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Largest Selling Man's Magazine

TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY 25c

THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING

By Charles Samuels

A Fawcett Publication

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Mr. Arthur J. Brown

Man of Distinction . . .
President, A B C Freight Forwarding Corp.

It is for men who, like Mr. Brown, are distinguished by good taste and keen judgment, that Lord Calvert is *Custom Distilled*. The result is a perfection of flavor and lightness unmatched in any whiskey, anywhere. So jealously is its premium quality guarded that each bottle is numbered and recorded at the distillery. Try *Custom Distilled* Lord Calvert soon. It costs a little more, tastes a little better and adds a little more pleasure to living.

Young Arthur Brown worked as a clerk, caddy, truck washer and sign painter. Eight years later, he was managing the company whose trucks he had washed. Then he started his own firm.

That was twelve years ago. Today Mr. Brown's A B C Company, with offices in sixteen cities and nearly 1,000 employees, is one of the largest freight forwarders in the United States. A dynamo at work, he still finds time to run a stable of 17 trotters and pacers.

Progressive minded, he recently purchased an estate where his employees enjoy free vacations. Week ends, Mr. Brown likes to entertain 'round the barbecue at his Flushing, New York home, where *Custom Distilled* Lord Calvert is always a front-running favorite.

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How I foxed the Navy

by Arthur Godfrey

The Navy almost scuttled me. I shudder to think of it. My crazy career could have ended right there. Who knows, I might still be humming Chesterfields instead of selling them.

To be scuttled by the Navy you've either got to do something wrong or neglect to do something right. They've got you both ways. For my part, I neglected to finish high school.

Ordinarily, a man can get along without a high school diploma. Plenty of men have. But not in the Navy. At least not in the U. S. Navy Materiel School at Bellevue, D. C., back in 1929. In those days a bluejacket had to have a mind like Einstein's. And I didn't.

"Godfrey," said the lieutenant a few days after I'd checked in, "either you learn mathematics and learn it *fast* or out you go. I'll give you six weeks." This, I figured, was it. For a guy who had to take off his shoes to count above ten, it was an impossible assignment.

I was ready to turn in my bell-bottoms. But an ad in a magazine stopped me. Here, it said, is your chance to get special training in almost any subject—mathematics included. I hopped on it. Within a week I was enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools studying algebra, geometry and trig for all I was worth.

Came week-end liberty, I studied. Came a holiday, I studied. Came the end of the six weeks, I was top man in the class. Within six weeks I had mastered two years of high school math, thanks to the training I'd gotten.

I.C.S. made the impossible—easy!

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January 1954

TRUE

the man's magazine

VOL. 34 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 200

THE FACT STORY MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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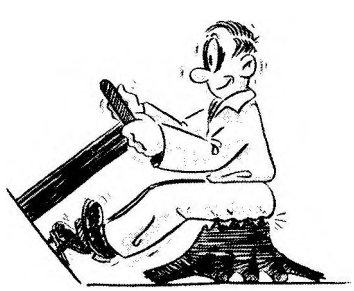
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

MIKE MAKES TROUBLE FOR Nash!

I got a letter from Mr. Irving Pierce of Dallas, Texas. It said:

> *For years I waited for my son to be old enough to go on fishing trips with me. When he got to be seven last summer, I bought a Nash Statesman and we drove to my favorite bass lake and camped beside the water.*
>
> *The first night was swell. We slept like logs in the Twin Beds, and woke up feeling wonderful. But the second night Mike complained about the bed. "What's wrong with it?" I asked him.*
>
> *"It's too darn comfortable, Dad," he said. "It's too much like home. Can I sleep outside on the ground?"*

I immediately got in touch with the Nash Research Department, and they're hard at work on the problem. So far they've come up with three suggestions: (1) replace the foam rubber in all Airflyte seats with rocks, twigs, old moose antlers, etc.; (2) replace the entire seats with sharp, jagged tree stumps; (3) replace Mike.



While they're at it they might find a way to have the Weather Eye Conditioned Air system fill the car full of ordinary *un*-conditioned air, with clouds of dust optional at extra cost.

While you're waiting for these improvements, though, you might drop into a Nash Dealer's and sneer at the Airliner Reclining Seat and the many other comfort-and-convenience features of the new 1954 Ambassador, Statesman and Rambler Airflytes.

Hi, Mike.

This is No. 61 in a series of NASH ads by Ed Zern

1954 Nash Ambassador Airflyte, one of the 16 new models

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit 32, Michigan

Truely Yours

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

At Loggerheads

As an old Minnesota lumberjack who has seen the best lumber camps from Maine to California, I took objection to B. Hitunen's letter in the October *Truly Yours*. He wrote that "any bunch of Oregon loggers can outfall, outdrink, outshoot, and outfight the best that Montana, or any other state has to offer!"

What does the "B" stand for—Braggart, Blarney or Bull?

If Mr. Hitunen really think's he's so good, let him come down to the Redwood Forests in California and show us how he can "outfall" redwoods! After that he can go back to his "outdrinking, outshooting and outfighting"—that's if there's anything left of him to go back.

—Vilho Valtonen, Minn.

A real Washington logger can log more, fight better and get drunker on Saturday night, by accident, than an Oregon, Idaho or Montana logger can on purpose.

—Elmer Lanen, Redwood, Wash.

Why don't you guys get together and talk chop?

Tip for the Camper

Since your magazine is tops with me, I thought it only right to pass on to all your readers interested in the great outdoors, an experience of mine.

On a recent camping trip an uninvited skunk joined our party. We found that Clorox with Oil of Wintergreen combatted the odor better than anything we have ever tried before.

—R. E. Goddard, Fort Worth, Texas

This uninvited skunk—was it an animal?

Duck Soup

I have been an avid reader of your magazine for some years now. Most all of your articles have been in excellent taste and are designed to interest all men.

Your feature in the October issue called *The Big Freeze*, however, left something to be desired in clean sportsmanship.

The ducks forced to return because they were sandwiched in between two vicious storms and then to be shot down by this so-called sportsman, reminds me of the stories that came out during the recent war of carrier pilots returning after going through all sorts of hell only to find their carriers destroyed.

It is too bad that this big, bold hunter with his big, black gun couldn't have had his big, fat head frozen in a big, clear cake of ice during this "Big Freeze."

—M. A. Kesner Flushing, N. Y.

In an effort to make you happy, Mac, we're starting a movement to supply guns to ducks.

Sky High

To be very blunt, what in hell has happened to TRUE and the Flying Saucers? I thought you were going to really stir things up and squish—suddenly the subject is dropped like a hot potato. There is only one reason that I can think of and that's "security." But "security" from what? Surely nobody who has studied the subject with an open mind can say it is "security" because they belong to any power on earth. And if interplanetary in origin we must be a nation of weak-minded fools if we can't take the news in our stride in this day and age.

I've read both sides of the controversial subject. Probably the best and most authoritative *against* saucers is Dr. Menzel's book. But to my mind it has several very weak spots. He says that the atmospheric conditions that produce the light

reflections giving rise to flying saucers are very common in the Southwest. I've lived here in southern Nevada for about a year and a half and done quite a bit of neck-stretching but I've yet to see one of these "common" phenomena. He states further that the reason the saucers draw away from pursuing aircraft is because a mirage always withdraws as one approaches. *But* —why do the saucers also draw away from ground observers at the same time while

[*Continued on page* 6]

☆

Stock car racing proves Champion spark plugs will make your car run better!

Stock cars are standard automobiles, just like yours. But no family sedan ever took the beating they take in the Big Four of stock car racing: Daytona Beach, Fla., Langhorne, Pa., Raleigh, N. C. and Darlington, S. C.

That's why Champions' complete success in these top NASCAR races again in 1953 should make it plain to all motorists that Champion Spark Plugs bring any car to its performance peak —and keep it there—regardless of make or model or how you drive it! See your Champion dealer—soon!

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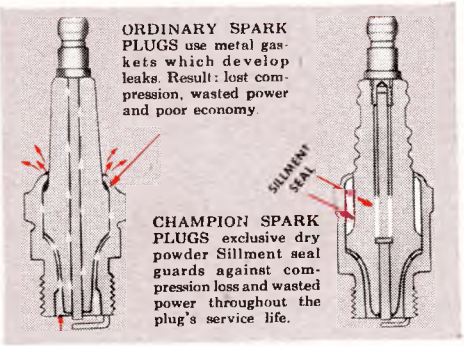
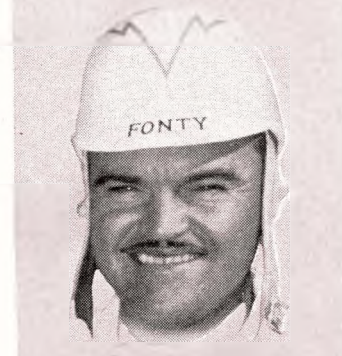


BILL BLAIR, WINNER—
Daytona Beach, '53 Oldsmobile
with **CHAMPIONS!**

DICK RATHMAN, WINNER—
Langhorne, Pa., '53 Hudson
with **CHAMPIONS!**



FONTY FLOCK, WINNER—
Raleigh, N. C., '53 Hudson
with **CHAMPIONS!**

BUCK BAKER, WINNER—
Darlington, S. C., '53 Oldsmobile
with **CHAMPIONS!**

Truly Yours

[*Continued from page 4*]

the ground observers are *stationary?* There are other discrepancies that I won't take time pointing out but isn't it strange that many so-called learned men are making such an effort to prove the *non-existence* of *nothing?*

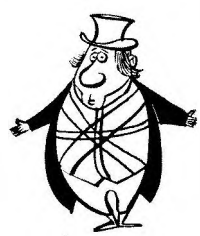
I can't believe that TRUE has dropped the saucers of its own accord but if it is "security" I'll have to keep my big mouth shut. I sure am curious. Wha' happened?

—Edison F. Carpenter
Boulder City, Nevada

Nobody shushes TRUE, *Ed. We covered just about every aspect of saucers, pro and con, in nine separate articles. When any significant new development in saucer knowledge occurs, we'll report it.*

THE BRITISH ARE COMING

As a Canadian, your story, *The Fortunes of Joshua Barney* (October TRUE) left a very nasty taste. When will the editors of U.S. publications wake to the fact that we don't like to spend our good Canadian cash on such reading matter? How would you Americans like us to print some stories on the defeats of the Yankees in the War of 1812? Your mighty nation could not even lick a handful of Canadians and British, and in the War of 1776 the British were fighting France as well as a bunch of ungrateful rebels, meaning you.



—G. W. Chinnery
Brantford, Canada

We must read the wrong history books. Says here, plain as anything, the ungrateful rebels won.

FOR THE DEFENSE

I've just finished reading *Look What They've Done to Wrestling* (August TRUE) and I was shocked and disgusted. If it's all a fake, how do you account for all these injuries, and I haven't listed one tenth of them:

Ivan Rasputin—broken back.
Yukon Eric—ear knocked off.
Lord Rayton—broken leg.
Rudy Kay—18 stitches in head.
Dave Levin—fractured leg.
Farmer Don Marlin—broken leg.
Bill Watson—brain concussion.
Don Evans—broken leg.
June Byers—broken hand.
Bob Maganoff—broken nose.

Danny McShain—2 cauliflower ears, 17 stitches in head and eye, 6 times nose broken, 1 broken jaw, 2 times shoulder dislocated, 1 broken chest bone, 12 ribs broken, 2 times arm broken, 2 hands broken, 2 torn cartilages (one in each knee), 1 broken leg, 2 broken ankles, 2 sprained ankles, 1 broken toe.

—Della Dresden
Valparaiso, Ind.

Well, accidents will happen.

PAGING MR. STEELE

In the October *Man to Man* column you apparently quoted from the records of a certain sporting magazine in stating that the top official Chinook salmon is officially set at 83 pounds (and claimed by a man named Steele).

My brother and I, who were operating as fishermen and shippers at the little village where Steele claimed to have taken the monster throughout the period of his residence there, first heard of his world record claim long after his departure. This was particularly odd since we shipped all of Steele's fish as well as our own.

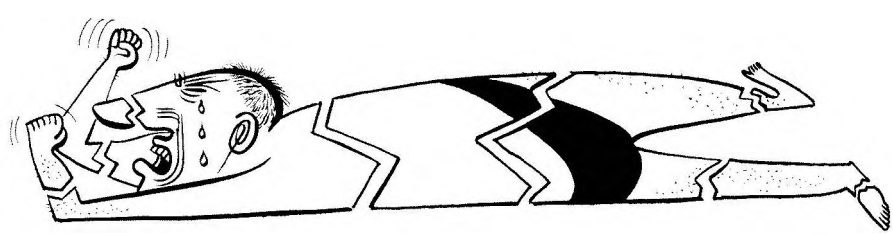
Replying to my brother's challenge of his claim, Steele failed to name a single witness in substantiation of his claim. And the party responsible for its acceptance in the said so-called world record admitted he had done so without evidence other than Steele's word that he had at some previous time taken such a giant salmon.

—Hugh F. Pearson
Myrtle Creek, Ore.

AUTOMOBILE ROW

In the July issue of TRUE Magazine, you show *A Portfolio of Fine Automobiles* including a picture of an American Underslung Model 6-10-4. It gives me a certain feeling of pride to see this car listed with other fine cars, as I was chief engineer of the American Motors Company and designed the car you have pictured.

The driver of an American Underslung had a feeling of security. With the long wheelbase, large tires, sprung loads carried between the axles and short overhangs, front and rear, they were little affected by gusty winds, which is more than can be said about the present-day cars. In that era, the design of all cars was somewhat elemental, but on the other hand, there were few gadgets to get out



of order. The underslung principle originated in France and was first shown on a car named the Stabilia.

Our production was comparatively small, but our clientele bore names well known all over America. This may have

accounted for the slogan "A car for the discriminating few." Unfortunately, we tried to grow too fast with the usual result.

—Charles Boyden
Los Angeles, Calif.

Swing 'Em

While awaiting overseas shipment here at Camp Kilmer, N. J., I read *How to Call the Killers* (October True). It reminded me of a part of the life I love so much and to which I hope to get back. I lived in and around Brunet in the Texas hill country, and went to high school there. On one occasion I heard Mr. Burnham demonstrate his call at a Burnet Rod & Gun Club meeting.

—Lt. Richard H. Clark
Ft. Worth, Texas

Seems our article on calling foxes has resulted in a shortage of the varmints. Some counties which used to pay a bonus on foxes are now thinking of importing a few pairs for hunting purposes.

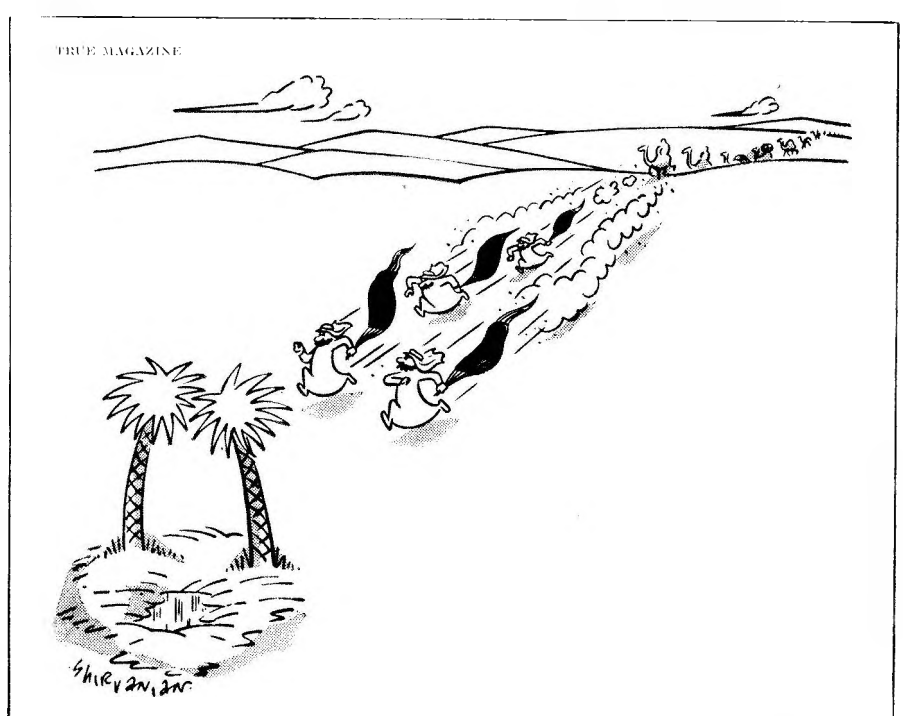
the EDITOR speaking

A common complaint today is that a man can't get rich any more, as he could in "the good old days." Now, they'll tell you, there's no way to pile up a real fortune, and even if there were, the government wouldn't let you keep it. Sounds logical, and it's easy to believe, but the trouble with such theories is that there's always somebody coming along who's ready to knock 'em in the head. Charlie Steen, for instance. A couple of years ago Charlie Steen was so broke that he and his wife literally didn't know where the kids' next meal was coming from, not to speak of their own. Today if you went to Steen with $10 million in cash and offered to buy him out, he'd have to tell you to run along and not bother him with such trifles. You can find out how he did it by taking a hard look at page 10. And then, if you want to, you can go and do likewise, pal. Nobody's holding your arm!

And speaking of good old days and times gone by and all that, we commend to you especially another piece in this issue, *The Dreaded Scout* on page 13. Aside from its sheer story, this one will jolt you with the realization that what we would now call a superhuman skill at taking care of oneself in the wilderness used to be, in this country, as common as the ability to play a good game of golf is today.

Certainly one of the longest-living stories ever turned up by a magazine is the Holohan story, in the news again as this is written. TRUE readers will recall our publication of this story in September 1951—the first disclosure of the death of OSS Major William Holohan at the hands of his own subordinates behind German lines in Italy during World War II. An Italian court has just finished the trial of the Italians involved in the killing, and of Carl Lo Dolce and Aldo Icardi, the two Americans. The latter pair were tried *in absentia* and convicted. But since they cannot be extradited from this country they will be perfectly secure for the rest of their lives anyway—so long as they don't set foot on Italian soil.

The defendants in the trial, both present and absent, were no doubt made unhappy by the appearance, as a primary witness for the prosecution, of Mike Stern, TRUE's European correspondent and the man who singlehandedly dug the story. Among



other things, Stern reiterated his belief that Cino Moscatelli, now an Italian senator, and at the time a Communist partisan leader, had the strongest reasons for wanting Major Holohan put out of the way. This effrontery no doubt tempted the senator to call Stern some unpleasant names, but he was able to restrain himself, recalling, no doubt, that the last time the Communist newspaper, *Unita*, had tangled with Stern they had wound up paying off a rugged little claim for libel!

Incidentally, if you haven't written to your congressman lately, there's no need to hesitate for lack of a suitable subject. You can join in the movement to bring about a posthumous award for Major Holohan begun by Bruce W. Campbell, Jr., of Pleasantville, New York. Mr. Campbell's letter to Congressman Sterling Cole of New York which began this movement follows:

August 25th, 1953

The Hon. W. Sterling Cole
Congressional Office Building
Washington, D.C.
Dear Congressman:

I have read with great interest the release of your subcommittee pertaining to [Major Holohan] and earnestly request that you initiate a motion to the President for a suitable award for the above officer's service, preferably the Distinguished Service Medal.

Mrs. Campbell and I were very close friends of Major Holohan and feel that the anti-Communist cause that he so nobly fought for would be greatly benefited by a public acknowledgment of his endeavors. We knew him for a person of the highest integrity.

The officers of the 61st Cavalry Division Association, with whom we were both associated prior to World War II, join me in this request.

Sincerely,
Bruce W. Campbell, Jr.

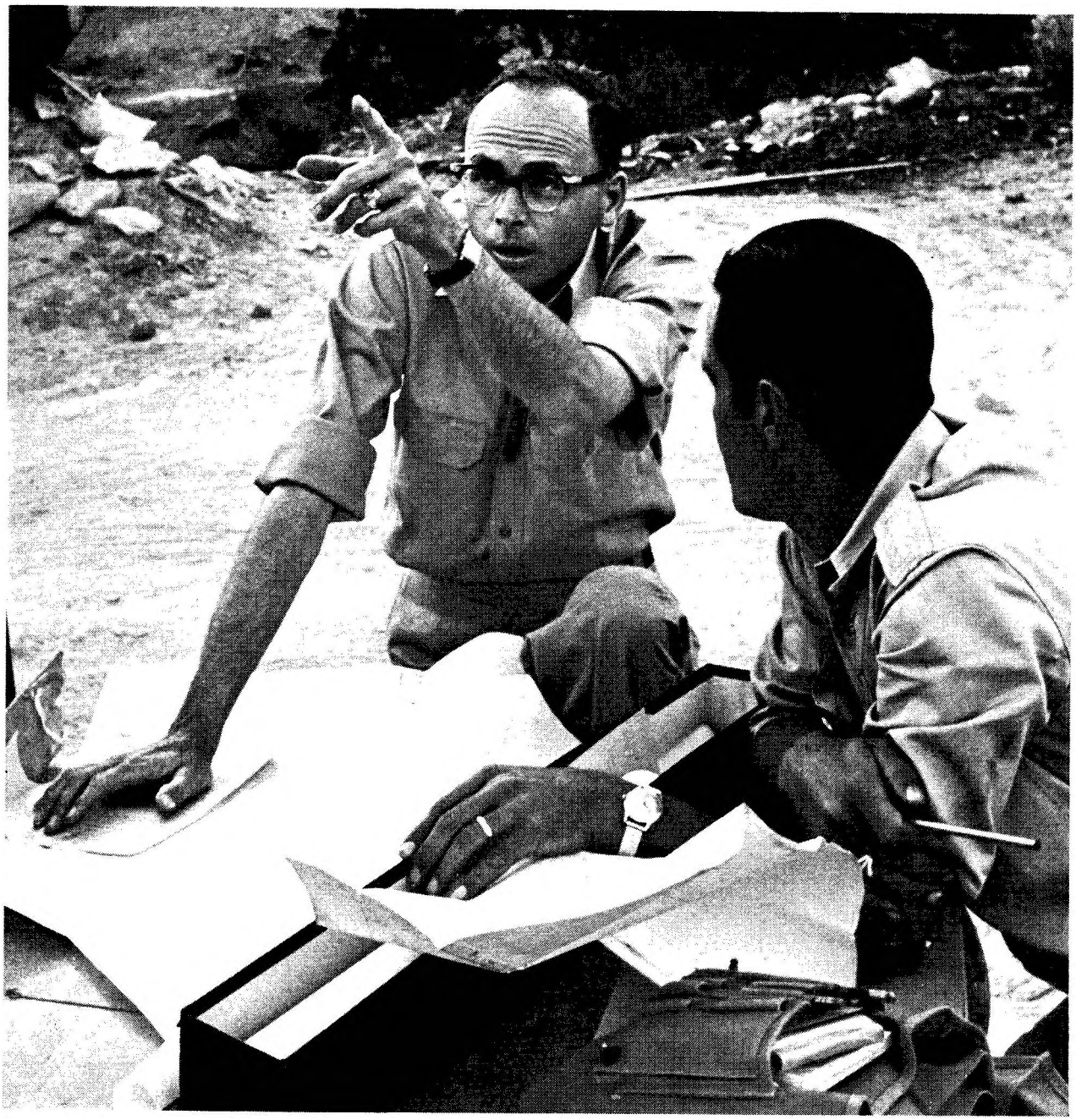
Sound idea, that one.

Readers of the cartoon strip "Smitty" will recall that Smitty and his boss were stuck on the top of a sheer-faced mountain recently. It's an unlikely predicament, but a real one: happened on October 1, 1941, to a man named George Hopkins. The place, the Devils Tower in Wyoming. Hopkins put himself on the mountain top, which was easy enough—it was getting down that was tough. Hopkins very nearly never did get down! You can read all about it on page 17.

Has everyone heard the one about the very shy fellow, always tongue-tied in front of strangers, who went to a psychoanalyst about it. He was telling a friend how well things were going after a few treatments.

"It's wonderful," he said. "I can say anything now. The other day I even said 'damn' in front of my m–o–t–h–e–r!"
—k.w.p.

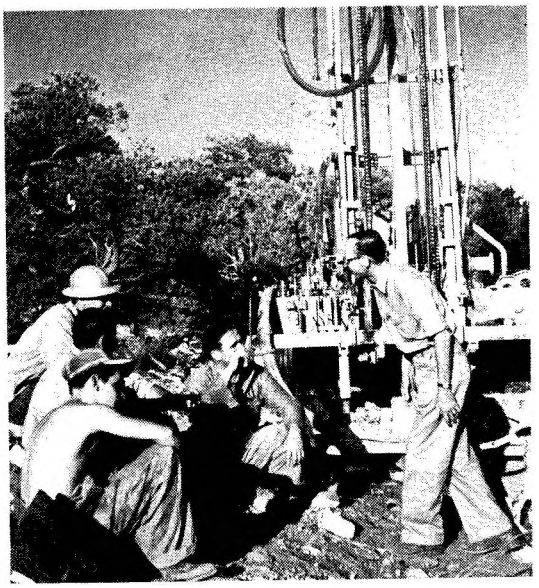
Photographs for TRUE by Joern W. Gerdts



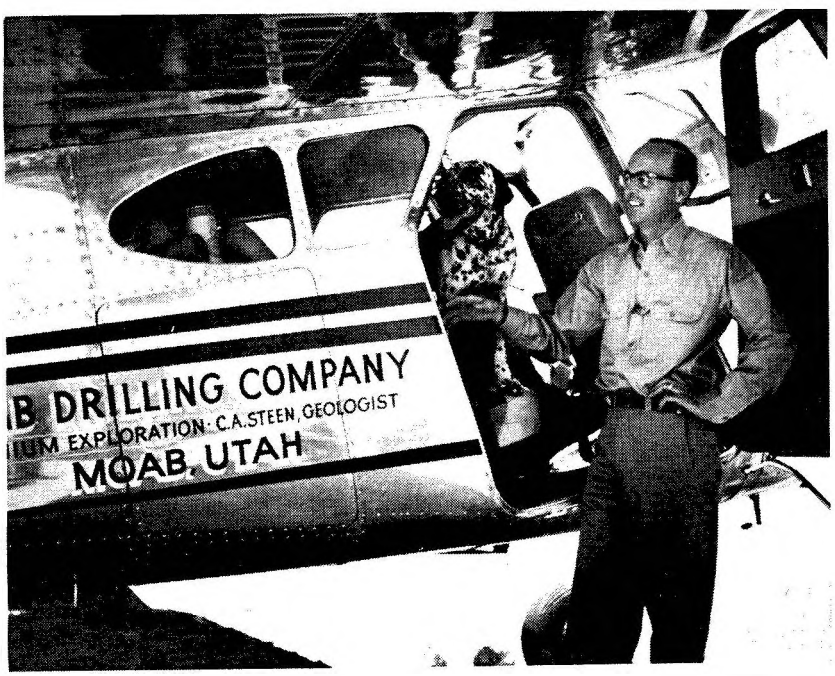
Despite his nest egg, Steen isn't resting. Here he plots new diggings at his Utex mine with fellow geologist.

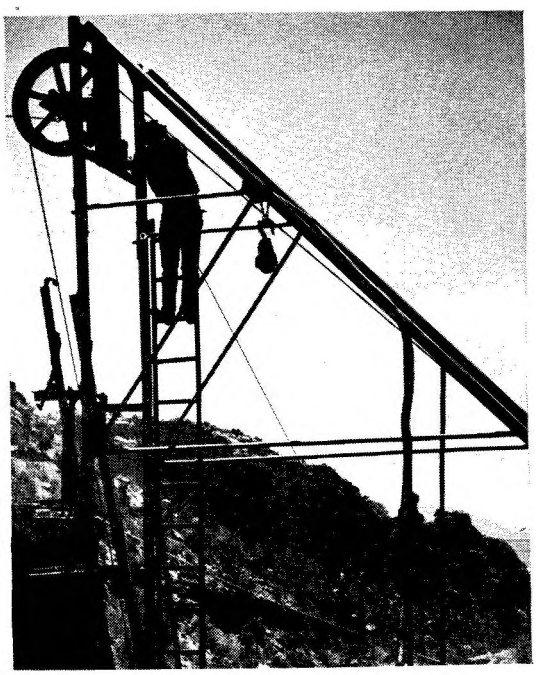
HOW TO FIND $150,000,000

BY MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM



Above: the six Steens and friend. Right: this diamond drill brought up a rich uranium sampling and grin from Charlie.





Above: Steen and his plane. Right: shaft sunk on the first drill site once hauled ore, now is used for ventilation.

Two years ago Charlie Steen was so broke that he couldn't even afford condensed milk for the baby. Today everyone calls him mister and the big banks greet him with smiles—just because he discovered one of the country's richest uranium mines

You could fill a solid page with the names of the forgotten men who made the great gold, silver, diamond and oil strikes. There'd be Womack who hit on Cripple Creek's burgeoning gold; Harrison who discovered the Main Reef Leader on the Rand gold fields; Higgins who brought in Spindletop, the great daddy of modern oil fields; Carmack of the Klondike; Hannan who found the Kalgoorlie gold field of Australia; and Comstock of the Nevada silver lode.

It would be a long list and the total value of the discoveries these men made would run well up into the billions. But when you culled out the names of those who discovered but didn't hold onto their incredibly rich bonanzas you'd be left with a thin little footnote just large enough to include the names of, say, José de la Borda, the French cabin boy who became the richest man in the world as a result of his silver strikes in Mexico; Harry Oakes, who discovered some of Canada's richest gold fields; Thomas F. Walsh, the Irish immigrant who held on to Camp Bird

in Colorado long enough to make him a multimillionaire; and John T. Williamson who owns a diamond field in Tanganyika so rich its value is literally incalculable. And perhaps a few others.

But if you wanted to make the list really complete and up-to-date you would have to add the name of Charles Austin Steen, an energetic, near-sighted 33-year-old Texan who has four sons, a very attractive wife, a cherry-red 1953 Lincoln hardtop and a uranium mine and proven claims that are estimated to hold about $150 million worth of the ore that makes atomic energy possible.

During the week I spent with him, Steen had only $2,000 in cash and a ten peso note left over from a two-month wing-ding Mexican trip with his wife. But don't let that fool you. Steen has *unlimited* credit in two good-sized banks and is the controlling stockholder in two new corporations that have a quarter of a million dollars worth of paid up mining and drilling equipment. Months ago he turned down a ridiculous $5 million offer for his claims in the Big Indian area of rugged San Juan County, Utah.

Charlie Steen has done more than accumulate great potential wealth. He's done a king-size favor for the country by unearthing a huge deposit of uraninite which is even richer in uranium than is pitchblende. Up to Steen's strike we had been combing the low-grade deposits of carnotite on the Colorado Plateau, the biggest uranium producer in the world next to the Belgian Congo. The plateau is wild, rugged, dry, and covers 107,000 square miles in a kind of gargoyle-like shape embracing the contiguous corners of Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, the only point in the United States where four states meet. Less than a tenth of the plateau is topographically mapped.

I met small-scale uranium mine operators on the plateau who were able to get along, thanks to Atomic Energy Commission bonuses and trucking allowances, with ore that averaged as little as two-tenths of one percent, that is, four pounds of uranium to every ton of ore. On three-tenths they were doing very nicely. On four-tenths their wives were in Denver shopping mink coats and they were pricing large cattle ranches. On five-tenths . . . well, there just wasn't anyone who averaged that high.

That is, not until Charlie Steen came along. Steen's Utex Corporation, hardly exerting itself, has already shipped more than a million dollars worth of its lower grade ore in a few months and all of it averaged well over five-tenths. That's the overall average. There were weeks when the Utex ore came into the sampling stations averaging an incredible seven-tenths.

In little more than a year Steen has become the biggest name on the Colorado Plateau.

When sober-minded John M. Wallace, ex-mayor of Salt Lake City and president of a leading bank, visited the mine recently, he saw dozens of ore samples tested and watched the trucks carrying out the ore in almost continuous operation. As he walked out of the mine he reached into his wallet, pulled out several $100 and $50 bills and scattered them in the wind.

"After what I saw down there," he said, "this money just doesn't mean a damn." As it happened there wasn't much wind and the bills were carefully returned but it was a fine gesture. They'll be telling it for years to come on the plateau.

That kind of fame has its drawbacks. When Charlie Steen innocently wanted to buy a ten-acre tract of high ground near Moab as a possible home-building site the owner reached his own conclusions. He withdrew the land from sale and then he started drilling—without success so far.

You can still get a fast rise out of Steen by calling him "lucky." Nearly everyone has. Lucky, they said, because he found uranium in an area long ago given up as hopeless by several top AEC and corporation geologists. At first Charlie used to argue, explaining how he had gone about finding uranium scientifically, using much of the knowledge he had obtained in getting his School of Mines degree. But he's long since given up. Now he smiles wanly and answers, "And it couldn't have happened to a nicer fellow."

Moab, Utah, where Charlie lives and where the air-conditioned plain offices of his three corporations are located over a garage and service station, is used to fame. About once a year movie companies descend on the tiny town of 1,500 and make westerns on location either in the Arches National Monument area or in some equally beautiful scenic spot. In the Bible, Moab was "the far country." As recently as the 1870's Indians were killing the Mormon settlers and today Moab still has its frontier aspects. Local dances are still referred to by the number of quarts consumed and only 50-quart affairs and up are likely to be remembered. Only in the past few years has a state trooper been assigned to the town.

The president of the local bank estimates that Charlie Steen and his companies bring about $100,000 a month, directly and indirectly, into Moab, a lot of jack for a town that size. Also thanks to Steen, Moab is now a good place to get a grubstake to go uranium prospecting.

We were walking down Moab's main street one morning when Charlie Steen gave me the lowdown on the social distinctions of Moab's prospecting.

First, you're just looking. But what the hell, so is everybody and his uncle. About 3,000 prospectors have come into the area. We even had a New Jersey tool mechanic out here on his two-week vacation prospecting. Then you walk the rim looking for uranium outcroppings in the Morrison formation—with a geiger counter, just the books say you should. Well, it looks good and you do a little drilling. The assay reports come and it looks like you really have it. Now they start pronouncing the magic word differently. It now comes out YOU-ranium. Well you drill some more and it looks better all the time and the kids start calling you mister, everybody in the First National Bank welcomes you in with a path of smiles and the big money from Salt Lake and Denver start throwing boxcar figure offers at you. Then you're in. You're a genuine YOU-ranium maggot. The magnates can stay East. Out here you've got to be a maggot to rate."

A man coming toward us stopped tentatively as if to talk to Steen. Charlie nodded coldly and walked by. It was the first time I'd seen him cold shoulder anyone.

"I'll tell you about that guy," he began. "Before I hit it I was out late one afternoon. It was cold and getting dark and I was pooped. I smelled coffee brewing, I had about eight miles to walk—gas as usual was tight for us then—and I figured I'd drop in on this prospector's cabin and get invited to a cup of coffee. I stopped in and there were a couple of guys from town I knew enough to nod to and I made some small talk while they drank their coffee. But they wouldn't invite me. I stalled and still no dice. By then no coffee would be worth that much pride. I walked out and I knew I'd never forget it. As you might guess that character we just passed was one of the two men. He runs a trucking operation now and is dying to get some of my business. We pay a premium of 10 cents a ton mile while most of the others only pay 8 [*Continued on page* 68]

They bound his hands behind him and set out to deliver their valuable prize.

THE DREADED SCOUT

Ben Whitcomb wanted to shoot a British general; his reward would be a major's rank in the Continental Army. The British wanted Ben, and their offer of 2,000 crowns interested a lot of Indians

BY ROBERT E. PIKE

Illustrated by Isa Barnett

The redheaded soldier was evidently one who had heard the rumor of the extraordinary order that was to be announced. A long, lean, unmilitary figure in greasy buckskins, he lounged against the parapet opposite headquarters and kept up an aimless, waiting conversation with the sentry on guard.

Clear, sweet notes of a bugle sounded on the quiet spring air, summoning all officers. There were a sizable number of these when they came to join the many soldiers of the line who, like the redhead in buckskins, had chosen to loaf around the Place d'Armes of Fort Ticonderoga that late June afternoon in 1776.

The sentry snapped to present arms as the office door opened and General Horatio Gates appeared, followed by his four colonels. Officers and men came respectfully to attention. The general read aloud from the document in his hand:

"To all officers in the Northern Department: Make it known to your men that, in order to retaliate upon the British officers for the wanton butchering and massacres of women and children by the British Indians, with the permission and often at the instigation of said officers, it is hereby offered and promised to any American soldier who will go to Canada and shoot a British general, a major's commission and pay in the American Army. For shooting a colonel, the soldier will receive a captain's commission and pay; for a captain, a lieutenancy. Signed: George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, Philadelphia, 14th June, 1776."

Gates paused for a moment and looked at his officers.

"You have heard," he said. "Make it known to your men." He turned his gaze to the soldiers with a brief smile. "Perhaps some of the men present may care to volunteer."

Without any hesitation the buckskinned redhead stepped forward.

"Private Ben Whitcomb, of Warner's Scouts," he said, looking the general in the eye. "I've seen some of the butcher work. 'Twould please me to win that major's commission, sir."

The general sized him up with approval, then turned a quizzical scrutiny on the crowd. Another man stepped out. He was a short, somewhat ratty-looking fellow with a wart on his nose who gave his name as Fickett.

A third man, a fair-complexioned youngster, joined the two. "Private Thomas Clark, from Bethel, in the Hampshire Grants," he said, and blushed self-consciously.

The general addressed himself to the trio. "It is a dangerous mission," he said. "You will be alone in a hostile country. You can expect no help if you are caught, and the

The scout squeezed the trigger and thought it was a pity that he would have no time now to get the lobsterback's scalp.

chances favor that you *will* be caught. I can only wish you good fortune."

After Gates gave his dismissal and the assembly dissolved, the redheaded volunteer stayed on to share a twist of tobacco with the sentry. He was in almost gleeful good humor.

"It's fine pay for cracking one lobsterback!" he said. "I'll take pleasure in this next trip."

"Well, there's nobody fitter than you for the job," admitted the sentry. "You probably know the Canady country better than any man here. Is it true there's a redskin behind every tree up there?"

"There's two less than the last time I went to St. John."

"Aye," said the sentry. "I saw the scalps you brought in."

Whitcomb said dryly, "Here's something else that shows I'm well-known if not popular in those parts." From a pouch hanging at his belt he took out a folded square of paper. "It's a poster I brought back from St. John. General Sir Frederick Haldimand had them put up all around. Read it."

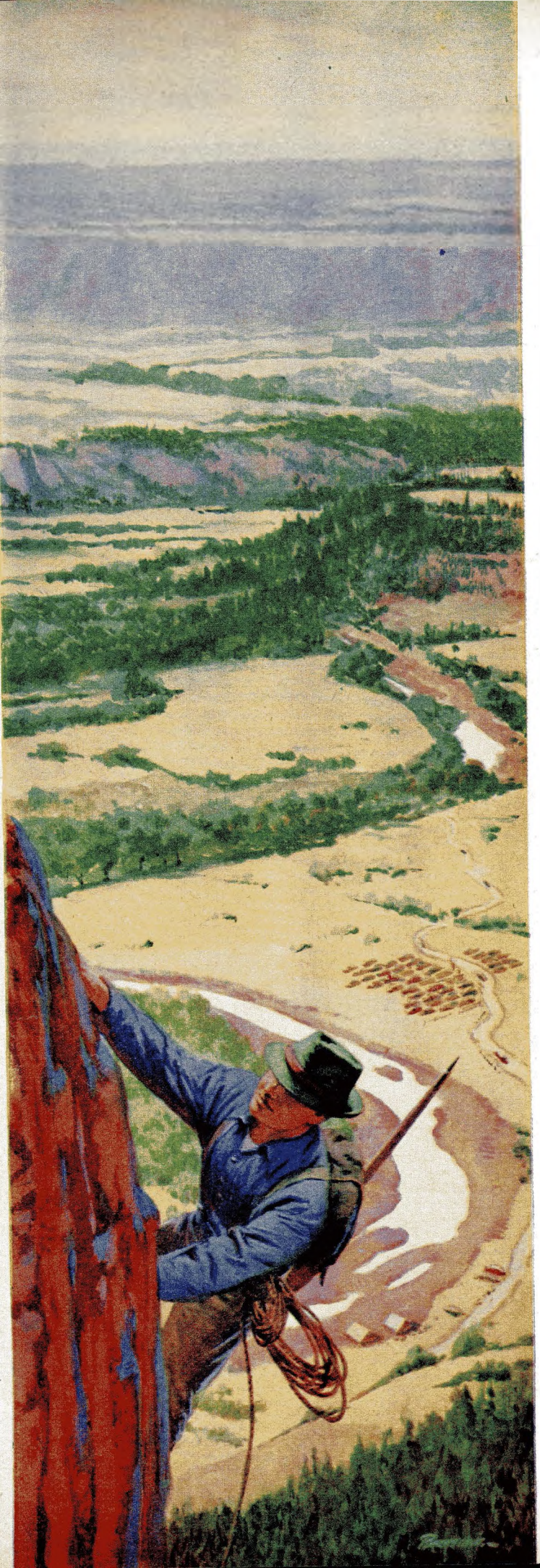
The sentry, only rudimentally schooled like many of his countrymen, unfolded the paper and with moving lips slowly followed the words: "Reward—Five hundred crowns

Illustrated by Isa Barnett

for the apprehension and delivery to any British post, of the dreaded scout, Benjamin Whitcomb. He is a thin, wide-shouldered fellow, with a long nose set in the middle of a ruddy face, which is surpassed in colour only by his flaming hair. He wears leather breeches, with silver buckles, grey woolen stockings, blue vest and a flapped black hat with a gold cord. Withal he is a most hard and cunning fellow."

Whitcomb grinned. "Those clothes were a dead Tory's," he explained. "I'll be wearing something more suitable for the occasion when they see me this trip. And mayhap it'll be Haldimand himself who'll make me a major!"

Ben Whitcomb, hunter and trapper by occupation, patriot, and scout in two wars, was to win Revolutionary fame that has since been almost forgotten. Some fifteen years before, as a young man, he had served with Rogers' Rangers, the tough corps of frontiersmen whose notable exploit in the French and Indian War was the raid into Canada that wiped out the St. Francis Indians. Now, at 39, his vast woods experience and sinewy hardihood made his scouting invaluable to the northern Revolutionary Army. A distinctive figure, he stood a shade less than 6 feet. Keen blue eyes glinted from sharp [*Continued on page* 64]



MAN ON DEVILS TOWER!

It would be a great publicity gag for a man to drop by parachute to the top of Devils Tower, and stunt man George Hopkins was sure he could do it. He was right, too—but getting down from there was something else again

BY DONALD HOUGH

Illustrated by William Reusswig

On the morning of October 1, 1941, Newell Joyner, custodian of the Devils Tower National Monument in Wyoming, was on a routine drive by automobile around this huge natural monolith, when he saw the parachutist come down in an uneasy erratic slant from the wake of a high-flying airplane and disappear behind the rim of the Tower's narrow top, nearly a thousand feet up. The custodian turned around and drove to the other side, but to his surprise couldn't find anybody.

When it occurred to him to look up at the top, though, he had better luck. The tiny figure of a man, clothed in white, stood on the rim, looking down. The parachutist plainly had managed to light upon the acre or so of great boulders and sharp eroded rocks that capped this spectacular volcanic plug, estimated as being up to 50 million years old, that rises sharply and alone from the vast flatlands of northeastern Wyoming.

Joyner was puzzled and, above all, apprehensive.

He got out of his car and started toward the base of the Tower itself. Uppermost in his mind was the obvious question and when he reached a point from which he thought the man could hear him he put it into words with all the power of his lungs, "How are you going to get down?"

The chutist's reply mostly was drowned in the humming thermal updraft that sheathed the sides of the fluted shaft, but Joyner finally was able to make out a few words—

"I'll get down. Don't worry . . ."

The custodian stood there [*Continued on page* 60]

Slowly the climbers inched their way up the icy rocks. At last, Jack Durrance poked his head over the edge.

On a visit to White's studio, Evelyn later testified, "The champagne tasted bitter. I didn't care much for it, but I drank it."

A TRUE BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE

THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING

BY CHARLES SAMUELS

Illustrated by Walter Baumhofer

When Harry Thaw shot and killed America's foremost architect before a crowd of witnesses, people said that even his mother's $40 million fortune couldn't save him from the chair, and they were right. The one thing that could save him was the testimony of New York's most beautiful showgirl, his wife

The night the new musical comedy *Mam'zelle Champagne* opened on old Madison Square Garden's roof theater, a wild-eyed, baby-faced millionaire ran through the audience.

Stopping abruptly near a table where a huge redheaded man sat alone, laughing and applauding the show, the millionaire drew a pistol and pumped three bullets into him. The big man, half his face shot away, wobbled, sagged forward, then crashed sideways to the floor, dead.

Though it was late in the season, the opening of *Mam'zelle Champagne* had attracted a typical first-night crowd, that strange mixture of society people, theatrical

celebrities and their hangers-on which you saw nowhere else. The carriage trade was represented by three or four of Fifth Avenue's indestructible dowagers, big businessmen and their iron-faced wives, debutantes escorted by freshly scrubbed college boys and an occasional monocled foreign diplomat. The cuties and charmers of Broadway were, of course, all over the place, along with their cohorts: hot-stove guys, sports champions, newspapermen, gamblers, saloon keepers, most of them with dewey-eyed young babies or their more mature, if equally well-stacked redhot mammas. Being typical first-nighters, they were all bowing and smiling at one another as they mockingly appraised rivals and friends with the coldly detached eyes of so many hanging judges.

And as the shots rang out, all these glamorous-looking people reacted exactly as do the unsophisticated and unperfumed folks over on 10th Avenue whenever violence erupts without warning. The dowagers, the debs and the kept women of Broadway shrieked and squealed, just so many scared sisters under the skin. And the merchant princes and big-bellied bankers cursed, shouted, ducked for cover or raced the Broadwayites to the nearest exit.

The orchestra had quit playing and there was more caterwauling backstage from the chorus girls who'd just gone off after having finished *I Challenge You to a Duel!*, a number they'd done in fencing costumes. In the best theatrical tradition, stage manager Lionel Lawrence came dashing out from the wings to make a speech from the stage that would quiet the audience. But he couldn't make himself heard above the din.

About the calmest person there was the little millionaire killer. All the wildness had gone out of his eyes as he watched his burly victim spurt blood, then fold over like some grotesquely large doll. "Breaking" his gun, he shook out all the bullets. Then with both hands he held the weapon high above his head as though to assure everyone that he'd completed his shooting schedule for the evening.

A moment later three men jumped him and took away his pistol. They lost no time in hustling him toward the rear elevator where three people in evening clothes, one a beautiful brunette who seemed little more than a child, were waiting for him.

"My God," cried the girl. "What have you done?"

"I've probably saved your life, dearie," he told her, and leaned over to kiss her.

"But look at the mess you're in now, Harry," she said rather petulantly.

As the men holding him pushed him into the elevator, he told them, "I'm glad I shot him. He ruined my wife!"

On the following morning, June 26, 1906, the story of the roof-garden slaying appeared on the front page of newspapers all over the world. One New York daily ran this headline:

PITTSBURGH IDLER KILLS ARCHITECT

Its editors felt the two men were so well-known readers would know immediately who they were, and they were right.

The "Pittsburgh Idler" was Harry Kendall Thaw, 34, the heir to a $40 million coal-and-coke fortune. Thaw for years had been the country's wildest spender. Reporters had nicknamed him "Mad Harry" because of his cafe brawls and weird adventures with women.

His victim was America's greatest architect, Stanford White, 52, who had created so many magnificent churches and public buildings and private mansions that one critic had written, "With his beautiful buildings White is changing the face of our big cities."

And Mrs. Thaw, the 20-year old *femme fatale* in the case, was a celebrated beauty. As Evelyn Nesbit, Broadway showgirl and artist's model, she'd been the most photographed woman in show business and had often been acclaimed "the most beautiful girl alive." She'd been the model for *The Eternal Question,* one of Charles Dana Gibson's best-loved pen-and-ink portraits, and also for *Innocence,* the George Gray Barnard statue which was on display at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

White, a breezy, bubbling mountain of virility and good nature—he was 6 feet 3 and weighed 250 pounds—had been one of the most popular men in New York. Most of his friends were amazed that he could have had an enemy. Even though it was no secret that the architect spent many of his nights on Broadway, they were incredulous at first that he could have been playing boudoir tiddly-winks with "Mad Harry's" wife.

Even some of the newspapermen writing the first stories about the shooting were so dubious on this point they quoted Thaw as saying, "He ruined my life."

But they were mistaken—the word was "wife."

The New York police had no trouble tracing the movements of either White or the Thaws before the shooting. Harry and Evelyn Thaw—they'd been married fourteen months—had come to New York about a week before with Harry's widowed mother. They'd been living with the elder Mrs. Thaw and were on their way to Europe. In fact, Mrs. Mary Copely Thaw had already sailed, and Harry and Evelyn had purchased space on a ship leaving New York on June 26, the day after the shooting.

Nevertheless, the crime—at first, anyway—appeared to have been committed on a momentary impulse. Harry had spent the entire afternoon of the 25th at the New York Whist Club where he'd played cards with friends. About 7 o'clock he'd returned to their suite in the Hotel Lorraine to dress for dinner and take Evelyn to Sherry's where they had a date to dine with a young California writer named Thomas McCaleb.

On finding McCaleb with Truxton Beale, an ex-U.S. minister to Persia, the Thaws had invited him to join their dinner party.

After two rounds of highballs, McCaleb suggested they eat at the Cafe Martin. The others agreed and on reaching Martin's they ordered another round of drinks and had two bottles of vintage champagne with their dinner.

It so happened that Stanford White was also dining that night at Martin's. He was with his 19-year old son, Lawrence, and one of the latter's Harvard classmates, a boy named Leroy King.

Thaw didn't see Stanford White at Martin's. Humbert had seated Mad Harry's party downstairs in the main dining room and White's upstairs on the terrace. Martin's terrace overlooking Fifth Avenue was very famous, and almost any evening or noontime you could find there a dozen celebrities like Diamond Jim Brady, Richard Harding Davis, Finley Peter Dunne, John Drew, Otis Skinner and such regal actresses as Ethel Barrymore and Minnie Maddern Fiske.

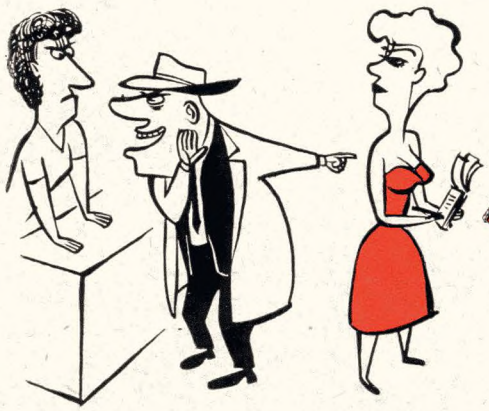
Evelyn Thaw, though, did see White, and even wrote a little note about this to her husband. It read:

"The B. has been here, but has left."

During Thaw's trial it would be claimed that this little *billet doux* actually incited him to kill White. Evelyn was to explain that some time before [*Continued on page* 88]

VIP'S TIPS FOR MEN

HOW TO CHRISTMAS SHOP



To save time have everything you intend buying gift-wrapped.

Get something practical with which both of you can have fun.

There's an old saying that "a good offense is the best defense."

Be choosy. Look before you buy and feel the material.

Pets are always a safe bet (the girls go for pink).

Try disguising yourself as a dame. Men never get near the counters.

Virgil Partch

Lieutenant Ganesh won a Military Cross in Malaya for calmly busting up an ambush of 39 Red sneaks.

The face of the Gurkha: for 135 years he has fought for Great Britain all over the world, excelling in personal heroism.

A Gurkha Malayan patrol: alerted for a Communist ambush.

GURKHA

BY HARRISON FORMAN

Photographs for TRUE by the Author

About to go on jungle patrol, these fighting Gurkhas mirror the rugged qualities of their martial Nepalese ancestors.

The knife-wielding soldiers of Nepal have long been called the world's fiercest fighting men. Today they're more trouble to the Reds than any other unit in Malaya

Harrison Forman, a noted explorer who led expeditions into Tibet, the Gobi Desert of Mongolia and the head-hunter villages of Formosa, and later worked as a foreign correspondent in China in World War II, was assigned by TRUE to do special reports on the Far East. This is his second article in the series.

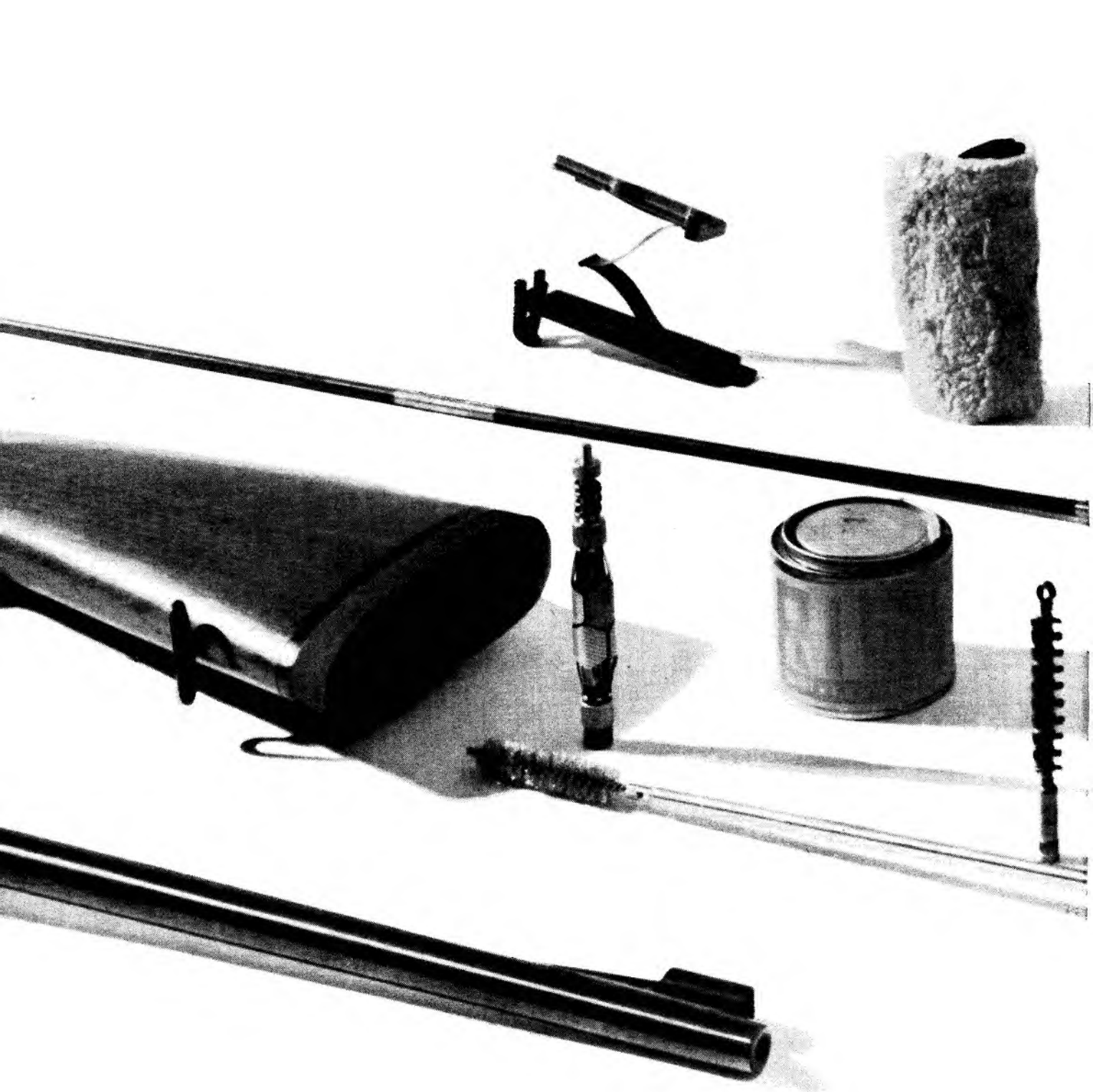
There is one place in Asia where the Communists seem to be having their troubles these days—Malaya, steaming, leech-infested Malaya. Only it isn't the jungle which gives the Communists the most trouble. It is, rather, a professional soldier—the Gurkha by name—the world's fiercest fighting man, by reputation.

For 135 years the Gurkha has fought Great Britain's battles. He has rattled the kukri, his devastating fighting knife, in India, Burma, Tibet, Afghanistan and throughout the Middle East, North Africa and Europe in two world wars. Now it is Malaya, where, according to one British officer serving with the Brigade of Gurkhas, "He kills more Commies than any other unit."

It is appropriate to refer to the Gurkha in the singular because individual exploits form so much a part of their tradition. There is, for instance, the story of Rifleman Hastabahadur Rai and his dealings with the Reds in Malaya.

Rifleman Hastabahadur was one of a platoon of Gurkhas caught in a jungle clearing by about 100 heavily armed Communists. On his own initiative he worked his way forward to within a matter of yards of the enemy, deliberately drawing fire upon himself to relieve pressure on his comrades who were pinned down. In a shower of bullets and bursting grenades he continued to fire until his ammunition gave out.

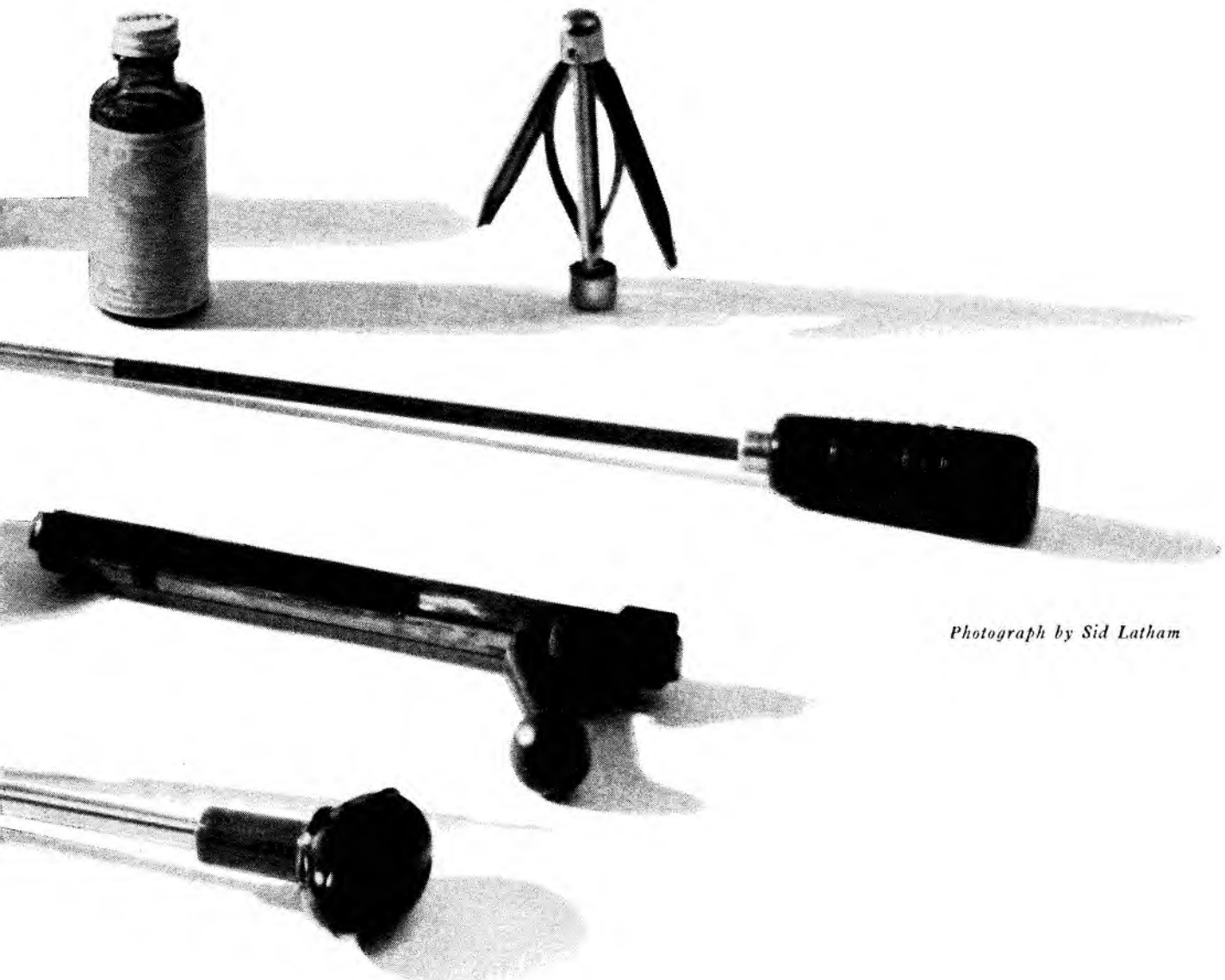
Then, instead of withdrawing, he drew his kukri, that savage weapon 20 inches long with a distinctive broad and curved blade, and called for the [*Continued on page* 52]



DON'T RUIN THAT GUN

BY LUCIAN CARY

True's Gun Expert



Photograph by Sid Latham

There's a lot more to taking care of weapons than you might imagine. Too much oil can be disastrous, for instance. And your wife may have "poison hands"

Rust is the great enemy of steel, anywhere and everywhere. Rust forms on steel exposed to the air since it contains both oxygen and moisture, and forms even more quickly when steel is exposed to acids—even the acids of some human hands.

For centuries, oils and greases have been used to coat steel so the air could not reach it. This works as long as the oil of grease stays put and is not in itself acid. But when something made of steel is taken out of storage to be used it is commonly necessary to wipe off the protective covering and what isn't wiped off will wear off.

The man with a basement hobby shop goes down in the morning to find that the ways of his lathe are rusted because the temperature fell during the night and moisture condensed on the steel. Some things made of steel can be protected by a plating of a less corrosive metal, such as nickel or chromium. But a crack lets moisture in and rust forces the plating off. Stainless steel is practically rustproof but relatively expensive, difficult to machine, and ill suited to many purposes. [*Continued on page* 56]

Photographs for TRUE by Sid Latham

Proving ground for Thermowear—the Navy's big freezer temperatures would kill an unprotected man in ten minutes.

Polar cold jams treadle, but can't penetrate Thermowear.

Engineer can combine wind, cold for a –110° reading.

THEY'VE GIVEN THE
BOOT TO PROSTATE

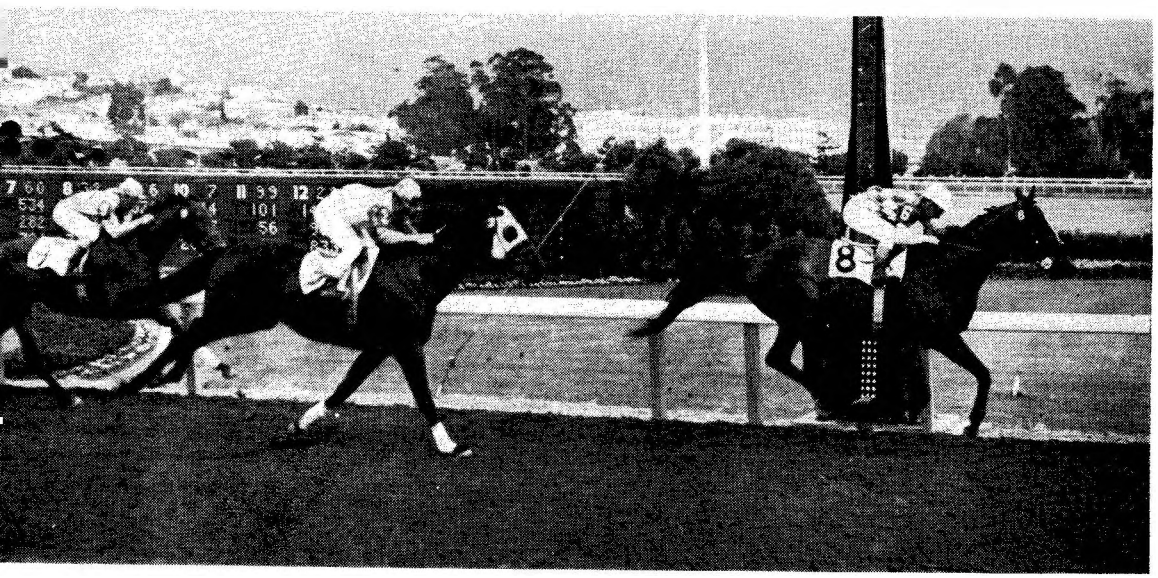
There's only one thing wrong with Thermowear, the cold-weather clothing developed by a couple of boys from Brooklyn. If you work too hard at 40 below, you'll take a swim in your own perspiration

I took a shower with my clothes on the other day in Brooklyn. For five minutes a pair of stocky men named Gianola and Maglio stood me under a torrent that needled in from the walls in every direction. Water squooshed around inside my shoes. It poured off my suit in cataracts. Then they opened the door and led me—dripping like an English sheep dog fresh out of a flea dip—into a mammoth refrigerator where the temperature was something less than 50° below zero.

"If it gets chilly, try jumping up and down," someone cracked as the foot-thick steel door shut behind me with an insulated *thlunk!*

They left me in there for twenty minutes which, conservatively, would be about twice as long as necessary to kill a man in my sodden condition. A split second after the door closed I was glazed with ice that cracked and shivered to the floor with every movement. Frosty mist swirled in the diamond-sharp air. Icicles formed on my [*Continued on page* 79]

Photographs for TRUE by Jon Brenneis



Shoemaker (No. 8) wins like this by conning his mount with a light, cool, sure touch of the reins.

WILLIE KILLS THE ODDS

No other jockey ever won as many as 400 races in a season until Willie Shoemaker came along—and he has been riding for only five years. Meet the man Eddie Arcaro calls "the greatest thing I've ever seen on a horse track"

BY EMMETT WATSON

For a long time now, racing fans (meaning people who bet on horses) have regarded Eddie Arcaro as the greatest figure to mount a horse since Phil Sheridan upset the morning line at Winchester, Virginia. From the long windswept plateau of his nose to the shiny tips of his boots, Arcaro filled his role as the absolute monarch of American jockeys. Perhaps he still does. There is evidence, however, that the Shoe may be on the other loot—the Shoe in this case being a 22-year-old resident Californian out of Texas named Willie Shoemaker.

Nobody rides more winners and says less about anything than Willie Shoemaker. He is the despair of $2 betters and a monumental joy to the Department of Internal Revenue. Shoemaker's steadfast silence would unnerve a razor clam, but his power to communicate with horses is reflected in a five-year riding career that surpasses anything racing has ever known. Willie's agent, Harry Silbert, pointed his tiny charge out to a friend one day, just as Shoemaker entered his favorite hangout—the winner's circle.

"Go home and tell your friends," said Silbert, "that you have just seen a walking oil well."

That was close to being no exaggeration. Willie rode his first race at Golden Gate Fields in the spring of 1949, and through 1952 he had compiled $3,681,241 in purse money. Add a conservative estimate of $1 million for the current year's work and you have, in Silbert's analogy, a considerable gusher. Digested with these financial figures (perhaps wishing you weighed 96 pounds, like Willie), the little man became the first jockey in history to ride 400 winners in a [*Continued on page* 73]

In five years of racing, Willie earned over $500,000. He's a quiet figure who likes to do most of his talking to horses.

promoter's progress

John R. Osborne was a great success as a salesman of cemetery lots, and if he hadn't sold the same lots three times, he might be at it yet. As it is, he's had to content himself with helping to flush enough water through people in Los Angeles to float thirteen destroyers

by James Phelan

Illustrated by Jo Spier

A few years ago in the city of Los Angeles, where strange happenings are commonplace, thousands of residents began to flock to a suite of offices at 355 South Broadway, in the heart of the business district, to undergo therapy by a plump, gray-haired one-armed man named John Rothery Osborne.

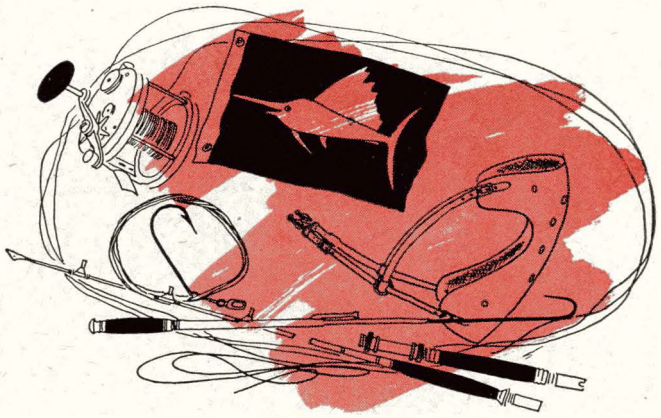
His treatment was bizarre even for southern California, where a female chiropractor recently wound up in court for claiming that she could broadcast a cure with a radiating device to an ailing human any place in the world. For a long series of illnesses that included epilepsy, asthma, catarrh, arthritis, rheumatism, neuritis, diabetes, gallstones, heart trouble, sinusitis, eczema, psoriasis and simple acne, Osborne's offices administered a series of enemas. For six of them he charged $95, three times the prevailing rate in Los Angeles for colonic irrigations. Since the material of his treatment involved only water, his profits ran as high as $1,500 a day.

This treatment was based on a theory propounded a half century ago by a quack named Charles Tyrrell in a treatise entitled *The Cause of Disease*. Tyrrell maintained that every human ailment originated in the colon and could be cured by treating its point of origin, just as mosquitos are eradicated by draining stagnant ponds. The American Medical Association examined his claims and dismissed them as "fantastic to the point of silliness," but he enjoyed a brief vogue, particularly in rural areas, shortly after the turn of the century.

Osborne revived this theory when he established his offices in Los Angeles in 1945. He splashed the newspapers with a series of advertisements that quoted the more unrestrained claims from Tyrrell's writings and he soon had patients queued up for treatment. Starting with one room and a single colonic irrigation table, he expanded again and again until he was operating a suite of twenty treatment rooms and had branches in half a dozen suburbs.

On the wall of his office he hung an impressive-looking diploma that proclaimed him to be a "naturopathic physician." Patients later testified that his employes referred to him as Doctor Osborne and that he diagnosed ailments with a fine air of authority. A housewife said he looked at her hand, peered at her tongue and declared, "Madam, you have enough toxic poison to kill ten people." He had a favorite diagnosis: he would thump his patients harder and harder in the short ribs until they conceded that it [*Continued on page 84*]

Trusting patients queued up to receive the much-advertised benefits of "Doctor" Osborne's human-irrigation project.



to hell with light tackle

When a man deliberately uses gear so slight the fish plays him, it ain't sport, says this distinguished angler, recalling bitter days spent with light-line fanatics

by Philip Wylie

Illustrated by Earl Oliver Hurst

This article is off the record, personal, possibly prejudiced and sure to annoy many gentle souls and rugged characters. It does not reflect the attitude of the International Game Fish Association of which, at the moment, I happen to be First Vice-President. Nor does it reflect the attitude of the majority of salt-water anglers known to me. It happens that I do not feel that the main object of fishing is to catch the largest possible specimen *on the lightest possible tackle*. That's the popular theory but I have come to believe, from experience and from kibitzing on other anglers, that the theory is being carried to comic excess.

Just the other day, for example, I read that some enterprising gent, using a single-filament line and spinning tackle, had contrived to hook, battle, defeat and boat a tarpon of about 90 pounds. I daresay this amazing feat will duly be presented with affidavits to the IGFA in the hope that a world record will be awarded for the catch in the 12-pound classification—"12-pound" being the lightest category in which IGFA records are kept, and referring to tackle rigged with line that snaps at a strain of less than 12 pounds.

Now, if the gentleman has satisfied the rules and regulations—and if no larger tarpon has been registered on tackle as light—the world record for that fish in that class will unquestionably be awarded. Whereupon a host of anglers will arm themselves with monofilament lines and spinning rods and reels and surge out where tarpon the size of small narwhals are rolling in a deliberate effort to catch an even bigger one.

They will find it is difficult.

They will find it is *damned* difficult.

They will find it is almost impossible.

The gentleman decided to resort to the extreme: he would fish with no-thread—no line at all.

meals for men

OYSTER LOAF

Long before and ever since the Walrus and the Carpenter took a culinary walk with their bivalve pals, the preparation of oysters has been a man's job. Thus, although no hunter ever rode after them and no fisherman ever cast a lure for them, the oyster, as human food, is closely associated with game cookery.

In the past the lack of proper equipment has been a handicap in cooking them. Now, thanks to the freezer and the deep fryer, the making of an oyster fry is neither seasonal, geographical or professional. The electric deep fryer will hold a huge amount of fat. This not only enables you to deep-fry larger quantities of food at one dipping but it's good because a big batch of fat will hold a desired temperature longer than a small one.

In San Francisco in the eighties and nineties, the favorite dish of the town was Oyster Loaf. It's still a popular one, and this is the way chef Rod Pohl prepares it.

First, get the oysters ready. Set the deep fryer at 395°. Then, stir into a smooth paste 1¼ cups cold milk with 2 cups flour mixed and sifted with 2 teaspoons salt, 6 tablespoons melted sweet butter and the well-beaten whites of 2 eggs. In a separate bowl add a big pinch each of salt and cayenne to the juice of 1 large lemon. Before dipping the oysters, prepare the bread.

Cut the top off a loaf and gouge out the inside. Rub the lid and interior walls with a stick of soft butter. Set it into a 400° oven until golden brown, then reduce heat to keep bread hot.

Now you're ready for the oysters. Two to three dozen should be enough for the average loaf. Dip them first into the lemon mix and then into the batter. Use a spoon if necessary to insure an even coating. Then drop them into the hot fat in batches until golden brown. Then drain on paper toweling and pour oysters into the bread. Don't replace the lid until ready to serve.

Keep the loaf in the oven until you've French fried a goodly portion of potatoes. When you're ready, replace the lid and serve on a platter with French fries and cole slaw.

If you want to really dress it up, try potato soufflé. Cut peeled baking spuds into ⅛-inch slices, trim each into a football shape. Soak them in ice water 30 minutes, dry and cook in 225° deep fryer for 3 minutes. Then take them out for 10 minutes, bring fat temperature to 425° and put them in again. When they've browned and ballooned, drain and dust with salt.

Best way to serve loaf is in good thick slices. With a glass of Rhine wine or champagne, it makes a fine holiday meal.

—Hans Christian Adamson

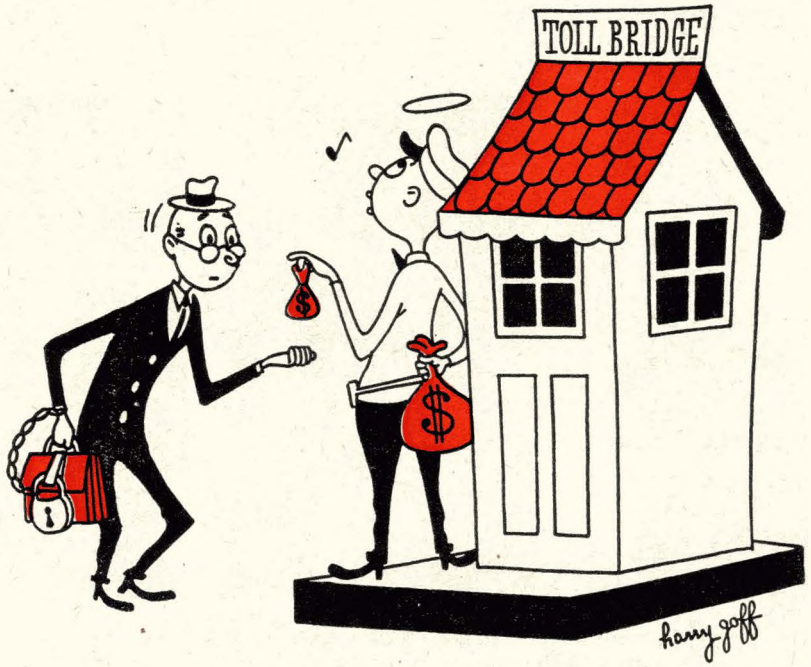
They will cast to thousands of big tarpon. The tarpon will hit thousands of times. Usually that first barrel-mouthed smash will terminate the encounter. In a period ranging from a tenth of a second to about three, these anglers will lose their lures. Less frequently the flimsy lines will break after the tarpon has jumped once or twice. On rare occasions, these competitive-minded fishermen will actually "fight" outsized tarpon for many seconds, many minutes, even for several hours. But almost invariably they will lose every monster tarpon they hang on such light tackle.

Hence, in order that one man with more skill or better breaks than the rest may, every few years, thus bring *one* of these supersized tarpon to boat, hundreds of anglers will spend years in the business of filling fish's mouths with hooks and tin baits—without ever breaking a record, or even catching a really big fish. You begin to see what I'm driving at.

This is a confessional, in part. Time was when I could be seen out where the ocean ran in furrows as deep as the boat was long, dragging tackle suitable for black bass and definitely a handicap in the Gulf Stream. In those days, I could also be seen in bays, bayous and estuaries, or hard up against mangroves, probing the water with gear designed for brook trout—but in spots that sometimes contained fish weighing more than your correspondent. I never *caught* any that big on meager tackle. But before the reader leaps to the conclusion that all this is a matter of sour grapes, let it be said that I did catch a good many outsized fish. Before the war, I even set one light-tackle record in my club which still stands: matter of a white marlin on 15-thread. So I know whereof I speak and I speak in anger, not envy.

For me, the matter first rose to the level of critical thought many years ago at the club mentioned above. It was Annual Liar's Night. On Liar's Night fishermen are permitted to exercise that function which they are so unjustly accused of exploiting the year round. *Only* on Liar's Night, when the Year's Champion Liar is chosen in fair competition, will you hear even exaggeration in the sacred halls of the Rod and Reel Club of Miami Beach.

One of the contestants undertook to describe how, as the years passed and his skill grew, he reduced the size of his line step by step. He had commenced, he admitted, by taking sailfish on line that [*Continued on page* 76]



"one for the bridge, one for me"

When one midwestern bridge authority tried to retire its toll collectors, the old-timers refused. And no wonder. Until Ben Cooper came along they'd been clipping the bridge for $100,000 a year

by J. Russell Gaver

Illustrated by Harry Goff

A long time ago some of our more enterprising forebears discovered that all they had to have to be set financially for life was some sort of passageway the public had to use. It could be a bridge or pike. It didn't matter. What did were the tolls that were collected by the end of the day.

Today practically all of the more than $250 million that fill the tills of America's tunnels, bridges, thruways and turnpikes goes into taking them out of the red and making improvements. But there is a sum estimated at a million-and-up that finds its way into the pockets of toll collectors who think their grandfathers had the right idea.

This technique of cheating on tolls and growing rich on a collector's salary is referred to as tollsmanship by Ben Cooper, an M. I. T. graduate engineer who heads Taller & Cooper, principal manufacturers of toll equipment. In the course of making surveys that show how a structure's profits are carried home by its employes, Cooper's firm has turned up some beauts.

For an example of a rural [*Continued on page* 50]

Above: Mongolian wine bottle (X-XI century); six-handled earthenware cup, 17th century, English; whistle glass, 17th century European, on emptying, whistle blown for refill; Peruvian gold beaker (X-XV century).

Above: American lead glass, blown and cut, with cameo portrait of De Witt Clinton, presented to him in Pittsburgh, 1825. Center: black-figured Kylix, 550 B.C., Greece. Right: sandcore glass goblet, Egypt, 1580-1085 B.C.

HERE'S HOW!

You like to drink in style? Then put down that highball glass and look at these, from the greatest collection of notable drinking vessels this country has ever seen

As far back as 2500 B.C. men have taken delight in drinking in style. And to satisfy this urge there have always been artists and craftsmen to give special form and decoration to their drinking vessels. On these pages are pictured a selection from more than 350 shown in a notable exhibition held at the Brooklyn Museum in 1953. Loaned by museums and private collectors, the show was the most comprehensive of its kind ever assembled in this country.

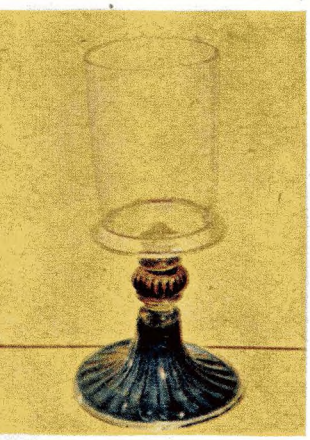
While the kind of drink to be used in any given cup usually determined its basic shape and these historic examples show the functional purpose, it is the great variety of form, color, material and decoration that sets them apart as works of art. From the simple American pieces of blown glass and pewter to the exotic engraved ostrich-egg goblet and the Peruvian gold beaker, each vessel shown has marked individuality. Some are unadorned and have their distinction in simple form and the iridescence of blown glass; others are handsomely embellished with painting, engraving and carving; while a few, notably those made for beer and ale, are combinations of pottery and metal.

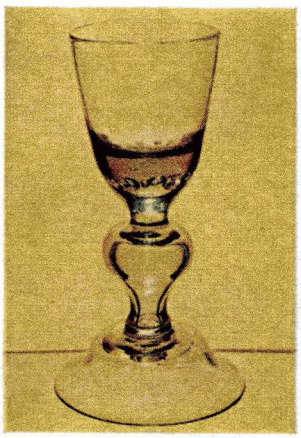
Several oddities should be cited. Among these is the "half yard" of ale glass (page 40) that would be a considerable challenge to any man; the puzzle-jug on the same page, with holes in the sides to test the skill of the drinker; the glass on this page which couldn't be set down until it was empty but could then be used, by means of the whistle on its bottom, to signal for a refill.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TRUE BY DAVID B. EISENDRATH, JR.

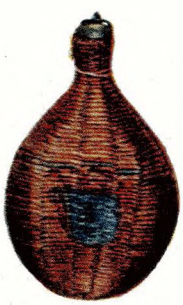
Covered goblet, 16 inches high, engraved ostrich egg with silver-gilt mount, made by Ulrich Shoonmacher, Germany, 1575.

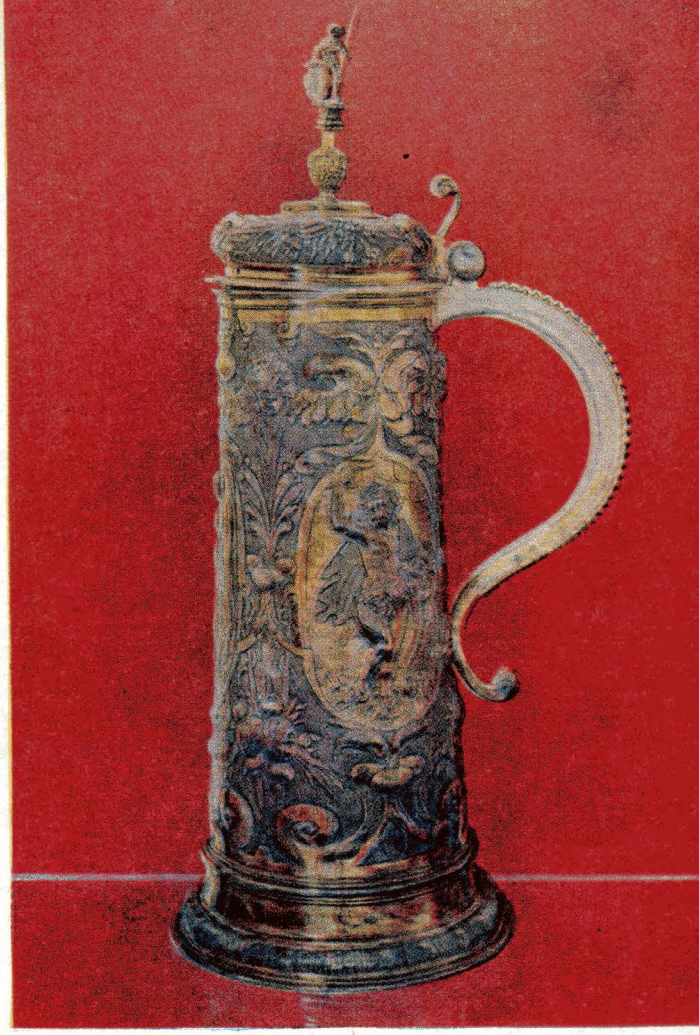
Above, left: Elizabethan beer jug, mottled Rhenish stoneware with English silver-gilt mounts, 16th century. Above, right: a "welcome" beaker, blown glass with enamel decoration, 1684. Its contents warmed guests at the doorway.





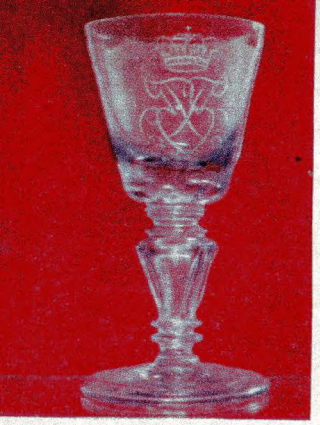
Above: Venetian goblet, 16th century; Toby jug, English, 18th century; American wine goblet, Maryland, 1785-1795; ale mug, blown, American, 18th century. Below: pocket flask, American, 19th century; salt-glazed stoneware goblet, early 19th century, American; pewter pint tankard, American, 18th century; applause glass, English, 1750-1800.

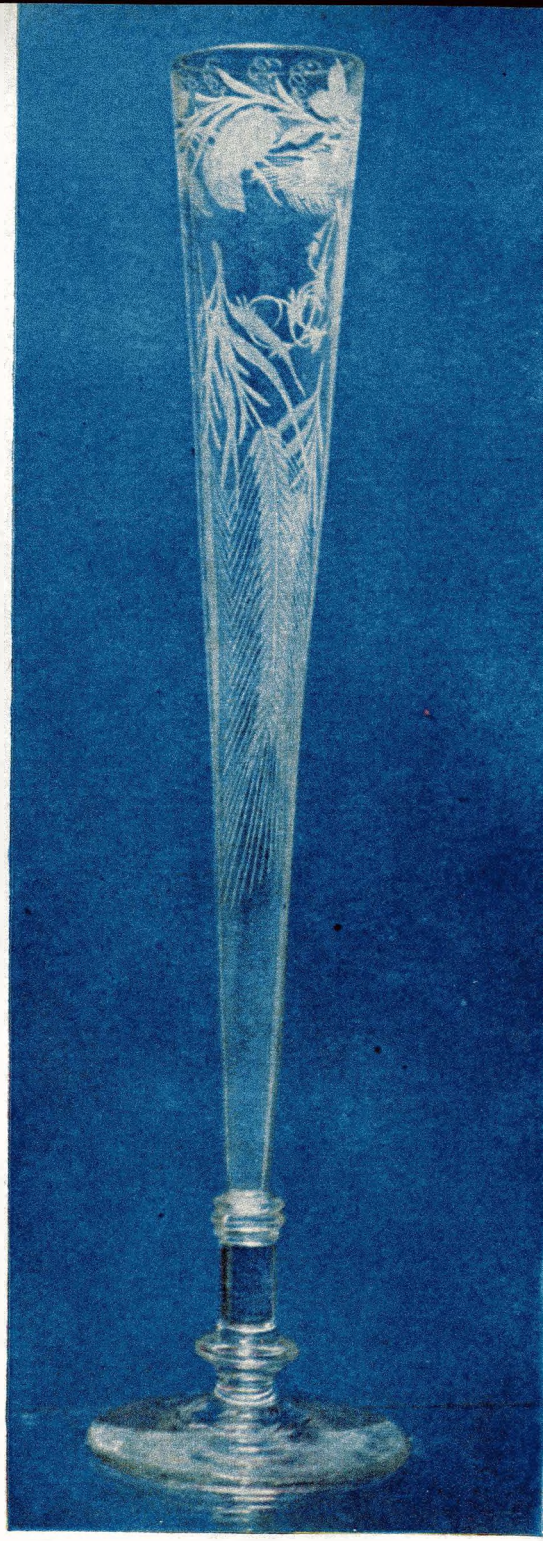




Above, left: hedgehog cup, carved walnut (1522) with metal-gilt base (1611), coat of arms of Zeller family, Zurich, Switzerland. Above, right: silver-gilt tankard, with bold relief decoration, armored knight-finial, Germany, 17th century.

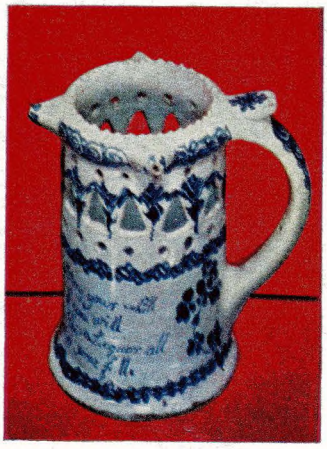
Above: blown, three-mold tumbler, New Hampshire, 1820; glass goblet, 16th century, Italian; pottery cup, Italian, 15th century; tankard, glazed pottery, Germany, 1526. Below: giant beer beaker, blown, with applied spikes, Germany, 15th century; American horn mug, 1770; Mycenaean pottery goblet, about 1300 B.C.; blown wine glass, American, 19th century.





Above: engraved Scandinavian goblet, 1746. Lord Nelson, funeral rummer, about 1806, capacity, 1 quart; New Hampshire goblet, blown glass, 1852.

Above: stein, salt-glazed stoneware, 18th century, European; Roman glass wine bowl, I-V century; Persian bottle, molded and blown, 12th century.



Above: cyder glass, blown and engraved with air-twist stem, English, 1780-1800; puzzle-jug, holes in sides to test skill of the drinker, English, 1784; Roman glass goblet, I-V century A.D. Right: a "half-yard" of ale glass, England, 19th century.

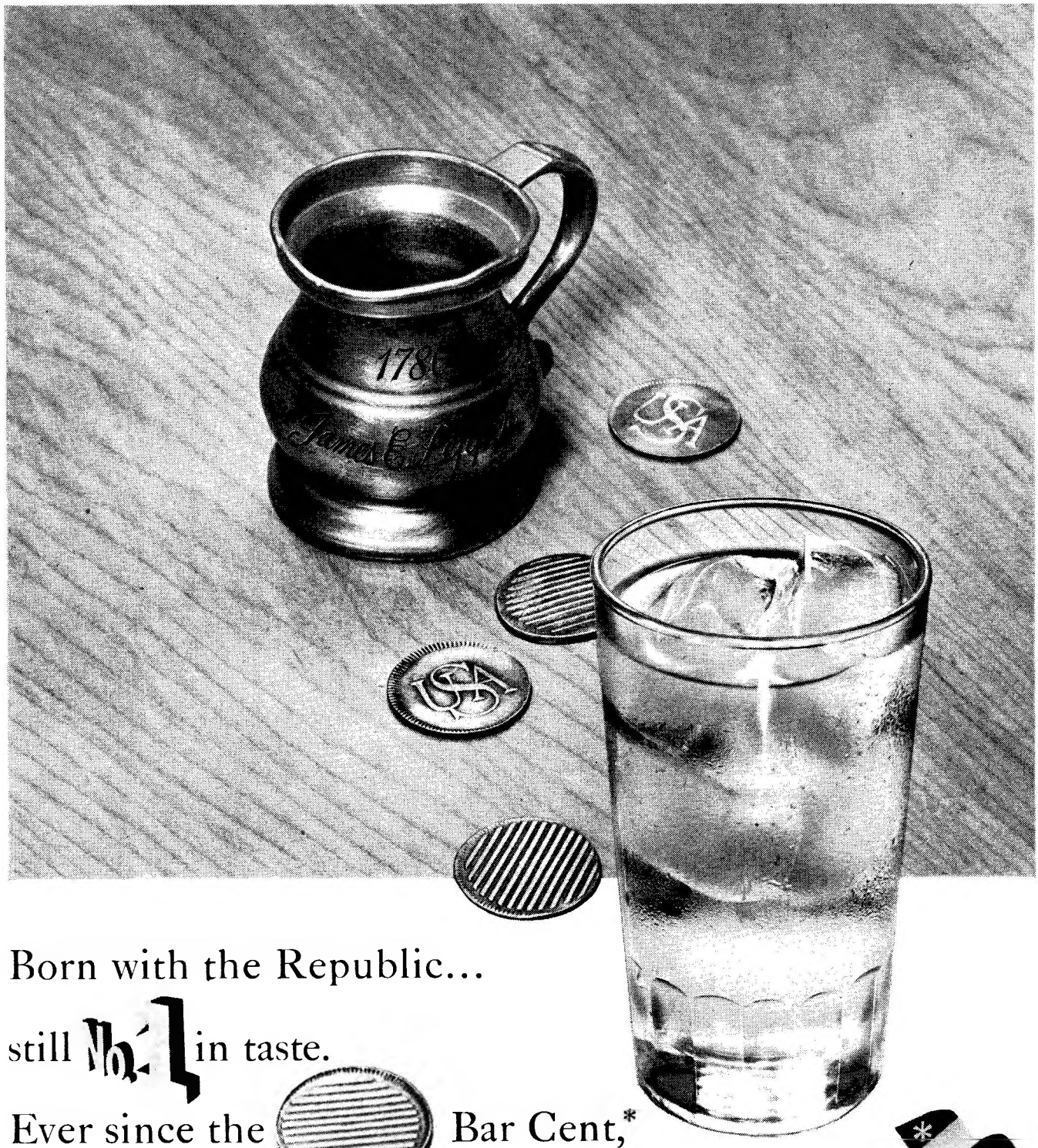
The Toby jug (page 38) with its human form made of leather and lined with wood and the carved walnut hedgehog cup (page 39) are unusual combinations of materials.

Altogether, the collection attests to several facts that are significant in the history of drinking. First, is the fact that each of these vessels served the purpose for which it was intended and, in spite of its age, fragility and usage, has come down to us in perfect condition. This in itself indicates a respect for the "cup." Secondly, these examples prove that in all ages and in all countries man has taken artistic interest in the container from which he drank. And, finally, these drinking vessels, used so often to toast and cheer, bound men together in a universal spirit.

—Norman Kent

Reproduction of items on pages 36-40 is by courtesy of the following owners: Page 36, top row, left to right: Brooklyn Museum; New York Historical Society; Corning Museum of Glass; Pierre Matisse Gallery. Bottom row, left to right: George S. McKearin; Brooklyn Museum; Ray Winfield Smith. Page 37; French & Company. Page 38, top row, left to right: French & Company; Jerome Strauss. Middle row, left to right: Brooklyn Museum; George S. McKearin; George S. McKearin; George S. McKearin. Bottom row, left to right: George S. McKearin; George S. McKearin; Brooklyn Museum; George S. McKearin. Page 39, top row, left to right: A. Bradley Martin; Silberman Galleries. Middle row, left to right: George S. McKearin; Jerome Strauss; Leopold Blumka; Leopold Blumka. Bottom row, left to right: Leopold Blumka; A. Leland Lusty; Brooklyn Museum; Brooklyn Museum. Page 40, top row, left to right: Jerome Strauss; Brooklyn Museum; George S. McKearin. Middle row, left to right: George S. McKearin; Brooklyn Museum; Ray Winfield Smith. Bottom row, left to right: Brooklyn Museum; George S. McKearin; Brooklyn Museum; Brooklyn Museum.

THE BAR CENT,* MINTED IN 1783, WHEN JAMES E. PEPPER WAS ALREADY KNOWN FOR QUALITY TO COLONIAL INNKEEPERS. (COINS BY STACK'S, N.Y.)



Born with the Republic...

still No. 1 in taste.

Ever since the Bar Cent,* the finest Kentucky whiskey that money ever bought... **JAMES E. PEPPER**

The original Kentucky whiskey (Est. 1780)

JAMES E. PEPPER AND CO., DISTILLERS, LEXINGTON, KY.

the wonderful two-suiter

When you check into a hotel, do you have to have a bellboy cart your clothes to the presser before you make a business call or meet a friend for a drink? Then you don't know how—or what—to pack

BY FRED R. SMITH

Our friend Bob is a traveling man who sees more of the country in a month than Kit Carson saw in a lifetime of roaming. He's in and out of planes, trains, hotels, offices and factories. And since he practically lives out of it, his two-suiter is one of the best friends he has. Within the sturdy leather walls of his Wheary Colonel, Bob can pack a week's wardrobe—everything you see in the illustration above: two suits, seven shirts, seven pairs of underwear and socks, seven handkerchiefs, two pairs of pajamas, robe, slippers, one pair of shoes, ties, shaving kit, raincoat and extra accessories. Fully packed his bag weighs less than the 40-pound domestic flight allowance. Properly packed—as shown on the next two pages—it holds not a wrinkle.

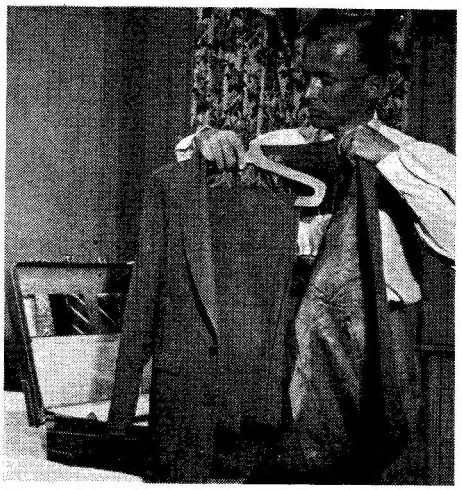
Bob picks his clothes for traveling as carefully as he picked his luggage. He wears a suit of Botany's new wrinkle-shedding Dacron-and-worsted sharkskin and packs a suit of Stratowate flannel—75 percent wool, 25 percent Dacron, by Hart Schaffner & Marx. His topcoat is rain-and-wrinkle resistant Lockhart tweed by Rock Knit. Jarman shoes, Dobbs hat. The transparent bag is just a gimmick.

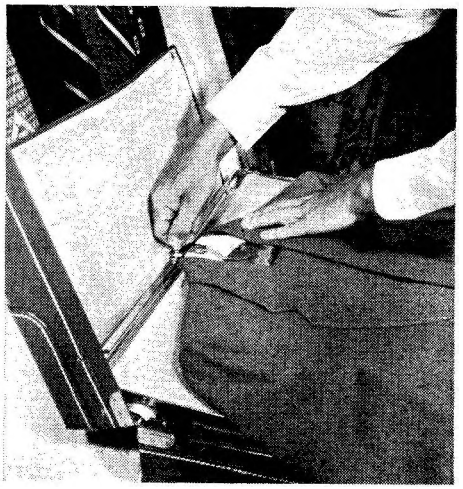
Other travelers: Van Heusen, Manhattan, Arrow shirts. Arrow handkerchiefs. Mark Cross medicine kit, shoe socks. Rabhor robe, Weldon and Reis pajamas. Pullman slippers, Stern Bros., N. Y. Cooper underwear. Nylonaire raincoat. Hickok shaving kit. Timely Shetland jacket. Seven Seas slacks. Interwoven and Holeproof socks. Bottle holder, plastic bottles, Lewis & Conger, N. Y.

☆


AM CAN

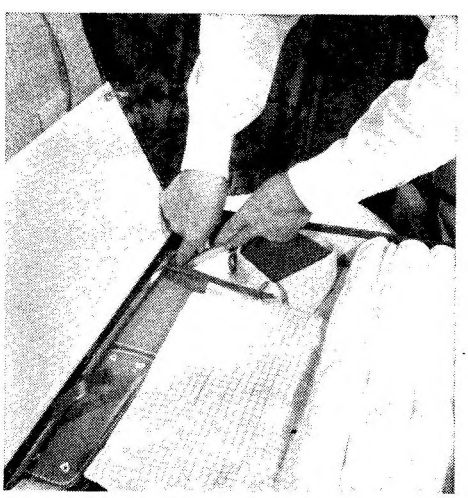
how to pack a two-suiter





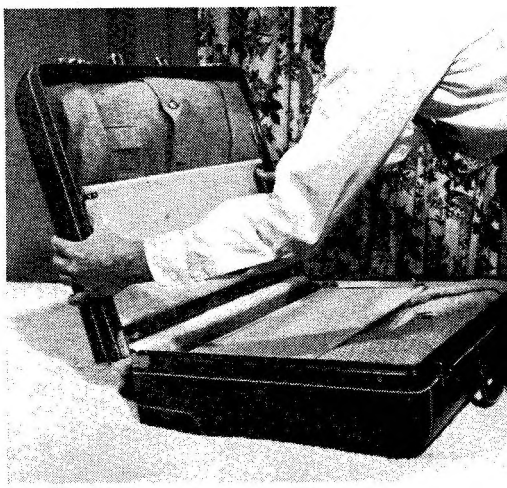
In the modern two-suiter, the ties—carefully selected of course—are packed first. Then the suits are placed on removable hangers which lock in place. This modern construction, and others similar to it, will keep your clothes tailor-fresh.

Now the lock on the hanger can be released, the suit folded out, and any wrinkles in the back smoothed out. Lift out the works and shake it—the suit won't budge. The second suit—or odd jacket and slacks—are packed in the same way.

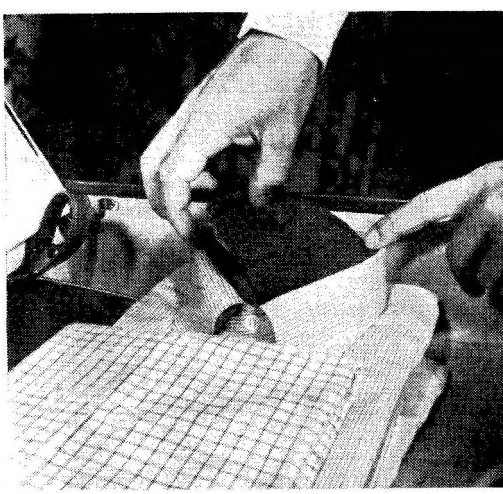


Underwear can be neatly rolled or folded. Fill all crannies with handkerchiefs or socks. Pajamas and robe—we suggest a robe that folds into a bag like Rabhor's—should go on top. You'll probably want them first when you check in your hotel.

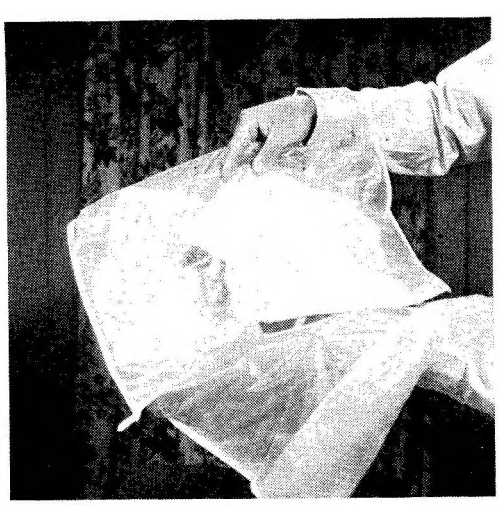
Photographs by David B. Eisendrath, Jr.

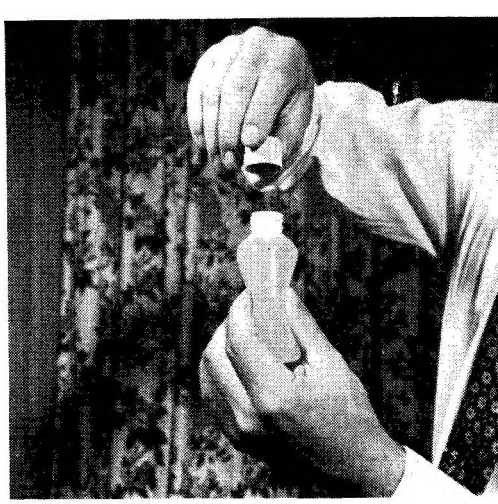


The jacket sleeves are neatly folded around the jacket sides before the suit is folded naturally on the U-shaped metal frame, which also locks into position. Then the Wheary-patented board which holds the suit secure is slipped into place.



Shoes, shaving kit, anything with bulk, should be placed at the bottom of the bag. Cover shoes with shoe socks. Whether your shirt collars are starched or soft, stuff them with handkerchiefs or socks, remove the cardboard, place them face to face.





A taut bag is a well-packed bag. Other suggestions: a raincoat that fits in a pocket. A plastic bag for dirty clothes—keeps other clothes fresh and the suitcase tightly packed. Plastic bottles for liquids—squeeze before capping for vacuum fit.

man to man answers

conducted by Robert E. Pinkerton and the staff of True

Mechanical inventions provide startling instances of how slow man was to grasp the possibilities of many things he developed. We were reminded of this when K. G. Moorehouse of Cleveland, Ohio, asked why the steam turbine, described by Heron of Alexandria in 120 B.C., lay dormant nearly 2,000 years.

So far as is known, this early steam turbine never had any useful application and was only an idea. The Alexandrians advanced knowledge tremendously, but they also had plenty of slave labor and didn't have the social incentive to explore other sources of power. Scholars who have gone through recorded history learned that lack of muscles usually forced development of mechanical force. About the only use of steam in those times was employed by metal workers to operate bellows.

Wind and water furnished early power in Asia Minor and in Rome, and the water wheel was a principal source in England until Thomas Newcomen, a blacksmith, produced a steam pump in 1712. This was not a turbine but a condensing engine using experimental ideas of two other men—still he did make a machine that worked.

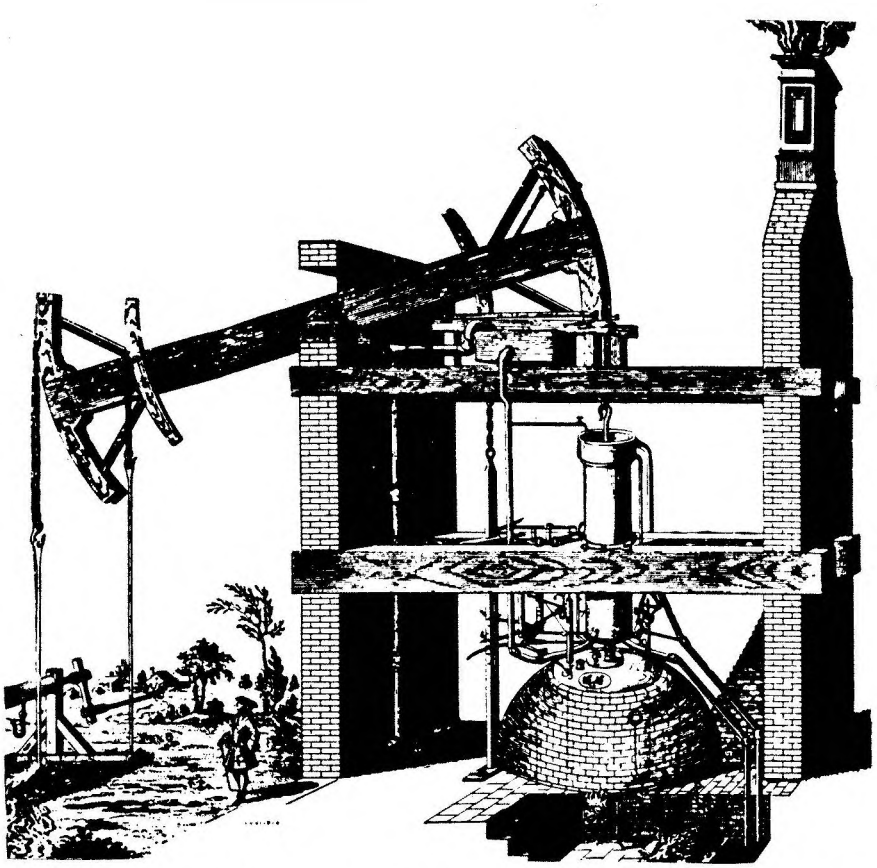
Now comes the most astonishing feature in the story of the steam engine. Sixty-nine years passed before anyone got the idea of hooking the piston to a wheel. When steam power was sought to operate machinery in potteries and textile plants, no one considered connecting the engine to the machinery. Instead, steam power was used to lift water to a wheel which could furnish rotary power for the mills.

Dumb? Wasteful? Maybe—from our viewpoint today when trained engineers seem capable of producing anything instantly. But no one was trained in the eighteenth century. Men were opening an entirely new world in science and mechanics. All were feeling their way, and often won because economic demands and sociological changes forced achievement. Newcomen, the blacksmith, built a steam engine because power was needed to pump water from coal and metal mines. Water wheels were built when weaving and pottery outgrew home manufacture. When droughts came, Newcomen's engine pumped water to take the place of natural flow because it seemed the logical idea.

James Watt was too busy perfecting the steam engine, and working on other mechanical and chemical problems, to see the advantage of connecting piston and wheel. Newcomen's engine had an upright cylinder and he sprayed cold water into it after the power stroke to condense the steam. Watt discovered the necessity of keeping the cylinder hot and finally arrived at the idea of the double-acting engine with valves. When he did get around to hooking the piston rod to a crank, a patent of 1781 balked him. So he worked out an arrangement of gears which he called the *Sun and Planet* and the steam engine was on its way.

Watt's experiments had first carried him toward eliminating the great waste in Newcomen's engine. He also was the first to determine how much a horse could pull and to rate his engines accordingly, establishing our present "horse power."

Progress made by Watt came just in time to meet the demands of the modern machine age and the growing necessity for power and for transportation of raw materials. Experiments with a steamboat in 1802 and a locomotive in 1804 brought far better engines and in 1819 the first steamboat crossed the Atlantic.



Newcomen's steam engine was successfully used for pumping water from mines.

Q: Will I find jaguar in southwest Texas, New Mexico and Arizona or only in Mexico? *Donald W. Day, Columbus, Tex.*

A: This largest of American cats once was found in the states you list, and from there all the way to Paraguay. It is especially plentiful in Brazil. Authorities say that today one may be found, rarely, in southeastern Arizona but it is extinct elsewhere in this country. The jaguar is reasonably plentiful in less settled districts of Mexico.

Q: I claim that skaters in roller derbys reach a speed of 50 m.p.h., especially when "whipped." Right? *E. E. Strusz, Mankato, Minn.*

A: Roller Derby Associates, Madison Square Garden, say the average boy skater can hit 30 to 35 m.p.h. This speed is increased when one skater is whipped past another.

Q: We railroad men are always arguing as to how the four accepted models of watches are rated. You know? *J. Zibrik, McBride, British Columbia, Canada.*

A: Of the currently manufactured watches, Hamilton, Elgin, Ball and Waltham are accepted by railroads that require time inspection. We cannot learn that a preference is expressed, though individual time or watch inspectors may have their private ideas. An accepted watch must be of the large pocket (16) size, have 21 or more jewels, and be capable of regulation in five or more positions. Also, it must have a lever set, not the stem set of ordinary watches.

Q: What is the chemical content of waters of Hot Springs, Arkansas? ***John A. Gersten, Harvey, Ill.***

A: Large amounts of calcium and magnesium carbonates, with lithium, iodines and bromides also present. Temperature ranges from 95 to 147 degrees and the daily flow from 47 springs is one million gallons. The waters are enclosed in Hot Springs National Park.

Q: Is there actually a snake that sucks milk from a cow? ***A/3C Raymond P. Buday, APO, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: We've tried to squash this old wives' tale but, like hundreds of others, it will probably go on for a few more centuries. The milk snake, perfectly harmless, got its name because it hung around dairies on early farms. It didn't want milk, only the mice and rats that raided the cream. The belief was so widespread that farmers tried to exterminate a benefactor. It is doubtful if he could drink milk if he wanted to. He rarely drinks, and his water capacity is only a couple of teaspoonfuls. Five species of milk snake are found in as many districts in the United States.

Q: Can a mirage be photographed? ***John K. Young, Middletown, Ohio.***

A: It is difficult, but can be done. A camera is not as sensitive to color as the eye nor does it register so fully. A mirage is caused by a bending, or refraction, of light rays, which come to the eye in an arc, not a straight line. Refraction is caused by a layer of hot and thinner air underlying colder and heavier air. It is commonly seen on black-top highways and is not necessarily confined to deserts. It is even possible over water.

Q: Are any herds of the old-time longhorn cattle still in existence? ***R. H. T. Elliott, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.***

A: Certainly not in herds. A few years ago several ranchers in Texas kept one or two individuals as mementos of the days when millions of the oddly constructed and tough wild cattle roamed the plains. The longhorn was long-lived, not reaching full growth until ten years old, but it is doubtful if any remain in this country. It is said that a Texan is trying to raise a herd but we have no information. Possibly some still exist in Mexico, where the breed originated.

Q: Is it correct to call a single electric cell a battery? ***Clarence D. Galloway, La Grange, Ill.***

A: Applied to an electrical storage contrivance, battery means two or more cells.

Q: Where and when will another World's Fair be held? ***Paul E. Boltz, Akron, Pa.***

A: None is planned that we know of, and we doubt that one will be until the present state of the world is decidedly altered.

Q: Does a snowshoe rabbit go into a

hole when chased? *Evelyn German, Vega, N. Y.*

A: First, he is not a rabbit, but a hare, often called the varying hare because his coat changes from brown in summer to white in winter. Like most animals that depend on protective coloration, he is rather dumb, will sit still in the snow as a man passes within two feet. He doesn't know his dark eyes betray him. As soon as a man passes, he darts back on one of his numerous trails or "runs," quite sure he is safe. We have often entered a swamp, setting snares, and on returning could count on three rabbits in six snares. They'd run back as we passed. It's an easy way for a hungry man to get a meal in winter. As the varying hare prefers swamp country, holes or caves are impossible. He depends on his white fur and his huge, spreading feet—from which he gets his "snowshoe" name. They enable him to run on deep soft snow more swiftly than pursuing animals, as the lynx, mink, weasel, fox, fisher and wolf. But they, far smarter, know how to get him. We'd have no fur trade in the north without him as he is the principal food of furbearers and Indians in winter. A periodic disease sweeps across Canada and nearly wipes him out. Then fur receipts drop far, and Indians starve. Like all animals in the north, fat stored in the fall is fried out by February. Then an Indian eats nine rabbits daily. The rabbit is a great "thumper" after the snow goes in late May, loves to stand on his front feet and beat the ground with his powerful hind legs. We knew an old timer who was scared out of his tent one night, thinking an angry bull moose was about to attack him.

Q: A friend says South Dakota entered the Union first. I say North Dakota. Which? *Ward R. Olson, Las Vegas, Nev.*

A: Both states were admitted November 2, 1889. The South Dakota Historical Society says either state may be considered the 39th or 40th. President Harrison purposely shuffled the two proclamations before signing them. Evidently North Dakota's came out on top and often it is considered the 39th state. Looks to us like it should be called a dead heat.

Q: What should I feed my frogs in the various stages from the egg on? *Carolyn Van Ginkel, Canaan, Vt.*

A: In the tadpole stage they eat only vegetation, such as algae, one-celled plants and lettuce. Some species remain in this stage a year. When the external gills disappear, to become interior, and the long tail is absorbed and limbs begin to grow, meal worms, or beetle larvae, make good food. Adult frogs will eat minnows but prefer insects, and they want their food alive and moving.

Q: I have a flying squirrel. What is its life span? *E. W. Vogel, Lorain, Ohio.*

A: It averages six years, according to the Museum of Natural History, but may run to eight.

Q: Was the Kentucky Derby ever run in Indiana? *Gene Hamm, Dallas, Tex.*

A: Never, only at Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky., since the first in 1875.

Q: Is the mongoose immune to snake poison? *Walter Herrlinger, Sr., New York, N. Y.*

A: No. It avoids being bitten by skill and swiftness, killing the large and deadly cobra in a fair fight.

Q: Do porpoises give birth to young when in captivity? *J. M. Schmidt, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

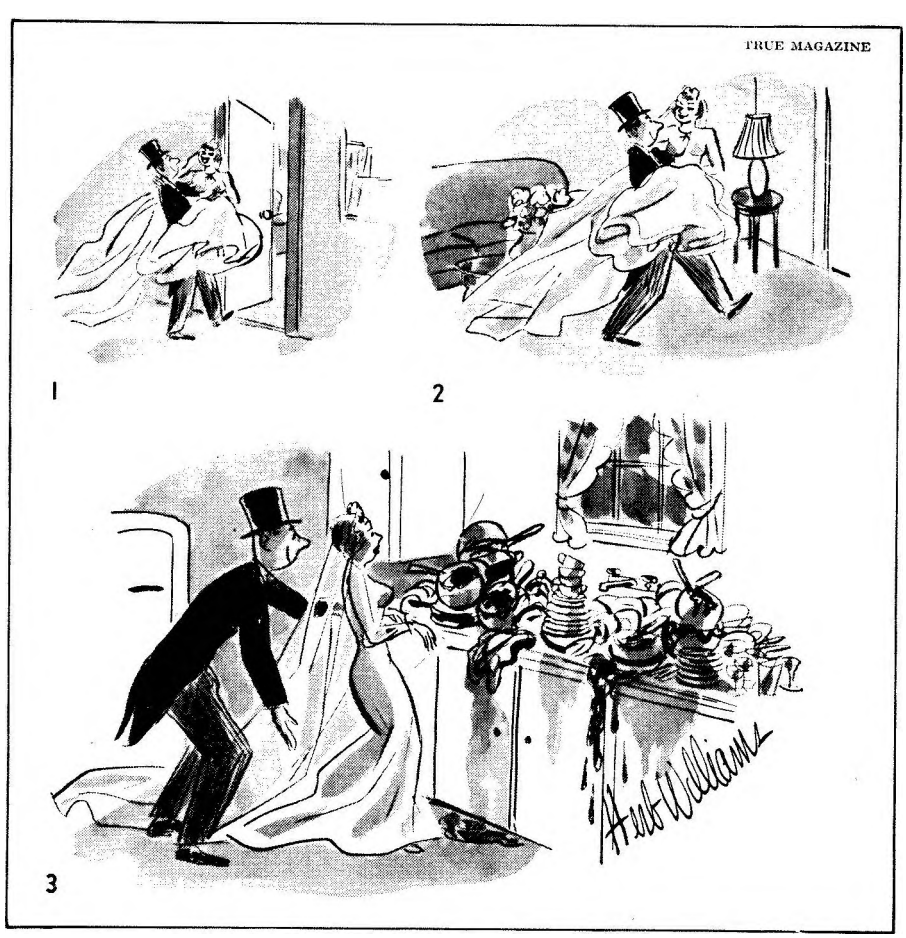
A: All four female porpoises in Marine Studios, Florida, produced young in the spring of 1953 and the big circular tank now has its largest population. Evidently the porpoises enjoy captivity and continue their normal lives. They are fun loving, have a high humorous sense and play games as they swim gaily about the tank. In breeding season, however, it is necessary to remove all males except the king porpoise, for they'd still be normal, and fight.

Q: How far is it around the outer corridor of the Pentagon Building in Washington, D. C.? *Byron D. Burt, Savannah, Ga.*

A: Each of the five outer sides is 921 feet long, a total of 4,605 feet, or 605 feet less than a mile. The corridor of the outer of the five concentric rings, being inside, is not as long, probably three quarters of a mile. The gross floor area of this world's largest office building is about 6,500,000 square feet.

Q: How did Admiral Peary know when he had reached the North Pole and where would the compass hand point? *Mrs. David McMahan, Liberty, Ind.*

A: Roy Chapman Andrews explained this carefully in the January, 1953, issue of TRUE. Determining his position was done by a series of celestial observations, just as is common practice at sea and, by slightly different methods, by navigators in airplanes. Early explorers and geographers used the sextant and obtained astonishingly accurate positions. Peary spent two days and walked many miles in checking his observations. He was in the unique position of looking south no matter which way he turned, and naturally the compass pointed south as the north magnetic pole is in a group of islands north of the Canadian Arctic coast.



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THIS funny life

A certain college professor, wanting to demonstrate to students of his government class that they were living in a democracy, gave an examination composed of the following questions: 1. What have you gotten out of this course? 2. Evaluate the instructor and his methods of teaching.

To the surprise of everyone, one student flunked and for all reasons—punctuation.

"How could you?" his friend asked in amazement.

"It was that second question," he replied seriously. "I forgot the periods in s.o.b."

—William P. Anderson
Monroe, La.

While working for the electric company in southern West Virginia, I received a complaint from an old lady, who had been sent a minimum bill of $2, about an overcharge.

Going out to see her, I tried to explain that regardless of how little electricity she used, the bill could be no lower, when she suddenly got up and unscrewed the bulb from the drop cord directly over where she had been sitting.

"Move that chair," she ordered. "I'm going to let the electricity run out here on the floor. You ain't charging me for nothing."

—M. Morris
Bowling Green, Ky.

At lunch the other day I met an old friend who told me he had become quite a golfer in the years since we last saw each other. I was very much impressed when he started to tell me about a big match he had had the previous week.

"It was a real ding-dong affair," he related. "Neither of us could gain an advantage for the first fifteen holes, we were both playing so well. But starting with the 16th hole he got real hot, threw an 8, 9 and 8 at me for the last three holes and won!"

—Jack Kittle
Ontario, Canada

One day, while we were eating, our waitress asked what we thought of the new uniforms that the girls had been outfitted with. They were black with white trimming around the neck, the sleeves and the pockets, and across the left breast pocket each waitress had her name embroidered in white. After pirouetting for our benefit she faced us and asked, "Well, how do you like it?"

John, my dinner partner, convulsed the house by staring at her embroidered name and dryly answering, "I like it very much, but tell me, what are you going to name the other one?"

—Kingsley J. Luckett
St. Louis, Mo.

Arriving in Butte, Montana, for the first time, I asked an elderly cab driver where I could find a certain address I had been told was right in the heart of the city. The cabbie informed me that it was about a mile from the station. Since I was already late for an appointment I hopped into his cab and mumbled angrily, "What was the idea of building the station so far away from the center of town?"

"I don't know," replied the old cab driver, "unless it was to have the depot near the railway."

—Tom Hinkle
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Right after the invasion of Italy during World War II, I was eating in a small restaurant in Rome and noticed a sign on the wall from the Mussolini era reading, *Guerra contra la mosca* which translated means "War against flies."

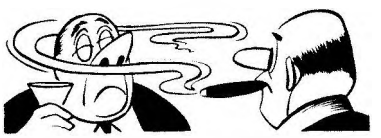
When the food was served it was immediately covered with an army of flies so I pointed to the sign. "Yes," sighed the waiter, "we lost that war, too."

—Art Hurley
Jenkintown, Pa.

While stationed in England after World War II, I saw the following notice posted at a cemetery in Sheffield:

Owing to employment difficulties, grave digging will be carried on by a skeleton staff.

—Mark Farnsworth
Elgin, Ore.



While having breakfast at the home of a southern friend of mine, I was surprised to see him, even before touching his orange juice, down a double shot of bourbon. After finishing his ham and eggs, he started on another double shot. As we continued our chat, I took out a cigar and lit it. My friend stopped his sipping and chatting to stare at me for a moment. "How," he asked incredulously, "can you smoke a cigar this early in the morning?"

—H. Straub
Jersey City, N. J.

Government agencies are bombarded with many strange requests but none stranger than the letter to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation which asked for $25,000 to start a chicken farm and finished with a P.S.—"And by the way, please send me information on how to run a chicken farm."

—Pete Lockett
Pandora, Ohio

Many years ago, a couple I know decided to make the leap into matrimony at the spur of the moment and asked if I'd go along to act as their witness. We drove into the neighboring city and stopped at the office of the first justice of the peace we spotted along the way.

This justice, a pleasant old geezer, evidently had a great deal of difficulty keeping the many duties of the office in their proper place. Everything went along fine until he asked the bride, "Do you take this man to be your husband?"

The girl lovingly sighed, "Yes."

The justice then turned to the bridegroom and asked, "And you, accused, what do you have to say in your defense?"

—Robert Jackson
Miami, Fla.

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"One for the Bridge, One for Me"

[*Continued from page* 35]

bonanza, consider the fine record of the tollsman who was working a bridge between Texas and Mexico when it first opened. Despite all the traffic-survey predictions, the structure was constantly in the red. Finally, toll collections were checked against the traffic count of the nearby immigration officials and it was apparent that a good percentage of the vehicles crossing had either been unaccounted for by the toll collector or had forded the Rio Grande. Acting on the first assumption, the authorities installed Taller & Cooper toll-checking equipment. Receipts immediately shot up by $4,800 per month.

Retired tollsmen often declare that they laid the foundations for their subsequent fortunes with a method known as "one for the bridge, one for me." Later, with greater skill and increased traffic volume they graduated into a variation of this known as the "to hell with the bridge" system. These routines are always employed by tollsmen on facilities that use the "cigar box" method for collections. Here all receipts are deposited in a box or cash register and no accurate traffic count is taken.

How well a good gyp-artist in this field can do was demonstrated lately on one of the leading bridges in the Midwest, where the cash-register collection method was in force. The authorities had decided to retire their collectors, who were all past 68. To the surprise of the officials, the old fellows refused to be put out to pasture. They insisted that they liked the work, the fresh air agreed with them and they enjoyed seeing their friends every day. The authorities were touched by this loyalty but suspected something was up. A thorough investigation revealed that the bridge had done all right by the life-begins-at-work brigade. They owned trucks, gas stations, apartment houses, laundries, expensive automobiles and plump bank accounts. Using only the simplest of all tollsmanship techniques—milking the bridge—the old-timers were clearing about $100,000 a year. Not a record haul perhaps but their needs were simple.

Then there's the traffic counter. Often highway authorities become alarmed when they discover that traffic is mysteriously disappearing as it approaches a toll plaza. Sometimes they attempt to locate the missing vehicles by laying down a traffic counter of the type that controls traffic lights. Instead, this affords the experienced tollsman a chance to step up operations. All of these counting devices are activated by any direct pressure and while this pressure remains the counter is inoperative. It records the initial impulse and no more.

Tollsmen use this fact as an excuse for discrepancies between the vehicles counted and the fares collected.

"Well," they say, "folks been steppin' on your durn counter all day long. And mebbe twenty or thirty cars backed up to ask for directions to East Falmouth. And, oh yeah, we had a couple hundred bicycles."

In many cases where the authorities for a bridge or tunnel have been unwilling to install efficient equipment to protect their receipts, they have turned to the use of strip tickets, similar to movie tickets. The motorist buys one of these when he drives up and surrenders it when he leaves. Or else he receives the ticket upon entering the facility and hands it in with his fare at the other end. In either instance everything is considered fine in the collection department as long as the number of tickets that are issued equal the number collected, and there is a fare to account for each one.

For a good tollsman this is easy. He first makes certain that the man working the other end is another of the brotherhood.

Sometimes the tollsman who should issue the tickets may just forget to, but fares are collected anyway and go into a special fund divided between the tollsmen involved. More often, the tollsman who collects the tickets merely ships back a bunch of them to his partner who reissues them for cash.

No tollsman worthy of his salt is completely shaken by the fact that he has to account for all the vehicles he handles. He will quickly discover that a smaller but respectable profit may be skimmed off the day's receipts by the misclassification method.

Many toll stations handle several classes of vehicle and each is charged a different fare, say 10 cents per auto, 25 cents for a bus and 50 cents for a truck. Presumably there is a register in the toll booth with different buttons, each of which represents one type of vehicle. As a fare is paid, the collector pushes the appropriate button, registering the vehicle and its fare.

For an experienced tollsman this impressive system is actually no problem at all. One way to get around it is to collect a quarter for a bus, which has two axles, and push the button indicating that a car went through. Profit for the tollsman is 15 cents, and the treadle count still checks. More stimulating is the trick of collecting a dollar from *two* three-axle trucks and ringing them up as *three* autos. Six axles in either case, and 70 cents is cleared on the deal. Experts estimate that a good experienced tollsman can clip his installation for $100 on a busy day merely by misclassifying.

Many a tollsman has lifted a mortgage and sent his kids through college simply because some bridge authority voted for season passes which allow special motorists to pass the toll plaza without paying. The cash customer hands in his quarter and as he drives off is registered as having gone through on a pass. The tollsman pockets the full fare.

Cooper has always gotten a kick out of being involved in what he calls counter-tollsmanship, the art of outwitting dishonest toll collectors, and enjoys inventing new means of defeating those used by tollsmen to combat his machines.

His first permanent installation—a device which counted cars from the rolling motions of wheels on a treadle—was installed on the George Washington Bridge when it opened over twenty years ago. Tollsmen explained away the discrepancies between counts and receipts at the end of the day by claiming cars had backed up in the lane, adding counts as they drove off. Cooper fired back by making the treadle reversible and able to count in both directions.

Cooper's next problem was the misclassification system. His firm soon developed overhead classification indicators and fare indicators so that motorists and inspectors could know which buttons were being pushed and how much was being charged.

Soon tollsmen were learning that the cumbersome auditing procedures used by toll authorities were of no use if the machinery went out of order, and an awful lot of it did entirely too often. Cooper retaliated by having his engineers develop the remote printing register which automatically gives the complete operating record of every lane, yet conceals any breakdown from the collectors who aren't allowed near the register room.

With Cooper's added installations, personnel to operate tolls increased proportionately. Soon it was becoming difficult to keep track of the individual collectors. Some tollsmen took to operating lanes which were supposed to be closed and others merely walked off with a fistful of cash now and then, realizing that the authorities could never tell which collector to blame. All of this was eliminated, however, when Coopers' firm introduced the Identifier. Now no collector can operate his lane or go on or off duty without identifying himself with his key in the remote register and providing a complete picture of his transactions.

Stimulated to a drastic last resort, tollsmen then turned their attention to the machinery again. While they couldn't get at it personally, they often found maintenance men willing to rig the registers or disconnect the treadles in return for royalties on their activity. But the maintenance man was finally eliminated from the picture by the Interlock system which works through the Identifier and tells the inspectors whenever someone has been at their machinery how long he has taken and who he happens to be.

"Still," the tollsmen figured, "there must be a way out! The machinery watches us, the sergeant watches the machinery, but who watches the sergeant?"

"The detail tape watches the sergeant," said Cooper as soon as he got wind of this latest project. For the detail tape, which may be set like an alarm clock, can cut in on any lane at any time to record every single transaction as it occurs or misoccurs, unknown to the man on duty or the sergeant. Any offbeat deals show up like a Mexican blanket.

Cooper's greatest plaudit came from the frustrated tollsman who grumbled, "Damn that guy. Everything he touches makes money—except for us!"

—J. Russell Gaver

strange but TRUE

by Mee Morningside

Christmas presents in the Netherlands and Belgium are brought by St. Nicholas on the eve of December 6, which is the feast day of the popular old man. Dutch boys and girls, believing that he makes his rounds astride a white horse, thoughtfully leave a handful of hay on the hearth for the animal. Belgian children think St. Nick rides a donkey, so they likewise leave this beast a gift, generally a turnip, carrot or a lump of sugar.

"Chung Ling Soo," an American who became famous as a Chinese magician, committed suicide in a unique way before a London audience in 1918. While in the act of catching rifle bullets fired at him, he was shot in the heart by a real one that mysteriously happened to be among the blanks always used. Later, the condition of his affairs, recently put in order, clearly indicated he had planned the "accident."

When visiting a place for the first time, people who feel they have been there previously are victims of an odd illusion called paramnesia. It is usually experienced by an individual who has had his attention distracted immediately after having seen new surroundings. Upon glancing around again, he remembers the scene but gets the impression that he saw it on another occasion.

Among the most notable of magnificent mosaics is the representation of Murillo's painting, *The Immaculate Conception*, in the Roman Catholic National Shrine in Washington, D. C. Presented to the church in 1930 by the Vatican, the masterpiece is 10 feet high by 8 feet wide and contains 35,000 pieces of natural-colored stone, the selecting and inlaying of which required twenty-five man-years of labor.

Food can be detected at incredible distances by Arctic foxes when their sense of smell is enhanced by hunger. Once a Spitsbergen hunter, who had caught such an animal in a trap baited with a dead ptarmigan, went back over the fox's tracks in the snow and found it had scented the bait five miles away, having abruptly changed its course and traveled in a straight line to the dried and frozen bird.

Few historical figures have had fame thrust upon them by such a unique experience as that which happened to Augustin, who is commemorated by statues and festivities in his native Austria and the widespread popularity of the song *Ach, Du Lieber Augustin*. One night in sixteenth-century Vienna, this minstrel became highly intoxicated in a tavern and, leaving it through an alley door by mistake, stumbled over several bodies of plague victims, fell down, and went to sleep. Awakening at dawn and finding himself being buried, he quickly climbed out of the grave and fled from the cemetery. Later, Augustin was made an immortal celebrity by the people, due to his "miraculous resurrection from the dead."

During the fourteen centuries in which the New Testament was copied by hand, so many "improvements" were made by the copyists in order, for example, to soften harsh sayings and to strengthen indecisive statements, that there are approximately 150,000 variations in the extant manuscripts of this part of the Bible.

Far more persons suffer from hemeralopia, the inability to see as well in the daylight as at night, than from nyctalopia, the inability to see after nightfall except under a strong artificial light.

Many families in Ireland were forced to live exclusively on potatoes in the past, being too poor to afford any other food. As a result, the monotony of diet produced a peculiar custom among these people. They would pretend to add a flavor to each mouthful by pointing their forks at a bottle on the table which contained a little salt, a piece of cheese or a preserved bit of meat, kept for the purpose. *By Claude Danton, St. Paul, Minn.*

An outstanding attraction of London's Imperial War Museum in the 1920's was a small kitchen cabinet from Le Cateau, France. For virtually four years during the first World War, a British soldier hid in this cupboard and was secretly fed and guarded by the woman of the house, which was overrun with Germans throughout the conflict. Thus, the Englishman had to stay in his cramped hiding place constantly, except for a few minutes late each night when it was safe for him to emerge, eat and stretch his legs. *By John Reynolds, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Europe's best-known fountain is *The Little Manikin*, a 21-inch bronze figure of a young boy that has stood in downtown Brussels since the fifteenth century. For having recovered his lost son, a grateful father erected the statue and had the boy depicted the way he was found—in the act of relieving himself which is the source of the fountain's running water. Over the years, celebrities including Louis XV and Napoleon have presented him with a number of medals, swords and other gifts, as well as about fifty fancy uniforms which he wears on various occasions. Among them are the full dress of a Belgian grenadier, a French chevalier, a Chinese Manchu and a British master of hounds. *By H. Zirkel, Jamaica, N. Y.*

The boldest swindler in the history of England was Whitaker Wright who, between 1889 and 1903, floated forty-two "gold-mining companies in Australia" and made millions of dollars. By inducing members of the nobility to become stockholders and directors and by duping them with faked financial statements, Wright built a vast and highly profitable empire on paper. When it collapsed, 91 percent of its $110,775,000 capitalization was found to be water. Upon being convicted of fraud and given a sentence of seven years, Wright swallowed cyanide of potassium and died before he could be removed from the courtroom.

On the morning of May 18, 1927, the new brick schoolhouse of Bath, Michigan, was destroyed by time bombs, killing thirty-seven of the pupils, or almost half of the young boys and girls in this little community. The bombs had been placed in the walls at night by Andrew Kehoe who, as the miserly treasurer of the school board, had long resented every educational expenditure and, therefore, had fanatically opposed the construction of the school, claiming he was being ruined by local taxes. Immediately after the explosion, while the air was still filled with smoke and the screams of the trapped and dying children, Kehoe drove up to the scene to add a climax to the fiendish job. Calling several of the rescuers over to his car, he set off another bomb and killed them as well as himself. Thus, within a few minutes, he caused the death of forty-four innocent individuals, none of whom had done anything to incur his hatred nor to be a victim of his vengeful crime, one of the most tragic mass murders in our history. *By Oscar Kalmus, Tulsa, Okla.*

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Gurkha

[Continued from page 23]

Reds to take him. Two Commies rushed him with leveled rifles. The youngster calmly stood up, pushed aside the rifle barrel of the nearest Communist and severed his arm with one swish of his kukri. He then slashed at the other Red, who ducked and fled screaming in terror.

The Gurkha comes from the sovereign, independent kingdom of Nepal. He is not a British subject. He fights with the British because of tradition, after first fighting against them over a century ago. That was a very costly war for an Army of 50,000 British soldiers with 100 cannon among them. They were almost wiped out by a small band of Gurkhas armed with nothing more deadly than bows and arrows and a few matchlocks.

Nepal has a population of 6 million and stretches for some 500 miles along the southern slopes of the Himalayas sandwiched between India and Tibet. It is barely 100 miles at its widest. A martial people in the nineteenth century, the Gurkhas began pushing down into the rich plains of India. That was a mistake because India at the time was the private preserve of the United Company of Merchants of England Trading to the East Indies—more commonly known as John Company.

The war which followed lasted for eighteen months. Of the six British generals concerned with it, one was killed, one was fired for incompetence and three were severely reprimanded. The sixth succeeded only through sheer luck—h had stumbled upon an unused mountain trail which enabled him to move his troops around and behind the Gurkhas and catch them with their defenses down.

Greater numbers and superior weapons finally forced the Nepal government to capitulate and a peace treaty was signed in 1816.

So impressed were the British with the fighting spirit of these mountaineers that they offered to enlist three divisions (subsequently increased to ten) to serve the British crown. The foreign exchange derived from family allotments and pensions (there are more than 50,000 pensioners on the registers today) has for more than a century been the mainstay for the whole economy of Nepal.

Unlike the Indian, who is dark-skinned with almost Caucasian features, the Gurkha is racially related to his Tibetan neighbors on the north. He has the same Mongoloid slit eyes, high cheek bones, flattened nose and golden-yellow skin. Even Gurkhali, his native tongue, has much in common with Tibetan.

Technically, not every man from the Kingdom of Nepal is a Gurkha. The term applies specifically to the martial clans, especially the Gurungs and Magars who supply eight out of ten of the recruits for the Brigade of Gurkhas. The others are the Thakurs, Chetris, Tamangs, Limbus, Rais, Sunwars and Newars. With the exception of the Newars, they all have one thing in common—a hereditary right to bear arms and engage in military service. All habitually carry the national weapon, the kukri. Every young Gurkha in Nepal is presented with one on his tenth birthday. He becomes so proficient with it by the time he grows up that he can lop off a man's head with a single stroke. Crossed kukris serve as the proud insignia for the Brigade of Gurkhas.

The Gurkha's religion is a curious blend of Hinduism from India and Buddhism from Tibet, with not too strict adherence to either. Mostly it affords him an opportunity to celebrate numerous festivals at which time he sings and dances and plays around the clock. Even in the deep depressing jungles of Malaya he seems to have an infinite capacity for enjoying himself. A group will gather in a circle to sing innumerable choruses of a lilting tune while one of them postures and leaps about in a native dance. Every chorus is punctuated with hooting, shouting and hand-clapping.

As far as food is concerned the Gurkha will eat almost anything except female goats and sheep. He loves curried rice and eats it twice daily with chicken or meat. But his favorite is fish.

Gambling is forbidden in Nepal probably because it is the Gurkha's one major vice. Once a year, however, this law is relaxed for five days during the Diwali Festival. Then everything stops and everyone gambles. Villages and towns are turned into casinos with rows upon rows of gambling booths.

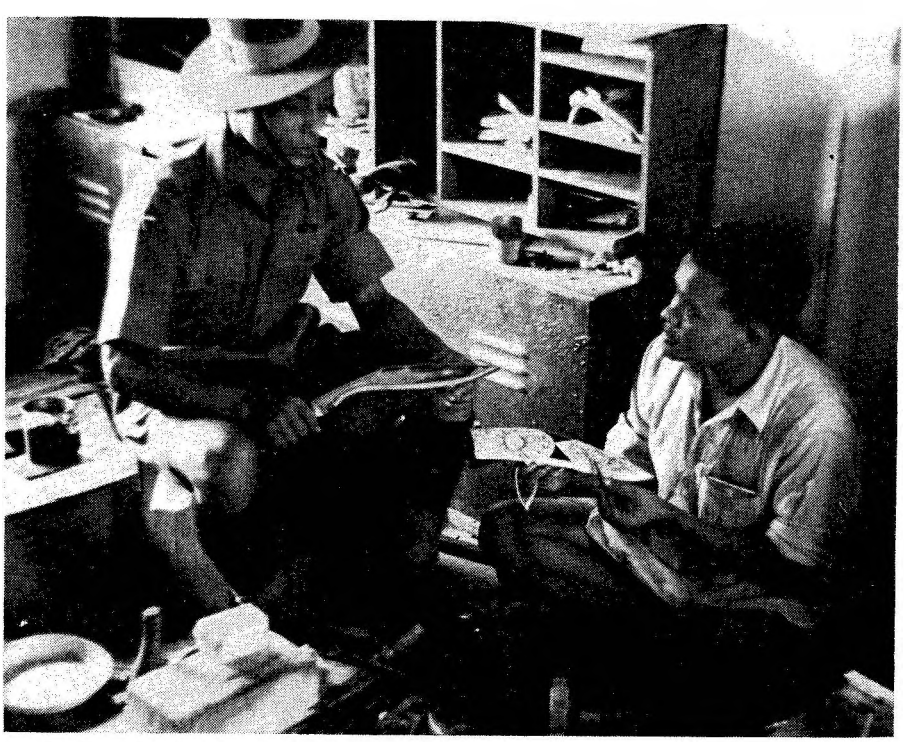
By nature the Gurkha is frank and cheerful with a sharp sense of humor inherited from his Mongolian ancestors. As a result he can enjoy an intimacy in his intercourse with westerners that is seldom achieved by other native peoples in the East. Of all the non-whites in the British Army the Gurkha is the only one who may freely enter any serviceman's canteen.

The Gurkha Brigade's first real test of loyalty to the British Crown came in 1857 when the Indian Army mutinied and for a time threatened to massacre every white man, woman and child in India. Although vastly outnumbered, the Gurkhas bravely stood by the British and helped suppress the mutiny.

In the dead of the winter of 1903-04 the Gurkhas marched with Colonel Younghusband on his famous military expedition to Lhasa. The trail was rough and the cold intense. The Tibetans resisted fanatically but they were no match for the Gurkhas. One battle was fought at the breath-taking altitude of over 19,000 feet above sea level—probably a record for an action by infantrymen.

In World War II, the Gurkhas won more Victoria Crosses than any other unit in the British Army. The Victoria Cross is Great Britain's equivalent to our Congressional Medal of Honor. The Japanese, too, learned to respect the Gurkha. Following their incredible successes in Southeast Asia, they began massing men in Burma for an invasion of India. By this time the Jap soldier had begun to be regarded as something of a superman who just couldn't be stopped. But Johnny Gurkha stopped him cold on the Burma-India border. And one soldier, Rifleman Bhangbaghta Gurung, did much of the stopping himself.

While the main body of the Japanese invasion Army was preparing for the general attack, a detachment was sent forward to occupy a key ridge dominating all possible approaches to the invasion route. Rifleman Bhangbaghta Gurung was in a lead platoon of an Allied probing patrol which was caught in an exposed position by the entrenched enemy. One of the Japs climbed a tree and began picking off the pinned-down Gurkhas. Rifleman Bhangbaghta Gurung finally



The Gurkha's best friend is his kukri, a 20-inch curved weapon that kills quickly.

spotted him. He stood up, engaged the Jap sharpshooter in a point-blank duel and drilled him. Then he dashed toward the nearest Jap machine gun nest killing two Japs with a grenade and decapitating the third with his kukri. Spotting a couple of foxholes he leaped directly into the enemy's fire and liquidated them.

Just ahead now was a big bunker from which machine guns were spraying bullets in all directions. Sprinting like a halfback the Gurkha rifleman gained the roof of the bunker and began dropping smoke grenades through the air slits. As the blinded, coughing Japs staggered out, he cut them down one by one with his kukri.

A single Jap stayed inside and continued to fire his gun. Bhangbaghta Gurung put his kukri between his teeth and crawled in after him. He sliced off his head.

But that was not the end. A platoon of Japs rallied and charged to regain the bunker. Rifleman Bhangbaghta Gurung waited until they were almost upon him then sliced them down with a machine gun.

For this astonishing one-man offensive he was awarded the Victoria Cross.

The year 1947 was a fateful one for the Gurkhas. Britain had decided to grant full independence to India and Pakistan. The Colonial Army of India was duly apportioned in accordance with their religious elements—Hindus went into the reorganized Indian regiments and Moslem troops were sent to Pakistan. The Gurkhas were the only military forces who could be relied upon to maintain order with strict impartiality. It was a job to do and they did it in the face of abuse from both sides.

As the date for the transfer of sovereignty approached, the Indian government decided they wanted to keep the Gurkhas. The British also wanted them and offered to take them into the Regular British Army. A compromise was eventually worked out whereby the British were permitted to take four of the ten Gurkha regiments composed entirely of select volunteers; the remaining six regiments went to India. Pakistan wasn't interested.

The four Gurkha regiments assigned to the British were shipped to Malaya, in 1948. Renamed the Brigade of Gurkhas, they became an integral part of the British Army.

At full strength the new Brigade of Gurkhas totals 11,400 men. Retirements, disabilities, and casualties require about 500 replacements yearly. Replacements come easy from a long list of eager candidates.

While major is the highest rank thus far achieved by a Gurkha, only his lack of formal education and broad experience keeps him from further advancement. To make this possible in the future, a Boys Training Company was established in April 1948. Its three-year course was designed to provide bright youngsters from the age of 15 with an education that would prepare at least some of them for entrance to Sandhurst, the British "West Point." The others are trained in specialized fields where pro-

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

BY JOHN LARDNER

HOCKEY'S UNLUCKY VILLAIN

Long before the role became popular in wrestling, Eddie Shore was a "villain." Enemy hockey crowds bayed with happy hatred each time he took the ice with the Boston Bruins. They yelled with rage when he bashed a home-town player. They shrieked with glee when the local boys knocked Shore to the boards in reply. They booed when he made his hypocritical appeal to the referee for justice. And when Eddie skated to the penalty box, with a frightful scowl on his face, they brought down the rafters. In 1928-29, he set a world record by serving 166 minutes (nearly three complete games, laid end to end) of atonement for crime.

"People ask me, 'Will Eddie ever kill a man?' " said Art Ross, his manager. "He sure looks it. But the truth is, he's more likely to be killed himself."

That was the best bet for years. In one amateur game—after Goldie Smith, the postmaster at Melville, Saskatchewan, saw him as a boy in Fort Qu'Appelle and tipped him to the Melville Millionaires—Shore received six broken teeth, a broken jaw and two black eyes. In the big league, Murray Patrick once broke his nose, "so I could feel it squash," said Shore. He had an ear sewed back on after a fight with Billy Coutu. By a count taken in mid-career, Eddie carried twenty scars, and needlework in the sum of 702 stitches—almost as many as it took Betsy Ross to sew the first flag.

Eddie was a virtuous villain who suffered more than he sinned, for his then topflight pay of $7,000. He disliked the sight of other people's blood. In private life, he lived clean, except for playing the saxophone. But many story lines on earth are framed beyond the character's control—and it was the fake menace's fate to come as close to killing another player as anyone ever has in big-time hockey.

It happened in 1933, in a Boston-Toronto game. Shore collided with the popular Ace Bailey. Bailey's head hit the ice with a sharp crack as he fell. Acting automatically, by tradition rather than thought, Toronto's Red Horner knocked Eddie cold with his stick, making a scalp wound three inches deep. But Shore recovered as usual—and was almost prostrated again by remorse when he heard Bailey was dying. Cops investigated. Affidavits were taken. The Ace's life hung by a thread and public feeling was sinister, for Shore, by the script, was a rogue and a thug. If Bailey had died, Shore never would have played again.

But he played for five more boisterous years—after a trepanning operation had saved Bailey. "We didn't see each other coming," said the Ace, when he could talk. "I wish we had," said Eddie. "If we had, I'd have slugged him—and nobody ever got hurt that way but Shore."

motion is more rapid than in the ranks.

With a few exceptions the boys in the BTC are sons of Gurkhas serving with the Brigade in Malaya. Some of the first graduates have already gone on to England. Others have joined the Brigade as technicians, radio operators and mechanics.

The Gurkha's basic pay is fairly good with a cost-of-living bonus for Malaya that enables him to support himself and family decently and enjoy quite a few minor luxuries.

After every three years of service he goes back to Nepal on six months leave. Usually he marries a childhood sweetheart and brings her back with him. He is allotted family quarters in Malaya and is permitted to visit his family every fourth weekend. The quarters are clean and reasonably comfortable and usually furnished with such modern luxuries as radios, sewing machines and phonographs. The wives wear the wealth of the family on their persons mainly in the form of large gold earrings, bracelets, anklets, nose rings and necklaces or various native designs.

The Gurkhas are great family men. They are kind and considerate to their wives and proud of their children. There is a strenuous rivalry, I was told, between the various communities to see which can produce the most babies. There are always healthy youngsters dashing about and the maternity ward is the busiest place in the community.

Incidentally, by Napalese custom, a Gurkha may have two wives, especially if his first wife does not bear him a son. The British authorities, however, will permit him to bring only one wife to live with him in Malaya. She usually is the younger one.

There has never been a case of adultery involving a Gurkha wife in Malaya. Custom decrees that the husband of an unfaithful wife is expected to cut down her lover with his kukri. The seducer, however, may yet save his life by passing under the lifted leg of the husband who will spit upon him as he does so. Even the worst Gurkha alive would prefer death than so degrade himself.

This is a word picture of the Gurkha I met, thanks to Major General L. E. Perowne, the new commander of the Brigade of Gurkhas. It was he who invited me to go up-country and see them. I was delighted to take him up on the offer.

My guide was Major Jimmy Roberts and the first stop we made was Gurkha headquarters in Johore.

"We'll only stop briefly at headquarters," said Major Roberts, "then we'll go on to D Company of the Second Gurkha Rifles. You'll want to stay a few days with them before moving on. D Company, you know, is the most decorated outfit in the whole British Army."

It was late afternoon by the time we reached D Company. Jimmy Roberts had to get back to Headquarters before dark so he turned me over to Major Douglas Carter and hopped back into his Jeep. Major Douglas Carter is a blond, 6½ footer. It was steaming hot and an orderly brought some *shandies* (beer with lemon pop) and we settled back in squeaking wicker chairs for a talk. I asked him to tell me the story about Subadar Lalbahadur Thapa, a rifleman in their unit who had won a Victoria Cross in World War II. Major Carter was happy to oblige. He spoke with obvious pride of Lalbahadur's accomplishments.

In the spring of 1943 the Allies drew up a master plan designed to effect a link-up between British and American forces in North Africa and squeeze Rommel between them. The success of this plan depended largely upon the capture of a fortified pinnacle overlooking an open plain across which the main body of the British forces had to pass.

Gurkhas were assigned to storm the peak before dawn, the hour set for the general attack. Subadar Lalbahadur Thapa took command of two sections and led them forward toward the main feature on the outer ridge, in order to break through and secure the one and only passage by which the vital commanding feature could be seized to cover the penetration of the Division into the hills.

First contact with the enemy was made at the foot of a pathway winding up a narrow cleft. This steep cleft was thickly studded with a series of enemy posts, one of which contained an anti-tank gun and the remainder medium machine guns. The garrison of the outer posts were all killed by Subadar Lalbahadur Thapa and his men by kukri or bayonet in the first rush, and the enemy then opened very heavy fire straight down the narrow enclosed pathway and steep arena sides.

"Subadar Lalbahadur Thapa led his men on and fought his way up to the narrow gully straight through the enemy's fire, with little room to maneuver, in the face of intense and sustained machine gun concentrations and the liberal use of grenades by the enemy.

"The next machine gun posts were dealt with. Subadar Lalbahadur Thapa personally killing two men with his kukri and two more with his revolver. He continued to fight his way up the narrow bullet-swept approaches to the crest, and with two riflemen managed to reach the top. There, Subadar Lalbahadur Thapa killed two more men with his kukri, the riflemen killed two more and the rest fled. Subadar Lalbahadur Thapa then secured the whole feature and covered his company's advance up the defile. His heroism and ruthless determination had a decisive effect on the success of the entire North African campaign.

"Come on, let's take a look around before supper," said Major Carter. The Gurkhas had eaten already—they eat twice daily, mid-morning and late afternoon, with in-between snacks. They were now stripped to their shorts and tennis shoes and were playing basketball, volleyball, paddle tennis and badminton—their favorite sports. They may not have been the best athletes I've seen, but they seemed to be enjoying themselves.

"You'd hardly believe it," said the major, "but that bunch playing basketball came in at noon today after eight days slogging through the jungle on patrol. A shower, a hot meal, and there they are as if they'd never left camp."

I remembered the vague disappoint-

"Evidently burglars broke in yesterday—I haven't bothered to get the story yet. . . ."

ment I'd felt when I saw my first Gurkhas earlier that day. I had heard so much of their almost superhuman exploits that somehow I had pictured them as physical giants with barrel chests, gorilla arms and naked kukris in their belts. They were, indeed, not much more than 5-footers, actually undersized by western standards, slim and wiry, with bandy legs and exceptionally small feet. But they looked hard as steel.

I was surprised to note the Gurkha's extraordinary aptitude for learning how to repair an engine, operate a short wave radio, or even in taking his machine gun apart and putting it together again. He receives no education whatsoever in his homeland.

We had scarcely finished our supper when a Gurkha officer appeared. He was a stocky, powerfully built man with a squared face and an infectious smile.

"This is Ganesh," said the major. "Jemedar (Lieutenant) Ganesh Gurung, who has come to extend a personal invitation to join him and his comrades after supper."

I rose, shook hands and accepted the invitation. Ganesh saluted and left.

It gets dark quickly in the tropics. There is almost no twilight. The sun dips down behind the trees and there it is. A sergeant led me across the moonlit badminton and basketball courts to a mess tent which was already crowded with Gurkhas. Ganesh met me at the doorway. He was dressed neatly in a white shirt, necktie and dark slacks. His face was split with a warm grin. "Welcome," he said. "We're very happy to have you with us."

When I spoke I did so very slowly and deliberately, enunciating every syllable clearly and distinctly. They were delighted, for even those who had a very limited knowledge of English were at least able to follow me.

An attendant came in with a case of beer and a few bottles of rum. The beer was made in Singapore and sold to them at the special price of about 22 cents a quart. The rum was imported duty-free from British Jamaica and cost the equivalent of about $1.40 a bottle.

As the beer and rum flowed, I turned to Ganesh and said, "I'm told you won the Military Cross not so long ago. May I hear about it?"

Ganesh blushed; he was too embarrassed to talk. His friends, however, spoke up for him in halting English, surprising even themselves at how much vocabulary they commanded. The story as I pieced it together was a hair-raiser. It gave me increased respect for this mild-mannered little fellow sitting beside me and for all of his Gurkha comrades in Malaya.

Ganesh was leading a routine patrol of eight riflemen through the jungles not far from this camp. (The Gurkhas spend about two-thirds of their time on these jungle patrols—often staying out as much as a week or more at a time.) The unit stumbled upon what looked like a fairly fresh trail and Ganesh ordered his men to spread out. He crept forward with a couple of riflemen to investigate.

Presently, he heard a muffled cough.

A few yards further and he spied a Red sentry crouched in a thicket. The sentry must have seen him at almost the same time. But before he could raise his Tommy gun to fire, Ganesh seized a rifle from the man beside him and drilled the Commie through the head with his first round.

At the sound of the shot another Communist popped up a dozen yards to the right. Ganesh dropped him with a second shot. Suddenly a machine gun opened up on him. Bullets passed between his legs wounding one of his men. Unable to locate the Bren gun, Ganesh moved to the left and killed a third Communist firing from behind a tree. Then, spotting part of the machine gun shooting from a tree-crotch, Ganesh stood up, took deliberate aim, and smacked its magazine with his fourth bullet. As the machine gunner took to his heels, he dropped him with the fifth and last round in his rifle.

The air was now literally filled with bullets. Ignoring them, Ganesh tossed the empty rifle aside and began throwing grenades. By this time the rest of his men had come up and Ganesh yelled, "Charge!"

As the Gurkhas rushed forward, the Reds broke cover and fled. Several more were hit but escaped with their comrades in the dense jungle.

From the guns, rations and equipment abandoned by the enemy it was officially estimated that there were not less than thirty-nine Communists in the gang. Four of them lay victim to Ganesh's sharpshooting. Trails of blood indicated that at least four more had been hit by his comrades.

As his Gurkha buddies told the story, Ganesh looked sheepish. When they had finished he took the initiative.

"I don't know why they should think what I did was so much. Take Kehersing Thapa over there, for example." He pointed to a chunky youngster who hadn't said a word thus far. "He's been awarded the Military Medal for an action of which all of us are proud."

Kehersing, it seems, was the lead scout of an eight-man patrol which spotted a faint track in the jungle. The jungle in Malaya is so dense in places that it is often impossible to see a standing man a dozen yards away. Advancing cautiously, Kehersing suddenly came face to face with a column of some forty Communists stealthily Indian-filing down the trail from the opposite direction.

The enemy immediately took cover

Major Carter leads Gurkha D Company, most decorated unit in British Army.

and opened fire. With bullets whipping all about him, Kehersing charged forward firing his Sten gun from the hip. He killed the two leading Communists at five yards and drove ahead to kill two more just behind. Panic-stricken, the Communists jumped from cover and fled in disorder leaving trails of blood. They also left behind fourteen rifles and 1,450 rounds of ammunition, as well as a miscellany of equipment and documents.

Only when the beer and rum began to take effect did the stories taper off. The Gurkhas began to sing some of their native songs—mostly haunting ballads about love and home. In turn, I sang some of Stephen Foster's spirituals; and having good musical ears, they quickly caught the melody and joined in.

It was almost midnight before we broke up.

In the days that followed I watched them at their daily tasks. They repaired their kits, washed clothes, played checkers and tiddlywinks or sometimes sat by the hour cleaning and polishing their weapons which they seemed almost to worship. At night, each man carried his weapon to bed with him.

I noticed that when they showered they wore their undershorts. Major Carter explained that the Gurkha is by nature very modest.

I also went out on a number of jungle patrols in Malaya. "Operation Decoy" I called them. You walk for miles and miles with your heart in your mouth and all your senses keyed. Usually the first you know of the presence of the enemy is when you're fired upon from ambush. Then everything happens at once—and quickly. Rarely will the Communist stand and fight it out, unless he is cornered or knows the odds are overwhelmingly in his favor.

You know, too, that quite often the enemy might be lurking in a clump of brush or in a tree-top just a matter of yards from you as you pass by. Unless you are following a specific trail and want to maintain silence, you spray "prophylactic" fire at any suspicious movement.

In a sense, perhaps, I was very fortunate not to meet any Communists on the patrols I accompanied. The jungle is no place for a 200-pounder where a split-second may mean the difference between life and death. I am reasonably fast on my feet for my size. But it isn't good enough for the kind of stalking man-hunt war being fought in the jungles of Malaya today.

I leave it to the Gurkha to fight that kind of war. They know how to handle the enemy. It's good to have them on our side.—**Harrison Forman**

Don't Ruin That Gun

[*Continued from page* 25]

The most important thing to do in caring for guns is to prevent them from rusting. A recent discovery, made by Monsanto for the Shell Oil Company, gives us something that is in many cases more useful than oil or grease. It is called VPI, meaning vapor-phase inhibitor. The chemical that provides the vapor is dicyclohexylammonium nitrate. Call it dichan for short.

It is most commonly applied by impregnating paper with it and then enclosing the gun—or anything else made of steel—in a wrapping or envelope of the impregnated paper. The chemical vaporizes very slowly and as it does it deposits an invisible film on the metal that is as effective as oil or grease in preventing rust.

Both the Army and the Navy are using dichan and so are such large manufacturers as General Motors. It can be had in sheets, strips and many sizes of envelopes, including envelopes designed to hold pistols, rifles and shotguns. Formerly Springfield Arsenal shipped service rifles thoroughly coated inside and out with Cosmoline, a commercial grade of Vaseline with a percentage of lanolin added. It is ever so sticky. The GI who received the rifle spent hours getting the Cosmoline off so the rifle could be used. Today the arsenal ships small arms wrapped in paper impregnated with dichan. The rifle is ready to fire as soon as it is unwrapped.

The impregnated paper is just as useful to the man with a basement hobby shop as it is to the gun crank. A sheet of paper covering the bottom of a drawer will protect tools or parts made of steel provided the drawer is not more than twelve inches deep. A tube of the paper rolled and stuck in one of those glass jars used to hold screws, nuts or other small parts, will prevent rust. Whether the protection lasts for months or years depends on how often the container is opened and to some extent on the temperature. At 140 degrees the paper gives off the vapor rapidly.

One of the great advantages of the vapor is that it penetrates to every part of a mechanism or to every small hole in an elaborate toolroom fixture. Another advantage is that you do not have to degrease the gun or the tool when you wish to use it. This is even more important industrially than it is to the individual. General Motors Electro-Motive Division formerly shipped small parts

heavily greased in wooden boxes, which were necessary because a paper carton would absorb grease and quickly deteriorate. VPI has no deteriorating effect. As a result a part that formerly required a wooden box costing $3.40 is now shipped in a paper carton costing 87 cents. The shipping cost is less, the protection is better, and the customer, having no degreasing to do, is happier.

Degreasing can be expensive. The maker of an electric razor regularly closes his plant for two weeks every summer to give his employees a vacation. Formerly all the parts ready for assembly were coated with grease so they would not rust during the two-week period. When the plant went back into production the employees spent a couple of days at full wages degreasing the parts. Now the parts are put in tote boxes lined with VPI paper cut large enough so it folds over the top of the box. When the factory starts up again the parts are rust-free and ready, with no degreasing.

There are things that VPI will not do. Anyone who handles steel with sweaty hands will rust the steel unless he wipes off the sweat at frequent intervals. Sweat, being salty, is extremely corrosive. Moreover some people have what I heard a German gunsmith call "poison hands." Such people, through no fault of their own, rust any piece of steel they touch. Poison hands are apparently more common among people from the Mediterranean region of Europe than among people from northern countries. A toolmaker who has poison hands gets fired because the toolroom cannot afford to have fine tools rusted. Some people have poison hands only part of the time. Thus the electric-razor company discovered that women assemblers who did not ordinarily have poison hands had the condition when they were pregnant or when they were menstruating.

If you handle a gun with sweaty hands on a warm day and then put it in a VPI envelope, it will rust. In fact the rust has already started. The thing to do is wipe the gun off, maybe several times in the course of a long day in hunting or on the skeet field, before putting it in a VPI envelope.

The old method of protecting steel with oil or grease is still needed because a gun cannot always be inside a VPI envelope. There are a variety of oils and greases on the market that will protect the steel parts of a gun provided they are acid free and that they are present. Any of them can be rubbed off by handling, in which case the protection is gone. Ordinary kerosene is acid enough to cause rust and so are some motor oils. The white mineral oil sold in drugstores as a laxative has been bleached and is largely acid free. But is too light for most purposes. It runs, leaving one place bare while another has more than it needs. A homemade grease that serves well is made of Vaseline with up to 50 percent of anhydrous lanolin added. Lanolin is fat from the wool of sheep. However, it must be freed of water as the anhydrous kind is. Any of the greases sold under the names of the arms companies are good. A favorite grease is known as Rig. It is good for protecting the bore of a rifle but like any grease it must be wiped out before the rifle can be safely fired.

Gun stores sell pads made of sheepskin with the wool on and oiled for wiping off guns. Such a pad, or a piece of chamois skin, or a cotton flannel cloth, well impregnated with Rig, is most useful. It should be kept in a wide-mouth glass jar with a screw top when not in use, else it will pick up dirt, sand or filings. A gun should be wiped off with the oiled sheepskin or cloth every time it is handled.

Cloths impregnated with a silicon are sold for the purpose of wiping guns to keep them rust free. They are good but any oil or grease that is present on the surface must be removed before using such a cloth, according to the makers of the cloth. It is common to use carbon tetrachloride, or cleaning fluids containing it, for degreasing. Unfortunately, carbon tet leaves a corrosive film on steel. Toluol, sometimes called toluolene, can be had at most drugstores and is a safer solvent for use in degreasing.

No matter what method of protecting a gun you use, it is still necessary to clean the bore. Modern primer mixtures are noncorrosive and so is the residue of smokeless powder. The bullets of .22 rimfire rifles are usually coated with grease or wax. Under normal conditions the bore of a .22 rifle need not be cleaned immediately after firing. The grease from the bullets will protect the bore for some time. The same is *not* true of rifles using metal-jacketed bullets, which have no lubricant. Such rifles need to be cleaned and oiled or greased inside within a few hours after firing.

However, a rifle firing greased lead bullets may pick up lead. Tiny bits of lead on the lands deform bullets so they do not fly true. It is necessary to get the lead out in order to restore the accuracy of the rifle. And lead sticking to the inside of the barrel may result in rust under the lead.

Ordinarily the lead can be scrubbed out with a brush. In more severe cases it is necessary to use mercury. This can be had at any drugstore in the form of Blue Ointment, which is about one third mercury. Coat the bore heavily with the ointment and leave it overnight, or longer. The mercury and the lead will form an amalgam that is easily wiped out. Or, if not, the process may be repeated.

In the days when bullets for high-velocity rifles were jacketed with cupronickel, target shots had a great deal of trouble with metal fouling. After thirty or forty rounds small lumps of cupronickel were deposited on the lands, and sometimes in a rilling groove, near the muzzle. These lumps mutilated bullets and destroyed accuracy. It was necessary to dissolve them in order to remove them. The standard formula for the solvent was as follows:

Ammonium persulphate .....1 ounce
Ammonia carbonate .....200 grains
Cold water .....1 ounces
Stronger ammonia .....6 ounces

You put a rubber cork in the breech end of the barrel and slipped a rubber

tube several inches long over the muzzle. Then, with the rifle standing upright, you poured the mixture into the barrel until it rose above the muzzle. You let the solution remain in the barrel for fifteen or twenty minutes and then poured it out of the muzzle. You kept the muzzle down while you pushed the cork out of the breech so none of the solution got into the action of the rifle. You ran a dry patch through the bore to get rid of any remaining ammonia. You swabbed the bore with patches wet with water. Finally you dried and greased the bore. The process took half an hour.

The late Harry Pope believed that stronger ammonia alone was just as effective as the standard solution. He got this notion when, riding a high-wheel bicycle to work, he was bothered by a large dog that ran out and nipped at him. Pope filled a small oil can with ammonia and carried it in his pocket. The ammonia discouraged the dog to the point where it ran under a porch when it saw Pope coming. It also dissolved enough of the copper and nickel of the oil can so it leaked.

Now that bullets are jacketed with copper, or an alloy of copper and zinc, metal fouling is rare. It does sometimes occur in rifles of unusually high velocity. If the fouling resists brass brushes there is nothing to do but make up the standard formula or use stronger ammonia.

Cleaning a rifle requires a proper rod. A brass or wooden rod is not satisfactory. Either bends easily and, being soft, picks up abrasives. The proper material is steel. The best commercial rods I have seen are those made by Belding and Mull of Philipsburg, Pennsylvania. These are made in one piece or jointed. The one-piece rods are best for home use and the jointed ones for use in the field. The one-piece rods have a revolving handle and screw on tips. The tip regularly used has a sharp tit on which to center and hold the cleaning patch.

I prefer the rods of the kind Harry Pope used to make for himself and his customers. These are made of one piece of drill rod three and a half feet long or even longer with no handle. There is no need for a revolving handle on a cleaning rod, or any handle that increases the diameter of the rod and thus interferes with a high-comb stock. Pope's rods had no screw-on tips to screw off in swabbing the bore. They had no tit either since he habitually used absorbent cotton rather than a cloth patch. He said the cotton was more absorbent than any cloth. However, it is quite a trick to mold a bit of cotton on the tip of a cleaning rod so it won't fall off while you are putting the rod through the receiver part of a bolt-action rifle. I prefer to use cloth patches on a rod with a tit.

The cloth for patches must be new and strong else the rod will punch a hole through it and you're in trouble. Cotton flannel, preferably the kind with a nap on both sides, is the best material I know of. This has so much sizing in it that it is almost waterproof. It must be laundered to make it absorbent. It is much simpler to use the cut patches sold in gun stores than it is to cut patches of the proper size from a yard of cotton flannel.

Given the right tools, cleaning a rifle is quick and easy. At home I put the rifle barrel in a vise with sole-leather clamps that protect the metal from steel vise jaws, and support the butt on a swinging wooden arm covered with leather. Away from home I put the rifle on a table or bench. Wanting either, I put the muzzle on a clean bit of board.

I saturate the first patch with Hoppe's No. 9 powder solvent. I follow by swabbing the bore with four or five clean patches. Finally, I saturate a patch with Rig and work it back and forth in the bore—not forgetting to wipe the muzzle.

It is sometimes necessary to use a brush of brass or bronze wire followed by clean patches. The best wire brushes I have seen are those made by Parker-Hale in Birmingham, England, and sold in this country. A Parker-Hale brush of drooped bronze wire, meaning one with the bristles slanting backward, will take out anything that a brush will take out. The screw threads of the Parker-Hale brushes do not fit the threads of our cleaning rods although an adapter may be had. I do not bother with the adapter since the drooped-wire brush cannot be worked back and forth. I insert the tit of the cleaning rod in the threaded hole of the brush and push it through.

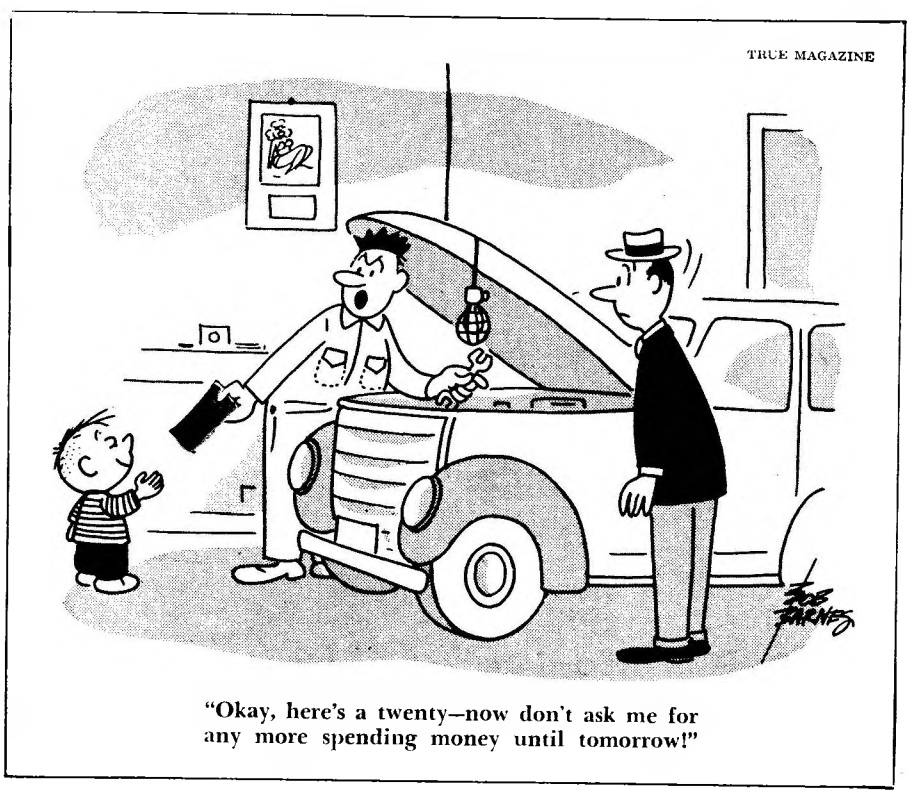
A revolver requires more cleaning than a rifle since there are commonly six chambers. In cleaning the cylinder, hold it in your hand so as not to put any strain on the hinge and remember to wipe off the recoil plate.

Rifles that must be cleaned from the muzzle may require some special precautions. If the cleaning rod wears the muzzle it will at best change the sighting. A brass cap with a hole through it slightly smaller than the bore will protect the muzzle. Colonel Townsend Whelen suggests that a cartridge case, filled with a wood dowel, should be inserted in the breech to protect the firing pin and breech bolt from injury and to prevent pushing powder fouling down into the action. It is just as possible to enlarge the chamber of a rifle by constant and perhaps too energetic cleaning from the breech as it is to enlarge the muzzle. Some dealers supply a guide for use in bolt-action target rifles that protects the chamber from the cleaning rod. In any case a cleaning rod should be so handled that it does not rub the bore.

Shotguns, being smooth bored, are easier to clean than rifles. Many shooters, including this one, leave shotguns uncleaned during the hunting season. This is not as careless as it sounds. If the bore is cleaned it must be oiled and the first shot from an oily barrel is likely to spoil the shot pattern. I have yet to see a shotgun bore injured by being left uncleaned for two or three weeks. However, shotgun bores commonly collect some lead, which shows in long streaks. This lead may affect the shot pattern and there is some chance that moisture will collect under the lead and cause rust. There are several cleaners that will take out lead. One of the oldest, sold everywhere in this country, is the Tomlinson. This consists of two pads made of woven brass wire and pushed outward by flat steel springs.

Shotgun rods, being much smaller than the bore of a gun, may be of wood, brass or aluminum. I have a three-joint wooden rod that has stayed sufficiently straight for twenty-five years. Parker-Hale makes a particularly desirable two-joint shotgun rod of metal covered with plastic and fitted with a horn tip to hold the cloth patch.

The mechanisms of guns are likely to have too much rather than too little oil. Some grease is squeezed off a greased



"Okay, here's a twenty—now don't ask me for any more spending money until tomorrow!"

patch when oiling the bore and gets down into the working parts. When it is necessary to oil the mechanism of a gun it should be done by the drop rather than by half a teaspoonful. In a very cold region all the oil in a gun's mechanism must be throughly cleaned off else it may congeal enough to prevent the gun from functioning. Thus congealed oil on a firing pin may prevent it from striking the primer hard enough to fire the cartridge. Army Ordnance is said to have developed an oil that will not congeal at temperatures of 40 or 50 degrees below zero but it is not available to civilians. Finely powdered graphite will serve the purpose. You can buy it in most 5- and 10-cent stores in a handy plastic container which will squirt graphite when squeezed.

Guns are commonly stored, whether in gun cabinets, racks, or in a corner, butt down. This means that any excess oil in the barrel tends to run down where the metal parts join the wood. Oil is not good for walnut. It is better to stand the gun muzzle down. My own gun rack, which consists of wooden pins in a wooden wall, holds guns horizontally with the muzzles slightly lower than the actions.

Gun cases are necessary for traveling. A strong wooden box in which the gun is fitted so it cannot move is the best protection for a gun in a car or in the baggage compartment of a plane. But such a box is both expensive and heavy. The next best thing is a case of sole leather. This is also expensive. Cases made of sheepskin with the wool on the inside are popular and protect a gun from scratches. The Schoellkopf Company of Dallas make cases lined with duPont fabric pile, which resembles fur, and treated with something they call "Antirustoleum."

It is a sound idea to take a gun out of its case as soon as you get where you are going. Many gun cases absorb moisture and some of them give off acid. If a gun that is warm from firing or the heat of the day is put away in a case, it will sweat as soon as the temperature falls. In cold regions guns are regularly kept outdoors on a hunting trip because they will sweat not only on the outside but throughout the mechanism when brought into a warm room. The result is rust.

Light rust on a blued barrel can be taken off with fine steel wool, often without showing any visible sign that the rust was ever there. Rust on polished steel can be taken off with a motor-driven wire wheel provided the wires are both fine and soft. I have found German-silver wire better than anything else. There are some chemical rust removers on the market. The Cities Service gas stations sell a rust remover that is far better than kerosene. But it cannot be used to take a rust spot off a blued barrel —it will take the blueing off.

I cannot advise anyone not a skilled mechanic with a knowledge of guns to do any metal work on guns. But one thing a novice can do is restore the blueing on a small part such as a pin or a screw. This can be done with one of the chemicals sold for the purpose, such as Magic Bluer. Gunsmiths usually heat-blue small parts. The part is held with pliers or tongs in a gas flame until it turns blue, which is after it turns yellow and brown—and then dipped in linseed oil. Re-blueing a barrel or a whole gun requires polishing equipment, the proper chemicals, tanks and gas burners, a job best done by a gunsmith.

Though the big problem in caring for guns is to keep the steel parts free from rust, the wood of a stock may require attention. There is no known way to prevent wood from absorbing moisture and swelling when the humidity is high, or shrinking when the air is dry. A steel buttplate that was well fitted when the gun came from the maker will be too short in a humid summer and too long if the piece is kept in a steam-heated house during the winter.

The novice can do little about this except hope that the wood of a rifle stock will not swell or warp so it affects the accuracy of the rifle. When a stock does warp so it affects accuracy a skilled stock maker can re-bed the barrel.

Splits in gun stocks can sometimes be restored by spreading the split enough to get glue in and then clamping. The tighter the clamp the better the joint. Other breaks can sometimes be remedied by putting a screw in the right place. The screw head should be covered. If the screw head is countersunk an eighth of an inch or so an inlay can be put in over it. Or, with sufficient care, it is occasionally possible to lift up a thin sliver of wood with a chisel, put the screw in and glue the silver back.

Tests made by the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, suggest that impregnating wood with linseed oil makes it absorb water more easily than untreated wood. A gun stock can be finished with carnauba wax to equal anything called London oil finish. But it takes a lot of rubbing. Many stockers are using GB Lin-Speed Oil, distributed by E. C. Bishop and Son of Warsaw, Mo.

It is quite possible for a man of no experience to refinish a stock with Lin-Speed and get first-rate results. The first step is to take off all the old finish with one of the paste-type varnish removers. The stock should then be "whiskered." This means sanding the stock with the finest sandpaper, wetting the wood, heating it to dry it, and sandpapering the resulting whiskers off. The process may be repeated several times. After that, follow the directions on the bottle. In dry weather a good finish can be had in ten days or so. In humid weather it may take six weeks.

The care of guns should begin at the beginning. I mean it should begin *before* anything happens that you have to apologize for. In the future I'm going to store guns not in active use in VPI envelopes. I am going to fit VPI paper to the bottom of every tool drawer. And I am going to wipe off any gun that I, or anyone else, has handled—first with a dry cotton flannel cloth and afterward with an oiled sheepskin pad or chamois skin. All the necessary materials are for sale at any gun store, except the VPI paper and envelopes. These may be had from the Westwill Company, Westport, Connecticut, or from the Orchard Paper Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

—Lucian Cary

Man on Devils Tower!

[*Continued from page* 17]

for a few minutes, worrying his head off. Whether the chutist had landed on top of the Tower by design or incredible accident was a question, but there was no time for questions now—the man was there, it was no place for a man to be, and something would have to be done.

Through Joyner's mind flashed a succession of visions—the chutist attempting to come down with the aid of his own chute, of his being somehow lifted free of the Tower by aircraft (at once dismissed as impossible), of descending monkey-like by himself (also impossible) or of being rescued by mountain climbers. This last seemed the most likely solution, but it certainly would be no cinch. The Tower had been climbed only twice, and then by the most skilled of climbers, and with great difficulty. Although a local rancher had got up it in 1893 by constructing a ladder over a period of time, the first actual mountaineering ascent had been in 1937 and the second in 1938.

Both of these, Joyner had watched closely. The climb up the sheer face was entirely acrobatic, the Alpinist's term for going up a perpendicular surface by using the most precarious toe and finger holds, complicated body braces, elbows and shoulders jammed into crevices, and the like. The difficulties were compounded by the distinctive and peculiar vertical rock formation of the Tower, which in this respect resembles a bunch of asparagus as much as anything else, the cracks all running up and down instead of along horizontal ledges.

Since there was nothing he could do at the moment, Joyner drove back to his office at headquarters, where his mounting hunch that this was some kind of stunt was at once confirmed. A number of persons were waiting for him there. These were some newspapermen (whom he didn't recognize as such, although before long he was to comb scores of them out of his hair every hour on the hour), the manager of the Rapid City, South Dakota, radio station, a couple of photographers, and several men who were introduced to him as members of the Rapid City Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Earl Brockelsby, owner of the Black Hills Reptile Gardens, a major tourist attraction in Rapid City, whom Joyner knew, acted as spokesman for the group. The jump, Joyner learned, was a daredevil publicity stunt. The jumper's name was George Hopkins. His purpose was to draw attention, and attendance, to an attempt he would make to break the world's record for number of parachute jumps in one day at the Rapid City airport a week from the following Sunday.

Although no park service regulation had been broken since, there was nothing that said a person couldn't enter the Monument grounds by parachute, Joyner was furious. His ten years at the Tower had been placid and pleasant ones. Now he was up against something that might be of considerable moment, a major responsibility, a possible tragedy, voluminous reports to Washington, and all the rest of it.

"All right," he said, glaring at Brockelsby. "I guess we'll have to be realistic about it. The man's up there. You've put that one over on me. Now, how does he get down?"

"There's nothing to that," Brockelsby said confidently. "It's all arranged, everything in apple pie order. He'll be in this office," he said, "before noon. More than likely in a couple of hours."

"How?" Joyner asked evenly.

"We're dropping him a rope so he can slide down."

Joyner closed his eyes and groaned. "Tell me all about it. Don't leave anything out. Go ahead."

So Brockelsby told him.

To start at the beginning, Hopkins was no amateur jumper. He then held the U.S. record for total number of jumps by one person, 2,347, the world record for the longest delayed jump, 20,800 feet, and the U.S. record for jumping from the greatest height, 26,400 feet. Although he was only 29 years old he had been a parachute instructor in the RAF, had assisted, as a pilot, at the Dunkirk evacuation, had demonstrated paratrooper technique to Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers, and had done a lot of stunt jumping in Hollywood.

He had selected the Black Hills for his new record attempt because of the altitude and other atmospheric conditions, as against his native Texas.

The stunt of publicizing the show by the descent to the top of the Tower had been George's own idea. All concerned at first turned thumbs down on this, for small local aircraft had been flown around and over the Tower many times and the pilots had reported that the blasting winds and updraft made flying near it perilous enough to say nothing—when asked now—of a parachutist trying to land on it. And should George miss, it was agreed, he certainly would be dashed against the side of the shaft, with a slim chance of avoiding serious injury or death.

Nevertheless, and in spite of his weight being only 115 pounds, which added to the hazard, George insisted he could make it without trouble and could come down by means of a rope to be dropped to him after he had landed. So preparations went forward. A thousand feet of half-inch Manila rope tightly coiled in its original burlap package, a single-reel hayloft pulley, an automobile axle sharpened at one end and a heavy iron sledge for driving it into the ground, were made ready to be dropped.

Now, with the jump successfully made, the plane was due back any minute to drop this equipment.

Joyner took a deep breath. "Has he ever done anything like this before?" he asked.

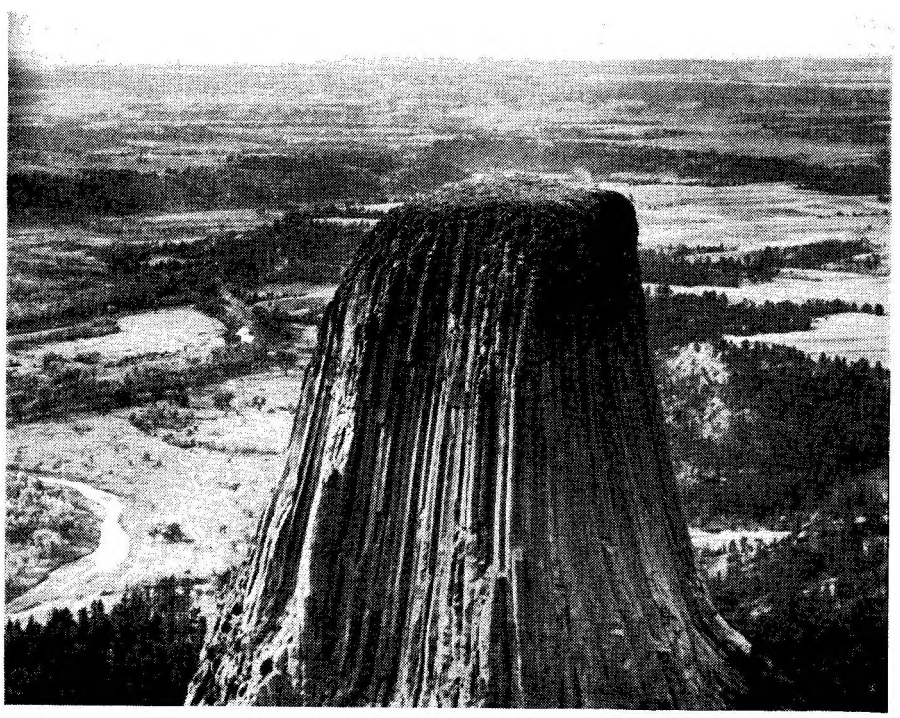
"No," Brockelsby said.

"Well . . . let's go out and wait for the plane."

In about half an hour the plane came over and made the drop. George gave a victory symbol and the pilot, dipping his wings in salute, flew back to Rapid City.

George disappeared and those on the ground waited for his reappearance. They waited a long time. When finally he came to the rim he managed by shouts and indistinct words and pantomime to indicate that something was wrong. Presently he dropped a heavily weighted note explaining that the bundle of rope had bounced a couple of times then had come to rest on a ledge that he couldn't possibly reach.

They all hurried back to the office and from there Brockelsby phoned the Rapid City airport to tell the pilot to pick up another thousand feet of rope and drop it at once. But the pilot had landed and left the field and several calls failed to



Devils Tower—first (1906) and most isolated of United States National Monuments.

locate him. Nobody else was available. With time slipping past, and a dark storm now moving in from the West, Brockelsby phoned a veteran pilot, Clyde Ice, in Spearfish, South Dakota. Ice had refused to drop George in the first place because he was sure the chutist couldn't make it, but now he readily agreed to do what he could to help.

In the late afternoon, Ice dropped another rope which had been unwound and formed into loose loops so it would stay put when it hit. It stayed put, all right, but during its brief journey through the now increasingly violent winds it became so hopelessly snarled that George couldn't even begin to untangle it. He dropped a note explaining the situation—and it was clear, then, that he would have to spend the night on the Tower. The pilot as quickly as possible made another drop, this one consisting of five blankets, food, water, and some cigarettes, with a note telling George to sit tight until tomorrow. Scarcely had Ice returned with a report that there was both sleet and rain and a blasting wind above the Tower when the storm closed in and the upper part of the shaft was lost to sight.

As for George, he made himself as comfortable as he could. At first he tried to fashion a sort of bed with his blankets, using large stones to keep them from being blown away. But when the storm really came in, powerfully sweeping the small top of the Tower, upon which there was no natural protection at all, he all but lost them and had to roll up in them, in a tight ball. Cold rain, terrifically driven, soon soaked the blankets and the thin white coveralls he was wearing. Shivering through the night, he finally dozed off toward dawn.

It wasn't until 9 o'clock the next morning that the fog, which had succeeded the storm clouds, went away and to Joyner's vast relief George appeared on the rim and signaled that he was dropping a note.

When Joyner got the message, this in a part of a carton loaded with stones, he was dismayed. George had decided he could manage to be blown off the Tower and come down by parachute!

By shouting and waving his arms Joyner told George to hold everything, then hurried back to headquarters where the others now had gathered. He peremptorily took full charge of the rescue of George, a position to which the others agreed.

First, Clyde Ice dropped more food, including a personal present, a thick rare steak, fresh blankets, a small tent to be used as a tarpaulin, and, in lieu of a sleeping bag, which would protect George only at night, a weatherproof flying suit that he could wear all the time. With this went a note telling George there was to be no further attempt to descend by rope, and the idea of using the parachute was definitely out. George was to be brought down by mountain climbers, and in no other way.

He then phoned Rocky Mountain National Park, in Colorado, where Park Ranger Ernest K. Field, the most experienced mountaineer in the Service, was stationed. Also there was Warren Gorrell, Jr., a licensed climbing guide. Joyner explained the Devils Tower predicament to Superintendent Canfield of Rocky Mountain, and it was agreed that both men would be sent up at once. They left by automobile late that afternoon, with full climbing and rescue equipment, to make the 450-mile drive, which they figured would get them there some time during the night.

By this time the news of George's plight swiftly was spreading over the country. Planes carrying reporters, special writers and radio people were coming in regularly at the nearby little stubblefield strip.

Some two thousand cars were parked at the Tower and already accommodations from nearby Sundance to more distant Rapid City were beginning to feel the pressure.

In the evening the clouds closed in again, bringing more rain and increased winds, and George crawled under his flat tent with his blankets and his steak. With the rain drumming on the canvas he got to work eagerly on the steak. He scarcely had taken a bite when he discovered that he was not alone. Somebody, or something, was trying to take his meat away from him. He struck out with his right forearm and the nature of the impact, plus a high squeal, told him he had hit a rat, and that the rat was a huge one. The animal squealed once more then came right back after the steak. George shoved it away, and it retreated, but in no time at all it came back—with friends. They paid no attention to George, to them he was just another creature who had struck it rich, and in the end the chutist had to give up more than half his steak to them. The rodents then spent the rest of the night going after his other food.

George spent another cold, restless night.

Joyner and Brockelsby sat up all night waiting for Field and Gorrell. They had phoned from Cheyenne to say that they were having a tough time with icy roads.

In midmorning the Rocky Mountain Park climbers pulled in. They began their preparations, and by noon were on their way up the sheer face of the Tower.

Their progress was painfully slow—at times they scarcely moved for an hour or more. At a point about 150 feet up the wall they hesitated for a while, then, as the crowd groaned, began slowly to descend. They reached flat ground at 4:30 in the afternoon and regretfully reported to Joyner that the type of acrobatic climbing required, on a sustained basis, simply was beyond their experience. They suggested that he phone Jack Durrance, asking him to come out from the East, and meanwhile they would do all preparatory work at the base of the Tower, and just above the base, to expedite matters. To this Joyner agreed.

Then he put in a call to Hanover, New Hampshire.

Jack Durrance was a medical student at Dartmouth. He was founder and president of the Dartmouth Mountaineering Club, and his reputation as a climber was international. With a fellow student, Chappell Cranmer, now graduated and

living in Denver, he was one of the few Americans ever to have made a serious attempt to climb the still-unclimbed K-2 in the Himalayas, one of the world's most forbidding mountains.

However, the main reason Joyner now phoned him was because he had made the second successful climb of Devils Tower, over a route he figured out himself, in 1938. Joyner had watched him make the climb and the two were friends.

Even before Joyner got around to the question uppermost in his mind, Durrance answered it—yes, he'd get to Devils Tower just as fast as he could. He'd get in touch with Merrill McLane, a Dartmouth student and his companion on many climbs, and they'd go to New York that night and catch the first plane for Cheyenne, meantime arranging to meet Cranmer there, and possibly Henry Coulter, of Greensberg, Pennsylvania, another member of the Dartmouth group.

This fourth day, the one during which Durrance and McLane were winging westward—or trying to—was a hectic one at the Tower. Hundreds of suggestions for getting George down poured in by letter, telegram and over the phone. A man in Boston wired, "Drop him a case of gin. When he's plastered he'll fall off the Tower and the Lord will take over as usual in the case of drunks."

On the top of this, independent action began to be taken. The Omaha *World Herald* had arranged for the Goodyear blimp, *Reliance*, to pick George off the Tower by means of a special basket arrangement, and said it would be there in three days. Radio Station WOW, Omaha, had, through the National Broadcasting Company, located an amphibian Coast Guard plane equipped with a gun for shooting a line that could reach the top of the Tower, by means of which George could be brought down by breeches buoy or a similar contrivance and were trying to get Washington's okay on it. A newspaper wire service remembered that Sikorsky Aircraft had an experimental helicopter and negotiations for the use of this got under way.

Joyner had a phone call from Paul Petzoldt, a professional mountain climber, a specialist in acrobatic climbing and in rescue work who was then a guide and climbing instructor in Grand Teton National Park in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. He had climbed in the Tetons with Durrance, also had tried the K-2 climb in the Himalayas, and had a top reputation in his field of endeavor. He was calling to see what he could do. In the end, he and his wife, Patricia, and Harold Rapp, a Park ranger and expert mountaineer, left Jackson Hole that night to drive some 500 miles over the Continental Divide, by way of Togwotee Pass, in a swirling blizzard and deep snow, to Devils Tower.

Meantime, Joyner was fretting. Where in hell was Durrance? He was supposed to phone the time of his arrival in Cheyenne and here it was afternoon, when he should be arriving in Cheyenne, and no word.

Instead of a phone call he got a wire and it wasn't from Cheyenne, it was from Chicago. After a long wait there, Durrance explained, their plane had been grounded and all trips westward were canceled. He and McLane were proceeding by what appeared to be the quickest way to get to Cheyenne—the Burlington Zephyr to Denver, arrival there in the morning, then a plane to the Wyoming capital, due in at 10 o'clock.

Clyde Ice dropped supplies to George, and a note telling him the exact situation. When the pilot flew back over the top, low, George gave him the okay signal. This night was the coldest and by far the most miserable of all for George. This was due not only to the weather with its physical wearing down of anybody directly exposed to it, but to a weakening—the two considerations being inseparable—of his spirit.

He now was sharing his "home" with more rats than ever, plus a few families of mice and chipmunks that had moved in for the gravy train.

So came the fifth day, a Sunday.

Late that morning Paul Petzoldt, his wife, and Harold Rapp, who had driven all night through the blizzard and deep snows over the Continental Divide from Jackson Hole, appeared on the scene in their snow-covered car. "The day was bitter cold and misting," Patricia later wrote me. "Nearing the Tower we were astonished to see thousands of people gathered near the base. Half the crowd was drunk and in a Roman holiday mood."

Commercial interests, which had begun to show an intense interest in George the day before, now really were in action. Planes dropped nationally advertised breakfast foods, whisky, and even strawberry preserves that earlier had won first prize at a county fair, to the delight of a group of ladies who, of course, had neglected to provide means for opening the jars.

That Sunday morning Radio Station KLZ, Denver, had phoned to say that Durrance and McLane had arrived by train in Denver as planned, had picked up Merrill Cranmer there, and were on their way to Cheyenne by plane. But about noon the station called back with the information that the plane had found the Cheyenne airport weathered in, had turned back, and now was circling the Denver area, which the storm by this time had reached, and would land as soon as it could.

"How long have you had this superiority complex?"

At this point Gorrell and Field, who were working on the Tower, reported that it was icing badly, and Petzoldt and Rapp offered to make the climb at once and bring George down.

This brought into the open a tense situation that had been developing among those concerned with the rescue. The press and radio promoters of the blimp's trek to the scene were especially vociferous. The *Reliance* was on its way, and, although reportedly bucking headwinds, was moving steadily westward from Ohio. This, it was argued, offered the only sure and safe way of getting George down. The Tower was icing, and the climb and descent by any mountaineers, no matter how expert, might well end in multiple tragedy.

In any case, it was decided that the skills of all the climbers should be used, as a hedge against accident, so Petzoldt and Rapp joined Field and Gorrell in preliminary work against the arrival of the Dartmouth boys. They were supposed to arrive late that evening.

Pilot Clyde Ice dropped this news, with the usual dry blankets and food, to George. Just before dark George dropped a note saying that he was all right. His

main concern, now, was about the climbers. He was bitterly sorry (as he had been right along) that he was causing trouble and, above all, causing men to risk their lives. He said that if conditions weren't right, the climbers ought to wait, in any case to take it easy and not to take any unnecessary chances on his behalf.

Just before midnight the four Dartmouth climbers, they had picked up Coulter at Cheyenne, arrived under police escort and pulled up at Devils Tower headquarters to the tune of screeching tires and wailing sirens. All climbers, of which there now were eight, held a meeting at once and planned the climb, which was to start early in the morning.

At 7:30 a.m., Monday, October 6, the sixth day of George's residence on the Tower, all eight climbers started up. The vertical rock columns, offering one of the most difficult sustained climbs in the world, were icy, and a terrific wind didn't help any. The climb was slow, difficult and exasperating.

Durrance led the climb, over his 1938 route, except for two stretches when Petzoldt handled the lead.

George spent the day anxiously watching and waiting. "Slowly but steadily all that morning and into the afternoon the climbers came inching their way up the chimney-like side of that tall old Tower," he wrote in a letter to his mother. "Finally, at 3:45 in the afternoon Jack Durrance poked his head up over the edge. Boy, that was the greatest moment of my life! I knew for the first time in a week that I was really safe! Still, we weren't down yet. . . ."

After all the climbers were on top, and resting, George told them he was sure he could go down with them in the usual way, as one of the party rather than as a burden, if they would show him—just about literally—the ropes. To the relief of all, he readily grasped the principle of the rapell, the basic technique for descent. This consists of running the rope through the crotch and over a shoulder and by adjusting its friction against the body literally walking backwards down a perpendicular surface, the body at right angles to it, sticking out into space.

It was decided that George could do it, and Petzoldt, because of his experience with beginners and his great physical strength, was to belay him down. The belay is, approximately, the opposite of a rapell. The belayer snubs the descent rope around a rock or piton and his own body, and pays it out slowly, and this routine constantly is repeated all the way down, in short takes by both descenders.

A stout safety rope was fastened to George, just to be sure, and he and Petzoldt, with the others following, started down at 4:35 p.m. Although George proved to be surprisingly at home in this new element, slipping a little once in awhile but in the main handling himself very well, Petzoldt took every precaution and progress was slow. Around 6 o'clock, dusk began to close in.

Joyner never had seen climbers descend in darkness, didn't know whether or not it could be done, and once more sensed danger ahead. He called up to

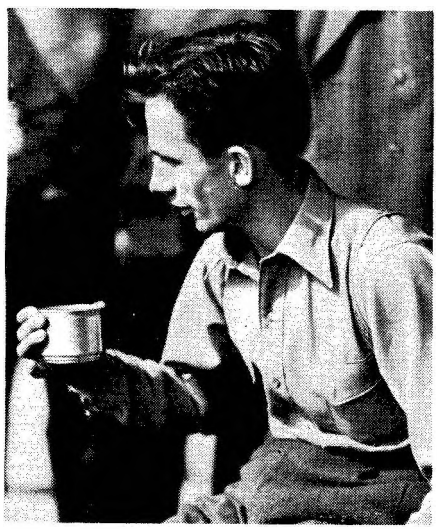
Petzoldt and asked about it. Petzoldt told him not to worry, but that a little light certainly wouldn't hurt around the base of the Tower.

There were two or three radio sound trucks at hand and one of them, that of KLZ, Denver, was equipped with a large floodlight and two spotlights. Joyner had this move in as close as it could get and train all its lights at the Tower's base.

The people now were quiet and the voices of the descending mountaineers came down from the deep dusk, then the darkness above. After what seemed an interminable time George and Paul Petzoldt moved slowly down into the lighted area. At the foot of the sheer wall, safe, all danger behind them, they waited for the others, who still were strung out above them, with Jack Durrance bringing up the rear, removing pitons and coiling up rope on his way down.

An hour and a half later, at 8:20, all the climbers were down—and moved into a buzzing swarm of publicists and the more excited and hardy of the spectators. After some trouble, not excluding physical trouble, Joyner and Earl Brockelsby managed to bring some order out of the melee and a press meeting was held in Joyner's residence.

After the conference George made a quick broadcast for NBC from Sundance, then went to Rapid City and made a tape recording for Columbia. By midnight, at last, he was sound asleep in Brockelsby's home. He still had not fully grasped the reason for his sudden popularity. He wrote later in his journal, "What amazed me was that my jump, which proved that a parachute could be manipulated over a tricky peak like Devils Tower, in the face of those awful wind currents, was not really the big news at all, as I had thought



George Hopkins sips coffee after his week-long ordeal on the Devils Tower.

it was. It was the fact that I could not get down that made the headlines. . . . The real news hardly was mentioned. They all screamed, 'Marooned Parachutist Can Not Get Down!' It's a funny old world."

Telegrams and phone calls now began to come in from all over the country. Radio shows and radio networks wanted him for special programs, night clubs and theaters wanted him for personal appearances—a Texas rodeo wanted him to make a parachute descent to the back of a bucking bronc. But George had made up his mind—already disturbed about the trouble he had caused others, the lives that had been risked for him—he would simply carry out the commitment he had made to the Rapid City people to try for the parachute-jumping record the following Sunday.

So, six days after his rescue, he made this try at the local airport.

He was not successful.

After several jumps he began to pack his chute carelessly in his haste and on his twelfth jump the main chute barely opened and he had to use the reserve chest chute at the last moment, and landed on a concrete ramp and was injured. Before he could be stopped he made one more jump, but then the doctors moved in and put an end to it.

"Help me back into that plane," he wept.

They helped him into the hospital instead.

At present George lives on the West Coast, where he has an executive position in a plant manufacturing aircraft parts. He hasn't flown or parachuted for years.

In 1941 a total of 32,951 persons visited Devils Tower. The figure for 1952 was 88,833. More than half the visitors ask more questions about the George Hopkins incident than about the Tower itself.

—Donald Hough

The Dreaded Scout

[*Continued from page* 15]

features that were reddened rather than tanned and, unusual for those days, his teeth were all sound and white. His long red hair was done up in a neat queue, held by a bit of rawhide.

At 10 o'clock of the night following Gates' announcement, dressed in buckskin shirt and leggings, a knife and tomahawk in his belt, a wolfskin cap on his head with the bushy tail hanging down his back, Ben met his two companions at the wharf below the fort. A small store of food and ammunition awaited them in a birch canoe. Silently the three embarked and paddled northward down the lake.

Ben had a slight acquaintance with both men and he was not pleased with either of them. Little Fickett was a truculent fellow whose blustering, Ben surmised, covered a lack of self-faith. As for young Clark of Bethel, Ben himself came from the neighboring settlement of Royalton and he had heard stories about old man Clark's Tory leanings. He had even once considered the possibility that young Clark might be a spy in the pay of the British, but he had done some good work for the patriot cause that apparently placed him above suspicion.

The rippling moon path on the water drew Ben out of his thoughts and a feeling of exaltation grew in him as he dipped his glittering paddle into the sparkling black depths. In his mind's eye he saw again the stirring scenes of his youth that had taken place along this same lake. Joyously he raised his voice in an old song:

> Oh, the Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame,
> And a sprightly dame was she. . . .

"Stop that noise!" Fickett muttered. "Do you want the Injuns down on us?"

Ben roared with harsh, good-humored laughter.

"And the fort half a mile away!" he mocked. "Nay, lad, I was hunting Injuns along these shores before you were weaned, and I tell you there are none within many miles of us tonight. Just follow me," he added grandly, "and I will bring you safe through, Fickett my boy." And Ben went on with his song:

> She sent a special messenger
> from far across the sea. . . .

This time it was Clark who interrupted. "Where do you think we'd best head for in Canada, Ben?"

The scout knew that the young fellow, though more diplomatic than Fickett, had the same apprehensive desire to cut off his resounding song, and he sighed a little. But he stopped singing and answered politely, "We'll go to Three Rivers, Clark. There's a strong British force there, getting ready to march up to Chambly."

"It's rough country between here and Three Rivers, isn't it?" Clark asked.

"True for you. When I last traversed it, in '59, we waded in water a foot or more deep for nine days. I doubt that it has dried up any."

"My God!" croaked Fickett. "I can never stand nine days in water. I'll die of rheumatism."

Ben stared at the back of the man's head.

"Then," he pronounced at last, "you have no business on this expedition, Fickett. In the devil's name, what caused you to volunteer?"

"The reward, of course," snapped Fickett. "It's the only chance I'll ever have to become an officer—and when I do," he gloated, "won't I make those fellows hop!"

Ben scowled, and then, at the thought of Fickett making anyone "hop," he burst out laughing. From the bow, Clark also let out a hearty guffaw.

The night waned, and with dawn they went ashore to camp. That was to be their pattern—traveling in darkness, hiding by day—as they paddled along the eastern side of the lake, driving steadily northward. On the fourth night they reached the head of Missisquoi Bay.

"Here," Whitcomb told them, "we start overland, and we will not follow the old trail to St. Francis, Fickett, though we

will cross it from time to time. Thus we will avoid nine days of bogs, though I assure you we will find plenty even so."

He left them for a few minutes to set lines for trout at the mouth of a wide brook that fell into the bay. When he came silently back, they were confabbing in whispers. They jerked guiltily apart at seeing him. Whitcomb had an idea of what was coming.

"I think we ought to go by canoe down the Sorel to Chambly," Clark proposed, a little defiantly. "If the British are marching up there anyway, we can as easily get a crack at them in Chambly as somewhere else. And it will save a long, hard journey through these woods. Frankly, I'm no woodsman."

"Aye," chimed in Fickett. "You're a trapper and a scout, Ben. But we ain't. All we want to do is get us an officer apiece the easiest way we can. You go on to Three Rivers if you want to. Clark and me, we'll go down the Sorel and see what we can find."

Ben laughed scornfully. "A pretty pair you'd make. You'd be taken within twenty-four hours. That country is all settled. Houses one after the other. And dogs. I wouldn't want to chance it myself."

"But what about Injuns?" Fickett muttered. "Suppose we meet a raiding party? We're only three."

"I've met Injun war parties when I was only one," Ben said, "and I'm still here."

"Go on back home, the pair of you," Ben urged contemptuously. "Or go to Chambly if you wish. For me, I'm going to Three Rivers."

There was a long silence. Then Clark shrugged. "I'll go with you," he said.

"All right," grumbled Fickett. "I'll go along too."

But the next morning Ben and Clark awoke to find that Fickett had taken the canoe and deserted. Worse, he had not even waited to throw out the stock of provisions and ammunition that the canoe contained.

Ben said never a word, and his steely silence irked the other.

"Good God!" Clark burst out. "Doesn't it make you mad? Haven't you any temper to lose?"

Ben's face was taut with suppressed anger, but he answered the youth evenly.

"Years ago, lad, I saw Rogers scalp one of his rangers for disobeying orders. He had promised us he would, but no one took him seriously. It proved to be a great thing for discipline, for then we knew that he would stop at nothing. Yet it was uncontrollable temper that prompted him to do the deed, and I know that afterward he felt remorse. I promised myself that day never to say or do anything in a fit of anger, and in the eighteen years since, I have kept my promise. Some day you may be sure that I shall meet with Fickett, and then I shall reproach him as he deserves."

Clark stared at him in open-mouthed wonder, quite unable to think of a reply.

"We've got enough meal and parched corn left to last us a week," said Ben, judiciously estimating their supplies. "We'll go ahead and trust to luck we can shoot game to eke out with. You start a fire and I'll look at the lines."

There were four large brook trout to provide a hearty breakfast, and then, slinging their knapsacks on their backs, the men plunged into the wilderness. They made good time. After two days, Ben bore off to the east.

"The St. Francis River," he told his companion, "will be very high, I'm thinking, and it is devilish hard to cross farther down on account of the rapids. But above we can build a raft and get over. Then we will strike straight for Three Rivers."

The country they passed through was uninhabited. They spared no time hunting, though occasionally they shot a grouse or a rabbit that flashed across their path. They waded through swamps, forded small rivers, slept on matted rushes in bogs, and on the fourth day after Fickett had deserted them, they came to the full banks of the St. Francis.

"Must have been a cloudburst higher up," said Clark gloomily as they surveyed the rushing water.

"We've got to git across here nevertheless," said Ben, "and the sooner the better. This isn't just the place I'd have chosen, but there's driftwood for a raft, so let's get to work."

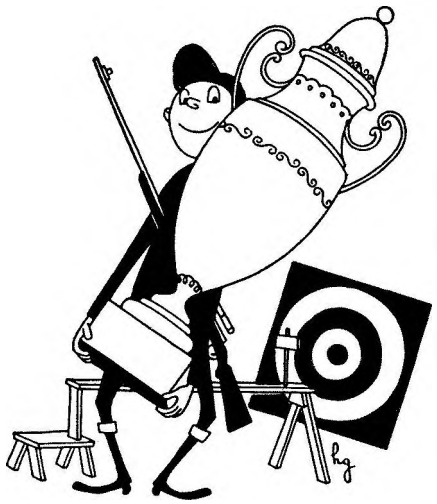
In a froth-covered eddy, fallen trees were tangled. The two scouts hauled them into shallow water, lopped off branches with their tomahawks, and after some searching along the bank for suitable withes to bind them together, at last completed an awkward but serviceable raft. They cut a pair of stout spruce poles, and with a whimsical word of prayer from Ben and a robust oath from Clark they pushed out into the racing current.

They made good headway at first, and though borne rapidly downstream had pushed their unwieldy craft past the middle of the river when suddenly their poles failed to touch bottom. A furlong below them the river rushed into a steep gorge where hungry-looking black rocks fanged hissing white water. If they got into that, they were done for. And the shore was still many yards away, with the current too swift for any swimmer.

Futilely the two men thrust their poles deep into the swirling water. Clark, cursing wildly, dropped his pole and prepared to leap overboard, but when he looked at the savage current his courage wilted and he sank on his haunches, his head between his knees, to shut out the sight of the impending doom.

Whitcomb crouched on one knee beside him, the heavy spruce pole held across his body, his blue eyes shining with excitement as he waited for some last chance to save their lives. It came in the nick of time. As they just scraped by an enormous projecting rock, the dividing current swung the raft toward the shore.

Like a flash Ben butted his pole against the rock and pushed away from it with every ounce of his strength. The raft spun inshore for yards. There Ben's pole struck bottom. Like a demon he pushed and panted, and at the very lip of the gorge the two men leaped ashore, clutching their guns, while the raft disappeared in the boiling cauldron below.



TRUE'S SHOOTING CUP

The TRUE cup has been shot for five times in the annual bench-rest matches of the Pine Tree Rifle Club at Johnstown, New York. The cup goes permanently to the man who wins three times. The match calls for ten shots from bench rest at 200 yards with a rifle weighing not more than 12 pounds, including the telescope sight. Each annual winner receives a silver medal.

A weight of 12 pounds may seem heavy. But a 12-pound rifle is a good deal lighter than a typical bench-rest rifle of from 16 to 18 pounds. So far the heavy rifles have a decided advantage. The national record for an unlimited rifle is ten shots in .716 inches at 200 yards. Every shot would have hit a penny.

The last three annual winners of the TRUE match who haven't been recorded here, with their winning groups, are as follows:

1951—M. H. Walker, Ilion, N. Y.— 1.189 in.

1952—W. Cotter, Jr., Little Falls, N. Y.— 1.418 in.

1953—R. Sinclair, Wash., D. C.—1.418 in.

Mike Walker's winning group in 1951 is by much the smallest so far shot in the match. He used a Remington bolt-action rifle chambered for the Remington .222 cartridge. So did Cotter. Gun cranks almost universally consider it useless to shoot a single-shot rifle with a two-piece stock. The theory is that the vibration of the barrel is not properly dampened. However, Sinclair won the TRUE match last September with a single-shot rifle, on a Sharps-Borchardt action, which has not been produced for almost seventy years.

In general the shooters in the bench-rest matches at Johnstown, Dubois, Pennsylvania, Seattle and a dozen other places, continue to make new records. Last September at Johnstown, Colonel Crawford Hollidge of Boston made a new record for ten shots at 100 yards. This was unofficially measured as .259 inches from center to center of the widest shots.

Such groups make one slightly ragged hole less than twice the diameter of the bullet. What is to prevent some miscreant from firing three or four shots and claiming to have fired ten?

Answer: A band of paper moves slowly behind the targets. The total number of shots fired on any one target can be counted because they are separated.—**Lucian Cary**

"You've got a sight more courage than I have, Ben," the younger man confessed shamefacedly after they had somewhat recovered. "And you were certainly ready for that cross-current."

"Shows you never want to say die till you're dead," replied the redheaded one cheerfully. "Well, let's be on our way."

Three days later they broke out of the forest onto the rough corduroy road, eight feet wide, that followed the St. Lawrence River between Montreal and Quebec City.

Whitcomb's sharp eyes noted many things as they strode along that woodland road, but he did not call his companion's attention to them. They successfully eluded detection, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon halted in the woods near Ste. Angèle opposite Three Rivers.

"Wait here," Ben told Clark. "I'm going to pick up some information."

Three Rivers, situated on the north shore halfway between Montreal and Quebec, was an important place. Its fortified bluffs commanded the entrance into Lake St. Peter, that immense broadening of the St. Lawrence, and the English, like the French in earlier days, now maintained a strong garrison there. Ferries connected the lofty town with the squalid village of Ste. Angèle, through which the Quebec-Montreal road passed.

Whitcomb's agile brain was busy as he crossed the stump-littered clearing that surrounded the village. Information was what he was after, and information he would have, even if he had to use his scalping knife to get it. His musket he had left behind him, and in his present garb he differed no whit from many of the Canadian bushrangers in the British employ. He would try peaceful methods first.

So Ben came boldly up to the Inn of the Swan, a miserable drinking hole beside the ferry landing, and entered the rough clay-floored taproom without hesitation.

The place was half filled by a party of kilted Highlanders, surly-drunk, awaiting the arrival of the ferry. Ben, spying a vacant place at a table with three of these raw-boned lads, promptly took it. They scowled at him and appeared about to make some offensive remarks when the French bartender came to take Ben's order.

"Hot brandy sling," said Ben, "and the same for these gentlemen, if they will do me the honor?"

He smiled at the belligerent Scots. Either the smile or the offer worked wonders with them.

An hour later, Ben was telling Clark the news. A brigade of 3,000 redcoats, accompanied by 200 Indians, was to set out for Montreal the day after next, traveling by the road the scouts had just traversed.

"We'll lie in ambush for them, Clark," said Ben gleefully, "and shoot us a general apiece—if so be there are two generals."

They forthwith retraced their steps, going nearly 20 miles before Ben called a halt.

"This is the place," he said. "I noted it as we came down."

They slept well hidden that night and the next day went over the ground. Ben explained exactly what they should do and how they should make their retreat.

"There'll be Injuns after us," he said, wrinkling his long nose in disgust, "and bloodhounds, too. The dogs we can get rid of, but not the Injuns. They'll follow all the way to Fort Ti, and try to get ahead of us. But we won't go that way directly. Now look, in case we should get separated . . ." And with a pointed stick he drew a map of their route on the ground.

The next morning, Ben awoke amid thick dawn mist to find himself alone.

Clark had gone, lock, stock and barrel.

Ben didn't waste time being bitter. There were new decisions to be made. "He never went home, not that rascal," mused the redhead. "He went to Three Rivers to tell the British all my plans. . . . Well, Mr. Tory Clark, if you think you're going to get me captured and cheat me out of my major's commission, you're due to be woefully mistaken!"

This was the morning the British were to break camp, and they were expecting him, if at all, at this spot on their route. He picked up his musket and started down the road at a trot. Two hours later, he halted. He was six or seven miles from Ste. Angèle now. The column, he judged, would pass here early in the afternoon.

At this point a small river, on the south, curved within some ten rods of the road, and a deep, narrow ravine, which the road crossed on a crude bridge, extended into the river from the north. The ravine, at the bottom of which trickled a small brook, was filled with a dense growth of alders and briars, and the banks of the river were likewise lined with alders and vines in a tangled mass. At the edge of the ravine, north of the bridge and road, a large pine tree had blown down, its roots sticking up into the air, its prostrate trunk extending almost to the bottom of the gorge.

The roots afforded cover and portholes to fire through, and there Ben took up his position.

So he sat, patient as Job himself, and busied his mind with changing his route home.

Absorbed in his thoughts, he became almost unaware of the passage of time, and he was mildly surprised when a distant rattling down the road informed him that the British column was approaching. He glanced at the sun. It was 2 o'clock.

From behind his shield he noted the passing men. First came the Indians, half naked, painted fierce, their scalp locks nodding. Then a body of several hundred axmen, Canadians those, to clear and repair the road. Next a vanguard of 300 Highlanders, their bagpipes skirling a barbarous march that set Ben's blood to dancing. After these came the artillery and tool wagons, and presently the main body.

At last there came into sight an officer mounted upon a splendid white steed. He was richly dressed, with a broad crimson sash around his waist, and a long white plume in his hat. Beside and behind him strode half a dozen Indian

scouts, their haughty faces horrible with stripes of vermillion and ocher paint.

"I guess you'll do," the scout muttered, and thought fleetingly that it was a pity that he couldn't get the fellow's scalp. He leveled his musket and pressed the trigger. With the clear crack of the weapon he saw the officer throw out his hands and slump sidewise from the saddle.

Ben did not wait to see more, but crawled quickly under the roots. There he lay, quite out of sight, though still able to see things nearby. Scarcely had he stopped crawling when the Indians arrived. They came slipping swiftly through the spruces, but they never dreamed the ambushed slayer would hide at the very spot where they had glimpsed the puff of smoke from his gun. They passed on, not twenty feet from him, and disappeared.

As soon as they had gone by, Ben backed out of the hole and crawled rapidly alongside the log to the bottom of the ravine. Down the brook he went, concealed from view by the thick alders.

He had gone about half a mile before he heard the bloodhounds begin to voice, but his arrangements baffled them, as he had intended. He delayed them so much that he drew ahead until dark, when he took a smaller stream, running out of his direct route, and waded in it for a mile.

For four days, he tells us, he maintained that incredible pace, sleeping hardly at all. On the fifth he crossed the line near the present town of North Troy, Vermont.

There were settlers at North Troy, but Whitcomb, fearing Tories, did not dare approach any house. He had to eat, however, or he would perish, and so, coming upon two oxen feeding in a pasture, he shot one through the head and quickly cut off as much meat as he needed, besides skin enough for a pair of moccasins, for his own were entirely worn out. He ran into a deep swamp, kindled a small fire, half-roasted some steak, and ate it on the run, fearing the smoke would betray him.

Three days later, without further incident, he reached Royalton, on the White River in what is now Vermont. He was thin, dirty and bearded, and tired almost to death. He rested with friends in the town for some time before he completed the last leg of his journey, 50 miles westward across the Green Mountains to Fort Ticonderoga.

His reception there must have been notable, though history has neglected to record the occasion, and Ben forebore to dwell upon it in his memoirs written many years later. His commissioning had to await spies' reports of the rank and name of the British officer whom he had laid low. It turned out, gratifyingly, to be a General Gordon.

But before Horatio Gates, as commander of the Northern Department, could appoint him a major, Ben Whitcomb was to travel to Canada once more—this time under very different and much more dire circumstances.

The British, properly indignant at a mere scout's unmannerly slaying of a general, upped their reward offer to 1,000 crowns for Ben's detached head, or 2,000 crowns if he should be delivered alive to any British post.

This immense sum, the largest heard of since the French had put a price of 500 livres on the scalp of that jolly ranger, Robert Rogers, aroused the Abenaki Indians to unusual efforts. These bloodthirsty allies of the British set out with zeal and diligence to waylay the doughty Whitcomb. They sought him wherever he went on his scouting duties, hunting him along the lake to the very walls of Ticonderoga, until even his adventurous soul began to long for rest and quiet.

So he applied for leave and returned to Royalton for a visit. Intelligence of this move brought a force of 300 redcoats and Indians swooping upon the hapless village, to massacre and burn when they learned that their intended victim had gone on to Newbury, to the north and east.

Another expedition was fitted out and advanced through the pathless forests upon Newbury. News of their coming preceded them by a few hours and the Newburyites fled across the Connecticut River to the blockhouse in Haverhill. For some reason the raiding party did no harm, and especially they did not find the wide-wandering Whitcomb. He had decamped and left no forwarding address. As a matter of fact, he had gone up the Connecticut to old Fort Whitcomb, where one Captain Jeremiah Eames, with a small garrison, was guarding that section of the frontier. Near the fort dwelt Emmons Stockwell, a former Ranger, now a man of weight in the small, "farthest north" community of Lancaster-Guildhall. With these two men Ben passed many a pleasant hour.

Considering it unlikely that his foes would track him to this remote wilderness post, he went hunting alone whenever he felt like it. One warm day early in July, in 1777, he crossed the river and started up into the hills to Maidstone Lake to shoot a moose. Coming to a brook, he leaned his gun against a tree and lay flat on the ground to drink. When he finished, he saw the plumed head of an Indian reflected in the surface below him.

He tensed his muscles, but a sharp hiss, like a rattlesnake's, came from behind him, and he turned to look into the muzzles of four muskets.

Quickly his captors bound his hands behind him and with a curt order to "Moosh!" (march) they hurried him to the river where, screened by weeping-willow branches, they had left their large canoe.

In charge of it was a tall, broad-shouldered savage, painted like his fellows for the war trail. His eyes, black and singularly piercing, were as fierce as any lynx's. There was no recognition in the glance he bestowed on Ben, but the scout knew him instantly, though eleven years had passed.

Trap-lining in the northeastern wilderness in the winter of '66, Ben had come upon a shambling snowshoe trail and, following it, had found the unconscious form of a lone Indian hunter, near death from starvation and freezing. He toted the fellow into camp, nursed him to stalwart health, and sent him on his way

with a gift of half the furs Ben had taken. It was a prodigal gesture that pleased Ben and moved the savage to vow lasting indebtedness to his savior.

The fellow was named Mitallak, and Ben, facing him now as a prisoner, felt an impulse to address him. But at the black, chill look on the grim face, Ben remained silent. Though the scout was almost certain that those sharp eyes knew him, Mitallak apparently did not care to acknowledge it.

Up the Connecticut they sped him, then northwest into the twisting Nulhegan. Here they untied his arms and compelled him to add his strength to the paddling that daily would bring him nearer to his doom. By portage they crossed to the stream known today as the Clyde River, thence into Lake Memphremagog, "Pond of Many Fishes," and with frequent portaging descended the turbulent Magog. At its juncture with the St. Francis, two of the warriors transferred to smaller canoes that had been left there, and the three craft went down the St. Francis in company.

All this time, Mitallak had not spoken a word to Whitcomb. Every night Ben was staked out on the ground, spread-eagle fashion, and in addition cords fettered his arms to those of warriors sleeping beside him.

At the end of the seventh day they camped on an island in the river. The British post, Ben knew, lay about 20 miles away. In the morning his goose would be cooked.

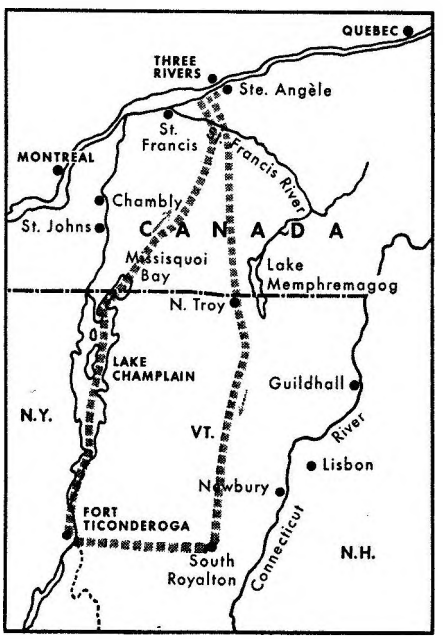
But that night, after the meal, Mitallak rose to his feet and in the sonorous Abenaki speech addressed his companions.

He began by reminding them of his past exploits, of his honorable record as a warrior and a chief of the Abenakis. As his native eloquence gathered force he delivered a speech that became a stirring oration. Mitallak told his savage comrades how Ben had saved his life years before, and in an impassioned appeal begged them for the life of his brother.

"The reward," he told them, "I will make up to you. In my wigwam at St. Francis is much wampum, many furs, guns and English money. All that I have I will give to you if you will let my brother go."

The Indians listened in silence. Then a warrior arose and refused the request point-blank.

"The reward," said he, "is nothing. But



this man you call your brother is the most cunning of our enemy's scouts. He has made a mock of us many times, and he has greatly angered our friends the English. The honor of capturing such an enemy will mean much."

One by one the others concurred. Mitallak knew that he was beaten. His piercing eyes looked once at Ben and a shadow came over them. The first Indian who had spoken saw the look and said, "Tomorrow we reach the post. Lest the prisoner escape, he shall be bound tonight between Mitallak and myself. And let Mitallak remember that if the prisoner escapes, the chief shall dwell no more among the Abenaki."

Mitallak bowed his head.

Staked out that night as usual, Ben yielded up all hope. Death in the very near future seemed inevitable.

About 2 o'clock in the morning he was awakened by gentle taps on his lips. He rolled his head sidewise. All of his bonds had been cut. Above him stood Mitallak. The tall savage motioned to him to get up and led him to the river edge. There he handed him his gun, powder horn, bullet pouch, knife and a bag of parched corn.

Whitcomb did not linger for a sentimental good-by. He slipped into a canoe and pushed out into the river.

As soon as he saw the shadowy figure of his benefactor return to the camp, Ben paddled quickly back to shore. He cut large holes in the other canoes and pushed them out into the current. Then he paddled to the eastern bank, cut a hole in his own canoe and ran for his life.

Day and night he ran southward, but the Indians remembered the race he had given them the year before, and they did not pursue.

He reached home safely and, as Major Benjamin Whitcomb thereafter, served with unique distinction to the end of the war. He was the only man in the Revolution, on either side, to shoot a general. And though the exploit made him Britain's most valued enemy, he was never again in dire peril. After the war, he pioneered the town of Lisbon, New Hampshire, lived to the patriarchal age of 92, and died in bed.—**Robert E. Pike**

How to Find $150,000,000

[*Continued from page* 12]

cents so you can see why they come flocking to us. But this one will never carry any ore for me. That cup of coffee is going to cost him, I figure, about $25,000."

Most of the men who turned against Steen when he needed help created their own predicaments. From Steen's friends you hear about the local merchant who first agreed to stake Charlie to $300 a month while he was prospecting in exchange for a 50-50 deal on any claims. After the deal was closed he decided to cut Steen down to $250 a month. Steen who later got by on $40 a month refused to accept the cut and broke the agreement. Now the businessman is nagging himself to death about the millions he dealt himself out of.

Mostly, Steen has gone in for rewarding those who helped him—not just during his prospecting days but almost any time during his life from the age of 15 on. Mary Quinn, the wife of a college geology professor who lent Steen $100 to reinstate his lapsed life insurance was rewarded by being given 100 shares of Utex Corporation. Today none of the 50,000 shares can be bought for gold or pure uranium. Each share is conservatively estimated to be worth $300 each even though they have a par value of $1. Steen now carries $300,000 worth of insurance.

Steen's college roommate, Dennis "Pete" Byrd, a World War II Marine combat pilot who went back to ranching in Texas and was hard hit by the drought, was invited to come to Moab and be Charlie's personal pilot of the company's new five seater Cessna. He was also helped to stake two valuable claims not far from Utex's main holdings.

Another friend of Steen's is returning to South America soon and one of his specific assignments is to find a Peruvian guide named Diez who once saved Steen's life on the Amazon River back in 1944 when Steen was prospecting for oil. Diez can have just about anything he wants.

Holly and Carolyn Sealy—he's a signal repairman for the Denver & Rio Grande in tiny Cisco where the Steens lived in a two room tarpaper shack for $15 a month—befriended the Steens during the dark days. During the summer Sealy would bring over his railroad allotment of ice—he had a diesel-run electric refrigerator—and Mrs. Sealy took care of the four Steen lads when Minnie Steen had to go to the hospital with a bad case of pneumonia. When Charlie Steen knew he had struck it, he got Holly Sealy to stake three valuable claims for himself near Steen's.

Along with a lot of other people Charlie has often thought about what $150 million worth of uranium has done to him, his family and his friends. "Some of the things are funny," Charlie said. "First time we took Johnny, our oldest boy, to Denver on a shopping spree we had a hell of a time getting him to go to the bathroom. He almost cried. 'No. No. Everybody's got to go outside to do duty.' He sure got privy-conditioned in our prospecting days.

"My wife, M. L., has felt the change. She lost some of her friends in Moab. They're prospectors' wives, too, and as long as I was just another rock hound, they all felt friendly and equal. But as soon as I hit something big they started

getting cool and finally dropped her. How's that for reverse snobbery?

"But I suppose the biggest change has been in me. I'm still a prospector at heart—but there's a difference. Prospecting is the only thing I've wanted to do since I was a kid but a prospector who knows he can order out any one of four $25,000 Mayhew drilling rigs to any part of the state to check a hunch isn't the same as a burro prospector who wonders where he can promote a few hundred bucks to drill a hole on some ground he thinks promising. It isn't just the difference between prospecting in a limousine or in a banged-up Jeep. Now I'm independent and I can back my hunches to the limit."

In his GI khakis—he was woefully nearsighted to the doctors at every enlistment center in World War II—Charlie Steen looks like any of the dozens of government and private geologists or engineers floating around the plateau on some uranium project. With prosperity his lean 5-9 frame has worked up to a fat 125 pounds, ten more than his Cisco weight.

My third morning in Moab, Steen arranged for me to spend a typical day in the life of a uranium "maggot." I walked over to the little house they were renting. They were getting ready to move to a larger four-bedroom house which would be the last "temporary" move before finally going into the luxury housing for which they already have the architect's plans. It will be a $50,000 affair located on part of a 160-acre tract Utex bought in Moab for employe housing. Rents have tripled in the uranium boom.

As we drove down U.S. 160 Steen filled me in on the life and hard times of a depression baby who made good. He was born in Caddo, Texas, in 1919.

"You've got to watch out," he began. "People start making up stories about you when you've made it and the stories get better with the telling. You hear it so often you're tempted to tell it yourself. Ask anyone in Moab and they'll tell you my father was a gambler who made and lost a million drilling for oil. Actually he did make and lose $100,000 before he was 23 but he made it by hauling drilling rigs. He died broke in a Veterans hospital when I was a kid.

"I remember when I was 14 we were living in Wichita Falls, Texas, on practically nothing. The gas and water companies had turned off the meters for nonpayment and with a handy wrench I found out how to bypass the meters. When I was 15 I got a job at $60 a month with the Federal Reserve Bank in Houston as a "mullet" or runner. They had a routine for new runners. An older clerk would take you down to the vault and show you a stack of dough worth $10 million. "Take a good look, sonny, he'd say. "You'll probably never see it again."

"My mother had married a fellow named Lyle who was a steel construction foreman and one day he fell 60 feet off a scaffolding and the company made a settlement on her of a few thousand dollars. She got herself a little rundown apartment house in Houston and it kept the family above water.

"In 1939 I registered in John Tarleton College in Stevensville, Texas. That's where Pete Byrd was my roomie. He introduced me to a gal he had dated occasionally, named Minnie Lee Holland, and we hit it off fine. Both of us had to work our way through and if anything she had it tougher. Her father had TB and her mother had to go on WPA. We were the *poor* Texans you easterners never hear about. After a year I switched to the Texas School of Mines at El Paso. I got jobs as janitor of school buildings and washed dishes. My last year there I worked as a night clerk in a hotel.

"It was a tough, crazy kind of life but I did well enough to be made a student assistant in geology. In fact I was a darn good student even if I was a miserable credit risk. For two years I got by with my college bills by kiting checks. The college business manager used to call me and lecture me but that's the way things were and he knew I couldn't help it."

When Steen graduated he had five job offers and because of his eyes not one of them involved a gun and uniform deal. Instead he flew to Bolivia to work as a junior geologist at $250 a month for Patino Mines. They sent him about 150 miles below Potosi to calculate tin ore reserves, gave him a burro and promised him a steel tape. The job was crazy: he had to calculate ore reserves that were nonexistent. The tape never came and he used it as an excuse to quit.

After three months he went to Lima, Peru, where he met Andy McGill, a well-known geologist who befriended him and got him a job with Socony-Vacuum, going through the jungles of eastern Peru looking for possible oil structures.

"I had to walk practically from Lima to the Brazilian frontier in unexplored jungle. It wasn't as rough as it sounds although I did lose my laugh a few times. I got a bad fungus infection that knocked me out. My two native assistants, Diez and Contrarias, were taking me down river in a native canoe when it went over a submerged log and tipped. Diez pulled me out and saved my life. Later that day I was lying on the bank of the river still sick as a dog, barely conscious. My assistants were preparing food about 100 feet away when suddenly I looked up and there coming at me were two big economy size tapirs. They may look cute to the kids in the zoo but those gahdam vegetarians can take a kneecap off in the most painful way possible. I reached for the shotgun, fired both chambers and got both of them. We got to the hospital in Lima where the fungus growths were removed.

"Early in 1946 I decided I had enough of this roving-boy-geologist stuff. I came back to Texas and I ran into Minnie Lee. She was just out of the Waves and I was just out of the jungles and we looked good to each other. We got married but not before I made it clear that my goal in life wasn't a pension at 65. I wanted to go prospecting and not on a salary either. M.L. didn't know the difference between one rock and another—and didn't care either—but it was fine with her if that's what I wanted to do.

"Back in Houston I got this job with an oil company that did a lot of development work. I don't know how I lasted two years. Some men are just not cut out

for the corporate mold. Me, for instance. Near the end their personnel man gave me a battery of tests, pursed his lips sadly and said, "I'm afraid, Steen, that you are innately rebellious against authority."

"He was right. I soon got in a big hassle with two of my immediate bosses and they fired me for insubordination.

I talked it over with M.L. We agreed that the best thing would be for me to start getting a grubstake together. I became a self-styled contractor remodeling kitchens and porches in Houston. I'm pretty handy with tools and I made out. I had been working a year at this when I came across this article in the *Mining and Engineering Journal* about uranium mining on the Colorado Plateau. 'Can Uranium Mining Pay?' The cautious answer was that it could if you knew your way around mining.

"It caught me," Steen explained, "because I knew I had been daydreaming about making a big oil strike. That's strictly big business and you'd be a fool to even begin thinking of operating without at least $100,000 in the kitty. But uranium, hell, you could stake a claim on public lands for $1 and you were in business. This was for me.

"We bought a house trailer and a Jeep and moved up to Dove Creek, Colorado, where I tried to find out what made this uranium business tick besides geiger counters. There were thousands of men with the same idea and most of them could afford geiger counters or scintillometers."

The months went by and nothing much happened. A prosperous farmer he met there, Bob Barrett, became friendly and when things got tight he often filled Charlie's Jeep tank with gas. Barrett had already dropped $100,000 in uranium prospecting and could sympathize with Steen.

One day Charlie heard there was activity at Yellow Cat in Utah and the family moved there with the house trailer.

Steen staked a few claims which later came in—he retained a minority interest in them—but the big strike, he felt, wasn't going to be made at Yellow Cat. Their stake was running low again and this time the family pulled up and went to Tucson where he got a job as a carpenter and did some prospecting weekends for an eccentric millionaire. They built up a small stake and in June 1952 Charlie Steen knew he had to make a big decision. He had enough money for another six months of prospecting or he could take a job at the Hanford, Washington, a plant of the Atomic Energy Commission. Minnie Lee left the decision strictly to him. He decided to give prospecting one more chance.

They sold the trailer for $350 and moved to Cisco, where the tiny two-room tarpapered shack is still standing. Steen wants to buy it now as a reminder of what life was like in the old days. Cisco is a section stop on the Denver & Rio Grande and lacks any basic necessities such as water, electricity and fuel, all of which have to be brought in.

Soon after they came, Minnie Lee was taken with pneumonia and had to be rushed to the hospital. When she returned, the family finances were so low they couldn't afford condensed milk for the baby, Mark, and he had to get by on tea for a week.

Charlie finally heard of uranium activity on the mountains overlooking the Big Indian Valley about 40 miles east of Moab and seven miles from the nearest road. But to Steen it was practically "downtown." He checked it. The rim area had long ago been staked out but the AEC never thought much of the possible uranium deposits there. Claimholders had begged the AEC to drill for them—which the AEC will do when it thinks a claim looks promising—but it turned these requests down. For that matter the chief geologists of a number of large companies had checked the area and written it off. The nearest producing uranium mine was 20 miles away.

Steen carefully plotted the layers of deposits on the surface outcroppings and concluded that the meager uranium deposits which had been found on the rim

Charlie and his brother-in-law Albert Hrbacek check sample taken at 245 feet.

dipped down and would be found much further back in an area which remained unclaimed.

Claiming an area on public lands for mineral exploitation isn't hard. As all you need is $1 and four stakes—in the right place, of course. The stakes go at the corners of an area 600 feet by 1,500—twenty acres—and they're held in place by pyramided rocks. Then you build a larger pyramid of rocks in the center, fill out a Lode Claim—almost any store on the plateau carries them—place the form in a waterproof can under the top couple of rocks, and send a duplicate with a registration fee of $1 to the county courthouse within thirty days.

The only other requirement is that each claimholder do at least $100 worth of work on his claim each year and his own labor, fairly estimated, can be part of the $100. Once you've done that you can lease, sell or mortgage your mineral claim. In order to bring in a drill Charlie had to have a road built. Wilfred Brunke who has a Caterpillar and operates a small uranium mine on lease, built 10 miles of rough road for Steen for $500. ("And I kept telling him that the ore didn't have the right color, that he was wasting his time and money," Brunke sighs today.)

Staking out the claims would be easy on a level field. But not on the Big Indian area. Steen needed help—help he couldn't pay for. He called his mother, Mrs. Rosalie Shumaker who had been keeping the Steens afloat with her $15 and $20 checks whenever she could afford them. She had also put up the $900 Charlie needed for a second-hand drill. She came to Big Indian with Douglas Hoot, a mild-looking bespectacled Houston machinist who had known the family in Texas. The three of them camped out on Big Indian for a month with Mrs. Shumaker doing the cooking at the impromptu camp and Steen and Hoot staking out sixteen claims. In return for his work Hoot got six claims of his own.

He drilled down to 193 feet when he lost his drill stem core and barrel and bit and Charlie Steen knew he had had it. He had been carefully examining the cores brought up and nowhere could he spot the promising telltale yellow streaks of uranium oxide. There was some black stuff that looked like coal but how could you profitably mine coal in remote Big Indian?

Steen knew he was finished. It would be impossible to get another drill and without promising drill cores no one would invest a cent trying to mine his claims. Hadn't dozens of top geologists insisted there was nothing there worth taking out?

Steen, his mother and Hoot broke up camp and drove back 100 miles in silence to Cisco. Almost absent-mindedly he had taken some of the two-inch cores brought up before the drill broke. When they got to Cisco he left his mother in the Jeep and walked slowly into Buddy Cowger's gas station. Buddy was a friend who had been a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Bureau predatory animal trapper before he came down with a puzzling form of spinal paralysis. Steen was going to tell Buddy he was leaving Cisco to take a job as a geologist and would pay him back out of earnings for the gas and groceries they were on the cuff for.

Buddy was testing a rock sample he and his 12-year-old son, Billy, had come across during some off-hour prospecting. The rock registered feebly on the Geiger.

"I don't even know what it is but I'll bet this piece of core does better," Charlie said. He placed his cored rock in front of the counter and it sounded as if a bunch of midget bop drummers had invaded the little gas station. It took a full moment to dawn on them.

"What the hell you got there?" Buddy asked bewildered. "Radium?"

Steen didn't answer. He ran out with the sample and dashed across the backyard to his shack. Unseeing, he dashed into a clothesline, picked himself up and continued running. At his shack he grabbed his wife and shouted, "We got it. We got it. We got a million-dollar find. We got it."

Then he ran out and told his mother and Hoot who were still waiting in the Jeep. Hoot, moody and restless, was the first of a long line of skeptics. "Charlie,

I want to sell my claims. I'm aiming to go back to Houston."

Steen was flabbergasted. "You're crazy, man. Don't take a cent less than $25,000 for each claim. We got uranium. I tell you."

Since there was no one who would give Hoot $25,000 for all of his claims, let alone for any one of them he stolidly asked $100 for all six of them. It was his firm price. Steen argued and cajoled him but Hoot wouldn't be moved. Digging down into their last-ditch emergency money, Steen paid Hoot the $100 for the six claims. How much are they worth today? Several millions at least. Today Hoot is back as a gas station attendant in Cisco, working for Mr. and Mrs. Ray Scott who took over Buddy's gas station with a loan from Steen. (Steen remembers the Scotts with gratitude. Back in 1948 in Houston they had taken care of their two boys for three months when it looked as if Minnie Lee had TB.) "I'm just a plain unlucky guy," Hoot says. Steen has set up a trust fund for Hoot that will give him a monthly income.

It took a couple of weeks before Charlie knew just how good his black rock core was. Chemical analysis revealed that the core was uraninite, a chemical brother of pitchblende and the richest source of uranium known. Up to his discovery no one had ever expected to find any quantities of it in North America.

But you don't get rich overnight. There are still the key details, certain strategies. Many a great fortune has been lost because of carelessness at this crucial point.

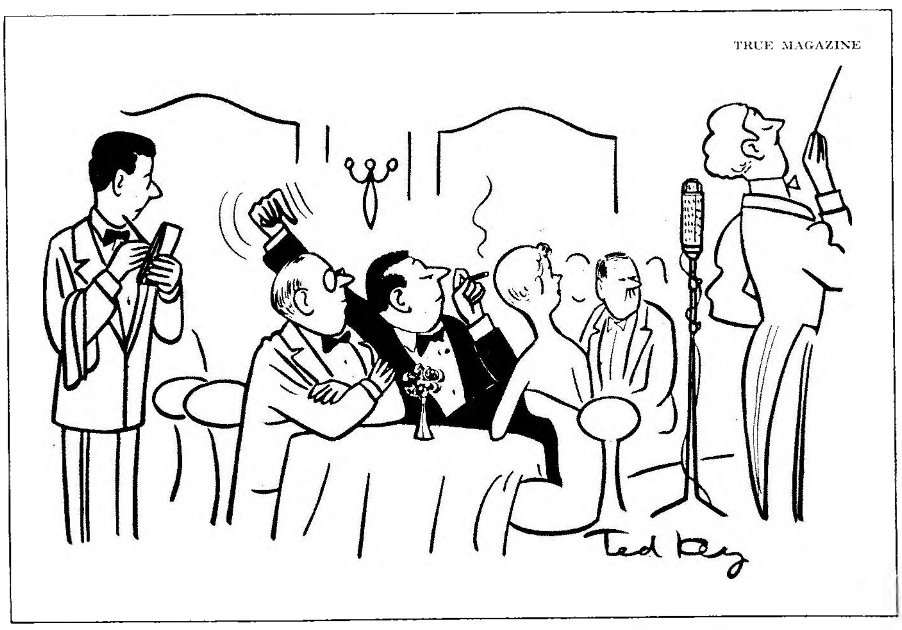
The day after the geiger counter incident, Steen got Buddy to stake some claims near Charlie's. Steen also phoned his friend, Bob Barrett, who had helped him in Dove Creek, to come down and stake some claims around his. He got the Sealys who had been so kind to them in Cisco to stake three claims for themselves.

Part of it was a genuine desire to repay friends who had helped when the going was toughest; and part of it was strategy. Steen knew that if 60 percent of an area was staked and claimed the AEC could not withdraw the area from public exploitation, which it sometimes did when its own exploration teams came across uranium outcroppings in new areas. Also Steen wanted to have friends around his claims. Big corporations are sometimes unfriendly neighbors. They keep a wary eye on prospectors who don't put in a good $100 a year working their claims, and their sharp-eyed legal-beagles go over the filed claims word by word to find the flaws that would enable them to overstake the claim.

The next problem was getting money to develop the property. Steen drove to Denver early in September 1952 to see if he could promote some mining machinery on credit. He couldn't but before he left he called up the Denver *Post* and told them he had a good feature story. He hoped someone would see the story and take a chance on investing.

The feature worked like a fairy tale wand. The next day back in Cisco, Charlie got a call from an old friend he hadn't seen in years—Dan O'Laurie who had befriended him on his college summer jobs with the Chicago Bridge & Iron Company. Phoning from Casper, Wyoming, Dan explained that he and Bill Hudson who used to make the company's college loans to Charlie had seen the Denver *Post* story and wanted to know if they could help. They were both with a tank construction company and had saved some money. Dan flew down, saw the samples and analysis report, heard Steen's story and invested. A bachelor, he put in $15,000 and agreed to loan the new corporation $30,000. Hudson who had a large family put in $5,000 and Bob Barrett chipped in $1,500. The Utex (Utah-Texas) Mining Corporation was born with O'Laurie, president, Hudson, vice president and Steen listed only as chief geologist even though he and his mother controlled 51 percent of the stock. None of the stockholders are permitted to sell their stock to any but present stockholders.

At first there were some ugly stories in Moab that Charlie Steen was trying to put over a fast one—that he had actually planted the uraninite core in order to try to sell stock in the outfit. But the



rumors stopped promptly when Charlie decided on an unorthodox tactic. He had a shaft driven down into the ore instead of the usual method of blocking out the ore body by drilling.

"It was bad geology but good economics," he says. "If the stuff was there as I knew it was I could start taking it out and selling it on a pay-as-you-go basis." The ore was trucked to an AEC licensed Vanadium Corporation sampling station at Thompson, a stop on the Denver & Rio Grande where Charlie used to steal coal in the dark days at Cisco. The Vanadium Corporation is in on the act because much of the uranium ore on the Plateau contains vanadium, the vital hardening agent for steel.

The sampling station reports made Steen's dizziest dreams come true—in technicolor. The stuff was the richest primary uranium ore taken out of the Colorado Plateau. In the first few days they shipped nineteen truckloads of ore —about 114 tons—worth $100 a ton. There was no waste or muck. All ore.

Utex is no longer a hand-to-mouth outfit. The little mine shaft is now big enough to admit a 10-ton truck and there is more than $150,000 of equipment in and around the mine. More than 200 tons of ore are shipped a day which costs Utex about $20 a ton for mining and trucking. Utex gets from the mills an average of more than $52 a ton. During its first eight months of operation Utex netted $300,000 profit after taxes and after its extensive investments in machinery. Each of the stockholders will have back their complete investment in dividends by the end of 1953.

Most of Steen's dividends plus part of his $20,000 yearly salary as chief geologist of Utex goes into Moab Drilling in which he is the senior partner. Working with him is his wife's brother-in-law, Albert Hrbacek, Jr., a competent oil-wise Texan who supervises the drilling operations in the field.

"Drilling is where I get my kicks," Charlie told me. "Other men play the market, the ponies or the green tables in 'Vegas. But drilling is the only real gambling I'm interested in. For me there's just no kick like finding uranium where no one suspected it existed. Some 65 million years ago uranium was shot up from the center of the earth. Now I come along and tell my drill crews: 'Over there, that's where you'll find it.'

"It's a real gamble. You can lose $5,000 in five minutes of drilling. Why, 500 feet of pipe alone costs $1,800. The diamond bit you use is worth at least $1,000. We have crews working ten hour shifts night and day. We also have the old oil field custom of giving each crew man a new suit when he first hits the good stuff on a new claim. We've given out quite a few. The last fourteen holes we've sunk have come in rich. We've already blocked out more ore than I'll be able to take out in my lifetime. When I turned down the syndicate that offered me $5 million the head of it told me, cool as ice, that his own geologists had conservatively estimated that we had at least $75 million worth of ore. That was in June. Since then our own drilling program has convinced me that we're sitting on at least $150 million worth of the stuff—and we still have a lot more drilling to do."

Steen's *Mi Vida* (My Life) mine is located in some of the wildest and most spectacular country left in the United States. Most of the narrow ravines and mesas look like they're in training to become Grand Canyons.

When we were out at the mine Charlie reported big news. "Now it's official. The U.S. Bureau of Mines has assigned a five-man team to write a report on the mine. That's like a ball player making the Hall of Fame. In mining it's a big deal."

Another mine visitor that day was a young AEC geologist. I had a question that had been bothering me.

"You fellows are out looking for uranium deposits all the time. Let's say you find something really big. What's to stop you from resigning your job and then going back and staking the claim for yourself."

The young geologist looked at me as if I had suggested the burning of all geology texts. "That's awful. Why you'd be marked lousy in the mining profession all over the world. No one would have anything to do with you."

Steen overheard the answer and I could see he was laughing to himself. He told me why later. "Sure, he gave you the right textbook answer and as far as I know no AEC geologist has quit to stake a claim for himself. But let's face it: some of the big oil fortunes of our time have been made by ordinary oil geologists on salary who quit and got themselves a lease on territory they uncovered. When you make enough out of it you're forgiven and you become a highly respected oil consultant.

Many of the small uranium mine operators and prospectors are unhappy about some of the AEC policies. They sometimes call it the "Atomic Enemy Commission." Their gripes, as voiced recently by the Uranium Ore Producers Association, are that their ore is sampled inaccurately, that the AEC hands out leases on proven areas to favorite contractors and operators and at incredibly low royalty percentages for the AEC. Steen who used to have a running feud with the AEF—mostly because an eastern press spokesman for the Commission had belittled his find when he made it, and because the AEC never reported on a core sample Charlie had sent in—has since made his peace with them. The AEC is now seriously considering building an ore treatment mill near the *Mi Vida* mine just to handle its enormous tonnage.

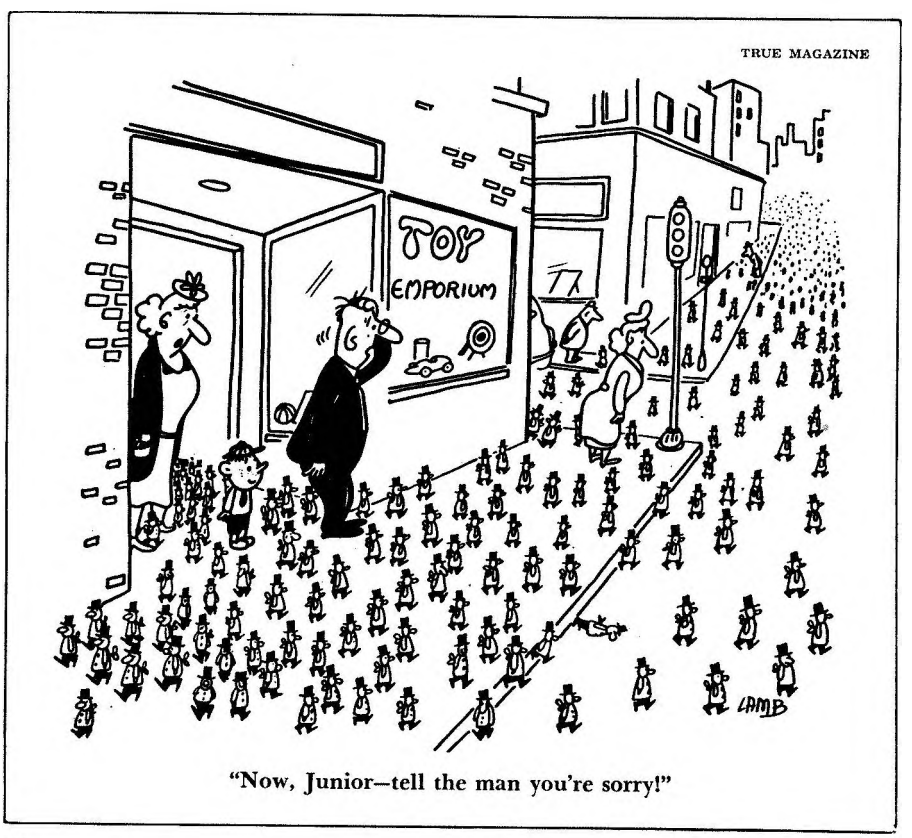
"A lot of problems and headaches," Charlie summed up, "but it's all part of the uranium business today. A lot of men gripe but you notice that few of them get out. I'll probably be prospecting till they put a shovel in my face. When I'm dead they'll realize it: Charlie Steen found the biggest uranium deposit in history. That's what I want the textbooks to say."

Charlie probably won't have to wait for his monument that long. Before I left the Plateau I had a talk with W. S. Hutchinson, an AEC official in Grand Junction, who called Steen's property, "A bonanza without question . . . it could easily turn out to be the biggest uranium producer on the continent."

Charlie Steen doesn't have to choose his words so carefully. He can sound off in the idiom of the mining camps and the prospectors' shacks.

"Just put down," he said grinning, "that I got me the biggest gahdam mountain of uranium there is."

—Murray Teigh Bloom



"Now, Junior—tell the man you're sorry!"

Willie Kills the Odds

[*Continued from page 28*]

single season, a mark that is not likely to be broken in the reasonable future.

Before accomplishing that little feat, he had to bust the single-season mark of 390 winners set a year ago by Tony Despirito. Willie did that quickly, on October 16 to be exact, by galloping home a winner on a horse named The Hoop at Golden Gate Fields.

Virtually all of his riding is done on a California circuit of Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, Del Mar, Tanforan, Bay Meadows and Golden Gate, where the $2 punters regard his work with loathing. Shoemaker mutilates the odds. "They'd bet a three-legged turtle down to 6-5 with Shoemaker up," growled one admirer of the long price. "You bet against him, he wins; you bet with him, you get a buck and a half." Almost from the first year, when he coaxed 217 horses to victory as a raw apprentice, Willie's name was invoked with Arcaro's.

His second year, 1950, bordered on the incredible. Barely 19 years old, Shoemaker battled it out with Joe Culmone for national riding honors; the two wound up in a remarkable tie—each with 388 winners. A day of four victories for Shoemaker is commonplace; once, in 1950 at Bay Meadows, he rode six winners and pulled the same trick twice in 1952 at Tanforan and Hollywood Park. At Tanforan last May, Willie rode five straight horses to victory.

Willie's 257 firsts in 1951, plus 315 last year, brings his four-year total to 1,177. Again, if you add a conservative 425 victories for 1953 (it will be closer to 450 by the end of the year) you get more than 1,600 first-place finishes for a kid who still is improving as a rider. Not only will his five-year record exceed that of any other jockey, it is better than the best five years out of any other jockey's career.

About a year ago, Agent Silbert, a heavy-set native New Yorker with a candid turn of mind, was calling Willie "the second best jockey in the country."

"Nobody around can ride with Shoe," Silbert remarked. "But I can't say he's as good as Arcaro now."

You want a difference of opinion?

"This kid," said Eddie Arcaro, during the Santa Anita meeting last winter, "is the greatest thing I've ever seen on a race track. He can do everything I can do on a horse, and some of it he can do better. Besides that, he's younger."

Two jockeys in the world have ridden more than 4,000 winners in their lifetime—Johnny Longden and England's Sir Gordon Richards. It took Longden twenty-seven years to achieve that figure; Richards made it after thirty years of riding. At his present pace, Shoemaker can hit the 4,000 mark in less than sixteen years.

Next to Hopalong Cassidy, Roy Rogers and other celluloid saddlesmiths, jockeys are the highest paid horse people around. No other athlete—if you will concede that a jockey is an athlete, rather than a skilled craftsman in a narrow, specialized field—makes as much as a good rider. Longden is wallowing in his first million; Arcaro's annual income would astound a corporation president; Eric Guerin is wealthy beyond the dreams of a Stan Musial or Rocky Marciano. After only five years of riding, Willie Shoemaker is a long way, as the crow flies, from the clutches of poverty.

Not counting the probable $150,000 he will make this year, Willie's earnings total $368,124. The assets of this Lilliputian capitalist are computed by an old race-track method—10 percent of his total winnings, or the $3,681,244 purse money mentioned above. The 10-percent-of-winnings formula allows for stakes race percentages, standard rates for firsts, seconds, thirds and fourths—even those horses he barely brings home before supper. To a lesser extent, it also takes into account the winning mutuel tickets a grateful owner may stick in his boot—although this is a delicate subject among some owners and all jockeys.

Almost as fantastic as his earnings is Shoemaker's racing luck. Unlike other jocks, Willie doesn't know the misery of a "slump"—the longest period he ever has gone without a winner is five days. And he has never been seriously injured, although he has been involved in some spectacular thrills.

Once, at Santa Anita, he figured in a violent three-horse mixup. Shoemaker's mount snapped a leg and fell approaching the quarter-pole. Two other horses tumbled over the fallen mount, but Willie escaped with nothing more serious than a swollen knee and bruised feelings.

Another time, at Hollywood Park, his horse ran into a guard rail shortly after leaving the six-furlong chute. Willie was pitched clear over the rail. The horse broke its neck and the track officials, taking no chances, hustled the little man to the hospital. He was back in action the next day, but not before his retiring manner gave the nurse at the hospital's admittance ward a hard time as she tried to pry loose some routine data for the attending physician.

"And how old are you?" she finally asked—a question that almost defies evasion.

"Nine," he said.

The nurse looked horrified at the tiny figure sitting in the office, perhaps reflecting on the cruelties of race tracks to mere children. Willie reluctantly completed his long sentence: "Teen."

Shoemaker's position with small betters (who follow him blindly, nevertheless) is rivaled only by his unpopularity with interviewers. "It's not that we don't like him personally," explained one turf writer, "but have you ever tried to chip granite with a toothpick?" A worried pilgrim from Seattle invaded the jockey's room at Golden Gate this fall, determined to load up on Shoemakerisms. The following is roughly what took place:

"Does it bother you to be compared with Arcaro?"

(Shrug.)

"Do you consider Arcaro the best?"

"Lotta good ones."

"Considering your earnings, some people feel it's rather odd that you continue

to live in a trailer. Wouldn't you prefer to take an apartment, say, in Oakland?"

"Wife."

"Beg pardon?"

"She likes the trailer."

"Does it bother you when fans boo you for knocking the odds down?"

"They paid—let 'em boo."

"Do you do much to keep your mind off your work—like reading?"

"*Racing Form.*"

"What about television?"

"*Love Lucy.*"

"How about *Dragnet?*"

"Maybe."

"Any particular reason why you don't ride more in the East?"

"Rode in New York."

"But that was only one meeting. Why don't you take mounts in the big stakes races, like the Preakness or Belmont?"

"Like it out here."

It would be a gross injustice to a basically shy kid to imply that such fragments of conversation represent surliness, or lack of intellect, or a squalid personality. "Bill isn't a dumb kid," says his valet and close friend, Denny Dubois. "He shows more common sense in three seconds than most guys show in ten minutes. There isn't a jock in this room that's jealous of Bill. They all like him, because they've got to know him. He may not say much, but he's got the kindest disposition you ever saw."

Most racing experts feel that Shoemaker's quiet, even temperament is the key to his ability to make a horse go just a little faster than the horse wants to go —that, and his hands. Such prominent trainers as Reggie Cornell, R. H. McDaniel and Willie Molter agree that Shoemaker's talent is in his hands, which are kind and communicative. Other jockeys sit a horse as well; others are better whip boys, but Willie, they say, has a way of transmitting his own determination to a horse through the reins.

"Put it this way," says another trainer, Freddy Houghton. "Willie has what I call the three H's. He's got the head, he's got the heart and he's got the hands."

Despite his fancy for monosyllabic replies, Shoemaker can be "had" by an interviewer. This is accomplished by a constant pounding of questions (he never volunteers information), the answers to which can be pieced together into an intelligent and fairly eloquent statement of principles. Curley Grieve, sports editor of the San Francisco *Examiner,* and a tenacious interrogator, dredged up one of the best-pieces done on Willie. Out of it came a footnote on his riding technique.

"I just sit still and don't get the horse rattled," said Shoemaker. "I give a horse time to get settled in stride when he breaks out of the gate. I don't take too much hold, but I don't turn his head loose, either.

"When he gets to running smoothly, we settle down to business and I go ahead and ride him out. A horse gets confidence when you give him a chance to get rolling, and seems to have a little more left at the finish."

Unlike Jackie Westrope, Longden, Ralph Neves, Gordon Glisson, Arcaro and many other top riders, Shoemaker is not considered a disciple of the whip. This is due, partly, to his own hand-riding skill (why use a whip when kindness does it better?) and partly to his lack of strength.

If a horse quits running under the fiery Neves, for example, he slashes and jerks the horse out of its lethargy. Longden, another strong rider, is famous for getting a maximum of run out of a fainthearted horse. Arcaro is a tremendous "driver" at the end—by sheer strength he seems to "pick a horse up" and lash him over the finish line. Westrope is tremendously strong for a small man—a tough whip man.

But Willie? He's the little man who "talks to horses" through the light, cool touch of the reins. If horses have a sense of self-recrimination, they must know that when Shoemaker goes to the whip, they deserve it. As the time comes when "we settle down to business," Willie sends his message through the reins: "Come on, baby, let's not be late for the party . . . give a little . . . run a little . . . now a little more . . . this is your day, baby, and I wouldn't trade your picture for Citation. . . ." In a word, Shoemaker is a con artist aboard horses; if ever there was a Gallop Poll to determine jockey-popularity among thoroughbreds, Willie would sweep the nation.

Willie's agent, Harry Silbert (right), likes to call his boy a "walking oil well."

Most trainers, and Shoemaker himself, hold the opinion that he is best at distance races because he is an excellent judge of pace. In rating him over Arcaro, Willie's West Coast admirers work up a composite opinion, somewhat as follows: "On cheaper horses, Shoemaker could consistently beat Arcaro." Trainer Reggie Cornell, for whom Shoe does a great deal of riding, puts it this way: "Give Arcaro and Shoemaker the same twenty horses to ride over a period of time and Shoe would win oftener than Eddie."

Because of the almost womanlike tendency for a horse to do his best, or his worst, according to the way he feels, no comparison of Arcaro and Shoemaker is ever secure. The horse is always the treacherous factor. But Shoemaker fans cite the Santa Anita Handicap last winter —a race that Willie lost—as good evidence that their man is the new king of jockeys. Arcaro, aboard Mark-Ye-Well, a steed that many thought was a standout in the race, finished barely ahead of Trusting, Shoemaker up, a more lightly regarded entry. "Shoe got more run out of his horse than Arcaro did," is their argument.

Levelheadedness is said to be one of Shoemaker's most consistent qualities, next to his firm refusal to go around breaking silences. Shoe never gets in trouble off a race track and very seldom on it. His uncanny success as a rider lies partly in his ability to avoid getting his horses "jammed up"—steering clear of length-costing pockets.

"He is," says Jimmy Jones, famed trainer for Calumet, "the best I've ever seen at getting through. I don't know how he does it—I guess he senses things in front of him, knows how to see trouble before it happens."

Shoe is not considered a "rough" rider by stewards and other jockeys. Set-downs and penalties are rare in his young life. "He gets careless at times, like all of us," says Gordy Glisson, the nation's top rider of 1949. "But we let him know about it. I don't know of anybody who's jealous of him. He's the easiest guy to get along with that I know, and the other jocks would fight for him, believe me."

This last statement explains another remarkable phase of Shoemaker's meteoric rise as the country's finest jockey, or second finest, depending on your opinion of Arcaro. Willie is one of the few, if any, riders who ever had much success without being "taken care of" by other jockeys. Usually, if a jock gets hot in the saddle, the other riders start to give him a bad time—shut him off, brush him or bother him in a multitude of other ways. Willie had only one brush, that with Johnny Longden, at Santa Anita. Longden shut Willie off from an opening and afterward, say witnesses, Willie broke his silence with some purplish and pointed remarks.

Another time, according to Denny Dubois, Shoemaker cut in front of Longden, who came back after the race, screaming foul. Willie listened to Longden's complaint for a time, then said quietly, "The lesson didn't hurt you none —you been doin' that to me for three years. I do it once to you and you cry your eyes out."

Shoemaker's almost stoic silence used to irritate trainers and owners. Each would tell Willie how he wanted the race run, but not once during the entire discourse would Shoe give any indication that he was listening. "That happened to me a couple of times," grinned Jimmy Jones. "He'd go out with one of my horses, and I'd have some misgivings about having him aboard. Maybe I'd figured he hadn't listened, and wasn't getting the horse's best race. But after it was over, and I got reflecting on it, I realized he'd done just what I told him to—that he'd got the best possible run out of my horse that particular day."

A factor in Shoemaker's phenomenal riding career is the shrewd handicapping ability of his agent, Harry Silbert. The two have been associated together from the start and Willie has an almost childlike faith in Silbert's ability to pick the right mounts. "I wouldn't have a third as

many winners as I've got now without Harry," Shoemaker said in one of his longer oratorical efforts.

Silbert has more than a financial affection for his "walking oil well." When the two joined up, in 1949, Willie was just a poor kid getting started and Silbert was somewhat down on his luck. The agent and the boy formed a strong, inseparable friendship and even today Silbert regards Willie as more of a son than a profitable client. He advises the boy on money matters, collecting his riding fees from the track bookkeeping system; the money goes to a Los Angeles accountant, who invests much of it in stocks and bonds. A large part (about 70 percent) of Shoemaker's income goes into trust funds and annuities. Silbert, incidentally, has revised his year-old estimate of Shoemaker as the country's "second-best jockey." To Harry Silbert, there is none better.

From a prestige standpoint, Shoemaker is much in the position of a boxer who fights only in his home town—a self-imposed geographical containment that limits his national prestige. He prefers to do most of his riding in California, "where the weather is better—I like comfort."

On his one invasion of eastern tracks—a fall meeting at Belmont and Aqueduct in 1951—Willie showed sophisticated track bugs used to only the best a fair example of his skill. Riding with the likes of Arcaro, Ted Atkinson and Eric Guerin, he led all jockeys in the autumn campaign with a winning percentage of .25. The leading jockey on New York tracks for that entire racing season, Ted Atkinson, had only a little better than a .15 percentage.

One reason advanced why Shoemaker doesn't get good mounts in the big stakes races is the matter of "dead weight." The fact that Shoe weighs only 96 pounds means that he would be carrying 15 to 25 pounds of lead on the saddle of any horse drawing a high impost. Several trainers, including Jones, put this theory in a class with old wives' tales.

"There used to be a prejudice among trainers against dead weight," Jones agrees, "but I think this has largely disappeared. Willie needs 10 pounds, but not from a weight standpoint—it's a matter of more strength."

Evidence refuting the "dead weight" theory is contained in the Tanforan Handicap this year, when Willie, aboard Trusting, was accorded 130 pounds. Trusting breezed in against a tough field, carrying 96 pounds of Shoemaker and 34 pounds of lead.

Jockeys might not be jealous of Shoe's success, but they can be excused for a few sad, envious glances when he sits down for dinner. Willie eats everything but the napkins—steak, potatoes, ice cream, butter, milk—the works. While other jocks jump at the word "caloric," Willie never has the problem of "fighting" the table, and he thinks a cathartic is some kind of foreign car.

The three people closest to Shoemaker are Silbert, Denny Dubois and Willie's petite, blonde and charming wife of three years, the former Virginia MacLachlan. There is no evidence to support the theory that "Ginnie" carried Shoemaker over their first threshold, but she's a good six inches taller.

The Shoemakers have made three important concessions to luxury—a 1953 Mercury, a 1951 Cadillac and a silver mink stole for Ginny. Their 37-foot trailer is "home" to her, although Willie himself wouldn't mind roughing it in a downtown penthouse. The trailer goes where Willie rides—parked in a camp close to the track in question; they even use it in Arcadia (Santa Anita), where Willie owns an apartment building. Ginny sometimes staggers the ladies in local supermarkets by strolling into line with her grocery cart—silver mink topping her pedal pushers.

How Willie ever got together enough words to propose is a mystery, but everyone agrees his selection was choice. Ginny is blonde and pretty, but she has none of the expensive tastes pretty blondes are heir to. With Mrs. Shoemaker keeping a tight rein on the budget, they allow themselves $150 a week for food, rent and ordinary expenses. Ginny cooks for the other jockeys but seldom bets on them—Willie included. "Two dollars is plenty to bet on any horse," she says. Shoemaker himself never bets, following a bitter experience during his exercise-riding days, when he wagered $50 to show on a beast that hasn't been heard from since.

Willie spends his evenings watching television and not talking. No children—"yet." He gets to bed about midnight and arises at 10 a.m. (one reason why he won't ride contract for a big stable, a job that requires the rider to be out early to gallop horses). Shoemaker doesn't smoke, although he takes an occasional drink in night-club get-togethers with close friends.

If Willie has "kind hands" with a horse, they apply to his social life as well—he almost invariably picks up the check. Although many prosperous jockeys wouldn't spend a nickel to watch an ant eat a bale of hay, Shoemaker often calls the waiter aside in advance and specifies that the check be delivered to him. Of Willie's ability to wear wealth, a friend, Buster Wiles, makes this observation:

"Some men show off success and money in little ways—I mean even the finest of successful men. But here's a kid of 22, and he never does."

Shoemaker has only a passing interest in fine clothes. He usually lounges around his trailer in overalls and sweat shirt, interrupting his TV habit for an occasional game of rummy with friends. "He never seems to be under any pressure," says his wife. "Winning or losing doesn't bother him when he's at home."

Willie Shoemaker, christened "Billy Lee," was born in El Paso, Texas, on August 19, 1931, where his father owned a cotton ranch. The father, B. B. Shoemaker, came to Puente, California, in 1941, where Willie continued growing up—but stopped quite suddenly at a height of 4-11. At El Monte High School, Willie met a girl, who knew Jockey Willie Bailey, who in turn got Shoemaker a job on the Suzy Q Ranch of Tom Simmons, where he first started galloping horses.

His first job on a track was for Hurst Philpot, then training for C. S. Howard;

a fellow named George Reeves gave Willie his first chance to ride after three years of galloping horses. He rode in his first race for Reeves at Golden Gate in 1949 and later hooked up with Silbert, which turned out to be a nice break for both sides.

Denny Dubois, Willie's valet, has more to do than any man from the technical (and inspirational) side of Shoemaker's riding life. Dubois is a former jockey, native of New Orleans, who bowed to the ravages of overweight and retired in 1947. Denny first spotted the shy, silent kid mousing around the jock's room at Golden Gate five years ago. "He was quiet because he was afraid," says Dubois, with rare understanding. "He stayed in a corner and studied the other guys, and I knew he wasn't surly or mean—just shy. Then there was the way he sat a horse"—Denny's manner became intense—"light and easy and full of ride. He was a boy born to the work, and I wanted to be part of him."

Willie's first riding tack was the stuff Dubois hung up—boots, pants, whip and saddle. Before the boy's first race, Denny cautioned, "Do as the man (the trainer) tells you. Keep your head. Keep your seat. Always see that you have racing room."

Willie nodded.

"Now remember two more things," added Dubois. "One is to bring the man's horse back, and the other is to bring yourself back with the horse."

Shoemaker is tiny, even for a jockey. His boots (he now has four pairs) are size one; most jocks run from size three to five. He has a dozen pairs of pants ($18 apiece), three saddles ($110 apiece) and a flock of other equipment that makes up a fancy and utilitarian trousseau for the nation's leading rider.

But parsimony with words still is deeply rooted in his nature, and only occasionally does he let go with a nine-word burst of chatter, like the time he described the toughest part of riding. "Cooling off a hot owner after a losing race," he grinned. An interviewer was moved to ask Willie if a big stakes race made him more nervous than riding a routine claimer.

"No," he said, putting into that one word a shading of surprise that seemed to add, "Why should it? Horses are horses, aren't they? Why should I be nervous?"

Dubois says that an ordinary 7-Up bottle is the barometer to Willie's state of tension. "If I see him sipping at that bottle, I know he's bothered inside," says Dubois. "Some guys smoke when they're nervous. Willie sips 7-Up."

Even Arcaro, who certainly has enough in common with Willie to keep a conversation alive, has bounced off the stone-wall of Shoemaker's silence.

"What do I know about Shoemaker?" Arcaro was saying to a group of inquisitive experts at Santa Anita. "Well, I know he can ride like hell, like I said. But I once traveled from New York to Boston with him on a train and he only said three words to me all the way. How you gonna' know a kid like that?"

"What did he say to you, Eddie?" asked a man, pencil ready.

"Pass the salt," sighed Arcaro.

Little evidence is on record that Willie Shoemaker would trade his size for one of more normal displacement, a change that would, of course, alter the way of his life. His temperament, plus his natural aptitude for games of skill, like golf, indicate that perhaps a jockey doesn't live by victories alone. Is there something else?

"Too small for anything else," he said.

"But what if you were big? What if you had 100 more pounds—like a ball player or a fighter or—"

"I think maybe," Shoemaker spoke slowly, grinding out the reply. "I think I might . . . maybe want to be a golfer."

Snead and Hogan can rest easy, as Willie assaults the monarchy of Eddie Arcaro. Someday, perhaps, unless a lot of expert opinion goes awry, Willie Shoemaker will be the greatest jockey the turf has ever known.

The odds against him are dropping every day.—**Emmett Watson**

To Hell With Light Tackle

[*Continued from page* 34]

had a breaking strain of 72 pounds—gear far heavier than sailfishing demands. But he had reduced this to 15-thread, 9-thread, 6-thread and so on. He had heard (which was true) that one of our fellow members had taken a heavy sailfish on tackle which was standard for fly casting for *salmon*. So he claimed he had gone from 3-thread (which in those days had a breaking strain of 9 pounds) to 2-thread and at last, one-thread. Then he asserted he had taken fish on his wife's *sewing* thread which he said had a breaking strain too low to be measurable.

It was then, this Prince of Liars continued, that he had had his supreme inspiration: What about *no-thread?* A rod, yes. A reel—obviously. Bait and a leader—to be sure. But since he'd reduced his line to near nothing, why not make the final leap and do away with line entirely? At that point, as some of the country's greatest fishermen gaped in awe, the gentleman showed us his "no-thread" rig: the tiniest trout rod—a reel like a sewing-machine bobbin—and a minute fly on a near-invisible gut leader.

Now, the Rod and Reel Club of Miami Beach is housed in a structure that was originally designed to be a night club. Night clubs in greater Miami sometimes have sliding roofs in order that, on moonlit nights, the customers can enjoy direct communion with the firmament. So it is in our club, and the roof was open.

Standing before tense spectators, this behemoth of liars palmed his trout fly and began to whip his lineless rod so fast that the front rows ducked. Suddenly he claimed to have a strike. Racing around the room, he "fought," without any line at all, what he claimed to be a huge fish. It began, he said, to jump. Its leaps, the now-sweating angler insisted, were roof-high and higher. After august struggles, he claimed to be winning his encounter. Sure enough, down from the open roof lunged an enormous grouper—alive!

It is believed that this angler had confederates on the roof with the fish in a tub and that the fish actually had been taken (probably on 72-thread) earlier in the day out on the reefs. As I recall, he was given the championship that year. But he had made his point: a vast number of us were trying, if not to fish with no-thread, to come as near to that dream-like goal as possible.

I have already suggested that one adverse aspect of such ultralight-tackle angling is the fact that it serves to fill the mouths of myriads of innocent fish with broken-off hooks. I am told that tarpon, for example, soon throw all such hooks, plugs, etc. No doubt they do—but the interim must be annoying. And some fish don't throw them, for I've caught half a dozen with old hooks rusting away in their throats or gills. So many fish must thus die.

However, if you accompany one of these light-tackle lads, your day is sure to be ruined. The cobweb fraternity make the worst boat pals in the world. Why? There are only so many hours in a given day. If you assemble your own ordinary tackle and hire a charter boat with one of the guys who uses a raveled nylon stocking for a line, the chances are he will hook something, early in the morning. Then you will learn these near-no-thread people, regardless of age or sex, are prima donnas. Once they hang a fish—a feat hard enough on such line in itself—nobody else can fish at all. You have to reel in and wait. Your line, being heavier, might cut their line. Your hook or bait might sever it. Even a little piece of seaweed is a peril as great as a school of playing porpoises.

The sub-thread angler, you discover, must take his time. He can't put pressure on his hooked fish. That means his fish, if it's good sized, doesn't know it's in trouble for an hour or so and thinks, even then, that it's merely fouled up with a broomstraw or the like. So these "fights" often last from early morn to late afternoon—when they routinely end in disaster. You stand there, you sit there, you eat your lunch, and maybe you have a few beers—or exasperatedly drink a pint of rye. The day wanes and ends and you get nary a chance to wet your own line. Eventually your pal loses his fish and goes home crying. You're supposed to pay for half of the day's fishing and to sympathize with your friend in the bargain.

All that goes under the name of sportsmanship. I call it imposition. As a maker of fishing rules, I'd like to suggest a new one: anglers who use tackle inadequate for the quarry should be legally obliged to fish alone, excepting for guides. Guides can apparently stand anything.

In all my fairly extensive knowledge of this monkey business, I can discover only one instance in which the angler did the truly sportsmanlike thing. The man is Erl Roman. Erl was at one time a

professional exhibitor of bait and fly casting. Today he's an instructor of angling, which he teaches to large classes at the University of Miami. One morning while fishing for smaller game he hung a dolphin that would surely have been a world record for the tackle in his hands. But when Erl realized that the conflict, even if victorious, would last for some hours and deprive his companions of the chance to fish, he broke off the dolphin.

It is the only such case in my files because the indoctrination that goes with the craze for subsized tackle is the opposite. My wife—who is as swift and deadly a light-tackle angler as any I've seen and who, for years, had the local sailfish record for 6-thread line—could testify here. We went through an interminable period during which she fished sensibly and I fished ultrafeeble tackle. Many is the time I got a strike and she reeled in resignedly, to spend the day watching me fight and lose a big sailfish on 6-thread or even a blue marlin on 9-thread. For you are not *supposed* to give up—ever. Consideration of others doesn't enter into this so-called sport.

Which brings us to the main argument in this affair. I object to the use of too-light tackle for the very reason that often it *isn't* sporting—even though it is presumed to be sportier than any other form of marine angling. I am aware that some few fishermen may fulfill the qualifications of sportsmanship as they are implied above, no matter what kind of tackle they employ. But I am also aware that far more fishermen, when they pare down their gear to an insane minimum, change the climate of their angling.

I am aware that a lot of sailfish have been taken on 3-thread line. But what I don't know and would like to know is, how many of them have been taken from boats that did not follow, harry, harass, back up to or run down the fish? For I also know this from experience; if you fish for sails even with 6-thread—providing you stop the boat when you hook your fish and have a reel loaded with 500 yards of line—a comparatively small sailfish can take out every yard of that line in a single run, break it and be gone. I have had it happen again and again—and the sailfish Ricky and I have taken on 6-thread were those that elected not to head for the Sargasso Sea when hooked, but to stick around fairly close, jump, sound, circle and tail-walk, settling the argument (or trying to) in the vicinity of the strike.

If a line will break at 18 pounds and a fish pulls 25, you have to give him line or lose him. And if a fish can pull harder than your line is strong, for a short distance more than you have line, the line breaks. That's how a lot of sailfish have escaped our own light-tackle efforts. If, however, you chase them with the boat, you need not suffer ignominious calamity; but in that case, who has caught the fish—the man or the boat?

In that connection I once had some fun with a friend named Bob Munroe. I'd read that a fish usually can't pull harder than half its weight from a standing start, and can lunge only about as hard as its weight. The article in question had stated that fish break lines mainly because they are allowed to get up speed before the angler applies pressure. It is then (the article said) not their innate power, but their momentum which pops lines. I concluded this was reasonable and I tried it out on the small but formidable bonefish. It seemed to work. By hooking them sharply and not allowing them to run away at all, I managed to nail a few 6- and 8-pounders. All they could do was rush in a circle around my rowboat. If they'd had sense enough to rush *at* me faster than I could reel, they could have built up that momentum the scientific writer discussed. But none of my bonefish had read the piece; they always tried to run away from where I stood.

At any rate, I told Bob Munroe this theory. The mildest possible term for his reaction was scornful. He defied me to catch a bonefish in his presence by my method of not letting it run away at all—on anything lighter than standard sailfish tackle. He invited me—he dared me—to go out with him. Well, I went. I took along my bait-casting rod which had 100 yards of 15-pound-test line on it. Bob brought two boats—one for us to fish in and one to contain an Associated Press photographer who intended to take pictures for the nation's press of Philip Wylie Making an Ass of Himself.

I am tickled to report that only one bonefish was hooked that day, a 6-pounder, by me. After I snapped my wrist to set the hook I thumbed my reel so hard he couldn't rush away and was forced to circle the boat. To Bob's horror, I merely held my rod high while the fish went round and round till he was exhausted. I thereupon reeled him in. The AP has a series of pictures in proof of the feat—but I don't go bonefishing much any more. Nobody asks me to.

The above should be reported here in fairness to light-tackle anglers because a great deal *can* be accomplished by light tackle. It's a lot stronger than most people imagine. It's easier to use and more fun providing it isn't *too* light. Most tyro salt-water anglers use gear far too heavy for their quarry. Most charter boats provide tackle that is too heavy for anybody—even a beginner. Oversized tackle is a handicap, not a help, to the novice as much as the expert. No one needs, in my opinion, tackle heavier than that which supports 30-pound-test line for sailfish and white marlin in the waters around Florida or Bimini. Ordinary bait-casting tackle is adequate for tarpon up to about 50 pounds. Where they come larger, something stronger is indicated, I think.

But it is *almost* possible to get whoppers on no-thread. For instance: Not long ago I listened while one of the world's leading fishing guides laved plans for this year's tuna run off Bimini. We will not name him as he is a quick-tempered bird who has about 50 pounds on me. Call him Doaks. "I'm going to nail a 9-thread tuna," Doaks said. "Got it all figured out." (For the benefit of readers who don't do this sort of fishing, I should mention that when a guide says "I" caught a fish, he refers to a customer.)

"I'm going," Doaks went on, "to use

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GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1953.

[SEAL] LILLIAN M. KLEIN
(My commission expires April 1, 1958)

three boats. I'm going to put my angler in a fighting chair with 1,500 yards of 9-thread line on a big reel." (9-thread: about 30-pound-test.) "I'm going to sight tuna schools, and then, with my extra boats, chase them into shallow water. Sooner or later one of those giant bluefins is going to hit. We'll hang him on 9-thread, easy!"

I agreed with that. "Then what?"

Doaks smiled. "It's a question, after that, of two things. First, you gotta keep the tuna moving fast. Chase him with your own boat constantly. That way he gets tired. Second, you gotta keep him from running off the shallow shelf and sounding in deep water. If he does that, you can't hope to get him up with this light stuff. So—there's where your extra boats come in. All the boats do over 30—which is faster than horse mackerel swim. The job of the other boats, during the fight, is to head off the hooked tuna whenever he runs toward deep water—drive him back over the shallow white sand.

"Sooner or later, that way, we're going to tire one out enough so that there will be a few minutes when we can ease the boat up close to him and then—using a legal length of rope—we can nail the guy. And we'll have the 9-thread world record for bluefin tuna. I bet we can take a 500-pounder!"

I bet somebody could take a thousand-pounder that way. *But is it fishing?* I say not—and I say the hell with it.

A point can be reached in this spreading mania to catch the mostest with the leastest at which all that has hitherto been considered sportsmanship disappears. There ought to be certain additional criteria—and here are a few which I offer tentatively:

If the tackle you use is so light that in spite of your skill you lose three quarters of the fish you hook, it's too light. If you have to chase hooked fish to prevent them from running out your line and breaking it—whether you chase them with oars or engines—your tackle is too light. If it takes you double the average time to boat average fish, your tackle is too light, too light at least for you to ask companions along.

And if you're so rich you can spend all day every day trying to bring in a single record fish (losing, meanwhile, hundreds of dollars' worth of gear) you're competing unfairly with the rest of the angling fraternity. You're *buying* record fish, rather than catching 'em. Finally, if you use an extra boat or any other method of scaring the fish to death—you ain't fishing, either.

Increasing numbers of what I call "real" fishermen are becoming vexed by this ultralight-tackle business. They refer to it as trick fishing. One such gent said something like this the other day, "What you're really doing is just putting a marker on the fish so you'll know where he is in order to chase him around until he's bushed. Then you reach down and heave him out of water. Why don't these oafs give up tackle entirely and train sea lions to do this sort of thing for them?"

I'll buy that.—**Philip Wylie**

"Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!"

They've Given the Boot to Frostbite

[*Continued from page 27*]

cuffs and frescoed my cap peak. By waving an arm I could make it "snow." I tried to walk on a treadle but the rollers wouldn't budge. Frozen stiff. There was a bicycle exerciser, too, with pedals frozen so solid that the stems would have cracked before gears could be broken free.

This particular icebox is a tricky affair, designed by the Navy Clothing Supply Office to simulate conditions in places like the Polar ice caps in midwinter. The boys at the controls outside can drop the temperature to a snappy -78° if they feel like it. To make it even more miserably realistic, the thing is equipped with a machine that'll whip up a 48 mph wind. Taken together, the temperature equivalent drops to about -110°. Add a 40-mile gale to 50° below zero and the temperature reading is about -72°. That's what they did to me after I'd been in the box a few minutes.

By that time, my feet should have been cemented in blocks of ice from the half-inch of water in my boots. My skin temperature should have approximated that of a cadaver in a cooler.

Instead, the water in the boots was beginning to warm up from my own body heat. I was perspiring. Although hoarfrost from my breath had built a snowdrift around the edges of the special hood flaps covering my nose and mouth, it was stuffy enough so that I had to loosen the flaps. By the end of twenty minutes, my feet were swimming in warm puddles and I was downright comfortable. Reason: From head to toe I was encased in a featherweight, flexible Thermos jug.

The new raiment, called "Thermowear," is a revolution in cold weather clothes. In cardinal red Thermojacket, Thermopants, Thermoboots and Thermomits, a hunter can fall in a stream on a 20-below-zero morning, pick himself up, stomp around for a few minutes, and go right on hunting in comfort the rest of the day without leaving the field to change clothes or worry about pneumonia. Fishermen, wearing a "streamgreen" variety of hip-length Thermoboots, can fish the middle of a glacial torrent all day without feeling a chill. Their footgear will insulate them against 10 below. A Thermo snowsuit now being planned will enable skiers and winter sportsters to stay out on wind-whipped sub-zero snowfields indefinitely, and in perfect comfort. Women's jackets and boots are on the way, too.

Actually, "Thermo" clothes are civilian counterparts of radically new military cold weather clothing developed by Salvatore Gianola and Dominick Maglio, two former Navy civil-service employes. These men dreamed up the idea for the admirals six years ago. The boots that most civilians will buy are identical (but lighter, and good to -20° instead of -40°) to the ones that cut frostbite cases in Korea to almost zero.

Military versions of boots and upper garments saw duty on the bridges of Navy ships operating in sub-zero gales on Arctic seas. Watches that had been limited to twenty minutes by incredible cold and freezing spray stretched to a standard four hours when men wore the new gear. Except for minor military specifications, such as styling of the outer garments and removable linings, the civilian counterparts are identical.

It was Gianola, a genial bear of a man about 34, who let me out of the freezer that day. "You look warm," he said.

I was. Actually by keeping active I could have stayed in the freezer, soaking wet, with the wind whistling around my flaps, for the rest of the day without danger. The suit I wore (hunting jacket, trousers, boots and hood) was less awkward than the average ski suit and far less bulky than the cumbersome gear a hunter usually wears in the field. Boots and all, my trappings came to 18 pounds.

The secret of the new clothing lies in construction similar to what you'd find in a modern home and insulated jugs. Gianola calls it "moisture barrier." The idea involves trapping dead air between two tightly sealed layers of waterproof material. In the boots and mittens, this material is rubber. In the jackets, trousers and hoods, the material is neoprene-coated nylon. The middle of the sandwich is a fleece of nylon or acetate.

Fully dressed in this rig, you have the sensation of being in a house. Wind bangs and buffets the outside, but there's no feeling of coldness. Stiff welting across the shoulders of the jacket holds the clothing away from your body, providing additional insulating air space between you and sub-zero frigidity. It gives a flyweight the look of a Buck Rogers. The illusion is heightened by the hood, a rare contraption with stiff, sliding side panels that can be turned back into the hat to make it look like an ordinary woodsman's cap, or pulled out and snapped together in a dozen combinations to cover the owner's face completely against a sub-zero hurricane.

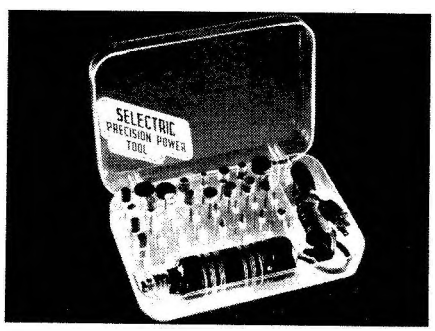
"A man can don one or two of the suits, according to the temperature and the time he'll be out in it," Gianola explains. "Underneath goes a pair of new, itchless, waffle-weave cotton long johns. As long as he's active he'll stay warm indefinitely in temperatures down to 40 below—and lower for limited periods."

The need for really good cold weather gear has become increasingly important. During World War II, Navy ships were forced deep into frigid seas. On the Murmansk run, the fleet faced Arctic conditions never before experienced on extended operations.

Soldiers and Marines stationed at Arctic bases found themselves badly handicapped when the bottom dropped out of the thermometer.

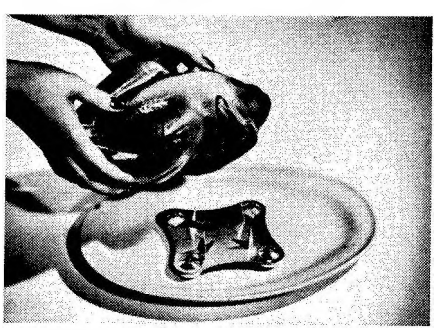
"People can't understand," says Gionola, "why the clothes that permitted explorers like Wilkins and Steffanson to operate in the Far North for years at a time, and the furs that Eskimos wear during their long winter hunting operations, can't do the same job for the men who are opening the Arctic today.

[*Continued on page 82*]

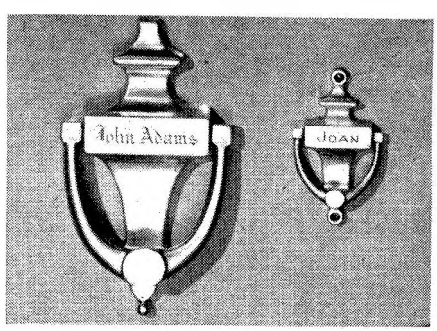


For model builders and hobbyists—a really well-engineered 6"-long electric drill that'll work off AC or DC current. High speed (22,000 rpm) motor gives smooth, accurate action for detailed work. Versatile, it comes with 40 attachments for drilling, sanding, polishing, carving, engraving, cutting, etc. Has ⅛-, 3 32-inch chucks. $29.95 ppd. Selectric Co., Lynwood, California.

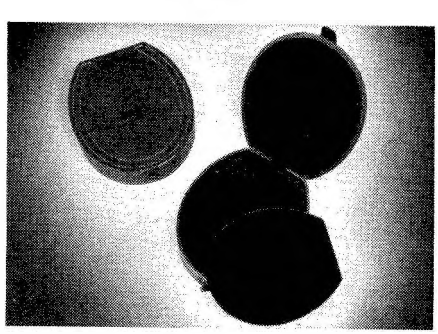
If you still haven't gotten your favorite gal a Christmas gift, here's a nicely made sterling-silver pin and bracelet set that ought to make her happy. Handworked, each of five bracelet sections is individually molded. Design is a copy of an old French devil pattern. Strong sterling clasp. Set comes for $14.40 ppd. Order from Robert Gerard, 329 East 65th St., New York, N. Y.



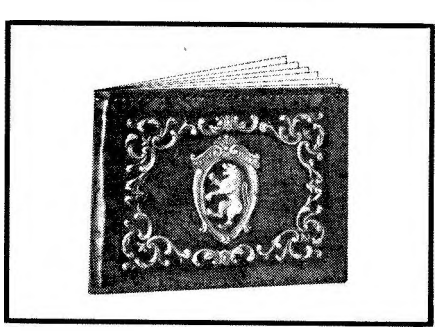
Nothing worse (the manufacturer says, naturally) than trying to carve a chunk of meat that keeps sliding on the platter. Trouble is, spiked platters cost too much gold, but for a modest $1.95 ppd., Fredric's, Box 86, Stronghurst, Ill., will ship this silver-finished Carv-Rak that'll fit any platter, hold turkey while you perform. Suction cups you coat with butter do the job.



If you're not satisfied with the racket this 6¾" long Colonial-style brass door knocker will make on your front door, you can get a couple of 3½" companion jobs to go on bedroom doors, etc. Larger one engraved with old English lettering (14 maximum), $5.15 ppd. Other with 8 block letters, $2.15 ppd. Spaces count as letters. Art Colony Industries, 9 University Pl., New York, N. Y.



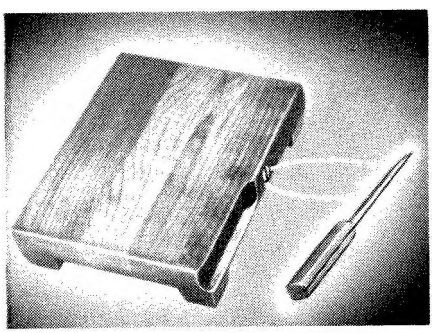
Just to show how far they'll take a thing these days, here's a cuff-links box that's shaped like a horseshoe, is about the size of a horseshoe, and has a green velvet (it resembles the turf, we're told) lining. Box is leather (not horse), has two compartments. Specify initials up to 3 for top. Comes for $3.50 ppd. Order from Zenith Gifts, 2674-Y Valentine Ave., Bronx 58, N. Y.



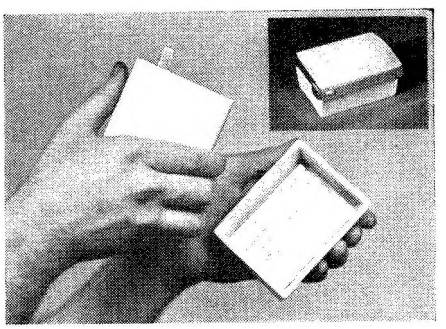
The fine leather work of Italian craftsmen has gone into this hand-tooled photograph album that's embossed with the Lion of St. Mark. Album has 25 pages that measure 8½x12½", is handwhipped around edges and finished with gold leaf. Florentine art leather comes in green, brown or maroon. Specify choice. $7.85 ppd. from Alpine Imports, 505 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

goes shopping

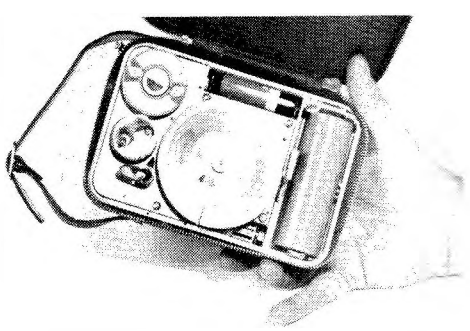
This department is not composed of paid advertising. The items shown represent the most interesting new products True has seen this month. They are believed to be good values. The stores listed guarantee immediate refund of your money if you are not satisfied.

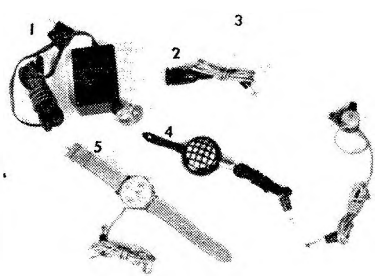


Skunk Hollow General Store, Taftsville, Vt., not only exists, but has been in business a goodly number of years. And despite its name, it's come up with a chopping block and knife that'll make a practical addition to any bar or barbecue pit. Block measures 9x11", is solid Vermont (naturally) hardwood, and has magnet set in side that grips sharp tool steel knife to block. $6.20 ppd.

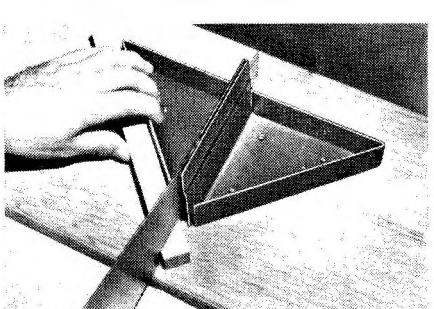


You probably get the idea, but for the characters that can't quite grasp it, this is a combination cigarette box and lighter that'll make it easier to pounce on your friends with a light after offering them a butt. Box is fine kiln-fired china, holds regular and king-size smokes. Ascot lighter is in top. Color's ivory. $9.95 ppd. Parker & Battersby, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

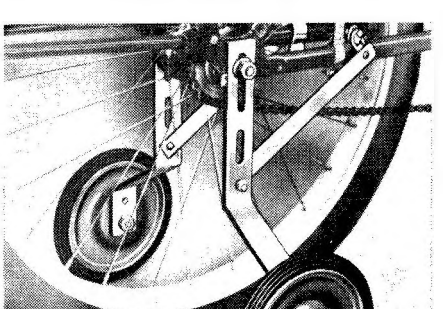




Straight from Dick Tracy, kids, this completely self-contained pocket recorder is used in police work all over the world. Fine German craftsmanship has gone into making it a record-erase-playback unit small enough (1⅜x1⅜x6¾") to fit in coat or pants pocket. It weighs only 2 lbs. 7 oz., has 2½ hour wire spool that runs on batteries, or electricity through 110 volt AC transformer (1). Records through plastic mike (4) or well-detailed dummy wrist watch mike (5), and has tiny mike with suction cup (2) that fastens on telephone, records two-way conversation without telltale blips. Equipped with stethoscopic-type earphone (3), it can also be played back through a radio. For further information and price list write Harvey Radio Co., Inc., 103 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.



Woodworkers—mount this Belruss right and left hand mitre-box on your workbench, have a permanent fixture that's needed when making angle cuts for picture frames, moldings, cabinet work, etc. Box offers 45 and 90 degree angles, has tension guides for saw. Made of heavy-gauge steel, it's cadmium plated to prevent rust. Comes for $2.25 ppd. Eagle Products, Box 84A, Meriden, Conn.



Kid can't ride the bike you gave him for Christmas? Make it easy on him and attach a set of these wheels to it until he gets the feel of it. Sturdy steel wheels measure 6" across, have hard solid-rubber tires that'll take a lot of wear. Easily mounted with steel brackets, they fit 16, 20, 24" rear wheels. Complete for $3.45 ppd. Miles Kimball, 15 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wis.

[*Continued from page 79*]

"The fact is that even the toughest explorers operated in the open for only relatively short stretches at a time in rough weather. And they carried protective shelters with them. They used Eskimo tricks to a large degree. When an Eskimo goes out in Arctic winter, he takes along three changes of clothes and three pairs of sealskin boots he calls mukluks.

"These clothes keep him comfortably warm except for one thing. He must not get them wet. A man who falls in water in standard gear when air is below -40° won't take a dozen steps before dropping from shock. He'll die in less than ten minutes—the same limit of endurance for sailors who fell overboard in Arctic waters. Even normal body perspiration at 50 below is enough to turn a pair of mukluks board hard after a day of wear. At night the Eskimo takes them off, turns them inside out and leaves them on the tundra. In the morning, he chips off the ice and carries them inside his fur parka to dry while he wears a fresh pair, alternating this way day after day.

"What's more, no sane Eskimo ever overexerts himself. If his breath starts coming hard, he'll stop everything and rest. Heavy breathing at 50 below will start blood frothing out of the corners of a man's mouth within five or ten minutes at most. Worse, it starts perspiration which soaks clothing and makes it a perfect conductor of cold. The moisture freezes and in a few minutes you are wearing a cake of ice instead of a warm suit."

Men building bases and opening the Arctic had to exert themselves plenty and stand exposure in weather that would find explorers and Eskimos sensibly holed in. "The big problem," Gianola reveals, "was not just to invent warmer clothes, but clothes that wouldn't stop being warm if they got damp or wet when men were miles out in the frozen wilderness away from adequate shelter."

After World War II, all the military services studied the problem. And in 1947, at the Navy Clothing Supply Office in Brooklyn, young Sal Gianola was picked to head up a new Clothing Research and Development Department. Sal was 28 then with qualifications that included a high school diploma, textile training (he was still going to night school), a short stretch in Macy's Bureau of Standards at $15 a week and one year as a Navy civil-service supply inspector. But he had ideas.

From the clothing office, Gianola recruited his long-time friend, Dom Maglio, a smart aggressive textile technologist with a hatful of brains, unlimited energy and no time for red tape.

They took everything that had ever been made in the way of Arctic boots and clothing, donned them in turn and sat in the big Navy freezer day after day while the compressors chugged and thumped, the wind machine whipped up a gale, and their joints grew stiff with rheumatism from the frigid life.

"Time hung pretty heavy in there," Sal remembers. "We usually went in in pairs, with thermocouples taped all over us for skin temperature readings. We couldn't talk because of the screaming wind. We couldn't play cards, because they'd have had to be made of lead. To simulate a high activity level, we played catch with a rubber ball that took thirty seconds at 50 below to get as hard as an ivory cueball. We ran, jumped, marched, stacked boxes and lay still—testing our efficiency in every kind of clothing under all degrees of canned weather."

Once, both men were trapped in the freezer at 40 below. The door had frozen tight. "Until we realized what happened, we'd been as warm as toast," says Sal. "But right away we started to freeze to death even though we were getting some mighty good exercise pounding the door to raise someone. Fear can make a man cold no matter what he's wearing." Someone finally came by and pried the thing open with a crowbar. There's been an alarm button in the freezer ever since.

Upshot of the experiments proved that no existing boots or clothing, once they had been moistened by perspiration from high activity, could keep a man from freezing to death after more than a few hours at 50 below. Boots especially. "The theory had always been," Gianola explains, "that a foot must breath. Hence official Arctic boots had to be made of lined leather, permeable inside and out, and worn with two pairs of woolen socks. The freezer showed us that after three hours of high activity in sub-zero exposure with this kind of footgear, we suddenly had heat exchangers instead of shoes on our feet. The leather and wool, soaked with perspiration, conducted heat away from our feet fast. Then ice began to form at the outer surfaces and work its way in. Eight hours of that and a man is gangrene bait."

Most of the clothing was just as bad. Reading through books on insulation, the two men got thinking, and the thinking congealed into an idea. If you could keep sweat from wetting fabric, and outside moisture from creeping in to freeze up tiny airspaces, what would happen? You'd have a moisture barrier. And if sealed vapor barriers could insulate houses, why not people, too? No one had tried that before.

Thus, the first pair of handmade "Thermoboots" was born. They looked like flimsy galoshes. "One look at the rubber, which experts considered the worst possible Arctic material, and everyone was horrified," Sal recalls wryly. "We tested them, knew they worked, and nobody believed it."

To prove they were right, Gianola and Maglio packed up sample boots and suits and headed northward. For two years they faced blizzards, storms at sea and stood watches for hours on end above the Arctic Circle.

Dom hit the sea lanes with the fleet. Off Kodiak, wearing one of the new outfits, he rode a 12-hour mail run through a snowstorm on heaving icy seas in an open LSM. The mercury stood at a rugged -10°. The pilot swathed in standard gear and lashed to his wheel, was half frozen. In four hours he was soaked through and began icing up. Maglio's new suit saw him through the day.

"It wasn't clear sailing," he remembers. "The boots got a black eye when two submarine men wearing them were washed overboard during a storm off Greenland. After hours of maneuvering, one was rescued. The other was last seen floating, boots up, in the water. Word went out that the boots floated and would drown an unconscious man."

That little episode set "Operation Thermoboot" back months, and forced the men to trim down the insulation until every boot sank like a rock. But with each trip out, Thermowear was improving, and Dom held successful trials on every type ship in the fleet.

Meantime, with 40 pairs of handmade boots, great bolts of material, one sewing machine, and a plump Brooklyn tailor named Paul Cassella, Sal Gianola headed for Point Barrow, Alaska, to test his new gear on Navy civil-service employes working on petroleum surveys.

He couldn't have picked a better spot. It was a bleak, desolate land of snow, where winds reached 50 miles an hour and daily temperatures staggered to 60 below.

The survey crews should have been natural subjects for the new gear. They worked in short shifts from bitter necessity. Tears caused by polar winds froze eyelids shut. Nostrils clamped up with frost—a frightening thing that sent more than one man into energy-dissipating panic. Lung bleeding was a common occurrence.

"When that happens," Gianola explains, "body heat concentrates in the bleeding lungs while the rest of a man slowly freezes. That's the reason for our hood flaps. By forming a cup over the mouth, they allow every exhaled breath to preheat every inhaled one, and a man can take 70 below in comfort."

Unfortunately, there was no factory space for Gianola at the Point Barrow base. But in the nearby Eskimo village of Barrow, he was invited to set up shop in the hut of the senior council member of the local Eskimos, one Ned Nusinginya.

"There was a real man," he recalls. "Ned was about five-foot four and built like an igloo. He'd been a guide for Sir Hubert Wilkins and other Polar explorers."

Nusinginya turned over his women to help Casella stitch up a wide assortment of new clothes. When it was ready, Gianola took it over to the base camp. He was met with stony stares.

One top kick took a look at the rubber boots and told him to get lost. "If those things keep feet warm," he snapped, "you can boil me a pair and I'll eat them." None of *his* men would test trick boots or clothes, he announced. That was that.

For three months, Sal clomped around in his own Thermowear, trying to act like a walking advertisement. No one was impressed. He fought off a mounting depression—sinister forerunner of Arctic madness he'd seen glaze the eyes of several men.

Day after day, Gianola watched the sled trains roar out across the tundra like a string of derailed freightcars. The heavy tractors snorted and bucked over the

drifts, raising individual snowstorms as howling winds snatched at the powder snow they kicked up. Some of the men would be frostbitten before they came back, but no one was interested in Thermowear.

Finally, one day, Ned got a lengthy trail marking job and offered to wear Sal's boots on a junket that would keep him out in -55° weather for several weeks. He insisted he would take one pair of Gianola's boots, and no spare mukluks.

Sal saw him off, his feet safely encased in a pair of Thermoboots. Every few days, a light skiplane went out of the Point Barrow base camp to circle the Eskimo and drop him supplies.

Locating a man or group of men out on the snowy wastes isn't as tough as you think. "Ice fogs follow men everyplace," Sal explains. "Their body heat forms a vapor in the frigid air. We often spotted a puff of cloud on the horizon long before a group of men would suddenly pop into view underneath it."

Several times, on returning, the plane pilot expressed curiosity about something. "Whenever I come in close, that chief sticks a foot out of his Weasel and gives me the 'V' sign. Can't make it out."

Sal just grinned.

When Ned returned one month later, his feet were in great shape. "From that day," says Gianola, "Ned was a walking public relations department for me. 'I'm still wearing them,' he'd say when anyone asked. Far as I know he's still got them on."

The promotion took. A top engineer finally agreed to wear a pair of Thermoboots on an oil survey and give them a tryout. They were tried better than the engineer intended.

Thirty-six miles out on the tundra, the man's Weasel broke down in a blizzard. Minutes after its engine quit, heat inside the tracked vehicle dissipated in Arctic frigidity. Worse, the radio was fouled by one of the weird electrical phenomena that plague the Arctic.

The engineer crawled from his Weasel and set out on foot through lashing gales and sub-zero temperatures. Next day, a search plane spotted the Weasel, but couldn't find the man. For thirty-six hours the camp waited while Arctic winds roared across the surrounding tundra, shrouding it in tumbling temperatures that reached a shuddering 55° below zero.

On the afternoon of the third day, Sal was standing on the main street of Point Barrow when he saw the missing man shuffle into a quonset hut. Everyone converged on the hut to render aid. Before they had him undressed, he was asleep. The men lifted him onto the bunk. Gingerly, Sal took off the Thermoboots. The fellow's feet were soaking wet with perspiration—and a rich, warm red color. The bottom of each boot held a puddle of perspiration. Almost any other boot would have left the man with black stumps after such an ordeal.

From then on, it was all downhill. The payoff for Gianola came when the official who had promised to eat the boots, tried them out and begged off his self-imposed penalty "because," he told Sal, "they're much too good for mere eating."

Point Barrow became the focal point for rave reports on the gear. Teams of thirteen at a time donned Thermowear and hiked out on extended jobs across the barren snowfields with the sled trains. Their only shelter was the caboose-like wanigan, riding on flatcar skids at the end of the string.

According to one Arctic oldtimer's definition, a wanigan is "an 8 x 24-foot box containing bunks, stove, latrine, table, sink and built-in cold feet." Except to eat and sleep, Sal's Thermo-clothed teams never needed to go in the wanigans. Thermowear beat anything the Arctic experts had seen.

"We split the team and tested the new gear against standard Arctic garments," he says. "The difference amazed everyone including us. At 40 below, the men wearing Thermo clothes hiked strenuously through drifts for one hour intervals. Sweat rolled down inside their clothes. During twenty minute stop periods, they could lie down and rest, completely motionless without getting chilled. Several times we made them open their jackets to see what would happen if the sweat was allowed to freeze. After five minutes of hiking again, the ice inside had melted and the men were wet but warm again. They slept comfortably in the same clothes on the floor of a wanigan where the temperature was about 28 below. At 40 below they could sleep safely for four hour intervals. During long rest periods men might get cold, but as long as they kept active they were comfortable. At the end of a week the clothing had absorbed no moisture weight.

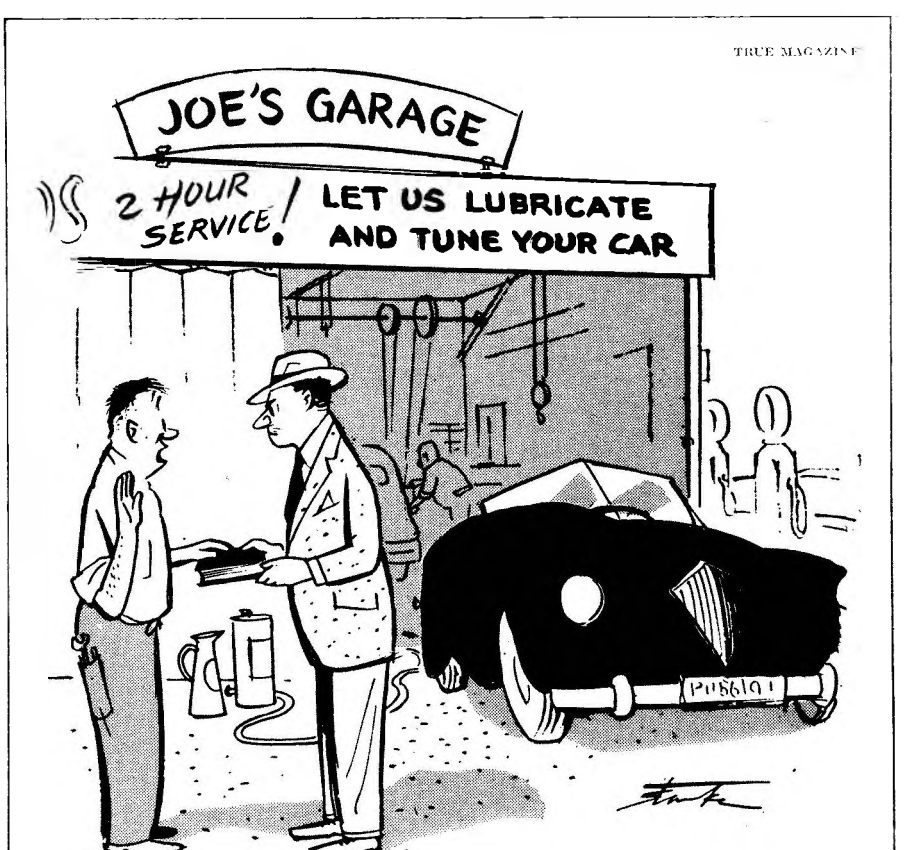
"During this same period, men wearing standard gear and Eskimo garments had no such experience. During the twenty minute pauses between hikes, with jackets tightly closed, perspiration froze on the alpaca inner lining of their jackets, or skins, and they never warmed up again. Their limit of safe sleep in garments they had worn during the day was twenty minutes. After three days of wear, their clothing had gained three pounds, all of it moisture."

Soon after these experiments the Marines ordered 40,000 pairs of Thermoboots, and Dom Maglio returned stateside to teach boot manufacturers how to put them together. Army and Navy orders followed. Last winter on the Korean front it was a court martial offense for a man to be caught without his Thermoboots. GI's called them "Little Abners," but cases of frostbitten feet dropped to less than one percent of cases for the previous year.

Today, the Brooklyn team, still acting as consultants to the Navy, continues to improve Thermo clothing and is getting it on the market in a wide variety of colors, shapes and sizes.

To show everyone what Thermowear could do, Sal and a Navy team ran an expedition half way up 6,200-foot, snow-clad Mt. Washington last spring. Here, near a rude hut chained to the live rock against 200-mile gales, is where the new garments were tested during early development days.

At the foot of a toll road leading to the peak, Gianola, dressed in a complete outfit, knelt in a fast moving stream.



". . . and I swear to grease the door hinges, the fan spindles, the torsion bars, the grease nipples and the . . ."

Caesar Zemme, chief of the Navy's environmental clothing branch, doused him with buckets of ice water. By means of thermocouples taped to Sal's body, technicians recorded changes in Sal's skin temperature on a potentiometer. As ice water seeped down inside his boots and gloves, Gianola's skin temperature on his hands and feet dropped from 89 to 65 degrees. Fifty is dangerous. Five minutes later, after jumping up and down, Sal showed a reading of 97. He sat down in a snowbank and poured lukewarm water from his boots and gloves.

Then the party piled into a Weasel and ground four miles up a dizzy trail. Their goal was Halfway House, where Navy experimenters live and test their Arctic equipment. Nearby was "The Horn," a 4,000-foot-high rocky pinnacle in a howling corridor above the timber line.

This precipice is a landmark in the development of Thermowear. In the winter of 1950, Dom and Sal stood on The Horn's edge during a blizzard. The anemometer at Halfway House was logging readings up to 140 miles an hour. The mercury trembled at -40°. The men were testing their new suits under Arctic conditions and had put in a stoic four hours clinging to the rocks against gusting Polar winds and high altitude frigidity. As they started to leave, Gianola slipped and fell. On hands and knees he spun slowly on the windswept, ice-coated rock, down the slope toward the edge of The Horn. Knowing it might mean double suicide, Maglio dove for his partner's feet and hung on, wedging his own legs in icy crevasses. Both men teetered on the brink of the sheer 2,000-foot drop-off. It was several minutes before the wind abated enough to let them slip and stumble their way back to the trail. Dom got a Navy citation for that.

There wasn't much wind the day the Weasel went around The Horn last spring, or it would have been lifted right off the glare ice. Up there, the expedition found a Thermo-garbed Navy clothing technician, buried to his neck in snow, waiting for them. After ten minutes that way, his skin temperature had dropped only 4° from a norm of 89. He recouped the loss in a two minute walk up the trail.

Then, the whole Navy gang slid down a steep ice-encrusted slope on their backs and bellies to demonstrate the rugged durability of the nylon outer layer of the new garments.

After the demonstrations, and a relaxed dinner before the gas heaters at Halfway House, Sal leaned back contentedly. "We've come a long way since Point Barrow days," he told impressed observers. "These clothes are swell down to 40 below. That's plenty for civilians. But we're going to make them even better for the military. How much better is a secret, but anyone can guess. Imagine that U.S. forces had outfits that would keep them warm and safe indefinitely at 75 degrees below zero. Why, we could keep any enemy out of the Arctic without firing a shot.—**Frederic Wolff**

Promoter's Progress

[*Continued from page* 30]

hurt, and then solemnly announce "Gallstones!" He bolstered this diagnosis with a technique of providing his own evidence. The gallstone patients were instructed to take olive oil and lemon juice the night before their next treatment. The following day he would flush from them some small soaplike balls formed by the action of the lemon-juice citric acid on the olive oil and triumphantly affirm both the accuracy of his diagnosis and the efficacy of his cure.

Between 1945 and 1948 he administered 30,000 treatments to ailing Angelenos. A bemused medical official later estimated that Osborne had pumped enough water in and out of Los Angeles citizens to float a destroyer.

Then on a day in 1948, two officials from the California Board of Medical Examiners came into his busy headquarters and arrested him.

Arraigned on five counts of practicing medicine without a license, Osborne pleaded innocent, demanded a jury trial, and protested that he had merely administered "the oldest treatment known to man." But the medical examiners had made a lengthy investigation. They had learned that Osborne had not finished college and had no medical education. He admitted that he could not tell the difference between the symptoms of erysipelas and measles. His "physician" diploma had been issued by a fly-by-night association that had as much authority to accredit physicians as did the International Union of Master Plumbers.

Yet dozens of helpful Angelenos stepped forward to Osborne's defense. A bishop offered a testimonial that he was a fine and honorable fellow and that his treatment had effected a cure of "chronic illness when all other methods failed."

Shortly before his case went to trial, Osborne changed his mind and decided that he was guilty. He penitently assured the court that he never would have operated a single day if he had known that what he was doing was illegal. To demonstrate good faith, he announced that he had transferred his offices to a chiropractor, L. A. Brinkley. "I am not and will not be in a position wherein I could even come in contact with the public," he said. "The offense I am charged with here could thus never be repeated."

The state obligingly dropped four of the five charges and permitted him to plead guilty to a single violation. The judge fined him $200 but suspended a thirty-day jail sentence. And thus John Osborne, who had parlayed a quack's theory and a worthless diploma into a healing center that outstripped most legitimate California medical practices, walked out into the friendly sunshine of Los Angeles a free man.

In a land where yogis perch on mountaintops, Osborne's sally into the healing profession rated only a few paragraphs in the papers. Not one of the five dailies bothered to review the background of his operations in the City of the Angels. Yet the Case of the Bogus Doctor was only a chapter in a career that had spanned a quarter of a century. John Osborne's efforts to wash away the ailments of Los Angeles with water marked not the first but the fourth time he had taken the city to the cleaners. It all began back in 1923 with the Affair of the Double-Decker Cemetery.

The first thirty years of John Osborne's life showed no portents of the remarkable variety of talents with which he later was to dazzle and allure the West's greatest metropolis. He was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, the son of a respectable banker. His family moved to California when he was 17, and for the next fifteen years he drifted from one modest job to another. During that period he showed brief signs of following his father's profession by working for a Los Angeles bank while attending night school at the University of Southern California. He tired of both banking and college quickly, tried the Navy for a year, worked for a land-development company in Washington, married, and then wandered back to Los Angeles. While working for the Santa Fe Railroad in 1917 he lost his right arm in an accident. For the next few years he sold used cars. Then, in 1923, at the age of 32, he met a transplanted Missourian named Clifton C. Fitzpatrick and his career took a sudden and spectacular turn.

Fitzpatrick had an ambition that was both unusual and grandiose: he wanted to own a cemetery, but he had no money. He had acquired the ambition while working as a salesman for a cemetery in St. Louis, where he had been impressed with the large prices yielded by its small plots of land. When he learned that Osborne had a few thousand dollars saved up, he convinced his new acquaintance of the desirability of becoming a cemetery proprietor. He pointed out that Los Angeles not only was booming and attracting thousands of new residents, but that a high percentage of them were retired people of advanced age.

Fitzpatrick's idea served as a catalytic agent for talents that had been lying unused in Osborne. Although he had made a comfortable living as an auto salesman, the nature of that occupation had restricted him to a tiresome series of individual sales; it had no real scope. The new project gave him a sweeping arena of operation, and he exploited his wider opportunity not only to its limits, but actually beyond them. The cemetery, which they named Valhalla, exploded into existence in one of the most hectic promotions ever witnessed by Los Angeles, which has seen some dandies.

Its corporate beginnings were deceptively modest. The pair established the Osborne-Fitzpatrick Finance Corporation with 100 shares of stock at a declared par of $100 a share. Osborne was designated president and Fitzpatrick secretary-treas-

urer. The stock was split between them, with Osborne getting forty-nine shares, his wife, Laura, one, and Fitzpatrick the remaining fifty. With the paper structure erected, they went looking for a cemetery site.

Over the high foothills that rim Los Angeles on the north, at the head of the San Fernando Valley, they found sixty-five acres of rundown orchard land manned by a discouraged farmer. In recent years the endless expansion of the Los Angeles metropolitan area has washed over the hills and far out into the valley, but in 1923 the farm was a cheerless little outpost at the end of a dirt road. The farmer hopefully asked $1,000 an acre for his land and got a prompt acceptance. His joy was slightly diluted when it developed that the buyers did not have the cash, but they struck a bargain—$1,000 down and the balance within 120 days.

Back in Los Angeles, Osborne and Fitzpatrick plunged into work, under the pressure of raising $64,000 in four months. They hurried to an engineer and had him divide up the farm into more than 70,000 burial plots, with a lavish marble entrance arch, fountains, statuary and winding walks—all on paper. They rented a suite of offices, had the city of Burbank designate the farm a cemetery, established their credit with the newspapers, and hired the key men for a huge sales staff. Then they carefully addressed themselves to the preparation of a sales campaign the like of which the sedate burial business had never seen.

The selling of cemetery lots is ordinarily a genteel, low-pressure operation. Prospects tend to buy with reluctance and resent being rushed. Faced with his commitment to the farmer, Osborne had no time for either gentility or patience. He solved this salesman's dilemma by addressing his pitch not to a bargain for the Hereafter, but to a fast buck in the Now.

His salesmen sallied forth with an exciting, if faintly macabre, story. The Los Angeles cemetery business, they told their prospects, was in a bad way. The "laws" prohibited the opening of new cemeteries and existing tracts were woefully congested. By purchasing a block of lots in the new, undeveloped Valhalla, buyers would get in on the ground floor of a sure thing. As soon as the cemetery was landscaped and ready for business, the law of supply and demand would guarantee to lot holders a whopping profit at the expense of those Angelenos who found themselves with a body on their hands and no place to put it. The lots were sold on the installment plan and purchasers were promised a profit of as high as $650 for a $150 investment. The sales contracts carried a cancellation clause that could be invoked if the buyer failed to make subsequent installments when due, but prospects were assured that their lots could be resold at better than cost within as little time as two or three months.

There ensued a dizzy melee that made even the celluloid fantasies of nearby Hollywood seem dull and plodding. Angelenos came running, cash in hand, as the city was seized with a mania for speculating in burial plots. The money poured in by the boxful, the bucketful, the bale. The sales managers became sales executives who hired other sales managers, who in turn hired salesmen by the score. The staff multiplied again and again in an effort to keep up with the flood of money. Fifteen branch offices were opened in Los Angeles, and ten in the suburbs, working a seven-day week. The sales force reached the fantastic figure of 1,200 persons, and Osborne and Fitzpatrick were forced to shift their staff meetings to the Auditorium Theater. The pep meetings resembled the national convention of a booster club. The throng was addressed by a minister, led in songs by a fusty tenor, and exhorted by executives to fetch in that cash. Many salesmen caught the speculative fever themselves, plowed their earnings back, and talked their relatives into stripping their bank accounts.

Atop the pile sat Osborne and Fitzpatrick. The avalanche of money enabled them to pay off the farmer well before the deadline. As the plots in the cemetery sold out, they purchased an adjoining tract and announced plans for a Mausoleum Park, to contain a large company-built temple of crypts as well as plots for small, privately built mausoleums. The investors obediently did a squads-right and began buying up this project too.

While the promotion and sales campaigns raced handsomely along, actual development of the cemetery lagged sadly. Now and then investors wandered out to inspect their purchases and returned with furrowed brows. There was no $260,000 marble entrance, there were no fountains or winding walks, and the tract, still reached by the farmer's bumpy dirt road, looked distressingly like an unkempt orchard. The office staff propped up the sagging faith of these customers by reminding them that Rome was not built in a day and that a great construction program was just around the corner.

As the available plots dwindled from thousands to a few hundred, a more basic trouble burgeoned. The exuberant salesmen, functioning without proper liaison, began selling the same lots to as many as six different people. Once, when the partners took a breather from counting all the wonderful money, they were amazed to learn that they had sold even the ground on which the entrance arch was supposed to be built. Fortunately,

this area had been sold to only one person, a Pasadena banker, and he obligingly fell delinquent in his installments.

The project plainly had reached the point for a recess, a consolidation and a general policing up of the tangle of multiple sales. This conservative course, however, would have entailed a dreadful result—it would stop the flow of cash. Faced with such an alternative, Osborne and Fitzpatrick whipped up the horses and plunged straight into chaos.

Complaints began to mount as buyers checked the registration of their property and found it to be deeded to someone else. The harried staff would explain that it was all a mistake and offer them one of the few remaining lots, which in turn would prove to have been sold. The profits assured to the "ground-floor" investors failed to appear. Although the company kept its promise and opened a resale office, it concentrated on reselling the lots that returned to the company when investors missed an installment. Thousands of purchasers listed their holdings for resale, but the air was beginning to leak out of the balloon. The deflation, ironically, was hastened by Osborne's financial success with Valhalla. Several other groups, attracted by the hubbub, organized rival cemeteries and siphoned off the demand for graves.

Unhappy Valhalla customers formed a protective association and began to hold protest meetings in the very theater that recently had rung with the happy songs and buoyant oratory of Valhalla's pep meetings. When his critics began to complain publicly, Osborne filed a $150,000 slander suit against six of them. The case never went to trial. Like an avalanche, the whole structure began to slide.

The real-estate licenses of a number of Valhalla's top salesmen were revoked because of the multiple sales. Lot owners laid siege to the authorities with complaints that little was being done to improve the cemetery site. When the district attorney yielded to pressure and announced that he intended to inspect the place "in a few days," the promoters frantically marshaled a small army of gardeners, bought truckloads of flowering plants, and worked around the clock for two days in prettying up the old orchard.

This worked briefly, like aspirin, and wore off. The clamor of the investors mounted until finally the promoters panicked, broke and ran. They left $65,000 in cash with an employe, instructed him to pay off all complaints, and told him that they were going to "take a little trip." Each night they called from a different town in the Southwest, closer to the Mexican border. When they reached Juarez they stopped, reassured by nightly telephone calls that all was quiet back in Los Angeles. When the lull continued for a week, they gingerly returned, unaware that they had been chaperoned to Mexico and back by a pair of federal agents.

Seven days later the roof fell in. Osborne and Fitzpatrick were indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of using the mails to defraud.

When the tangled tale of the little farm up in the San Fernando Valley was unraveled before Judge Paul J. McCormick, the prosecution disclosed that $3 million had been vacuumed from the pockets of Los Angeles. This feat had been accomplished with a net outlay of just $1,000, the price paid by Osborne for the option on the farm. Valhalla had indeed proved to be the mother lode that Fitzpatrick had dreamed of—it had yielded $3,000 for every dollar of capital the promoters had put into it.

The judge found Osborne and Fitzpatrick guilty on ten counts, sentenced them to ten years in the penitentiary, fined them $12,000 each, and expressed a hope that they would make restitution to their customers. The pair appealed the verdict, eventually lost in the U.S. Supreme Court, directed a vain plea to President Coolidge, and on December 1, 1927, were transported to Leavenworth.

When accountants tackled the chaos of Valhalla, they discovered a peculiar fact that probably would have stirred a twinge of annoyance in Osborne. Despite all the duplicate sales at the cemetery, 320 plots somehow had been overlooked and had not been sold even once.

While Osborne was serving his term he suffered another blow—the only blot on his remarkable record of being able to make money gravitate toward him.

A year after Osborne entered Leavenworth, a young man who identified himself as Rush Meadows, a Los Angeles lawyer, called on Osborne's parents and told them that he had sources of information that reached inside the federal penitentiary. Their son, he said sadly, was not bearing up very well under confinement and there were doubts that he would be able to survive his full term. It was fortunate, he went on, that this information had come to him, because he had connections in Washington and knew a way of getting Osborne out into the fresh air and the sunshine that he urgently needed. Meadows dropped a few impressive names: he knew President Coolidge and was a close friend of Assistant Attorney General William Donovan. The only thing standing between son John and freedom was $35,000.

Osborne's parents eagerly produced the money from John's funds and began planning a reunion. They waited and waited, and finally went to the Los Angeles district attorney. They learned that the authorities already had quite a dossier on Meadows, that he was no lawyer, that neither Coolidge nor Donovan had ever heard of him. Meadows was arrested, convicted of grand larceny and given a stiff prison term.

John Osborne, of all people, had been taken by a confidence man.

Instead of wasting away in his cell, Osborne proved to be a model prisoner and was granted his freedom after serving three years and four months. When he stepped forth from the penitentiary, he did what at first might have seemed a foolish thing. He headed straight back to Los Angeles. In returning to the scene of his downfall, he illuminated one of the facets that mark the accomplished promoter as distinguished from the garden-variety citizen. It consists of a sharp insight that perceives opportunity camouflaged to the ordinary eye. Where a lesser man would have headed in the opposite direction, Osborne refused either to underestimate the hospitality of Los Angeles or overestimate its ability to learn from experience.

For awhile he dabbled in the debris of Valhalla, but it proved to be too radioactive to yield proper reward. (The cemetery, it should be pointed out, eventually was developed by a new management into a proud and honest place, ranking only a niche below the famous Forest Lawn.) And so he surveyed the field and made new plans.

In the spring of 1938 Los Angeles broke out with a rash of "numbers" runners. The racket, common in the East, was an innovation on the West Coast. The peddlers sold tickets bearing any number that the purchaser fancied, from 000 to 999. The winning number paid 500 to 1 and was determined by the pari-mutuel figures at a local horse-race track. For awhile the police paid little attention to the thing, in the belief that it was a petty gaff that would die of neglect from the high odds against the suckers. But when the racket persisted and flourished, they began to suspect that it was a major operation with a first-rate brain behind it. They went looking for Mr. Big—and found John Osborne. He was back in business in a downtown office building, flanked by stacks and stacks of numbers tickets.

Protesting that it was a simple "game of skill," Osborne pleaded innocent. A judge found him guilty but let him off with a fine. Osborne shrugged and paid his fine and returned to the bustling streets of Los Angeles with a speculative gleam in his eye.

A short time later the biggest bookie joint west of Chicago went into operation on the second floor above an icehouse on La Brea Avenue, just over the line in county territory west of Los Angeles. It had a prime location, near the Sunset Strip, Hollywood's adult playground. As the months went by, its prestige spread through the city and movieland sporting circles: it was not only the biggest book the metropolis had ever seen but it appeared to be immune from raids. The scope of the place—it had ninety-nine telephones and a daily turnover of $20,000 in bets—made it improbable that the county authorities were unaware of it. In addition to the inside staff manning the telephones, it employed a platoon of fifty outside runners who picked up bets. Its uninterrupted operation became more conspicuous when, shortly after it started, other bookies in the county began to get bowled over regularly by the sheriff's squads.

Even a bookie with a charmed existence tends to generate some pressure. Horse players now and then lose their money, and not all of them accept their losses with the aplomb of the true sportsman. At least twice, patrons of the La Brea Avenue place went to the sheriff's office and squawked for retaliation. Each time the gambling squad, after only a minor delay, went into action. And each

time the raid had a surprising conclusion. When the deputies crept up the stairs above the icehouse and plunged through the door, they found nothing but an abandoned warehouse. It not only was empty of bookie equipment, it obviously had been empty for months. Wherever one looked, there was a thick coat of dust. Yet the next day the regular patrons of the book would find it doing business as usual in its spick-and-span establishment.

The Mystery of the Vanishing Joint was finally explained in the spring of 1941, when the county grand jury indicted a deputy sheriff named Charles Rittenhouse on sixty-one charges of accepting bribes from a bookmaker. In testimony before the grand jury and at Rittenhouse's trial, the proprietor of the book declared that he had paid the deputy $100 a week for immunity from arrest. When the heat got too bad, he declared, the deputy would tip him that a raid was coming. The book's staff, with their unplugged telephones in hand, would retreat in orderly fashion to a nearby hideaway. As the last man left, a technician would spray the entire room with an artificial dust-making device similar to those used on haunted-house sets in Hollywood. When the raid was over, the staff would troop back to the place, vacuum up the dust, plug in the phones and get to work. The ingenious proprietor of the now you-see-it-now-you don't horse parlor was, of course, John R. Osborne.

His testimony in the deputy's trial was free from the protestations of innocence that marked his court appearance in the Valhalla and numbers racket cases. Although he was a witness, not a defendant, he incriminated himself almost eagerly.

'Yes, sir, that was my business—gambling, bookmaking," he testified. He swore that for sixty-one weeks he had paid the deputy $100 a week and had insisted on holding him to the illegal deal even when Rittenhouse tried to hedge on it in favor of a little law enforcement.

Osborne testified that the sheriff's office, uneasy over complaints, finally demanded that he stand for a token "knock-over." He said that he replied: "The sheriff's office is my partner in this gambling business. Let the sheriff's office pick up a couple of men. I paid money for protection."

The defense pitchforked up some of the gaudier details of Osborne's past in an effort to impeach his testimony. Rittenhouse assailed him as "an ex-convict, stool pigeon, bookmaker."

The judge acquitted Rittenhouse and the sheriff restored him to his job.

Osborne's frank and even proud account of his bookmaking and bribe-paying puzzled many in the courtroom, since both of these activities run counter to the penal statutes of California. But it was soon disclosed, as the case boiled out of the court and into Los Angeles politics, that Osborne had quietly switched his roles and had joined the forces of law and order. When his bookie's charmed existence finally had been shattered by a bona fide raid, he had taken his story of bribery to the reform forces that were trying to clean up the city. In return for his enlistment with the camp of enlightenment, he had been granted immunity from prosecution and been placed on the payroll of the district attorney's office at $100 a week as an expert on civic corruption. The D. A. might have reasoned that Osborne qualified for that post through firsthand experience.

Although Deputy Rittenhouse won acquittal, the reform camp that Osborne had joined won the mayoralty election. Osborne's ordeal of painting himself as a bribing bookmaker accordingly ended with him in the role of at least a minor civic hero. The faith he had shown in the City of Angels, on that day when he had headed back from the penitentiary like a homing pigeon, had not been misplaced.

Five years ago, when the medical examiners blew the whistle on his fourth career and John Osborne promised to stop healing people, he returned directly to the offices on Broadway after paying his $200 fine. Shortly after his return a small sign, *Adv. Mgr.*, appeared alongside his door. While it is true that he had promised to get out of the colonics business, he had not made any commitments about the colonics advertising business. The offices continued to administer colonics for an astounding variety of ailments and the advertisements continued to quote old Tyrrell's *The True Cause of Disease*. Rather than losing their faith in the treatment after the medical examiners' raid, Angelenos queued up in greater numbers than ever. Treatments soared to 400,000, or enough water to float thirteen destroyers. There was at least one major difference in the operation of the establishment, however. Under Chiropractor Brinkley, it can diagnose anybody—even a medical examiner.

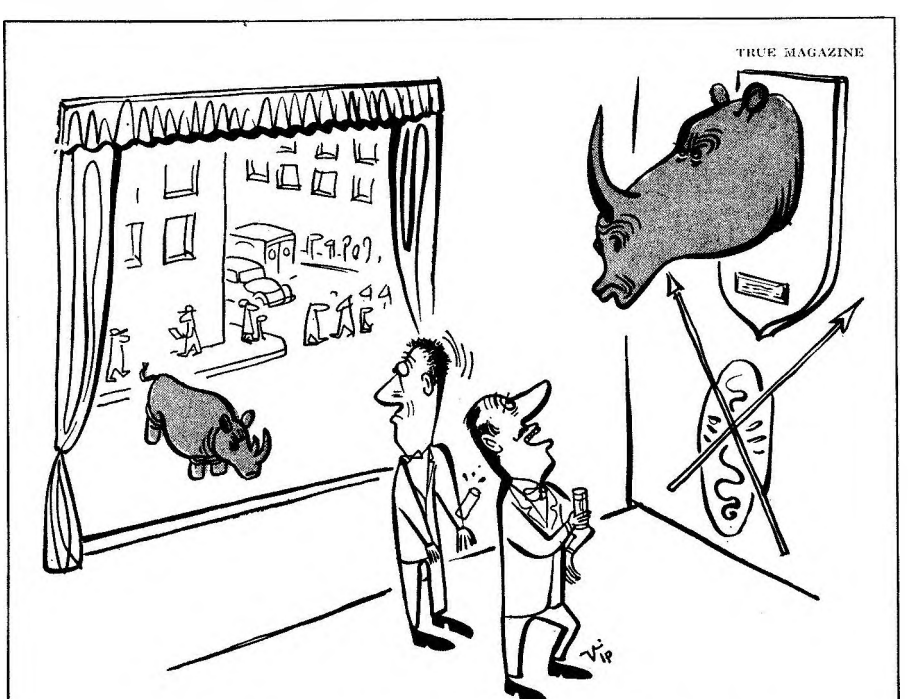
Not long ago a California legislative committee wearily staged another investigation of the place. They heard testimony from a former staff member that John Osborne still retained ultimate control and could oust Brinkley whenever he wished. "He said," declared Dr. Leo Calloway, "that he had perfected his means of operation."

Osborne denies this and maintains that he no longer is even advertising manager for Brinkley. "I have no connections whatever with Dr. Brinkley," he recently told an interviewer. Osborne insists that his only enterprise is an advertising agency—which he says has no accounts. "They have to inspire me before I'll accept them," he says. But he continues to show up daily in his office one flight above the busy red-neon-lighted Brinkley establishment, which occupies the entire second floor of the building. Into his unnumbered room go a constant stream of Brinkley's white-clad chiropractors and nurses, and behind his desk is an intercom hooked into the Brinkley system. He commutes to business in a 1953 black Cadillac sedan from his suite in the de luxe Bryson Apartments on swank Wilshire Boulevard.

From his window over the colonics mill he can look down on Broadway a d the throngs of friendly Angelenos he has served so long. In his four roles as cemetery entrepreneur, numbers boss, big-time bookie and healer extraordinaire, they paid him more than $12 million. The $100 a week from the D.A.'s office, of course, was negligible—it was rather like the dollar a year that the topflight businessman receives for his friendly assistance to his government.

Both the critics and the friends of Los Angeles, where strange happenings are commonplace, agree on one thing—there is no city like it in the world. There is only one Los Angeles, but for John Rothery Osborne, one has been enough.

—James Phelan



"Yes . . . her mate did give me a few bad moments, but. . ."

THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING

[*Continued from page* 20]

her insanely jealous husband had forbidden her ever to speak White's name. But he'd also made her promise, she said, to inform him whenever she saw the architect, referring to White only as "the beast" or "that blackguard." So she thought Harry would know whom she meant by "The B."

This may well have been so, yet Thaw hadn't become even slightly disturbed on reading Evelyn's note. Smilingly, he asked Evelyn, "Are you all right?" and when she assured him she was, Mad Harry had put the note into his pocket and not referred to it again.

Shortly after 9 o'clock Thaw's party finished dinner. It was so pleasant a night that they walked to the nearby Garden instead of taking a hansom cab.

Though not much attention was paid to it by the police, it is worth noting that Thaw, who liked always to be in the limelight wherever he went, that evening purchased four low-priced seats in the rear of the roof garden theater, instead of a table for four in the section nearer the footlights.

On reaching the seats they found a man Harry knew, a Captain Wharton, in one of them. Thaw insisted politely that Wharton remain where he was. He himself, wandered restlessly around in the back of the garden theater until he saw an empty seat next to another man he knew, James Clinch Smith, a broker who also happened to be Stanford White's brother-in-law. After sitting down, Harry chatted with Smith for awhile about the stock market.

A moment or two later Thaw drifted back to his own party. There was now an unoccupied place next to Evelyn. He sat down there. He seemed unusually calm.

It was then about 10:30 p.m., and Stanford White had been on the roof for about forty-five minutes. On his way from Martin's he'd made three stops—to drop his two young companions at another theater, to attend a brief meeting of the board of governors of the Brook Club and at the lavishly furnished studio he maintained in the tower of the Garden itself. White had not only been the architect of the great sports arena, he'd accepted stock and the vice-presidency of the corporation which owned it as his fee.

After spending a few minutes alone in the studio, the architect had come down in the elevator to the roof garden. Even then he hadn't claimed his table, but had done something that was later considered typical—he'd gone backstage and chatted for awhile with the chorus girls whom he knew in the show. On his way out front he'd stopped to tell stage manager Lawrence to have the water cooler filled with lemonade and to have the bill sent to him.

White had gone back out front, sat down at his table and been amused by the show. He was one of the very few first nighters who liked it. Actually *Mam'zelle Champagne* was so dreary an entertainment that when the mother of Edgar Allen Woolf, who wrote it, heard the shots, she wailed, "My God! They're shooting my son!"

Evelyn Thaw, for one, had been utterly bored by the musical. At 10:50 p.m., she suggested to Harry that they all leave without waiting for the final curtain. They were on their way to the elevator in the rear of the roof garden—Evelyn walking ahead, on McCaleb's arm, Thaw and Beale just behind her—when, without uttering a word, the Pittsburgh Idler turned, ran back into the audience and shot Stanford White to death.

For once in their lives, New York's theatrical critics had something more useful to do than sneer at actors, verbally spit at playwrights and kick shows to death. They got the news flash to their city rooms promptly and by the time Thaw was marched into the West 30th Street police station by Patrolman Debes, who'd taken him in charge outside the Garden, it was jumping with reporters. But the police refused to let the reporters interview him.

Before being booked, Thaw asked that the Wall Street legal firm of Delafield and Longfellow, which handled his family's financial affairs, be notified of his arrest. He told the desk sergeant he was John Smith, of 18 Lafayette Street, Washington, D. C. He looked so young that the sergeant put his age down as 18. Even the reporters who knew him believed he was no more than 28.

On being questioned by Assistant District Attorney Francis P. Garvan, Thaw said, "I felt compelled to shoot White when I saw him sitting there, looking so big and fat and healthy, and there Evelyn was, poor, delicate, little thing, all trembling and nervous."

Neither Lewis L. Delafield nor Frederick W. Longfellow could be located at that hour of night, but Daniel O'Reilly, a lawyer who often played cards with Thaw, voluntarily appeared at the station house, and offered to represent Thaw until other arrangements could be made.

"I'm perfectly certain that Thaw is insane," O'Reilly told reporters. "His insanity has been manifest to persons who have been in close contact with him during the past two or three weeks."

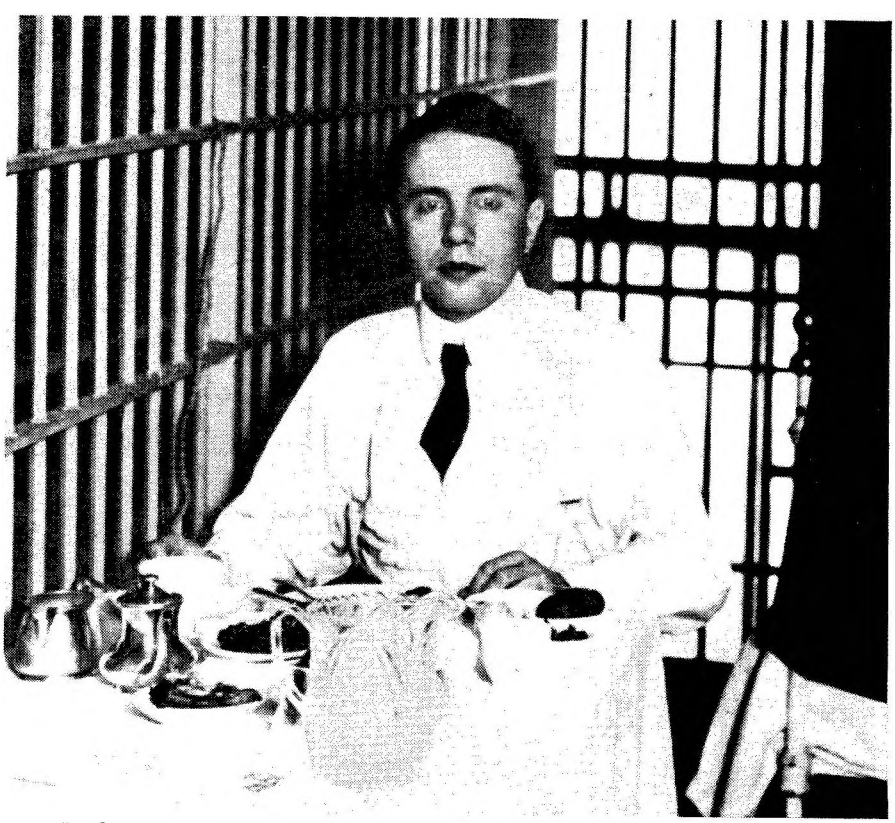
Whether he was sane or crazy, Harry Kendall Thaw's behavior following his arrest won him no new friends or admirers. On being locked up in a cell, the $40 million eccentric banged on the bars for room service. On getting ice water from a turnkey, he announced he also wanted a cigar. After the turnkey brought him one, Mad Harry nervously puffed at it once or twice then slammed it on the floor.

"What did you bring me?" he demanded savagely. "A bunch of old trolley-car transfers in a Sumatra wrapper?"

Weary of it all, Thaw rolled up the coat of his dress suit for a pillow, stretched out on the cell cot and slept peacefully until morning.

Early in the morning Thaw's English valet, Bedford, arrived at the West 30th Street police station, carrying a neatly pressed gray business suit, a complete change of linen for his jugged master and the morning newspapers.

Mad Harry all but jigged for joy when



In the Tombs, Thaw's meals were served by Delmonico's liveried waiters.

he saw the large amount of space devoted to his crime. He was admiring the picture layouts showing Evelyn, himself, his victim and the murder scene when the detectives arrived to take him to police headquarters. Harry vigorously objected to being handcuffed to one of them, but was told, "We always handcuff murderers."

After being mugged, measured and fingerprinted in the rogues' gallery at headquarters, Thaw was arraigned in Magistrate's Court where he was held without bail for the grand jury which indicted him for Stanford White's murder a day or two later.

The Tombs, the city prison where Thaw was held while awaiting trial, has housed some strange human oddities but never another like the Pittsburgh Idler.

On first seeing his cell in Murderer's Row, Thaw said the lack of fresh air was "barbarous," the plumbing situation "disgusting," and seemed amazed to learn it was against rules for inmates to keep liquor in their cells.

But even in the Tombs, it seems, it is impossible for an heir to $40 million to be thirsty, hungry or lonely. Using $100 bills as conversation pieces, Thaw soon had talked the Tombs' house physician into prescribing a pint of champagne a day "to quiet his nerves," the turnkeys into smuggling all the whisky he wanted and Warden Flynn himself into letting him see Evelyn any time he wanted to.

What really annoyed the public though was the news that the warden had also agreed to allow Harry to order all his meals from Delmonico's. For his first lunch in the clink, Harry ordered beef broth, a whole spring chicken, string beans, green peas and a mixed green salad. For dinner that night Harry had six broiled double lamb chops.

Public feeling against Thaw kept rising as stories about his soft-glove treatment in the Tombs were published along with the colorful accounts of his past escapades.

"Mad Harry" had gotten his first bad press notices when he was a student at Harvard whose President Eliot had given him three hours to leave the campus forever because of "grossly immoral behavior." About the same time his father, William Thaw, who'd started life as a poor mechanic, had cut Harry off in his will with only $200-a-month. And Mr. Thaw was reported to have told his lawyer he wouldn't have given even that much to his eccentric offspring if he thought that Harry would ever be able to make his own living.

But Harry's mother, Mary Copely Thaw, a retiring and pious Presbyterian church worker, had been unable to refuse her weakling son (Harry was one of seven children) anything. On being widowed, Mrs. Thaw had increased Harry's allowance to $80,000 a year. Ever since, it was said, she had been augmenting this princely income with the large sums Harry needed at regular intervals to pay off blackmailing women and their lawyers.

Everywhere he went, Mad Harry used his money only to get into and out of the trouble he made for himself and everyone else. In New York he was always brawling with waiters, cops and hotel employes and he'd been barred from almost every club in the big town. Once to revenge himself on the ultraconservative Union Club where he'd just been blackballed, Thaw tried to drive a hansom cab up the club's steps and through its doors. Just to call attention to himself on another occasion, he'd walked through a vast plate glass window in the Hotel Imperial.

In Pittsburgh he'd been in the habit of taking over a whole brothel for several days for his exclusive use, and paying the madam whatever she would have taken in if the house had remained open for business as usual. He'd lost $40,000 in a Smoky City gambling house in a single night and at 7 a.m. insisted on also paying for the losses of the other hard-luck players.

His most publicized adventure in crackpot spending had been in Paris where he'd once thrown a $500-a-plate banquet for the entire chorus of the Folies Bergere. Each French doll had been slipped about $800 in jewelry. Significantly, Thaw had been the only male, except for the waiters, at or under the table at that party which had cost him $50,000.

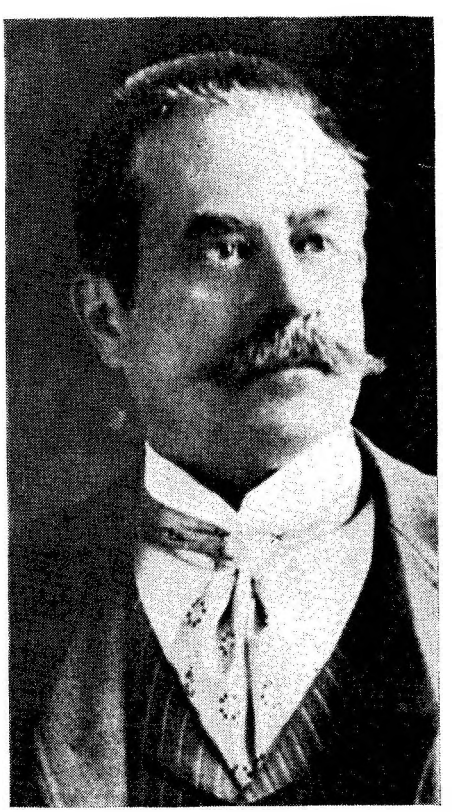
All of this silly brawling and insolent flinging around of money he hadn't earned himself had made Thaw anathema to decent people everywhere. Even on buck-conscious Broadway where Harry thought nothing of handing out $100 tips, he wasn't welcome because of his uncontrollable and unpredictable outbursts of temper. And on Broadway people knew something about Thaw that the general public so far was unaware of—he was a sexual monster.

Most people at the time of the murder also did not know that Stanford White had one great weakness, a passion for young girls.

Millions knew him through his works which stood like monuments to his personality and talent all over the map. For his firm McKim, Mead and White, the dead man had designed the Boston Public Library, the new buildings at the University of Virginia and, in New York, dozens of masterpieces like the exquisite Judson Memorial Church, the Hall of Fame, the Pennsylvania Railway Terminal and the Washington Arch. At the time of his death, White had finished the plans for the arch though its construction had not begun.

Today critics of architecture will tell you that White's once highly touted gifts were largely imitative. They point out that the Hall of Fame is the copy of a Greek Temple, his Washington Arch at the foot of Fifth Avenue, a smaller replica of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. Imitative or not, Stanford White is credited with being the first to bring beauty to the ugly streets of our jerry-built American cities.

But there's no doubt about what kind of man the architect was—red-haired, homely, lusty, hail-fellow-well-met. To many, White seemed not only the typical New Yorker but everything the typical American should be, a tremendously hard worker but also a fellow who loved every kind of good time, fishing, hunting, theaters, parties. And he never seemed to get tired.



Stanford White, architect, and Evelyn Nesbit, "the most beautiful girl alive."

THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING

could work forty-eight hours without sleep and then throw a party that people talked about for weeks. What people seemed to enjoy most about White was that apparently inexhaustible energy of his.

A quarter of a century later it would not have been considered unnatural that a man with all that steam had had love affairs on the side. But in 1906 that news, when it was published about White, shocked the public to the backbone. The architect had been considered such a good family man.

He'd been peacefully married for twenty-two years to the former Bessie Springs Smith, whose Dutch ancestors had been among the founders of New Amsterdam. And White's own people had been here since Colonial days.

The couple had a beautiful estate at St. James Park, Long Island, and a brownstone town house in Gramercy Park, one of the most fashionable neighborhoods in Manhattan.

In his Madison Square Garden town studio, White had often given supper parties for his theatrical friends and clients that were the talk of New York. The parties he threw in his other studio on West 24th Street were never talked about until White was killed. All the talk of that "love nest" was to come, more besmearing talk than has ever discredited the name of any other great American.

And at the time of his death, the whole country, as well as many Europeans who admired him, seemed to mourn White's untimely passing and to condemn the wealthy clown who'd slain him.

From the beginning, of course, the most intriguing figure in the case and its big human question mark was Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. Her husband's lawyers kept telling newspapermen that Evelyn was willing to go on the witness stand and tell everything about her love affair with Stanford White if that would save her husband from the electric chair.

But that, as far as anyone else knew, was just lawyer talk. Evelyn just wasn't talking to anyone else, though hundreds of columns were being written about her.

In view of that, it does seem odd that even in 1906 the single most obvious and important fact about Evelyn—the Angel Child as she was called—should have been overlooked.

Evelyn, to understate the case, was the sort of girl who always bewilders men. Young, tiny and feminine enough to arouse the protective instinct in men, softly beautiful, so beautiful the hearts of men turned over with longing from the first time they saw her, Evelyn was the sort of wide-eyed, innocent-looking girl who seems desperately to need protecting, sheltering, defending. Yet somehow, in the clutch and left alone, this same girl always surprises you with the quickness of her wits and the sharpness of her mind.

A lot of weird and woozy adventures had already befallen Evelyn, and the overlooked important fact about her was that she'd managed to turn some sort of profit, get something she wanted, out of each of them. Did this dream of a woman have a cash register for a heart?

To be fair there was not a thing in her background that might be expected to have softened her. Evelyn was born on Christmas Day, 1884, in Tarentum, Pennsylvania, had lost her father, a lawyer, when she was 10. Her mother had started exploiting her daughter's beauty when she was 14, having her pose for artists in Philadelphia where her mother had taken her and her younger brother Howard before moving on to New York. In quick succession, the New York artists, the newspapers and Broadway producers and finally Stanford White discovered the Angel Child.

It was while Evelyn was a chorus girl in her first Broadway show *Florodora* that White set her up with her mother in a flashy hotel appartment which he furnished for them with his own loving hands.

A dutiful daughter, Evelyn turned over every cent she made—$17 or $18 a week as a model plus $15 more for her chorus work—to her mother. Dear Mother Nesbit also took charge of the four-figure bank account the architect put at Evelyn's disposal.

It was believed on Broadway that Evelyn had been an intimate friend of George W. Lederer, the theatrical producer. One of those who believed it was the current Mrs. Lederer who named the Angel Child as correspondent in her divorce suit.

Evelyn also had had an affair with John Barrymore, who was then a struggling newspaper cartoonist and only known as Ethel Barrymore's roistering rake of a young brother. She'd even got something she wanted out of that fling. Stanford White had become so upset that he'd shipped her off to a girls' finishing school in Pompton, New Jersey, to get her away from Barrymore. Evelyn then thought that she wanted an education more than anything in the world.

The Nesbit women hadn't told White that they'd met Harry Thaw or that he'd begun his courtship of Evelyn by sending her a $50 bill wrapped around the stems of American Beauty roses.

Evelyn had only been at the Pompton school a few months when she needed an emergency operation. She told friends that it was for appendicitis. While Evelyn was recovering, Harry Thaw suggested she might convalesce quicker in more luxurious surroundings if she went abroad with him. He claimed he wouldn't even mind her mother coming along as chaperone.

Mrs. Nesbit and Evelyn told White merely that a wealthy woman friend was paying for the trip to Europe. The architect was still well-hooked. He'd been so infatuated that he'd once gone to see the same show twenty nights in a row merely because Evelyn was playing a small role in it. And now he kicked in with $500 in extra spending money for the Angel Child and her mama.

Until the gun in Harry Thaw's hand went off in the roof garden theater, Broadway had greatly admired the clever way Evelyn, who'd come to New York a dumb little kid, had played the two millionaires off against each other. Mad Harry was no bargain as a husband, what with his outbursts of sadistic fury and his tantrums, but the philosophers of the New York theatrical set thought any girl shouldn't mind putting up with almost any amount of eccentricity for the privilege of getting within grabbing distance of $40 million.

Now they wondered if the Nesbit chick mightn't have overplayed her mitt, been a little *too* smart. And there were angles on the whole setup Broadway's wise guys still didn't understand. Somewhere along the line, Mrs. Nesbit had fallen or been pushed off the European joyride. Evelyn's mama had come back, roaring about Mad Harry's cruelty and Evelyn's ingratitude. She'd since married some Pittsburgh square named Holman and from out there was threatening to tell the authorities everything she knew about her son-in-law.

But the main thing that Broadway puzzled over was how much the Thaw family would pay Evelyn for getting up there on the witness stand. She couldn't very well blow the whistle on White without painting herself a scarlet woman. And long before the trial began a story was printed that the Thaws were setting up a $500,000 trust fund for Evelyn as a reward for trying to save her nasty, worthless screwball of a husband from the electric chair.

There was also a lot of talk about Thaw money getting Harry the same easy trial treatment as it was buying him at the Tombs. District Attorney William Travers Jerome ended all those rumors when he announced he would prosecute the Pittsburgh Idler personally. The night White had been shot, Jerome was in Nova Scotia on a fishing vacation. But the day Jerome came back to New York, he declared, "With all his millions, Harry K. Thaw is a fiend, and in the conduct of his trial I will prove something: No matter how rich a man is he cannot get away with murder, not in New York County!"

Nobody suspected that this was lawyer talk, because of the lawyer who said it.

Many American lawyers still rate Jerome as the most aggressive, daring and incorruptible prosecutor New York ever had. He'd sent Tammany leaders to prison. As a crusading judge, he'd led police raiders into the big town's best-protected whorehouses and gambling houses. When the cops could get in no other way, Jerome would tell them to blast the door down with dynamite.

Once inside, Judge Jerome would hold court right there and then, in the raided premises. After hearing the evidence, he'd sentence the pimps, madams and big-shot gamblers to jail to make sure that crooked politicians couldn't put the fix in.

No one could ever fix anything at all with Jerome.

Nevertheless, soon after he came home, it seemed likely that Harry Thaw might never be tried for his crime.

The first act of Judge W. M. K. Olcott,—of Black, Olcott, Bonynge and Gruber—the lawyer appointed by Harry's family, had been to send the noted alienist, Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, to the Tombs to examine Mad Harry.

Dr. Hamilton reported that, in his opinion, Thaw was incurably insane. Judge Olcott immediately conferred with Jerome who agreed with the defense attorney that a sanity commission should be appointed to examine the millionaire. Jerome announced to the press that if this commission confirmed Dr. Hamilton's opinion, he would ask the courts to commit Harry Thaw to the New York State Asylum for the Criminal Insane.

It was at this point that Mad Harry's doting mother returned from Europe. She'd known nothing about his arrest until she'd landed in England, and then had taken the next ship home. From the New York dock the Widow Thaw rushed to the Tombs where Harry fell into her arms, sobbing and blubbering that the district attorney and his own lawyers were conspiring to railroad him into the crazy house.

"You know, dear, I'll not permit that," she told him.

On emerging from the Tombs, Mrs. Thaw assured reporters that she was ready to spend the entire family fortune, if necessary, to win Harry his freedom.

In view of the legal and illegal shenanigans this good church worker subsequently financed to spring her son, there has always been dispute about her character. Some saw her as a power-mad old woman who'd hopelessly spoiled her son and now would stop at nothing to help him avoid not only punishment but legal restraint of any character. More sentimental observers praised her as the eternal symbol of motherhood, a gentle, but self-deluded woman who had turned tigress to defend the man whom to her was still her baby.

Whatever the truth was, Mary Copely Thaw, waving bankbooks in both hands, went to work with the energy of a fury and the perseverance of a zealot.

She fired Judge Olcott from the case for daring to suggest a sanity commission be appointed. Then she had to spend weeks trying to find another lawyer of equally high ability to replace him. All the brilliant attorneys she consulted told her the same story: with public feeling what it was, her son could be saved from execution only by a plea of insanity.

After talking to a dozen of the greatest mouthpieces in the East, including United States Senator Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania, Harry's mother reluctantly agreed that a "temporary insanity" plea might be made. But even after she'd made this concession, no great lawyer could be hired to defend Harry. They told his mother they understood that Harry was insisting on having a hand in directing his own defense and, if this were true, it would be unethical for them to plead insanity for a client from whom they were taking advice.

In the end Mrs. Thaw solved her problem by sending a representative to San Francisco to ask Delphin M. Delmas, the "Napoleon of the Pacific Slope" if he'd take the job. Delmas, who'd been all but invincible in murder cases in the Far West for forty years, graciously accepted, but only after he'd been promised the largest fee ever paid any lawyer until then in a criminal trial—$50,000.

Mrs. Thaw also had enough imagination to back a Broadway play based on the case which portrayed Harry as a "defender of the home and American womanhood." In addition she hired a press agent to make her son appealing to the public.

But no amount of publicity in itself can be expected to save a man from the electric chair. And the day before the proceedings began, January 23, 1907, his one slim chance lay in the possibility that his wife might give testimony so lurid that it would change the whole complexion of the case. But even so, they said, whatever surprise sensations the defense produced through Evelyn, she'd have to get by the brutal cross-examination of District Attorney Jerome.

The gamblers, however, thought better of Harry's chances. The same Pittsburgh bookmakers, who right after the shooting had offered 3 to 1 that he'd go to the chair, now were laying even money he'd be acquitted!

Thousands of thrill-hungry men and women tried to crash, crawl or wiggle their way into the already overstuffed little room in the Criminal Courts Building the morning the trial started before Supreme Court Justice James Fitzgerald.

Ironically, the only persons in New York who didn't care about attending the trial seemed to be the 200 talesmen among whom the jury was to be selected. They'd heard that the proceedings would probably drag on for months. And their reluctance to serve stiffened into stubborn determination after Justice Fitzgerald made a first-day announcement which indicated he thought hirelings of the Thaw family might not be above some jury fixing.

His Honor said that he'd made arrangements for each juryman to be locked up in a separate hotel room every night with an armed guard stationed outside the door to make sure he wasn't disturbed. No juryman would be allowed to visit his family, even on week ends. If anyone, even a fellow juryman, tried to discuss the case with him, the man approached would be expected to report the matter at once to the judge. Naturally the jury would also only be permitted to read newspapers from which all news of the court proceedings had been snipped. No one could remember when any similar precautions had been taken in any New York law case.

Nineteen talesmen had been questioned and two of them qualified as jurors when Justice Fitzgerald made his unprecedented announcement. The next day most of the 181 talesmen waiting to be questioned arrived in court, waving doctor's certificates attesting that they were suffering from every known communicable disease, from barber's itch to cholera.

It took ten days in all to fill the jury box. And then there was a further delay when District Attorney Jerome announced his detectives had discovered that three of the twelve good men and true were not all they should be. One had had business relations with the defendant, another had a chorus-girl daughter who'd been "friendly" with Mad Harry and the third was of disreputable character. Three more days were occupied in replacing them.

Meanwhile the 100 reporters assigned to the trial that was getting nowhere had been knocking their brains out trying to write something new about the personalities involved in the

Opening of "Mam'zelle Champagne," the night Harry Thaw shot Stanford White.

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case. The defendant, they had to admit, was doing everything he could to help them out.

Seated at the defense table with the six high-priced lawyers his family had hired to represent him, Mad Harry never stopped hamming it up, in turn sobbing, grimacing, laughing, holding his head in dismay and writing notes full of gibberish which he solemnly passed around to his half-dozen attorneys.

A good deal was also written about his long-suffering family which filed in each day to two rows at the left of the courtroom that had been reserved for them. Dressed in black, Mrs. William Thaw remained stoical and never looked to left or right. Her two daughters—one of whom had married George Lauder Carnegie and the other the British nobleman, the Earl of Yarmouth—were also dressed in black. They were accompanied by Harry's brothers, Josiah and Edward, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Carnegie.

Evelyn, of course, was the most written about of all the women in the courtroom. She had not dressed herself in black, on advice of counsel. Delphin N. Delmas had told her to appear as girlish as possible and Evelyn had almost overdone the business of looking "sweet sixteen" by coming to court in a blue tailored suit, a shirtwaist with a Buster Brown collar and a black velvet hat trimmed on the side with violets. At her side sat Mae McKenzie, a chorus-girl pal, smiling at the jury and audaciously showing her ankles.

The eight sob sisters assigned to the trial continually criticized Mae McKenzie for "behaving as though she were at a show instead of a trial at which a man's life was at stake." But they had nothing but the highest praise for Evelyn, the little wife who had sinned, repented, and now was willing to unveil her scarlet past to save her husband. The sob sisters scarcely mentioned that it was this same little angel child who'd driven her emotionally unstable husband to murder her lover.

The eight were a doughty group of tear-jerking experts, including Dorothy Dix, the original Beatrice Fairfax, Nixola Greeley-Smith and Laura Jean Libbey, whose paper was billing her as "the great emotional novelist whose wonderful play *Parted on her Wedding Tour* or *Miss Middleton's Lover* will shortly be on display at Blaney's Theater in Brooklyn."

The stage star, Clara Morris; the famous clergyman, Reverend Madison C. Peters, and a dashing fellow named Roland B. Molineaux had also been hired as special newspaper writers. The New York *Herald* had signed up Molineaux because it believed his viewpoint would be unique. Mr. Molineaux, a few years before, had been convicted of a poison murder and had spent twenty months in the Sing Sing death house before winning a new trial and eventually an acquittal.

Journalistically speaking, Mr. Molineaux was rather a disappointment. He was quite understandably in Thaw's corner from the beginning, but his dispatches consisted principally of tips on how the refined killer should conduct himself in the courtroom. Their underlying philosophy was, "Don't let them rattle you, kid. The worst is yet to come, but keep smiling."

As time wore on with nothing happening, the crack men reporters—a group that included such stars as Irvin S. Cobb, Samuel Hopkins Adams and Roy W. Howard—were gradually reduced to writing about the rumors that the half-dozen Thaw lawyers were quarreling bitterly among themselves. The four New York attorneys—Chief Counsel John B. Gleason, Russel Peabody, Clifford Hartridge and Daniel O'Reilly reportedly opposed everything suggested by Delmas and his partner, who'd come with him from California as an assistant counsel.

Thaw, it was said, had insisted on retaining the four New Yorkers, none of whom had any criminal experience, because each of the four had often played cards with him at the Whist Club.

It was obvious that it would have to be Delmas who'd carry the ball for the defense and dozens of columns were written contrasting the Californian with Jerome, that other "fighting lion of the American bar." Like the original Bonaparte, the "Napoleon of the Pacific Slope," was short, stocky, had a paunch and wore a forelock hanging down over the middle of the forehead. He wore glasses on a long black string and wasn't averse to accentuating his resemblance to the Little Corporal by sticking the fingers of his hand between the buttons of his vest when meditating. Delmas who came to court dressed in a morning coat, striped gray trousers, wing collar and an ascot tie, talked slowly and pompously in flowery old-fashioned language, like some aging Shakespearian actor. He was in his early sixties.

Jerome was in his forties, wore a bow tie and business suit. In the courtroom he thought and talked with machine-gun rapidity, depending on his hunches and sometimes offended both witnesses and jury by his belligerent outbursts. Jerome's eyes were the eyes of an inquisitor, his tongue a lash. Irvin S. Cobb called Jerome "the most aggressive, daring and brilliant prosecutor I've ever seen in a courtroom."

The presentation of the state's case was typical of Jerome's office. The opening address made by Assistant District Attorney Francis P. Garvin took only fifteen minutes and Garvan required less than an hour and forty-five minutes more to question nine routine witnesses. The nine included the coroner's physician who testified that Thaw's first bullet had entered the architect's brain through the left eye, killing him instantly. The second bullet had struck White between nose and mouth, breaking three teeth and also lodging in the brain. The third bullet had inflicted only a flesh wound in the left shoulder.

When Garvan was finished with his brisk, businesslike presentation, Chief Defense Counsel Gleason, an elderly and bungling corporation lawyer arose and stunned the courtroom by his ineptitude. In his opening address to the jury, Gleason forgot half of what he'd intended to say. Then for his first witness, he put on the stand a "medical expert" who said he was sure the defendant was insane because he had once seen him arguing with a conductor on a Pittsburgh streetcar. The argument had been over whether a window shade on the trolley car should be up or down.

This was Dr. Charles J. Wiley and when he was turned over to Jerome for cross-examination, the prosecutor quickly proved that the defense's "expert" was an utter medical ignoramus. Jerome quickly forced the Pittsburgh physician to admit he could remember nothing he'd ever read in any of the standard works on mental diseases. Dr. Wiley could not even say where the coccyx is located in the human body, and couldn't even identify the nerves which control the liver or the spleen!

"Thaw's life was never in greater jeopardy than it was today due to Gleason's incredible bungling," wrote one reporter that night. Another newspaperman described Jerome as "ripping Dr. Wiley to pieces, then dancing on the scraps."

That evening the defense lawyers held an emergency conference at which Gleason's colleagues threatened to walk out on the case in a body unless he agreed to take a back seat. The next morning Delphin Delmas took over the examination of witnesses. He scored his first victory over Jerome when he succeeded over the prosecution's anguished protests in getting on the stand Benjamin Boman, a stage doorman. Boman testified that he'd heard Stanford White threaten on Christmas Eve, 1903, to "shoot down that bastard (Thaw) before morning."

Jerome worked on Boman for hours, knowing that the defense would certainly use the stage doorman's testimony later as a cornerstone for a plea of "not guilty by reason of temporary insanity and *acting in self defense*." But the district attorney was unable to shake Boman on the smallest detail of his evidence.

On the morning of February 7, Delmas put on the stand his star witness, Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, to tell the story that was described as "the most astonishing narrative ever related in an American courtroom. Actually, her testimony was a remarkably skillful blending of truths, half-truths and lies. Sometimes her story sounded like something out of the *Arabian Nights*, sometimes like what happened to *Little Red Riding Hood*. Sometimes it resembled a macabre mixture of Edgar Allan Poe and Krafft-Ebing.

And the personality Evelyn assumed as she talked on and on—her direct examination alone took more than three full days—was also remarkable for one so youthful and unskilled as an actress. No matter how sensational her evidence became—and it quite often crossed over into the field of sexual pathology—Mrs. Thaw remained the little innocent, the child-woman who somehow had been seduced. But again and again, always when she wasn't looking of course.

But it was a legal blockbuster the slow-speaking, seemingly

pontifical Delmas exploded before he'd had Evelyn on the stand ten minutes which made her evidence doubly effective.

As Delmas stepped over to the witness stand to begin questioning Mrs. Thaw, Jerome had moved with him, standing at the Californian's side, alert as a big cat as he waited for the slightest slip or blunder.

Delmas began with the usual questions: "Where were you born, madam?" and "When were you married to this defendant?" and so on. Delmas had Evelyn explain that Thaw had first proposed to her in Paris during June 1903, almost two years before their marriage in Pittsburgh on April 5, 1905. Then:

Q: That first time Mr. Thaw proposed to you did you accept or refuse?

A: I refused.

Q: Did you state to him a reason based on an event in your life with which Stanford White was connected?

A: I did.

Q: Then will you repeat for us, please, the whole of that conversation from beginning to end?

Evelyn was just beginning to explain how terribly upset Harry Thaw had been to learn, after proposing to her, that she'd been White's babe, when District Attorney Jerome, his eyes blazing, demanded that the court instruct the jury that the state would not be able to argue against this evidence because of the way it was being given—not as facts, not as something that happened, but merely as what the witness had told Thaw had happened.

(This brilliant maneuver of Delmas also made it comparatively unimportant whether or not Evelyn had lied to Harry about White's seduction of her. True or false, whatever she had told him presumably could have driven him wild enough with jealousy to kill the architect. And meanwhile the defense would be getting into the court record everything it felt could help its insanity plea.)

And Delmas was making no secret of his play to have Evelyn tell her entire story in this indirect way—as she'd previously told it to Harry.

White's courtship of her, as she'd described it to the defendant, seemed to have been marked by two unusual oddities. After spotting her in the chorus of *Florodora*, the architect had got another chorine to invite Evelyn to have lunch with him in a studio of an artist-friend of his. After lunch, Evelyn said, White had taken her and the other girl to an upstairs room where there was a red-velvet swing suspended from the ceiling. Then he'd put each young chorine in turn in the swing and pushed her so high that her toes went through a Japanese umbrella on the ceiling. When he was tired of this stimulating exercise, he sent them for a whirl in an electric hansom around Central Park.

The second unusual feature in the architect's romancing came when he asked Evelyn's mother if he could pay for a dental repair job on the Angel Child. When Mrs. Nesbit expressed surprise at this, White explained he'd done the same little favor for most of the other girls in *Florodora*. The architect also said he'd pay for any dental work Mama Nesbit herself might need.

White had taken her, Evelyn went on, to a series of lunches and suppers at his studios, behaving always in a fatherly manner. He never permitted her to have more than "one little glass of champagne" and always took her home "early—before 2 o'clock in the morning."

The witness said her relationship with the architect continued on this platonic and benevolent basis until the day White talked her mother into going home to Pittsburgh for a vacation at his expense. When Mrs. Nesbit said she doubted the wisdom of leaving a young girl alone in the big city, White promised that he'd take care of Evelyn. He even made Evelyn vow not to go out with anyone else but him while mama was away.

But White had hardly got Mama Nesbit on the train before he got Evelyn to a studio to pose for a photographer. One of the witness's most famous pictures was made that day, incidentally. It showed her lying, dressed in a Japanese kimono, on a bearskin rug.

However, Stanford White did not make a pass at her on that occasion, though he did knock gently at the door of the room in which she was changing back into her street clothes to ask, "Do you need any help?" When she told him "No!" he'd gone away.

The very next evening though, White lured her to his West 24th Street studio on the pretext of giving a party. When the other guests didn't show up he said they might as well have dinner alone. Then, when they'd finished eating, Stanford suggested she might enjoy seeing the rest of his place. Together, they'd gone up two flights of stairs.

Up to this point, Evelyn had been telling her story with the calmness of an eager young person only interested in relating the events exactly as they happened. But now her lovely face looked tortured and her voice rose to the high treble of a frightened little child. But she managed to go on, saying, "Then we came into this strange room that I hadn't seen before. There was a piano in this one and paintings on the wall and lovely, very interesting cabinets. I sat down at the piano and played something. Then Mr. White asked me to come and see the back room. We went through some curtains and the back room was a bedroom. And there I sat down at a table, a tiny little table. There was a bottle of champagne on it, a small bottle and one glass.

"Mr. White picked up the bottle and poured the champagne into the glass until it was full. I didn't pay much attention as I was looking at a picture over the mantel, a very beautiful one that attracted my attention. Then he told me what it was, and he told me that he had decorated this room himself and he showed me all the beautiful things in it. It was very small. Then he told me to finish my champagne, which I did. I said I didn't care much for it. It was bitter and funny tasting, and I didn't know whether it was a minute after that or two minutes after that, but a pounding began in my ears, then the whole room seemed to go around and everything got black. . . ."

At this point, Evelyn broke down and couldn't go on. Her face was ashen. But after a moment or two, under Delmas's gentle urging, she continued, "Then, when I woke up, all my clothes were pulled off me. I was in bed. I sat up in bed and started to scream. Mr. White got up and put on one of his kimonos. The kimono was lying on a chair. Then I moved up and pulled some covers over me, and there were mirrors all around the bed, mirrors on the sides of the wall and on the top. Then I screamed and screamed and screamed, and he came over and asked me to please keep quiet. He said 'It's all over!' Then he brought a kimono to me and went out of the room. I got out of the bed and I began to scream more than ever. Then he came back into the room and tried to quiet me. I don't remember how I got my clothes on or how I went home. But he took me home. Then he went away and left me and I sat up all night."

Mr. Delmas had been listening to all this with downcast eyes, and shaking his head slowly over each high point in her horror tale of drugging and raping. Now he stepped in with a few questions to clear up the few details still lacking.

Q: Where was Mr. White, madam, at the time you regained your consciousness? You say you found you had been stripped. Did you describe to Mr. Thaw where White was?

A: He was right beside me.

Q: Where?

A: In the bed.

Q: Dressed or undressed?

A: Completely undressed.

Q: Did you tell anything more on that occasion to Mr. Thaw than you have related?

A: I told him Mr. White came to me again next day. I was sitting there in the chair. I hadn't eaten anything. I had not gone to bed. I was quiet now and sat staring out of the window. After awhile he said to me, "Why don't you look at me, child?" I said, "Because I can't." Then Mr. White got down on his knees beside me and picked up the edge of my dress and kissed it. Then he told me I must not worry about what had occurred. He said that everything was all right.

Mr. Delmas next had his star witness tell the story of her poverty-stricken childhood which, of course, made the rich middle-aged architect who'd taken such advantage of her (at least, according to what she'd told her husband and was now repeating) seem even more of a scoundrel.

And during that afternoon's session, the Californian pulled another masterpiece of courtroom trickery. Sam Leibowitz, Brooklyn's great mouthpiece and now a judge in that borough, said that he'd won many an acquittal in murder trials by preparing two cases—one for himself, one for the prosecution. This, of course, enabled him to anticipate the district attorney's moves.

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But Delmas in the Thaw trial went a step further than this. He actually *presented* in court some of Jerome's most important evidence through the mouth of his star witness. By having her tell the story first, he got it into the record the way he wanted it.

Keeping her reiterating that she was now only repeating what she'd told the defendant, Evelyn explained that in November 1903 (right after she returned to New York alone from her prehoneymoon jaunt through Europe with Harry) White had told her some weird stories about Thaw, whom he insisted was both a morphine addict and a sadist. Mad Harry, the architect said, often tied girls to bedposts and then beat them with whips and once had "put a girl in a bathtub then poured scalding water over her."

When Evelyn refused to believe these "very dirty, dirty stories," the architect got other men to confirm them. That convinced her, she said, that the stories were true and at Stanford White's suggestion she had consulted the architect's own lawyer, Abe Hummel, on how best to protect herself from Mad Harry who was coming home soon.

Hummel, of course, was the notorious blackmailer of the firm Howe and Hummel, who'd since been indicted, convicted and was about to go to prison, but Evelyn insisted that she'd never before heard of "Little Abe."

The day White took her down to Hummel's office she said, "He warned me not to be frightened." Little Abe's first suggestion was that she sue the Pittsburgh Idler for breach of promise. Though she rejected this repulsive legal advice, Evelyn declared, she had freely described to Hummel her trip to Europe as Harry's mistress. Next, to her amazement, Little Abe had called in his secretary and dictated an affidavit, charging "Mr. Thaw with beating me and all sorts of stuff that just wasn't true."

But the witness insisted that she had resisted Hummel's pleas that she sign this paper. Next she described Harry's reactions on his return to New York. She said that he'd remained quite calm when she announced she could have nothing more to do with him because she'd heard such "dirty, dirty stories" about him.

Thaw, she said, had challenged her to investigate these tales and, on doing this, she discovered that "there was nothing in them, nothing at all."

But Harry had flown into a tizzy when he heard about the affidavit Hummel had drawn up against him. He refused to be comforted by assurances that she hadn't signed this document. On thinking the whole thing over, however, she remembered having signed "some sort of paper" one evening in Stanford White's office, and decided this might have been the affidavit. She immediately phoned the architect who told her that Hummel would have this paper. And in Hummel's office, the crafty Little Abe had shown her a document to which her name was signed "though he didn't let me read it." Then Hummel had burned this paper in her presence.

All this evidence was fairly dizzying but everyone in court had a good laugh when she revealed that White said that Hummel had turned on *him*, explaining to her, "You must have told him *something* because he has squeezed $1,000 out of me already and heaven knows when he will squeeze another."

Though Harry K. Thaw was not noted for his sense of humor, he had, she said, become hilarious on learning how Hummel had put the bite on his rival.

Perhaps the most poignant moment of the trial came when Delmas called the defendant's mother to the stand. She burst into tears several times and spoke so low that the jurors repeatedly had to ask the judge to instruct her to talk louder. The Widow Thaw's most troubled moment came when she explained how Harry, on coming home from Europe late in 1903, had been unable to sleep, and told her it was because he loved Evelyn Nesbit so much and explained what Stanford White had done to her.

"He told me," said Mrs. Thaw, "that she had the most beautiful mind of any person he had ever known and that she had been neglected or this thing would never have happened . . . that there was still a chance for her to be all that she should be."

Harry, she went on, had pleaded each day for her consent to his marrying Evelyn. To her, obviously, the idea of her son marrying a chorus girl who'd been the mistress of another man was horrifying, but "I told him that he could marry her and bring her to my home if her past could be a sealed book."

Even those persons most critical of Mrs. Thaw's high-handed methods couldn't help feeling sorry for her. Instead of Evelyn's past becoming a sealed book it had put Mrs. Thaw's boy in the shadow of the electric chair. And even the wild-tempered Jerome was gentle with this mother. The sob sisters, of course, enjoyed a field day comparing Harry's mother with Evelyn's "monster of a mama" (as one of them put it).

Next Mr. Delmas read a letter Thaw had written to Anthony Comstock, head of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, asking him to investigate White's 24th Street studio which he described as "consecrated to orgies" and "habitually used for debauching young American girls."

After Evelyn had identified this letter, Delmas asked the two final questions which he hoped would brand White forever a truly depraved monster:

Q: Mrs. Thaw, you will pardon me for asking the question, but in the description which Mr. Thaw gave you of the practices of Mr. White were there any unnatural sex practices referred to by him?

A: Yes.

Q: Could they be described by you?

A: No, they were unspeakable.

And on this damning note of condemnation of the architect, Delmas turned his star witness over to Mr. Jerome for cross-examination.

But to the surprise of everyone the prosecutor announced he preferred to wait before questioning Mrs. Thaw and suggested that Delmas meanwhile examine any other witnesses he desired to put on the stand.

When Delmas declined to do this, Jerome said, "If, in my opinion, an honest case of insanity is made here, I will stand up in court and say it is not proper to take this unfortunate woman through the course I will have to take her. The only question at issue is whether Harry K. Thaw was insane when he killed Stanford White. And, I repeat, when the evidence on that subject is in, and if I'm of the honest opinion that he is insane, I am not going to waste the court's time by contending anything else. So why force me to submit this girl to such an ordeal?"

On Delmas's insistence that the state proceed, Jerome said, "I've tried to save the feelings of this community and of this girl but . . ."

There he broke off, turned to Evelyn Thaw and began what is still regarded by criminal lawyers as the most ruthlessly savage cross-examination any woman was ever subjected to in an American courtroom.

The brilliant work of Delmas had so far lifted the case out of the hopelessly lost open-and-shut category but there were big gaps in her story that the defense counsel had been unable to cover up. The reporters covering the case had watched Jerome humble gangsters and underworld kingpins on the witness stand. They wondered not whether the prosecutor would be able to crack Evelyn's story wide open, but merely how long it would take. For if ever a witness looked like a quick pushover for a resourceful trial lawyer it was Broadway's Angel Child.

Jerome's first move was to have Evelyn identify bank receipts she had signed during 1902, the year after her alleged deflowering. Next he forced her to admit she and her mother had drawn money regularly that year from a bank account White had established for them. Later she was to admit that whenever she was unemployed she'd drawn $25 or more a week from this fund.

But the prosecutor had less success when he tried to get the beautiful witness to set the definite date of her "night of horror," as he sneeringly called it. Evelyn, who had displayed perfect recall powers while being questioned by the benign Delmas, could now only say that she imagined she'd been ravished by White some time during August 1901, though she couldn't be absolutely sure even of that.

The date, of course, could be all-important to the prosecution, Jerome's job here being to destroy utterly the jury's faith in Mrs. Thaw's credibility. Once he pinned her down to a specific date, it might be easy to prove that Stanford White hadn't even been in the studio that night. But Evelyn wasn't being pinned down, and in an effort to bewilder her, Jerome, throughout his exhaustive examination, kept skipping from one subject to another, then back again. Like this:

Q: Did you pose in a kimono upon a polar bear rug with your chin on its head for a photograph?
A: Yes.
Q: How many poses?
A. I don't remember.
Q: You were never exposed to any indignity at the photographer's hands?
A: No.
Q: Now you have continually testified, in response to questions by your counsel—and after interruptions also—that you told *all* of this narration of this terrible occurrence to Mr. Thaw?
A: Yes.
Q: And those things that you told Mr. Thaw as having occurred to you at the hands of Stanford White were true, were they not?
(Mr. Delmas objected to this question, but was overruled.)
A: Yes, they were true.
Q: Now when did you first become aware that you had been named corespondent in the Lederer divorce case?
A: When I read about it in the newspapers late in 1904.
Q: So that was only a few months before your marriage in 1905?
A: Yes.
Q: Did you not, while in Paris in 1903, have a conversation with a man there in reference to your being corespondent in the Lederer divorce case?
A: No.
Q: Did you write any letters from Boulogne to persons in America?
A: Yes.
Q: To whom did you write from Boulogne?
A: I think that I wrote one letter, or perhaps two to Stanford White.
Q: Did you also cable?
A: I don't remember.

On this, the dramatic revelation that Evelyn, having traveled about Europe with Harry Thaw and having supposedly rejected his proposal because she felt unworthy, had written to the man who had outraged her, District Attorney Jerome asked that court be adjourned until the following day.

Back and forth, in and out of and across the life of Evelyn Nesbit roved Jerome, now prodding into some secret corner of her youth, now poking among the dead roses of one of her early romances, but coming back always, again and again, to the night she was "ruined." Once he made a slip while asking Evelyn about a yacht-owning broker who had wooed her, though her mother disapproved of him.

"Is it not true that then there was a man in New York applying for a divorce, James A. Garland? . . . *'and I was constantly quarreling with my daughter.'*"

Delmas interrupted at once to point out that the district attorney was reading from a document that Evelyn's mother had given him and objected on the grounds that Mrs. Holman had not been called as a witness.

The judge overruled Delma's objection, but the defense had managed again to call attention to the fact that the Angel Child's mother, who'd once so shamelessly exploited Evelyn, was now trying to undermine her testimony with information she was supplying to the prosecutor's office.

This maneuver not only won more sympathy for the witness but seemed to help her regain much of her self-confidence. It was as though now that she was sure Jerome *was* getting his information from her mother she knew better what she had to tell and what she could leave unsaid. Quite relaxed, she sat back and looked at Jerome with disarming ingenuousness.

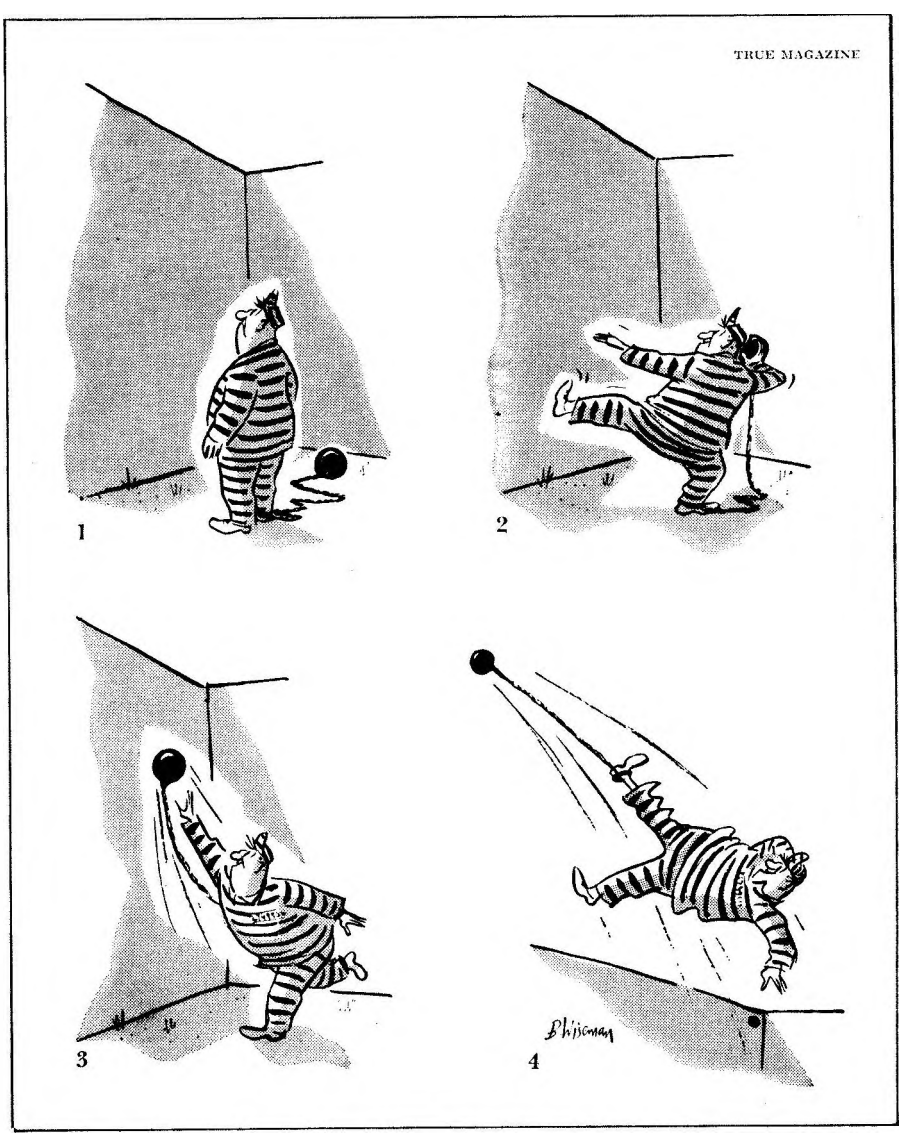
The prosecutor, of course, was immediately aware of the change. When Evelyn had seemed afraid and uncertain of herself he'd alternately snarled at her or tried to shatter her with jeering courtliness. Every once in awhile, Jerome would drop into a chair and take a sniff of smelling-salts. Garvan, his assistant, lost no time in explaining to the newsmen nearest him that his chief was suffering from catarrh, not feeling faint.

Nevertheless, during one of these intervals, Jerome dropped into a chair next to Nixola Greely-Smith, the *New York Evening World's* star sob sister, and whispered in desperation, "That girl is lying. I know she's lying. She knows that I know it, but somehow I can't seem to break her down. Why? I really don't know what to try next!"

Until the Thaw trial Jerome had always been a great favorite of newspaper people. But his ferocious attempts to bait and trap the dainty Evelyn turned the reporters covering the trial against him, judging from the headlines that appeared that evening.

Along with their millions of readers, the newspapers seemed to have forgotten that the man Evelyn was trying to save was a worthless human being and that it was the incorruptible Jerome's job to make sure that Thaw would shoot nobody else down in cold blood, despite the $40 million worth of power and influence exerted to save him.

But the following day the State began to score when the prosecutor pushed Evelyn into a corner where her explanation of why she'd refused Thaw's first marriage proposal was just making no sense at all. She repeated that her only reason for turning him down was her sense of her own unworthiness, though she also believed that countless other women were also unchaste. Jerome blasted away at her in this manner:



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Q: So that when you told your husband this tale, this story—I mean no offense in the way I characterize it—you believed you were better than other women because you had been assaulted against your will?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: It was against your will, wasn't it?

A: Yes, sir. I didn't have any will about it; I didn't have any chance.

Q: But you thought you were better than other women because you had been wronged by violence and craft?

A: Well, I thought I'd been imposed on.

At this point Mrs. Thaw seemed so completely at the mercy of the prosecutor that Delmas interrupted to give her a few moments' respite. He charged Jerome with "sneering" at the witness in an attempt to intimidate and confuse her, and the prosecutor fell for the transparent trick by denying the accusation. The foolish argument that followed—over whether the prosecutor had sneered ungallantly—lasted ten minutes. It proved to be enough rest for Evelyn and when Jerome smilingly turned back to her she was ready for him.

Q: Did you not feel in Paris in 1903 that because of this occurrence with Mr. White you had to renounce Mr. Thaw's love?

A: Not exactly. No—*because I had been found out.*

Q: Who found you out? Who caught you?

A: A friend of Mr. White's.

Q: Where was *this?*

A: In the Twenty-fourth Street place. He came into the bedroom where I was undressed and saw me there.

Q: Was Mr. White with you at that time?

A: No, he was upstairs.

This sudden shift in Evelyn's story really made Jerome blow his buttons. For hours he'd been pushing her down deeper and deeper into the well of her own seemingly illogical reasoning—that though she felt superior to other women because she'd lost *her* virginity while unconscious, she also felt unworthy to marry even a wastrel like Harry Thaw—only to have her bob up with this new and much more believable explanation. And thrown completely off balance, Jerome kept lashing at her.

Q: Was there any impropriety between you and Stanford White on that occasion?

A: (Calmly) There was.

Q: So then, after that act of Stanford White you continued to maintain relations with him?

A: (Sobbing) For a short time.

Q: And you inferred, inasmuch as this friend knew about it, that he must have told?

A: Well, I didn't *know.*

Q: Did you tell your husband about *this* in Paris?

A: Yes.

Q: Did this gentleman leave before the occurrence took place?

A: He did.

Q: How was he to know anything about it?

A: Because he saw me in this bedroom. And then he went upstairs and talked to Stanford White.

Q: And that was within a *month* of your being drugged?

A: It was.

As she answered this last question Evelyn was overwhelmed by emotion and burst into a fit of wild sobbing. In this she was joined by every woman in the room and some of the men. Others bowed their heads as though ashamed to be witnessing Evelyn's humiliation.

No one, it might be said, was more impressed by this demonstration of mass grief than Mr. Jerome. Turning to the judge he suggested that out of consideration for the witness court be adjourned for the day.

But Delmas, wishing to capitalize on the sympathetic emotion his star witness had aroused, insisted they go on, much as it pained him personally. At least, that's the way he put it.

Jerome was a man who knew only one way to fight and he started slugging again right where he'd left off. Evelyn did not break down again even though he hammered and slashed away at the various weak points in her story.

Why, asked Jerome, had she never told her mother about being ravished by Stanford White? Evelyn said she'd been too ashamed and she'd also solemnly promised White she never would.

Had Stanford White ever made a single amorous gesture toward her before her alleged deflowering? Evelyn admitted White never had but indicated that this was a trick of the architect to gain her confidence.

If she thought of White as "a beast," "a blackguard," why had she written to him from Boulogne? Because her mother insisted she write him, said it was ungrateful of Evelyn not to do so.

Once again Jerome seemed to have the Angel Child on the hook and he kept plugging away with variations of the same question of how she could find it possible to write the man whom she claimed had taken advantage of her after drugging her!

And once again Evelyn, who'd been so clever about not making straight answers, found the way out by telling the truth!

With a smile, she said, "Because as a friend there was nobody I could think of nicer than Stanford White, outside of that one act of his. He was as nice as he could possibly be. He was very kind, very considerate, especially to my family. He did a great many things for my family outside of this one awful thing. He had an extraordinary personality."

Again taken by surprise, this time by the totally unexpected eulogy of White, Jerome asked the witness to explain what she meant by the expression, "personality."

"Why, I have been telling you of his personality," she went on, ingenuously. "I had had a hard time trying to make Mr. Thaw understand. I don't know whether I can make you understand or not. I say that outside of this one terrible thing, Stanford White was a very grand man, and when I told this to Mr. Thaw he said that only made him the more dangerous, because when Stanford White came to see me he always talked as my father, and he never made love to me until that night. Everybody says the same thing about him, everybody who knew him. He was kind and considerate and exceedingly thoughtful—much more thoughtful than most people. People liked him very much. He made a great many friends and always kept them. They were always unwilling to believe those things about him until they actually found out, and then they could not understand. Harry Thaw said it only made him more dangerous to have that personality. He said he would get worse in the terrible passion he had for young girls."

That eulogy of the man who was dead Evelyn delivered with utter sincerity. But Jerome kept on, and soon he was again beginning to score heavily.

First, he made her admit that the glass of champagne she'd drunk just before becoming unconscious on the "terrible night" she'd lost her virginity had tasted no different than any other champagne she'd had.

Next, he forced from Evelyn details about Christmas Eve, 1903, that showed her in anything but a creditable light. That was the evening, of course, that Benjamin Boman, the stage doorman, said he'd heard White threaten to kill Thaw.

As Evelyn now retold the story, under Jerome's nagging cross-examination, it appeared that the architect had made a date with her that evening and had even arranged to give her a party in honor of her 19th birthday.

Evelyn said she had, nevertheless, slipped out of the theater with Thaw and stayed with him all night at an apartment in the East Sixties. Two days later she'd moved into the Grand Hotel with Thaw.

Jerome went right on proving that Mrs. Thaw was no Angel Child no matter how much she looked like one. Evelyn was not too convincing when she tried to explain that she'd promptly returned the $50 bill Harry Thaw had sent her before he'd even met her. Far more damning, was her admission that she and her mother had accepted a $500 bank draft from White the day they had sailed for their European jaunt with the defendant.

But after her one outbreak of near-hysterics Mrs. Thaw was taking it all on the chin like a champion. She didn't even turn pale when the district attorney confronted her with a physician and asked if John Barrymore had not once taken her to this doctor's office to have an illegal operation performed. Evelyn looked the doctor over and insisted she'd never seen him before

in her life. Next Jerome pressed her about her romance with Barrymore.

Q: Did you ever go out with Barrymore and remain all night away from home?

A: When you say all night I do not remember ever having been out all night with Mr. Barrymore. I have been out to supper with him, I told you.

Q: Did you not go out one night with Barrymore to supper after the play and that night you did not return home but sent a telegram to your mother stating that you were stopping with a certain person?

A: No. I do not remember that I ever did.

Q: Did not Stanford White endeavor to get you to make a complaint against Barrymore?

But Delmas successfully objected to that question. A moment later the two great lawyers locked horns in earnest when Jerome asked Evelyn about the operation she'd undergone in Pompton, while she was at school there.

"Was it," he said, "a criminal operation of any size, shape or manner?"

Delmas protested that she was not competent to answer because, as she'd already explained, she'd been unconscious during the operation and knew only what a nurse had told her about it.

"I do not want to" stormed District Attorney Jerome, "make use of certain questions which will make it perfectly plain but will you concede that it was an operation of a certain character?"

"I have learned from the district attorney," Delmas retorted, scornfully, "to concede *nothing!*"

But all this was just warm-up work for the furious exchange that followed another question Jerome subsequently asked Evelyn.

"Were any of these things that you say Stanford White told you about this defendant acts of perversion?"

Again Delmas's objection was upheld by Justice Fitzgerald. At this Mr. Jerome wailed, "Have I got to go into all of the filth and rotten details?"

"I think," snapped the Californian, "that you have brought out sufficient filth and rottenness already." And turning to the judge, he added, "When the learned district attorney has any indecent acts that he wishes to characterize, let *him* describe them. We shall not describe them *for* him."

Next Jerome dragged the witness over her testimony about the "dirty, dirty stories" she'd heard about her husband on returning from Europe. He also had her tell how she'd investigated those stories and found "nothing in them at all."

His whole strategy in reintroducing this material at this late point in the cross-examination was revealed when Jerome hurled a whole hailstorm of questions at Evelyn about various details in the Hummel affidavit which she'd denied signing:

"Did you tell Hummel that Thaw had beaten you with a whip at the Schloss Katzenstein? [The secluded castle in the Alps where Harry had taken her in 1903.] That against your will he wronged you? That, Harry K. Thaw, without any provocation, grasped you by the throat and tore your bathrobe off you? That he terrorized you? That his eyes were glaring and that he held in his hand a cowhide whip? That he stopped you from screaming by putting his fingers in your mouth? That he continued to act like a demented man and beat you very violently there? And beat you again the next day? And again at the Hotel Switzerhof, in Santa Maria, Switzerland? And in Paris again?

"Did you tell Hummel this? That? *Did you?* DID YOU?" The questions came like hammer blows, and the answers were No! *No!* NO!" interspersed with an occasional, agonized, "I don't remember telling Mr. Hummel that!"

There were dozens of such questions, scores of them, hundreds of them all dealing with the cruelty and violence and maniacal sadism of her husband, Harry K. Thaw, the Pittsburgh Idler whose life she was trying so desperately to save.

When Jerome had asked Mrs. Thaw the last of these questions, he handed her a document, and demanded, "Is that your signature?"

"It looks very much like my signature," she said and then added quickly, "But I don't remember ever signing anything like that."

The perspiring Jerome said then that he'd like an adjournment to the following morning so that he could put on the stand Abraham Hummel, the stenographer to whom Hummel had dictated the affidavit, and also the notary public who had put his official seal on it.

When the request was granted, the perspiring district attorney turned to Mrs. Thaw with a quizzical look and said, "And I do not believe I shall have anything more to ask this lady."

Following the completion of Evelyn Thaw's cross-examination —she was recalled once or twice but only to testify on minor points—Jerome started a parade of witnesses in rebuttal of the defense's case.

The police sergeant who had booked him at the station house, the police captain who had examined him there, a man who had seen the defendant on the night of the murder all testified that he had seemed rational to them.

An expert chemist, Dr. Rudolph Witthaus, who had appeared in court as a witness in many poison cases, testified that there was no drug in the world that could be put into a glass of champagne and affect Evelyn Thaw in the manner she had described as rendering her unconscious.

The district attorney even put Longfellow, the lawyer who had worked for Thaw before the murder, on the stand and attempted to get him to testify about the case that Ethel Thomas, who claimed Thaw had beaten her with a whip, was bringing against the defendant. But Mr. Delmas objected that this was privileged, "as between client and attorney," and was sustained.

As the days passed, it became obvious how important was Delmas's original maneuver in getting Evelyn to declare in detail what she had told Thaw about Stanford White.

Jerome, therefore, was reduced to proving that she had not *told* Thaw the horrible tale of being seduced while she was unconscious. All he could do was try to discredit her character so completely that the jury would not believe anything she had said on the witness stand. Through the photographs taken of Mrs. Thaw the day before the purported seduction the district attorney managed to establish the date when she allegedly lost her virginity as October 1.

But even if he could show that White was elsewhere on that evening it would not mean that Evelyn hadn't *told* this story of being ravished to the defendant, the story which the defense contended made him so insane with jealousy that in a fit of rage he killed three years later.

Jerome, however, scored one of his biggest victories of the

trial when he managed to get into evidence the much-discussed Hummel affidavit. This legal eye-popper of the century began by describing, purportedly in Evelyn's own words, how after her appendicitis operation she had gone to Europe with her mother and traveled all over the continent with Thaw, leaving Mrs. Nesbit in London. It continued:

"During all this time, the said Thaw and myself were known as husband and wife, and were represented by the said Thaw and known under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Dells. After traveling together about five or six weeks, the said Thaw rented a castle in the Austrian Tyrol, known as the Schloss Katzenstein, which is situated about half way up a very isolated mountain. This castle must have been built centuries ago, as the rooms and windows are all old fashioned.

"When we reached there, there were a number of servants in the castle, but the only servants I saw were a butler, the cook and the maid. We occupied one entire end of the castle, consisting of two bedrooms, a parlor and a drawing room. The balance of the house was rented by the said Thaw, but not occupied by us. I was assigned a bedroom for my personal use.

"The first night we reached the 'Schloss' I was very tired and went to bed right after dinner. In the morning I was awakened by Mr. Thaw's pounding on the door, and asking me to come to breakfast, saying the coffee was getting cold. I immediately jumped out of bed and hastily put on a bathrobe and slippers. I walked out of my room and sat down to breakfast with the said Thaw.

"After breakfast the said Thaw said he wished to tell me something and asked me to step into my bedroom. I entered the room, when the said Thaw, without any provocation, grasped me by the throat and tore the bathrobe from my body.

"I saw by his face that the said Thaw was in a terrific excited condition, and I was terrorized. His eyes were glaring and he had in his right hand a cowhide whip. He seized hold of me and threw me on the bed. I was powerless and attempted to scream, but the said Thaw placed his fingers in my mouth and tried to choke me.

"He then, without any provocation, and without the slightest reason, began to inflict on me severe and violent blows with the cowhide whip. So brutally did he assault me that my skin was cut and bruised. I besought him to desist, but he refused. I was so excited that I shouted and cried. He stopped every minute or so to rest, and then renewed his attack upon me, which he continued for about seven minutes.

"He acted like a demented man. I was absolutely in fear of my life. The servants could not hear my outcries for the reason that my voice did not penetrate through the large castle, and so could not come to my succour. The said Thaw threatened to kill me, and by reason of his brutal attack, as I have above described, I was unable to move.

"The following morning Thaw again came into my bedroom and administered a castigation similar to the day before. He took a cowhide whip and belabored me with it on my bare skin, cutting the skin and leaving me in a fainting condition. I swooned and did not know how long after I returned to consciousness. This unmerciful beating of the whip left me in a frightfully nervous condition, my fingers very numb, and I was in bodily fear that Thaw would take my life. It was nearly three weeks before I was sufficiently recovered to be able to get out of my bed and walk.

"When I did so, the said Thaw took me to a place called Ortler Mountain, where Italy, Switzerland and Germany conjoin. Then we went into Switzerland. In Switzerland we remained that night at the Hotel Schweitzerhof, at Santa Maria. The next morning I made some remark, and said Thaw took a rattan whip, and while I was in my nightgown, beat me over my leg below the knee so violently that I screamed for help. When I began to scream, the said Thaw again stuffed his fingers in my mouth.

"During all the time I traveled with the said Thaw, he would make the slightest pretext and excuse for a terrific assault on me.

"During all this period, my mother continued in London. Thaw and I finally reached Paris about the middle of September, where we occupied apartments at No. 5 Avenue D'Antin. I was constantly watched by detectives and other hirelings of the said Thaw, including his coachman and his valet named Bedford.

"One day my maid was in my room, taking things out of the drawers and packing them away. I found a little silver box, oblong in shape, and about two and a half inches long, containing a hypodermic syringe and some other small utensils. I went to the said Thaw and asked him what it was and what it meant, and he then stated to me that he had been ill and tried to make some excuse, saying he had been compelled to use cocaine. I realized then for the first time that the said Thaw was addicted to the cocaine habit. I also frequently saw said Thaw administering cocaine to himself internally by means of small pills. On one occasion he attempted to force me to take one of these pills, but I refused to do so.

"While in Paris I suffered from extreme nervousness, superinduced by the cruel and inhuman beatings perpetrated on me by the said Thaw, and was confined to my room for about two weeks. During this period, while I was in this condition of nonresistance, Thaw mistreated me. I reproved said Thaw for his conduct, but he compelled me to submit thereto, threatening to beat and kill me if I did not do so.

"While we were in Paris, the said Thaw had compelled me, by threatening to beat me, to write a letter to Miss Simonton, who was staying at the Algonquin Hotel, in the city of New York, and who knew my mother, asking her to come to Paris. When she got there, he told her a lot of falsehoods and lies about me, telling me previously that if I did not endorse what he said, he would kill me.

"While we were at Schloss Katzenstein, the said Thaw took from me, without my consent, and still retains in his possession, two diamond rings, one saphire ring with a diamond on each side, one pearl locket, lavaliere, one gold purse and $400 in money, consisting of drafts on Thomas Cook and Son. He had also in his possession in the city of Paris wearing apparel of mine, consisting of five gowns, a number of hats and three parasols.

"I have not seen my mother since I left her in London, and am informed within the past two weeks that she returned to the city of New York from London on the steamship *Campania*.

"I arrived in this city on Saturday, October 24, 1903, having returned from Paris by way of Cherbourg. Before I left Europe, the said Thaw had stated to me that his lawyer, a Mr. Longfellow, would meet me at the dock and ask me if I needed anything, saying that he would see that all my requirements received attention. I had a letter to him from the said Thaw, in which the said Thaw asked the said Longfellow to have me followed by a detective and also to see that everything I wanted was done, and to see that I was not troubled or annoyed by anybody.

"I have received a number of cablegrams from the said Thaw, which I have delivered to my counsel, Mr. Abraham H. Hummel. I have been repeatedly told by the said Thaw that he is very inimical to a married man whom he said he wanted me to injure, and that he, Thaw, would get him into the penitentiary and the said Thaw has begged me time and again to swear to written documents which he had prepared involving this married man, and charging him of having betrayed me when I was 15 years of age.

"This was not so and I so told him, but because I refused to sign these papers, the said Thaw not only threatened me with bodily injury but inflicted on me the great cruel bodily injury which I have herein described.

EVELYN NESBIT

Sworn to before me, this 27th day of October, 1903,

Abraham Snydecker,

Commissioner of Deeds, State of New York."

After the affidavit had been read to the jury, Jerome put its author, Abe Hummel, on the stand. Covered with warts and toadlike in appearance, Little Abe was then awaiting sentence after being convicted of conspiring to obstruct justice in another case. The rumor around the courtroom was that Jerome, who had obtained that conviction, had agreed to a suspended sentence for Hummel in exchange for the crooked lawyer's help.

(This was probably only an exaggeration of the real truth. Eventually Hummel went to prison, but only under a one-year sentence.)

Little Abe confirmed Evelyn's story that she had consulted him at Stanford White's suggestion. He said that the architect paid him an annual retainer, but paid him $100 extra for drawing up the affidavit. Hummel also insisted that Evelyn had never been his client. Both Snydecker, the Commissioner of Deeds, who'd put his seal on the document, and the stenographer who transcribed it later verified his testimony.

When Delmas challenged Hummel's evidence as immaterial and irrelevant, Jerome countered by quoting Mrs. Thaw's statement to Little Abe: "He (Thaw) beat me when I was in Europe; he stripped me nude and lashed me with a whip; he did it to make me swear to a paper to put Stanford White in the penitentiary; and I stood his beatings and lashings and refused to do it because it was not so. Stanford White did not drug and wrong me; Stanford White never maltreated me."

This, the district attorney said, cast a cloud on her credibility and declared that if the state could prove that she'd said that to Hummel and had also signed the affidavit it would cast much light on whether or not Evelyn Nesbit did tell Harry Thaw that Stanford White had wronged her.

Over Delmas's protests Justice Fitzgerald ruled that Hummel was not acting as Evelyn's lawyer. This decision enabled Jerome to get into evidence the vital points he'd been fighting for—that Evelyn had volunteered the information about Thaw's beatings; that Hummel had read to her the affidavit and that she had then signed it while in his office.

On cross-examination, Delmas ripped into Hummel. But he steadfastly denied that Jerome had got him to testify by offering him any kind of deal.

Next came the incident in the trial that rocked this nation's faith in its doctors. Jerome called to the stand six famous alienists to each of whom he read a hypothetical question that made Delmas's sixteen-minute long question seem very brief: Jerome's ran over 12,000 words and required an hour and fifteen minutes to read. The gist of it was "Whether or not Harry K. Thaw knew on the night of the murder that it was wrong to kill Stanford White?"

Each of the state's half-dozen distinguished doctors said yes, Thaw *did know* it was wrong.

Mr. Delmas countered immediately by putting five distinguished defense doctors on the stand and asked them the same question. Each of these self-styled experts on mental diseases—with one exception—said Harry *did not know* it was wrong to shoot White.

This sharp conflict between men who were supposed to be the country's leading experts on insanity—and who were paid big fees by the opposing sides—was for years afterward given as an example of the venality and lack of ethics of the medical profession generally.

The one exception was Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton. Though hired by the defense he insisted that Thaw was a victim of dementia praecox and a paranoiac type, a kind of insanity from which a person rarely recovers.

The defense attorneys, whose whole purpose was to prove that Thaw though mad the night of the shooting had since recovered his sanity, did not wish Dr. Hamilton to testify. But Mrs. Thaw, Sr., had insisted on it.

Just before Dr. Hamilton was to take the stand, Mr. Delmas was summoned to California and turned the examination over to Mr. Gleason who had bungled Thaw's case so badly at the opening of the trial. And Mr. Gleason dumped the defense's apple cart again by asking Dr. Hamilton, "Did you not state to me, sir, that you would testify that this form of insanity is one the defendant might recover from?"

Dr. Hamilton replied, "I did not. I told you that 2 percent of them might recover."

The whole defense theory that Thaw had been insane on June 25 but was sane now seemed to have been demolished with a single question. One reporter wrote that Gleason seemed to have aged in one moment. He stammered to the court that there seemed to have been a misunderstanding between him and Dr. Hamilton.

Mr. Jerome leaped at the big opening, said he wanted to make formal application for the appointment of a commission on lunacy. Justice Fitzgerald adjourned the proceedings in order to give the prosecutor time to prepare this application.

Mr. Jerome's strategy seemed clear. By asking for the commission he would have an official opinion of the defendant's mental state. If they pronounced Thaw sane he would have strengthened the state's chances of sending the killer to the chair. If he was pronounced insane, the defense could not contend that Thaw had been mad on June 25, but had since recovered his reason.

On March 26, Justice Fitzgerald, with the consent of both sides, appointed to the commission three men of unimpeachable integrity, ex-justice Morgan J. O'Brien, Peter B. Olney and Dr. Leopold Putzel. Mr. O'Brien had been until a few months before the presiding justice of the New York State Supreme Court's Appellate Division, Mr. Olney had been District Attorney of New York and Dr. Putzel was a renowned physician. But Justice O'Brien asked to withdraw from the commission and was replaced by David McClure, another brilliant legal authority.

Their examination and Jerome's cross-examination of Thaw occupied a day and a half. To everyone's amazement the defendant did very well on the stand, testifying rationally. Mr. Jerome tried to have eccentric letters Thaw had written to his bankers introduced but this was not allowed. However, the commission did examine scrapbooks that the prisoner had made up while in the Tombs. These contained newspaper clippings alongside of which Thaw had written quotations from the Bible. He had also cut out whole chapters from the Good Book and pasted them up, writing notes along the margins as instructions to his attorneys.

One after another, the doctors on both sides, attendants at the Tombs and Thaw's lawyers themselves testified, giving their opinions of the defendant's mental state. And after nine days of this, the commission delivered its opinion that Harry K. Thaw was a sane man, capable of conducting his own defense!

And now came the final round between Jerome and Delmas—their summations. Delphin Delmas began summing up for the defense on the afternoon of April 8. In the most flowery language heard in a New York courtroom since the Civil War, the chief counsel pictured Harry K. Thaw as a Galahad and Evelyn as an angel soiled and ruined against her will by the lascivious, scheming old roué, Stanford White.

After describing Evelyn's wretched childhood, he lashed out at her mother, reminding the jury that Mrs. Holman had received money from Stanford White for a year after Evelyn's seduction and that she was helping the district attorney with a written statement with which "he might torture the soul of her daughter and by which he might be aided in leaving her alone in the world—her father dead, her mother unnatural, *her husband executed* by your verdict."

This fine combination of forensic frenzy and courtroom corn took a full day and a half for Mr. Delmas to deliver. His colleagues criticized him to newspapermen for picturing the depraved Thaw as a Sir Galahad and said they feared the religious members of the jury might resent this ridiculous sacrilege.

For the first time during the proceedings, the Californian's New York associates were right about something. And William Travers Jerome began his summation with a scornful dismissal of the defense's emotional appeal, saying that Delmas had tried to keep you "wandering through a weird field of romance," and added "you are chosen to be triers of questions of fact . . . justifiable homicide does not mean *dementia Americana*. Justifiable means self-defense . . . and the appeal to your passions is a broad and wide departure from the duty of counselor. . . ."

Jerome described the murder, emphasizing its deliberateness and pointing out how long Thaw had waited before shooting the architect.

Of Evelyn Thaw, he said:

"The Angel Child that Mr. Delmas would paint her to be, reared chastely and purely, as she herself tells you, drugged and despoiled! Why, what nonsense to come here and tell twelve men! She of the *Florodora* chorus! She dragged into this den of vice and drugged! And drugged with what, pray? When the girl could not fix that night in any time within three months? The learned Professor Witthaus showed that no drug known to science could produce insensibility in two minutes and (permit) a person to recover so as to be around next day. . . .

"And yet what does she do? She meets him again and again and again—this human ogre that had drugged her. She meets him at the Tower. Eight or ten times she goes to the 24th Street place. . . ."

The district attorney's final outburst was superb. Jerome said:

"Why, gentlemen, every element in this case is simple. It is simply a mere vulgar, everyday Tenderloin homicide, that is what it is and you know it is. If this man, instead of being the

rich Harry Thaw from Pittsburgh, was the son of a rich padrone in Elizabeth Street here, and Mr. White, well since he was artistic, was a modeler of plastic images in Mott Street, and the girl over whom they quarreled, and for whom the killing was done, was a chorus girl, how long would brainstorm, the paranoia of the millionaire, stand before an American jury?

"I have heard strange opinions in courts of law. But the strangest is this, that this defendant could be insane in 1903 in Paris; that he could be insane in Pittsburgh in 1903; that he could be insane on the 4th of April 1905, when he was married and made his will; that he could be insane the night of the 25th of June, when he brutally and cowardly shot down his enemy, whom he hated, and suddenly his insanity depart, and he can sit there and his multitudinous learned counsel can take his fees and perhaps his notes. Aye, murder as a cure for insanity is a new thing in this jurisdiction until with *dementia Americana* it was introduced by my learned friend, Mr. Delmas."

When the district attorney sat down it seemed that he had scored heavily. It was believed that the defense attorney had used a sort of oratory that might have been effective in the West, but sounded old-fashioned in sophisticated New York.

Following Jerome's closing address, Justice Fitzgerald gave his instructions to the jury. Emphasizing that the victim's character, no matter how bad, can neither excuse or justify murder, he said that the twelve men could bring in one of five verdicts: guilty of murder in the first degree; guilty of murder in the second degree; guilty of manslaughter in the first degree; acquitted, or acquitted on the ground of insanity.

Justice Fitzgerald also discussed in great detail the plea of insanity, saying:

"The settled law of the state is that the test of responsibility for criminal acts, where unsoundness of mind is interposed as defense, is the capacity of the defendant to distinguish between right and wrong at the time of and with respect to the act which is the subject of the inquiry."

The judge told the jury also that the legal presumption is that the defendant was sane when he committed the act, and it was the task of the defense to prove he was insane.

The jury retired at 5:15 that afternoon and returned at 11:10 to inform Justice Fitzgerald that they'd been unable to reach a verdict. He ordered them locked up for the night and at 10 the following morning they came back into the courtroom to ask the court for additional guidance.

They were out all the rest of that day and most of the next one. At 4 p.m. of that third day the weary and haggard men once more filed into the jury box to listen to their foreman telling Justice Fitzgerald that they'd been unable to come to any agreement. After the jury was dismissed, it was learned that seven of them had voted for a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree while the other five had just as stubbornly insisted that Thaw should be acquitted on the grounds of insanity.

The trial had cost the State of New York $100,000, and the Thaw family almost half a million—and it was not over. Only the first round had been fought.

Though Mad Harry was remanded to the Tombs without bail to await a second trial, it was obvious that the defense had scored an important victory in that first round.

There was, of course, the danger of new and important evidence being introduced by the prosecution.

It so happened, though, that little new and no important evidence was turned up at Thaw's second trial for the murder of Stanford White. It opened almost a full year after the first trial, on January 6, 1908. Supreme Court Justice Victor Dowling presided. Jerome again conducted the prosecution personally, but Delmas had been replaced by brilliant Martin W. Littleton, a fiery-tempered New Yorker.

On the stand, Evelyn did add one interesting detail. She said that a few weeks after she had "told all" to Harry in Paris, he had attempted to commit suicide by swallowing laudanum.

"Why didn't you tell this before, at the first trial?" demanded Jerome, when he cross-examined her.

The Angel Child pertly answered, "Mr. Delmas said it would make Harry out *too* crazy." •

Jerome was so rough with her that he was again bitterly criticized by both public and press. And, in summing up, Mr. Littleton assailed the prosecutor's "cruelty" in words seldom used in open court about a district attorney.

This time the jury remained out over 24 hours, then brought back the verdict:

"Not guilty by reason of insanity at the time of the act!"

That afternoon Thaw was taken from his Tombs cell to the New York State Asylum for the Criminally Insane at Mattewan.

The second trial, too, had to be counted a victory for the Thaw millions over the State of New York. With the insanity verdict in, Mad Harry could not be tried again.

After being at Mattewan for more than five years, Harry wearied of trying to win his freedom by legal means. On the morning of August 17, 1913, he took it on the lam and managed to get across the Canadian border.

It happened to be Evelyn's luck to be playing that very week at Hammerstein's Victoria Theater, the best-known vaudeville house in New York. She'd originally only been booked there for two weeks but such interest was aroused in her act by the front-page publicity about Harry's getaway that her salary was hiked to $3,500 a week and she stayed on there for eight weeks. Other big-money engagements followed.

The fight to extradite Thaw was, absurdly, developing into an annoying international incident when Canada's higher-ups decided to take matters into their own hands. One night they grabbed Harry, took him to the border and pushed him over into New England.

In New Hampshire Thaw was arrested as a fugitive. There were more hearings there and he was finally brought back to New York. There, in 1915, a jury finally declared the Pittsburgh Idler a sane man.

Harry's first act as a free man was to divorce the Angel Child who had twice saved him from the electric chair. Evelyn didn't squawk too much. She'd never been able, she complained, to get more than $75 a week out of Harry while he was at Mattewan.

Less than a year after he'd been sprung, Harry was in a serious jam again. The family of 17-year old Fred B. Gump, of Kansas City, had him indicted for horsewhipping the youth. This time Thaw was sent to a Pennsylvania state asylum. He also had to pay young Gump a large sum for physical damages.

In 1924, after seven years in the Pennsylvania boobyhatch, Mad Harry was once more pronounced sane and turned loose. But he never again appeared alone in any public place. Everywhere Thaw went, and he went to a lot of night clubs and restaurants, he was accompanied by a big-muscled male nurse.

Jerome and Delmas both died in the 30's. Harry K. Thaw himself died on February 22, 1947, at the age of 76.

It is interesting that Evelyn, who stole the show from all the other principals, not only continued to get more publicity than the other figures in the trial but also managed to outlive them.

Her big-money days as a stage star, of course, did not last long. She never developed any talent as a stage performer and remained a freak attraction. This, naturally, meant that each year her earning capacity diminished. However, after her vaudeville days were over, Evelyn was featured for many years in Atlantic City night clubs.

For a long time the headlines about her told only bad news. After Thaw divorced her, Evelyn had married her stage-dancing partner, Jack Clifford, who subsequently divorced her. She started tea rooms and dress shops which failed. She was robbed repeatedly, tried to commit suicide a couple of times, was accused of being a drug addict, was arrested for punching a doctor in Atlantic City.

But the woman in America's most celebrated case did survive all of the men. And when last heard from, Evelyn, at 68, was living quietly in southern California and making a living teaching a sculping class. It is said that some of her younger pupils don't know who she is and speak of her as though she were a quaint old lady to whom nothing much has ever happened.

—Charles Samuels

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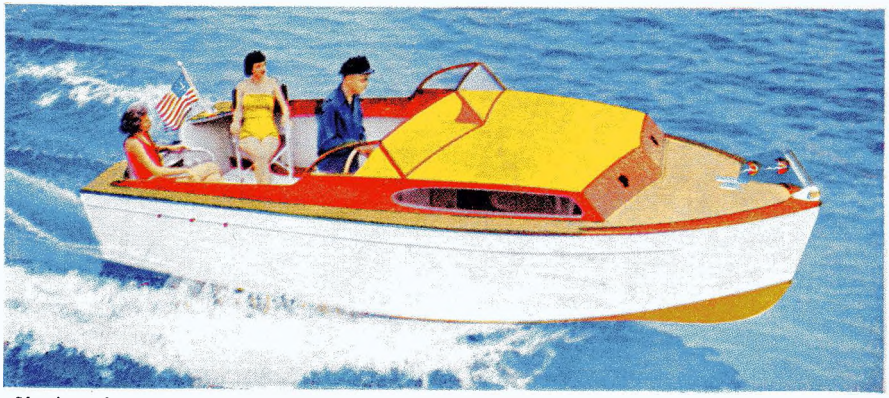

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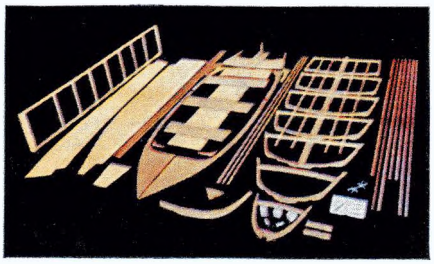

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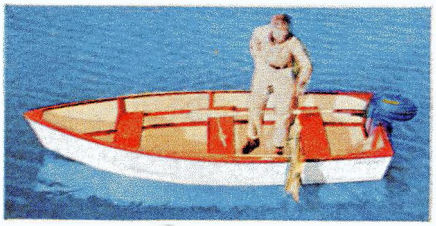

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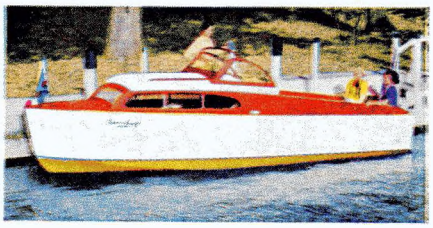

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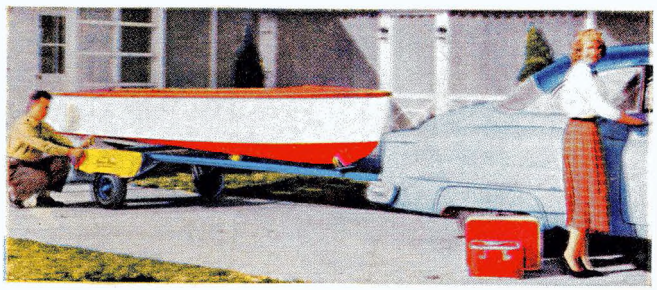

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