is some subtle influence in the wood fire which makes people feel at ease and less inhibited in their conversation; and if you are asked a question to which you are in no hurry to reply, you can stir up the fire and study the patterns the flames make until they help shape your answer. If I needed more time to answer, I always had my pipe handy to fill and light.

Shortly before 10 o'clock Gaevernitz led Husmann and General Wolff into my library. There were no formal introductions. We nodded and took seats around a fire I had built there. Wolff was a handsome man and well aware of it, Nordic, with graying, slightly receding blond hair, well-built and looking no older than his age, which was about 45. He sat rather stiffly and said very little at first. Our conversation was in German. Husmann asked my permission to summarize the discussion he had had with General Wolff during the long train ride from the Swiss-Italian border. I consented and Husmann, in his professorial manner, ran down the list of topics they discussed, occasionally turning to Wolff, who nodded his agreement. Wolff had conceded that the war was irrevocably lost for Germany, and that the Western Allies could not be divided. He also had assured Husmann that he was acting without the knowledge of Hitler and Himmler. When Husmann had finished, he left us.

"I control the SS forces in Italy," Wolff told me, "and I am willing to place myself and my entire organization at the disposal of the Allies to terminate hostilities." However, he emphasized that in order to end the war in Italy, it was imperative to win over the commanders of the German Armed Forces in Italy.

For a long time he had been on very good terms with Field Marshal Kesselring, he said. If we could assure Wolff that a secure line of communication reaching the top level of the Allied Command was available through his contact to us, he would do his best to arrange that Kesselring or his deputy come to Switzerland with him to sign a surrender. I assured Wolff that we were in direct contact with Allied Headquarters. He seemed immensely relieved.

Neither at this meeting nor later did Wolff suggest that his action would be contingent upon any promise of immunity for himself. He did say that he did not consider himself a war criminal and was willing to stand on his record. In an hour we had progressed as far as we could go at the moment. Until we knew Kesselring's attitude, we could not safely plan our further course.

Late that night I sent a full report on the meeting with Wolff to Washington and Allied Headquarters in Caserta. I had not sought prior approval. This would have put too many people in Washington on the spot. It was better to leave them free to disavow me if they wished. Needless to say I awaited the reaction with impatience.

To Caserta, I had suggested that if Kesselring or his deputy was prepared to come to Switzerland with Wolff to surrender, it would be well for AFHQ to be ready to send some high-ranking officers to meet them. I made it clear that we could not yet judge how much weight could be placed on Wolff's assurances.

This word of caution did not deter Field Marshal Alexander.

A man of action, he answered my message with action, not with comment of approval or disapproval. He radioed that two senior staff officers were coming to Switzerland at once. The OSS offices at Caserta and Bern, under the orders of Gen. William J. Donovan, chief of OSS, were already making preparations to provide guards, clerical assistance, special communications facilities, and the personnel and paraphernalia required for a complex operation which must remain absolutely secret and secure. If all went well, within a few days emissaries could be converging on Switzerland who could speak for the Allied commanders of the armies that had been locked in battle with the Germans in Italy since June of 1943.

But on the afternoon of March 11th, Waibel phoned me that Parilli had just crossed the border at Chiasso—alone. I met him for the first time that day. Bundled in a large handsome overcoat with a fur collar (it was bitter cold outside) which made him look twice his size, he said a few words to me in English when we were introduced; he spoke Italian, French and German with equal speed. He liked to interlard whatever language he happened to be speaking with phrases from another. One, which he threw often in my direction, was, "You are the boss." He had a sense of humor, as well as a tendency to dramatize things a bit.

What he had to tell was dismaying. No sooner had Wolff (after his talk with me on the 8th) crossed into Italy and entered the Italian customs office than a message from Kaltenbrunner was handed to him by an SS official from Milan. Kaltenbrunner wanted Wolff to meet him in Innsbruck. During Wolff's absence Kaltenbrunner had tried to get in touch with him, and had been told that Wolff had gone to Switzerland. The fact that Wolff had failed to inform Berlin of his trip immediately aroused the most hostile suspicions. Late that night Wolff sent a teletype message to Kaltenbrunner begging off because of the pressure of work. He had to assume that Kaltenbrunner might try to arrest him if he left his own territory and went into Austria.

Wolff knew now that he would have to straighten everything out with Himmler soon. What he proposed was that we, the Allies, should turn over to him a German prisoner of high rank, equal in importance to Parri, so that Wolff could say his release of Parri was merely a prisoner exchange. Wolff asked us to locate and deliver to him, if possible, Oberstummbannführer Wuensche, a personal friend and favorite adjutant of Hitler's who had been taken prisoner in France. Hitler's birthday was coming up soon and Wolff could say he had personally and quietly engaged in the Parri release in order to give Hitler a birthday surprise.

What amazed me about this was the impulsiveness it revealed in Wolff. He had released Parri, expecting no doubt that word would somehow leak to Berlin, and he had done nothing at the time to cover himself. Now that he was in trouble, he was hastily trying to devise a pretext for what he had done. Either he considered himself even more powerful than he was, or he thought his stock with Himmler, or possibly Hitler, was so high that he could do no wrong. Or, worst of all, he simply didn't think ahead.

At about this time another unsettling event took place. Kesselring, we learned, had been transferred from Italy and made supreme commander of the hard-pressed West Front in Germany. We soon found out that his replacement was to be Col. Gen. Heinrich von Vietinghoff.

And just at this juncture the two officers whom Field Marshal Alexander was sending to me from Caserta arrived at the French-Swiss border: the American Maj. Gen. Lyman L. Lemnitzer, then deputy chief of staff to Field Marshal Alexander, and the British Maj. Gen. Terence S. Airey, Alexander's chief intelligence officer. On March 14 I met and briefed them on the French side of the frontier. No finer officers could have been chosen for this particular job. General Lemnitzer had already had experience in secret operations, as he had participated prominently in operation TORCH, the North African landing of 1942. Terence Airey was a highly trained and competent intelligence officer. Naturally the two men were disappointed to learn of Wolff's problems due to Kesselring's transfer. They had other news for me which filled me with mixed emotions. A report of my March 8th talk with Wolff had, they told me, been sent via the combined chiefs of staff, to Moscow and communicated to the Soviet government through our military representatives there. From the beginning I had felt that one of the risks which lay in my meeting with Wolff was a German maneuver to use it as a wedge between the Russians and ourselves. Now that the Russians had been advised this seemed less of a threat. However, though the danger of a leak had been minimized, what would the Russians do with the information that had been given them?

We decided to put off this problem and to tackle the more immediate questions, one of which was the identities Lemnitzer and Airey would use while in Switzerland. It was not feasible for them to use their true names and ranks and to trump up some innocuous excuse for their trip, such as a prisoner-of-war exchange, an Army purchasing mission or the like. Any astute newspaperman would realize that these particular generals would not come into Switzerland on a mission of that nature. They had to be somebody else, but who? And with what identification? Caserta, as I have said, unaware of the touchiness of the situation in Switzerland, had not prepared for this problem. Finally, we hit upon the solution of giving them the identification tags of two senior sergeants in the OSS group, who parted with them somewhat reluctantly, seeing their chances of a holiday in Switzerland with lots of chocolate and Swiss cheese rapidly fading. But orders were orders. So Lemnitzer became Nicholson and Airey became McNeely, and they hung the "dog tags" around their necks which proved it.

But to get into Switzerland they had to do more than just wear the borrowed "dog tags." In those days the Swiss border authorities often questioned travelers closely and American soldiers on leave constituted no exception. It was known to the Swiss, for example, that every American soldier knew his serial number cold. Any hesitation in reciting it on request would be fatal. The hesitater would obviously be an impostor. As a result Generals Lemnitzer and Airey set about memorizing the serial numbers of the two sergeants so that they could recite them faultlessly. They also memorized in brief the life histories of the two men they were impersonating. General Lemnitzer as Nicholson acquired several children and a domicile in Long Island City. What was more unlikely, General Airey, with his most distinctive British accent, had to hail from New York City as McNeely. When they finally lined up to go through the Swiss border post, General Lemnitzer went first and was rather closely questioned, which made General Airey, waiting behind him, somewhat nervous. General Lemnitzer passed muster, having recited his new serial number without a hitch. When they got to General Airey, to the latter's great relief, they only asked him two questions and then let him pass.

Secret meeting at Ascona

On March 17 we received a message that General Wolff would arrive at the Swiss border on the morning of the 19th. Thus, everything was set for the meeting of the Allied generals and Wolff with their respective advisers on that day. In agreement with headquarters, we had decided on Ascona, on Lake Maggiore, as the place for the meeting, in part because Gaevernitz had the use of two villas located there which were well suited for our purposes. One villa was directly on the lake and the other a short distance above it on the hillside.

The placid lake, among towering mountains, created an atmosphere of serenity and calm. It was hard to believe that not many miles north of us a war was being waged in those mountains. All our surroundings breathed peace and mirrored beauty. It was no accident that Locarno, only a few miles away, had once been selected for a famous peace conference. For a secret meeting between Allied and German officers, here was the perfect spot.

There was only one hitch. It has always amazed me how desk personnel thousands of miles away seem to acquire wisdom and special knowledge about local field conditions which they assume goes deeper than that available to the man on the spot. Washington by this time had begun to take a lively interest in Operation Sunrise, the OSS code name for the surrender negotiations, and objected at first to our proposal to hold the meetings in Ascona. Somebody back there had undoubtedly looked at the map and discovered that Ascona was less than five miles from the Italian border across the lake. What if the Germans stormed up the lake in speedboats and kidnaped the Allied generals off the veranda of Gaevernitz's villa or even dropped in parachutists? They had, after all, captured Mussolini right from

under the noses of his Italian guards, and earlier in the year there had been a rumor of plans to kidnap General Eisenhower. It took a few cables to straighten this out. The Germans were not, at this late point in the war, going to break Swiss neutrality. They had enough troubles already. Besides, the Swiss patrolled their sector of Lake Maggiore in motorboats day and night. Besides this, it was hardly conceivable that the purpose of Wolff's protracted and laborious efforts and the release of Parri and Usmiani were all a buildup for a kidnaping operation. This argument with headquarters we finally won and Ascona was cleared for security. It was a minor skirmish compared to some that still lay ahead of us.

For this meeting Wolff was leaving Dollmann behind at his headquarters to keep an eye on the situation there. If any messages came from Himmler or Kaltenbrunner relating to the business at hand, Dollmann would forward them on to us.

In view of Kaltenbrunner's hostile interest in everything Wolff was doing, Waibel and I worked out special security precautions. In the early morning of the day of the proposed meeting, the German party would be taken in a car from the border to a private house in Lugano. They would enter the house, and the car that had brought them would drive away. Then they would leave the house by the rear, where our cars would be waiting for them and would take them to Ascona.

What makes intelligence officers despair is the unexpected and usually silly accident that threatens to spoil everything after the most careful preparations have been made. While Waibel was out making these arrangements, Husmann and Parilli, sitting in an alcove of the empty lobby of one of the large hotels in Lugano, engaged in a whispered conversation. This attracted the attention of the concierge of the hotel, who, like many men holding that position, was a self-appointed detective. He decided the two were a couple of smugglers and reported to the police, who came to question them. Waibel returned in time to vouch for them and the police departed. It was merely a coincidence, just a not so comic interlude.

The following day, March 19, dawned clear and sunny. If one believed in omens, this was a good one. It was spring on the southern side of the Alps. After breakfast Gaevernitz, while going over the premises, was shocked to discover a number of tough-looking fellows in civilian clothes, heavily armed and at the ready, hiding behind trees. We had not realized that OSS guards intended to surround the place. But we did know that if just one of them thought he saw something suspicious in the bushes and fired a warning shot, we could close up shop and go home, because the Swiss police would arrive immediately to investigate the place. Since most of the "visitors" would be present under assumed names and without proper identification, our whole program could blow up in a highly embarrassing newspaper story, and most of the participants might have been arrested by the Swiss police.

We arranged to withdraw the unneeded guards but not before a distant cousin of Gaevernitz's, who lived in the vicinity, gave us another scare. He had borrowed an ax some days earlier from Gaevernitz and had chosen that day to return it. Luckily, Gaevernitz spotted him entering the grounds with the ax on his shoulder and hastened up the hill to intercept him before he could run head-on into the guards hidden among the trees.

The Allied generals remained at the villa on the hill when Wolff and his party arrived at the villa on the lake.

Gaevernitz and I settled down to a long preliminary talk with Wolff so that we could brief Lemnitzer and Airey on all the recent developments.

First of all, I pressed Wolff to tell us all he knew about Vietinghoff. What sort of man was he? How well did he know him? How would he react to our particular enterprise? Vietinghoff, he replied, was an old hand in the Italian campaign. Wolff's relations with him had been close and friendly. However, Vietinghoff was a stiff and proper aristocrat of Baltic origin, as nonpolitical a German general as one could find. He was not likely to take independent action or to understand the political and ethical implications of Germany's position at the present stage of the war. He would not be easy to win over unless he felt that he had the backing of other senior officers in the Wehrmacht. Furthermore, Wolff—having had no way of foreseeing Vietinghoff's assumption of the Italian command—had never discussed the idea of surrender with him. If he could be brought around to it at all, Wolff feared convincing him would take some time.

Kesselring had now been gone from North Italy for 10 days, and Wolff had not been in touch with him and could not risk talking with him over the telephone because the Gestapo would be listening in. Did this mean, I asked, that we would have to dismiss Kesselring entirely from our surrender plans? No, Wolff answered, not entirely. As he saw it, there were three possible alternatives. If there was practically no time available, he, Wolff, could simply act with the forces under his own command. This might not be very effective. Or he could go directly to Vietinghoff and see if he could enlist his aid. The third possibility, which he strongly recommended, was for him to go immediately to Kesselring's new headquarters in Germany and try to get his support. Kesselring, he thought, could bring his influence to bear on Vietinghoff.

In Wolff's mind the controlling factor was time, and that touched on a most delicate question. The German command, he said, had information which led them to believe that a big Allied offensive in Italy would be staged by the end of March. I could not help wondering whether Wolff was trying to find out the date of the offensive for his own reasons. Though I did not know it, the two generals from Caserta most certainly did. His point was, of course, that once the offensive began, the chance of talking surrender with any success was minimized—at least until the first clashes were over.

When we turned to the alternative of Wolff's acting alone, he described the mixed and motley forces which the SS had assembled in North Italy: Italians, Russians, Serbs, Croats, Czechs, *et al.* They were widely scattered, armed only with light weapons and a few rather ancient tanks. Besides these units, which totaled just under 200,000 men, Wolff had some 65,000 Germans assigned to him, of whom only about 10,000 were in tactical units; the rest made up supply and transportation companies. Prospects for any major support to our cause from these troops seemed slight.

One thing was now very clear. In any surrender, General Wolff's principal contribution would have to be primarily as the persuader, the man who would talk the army generals into realizing the futility of further fighting. The question was, therefore, whether Wolff should try to see Kesselring or should just concentrate on Vietinghoff.

We then asked Wolff about Mussolini's position. Wolff said he was largely under the influence of the women around him—his wife Donna Rachele and his mistress, Claretta Petacci, and her relatives. He was, in any case, now of no consequence in the matter of surrender. Kaltenbrunner? Wolff showed signs of disgust. Kaltenbrunner was merely trying to develop his own line through Sweden or Switzerland for peace negotiations. He did not want to encourage or permit any competition. What about the Alpine Redoubt, we asked? "Madness," said Wolff. "It would only bring additional suffering to the German people. Everything possible must be done to prevent such last-ditch resistance."

Lemnitzer and Airey, after hearing Wolff's story and his recommendations and discussing them with us point by point, were inclined to feel that Wolff should proceed immediately to Germany to see Kesselring. They felt that there would be time to do it. As yet, they had not decided whether they themselves would meet and talk with Wolff. But now their curiosity was aroused. They wanted to see what sort of man this character Wolff was. If he really was willing to undertake a peace mission to Kesselring and Vietinghoff, they thought it would be a good idea for them to size him up, to see him with their own eyes in order to judge whether he was the kind of man who had the ability to carry through the enterprise on which we were embarking and which could have a profound influence on history. We all realized that this was a major decision.

Now some questions of protocol and procedure arose. Should the names and military roles of the generals be disclosed to Wolff? It was agreed not to do so at the time and to introduce them simply as my military advisers. Then General Airey spoke up. "I'm quite willing to meet Wolff and to discuss with him the means of getting a German surrender, but you must understand that I will not shake hands with an SS general." I understood Airey's attitude.

The room in the lake house, where the meeting was to take place, was small and almost entirely taken up by an antique octagonal table. There were entrances into the room, facing each other, one from the spacious terrace on the lake and the other from the kitchen.

To meet General Airey's point, Gaevernitz suggested that he and the two generals enter the room on one side through the

kitchen door while Wolff and I would enter from the terrace. Thus, Wolff and the Allied generals would be at opposite sides of the table, too far away from each other for handshaking. But it just didn't work that way. The formal introductions had hardly been made when Wolff stepped briskly around the table, squeezing his large body through the narrow gap between the table and the wall, grasped first Airey's and then Lemnitzer's hand and shook them. But the handshakes were merely a reflex action; a man puts out his hand and you take it spontaneously without thought. To have done otherwise would have been an unnecessary slight and disturbed the progress of our meeting.

I then called on General Lemnitzer to open the discussions with Wolff. He spoke in English and Gaevernitz acted as interpreter. The situation was unique and solemn. It was the first occasion during the entire war when high-ranking Allied officers and a German general had met on neutral soil to discuss a German surrender and talked peacefully while their respective armies were fighting each other.

Lemnitzer, after an appropriate reference to the purpose of the meeting, said that he thought he had a good picture of the problems which Wolff faced as a result of Kesselring's departure for the West Front. The early defeat of Germany was inevitable, and it was understood that all concerned accepted the fact. It was now up to Wolff, in collaboration with the appropriate military commanders, to produce specific plans to achieve unconditional surrender. Technically it would be necessary to arrange for qualified German military representatives to meet with Allied military representatives. If the Germans could be brought to Switzerland, arrangements would be made to take them from there to Allied Headquarters in southern Italy. Wolff replied that there should be two representatives, one for the Wehrmacht and one for the SS. General Lemnitzer emphasized that once these men reached Switzerland, the Allies would protect the secrecy of their passage to and from Allied Forces Headquarters and assure their safe return to Switzerland. The Allies, Lemnitzer went on to say, were interested only in unconditional surrender, and it would be pointless for the Germans to come to Caserta unless they agreed to such terms. Furthermore, he told Wolff that conversations at Allied Headquarters would be limited to methods of military surrender, and would not include political issues.

At the end of the meeting I explained to Wolff that it was going to be impossible to produce Wuensche in exchange for Parri, as he had suggested some time ago. Wolff took this in good grace but said his position would be considerably easier if we could produce somebody; it needn't be a general officer; a lower one would do, as long as he had a decoration or two. I said I would keep trying. Then, having received our agreement that he contact Kesselring, Wolff departed.

Ten days later, on March 30, Zimmer came over the border and reported that Wolff had seen Kesselring and Kesselring had consented to support Wolff's plan. Further, he had told Wolff to tell this to Vietinghoff. If all went as expected, Wolff would come to Switzerland on Monday, April 2, and would try to bring Vietinghoff, or one of the latter's staff officers, and Ambassador Rahn with him. The three components of German power in Italy would be represented.

The odds grow longer

On Monday, April 2, no one came but Baron Parilli, accompanied by Waibel and Husmann who had met him at the border. He had been at Wolff's headquarters ever since Friday, and Wolff had sent him to tell us what had been taking place.

Himmler had phoned Wolff early on Easter Sunday morning. He had found out that Wolff had moved his family south of the Brenner into an area which was under his own command. Himmler had said, "This was imprudent of you, and I have taken the liberty of correcting the situation. Your wife and your children are now under my protection." It was a clear threat—the usual SS method. He then added that he was warning Wolff not to leave Italy, *i.e.*, not to go to Switzerland. Wolff was almost too depressed to talk. The best he saw for himself was a funeral at state expense. He had not dared come to see us that day.

We fell on Parilli with our questions. How did Himmler get into the act? Who told him what Wolff was doing? How much does he know? What about Hitler? What about Kesselring and Vietinghoff? What about the surrender?

Then the baron went back to the beginning. Wolff, traveling by car, had finally reached Kesselring's command post near Bad Nauheim on March 23. The Americans had already crossed the Rhine a bare 15 kilometers away and their continued advance was about to cut Germany in two. All hell had broken loose. While Kesselring was keeping a handful of field telephones hot with orders to his hard-pressed armies, Wolff was trying to tell him what he had done. He asked Kesselring not only if he would approve the surrender attempt in Italy through Vietinghoff, but if he would join in by surrendering in the West.

This Kesselring said he could not do. He was defending German soil and he was bound to continue even if he died himself in the fighting. He said he personally owed everything to the Führer. Moreover, he was sure the well-armed SS divisions behind him would take action against him if he disobeyed Hitler's orders. But he would counsel Vietinghoff to go ahead. "I regret that I myself am not in Italy now," he said.

The phone call from Himmler threatening his family had brought Wolff up sharply against the fact he had been evading ever since he had made his first moves in our direction. He could not charm Himmler and the whole SS over to his side. If he took a false step, he could be liquidated and then the whole surrender project would collapse. He had to be most careful.

Although he could not meet with us on Easter Sunday, Wolff did meet with General Vietinghoff, and the two met again on the 5th and 7th of April. Parilli was present at the meeting on the 7th, along with Vietinghoff's (formerly Kesselring's) chief of staff, Gen. Hans Roettiger.

Both Vietinghoff and Roettiger were well aware of what Wolff had been doing in Switzerland. And they were in full agreement that the time had come to put a stop to any further useless slaughter. But Vietinghoff did not want to go down in history as a traitor to his country or to the traditions of his family and his caste. He was ready to sign an "unconditional" surrender only if the Allies would accept the "points of honor" he wished to have observed. They were these: the Germans would stand at attention when the Allies arrived to accept the surrender; the Germans would not be interned in England or America; they would be held in Italy only temporarily, and while there they would be allowed to do useful work on reconstructing roads and railways instead of being put behind barbed wire; after the situation had stabilized they would be returned to Germany in possession of their belts and bayonets as evidence that they had made an orderly surrender and had not merely been rounded up as a beaten rabble. Vietinghoff also requested "the maintenance of a modest contingent Army Group C [his command] as a future instrument of order inside Germany." Things were getting rather far away from the Casablanca formula of unconditional surrender—so far that Field Marshal Alexander could not accept the terms. Clearly we had come up against a serious roadblock.

The coming days brought the sad news of President Roosevelt's death. Soon afterwards, Wolff wrote me a long personal letter which he sent via Zimmer. It was undoubtedly one of the most unusual documents I have received during many years of unusual experiences with unusual people. This was the commander of the SS writing a letter of condolence on the death of the President of the United States while Germany and the United States were at war. He wrote it by hand on his official stationery but deleted the three lines at the top of the page that spelled out in engraved letters all his weighty titles. Under them he had written "Personal." I quote the opening section of it, translated.

HONORED MR. D:

On the occasion of the passing of the President with whom you were so close and whose loss must have been painful to you in equal measure as a man and as a member of the government, I would like to express to you my sincere and deeply felt sympathy. . . . Although at the moment I have no idea what effect this change of Presidents might have on the effort to seek some understanding between the warring parties, I want to assure you in this painful moment that I remain now, as before, convinced that a prompt cessation of hostilities is possible. . . .

Although I appreciated Wolff's thoughtfulness in sending me this letter, I could not dispel the idea that he might be worried about the attitude of a new administration toward our dealings

with him. About this time Gaverenitz and I went to Paris to confer with General Donovan, head of OSS, and came away from the meeting with a renewed determination to throw the book at Vietinghoff or try to get his subordinate generals to quit, even if he wouldn't. We left General Donovan's room late and went off up the dim corridors of the Ritz. As I was looking for the room assigned to me, a stranger came up to me and asked a question. It wouldn't have seemed unusual to the outsider, but it threw me for a moment. I have to explain that in the OSS we all had code numbers assigned us which we used in secret communications. If the messages were intercepted, at least the identity of the persons mentioned therein could not become known. Since we had occasion to use these numbers practically every day in incoming and outgoing messages, they became attached to us in our minds very much like a name. I was 110, and had been 110 day in and day out for two and a half years. What the stranger asked me as we met in the shadowy corridor after midnight was, "I beg of you, where is 110?" Since my mind was echoing the thoughts Donovan had just left with us, the question caught me off guard. I was just about to say "You're talking to him. I'm 110" when I suddenly woke up to the reality of the situation. He was lost in the badly lighted corridors of the hotel and was looking for his room, which happened to be 110.

We got back to Switzerland on the 15th of April late at night and found many reports waiting for us. Zimmer had met with Waibel and reported that he and Wolff had gone to see Vietinghoff at his headquarters three days before and had been given a very cold reception. Vietinghoff related that a British major, whose name he never learned, had turned up at the intelligence section of the Ligurian Corps in Genoa, one of the Italian Fascist units attached to the German armies. The "major" wore civilian clothes and claimed to have been sent by Field Marshal Alexander with a verbal message which he asked the intelligence office of the Ligurian Corps to pass on to Vietinghoff.

The message said that Vietinghoff was on the wrong track negotiating with American representatives in Switzerland; that he should follow a "British line" and negotiate directly with the British, who, after all, were Europeans and were keenly interested in the future of Europe and better acquainted with European conditions. He asked the intelligence officer to relay the message to Vietinghoff as promptly as possible and said that he would return within a few hours for a reply. The man was never seen again.

When Vietinghoff received the message, he became very upset. He was deeply disturbed that the news of his and Wolff's contacts with American representatives in Switzerland was obviously no longer a top secret, and was being bandied about apparently as a subject of contention between the British and the Americans. He now began to fear for his life, as he knew that his actions from the German point of view amounted to nothing less than high treason.

To cover himself, he decided to report the entire Sunrise project to General Jodl, the chief of the operations staff of the German armed forces at Hitler's headquarters in Germany. It took the combined persuasive powers of Wolff, General Roettiger and Ambassador Rahn to talk Vietinghoff out of doing this. Even so, the net result of this mischievous incident was to make the cautious and self-righteous Vietinghoff even more difficult than he had been before.

We immediately cabled a report of this incident to Allied Headquarters at Caserta and received the reply that the British had never sent any such man. To this day the affair remains a mystery. One explanation we later considered was that it could have been a disruptive operation mounted by Soviet intelligence. It seemed calculated not only to frighten off Vietinghoff, which it came close to accomplishing, but also to create a misunderstanding between the American and the British Allies.

I also had a report stating that Himmler had been after Wolff again. On April 14, Himmler had telephoned from Berlin ordering Wolff to report there at once. After putting Himmler off by claiming that his presence was absolutely necessary in Italy, Wolff sat down and wrote him a letter. Playing on an idea which he had long since abandoned himself but which he knew would appeal to the hallucinations of the top Nazis in Berlin, he declared that he was pursuing important negotiations with the Allies with a view to separating the Anglo-Americans from the Soviets.

At length, he pointed out to Himmler how he, Wolff had been right on previous occasions when he had advised Himmler, and he begged him to take his advice now. Germany's Western defenses were failing, as Wolff had told Himmler they would. Further fighting in the south would only kill off more Germans to no advantage. Wolff was seeking honorable terms with the Allies. He closed his letter by inviting Himmler to come down and join him in his attempt to make peace. (If Himmler had accepted this invitation, Wolff said he would have arrested him on arrival.) Himmler telephoned Wolff immediately after reading the letter. "I didn't ask for a report," he said. "I want to talk to you personally." Wolff gave in; he decided he would have to talk it out with Himmler and probably Hitler. He left by plane for Berlin on April 16.

I did not learn until some time later that, before he left, Wolff gave Parilli a kind of personal testament addressed to me. These were its contents:

> In case I should lose my command . . . and the action with which I have associated myself should not succeed, I request that the German people and the German troops in Italy should not suffer the consequences.
>
> If, after my death, my honor be assailed, I request Mr. Dulles to rehabilitate my name, publicizing my true, humane intentions; to make known that I acted not out of egotism or betrayal, but solely out of the conviction and hope of saving, as far as possible, the German people.
>
> After my death, I ask Mr. Dulles, in the name of the ideas for which I shall have fallen, to try to obtain for the German and Italian troops honorable terms of surrender.
>
> I request Mr. Dulles to protect, after my death, if this is possible, my two families, in order that they not be destroyed.

On Saturday, the 21st of April 1945, I arrived at my office in Bern hoping that some news might have come in about General Wolff's return. Instead, I found a message from Washington waiting for me.

WASHINGTON
Dated: 20 April 1945
Rec'd: 21 April 1945

Urgent—Top Secret

AMLEGATION
BERN

1. By letter today JCS [Joint Chiefs of Staff] directs that OSS break off all contact with German emissaries at once. Dulles is therefore instructed to discontinue immediately all such contacts.

2. Letter also states CCS [Combined Chiefs of Staff] have approved message to Alexander stating that it is clear to them that German Commander-in-Chief Italy does not intend to surrender his forces at this time on acceptable terms. Message continues: Accordingly, especially in view of complications which have arisen with Russians, the US and British governments have decided OSS should break off contacts; that JCS are so instructing OSS; that whole matter is to be regarded as closed and that Russians be informed through ARCHER and DEANE [Allied Military Representatives—Moscow].

Only the bare details were given me in explanation at that time. It was true that negotiations had dragged on interminably and that Wolff might now be Hitler's captive. President Roosevelt had died and President Truman had been in office only eight days. There were too many other urgent problems, other battle fronts. Very possibly our Joint Chiefs felt that at that moment there was little to be gained by pressing the Italian surrender issue, which I gathered had stirred up the Soviets. But little did I realize from the brief reference in the cable to "complications" which had arisen with the Russians, that Moscow had accused President Roosevelt of double-dealing in the Italian surrender talks, that this had occasioned the bitterest verbal exchange the United States had yet had with Moscow, and that Stalin had beclouded the President's last days with his false charges which Roosevelt told Stalin he considered to be "vile misrepresentations."

As I thought over the Soviet attitude, I began to see what was probably troubling the Soviet leaders. If we were successful in getting a quick German surrender, Allied troops would be the first to occupy Trieste, the key to the Adriatic. If we failed and the Germans, still fighting, fell back in a tight defensive knot west of Venice under the shadow of the Alps, then communist forces, either Soviet troops coming across Hungary or Tito's followers reaching up out of Yugoslavia, supported by the pro-communist partisans, would be in Trieste and possibly west of there before we arrived. Hence, there was an impelling reason for us to achieve the surrender. In this regard, it is well to

remember that while zones of Allied and Soviet occupation in Germany, including Berlin, and in Austria had been fixed by earlier agreement between the Allies and the Soviet government, this was not so in northern Italy, since Italy was treated as an ally; thus, prior occupation of this area by communist-dominated forces might well determine the zones of postwar influence, or even occupation.

In any event, it was useless for me, sitting there in Bern, to indulge in speculations. Orders were orders. The question was, how should they be carried out? For the moment, I had lost contact with General Wolff. The first piece of business I set myself for Monday morning was to inform Major Waibel of Swiss military Intelligence, whose whereabouts I did know, how things stood. I was not looking forward to it. As I was planning my moves, the phone rang.

It was Waibel. Parilli, at the Swiss-Italian border at Chiasso, had just called him; he had astounding news.

General Wolff; his adjutant, Major Wenner; and one of Gen. Heinrich von Vietinghoff's high staff officers, Lieut. Col. Viktor von Schweinitz, were on their way to Switzerland. They were coming to surrender. Schweinitz had full powers to sign for Vietinghoff. Wolff and Schweinitz were ready to go to Caserta immediately to arrange for the capitulation of all German forces—Wehrmacht and SS—in North Italy. They proposed an immediate meeting with me in Lucerne to arrange the details of the trip to Allied Headquarters. And I was under the strictest military orders to have *no* dealings with them.

To say that I was in a predicament would put it mildly. Even to see the Germans would be a clear violation of instructions. Yet I was convinced that the Joint Chiefs would never have directed breaking off contact if they had known that the German envoys were already on their way to surrender. I radioed this news to Field Marshal Alexander in Caserta and to Washington and urgently requested new instructions. Then I explained my problem to Waibel. He offered to see the Germans himself, at least until my new instructions came through.

Alexander reacted immediately. He cabled back that AFHQ was requesting a reconsideration of the entire matter by the Combined Chiefs of Staff, so that we could at least ascertain whether the intentions of the German envoys were serious and what the scope of their powers was. Meanwhile, he hoped I could parry for time and endeavor to keep Wolff, Schweinitz, and Wenner in Switzerland until a final decision came from Washington and London.

The following day, the 24th, I informed the Germans through Waibel that I had to refuse to see them. I also explained to them that Wolff's trip to Hitler had naturally made our headquarters believe that further negotiations were useless. My instructions, I said, had come before anyone knew what had happened to Wolff in Berlin and before we realized that Wolff was prepared to go through with the surrender. I urged them to be patient. They consented to stay a day or two and sent me Schweinitz's full powers, and I radioed the text to Caserta and Washington. In translation, they read:

THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF, SOUTHWEST; AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF ARMY GROUP "C"

HEADQUARTERS, 22 APRIL 1945

Lieutenant Colonel in the German Staff von Schweinitz has been authorized by me to conduct negotiations within the frame of the instructions given by me and to make binding commitments on my behalf.

(sgd) V. VIETINGHOFF

The phrase "within the frame of the instructions," etc. worried me and I asked Schweinitz to send me his interpretation of it through Waibel. It appeared that while Schweinitz had been instructed to try to negotiate on Vietinghoff's "points of honor," somewhat watered down from the earlier version, he was not bound to hold to them strictly. Regarding the surrender of the German SS troops, Wolff, by virtue of his position as SS head in Italy, had full authority to act.

Then the waiting began. Would the Combined Chiefs change their minds? Would the Germans quit and walk out on us before we got an answer? All day on the 24th there was no word.

I spent part of the time with Baron Parilli, who started to tell us what had happened to Wolff when Himmler summoned him to Berlin. Waibel and Prof. Max Husmann soon joined us in my room and all three contributed to the tale which is recounted below. I have put it in exact chronological order, which is not the way I heard it. I have also taken the liberty of adding certain details which Wolff later gave to Gero v. S. Gaevernitz, after the war was over, to make the story complete.

Wolff and Himmler met about 100 kilometers north of Berlin, at a clinic run by one of Hitler's personal physicians. Himmler immediately began to press Wolff, building up to what looked like an accusation of treason. Thereupon, Wolff produced a letter he was carrying written and signed by his ally, the German ambassador to Italy, Rudolf Rahn. The letter, addressed to Hitler, subtly indicated that the contacts to the Allies which had been established (Rahn did not say by whom) had been planned to achieve an objective Hitler had sought, namely the holding up, to some extent, of the Allied offensive in Italy. The letter, Parilli explained to us, was a trick cooked up by Rahn for Wolff's protection. Since Rahn, as both Himmler and Ernst Kaltenbrunner of the SS well knew, then had Hitler's ear and his trust, a message from Rahn to Hitler could not safely be sidetracked. If Himmler or Kaltenbrunner had tried to get Wolff out of the way and Rahn had later learned that his message had not been delivered, they would have had to answer to Hitler for their treatment of Wolff. The letter seemed to have a pacifying effect on Himmler. Anyway, after reading it, he returned it to Wolff without comment.

During the afternoon Kaltenbrunner appeared and revealed himself as the primary antagonist to what Wolff was trying to accomplish. He presented evidence of Wolff's treason to Himmler as though Himmler were the judge, but it was all too evident that Kaltenbrunner was merely trying to corner Wolff and no longer felt that the vacillating Himmler was of real importance in the case. Kaltenbrunner had a file of papers with him. Presumably it contained all the information he had gathered about Wolff's actions. Much of it apparently was perilously close to the truth but Kaltenbrunner's bumbling agents had somehow never got the whole story straight, nor had they got their hands on the most incriminating evidence.

Eventually, Wolff decided it was time to play his trump card. He said he now wanted to go to Berlin to see Hitler. He insisted that both Kaltenbrunner and Himmler accompany him so that he could account to Hitler in their presence for what he had done in Switzerland and why he had done it. Himmler begged off, possibly because he was himself very vulnerable. He had already become deeply engaged in trying to negotiate with the Allies through Swedish Count Bernadotte, and probably was not sure how widely this was suspected or known.

Face to face with Hitler

So Kaltenbrunner and Wolff went off in a chauffeur-driven SS car to Berlin and arrived there at about 3 in the morning. Before they entered Hitler's bunker, Wolff pulled the ace he had been hiding. It was the only moment he would have alone with Kaltenbrunner. He told Kaltenbrunner that if the latter started accusing him of secret negotiations in front of Hitler, Wolff would inform Hitler that he had already reported on his contacts with me to Himmler and Kaltenbrunner and that they had both asked him not to bring Hitler into the picture. If Wolff was going to the gallows, he would see to it that Kaltenbrunner would swing next to him. Kaltenbrunner, according to Wolff, turned pale. He normally had a flushed vein-swollen complexion, resulting no doubt from the fact that he drank brandy heavily.

The bunker, which they then entered, was filled with guards. Scurrying in and out of the various offices was SS Gruppenführer Fegelein, the brother-in-law of Hitler's mistress, Eva Braun. He had taken over Wolff's job as liaison officer between Hitler and the SS after Wolff had been sent to Italy. (A few days later Fegelein was shot on Hitler's orders, allegedly for trying to escape from Berlin.)

Suddenly Hitler stepped out of his private quarters to cross the hall to another room where a military briefing was to take place. He seemed surprised to see Wolff but greeted him cordially and asked him to wait until the briefing was over. Fegelein and Kaltenbrunner stayed on the scene but remained silent throughout the conversation which subsequently took place between Wolff and Hitler.

Hitler, although not outwardly hostile toward Wolff was critical. He called Wolff's approach to the Allies, which he had

heard about from Kaltenbrunner, a "colossal disregard of authority," but he did not accuse Wolff of having acted behind his back.

Hitler then waited for Wolff to explain and Wolff launched into a long and detailed review of his work in Italy. He cleverly placed great emphasis on the meeting he had had with Hitler in February when, with Ribbentrop also present, Hitler had more or less given the nod to explorations of contacts to the Allies. He explained his not having informed Berlin before he went to see me on March 8th by claiming that, in entering into this contact on his own, he was giving Hitler the chance to disown and discard him if the whole thing went wrong. He concluded by saying that his undertaking had succeeded. He was happy to be able to tell Hitler that he had opened a channel for him that led directly to the President of the United States and to Prime Minister Churchill—if he wanted to use it.

Wolff did not mention the meetings with my "military advisers" (Allied Generals Lemnitzer and Airey). He was convinced by now that Kaltenbrunner and Himmler, and therefore Hitler, knew only of the March 8th meeting. Hitler watched him closely, apparently waiting for him to waver or to avoid his penetrating glance. Wolff felt that he had succeeded in giving an impression of frankness, because Hitler told him that he accepted his presentation. He then asked Wolff what he thought the terms of a surrender would be. Wolff replied that unconditional surrender could not be avoided. The possibility of some mitigation might, he thought, exist, but that would depend on the Germans demonstrating goodwill and respect for the country and the people of Italy. Hitler then broke off the interview by saying he had to get some sleep, and he asked Wolff to come back around 5 in the afternoon.

Wolff seemed to have survived the first round. The old charm, so it seemed, the blue-eyed openness and frankness, that had helped him arrive in high places years before, even in the SS ranks, had worked again. He was not through yet. But he had seen that Hitler was by now a mental as well as a physical wreck, and realized that it may have been simply his good luck that the presentation he had made, which was after all full of holes, had just possibly harmonized with some passing obsession in Hitler's mind. Kaltenbrunner had said nothing. Hitler's acceptance of Wolff's explanations had dimmed the hopes Kaltenbrunner may have had to rid himself of Wolff's competition as a peacemaker.

Hitler, who, according to Wolff, had always carried himself in stiff military posture, was now bent, shaky and flabby, his features sunken. He dragged his body around heavily and slowly. His right hand trembled constantly; he seemed to have trouble with his equilibrium and, after walking only a few steps, he would appear to lose his balance and have to sit down. His eyes were bloodshot. For years his vision had been so bad that all memoranda addressed to him were printed on a special typewriter equipped with letters three times the normal size, which he then could read without glasses; he felt glasses were unbecoming to a dictator. At times his mouth dripped saliva, which he was unaware of. When he spoke, however, he seemed to be able to regain temporarily much of the ruthless energy for which he had so long been known, and then his famous memory for names, facts and figures seemed as good as ever.

Waiting for his next appointment with Hitler, Wolff noted that the atmosphere in the bunker offices was desperate and frightened, though everybody was trying to put up a courageous front. Everyone except Hitler knew there were no more miracles to be expected. Everyone knew the Russians would seal off Berlin in a matter of days—everyone except Hitler, who was still planning military actions to stop them. Wolff learned that Hitler in all probability was not going to the mountain redoubt but would stay in Berlin, though many members of his staff were still hopeful of escaping somehow to southern Germany. There was little talk of a redoubt, as such, or of a last stand in the Alps—only of avoiding the danger from the East, Russian captivity.

While Wolff waited, there was an air raid. Sitting down deep in the bunker, he could feel the concussion shake the earth and wondered if he was ever going to get out of Berlin, even if Hitler let him go. About the time the air raid was over, Hitler appeared and invited Wolff to join him in a walk along the terrace in front of his office upstairs. He had his overcoat brought to him, Kaltenbrunner and Fegelein appeared from somewhere and the three men accompanied Hitler up and down the terrace. There was an odor of scorched timber in the air. The Chancellery itself had been considerably damaged and most of the park had been torn up by bombs, but there was still a good usable path on the terrace.

Hitler told Wolff that he had considered the matter he had presented to him in the morning in the light of his overall plans for the future. He had decided upon using the following general plan of warfare from now on. Three large strongholds should be established inside Germany: one in the center, under his command, in the capital city of Berlin; one to the north, in Schleswig-Holstein, Denmark and Norway; and one in the south, including the Alpine stronghold. He was intentionally withdrawing from the wide-open areas between Schleswig-Holstein and Berlin, and between Berlin and the Alps, and had issued orders that the German troops should retire to whichever stronghold was nearest. Soon, doubtless, the Russians and the Anglo-Americans would meet somewhere in these open areas, and if he was any judge of the Russians, they would never stop at the line agreed upon at Yalta.

The Americans, however, could not put up with this. They would therefore push the Russians back by force of arms. Here Hitler stopped and fixed Wolff with a piercing glance. That, he said, would be the point at which he, Hitler, would be invited to participate in the final war on one side or the other. He claimed he could hold out in Berlin against East and West for at least six, and possibly even eight, weeks and for this reason he told Wolff that he must hold out in Italy that long. In the meantime, Hitler expected conflict would come about between the Allies, and then Hitler would decide which side he would join.

A few moments later, with a sudden otherworldly and unnatural calmness, Hitler announced, "You know, my private ambition ever since the beginning of the war has been to withdraw and to observe the development of the German people from a distance, and to have my influence on it. I shall soon turn my power over to the most competent of my associates."

Wolff tried to bring the conversation back to practical realities. To this Hitler replied, "Don't lose your nerve, man. I need my nerves for other things; I cannot allow myself to be softened by these reports. For the man who is to make the final decision must not let himself be moved by the misery and the horror that the war brings to every individual on the front and in the homeland. So do what I say. Fly back, and give my regards to Vietinghoff."

Then came a series of instructions, culminating again in the order to hold fast and defend. Hitler added that, should this fateful battle under his leadership not bring success, the German people would have forfeited their rights to existence. The greater, stronger race from the East would then have proved itself biologically superior, and there would be nothing left but to go down heroically. He concluded, "Go back to Italy; maintain your contacts with the Americans, but see that you get better terms. Stall a bit, because to capitulate unconditionally on the basis of such vague promises would be preposterous. Before we come to an agreement with the Americans, we've got to get much better conditions."

When Wolff returned from Berlin Parilli joined him to hear Wolff's story about his trip and to get instructions on what was to happen next. Wenner and Dollmann were also at the session. When they were all gathered together, Wolff called for a bottle of champagne and they drank to Wolff's lucky stars—to the fact, as Wolff put it, "that his head was still attached to his shoulders." Parilli noticed soon, however, that Wolff was in a strange mood. He had never seen him quite like this before. It was not only that he was exhausted from the physical and emotional strain of the trip to Berlin; he also seemed to have been somewhat infected by the paralysis of the Berlin bunker atmosphere, or perhaps a deep-set conflict of loyalties had been awakened, despite Hitler's confused and senseless plans. Hitler had after all extracted a kind of promise from Wolff, and Wolff had Hitler to thank, in a sense, that neither Himmler nor Kaltenbrunner had been able to eliminate him.

In any case, and Parilli could not quite explain it, Wolff after returning from Berlin seemed unwilling to act on Sunrise. At best, he sounded as if he were trying to find some compromise between Hitler's request that he hold out and the promises that had been made to us to deliver the surrender of Italy as soon as possible. He succeeded in finding a number of excuses for not acting, some of which sounded a little specious. He made much of the fact that there was obviously a traitor among those who knew about Sunrise or Kaltenbrunner would

not have had so much information, even though most of it was garbled. The first thing, Wolff asserted, was to find out who this traitor was. Next, he pointed out that Vietinghoff had, after all, been unwilling to talk unconditional surrender, only surrender if his points of honor were observed, and Wolff saw no way of bringing Vietinghoff around. He suggested as a compromise that he try perhaps to induce Vietinghoff to pull his troops back 10 kilometers a day with only a nominal show of resistance, thus relinquishing the territory to the Allies but without doing so in an act of surrender.

What mostly depressed Parilli was hearing Wolff parrot the same line many German generals had been mouthing, Kesselring and the others. With the encirclement or the fall of Berlin, with the death of Hitler, with the Italian front completely cut off from the Reich, then Wolff would feel he had complete freedom of action. He told Parilli that he could not let himself go to Switzerland—not for the time being—or let any of his officers go. But he wanted Parilli to go and to see me and explain his position. "Assure Dulles," he said, "that I have not changed my mind but that under the circumstances I cannot negotiate at the moment. I consider this tragic but I have no other course now. Tell him I will resume contact with him as promptly as possible in order to carry out the original plan."

Parilli returned to Milan with Zimmer and Dollmann. They talked over the situation and Parilli, sensing that the whole undertaking was about to collapse, decided he could not transmit any such message to me. It would mean the end of any possibility of surrender. He did not know, of course, that I had received orders at that very time to break off for quite another reason. What he did know was that in and around Milan the partisans were beginning to stir. There were signs of an uprising. If Wolff just sat on his hands and a conflict between the Germans and the Italians came to a head, the very thing that had prompted Parilli to act in the first place—the attempt to save North Italy from destruction—would be utterly frustrated. He decided to go back to Wolff and tell him that he could not bring me the message Wolff had given him and to plead with him to take action.

So Parilli returned to Fasano, Wolff's headquarters, on the 22nd. Wolff had ordered Zimmer to stay at his post in Milan and Dollmann had other business. When Parilli reached Fasano, Wolff was not there. Wenner told Parilli that Wolff had gone to see Vietinghoff. A crucial meeting was in session at Vietinghoff's headquarters. According to Wenner, the purpose was to name plenipotentiaries and to draw up the written authorization for the surrender of the Wehrmacht forces to the Allies.

Parilli was dumbfounded but delighted by this turn of events. The meeting had been called not by Wolff but by Ambassador Rahn, who had stepped back into the picture during Wolff's absence in Berlin. This was fortunate at a time when Wolff was at his lowest point and had lost his initiative. Rahn, together with Roettiger, had succeeded in stiffening Vietinghoff's backbone. The meeting's atmosphere evidently revived Wolff and helped him throw off the spell cast in Berlin. The next day, the 23rd, Wolff and the other emissaries left for Switzerland.

As I listened, in Lucerne, to the story of Wolff's ordeal, the prospects for any kind of surrender seemed far away. For we still had no new instructions from Washington or Caserta and time was running out. Every few hours impatient messages came from the German envoys at Waibel's villa nearby. We were all fearful that any day a signal from Berlin would order the beginning of the destruction of the great industrial and power plants of North Italy as well as of the port installations of Genoa. As the front became more and more fluid, it would be increasingly difficult to put through a surrender. The lines of communication between the various German fighting units were becoming precarious.

While we waited for new instructions, an order arrived for General Wolff from Himmler. It had had a circuitous route to travel. Sent from Berlin to Wolff's Headquarters in Italy, it was then relayed from there to Wolff's trusted officer, Guido Zimmer, at Milan, who brought it to the Swiss-Italian frontier and telephoned it to Waibel, who passed it to me. For an intelligence officer it is not an unpleasant sensation to be able to read your antagonist's instructions before they reach the addressee. Himmler's message was dated April 23, 1945, and read: "It is more essential than ever that the Italian front holds and remains intact. No negotiations of any kind should be undertaken."

We were keenly interested in Wolff's reaction to this ominous threat. Waibel, as he handed the message to him, observed him closely. Without comment, Wolff passed it to his aide Wenner, and to Schweinitz. They looked at him questioningly. Wolff, Waibel told me, shrugged his shoulders. "What Himmler has to say now makes no difference," he commented. Sometime before this, Wolff had managed to get his family moved back to a safe place in the South Tyrol and out of the grip of Himmler.

On the afternoon of April 25, Wolff sent word to me that he felt he should return immediately to Italy. The situation there was becoming so chaotic that soon he would not be able to get back at all. If he were away too long, moreover, Himmler might try to take control of Wolff's forces; Vietinghoff might change his mind; and the Duce was unpredictable too, although we had discounted his influence on the situation and his ability to make firm decisions.

In the early hours of April 26th, Waibel learned through one of his own Swiss intelligence agents that the Villa Locatelli, where Wolff was spending the night, had been completely surrounded by partisans and that there was great danger they might storm the villa and kill Wolff and the other SS officers staying there with him. Waibel decided to go down immediately to the Swiss-Italian frontier to see what might be done to save Wolff as well as Sunrise. When Gaevernitz heard this—it was a little later in the morning—he came into my office and asked permission to join Waibel at the border. He had an idea that we might effectively use one of my men in Lugano, a former newspaperman by the name of Don Jones, who had nothing to do with Sunrise but was deeply involved in our operations with the Italian anti-Fascist partisan elements in the border area and was well known to them as "Scotti." Possibly he might be able to save Wolff from his partisan friends. I told Gaevernitz that under the strict orders I had received I could not get in touch with Wolff, but there was no ban on getting information about him. Gaevernitz listened silently for a moment. Then he said that since the whole affair seemed to have come to an end, he would like to go on a little trip for a few days. I noticed a twinkle in his eye, and as he told me later, he noticed one in mine. I realized, of course, what he was going to do, and that he intended to do it on his own responsibility.

Gaevernitz was well aware of the fact that in accompanying Waibel to the border to see what could be done about Wolff he had to act with great discretion and without disclosing any official connection with my office. Also, he concluded that he could not readily involve Scotti in whatever he was going to undertake since Scotti was an American official. The orders from Washington forbidding contact with the German emissaries therefore applied to Scotti too. Gaevernitz knew that Scotti would probably be in evidence in the area around Chiasso, as the Italian side of the border was mostly unguarded by now and it was a comparatively simple matter for the partisans to go up to the border and report what was going on to Scotti in person. Gaevernitz intended to keep away from Scotti, to duck if he saw him. to avoid involving him in any way with Wolff.

Imagine Gaevernitz's surprise, then, when at the railroad station at Chiasso, as he and Waibel alighted from the train late in the afternoon of April 26th, Scotti came up to him smiling, and said, "I have been waiting for you. I understand you want to liberate General Wolff." The explanation was simple. Waibel had phoned his intelligence chief in the Ticino earlier in the day instructing him to try to find out about Wolff, and the chief had told this to Scotti and also that Waibel and Gaevernitz were coming down.

Waibel informed Scotti that there was considerable Swiss interest in rescuing Wolff. He said that the Swiss had done many favors for Scotti, often closing one and sometimes two eyes to his not so legal activities at the border. Now he, Waibel, wanted a favor in return—the rescue of Wolff.

Scotti agreed enthusiastically and immediately went to work to carry out the job. It was the kind of operation he loved.

By 10 o'clock in the evening Scotti had organized his expedition. First of all, an aide of Waibel's tried to reach Wolff's villa at Cernobbio by phone and, to his amazement, discovered it was still possible. The partisans had neglected to cut the telephone lines! Wolff was told that a convoy was shortly going to try to get through to him. "Don't shoot us as we come," Wolff was admonished.

Soon after 10, the rescue party crossed the border into Italy and disappeared into the darkness. The convoy consisted of three cars. The organizers had tried in gathering the party

together to prepare for every eventuality. The group consisted of a makeshift international truce team whose various members could presumably pacify any hostile interference. There were three Swiss, all from the Ticino border areas, one of them the Ticino intelligence chief's chauffeur. All of them were well known to the partisans as well as to the Germans in the border area, since they had worked on and off in arranging various exchanges of sick, wounded or captured persons during the last months. There were also two SS officials from the now dissolved German border post who could deal with any trouble caused by wandering and suspicious German soldiers in the area that had to be crossed. In addition Scotti had rounded up an assorted group of armed partisans who happened to be at the border at the moment. The first car, in which the Germans were installed, was decorated with white flags, and the headlights of the second car, in which Scotti and the three Swiss rode, kept the white flags in their beams. The armed partisans brought up the rear in the third car. The plan was to go to Como, where the partisans had already taken over and where, since Scotti knew the officials the partisans had installed, he intended to get papers that would allow the convoy to pass through the lines to the Cernobbio area where fighting was still going on.

Shortly after the cavalcade left Chiasso for Como, it was greeted with rifle fire from the partisans. Scotti jumped out of the car and stood in the headlights, trusting that as the partisans saw him they would recognize him and stop firing. It worked. An old friend of his, who was in charge of the trigger-happy squad, rushed out of the darkness and flung himself into the arms of *l'amico Scotti,* and that ended the firing. From there to Como there was no difficulty. The prefect was a friend of Scotti's, and issued the necessary papers to pass through the lines. After minor adventures including more rifle fire directed at them and an occasional hand grenade, the party reached the Villa Locatelli, where the German officers in the lead car succeeded in passing the cortège through the German guards. There they found General Wolff in full SS uniform. This would not have been a good introduction to the partisans. Scotti told him to put on civilian clothes, and to hurry. Wolff ceremoniously offered the rescue party some real Scotch whisky and Lucky Strikes, which he claimed had been captured by Rommel in North Africa. He quickly changed his clothes, and off they started. Each partisan band they encountered on the return trip required prolonged negotiations and much argument and showing of papers. Wolff was kept out of sight in the back of the second car. Strangely enough, no search was initiated. Finally the little cavalcade made its way safely to the Swiss frontier, arriving around 2:30 in the morning.

In the meantime, Waibel and Gaevernitz had been waiting in the restaurant of the Chiasso railroad station. The small, dimly lit place seemed more like a Mexican tavern during the days of the gold rush than one of those prim eating places one finds at the larger stations of the Swiss Federal Railways. Characters of doubtful appearance with distraught looks on their faces, the riffraff in the wake of war and revolution, kept rushing into the station restaurant, most of them trying to get away from the destruction of war into peaceful Switzerland.

The station slowly emptied as the night progressed. Gaevernitz and Waibel left and went to the border control post, less than a mile away, where the highway crosses from Switzerland into Italy. Several times the noise of a car was heard across the border and then faded out again in the distance.

Finally, after an hour or so of waiting, they saw the two bright headlights of a car approaching the border post from the other side. It was Scotti and his party. To avoid unauthorized talking with Wolff, Gaevernitz sat in a parked car at the corner of the customhouse, planning to disappear quietly once he was sure that Wolff was safely on Swiss soil. But when Scotti's car drove up, Wolff got out and was told by someone that Gaevernitz was present. Wolff thereupon came directly over to him, shook hands and expressed his fervent thanks. "I will never forget what you have done for me," he said. At this point, Gaevernitz, orders or no orders, began to talk to Wolff.

The party—Gaevernitz, Waibel and Wolff—moved on to Lugano to get away from the border and to decide what Wolff was to do next.

Early in the morning of the 27th, I was awakened in Bern by telephone. It was Gaevernitz calling to tell me of Wolff's rescue. Gaevernitz also said that he had proposed to Wolff that he cross Switzerland to the Austrian frontier and go from there to his new headquarters at Bolzano. The partisans were not yet strong in the area and the German forces were still in full control. Bolzano was now army as well as SS headquarters, and it might be possible from there to make a last attempt at getting all concerned to arrange an orderly surrender instead of continuing the fighting in the difficult mountain terrain of the southern Alps. Wolff had accepted the idea. He was, in fact, already on his way to Bolzano.

The sun rises

Later that morning three cables came in, all marked TRIPLE PRIORITY—an emergency communications designation which takes precedence over absolutely everything else on the line. All previous "stop" signals were reversed. The Combined Chiefs of Staff were instructing Field Marshal Alexander to make arrangements for the German envoys to come immediately to Caserta to sign a surrender. The Russians had been invited to send a representative. There were to be no conferences or discussions in Switzerland. A plane was being sent up that very day to fetch the surrender team. It was suggested that both Gaevernitz and Waibel accompany the Germans if possible.

Then the cables began to fly and the phones began to ring. First I called Waibel's office in Lucerne to tell him the good news. He suggested trying to intercept Wolff, who would not yet have reached the Austrian border, to see if he wished to go to Caserta himself. I then informed Washington and Caserta of our situation, and told them that with luck we would stop Wolff before it was too late.

It was not yet noon when Waibel phoned to say that our message had reached Wolff at the Austrian-Swiss border. He was delighted with the turn of events but had decided not to go to Caserta. Instead, he was going on to Bolzano, where he felt he would be needed to keep the generals in line.

I did not go to Caserta for the signature either. Secrecy was still the order of the day and I was well known to the press, so that a trip by me to Caserta and my presence there might well have caused premature publicity and blown the security of the operation, which so far had been scrupulously maintained.

Gaevernitz, at Field Marshal Alexander's request, joined the German envoys, Wenner and Schweinitz, and acted as interpreter throughout the proceedings on the 28th and 29th of April 1945. He wrote a full account of these days. As the reader will see, Gaevernitz' functions were much more important than those of an interpreter, though he had no other officially announced duties. In fact, he exercised unique influence on the German envoys, and his skill in dealing with them was of vital importance, particularly in persuading Schweinitz to interpret liberally the oral instructions he had received from General Vietinghoff.

The following account is drawn from Gaevernitz' account to me of those two crucial days. All action took place at the Allied Headquarters of the Mediterranean Theater at Caserta in a great castle which had once belonged to the kings of Naples. Behind the castle cascades of water tumbled down a low hill feeding into a series of terraced pools and fountains decorated with baroque statuary, surrounded by 18th-century English gardens. The military had set up a number of quonset huts and bungalows on the grounds. One small bungalow housed the Germans and Gaevernitz occupied another one. There were other larger temporary buildings, one containing a conference room where the discussions were held.

The first official meeting took place at 6 o'clock in the evening on April 28. In addition to Generals Lemnitzer and Airey, a small number of the highest-ranking Allied officers in the Mediterranean Theater were present. The Allied officers sat on one side of a long table which almost completely filled the conference room; across from them sat the two Germans.

Lieut. Gen. W. D. Morgan, chief of staff to Field Marshal Alexander, who presided, presented the rather voluminous document containing the terms of the "unconditional" surrender, and asked Gaevernitz to translate his comments into German. He informed the emissaries that another, more important meeting would be held at 9 o'clock the same evening, at which time they would have an opportunity to raise questions and ask for explanations. Thus they would have three hours to study the document. General Morgan also informed the Germans that Russian representatives would be present at the next meeting.

Immediately following the first meeting, the German emissaries went to their quarters. When they had set out on their trip, they still entertained some illusions about the meaning of the word "unconditional." Now, studying the document, they discovered that the Allies were not making any concessions.

At the next session, they made a strong plea for demobilization of the German armies on the spot, without internment in prison camps. They also reiterated their request that German officers be permitted to keep their sidearms; this, they claimed, was necessary to maintain discipline until the surrender was completed.

Another point for argument was the naval craft in the ports. Schweinitz noted that these vessels were under the control of the German Navy. He could guarantee the surrender of the ports only, not of the craft.

Then the Germans raised an important objection concerning the ports of Trieste and Pola. Recently Trieste, Pola and all the territory east of the Isonzo River had been placed under the command of a German general, who was not connected with the Wolff surrender negotiations.

The Allied commanders listened to the Germans' observations and made concessions on some of the minor points. They agreed to let German officers retain their hand weapons until the surrender operations had been completed. However, on the main German requests concerning the demobilization of the German troops and their quick return to Germany, the Allies remained adamant.

Thus, when the meeting broke up, the Germans—chiefly Schweinitz—were unhappy. At their request Gaevernitz accompanied them back to their quarters. Their discussion had lasted throughout most of the night.

It was soon clear that Major Wenner, the representative of the SS, was ready to sign the surrender agreement in whatever form it might be presented. Schweinitz, however, speaking for the Wehrmacht, felt he could not back down on the issue of internment. He claimed he wanted to spare the German soldiers a long sequestration in Allied prison camps on foreign soil. Again and again he referred to verbal instructions which he had received from his commander-in-chief and which he said prevented him from accepting the surrender terms as presented.

At last Gaevernitz put forth an argument that seemed to make some impression: "Don't you realize," he said, "that every sentence which we speak may cost the lives of hundreds of soldiers? While we are arguing here every minute may mean further destruction, further air raids on German cities, further death."

Schweinitz weakened. But he still insisted that his chief, Vietinghoff, be informed regarding the surrender terms and be asked to give his final consent to the signing of the surrender document. Jointly Gaevernitz and the Germans drafted a telegram that was promptly sent to Vietinghoff. It was then 4:00 a.m.

Another informal meeting between Generals Lemnitzer and Airey, the German emissaries, and Gaevernitz took place early in the morning. Airey opened this meeting with the statement that they could not wait for Vietinghoff's reply. He insisted that the surrender be signed in time for the emissaries to leave that afternoon and reach their headquarters in Bolzano the following day. It was then that the long debate of the previous night bore fruit, as Schweinitz now agreed to sign without his chief's renewed consent.

Thereupon the many arrangements necessary for carrying out the surrender were discussed and determined. To make a fighting army put down its arms is in many respects as painstaking a task as to mobilize it. It is most important to fix the precise hour when hostilities are to cease, and to see to it that orders reach the front-line units and are carried out early enough. Nothing would be worse than to have one side stop fighting while the other continued. Almost equally important was the establishment of radio communications between Allied military headquarters and those of the enemy. A code and radio wavelengths for the transmission of messages between the two armies were given to the German envoys.

The surrender was set for May 2 at 12 noon, Greenwich time, which was 2:00 p.m. Central European Time. It was now April 29th and it probably would require approximately 24 hours for the emissaries to return to their headquarters. Thus, 48 hours would remain for the surrender orders to reach the German military units in the field. Matters had to be rushed. There was not even time to retype the "unconditional" surrender agreement—it took some 30 pages to set forth all its "conditions" to incorporate the minor changes the Allied commanders had allowed. At General Lemnitzer's suggestion, Gaevernitz inserted the changes by hand while the general looked over his shoulder to make certain the wording was correct.

The surrender is signed—but not delivered

By 2 o'clock in the afternoon everything was ready for signature. For this purpose a third and final official meeting between the Allied commanders and the German emissaries took place in the solemn setting of the Royal Summer Palace, which had once served for the hours of pleasure of the kings of Naples.

Although the signing of the first German surrender of World War II was still "top secret," it was staged in the glaring light of modern publicity. To record the historic event, a small group of British and American newspaper and radio reporters, drawn by lot, had been flown in from Rome and pledged to absolute secrecy until the official announcement of the surrender was made. The Germans, who had no inkling of the publicity arrangements, were shocked when they saw the huge klieg lights, the microphones, and the grinding movie cameras.

General Morgan opened the proceedings:

"I understand that you are prepared and empowered to sign the terms of a surrender agreement. Is that correct?" Gaevernitz translated.

Von Schweinitz answered, *"Ja."*

The general then turned toward Wenner and repeated the question. The SS representative replied, *"Jawohl."*

General Morgan went on, "I have been empowered to sign this agreement on behalf of the Supreme Allied Commander, the terms to take effect by noon May 2, Greenwich mean time. I now ask you to sign and I shall sign after you."

At this moment the representative of the German army sprang a surprise. Schweinitz, once more plagued by doubts about the extent of his powers, interjected in German, "May I repeat, before signing, the point I made during the preliminary talks, namely, that I personally am going beyond my powers. I presume that my commander-in-chief, General von Vietinghoff, will accept, but I cannot be entirely responsible."

Gaevernitz translated the words slowly and carefully into English. It was possible that this declaration would render the signature of the German army officer worthless in the eyes of the Allies. General Morgan, though, seemed to have no such doubts. He said in a firm voice, "I accept." Thereupon both German emissaries signed five copies of the agreement, and thereafter General Morgan affixed his signature. It was 2:17 p.m. when he closed the proceedings. The Germans were led out of the room and the floodlights faded.

The document had been signed. Now one of the last difficult jobs was still ahead. The fact that they had surrendered had to be made known to the German armies through their leaders. This meant that the emissaries had to be passed secretly via France, neutral Switzerland, and German-controlled Austria to German headquarters at Bolzano. The final part of the journey had to be made through territory patrolled by Gestapo agents and threatened by partisan bands.

Gaevernitz and the two German emissaries reached my house in Bern around midnight. All three were exhausted. I produced one of the last bottles of our waning supply of Scotch, and hot coffee and sandwiches. The surrender party thawed out before a great open fire. It was cold and there was even a threat of snow in the air. I gave them a pep talk, as I knew the German emissaries had a rough and perilous trip ahead. Soon after 1 o'clock in the morning they were off for the frontier, still accompanied by Gaevernitz.

Before 7 in the morning, Gaevernitz called to report that the envoys had been blocked at the border. The Swiss government, by formal action, had hermetically closed the Swiss frontier. No one could enter or leave without special permission. Ordinary visas were of no use, and even the special facilities enjoyed by the Swiss intelligence officers under Waibel's command were ineffective. Only the Swiss government could help us out.

There was no time to be lost. I called the acting minister for foreign affairs, Walter Stucki, at his home. I knew that Stucki was a man of decision and of courage. In a few words I sketched the problem to him. Although this was probably the first he

had heard of our whole operation, he got the point immediately. Within a few minutes orders were dispatched to the frontier to let Schweinitz and Wenner cross.

Wolff had sent a car from Bolzano which was waiting for them on the Austrian side of the border. He had also sent a message of the greatest importance. Franz Hofer, Gauleiter of the Tyrol, who had declared himself a supporter of the surrender barely a week before, had switched. Together with Kaltenbrunner, he was trying to stop it from going through. They had reported the independent actions of Generals Wolff and Vietinghoff to Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, commander of the Western Front. They were aware that the envoys were going to return to Bolzano via Austria with the surrender terms and had signaled the Gestapo to arrest them when they passed through Innsbruck. For this reason Wolff told them to avoid Innsbruck by taking the longer route over the Alps, even though this route was in some places still covered with snow. The only car Wolff had been able to procure for them was far from robust, but nevertheless they slipped through Hofer's trap and got to Bolzano with the surrender documents late in the night of April 30th.

That day, as we learned the following evening, Adolf Hitler had shot himself in his Berlin bunker; two days before, Mussolini had been tracked down and shot by Italian partisans near the shores of Lake Como. His body and the body of his mistress, Claretta Petacci, were hung from the girders of an unfinished building in the Piazza Loreto in Milan, at the site of a reprisal shooting of partisan hostages by Fascist units the year before.

Even with both dictators dead, however, the last scene of our drama remained to be played. One of its leading actors was a Czech refugee from Dachau by the name of Vaclav Hradecky.

Fairly early in the course of our negotiations with Wolff, I had asked the OSS base at Lyons to look for a German-speaking radio operator; I had hopes of persuading Wolff to smuggle such a man into his headquarters so that we would be able to communicate with each other without the risks that much travel entailed. The operator Lyons sent us was about 26 years old, short, stocky, black-haired, and rather uncommunicative. We had difficulty with his name and dubbed him "Little Wally." He knew German almost perfectly and had been trained in radio at one of our OSS bases in southern Italy. The adventures he had survived in six years of war showed that he could take care of himself in almost any situation. Deported by the Germans from Prague in 1939, along with much of the student body of the Charles University, he was sent to Dachau. There he was forced to do punitive labor, starved, beaten and mistreated—at the hands of the SS who ran the camp.

After six months Wally managed to escape. He lived underground in Germany for three years, posing as a laborer, and at the same time he made contact with the Czech resistance and passed them intelligence on what he observed in Germany. He was finally caught in a raid in a small town in Bavaria and, lacking proper identification, was arrested and sent to a PW camp. He escaped from that too and made his way into Switzerland. From Switzerland he went into France as soon as the Germans cleared out and there made contact with OSS.

After a few talks with Wally. I decided he was the man for our job. I told him he was to be turned over to an SS officer and he didn't bat an eyelash. He was to send and receive messages between the SS officer and us, I said. I gave him no clue whatever about the operation in which he was to play such a vital part. He asked me no questions.

On the 13th of April Wally had left to fulfill the assignment, taking with him a suitcase radio, his code pads and signal plan, a change of underwear and socks, and an enormous supply of cigarettes. In him we had an essential tool for our work—independent and secure communications with Field Marshal Alexander's Headquarters and with General Wolff.

On May 1, Little Wally was with Wolff in Bolzano but our radio had been strangely silent all day. Then, that evening, Field Marshal Alexander sent an urgent personal message via Wally to General Vietinghoff, which Caserta repeated to me in Bern. Alexander had to know immediately whether Vietinghoff intended to carry out the surrender. Otherwise, he could not issue the necessary orders to the Allied forces in time to stop the fighting. Caserta received a reply signed by Wolff thanking the field marshal for his message and saying that a decision would follow within an hour. What kind of decision? There was no mention of Vietinghoff and no further word that night.

Early the next morning, May 2nd, the day for the surrender, another message came from Wolff. It contained the startling news that Vietinghoff had been relieved of his command by Kesselring. However, it also reported that the commanding generals of the 10th and 14th German Armies, which comprised Army Group C under Vietinghoff, and Luftwaffe General von Pohl and Wolff himself had issued orders to their respective commands to cease hostilities at the stipulated time of 2:00 p.m. As soon as this had happened, according to Wolff's message, an order had been issued for the arrest of all the surrendering generals by Kesselring. Wolff wanted Alexander to drop Allied paratroopers to protect those who were carrying out the surrender in the Bolzano area. All this sounded very grim. A surrender that had to be enforced by Allied intervention might well turn into a continuation of hostilities.

Was that uncertain and indecisive character, Kesselring, routed militarily on German soil, going to frustrate a surrender in Italy at the last moment? The news of Hitler's death had just been heard all over Europe. The Fifth Army had taken Verona and was racing toward Austria and Trieste. The German garrisons in Genoa, Milan and Venice had capitulated. The idea that military honor was still involved was fantastic unless Hitler's private lunacies had now infected all his generals.

The climax

Later we learned just how close the surrender operation came to collapsing during the tense night of May 1 and 2. At Nazi headquarters in Bolzano, orders from Kesselring arrived at 1:15 a.m. directing the arrest of Vietinghoff, Roettiger, Schweinitz and several of the other officers within the surrender plot. Wolff was not included, as he was not under the command of Kesselring. However, the orders left little doubt that direct action would be taken against all of them, including Wolff. It occurred to Wolff that General Schultz, who had taken over Vietinghoff's command and was still sitting in the room with the others, might hold the revolting generals in his headquarters to prevent their further action. Wolff excused himself for a moment on the pretext of going to the lavatory. In the hallway he noticed groups of armed soldiers assembling. He quickly returned to the conference room and signaled for his co-conspirators to follow him. They did so. Wolff knew the layout of the tunnels in the shelter, and took the group to a little-used exit. It was unguarded. Once outside, Wolff told them that he was going to return to his own command post in the Palace of the Duke of Pistoia and suggested that they follow suit and go to their separate army headquarters, where they could best defend themselves against any attempt to arrest them and could supervise the execution of the orders they had given their troops to cease fire.

No sooner had Wolff and Dollmann reached the palace than they learned from some of Wolff's officers that an order had just been given to a Wehrmacht tank unit to surround the palace. Wolff immediately ordered seven police tanks under his command to draw up within the palace park. He also alerted several units of his mobile guards to defend the grounds of the building. Thus, around 2 in the morning, preparations were made for a small war among the Germans themselves over the issue of the surrender. All the ironies and conflicts of Sunrise had now come to a head—the SS on the side of the surrender party, the top command of the army opposing it. It was at this point that Wolff sent his message to Alexander asking for the intervention of Allied parachutists.

Before these contending forces had actually arrived to fight each other, Wolff's telephone rang. It was Kesselring. Kesselring said he had just been informed that the orders for surrender had already gone out to all German troops on the Italian front. He showered on Wolff the most severe accusations. He knew well, he said, that Wolff had been the driving force in the sequence of events which had led up to the issuance of these orders. He accused Wolff and his associates of military insurrection. Wolff again began to plead with him to join forces and give approval to the surrender.

It was a long telephone call. It lasted from 2 in the morning until 4. Wolff pleaded for an end to the senseless fight-

ing. He reminded Kesselring that every hour meant the loss of more lives and the destruction of more German cities. He said that they were all agreed on the hopelessness of Germany's continuing the war, which had already lasted too long, which was already lost. It is not hard to picture the scene—the distraught, exhausted men in the two headquarters arguing out the last hours of the war.

Wolff reviewed for Kesselring the whole history of Sunrise, point for point, justifying his action at every turn. Knowing Kesselring's fear that a Soviet Europe would be the end result of a German capitulation, he wound up with the following argument (Dollmann, who was standing by during the entire conversation, reported Wolff's words): "And it is not only a military capitulation in order to avoid further destruction and shedding of blood. A cease-fire now will give the Anglo-Americans the possibility of stopping the advance of the Russians into the West, of countering the threat of the Tito forces to take Trieste, and of a Communist uprising which will seek to establish a Soviet republic in northern Italy. . . . Since the death of the Führer has released you from your oath of loyalty, I beg you as the highest commander of the entire Alpine area devoutly and with the greatest sense of obedience to give your retroactive sanction to our independent action which our consciences impelled us to take."

At 4 in the morning of May 2nd the conversation between Wolff and Kesselring ended with Kesselring saying that he would give his final decision within half an hour. Shortly after 4:30 a.m. Schultz telephoned Wolff to say that he had just received a call from Kesselring. Kesselring had given his approval to the surrender. He also withdrew orders for the arrest of Vietinghoff, Roettiger and the others.

A few hours later, we were still waiting for word in Bern. It was a sunny May morning, with red geraniums blooming in the window boxes and farmers' carts rumbling over the cobblestones on their way to market.

Lunchtime passed and there was no word. At last, between 5 and 6 in the evening, the news broke. It was perhaps the final irony that after two months of intense activity Gaevernitz and I, two of the engineers of this operation, learned the same way as the rest of the world that it had succeeded—on the radio. The news flash was not very elaborate: the Germans in Italy had surrendered. Could we believe it? A few minutes later our fears were finally put to rest. We picked up the BBC's official announcement giving in full detail Churchill's statement to the House of Commons.

With a tremendous sigh of relief and joy we stood up and all but danced around the room. In short order a bottle of champagne was produced and we invited all the Bern staff to join us in a toast to the peace that had finally been achieved, and at last was no longer secret.

Not until around noon that day, only two hours before the deadline, had Field Marshal Alexander's headquarters received the only message that now really counted. It had been sent by Wolff (through Wally) in Marshal Kesselring's name. It said:

"For the sphere of command of the Commander-in-Chief Southwest, I subscribe to both the written and oral conditions of the armistice agreement."

One last hitch, a minor one to be sure, had held up the actual announcement of the surrender. Kesselring, again through Wolff on Wally's circuit, had requested that no public announcement be made for another 48 hours, although hostilities would cease at the stipulated time. Apparently he hoped the delay would give him time to withdraw German troops stationed farther east in Yugoslavia and Istria so that they would not be forced to surrender to the Russians. Since, however, the cease-fire order had been radioed to the various components of the German 10th and 14th armies in the clear (i.e., not in code), anyone listening in could easily have found out what was going on, and Alexander sent word to Wolff and Kesselring that he would make the announcement of the surrender at once.

The guns were silent in Italy—although the war in Europe had five more days to run—and we had achieved the first of the great surrenders. We had also established a line of communications which turned out to be useful for arranging the next surrender parleys. Little Wally, still sitting at his secret radio in SS Headquarters in Bolzano, now began to serve as the link between some of the defeated German armies in Germany itself and the Allied High Command.

On the afternoon of May 3rd, Kesselring phoned Wolff at Bolzano from his Headquarters (now moved back into Western Austria) and asked that a wireless message be sent to Field Marshal Alexander. Wally must have been rather excited as he encoded it and tapped it out:

WOLFF TO ALEXANDER BY COMMAND OF KESSELRING—INSTRUCT WHAT ALLIED HQS TO CONTACT FOR SURRENDER OF COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF WEST

The answer from Alexander's headquarters informed Kesselring that his question had been referred to General Eisenhower.

The next day, May 4th, Eisenhower's answer was relayed via Field Marshal Alexander's Headquarters to Wally in Bolzano where General Wolff telephoned it to Field Marshal Kesselring in Austria. "For unconditional surrenders on the Western Front, Field Marshal Kesselring or his emissaries should contact General Devers, HQ 6th Army Group." Details were then given as to how the German emissaries should approach the Salzburg area.

On May 5th and 6th what was left of Kesselring's forces in southeastern Germany and Austria surrendered to General Devers. The existence of Little Wally's radio, combined with the moral suasion Wolff had worked on Kesselring during the preceding days, hastened the practical realization of this surrender. As General Eisenhower states in his memoirs, the surrender of the German Armies in Italy placed the German units north of them in an impossible military situation, and this no doubt helped to make up Kesselring's mind. The surrender of all German forces took place at Rheims on May 7th, hostilities to cease at midnight May 8.

Field Marshal Alexander invited Gaevernitz and me to his Headquarters at Caserta immediately after the surrender in Italy went into effect on May 3rd, a gesture of great courtesy. While there, I received an invitation from General Eisenhower's headquarters to witness the final overall surrender at Rheims, where the goal so long sought was finally attained.

Epilogue

In the spring of 1965, Gaevernitz proposed a reunion of the Allied and Swiss participants in Sunrise at Ascona, on the very spot where Field Marshal Alexander's representatives had met General Wolff 20 years before. The date he suggested for the gathering was the anniversary of the surrender, May 2. Unfortunately, it was impossible for all of us, scattered in five different countries, to forgather on the chosen date. In the end General Lemnitzer, Gaevernitz and I, with some members of our families, got together in Ascona in mid-June. Max Waibel was nearby, and several of us had an opportunity to see him.

It was an occasion not only to reminisce about the events of 20 years before but also to bring ourselves up to date on what had happened to the men, on both sides, who had fortuitously come together during the closing months of a great war in a unique effort at peacemaking.

On the Allied side the careers of several of the military participants are well known. Field Marshal Alexander had become Governor General of Canada shortly after the war, and on returning to England in 1952, had been named Minister of Defense. At the same time he was honored with an earldom and became Viscount Alexander of Tunis. General Airey, after four years as military governor of Trieste and a short spell at SHAPE headquarters in Paris, had become British Commander at Hong Kong. On his retirement in 1954 he was knighted.

General Lemnitzer, whose faith in the aims of Sunrise and whose calm diplomacy had helped greatly in uniting Allied support for the enterprise, despite Stalin's interference, was Supreme Allied Commander of the NATO forces in Europe at the time of our reunion in Ascona. In the intervening years he had held commands in Korea, had become Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army and then Chairman of our Joint Chiefs of Staff. Max Waibel, in the meantime, had reached one of the highest ranks in the Swiss Army and had devoted himself during the postwar years to its modernization. He had been promoted to the position of Chief of Infantry with the rank of *Oberstdivisionär*, equivalent to major-general in our army.

Of the civilians involved in Sunrise, two had died: Baron

Parilli in 1954, and Professor Husmann only shortly before our reunion in 1965.

I had resumed the practice of the law. From this I was soon to be called away by President Truman when our government, in 1947, began serious planning for its postwar intelligence service. Initially I had agreed to be only a short-term consultant, but I soon found myself deeply involved and became Director of Central Intelligence in 1953, serving until I returned to private life in 1961.

After the war Gaevernitz worked with me in Berlin during the first months of Allied occupation. With his background knowledge of the German situation and through his personal relations with leading members of the German anti-Nazi resistance, he rendered valuable services to the U.S. occupation authorities in the difficult postwar period when they were trying to select the Germans with whom the Allies could work in building up a new regime for Germany. In 1946 Gaevernitz returned to private life, and shortly thereafter, in collaboration with his friend Fabian von Schlabrendorff—the man who in 1943 had smuggled a time bomb into the Führer's airplane, on the Eastern front, which unfortunately failed to explode—he published one of the first accounts of the German anti-Nazi resistance and of this bomb incident, *They Almost Killed Hitler*. During the following years he pursued his business interests in Europe and South America.

I wish it were possible to report that fate had been kind to our intrepid radio operator, Little Wally, a key figure in the success of our enterprise. After the cessation of hostilities, General Lemnitzer offered to make arrangements for Wally, in recognition of his services to our country, to become a regular member of the United States Army. This would have expedited for him the process of becoming an American citizen. Wally, however, was anxious to get back to Czechoslovakia to see his family. He did not accept General Lemnitzer's offer and went home. Since then I have had no definite news from him. This is not surprising, as the communists long since had taken over control in the country. Wherever he is, I wish him well.

Parri, the redoubtable Italian patriot who had been liberated and turned over to me as evidence of the serious intentions of the Germans to carry out the Sunrise operation, became Italy's first Prime Minister after the war. Among the Germans who took part in Sunrise, those who were not members of the SS set out on new and successful careers.

Rahn became a leading figure in the German Coca-Cola company, and at the time of our Ascona reunion was running in the German parliamentary elections.

General Roettiger was employed by the American Army during the occupation of Germany in a project devoted to writing the military history of World War II. When a new German army was formed after 1951, he was chosen, because of his excellent record during the war both as general and as an anti-Nazi, as its first Inspector-General. He remained in this post until his death in the mid-1950's.

Viktor von Schweinitz became a leading official in a German steel-trading company. General Vietinghoff died only a few years after the war's end.

Those who had served in the SS had a more difficult row to hoe. Before the war was even over the Allies decided that members of the SS, the Nazi secret police, paramilitary and intelligence organizations were to fall under the "automatic arrest" category. This meant detention beyond the period required for other prisoners of war.

Wolff's aide, Wenner, escaped from this detention and made his way to South America. Guido Zimmer, the aesthetic captain who had always cut a rather unlikely figure in the SS uniform, was cleared of charges quite early in the day and allowed to return to Germany. Eventually he emigrated to Argentina, where Parilli, who had long been his good friend, helped him to get started in business.

Dollmann escaped from an American internment camp at Rimini in Italy but, unlike Wenner, did not try to get to South America. He headed for Milan. Here, reportedly, he sought out some of the old church contacts with whom he had worked during the war. Eventually he returned to Munich, his home city, where I understand he is engaged in literary pursuits.

General Wolff, in the fall of 1945, was taken from internment in Italy to Nuremberg, where he served as a witness in certain of the major war-crimes trials. He was held for four years while the trials continued, but in the status of witness. The question of his own complicity in the crimes of the SS was considered; however, the evidence was not sufficient to bring him to trial by the Allies. In 1964 he was tried by a German court and was given 15 years for being "continuously engaged and deeply entangled in guilt." Apparently it was felt that his closeness to Himmler had made him privy to the actions of the SS, and that, despite a helping hand he frequently lent the persecuted in private, his remaining at his post could only be construed as condonement of what was going on.

There was also one piece of documentary evidence. In 1942 Wolff had put his signature to a paper which requested additional freight cars from the Ministry of Transport for use in Poland. It seemed that there was evidence that the cars were for transporting Jews to the extermination camps. Wolff claimed at his trial that he did not know they were for that purpose.

The German court has rendered its judgment, and it is useless to attempt here to reconcile his conduct as a close confidant of Himmler's for many years with that of the man who, more than any other one person, contributed to the final German surrender in North Italy.

In this story I have presented the facts about Wolff's conduct as I saw them. The conclusions must be left to history. One point seems to me to be clear: Once convinced that he and the German people had been deceived and misled by Hitler, and that by prolonging the war Hitler was merely condemning the German people to useless slaughter, Wolff determined that whatever his past purposes and motivations might have been, it was his duty, henceforth, to do what he could to end the war.

When, after the surrender, Gaevernitz and I visited Allied Forces Headquarters at Caserta and General Eisenhower at Rheims, we received more than our share and our due of congratulations on the successful outcome of this unique adventure in peacemaking. Two telegrams came that we shall not forget. One was from General Lemnitzer and read as follows:

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS . . . YOU AND YOUR ASSOCIATES MAY WELL BE PROUD OF SPLENDID PART YOU HAVE ALL PLAYED IN EPOCH-MAKING EVENTS WHICH OCCURED TODAY. MY ADMIRATION FOR YOUR LOYALTY AND DEVOTION TO DUTY DURING THESE RECENT DIFFICULT WEEKS EQUALLED ONLY BY PRIDE WHICH IS MINE FOR HAVING PRIVILEGE AND PLEASURE OF PARTICIPATION WITH YOU IN THIS OPERATION WHICH SPELLS END OF NAZI DOMINATION IN EUROPE.

The other was from Donovan's deputy, Brig. Gen. John Magruder, who had sat at Donovan's side throughout the Sunrise negotiations and had been largely responsible for the helpful directives we had received from headquarters. Although I did not know it at the time, this man had a son in the 10th Mountain Division, which was poised for attack when the cease-fire order came on May 2nd. Here is the message I received:

MAGRUDER TO 110 [This was my number in the OSS]:
COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF PARENTS WOULD BLESS YOU WERE THEY PRIVILEGED TO KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE DONE. AS ONE OF THEM PRIVILEGED TO KNOW, AND WITH A BOY IN THE MOUNTAIN DIVISION, I DO BLESS YOU.

As we reviewed the Sunrise operation at our Ascona reunion we asked ourselves what lessons could be learned from these negotiations that could be of use for the future.

It is so easy to start wars, and yet so difficult to stop them. Once the contending forces are locked in battle, communication between them ceases. In fact, it becomes illegal to deal with the enemy. Conversations are taboo. Even if the leaders of one side want to stop the fighting, they do not necessarily wish to advertise this to the world and to the enemy prematurely, only to be rebuked publicly and branded as traitors.

One lesson we learned was the vital importance of establishing a secret contact and secure communications between the leaders on each side of the battle. Once this was accomplished and there was confidence that there could be an exchange of ideas without fear of publicity or premature disclosure, then our talks took a hopeful turn. In the midst of battle this is not easy, but Sunrise proved that it is not impossible. A vast amount of study and ingenuity goes into the task of preparing to wage war, but very little attention has been devoted to the even more important problem of how to bring war to an end once the fighting has started. The Sunrise operation may have given some useful clues, and by studying the techniques used there, and the difficulties encountered and overcome, we may open up paths for the future.

—Allen Dulles

THIS FUNNY LIFE

A housewife was interviewing an applicant for a job as her cook. "Do you know how to serve company?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, both ways," was the applicant's reply.

"Just what do you mean by 'both ways'?"

"So's they'll want to come back again—and so's they won't."

Lucille J. Goodyear
Scottsdale, Ariz.

At Lackland AFB, Texas, all newly enlisted male personnel are issued their military clothing from one central supply building. All entrances to this particular building display large signs reading, "MALE CLOTHING ISSUE CENTER—OFF LIMITS TO ALL FEMALE PERSONNEL."

At the bottom of one such sign had been neatly added in pencil: "ALL TRESPASSERS WILL BE VIOLATED!"

Capt. Franklin L. Greene
Houston, Tex.

We'd had no bites in an entire evening of fishing. As darkness fell and we pulled toward shore we passed a couple in another rowboat. "Did you have any luck?" I called.

"Sure did," replied the young man.

"What kind of bait were you using?"

For a moment the young man was silent. Then he said: "I wasn't fishing."

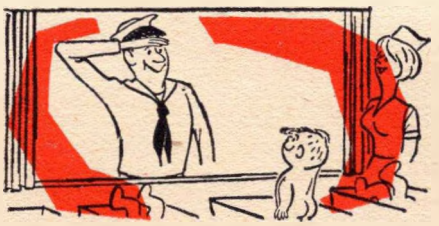
Ernest Blevins
Florissant, Mo.

A friend of ours, a well-known Hollywood pediatrician, got an urgent call from a scenario writer who said his small son had swallowed his fountain pen.

"I'll be right over," declared the physician. "But tell me, what are you doing in the meantime?"

"Using a pencil," replied the writer.

Thomas April
Hollywood, Calif.



The young sailor stood before the commanding officer of his destroyer, who read the seaman's request for a pass. It indicated that the sailor's wife was alone and expecting their first child, momentarily.

Putting on his best military expression, the captain lectured the young man about devotion to the Navy and his ship and, trying to finish with a light touch, he added, "It's necessary for you to be there when the keel is laid, son, but you won't be needed at the launching."

The sailor replied, "Oh! I'm not worried about any technical problems, sir. It's just that it's our first 'launching' and being that we're in strange waters, I thought it'd be good for the morale of the crew if the commanding officer showed up."

He got his pass!

H. M. Dermein
Los Angeles, Calif.

On the Toronto-to-Montreal overnight train recently, the sleeping-car patrons boarded and went their separate ways. A slightly inebriated man was prevented from getting into his "upper" by a woman who had the reserved space below him. Swaying slightly, he waited until she got in, then clambered into his berth overhead. Soon, he was snoring loudly, whereupon the woman below pounded on her "ceiling."

"Won't do you any good, lady," was his reply. "I saw you when you got on!"

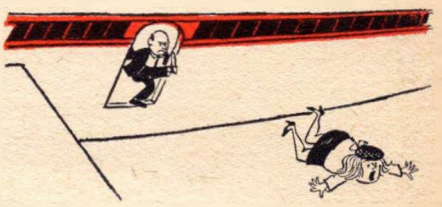
Harold Morrison
Toronto, Ontario

The NCO was checking over the selection of perfumes at the local PX. Seeking to assist him, the salesgirl recommended one popular scent.

"It's called *Perhaps*," she said. "It's $35 an ounce."

The sergeant replied, "Thirty-five dollars! For that price I don't want *Perhaps*. I want *Sure*!"

Milford Benz
APO New York, N.Y.



The transcontinental jet had barely cleared the ground at JFK Airport in New York on its nonstop flight to the West Coast when a female passenger seated next to an elderly man began to talk, also nonstop. Mile after mile, seemingly endlessly, she poured forth a torrent of small, inconsequential verbiage. Trapped, the gentleman could only sit and suffer in silence.

She talked about her relatives, her husband, the service on the plane, politics—all of it interspersed with caustic remarks about men in general. And she asked dozens of questions about the flight itself, remarking several times that she was on her first air trip.

"Do you know," she asked, after several hours of monologue, "if this plane is flying faster than sound?"

Wearily, the old man finally had his chance.

"Unfortunately, madam," he said. "no."

Leo J. Farrell Jr.
Colorado Springs, Colo.

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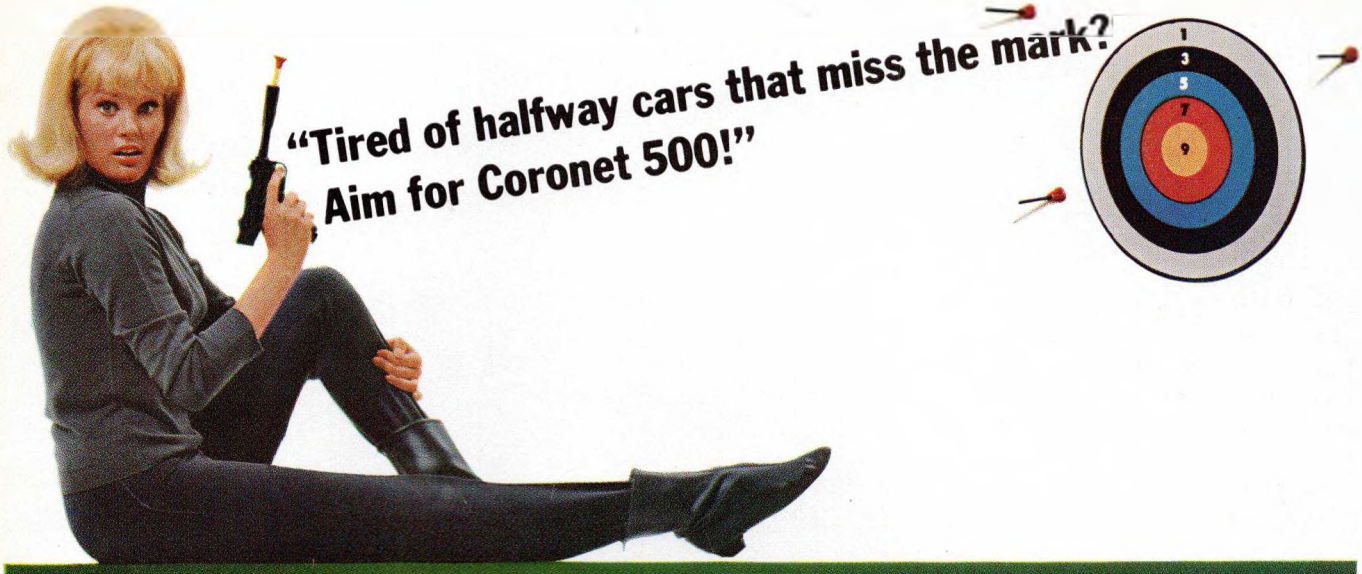

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