"HOW TO MAKE A MILLION" by the WORLD'S RICHEST MAN

TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

VIP Views the Wife

35c JUNE 1958

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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the EDITOR speaking

LAS VEGAS

The happy guy on the left is Milton Berle; the gorgeous gal in the center is Betty George, a singer in Berle's night club act; the grinning guy on the right is yours truly. Damned if I know what we were all so happy about except that we were at El Rancho Vegas where the slot machines are not quite as voracious as they are elsewhere.

I've seen gambling joints from Monte Carlo to Rio de Janeiro but I've never seen anything to equal Vegas. This place is a revelation. As Gladwin Hill, head of the New York *Times*' Los Angeles bureau put it recently: "Most of the 8,000,000 people who annually stream through this neon-lighted oasis in the Nevada desert to gamble, gourmandize and gawk leave with just one mental picture: garish architecture, palm trees, dazzling electric signs, heaps of chips and silver dollars, bursts of applause punctuating a never-ending cavalcade of entertainment—a gewgaw setting for the world's largest, permanent non-floating crap game."

Well, I left Vegas with Mr. Hill's mental (or visual) picture of the place, but I also left with a firm conviction: Vegas is one of the most compelling arguments for either a) legalized gambling; or b) a national lottery.

Like most of you, I've just recently sweated out U.S. Tax Form 1040. Putting Uncle Sam in orbit for 1958 took me hours of agonizing work, weeks of mental anguish. And, probably before I'm finished, I'll spend more time with some gimlet-eyed tax examiner who is firmly convinced that I can subtract better than I can add.

How much more fun it is to pay Uncle Sam the painless way by letting him take a legal, fair-share bite of my gambling play. No matter whether you win or lose at Vegas, Uncle Sam shares some 5 percent of every pot. Every time you throw a buck into a slot machine, the government collects a nickel. The same is true at the racetrack, only in New York (for example) the state and federal bite comes to over 16 percent. No wonder the bookies are driving Cadillacs! The bookies, not the government, are automatically 32 cents ahead every time I want to make a $2 off-track bet.

Ponder these questions:

- If it's legal to bet in Nevada, why isn't it legal in New Jersey (which has just legalized bingo)?
- If it's legal to bet at the racetrack, why isn't it legal at a baseball game?

Time was, when this country *did* have a national lottery. And from all accounts George Washington, the father of this country, was quite a gambling man. I personally think it's high time for the lawmakers to take a good look at the tax structure and decide that legalized gambling is about the most painless way to extract taxes from us. I'd rather be arm-weary from a one-armed bandit than have that same arm twisted so hard every April.

* * *

No one had to twist my arm the other day to see the pictures TRUE's Outdoor Editor Pete Barrett brought back from Africa recently. Pete was on safari for stories with Roger and Gordon Fawcett. This intrepid trio knocked off Africa's famed big five: lion, elephant, buffalo, rhino and leopard. . .

* * *

Some months ago I mentioned, and favorably, a new novel called *Mandingo*, a stark and completely fascinating story of a pre-Civil War slave farm in the South. Shortly after my mention the book hit the New York *Times* best seller list. It now looks like I really picked a winner. *Mandingo* has been published as a paper-back by Crest, and is on sale at newsstands. Within three weeks of publication a million copies of *Mandingo* were produced. The publisher believes that the book may break all paper-back sales records. *Mandingo* is a man's book, for sure.—**doug kennedy**

It's on the record:

The longest baseball game in Major League history was a 26-inning, 1-1 tie between the Boston Braves and the Brooklyn Robins of the National League. It was played at Braves Field, Boston, on May 1, 1920.

JUNE 1958

TRUE THE

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

MAN'S MAGAZINE

Cover by David Zingg

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TRUELY YOURS

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

TOOGETHERNESS

I hunt with a group of guys, several of of whose wives fell for the "Togetherness" pitch. The wives infiltrated our stag outings until we led them on an eight-mile, cross-country hike. No more "Togetherness."

Thanks for printing Philip Wylie's *To Hell With Togetherness* in the May issue. It demolished that phoney concept.

—Ed Graham
St. Paul, Minn.

ROCKHOUNDS

Mine Your Backyard for Riches in the March TRUE was a first-rate article on an overlooked hobby: prospecting for gemstones. Congratulations.

Your "rockhound" readers should know of a strange, new gemstone found in the vicinity of Lewiston, Idaho. It is called "sillimanite" (it's aluminum sillicate) and has the most unusual beauty. When polished, it has the appearance of kitten's fur and is completely unlike any other gem. Sillimanite occurs in practically every color, but it usually is found in blue, yellow, green or white. The local gem fanciers are going wild over it.

Until recently, it was believed that good sillimanite was found only in Ceylon, Burma, and Brazil, but the specimens found in Idaho are as good as the best. It is a hard stone, ranking from 7 to 7.5 in the scale, and there is a Stone Age ax head made of it on view in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C.

—J. O. Markham
Boise, Idaho

We were indeed dismayed to find ourselves inundated with an avalanche of loose rocks of no commercial value, apparently as a result of an article appearing in the March issue of your magazine (*Mine Your Backyard for Riches*), in which our name was mentioned in connection with the discovery of sapphires in Montana in 1894.

May I suggest that your readers send their discoveries to their state geologist for identification and valuation, and that they also send him the necessary return postage if they want their stones back.

—William T. Lusk
President, Tiffany & Co.
New York, N. Y.

Why did Thomas Adams, who wrote the article on gems, move our town of Lewiston, Idaho, into Nevada? Rand McNally wouldn't approve. Neither do I?

—Arthur J. Barnes
Lewiston, Idaho

Author Adams obviously has too many rocks in his head. The editors who polished Adams' gem of an article, obviously had nothing in theirs.

You have hurt the pride of the people of Arkansas stating in *Mine Your Backyard for Riches* that diamonds are mined in other states as well as Arkansas.

—C. L. Knighten
Murfreesboro, Ark.

Hurt feelings or not—it's a fact. The only rock completely peculiar to Arkansas is *Little Rock*.

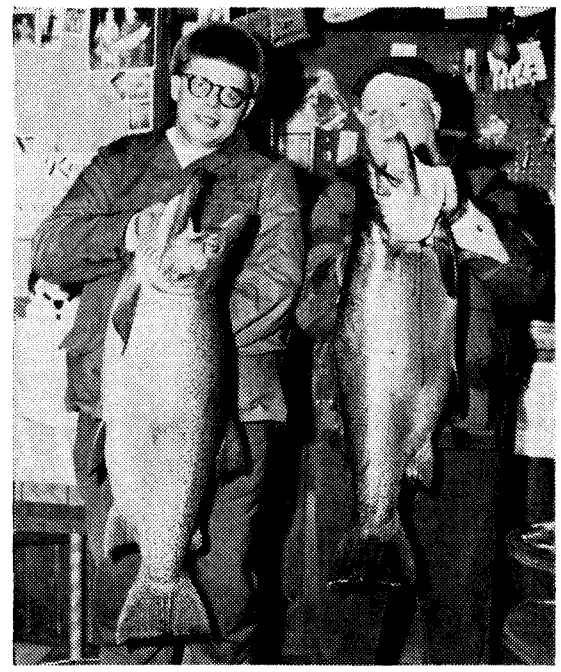
PISTOL PETE SALUTE

The tribute to Pete Reiser, expressed so well by W. C. Heinz in the March TRUE, was overdue and deserved. A Reiser talent not mentioned in the article was his ability as a switch hitter. He was the first switch hitter ever to win a major league batting championship—antedating Mickey Mantle by 15 years.

—Geo. C. Leftwick
Shallowater, Tex.

WHOPPERS

More whopping fish were caught in these parts last year than had been reported in any previous year. One blackfoot reservoir cutthroat weighed 23 pounds, 9 ounces! It was so outsized that biologists wondered if it was a hybrid.



The kamloops trout shown in this photo were taken in Lake Pend Oreille, in Northern, Idaho.

The one on the left, caught by C. J. Hovey, weighs 29 pounds, 8 ounces. The other one, caught by Al Voltz, weighs 26 pounds.

—Robt. Wennstrom
Gooding, Idaho

TONG WAR

I deny Mr. Tom Chamales' allegation in *Betrayal in China* (January 1958, TRUE) that President Chiang Kai-shek or the Chinese Government furnished certain groups of Chinese guerilla forces with a "warrant" which gave them "the right, in effect the license, to raid, loot and pillage anything including American convoys that were supplying the Chinese Nationalist Armies. . . ."

The Chinese Government, in agreement with the United States, did not organize any guerilla forces for operations in that region or along the Sino-Burmese border. It is baseless and absurd to charge that elements of Chinese Armed Forces were authorized to loot their own supply convoys.

I have in my possession a letter from Chamales' former commander, Major S. B. Joost, Jr., saying: "I never saw or heard of any authoritative documents urging attacks upon American troops by Chinese regulars or guerillas. I personally regret the publishing of such article as being exaggerated and irresponsible, accomplishing no purpose other than notoriety and sensationalism."

For the sake of truth, I ask you to be good enough to publish this letter in a prominent place in the next issue of your magazine.

—Hollington K. Tong
Ambassador of the Republic of China
Chinese Embassy
Washington, D. C.

I have read the Chinese Ambassador, Mr. Tong's letter and it is, in a sense, a verification—rather than a refutation—of my article, *Betrayal in China*.

If the Chinese Government did not organize any guerilla forces for operations in that region, as Mr. Tong states, why was Major Dong sent as a personal representative of Chiang Kai-shek to settle the dispute between the Chinese guerillas and the American Kachin Scouts? A picture of Major Dong, along with several collaborators, appeared in my article.

As to Major Joost's comment as quoted above: No claim was made that documents exist which "urge" attacks on American

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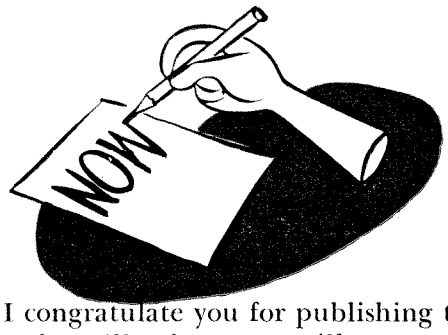
troops by Chinese regulars or guerillas.

However, Chinese guerillas did attack and loot American supply columns while carrying official documents that licensed them as guerillas.

—Tom Chamales
New York, N. Y.

Killer Pills



May I congratulate you for publishing the article, *The Pill That Can Kill Sports* by Neal Wilkinson.

Articles of this nature which make the public aware of such practices are of value and assistance to us who are charged with the enforcement of the drug laws.

—Floyd N. Heffron
California State Board of Pharmacy
San Francisco, Calif.

Sooner or later, legislation will be passed to control the drugs described in your fine (and startling) article, *The Pill That Can Kill Sports.*

Let's do something about it now.

I urge other readers of TRUE to write their congressmen asking for control of these dangerous drugs.

—Willard Totten
Philomath, Ore.

Close Seconds

My husband's interests run like this: TRUE, 37-24-37; hunting, 37-24-37; fishing, 37-24-37; bowling, 37-24-37; adventure, 37-24-37. How could I get him to put 37-24-37 in first place?

—37-24-37
Chehalis, Wash.

Be content with running a close second, ma'am, and never make the mistake of demanding your husband choose between you and TRUE. You're just a woman, after all, but TRUE is good company any time—day or night.

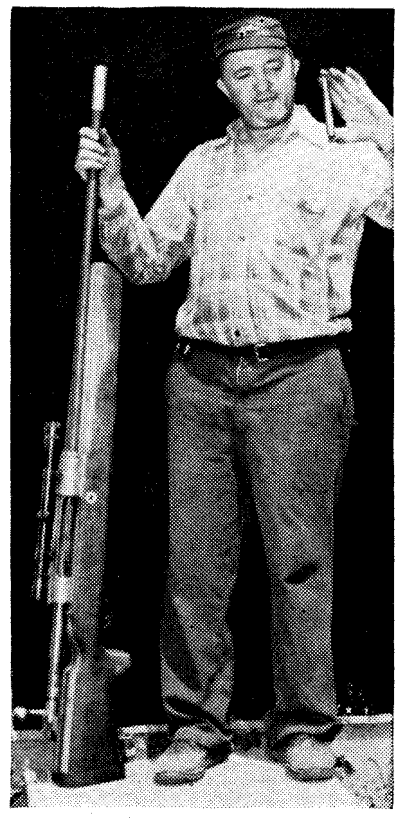
This letter really isn't addressed to you, it's addressed to my husband, because the only way I can reach him is through your pages. No matter where he sits near me: across the breakfast table, or next to me on the sofa, his nose is buried in TRUE.

Just to show you how oblivious to me he is, I even asked him: "Darling, would you like a shot of whisky?" No answer. Believe me, *that's* oblivious! Just print this message to him from me: I'm well, still living in the same house he lives in, and still love him—God knows why.

—Bebs Smith
Los Angeles, Calif.

Firearmload

After reading in *Truely Yours* about the need in the military for a large-bore sniping rifle, I noticed this creation that seems to be exactly what you were talking about. It's a .50-caliber rifle made by Alex Hoyer of Yeagertown, Pa., a gunmaker and rifleman holding a number of bench rest shoot records.



Hoyer, shown in the photo with his Paul Bunyan rifle, loads his own ammo with 330 grains of powder back of a 718-grain bullet. The muzzle velocity is 3,000 feet per second, and has such a light "kick" that the maker claims a 12-year-old boy could fire it. Tests have shown, however, that it has about the same recoil as a 12-gauge magnum shell.

The rifle weighs 46 pounds, has a 36-inch barrel, a 14-inch bolt, and mounts a ten-power 'scope. It has pin-point accuracy and can penetrate an inch of steel at 750 yards.

—Paul C. Dickson
Tyrone, Pa.

In reference to the discussion of the need for long range sniping rifles in the Army, our tripod mounted machine guns can be used with armor-piercing rounds at ranges beyond the shooting ability of the average G.I. The old reliable .50 caliber machine gun had a 'scope sight made for it years back, but it only appeared in the field manual as far as I know.

A special weapon could be made upon the lines of the Jerry 8-mm hyper-velocity rifle, or the Polish M35, which would be useful at 1,000 yards or so. It would require special ammo, however, and that is frowned on these days. So the most likely solution is to use the old .50 properly.

—John P. Conlon
Newark, Ohio

No Vote

How wrong can you get? Robt. Pinkerton says in his March *Man to Man Answers* that "no one ever thought of taking a vote, and a vote would not have changed the language." The question asked if there'd ever been a vote in America to choose between English or German as the American language.

The American people not only THOUGHT of voting on this question, they VOTED in the Continental Congress. English won by only one vote, and that was cast by a German who believed English the proper language, for he rightly guessed that America would be settled more by English than Germans.

Check this in Ripley's *Believe It or Not.*

—Ward Wheeler
Denver, Colo.

How wrong can *you* (and Ripley) get, Ward? You're simply quoting a popular misconception put in circulation by Franz Loher, a German visitor in America in the middle of the nineteenth century. There is no record whatsoever of such a vote in Continental Congress according to authority Robert A. Feer. Other language and history scholars, such as H. L. Mencken and Prof. Faust, also discredit this claim.

Eternal Light in Window

A number of months ago you published and article, *The Last Five Shells,* telling of the sinking of the *S.S. Stephan Hopkins* in 1942. My brother, Tony Moran, was on the Hopkins when she sank, but since he was first reported missing in action, my mother and I have fervently hoped he somehow lived.

I learned from your article there were nineteen survivors who landed on a raft at the Brazilian village of *Barra do Stapapoana.* Could you forward this query to author, Edward F. Oliver? Would he know if any of them survived?

I would be grateful if this letter could be printed. Someone might read it who could send me—and my mother—even the slightest bit of evidence that my brother still lives.

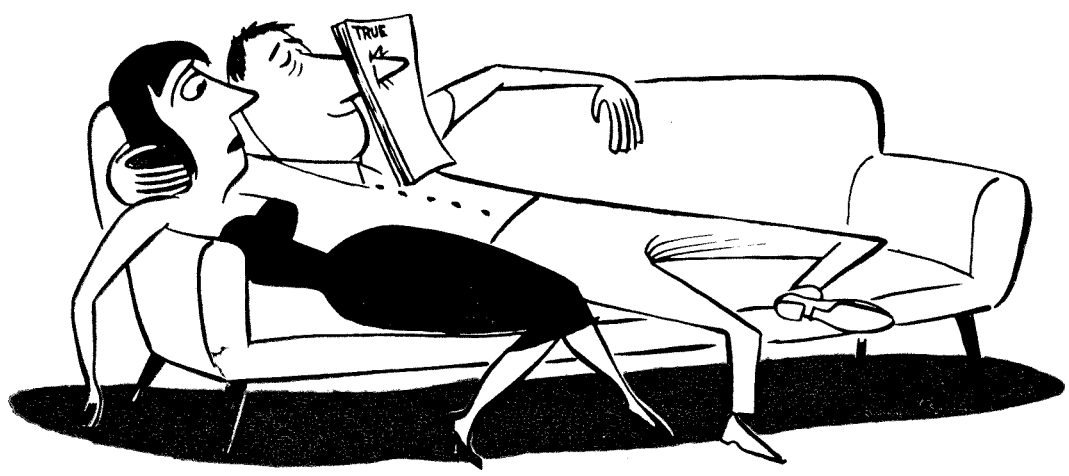
—Mrs. Genevieve Moran Navarette
811 Bonds St.
Wilmington, Calif.

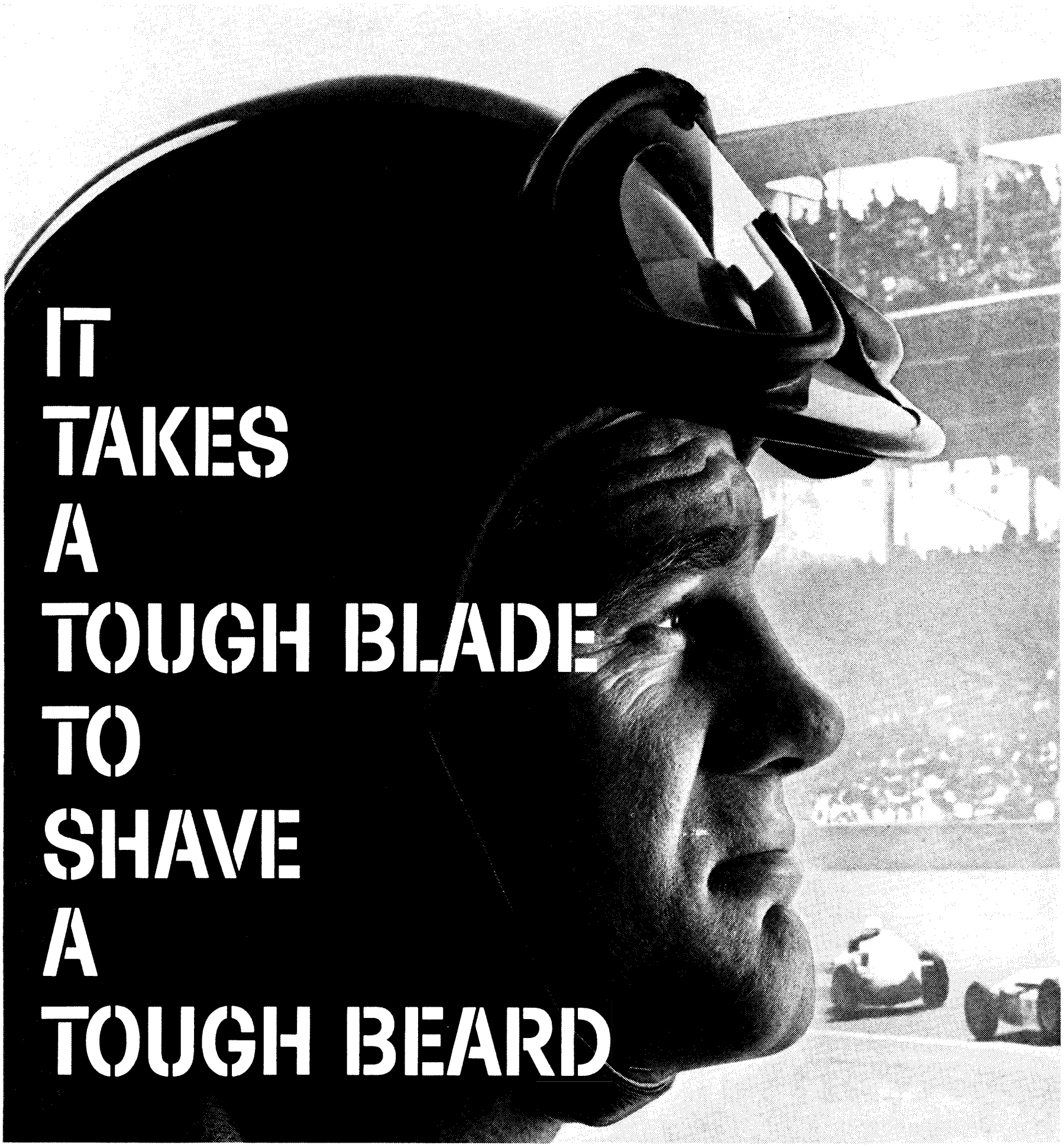
Cover Story

THE BEAUTIFUL APRIL COVER OF TRUE SHOT THROUGH THE CRYSTAL CLEAR WATER OF FLORIDA'S SILVER SPRINGS WAS MADE POSSIBLE THROUGH THE COOPERATION OF THE FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION. FISHING IS NOT ALLOWED AT FLORIDA'S SILVER SPRINGS.

—W. C. RAY, JR.
OCALA, FLA.

O.K., Ray, now you've gotten plugged twice. Had enough?





New GEM has 4 times more steel than any other blade

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When you put this tough blade to work in the one-piece Gem Razor with flip-top action and automatic shaving angle, you'll enjoy the cleanest, smoothest shave of your life. Try the 18%-sharper, 4-times-heavier New Gem blade and see how it beats any other shaving method known.

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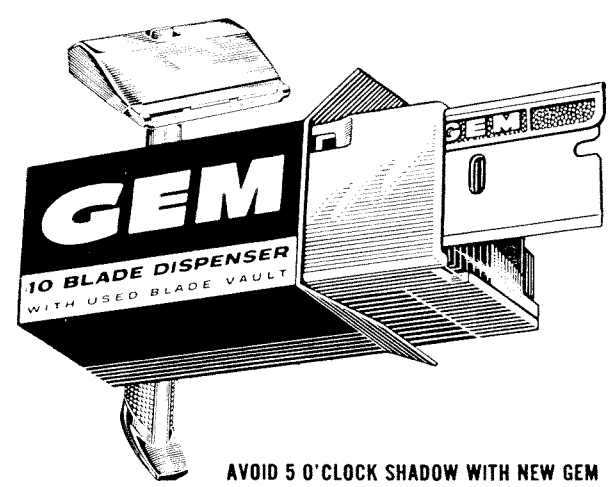


AVOID 5 O'CLOCK SHADOW WITH NEW GEM

Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin

Raining cats and dogs is an event not yet recorded in weather annals, but rains of other forms of living creatures have been listed in perplexing variety. For a long time, scientific weather men refused to believe that such reported falls were true. Recent reports by sober witnesses have left no doubt that they do indeed occur. Great quantities of fish of several kinds, toads, lizards, tadpoles, rats, snails, red and brown worms, and a 2-foot alligator have fallen from the sky. The most favored theory is that they have been sucked up elsewhere by tornadoes. But no meterologist has yet connected a fall with a known whirlwind. And still a mystery is the problem of why a fall usually consists of just one kind of creature and not a mixture of those in the lake or land from which it is presumed to come. *By Torrey Stephens, Scranton, Pa.*

A pig that went to war made an astonishing trek with American troops that earned it an old age of pensioned ease instead of the usual fate of fat pork. Kentucky militiamen marching out of Harrodsburg to join in the War of 1812 stopped to watch two pigs fighting; the victorious pig trotted along with them into camp that night and shared their rations. Each day it kept pace at the right of the column. When the soldiers were ferried over the Ohio River at Cincinnati, it swam across and faithfully resumed the march through Ohio. On the shore of Lake Erie, it embarked with the company to Bass Island, but at that point it rebelled and was stockaded with a farmer while the troops went on to Canada. On their return, the Kentuckians landed on the Ohio shore again—and there, unaccountably, and to their astonishment, was their pet pig. Winter had set in, and the pig suffered much from the cold during the march south, but it kept up until it was safely back in Kentucky, where it lived finally on the farm of Governor Isaac Shelby until its peaceful demise—a veteran of 600 miles of campaigning. *By Joe Jordan, Lexington, Ky.*

Blue blood actually exists, but not in those ancestor-conscious people who pride themselves on a family line traceable a few hundred years back. Their veins show blue only through the circumstances of a fair skin, and their pedigree is piffling compared to that of the real aristocrat of the world: a lowly crab. *Xiphosura,* the horseshoe crab of muddy beaches, is the unchanged descendant of a successful family 500 million years old, and its blood color is the real thing—a pure, limpid azure, almost the color of sea water, which is original blood. *By Daniel Simms, La Jolla, Calif.*

The clergy of colonial America weren't all righteous, God-fearing zealots as pictured by polite histories. The worst thing one could call a delinquent minister anywhere at that time was to nickname him a "Maryland parson." Those crass souls of Lord Baltimore's colony—secure in their lifetime jobs bought from His Lordship and maintained by an official annual tax of 40 pounds of tobacco per citizen—rode on fox hunts, raced horses, gambled, and got drunk as lords. They had a mercenary habit, when marrying poor cou-

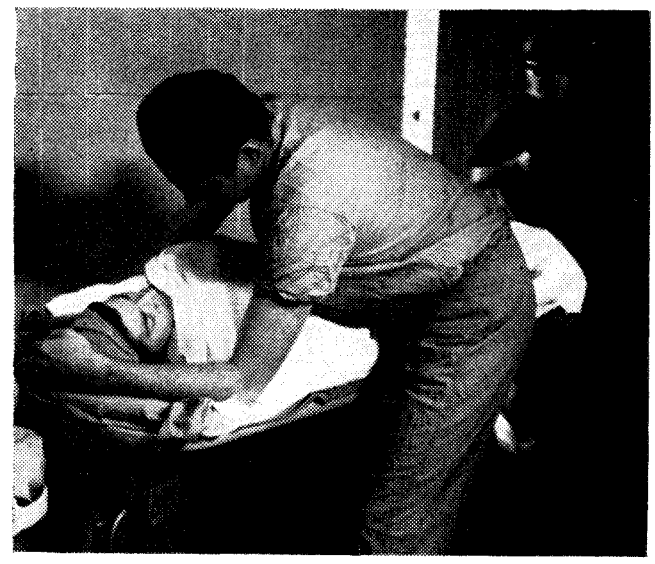
ples, of breaking off in the middle of the ceremony and demanding their fee, refusing to continue unless it was paid. Not until the Revolution did Marylanders succeed in throwing off the Established Church, which was followed by the devout Protestant Episcopal sect of today. *By William F. Barnett, Annapolis, Md.*

Feeling no pain, those rare persons who have the nervous-system insensitivity known as hypoesthesia can sustain severe wounds without discomfort. Perhaps the most remarkable case was that of Evatima Tardo, a woman from the West Indies, who half a century ago allowed herself smilingly to be crucified. Evatima had given exhibitions in which she made rattlesnakes bite her bosom and arms, and thrust rusty hatpins through her tongue, with very little bleeding. In 1898, before 500 spectators in Chicago, she was nailed to upright crossed beams. Nobody in the audience would volunteer to do the hammering, so a physician drove large horseshoe nails through her flesh into the wood. She remained impaled for two hours, talking happily. Newspapers carried denunciations of her exhibition as blasphemous, but Evatima had anticipated that. Only half a cross was used, and she had only her left hand and right foot nailed to it. *By Albert C. Boone, Springfield, Ill.*

The diamond monopoly of South Africa on which Cecil Rhodes built his fortune was made secure by a unique piece of trickery. Rhodes had got control of the many small mines whose unregulated output kept prices low, and had finally persuaded his big rival, one Barney Barnato of Kimberley, to come in with him. At that stage, success hinged on putting prices up, and only one danger loomed—that the irresponsible Barney might decide to sell his personal hoard of sorted and graded stones, worth some $5 million. Rhodes asked to view this impressive wealth, and Barney lugged it to him in a suitcase. They opened the paper packets and spread them out in glittering array. Then Rhodes said he'd always had one ambition: to plunge his hands into a whole bucketful of diamonds. He had the bucket, Barney had the diamonds; would his good friend allow him to satisfy his ambition? Flattered, Barnato let Rhodes dump the stones into a pail. But while Rhodes joyously dribbled them through his fingers, his real satisfaction came in knowing that it would take months for the stones to be sorted and graded again. It gained him the time he needed to consolidate his hold in the industry that has remained a strict monopoly ever since. *By H. W. Bullock, London, England.*

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

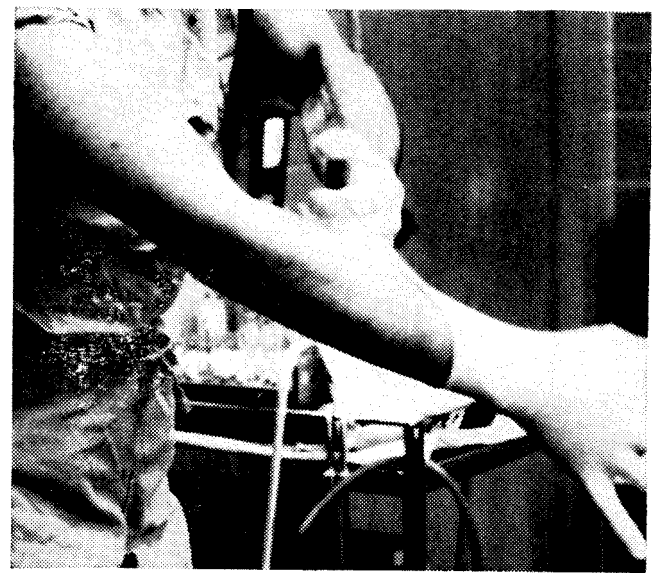
9:15. With X-rays of his patient's skull before him, the surgeon briefs himself for the last time on the life-and-death work ahead.



9:30. Dressed for action, the surgeon stops outside operating room to comfort patient.

Midway in operation, surgeon is hard at work and surrounded by team of assistants, each a skilled specialist.

9:45. Preparation for surgery includes vigorous 10-minute scrubbing of hands.



9:56. Now "sterile," the doctor pulls on fresh rubber gloves that fit his hands like new skin.

men in action

Pitting his skill against a killer disease, a brain surgeon races the clock with...

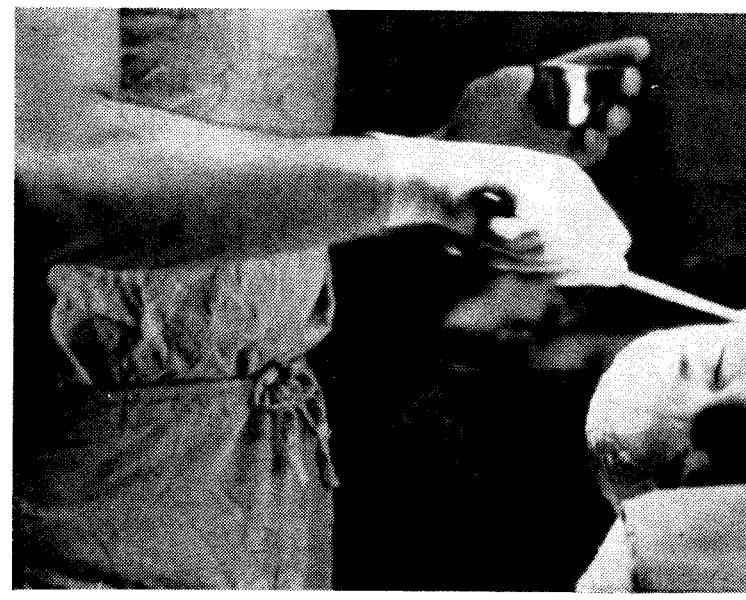
A LIFE IN HIS HANDS

■ The job will take about two and a half hours . . . only two and a half hours out of the surgeon's day . . . but when a life hangs in the balance, the man who goes into action with the scalpel forgets time. He is a brain surgeon, one of the world of medicine's élite, one out of thousands of MD's who is gifted with the skill and the guts to open a human skull and operate on a living brain.

TRUE's doc is 40 years old, with 15 years of formal study behind him plus the grim internship of war. The ethics of his profession say that he must remain nameless in print. His patient is a young woman with a cancer lodged inside her brain. Together, these two enact a dramatic tableau under the merciless lights at Long Island's Jewish Hospital.

For the surgeon, the day begins in the early morning, crouched over the gray blobs of X-rays, studying his upcoming battleground, the inside of his patient's skull, the tissues of his patient's brain. Then a long, thoughtful walk down the corridor to see the woman herself, to shave her head with his own hands, to talk quietly and reassuringly, yet think- [*Continued on next page*]

Photographed for TRUE by HERBERT FLATOW



10:00. With patient under anesthesia, doctor swabs her scalp with antiseptic.

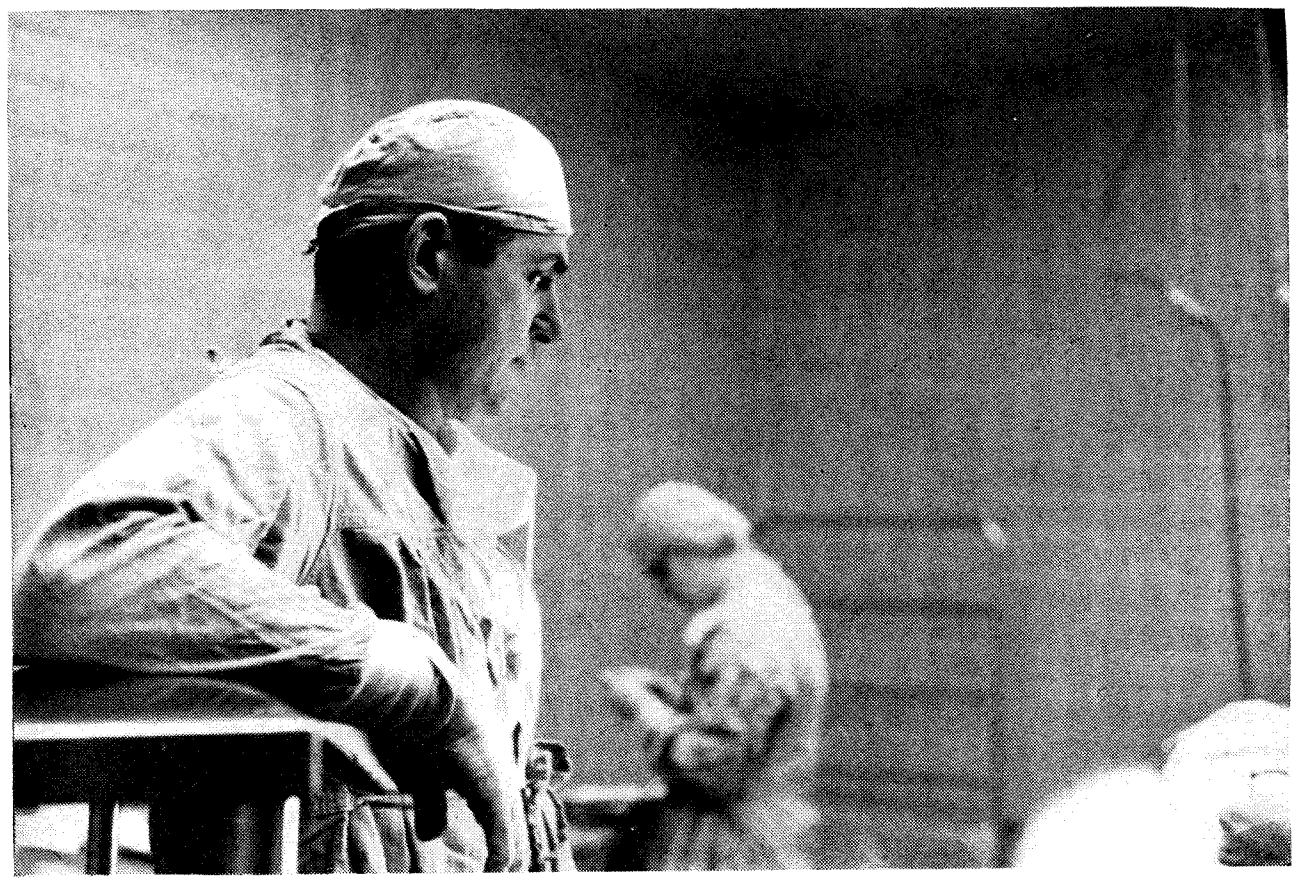
10:05. Surgeon pauses briefly before the start, his mind racing over details of ordeal to come.

A LIFE IN HIS HANDS

ing forward to the hours of cutting and mending that they both must soon endure.

Then, the amphitheatre . . . the surgeon a central, commanding figure now, attended every step of the way, through every routine movement by skilled associates. Minutes and hours pass. Strong, gloved hands, their movements measured and sure, control a maze of instruments and do their work. Eyes meet over gauze masks, green garbed figures move silently at their changing tasks—and in the midst of this calm tension, a person lies breathing and unconscious, dependent on a man who got up early this day to save a life.

After three hours—three hours in which people in the busy, noisy world outside the hospital's aseptic walls have sent kids packing off to school, bought stocks, traveled between New York and Detroit via Viscount or been arrested for assaulting a cop—after these three hours, the surgeon takes a last stitch in the shaved scalp, steps back, drops the mask from his face, nods to other doctors and nurses and prays his morning's work will do the job.



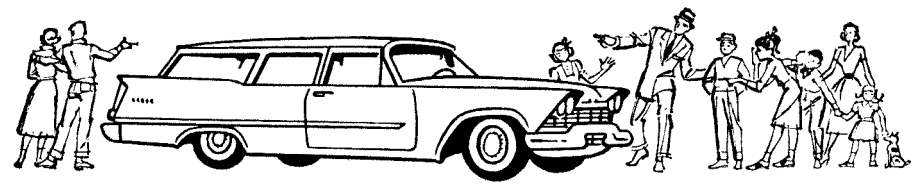
11:15. (Upper left.) Skull now open, brain exposed, surgeon explores for malignancy.

12:10 (Center left.) Final stitches are taken with waxed sutures. Pattern resembles baseball stitching.

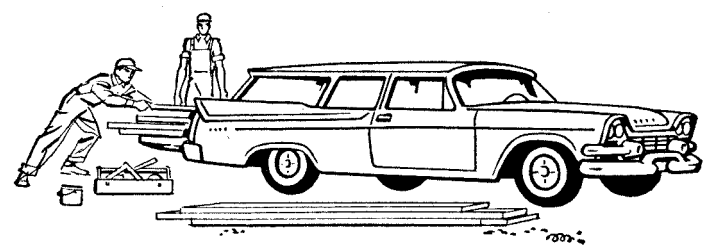
12:15 (Above.) Operation successfully completed, doctor drops mask, rests from strain.

12:20 (Left.) Tired but triumphant, doctor sips fruit juice and unwinds.

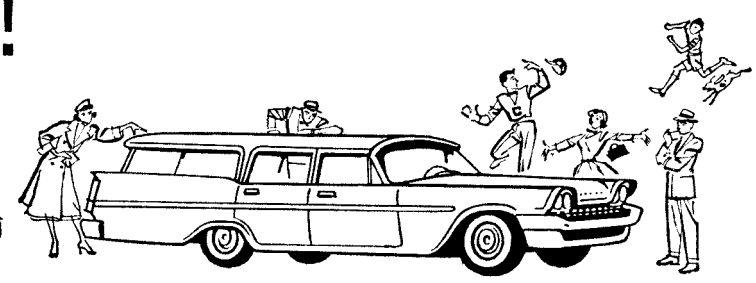
More room to sit...



More room to carry...



More looks to go with it!



The wagons with the *FORWARD* Look from Chrysler Corporation give you more of what you buy a wagon for

We think station wagons should be *family* size. Don't you? And ours *are*. The wagons with the Forward Look for '58 are roomier than any other station wagons on the road. (See the chart.) But that's not all. Chrysler Corporation station wagons pack a carload of family-minded features that no other wagons have to offer:

Handy crank-down rear window and tailgate that goes down flat—with no cables and no awkward window panel jutting out above.

Rear seat folds flush into the floor. You don't have to hoist it out to carry things.

Torsion-Aire Ride—smoothest ride on the road today. And at no extra cost!

Pushbutton Torque Flite—simple mechanical pushbutton driving proved in over twelve billion miles of customer driving.

Constant-Control Power Steering that works all the time—not just on curves. Makes parking your wagon a cinch!

Total-Contact Brakes for 25% easier, quicker, safer stopping.

You get more good things in these great new wagons than we have space to tell. So why not simply *drive* one at the dealer's.

PS: *Bring the whole family. That's who we build our wagons for!*

COMPARE all 14 top makes of station wagons	SITTING ROOM (Combined front and rear seat in inches)	LOADING ROOM (Cubic feet)
Plymouth	**125.0**	**95.0**
Dodge	**125.0**	**95.0**
De Soto	**125.0**	**95.0**
Chrysler	**125.0**	**95.0**
Wagon A	119.9	80.0
Wagon B	124.8	64.0
Wagon C	124.8	88.0
Wagon D	126.9	87.0
Wagon E	120.5	81.0
Wagon F	120.6	81.0
Wagon G	121.5	64.0
Wagon H	124.6	88.0
Wagon I	119.9	80.0
Wagon J	116.4	65.0

CHRYSLER CORPORATION THE *FORWARD* LOOK

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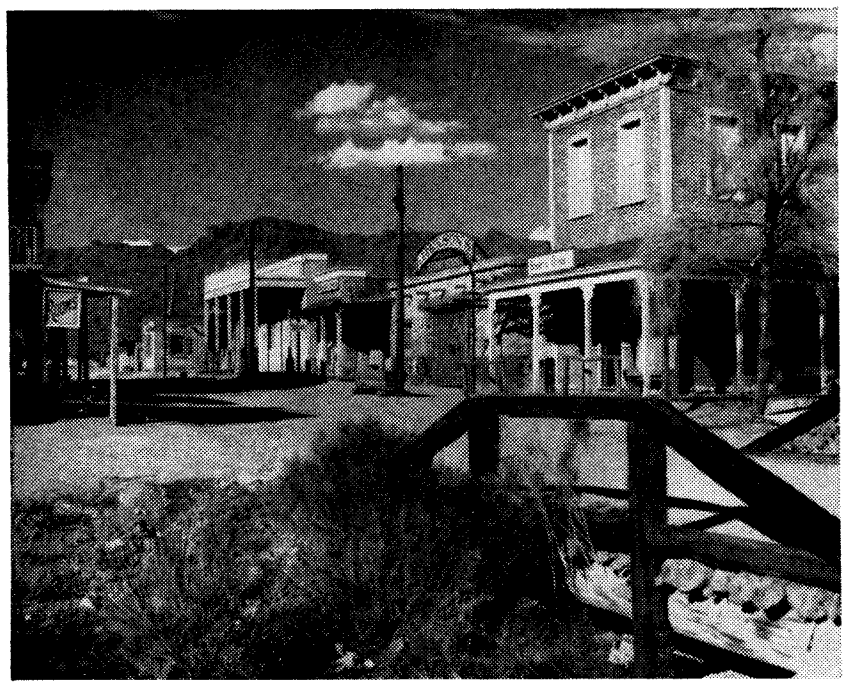
man to man ANSWERS



Authentic ghost towns, such as this one in Arizona, have been preserved as reminders of the rugged West.

By Robert E. Pinkerton

Nearly every state has a ghost town. Usually they are due to an industry moving away or because a railroad, confidently expected, went elsewhere. Now Jimmie O'Brien of Boston feels sure Nevada has the most departed settlements and wants us to check.

Nevada boasts of 32 ghost towns, and some were once wealthy communities. Virginia City had the best of opera and as fine restaurants as New York while the Comstock Lode was turning out a billion dollars in silver. It still is a town of near 1,000 people but eats off its past, and a throng of tourists. Other Nevada ghost towns, such as Rhyolite and Bullfrog, have dried up in the desert.

Death of mining booms produced Nevada's ghost towns, and this is what makes California the champion. It has been estimated that 600 camps and settlements are now phantoms of the past. Most have had no inhabitants for many decades, others may have a lone dweller or a family or two. A few have become summer colonies of people from the San Francisco area. Many have disappeared, leaving only a chimney or foundations.

Nearly all California ghost town are in the Mother Lode, western foothills of the Sierra Nevada, from which the state's gold was taken in the rush of '49. A number of towns refused to become phantoms. Grass Valley, Nevada City, Placerville (first called Hangtown), Jackson, Angels Camp (scene of the annual Jumping Frog contest, evolved from Mark Twain's short story), Sonora and Jamestown, commonly called Jimtown, have remained much alive. Columbia, where $55 million was taken from an acre or so, with many well-preserved buildings and famous fire engine, is now a state park.

An added charm of California's ghost towns lay in their names, indicative of the attitude of early miners. At the north end of the Mother Lode are Port Wine, Poverty Hill, Last Chance, Hallelujah Junction, Brandy City, Snow Tent, Rough & Ready, Whiskey Diggings, Queen City, Poker Flat and Town Talk. (In North Bloomfield we were offered a 30-room hotel for $15 a month. Trouble was, it had no roof.)

Farther south are Nigger Tent, Grizzly Gulch, Alpha and Omega, of which nothing is left. Between Greenhorn River and Sleep Hollow you may find remains of You Bet and Red Dog. East are Handy Hum, Eucher Bar and Humbug Bar. Yankee Jim is below Shirttail Canyon. As you go on south you find Paradise and Lotus, Dry Town and Half Way House, Volcano, Railroad Flat (far from a railroad), Whiskey Slide, Moaning Cave, Angels Camp, Jackass Hill, Shotgun and Rawhide.

Arizona has a few ghost towns. Our favorite, which only recently has disappeared from maps, is Total Wreck.

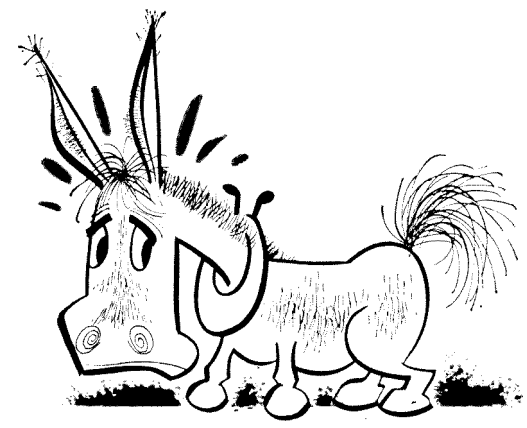
Q: Whatever happened to the revenue cutter *Bear* of which we once heard so much? *Roger Bennett, Flint, Mich.*

A: She's still afloat though 84 years old and is going back to work again. Built in England in 1874 for ice work as a three-masted barkentine with steam power, oak bow and ironwood sheathing, she was bought by the United States in 1883 to rescue a scientific group stranded in the Arctic. She then joined the Revenue Marine, forerunner of the Coast Guard, and began the first of thirty-five voyages to the north coast of Alaska. Through the years she became famous for daring rescues. Retired, she lay at Oakland, California, for a few years and in 1932 joined the Byrd expedition to the Antarctic. She served in the ice patrol off Greenland in World War II and in 1948 was sold to Canadians, hauling fish and lumber off Nova Scotia. Now she is being prepared as a sealer.

Q: When did cuffs on men's trousers originate? *Douglas Talley, Indianapolis, Ind.*

A: They are said to have been used 100 years ago but did not become popular until this century because men usually had turned up the bottoms of the legs to keep them dry or clean. Probably what brought acceptance was the fact that the added weight made the legs drape better.

Q: What sort of horse is the Przhevalski? *W. L. Williams, Oklahoma City, Okla.*



A: If you saw one you might think he is a donkey, and a wild one at that. This is what his discoverer, Col. N. M. Przhevalski, believed in 1880 when he was the first white man to see it in the steppes of central Asia. Today it is the only true wild horse in the world but it is not the ancestor of our present horses. That is the wild horse of Europe and western Asia, the last of which died in 1879 but has since been re-bred in Germany. The Przhevalski is probably the last of the horses to leave America, where all had originated. It is small, with large head, stiff mane, thick legs and is dun colored. It is in many zoological gardens. Today you can only guess as to how many there are in Soviet Asia.

Q: Are dogs in Italy used to find mushrooms underground? *Angelo Lancianese, Mt. Hope, W. Va.*

A: Not only in Italy but in France, Germany, Spain and England; they hunt truffles, a subterranean fungus, sought as a delicacy since ancient times. These are one to four inches in diameter and grow about a foot underground near the roots of oaks, chestnuts, birch and beech. In Italy they are a million dollar annual business. France is famous for truffles. Pigs and goats whose delicate sense of smell enables them to detect the presence of truffles are used to guide harvesters. But dogs are commonly used elsewhere, and are trained to find truffles, and then let the farmer dig them out. Demand and supply never meet and cost is high.

Q: Do Pacific salmon of the same species have different common names? *Thomas Lee, Tulsa, Okla.*

A: Salmon are caught from Monterey Bay in California to Alaska and down the Asiatic shore, so naturally names will be different in this widespread area. The quinnat is known in Oregon as the chinook, in Washington as the king, in British Columbia as the spring and tyee, and in Alaska again as the king. The Coho is called silver, silverside or medium red. The red salmon is called blueback in British Columbia and elsewhere the sockeye, a corruption of the Indian sukkegh. The pink salmon is commonly called humpback or humpy. The chum is now called keta, earlier the dog salmon.

Q: I say a King snake will kill and eat rattlesnakes, husband says no. Who wins? *Sadie J. Callaway, Casitas Springs, Calif.*

A: The King snake is a constrictor and also immune to the venom of the copperhead and rattlesnake. Scientists have many recorded instances of its killing rattlesnakes. Otherwise, it is quite harmless and helps man by eating rodents.

Q: When did the Gideons begin to place Bibles in hotels? *A. C. Wallace, Clearwater, Fla.*

A: Several traveling salesmen met in Boscobel, Wisconsin, in 1898 and organized the Christian Commercial Traveling Men's Association, known as the Gideons. It was not until 1908 that they began to place Bibles in hotel rooms, the first being the Superior Hotel in Superior, Montana. Since then, by latest figures, they have distributed more than 35,000,000 Bibles in hotels, prisons, army camps, schools, and other institutions.

Q: Why did a road crew warn us to shut off car radios when passing a dynamite storage? Would the radio explode it, and how? *Paul A. Schneider, Denver, Colo.*

A: We fail to see how the radio could set off the dynamite. Perhaps the warning was for your own protection. An explosion might damage the tubes. Again, a foreman or superintendent may have got a stubborn idea the radio was dangerous and put up a sign.

Q: How did the Tennessee threadfin shad get into the Colorado River? *Jack Emery, Los Angeles, Calif.*

A: The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service moved him there. This small fish, a relative of the shad, is an excellent forage fish, providing food for bass so the bass won't eat their own young, as happened in Lakes Mead and Havasu. From a small beginning in 1951, the shad have spawned remarkably. It was discovered that bass had an average growth of two inches more a year on the new food and that they were biting better. Anglers found they caught more bass when fishing near shad schools.

Q: Who was the first woman to jump from an airplane? Is she a member of the Caterpillar Club? *Phyllis Patrick, Beverly Hills, Calif.*

A: Mrs. Irene MacFarland, under Air Force auspices, jumped from a plane over a Cincinnati airfield in June, 1925 and is the first woman to have done so. She wore a parachute, attached to the plane, so it would be sure to open, but officers insisted she also wear a second chute on her back. When she jumped, the first chute jammed and she hung below the plane, which now could not land. The pilot signaled for her to release the second parachute. She did, the force of its opening jerked her loose from the plane and she landed successfully. If the first parachute had worked properly she would not have been eligible to the Caterpillar Club, which requires a jump to save one's life.

Q: What is a "hush puppy"? *Louis P. Chartier, Chicopee, Mass.*

A: Originally they were small bits of corn dough the plantation cook tossed into hot fat while preparing dinner. They were for the master's dogs which, hungry from the hunt, gathered at the kitchen door, noisily demanding food. The cook sought to "hush" them with tid-bits until she could prepare their meal. Later, hush puppies were developed, with meat, fish or other foods added, until now they are served in fine southern restaurants. Good, too.

Q: What did scientists learn when Mars was close to the earth recently? *J. M. Weissinger, St. Paul, Minn.*

A: Returns are not yet in and probably won't be for some time. Last year Mars was closer to the earth than usual, 35,120,000 miles, and scientists made special preparations to observe it. One report is that strong evidences of life on the planet have been determined by an analysis of light from Mars. It is believed only lichen moss is indicated. After all, Mars has almost no moisture, and a daily range of temperature from 70 above to 95 below zero.

Q: Where can a man find virgin wilderness in the U. S. today? *Claude Perkins, Omaha, Neb.*

A: You can find small sections in many places in the west. Desert country hasn't changed except where mining or irrigation have brought in people. Washington has a wilderness section beneath the Canadian border. All are subject to development. The only true wilderness country we know is the Superior-Quetico project of two million acres astradle the Minnesota-Ontario border. It was a remote and untouched wilderness fifty years ago when the area was set aside and is practically the same now as when white men came. Roads, airplanes and buildings are barred. Travel is by canoe and pack only, the highways rivers and countless lakes.

Q: Did primitive people have defective children as we do today? *Albert Morrison, Kansas City, Mo.*

A: We have little or no information on this. Recently, however, three Swedish scientists have come up with the idea that modern man's clothing—the skin-tight underwear and trousers—may be responsible for such mutations. This type of tight clothing, they believe, increases body heat in the area of sperm production thereby causing deficient semen, and may cause half of our present mutation rate. They think this may result in hazards more dangerous than fall-out from atomic bombs and suggest we wear kilts.

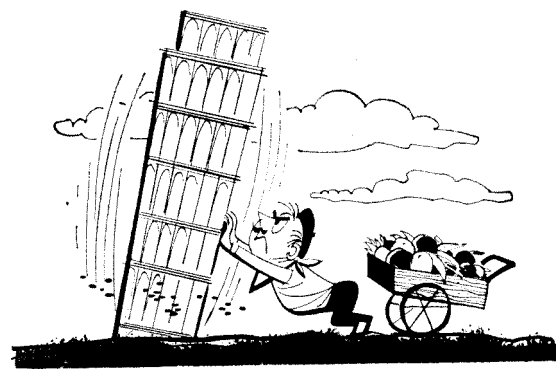
Q: What is a spectroscopic double star? *Jeffrey Tarter, Hartsdale, N. Y.*

A: It is double, or binary, star which cannot be separated with the eye by existing telescopes. It takes a spectroscope, applied to telescope, to resolve it. More than 1,000 are known. They are two suns which revolve together about the central mass of the system. More than 8,000 are visible in a telescope. Those too far away are known to be double only through periodic changes in their radial velocity and are known as spectroscopic binaries or double stars. Capella, for instance, is one, a star of the first magnitude. It is about forty light years distant and about 150 times as bright as our sun.

Q: What was the Know-Nothing party and why the name? *Hiram Judson, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

A: With increased immigration in the 1840's, especially of Catholics in eastern cities, organizations were formed to combat foreign ideas and votes, and resulted in the Native American Party in 1845. The slavery issue and the Mexican War smothered it for a time, but in 1850 several secret orders appeared. Regular politicians tried to learn what was going on but always when they questioned members they were told, "We know nothing." Hence the name. The party was allied with the Whigs and swept some states, but southerners got control and called for slavery, with the result the party was disrupted in the election of 1856.

Q: Was the tower in Pisa designed to lean? *Mrs. Mae Wentworth, Arlington, Tex.*



A: No. When work was begun in 1173, pilings did not reach solid ground. When the tower reached 35 feet it began to lean. The low side was built up and heavier marble used on the upper side, but still it leaned more and work ceased for 65 years. When finished, and 179 feet high, it continued to lean, now is 16½ feet out of plumb and expected to fall in 300 years unless the foundation is strengthened. How Pisa's tower became so famous is not clear. Several other towers in Italy and Spain, some higher, lean at a greater angle.

Q: Our parakeet was lost, shut in a closet for eight days without food or water, and yet survived. Unusual? *Mrs. Ford Wager, Jr., Wyandotte, Mich.*

A: No tests have been run on such cases and a limit is purely arbitrary. Human beings have varying degrees of survival fitness, as is shown any day in hospitals and mine and wilderness disasters. We knew a cat that stuck its head in a tin can and survived seven days without water, food or very much air. A surgeon told us of operating for appendicitis on two men. One, who had lived fast, was dictating letters the next morning. The other, who had never smoked or drank, curled up and died, scared to death.

Q: Can ducks and geese cross breed? *Art Davis, Hawk Springs, Wyo.*

A: Yes, the American Museum of Natural History tells us. Cases have been noted. But the offspring will be sterile, as is a mule.

Q: Does a python ever weigh 2,000 pounds? *Rudy Tibbs, Cave Junction, Ore.*

A: Only in the imaginations of a few "explorers." One told of killing an anaconda more than 80 feet long. Longest on record was 33 feet. Greatest weight known, 225 pounds.

Q: Was the short story *The Man Without a Country* based on fact? *Robert Sullivan, Yarmouth, Me.*

A: If you mean it was based on an actual happening, is the story of one man, it was not. However, the author, Edward Everett Hale, gained his background and perhaps his idea, from reading records of the U. S. Navy and also the proceedings of the trial of Aaron Burr.

Q: Does a whale suckle its young as other mammals do? *Ken L. Garrett, San Marcos, Tex.*

A: Being a mammal, it must. The mother has two enormous nipples (they must be as the youngsters may be 25 feet long at birth), but the baby does not suck. The mother contracts muscles and pumps milk into it. She also lies on her side so the nipple will be out of water and the young whale can breathe while feeding.

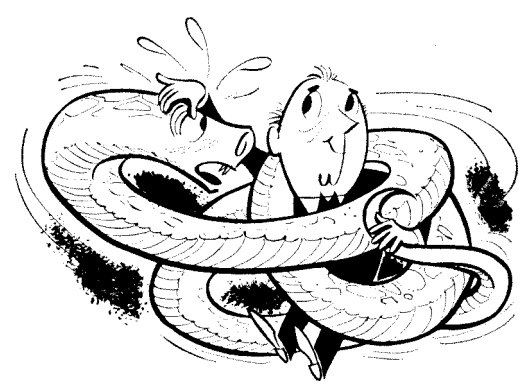
Q: Is outer space eternally dark or always light? *Steve Burch, Springhill, Ala.*

A: Dark, according to the Astronomy Division of the Museum of Natural History, never daylight as we know it.

Q: When a fly lands on a ceiling does he do a half loop or a half roll, and how does it take off? *Lt. Robert P. Cralle, Dallas, Tex.*

A: Again we go to the American Museum of Natural History. The dope is that when a fly lands on a ceiling it does a half loop, a three quarter loop when it takes off.

Q: Can any snake in the U. S. kill a man by constriction? *Dale Likens, Haigler, Neb.*



A: No. Ability of members of the boa family to kill large animals is legend. Some of the largest can kill young deer but most of their victims are birds and small animals.

Q: Where is the Gutenberg Bible now? *G. E. McConnell, Watertown, N. Y.*

A: Approximately 46 copies of the Gutenberg Bible are known to be in existence. The Library of Congress and the New York Public Library have copies. The Mazarin copy is believed to have been the first, initial book printed from movable type. The text was in Latin, that which priests had been doing by hand for 1,000 years. Johann Gutenberg produced it in 1456. It has been suggested that others preceded him in the printing process and it is established that Koreans used such type earlier, though unknown to Europeans.

Q: What is the diameter of the suspension cables of the Golden Gate bridge? *Breed Phillips, Tangipahoa, La.*

A: This bridge, with the longest single

span ever built, has main cables of steel wires 36.5 inches in diameter. Suspension ropes are 2.116 inches.

WHEN CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS

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Q: How did the South Sea islands, scattered and far apart, become settled? ***Barney McGuire, Seattle, Wash.***

A: Men have wondered about this for a long time and queer theories have been developed because we have no facts. Some believed, for instance, that remote Easter Island was reached as a result of a deliberate attempt to find a new home. Capt. James Cook was the first to suggest that South Sea islands may have been populated by accident. A recent book by Andrew Sharp supports this idea and says it was not navigational skill or fine sea boats but absence of both that took men to far places. They simply got caught in a storm, were blown far, finally found an island and settled.

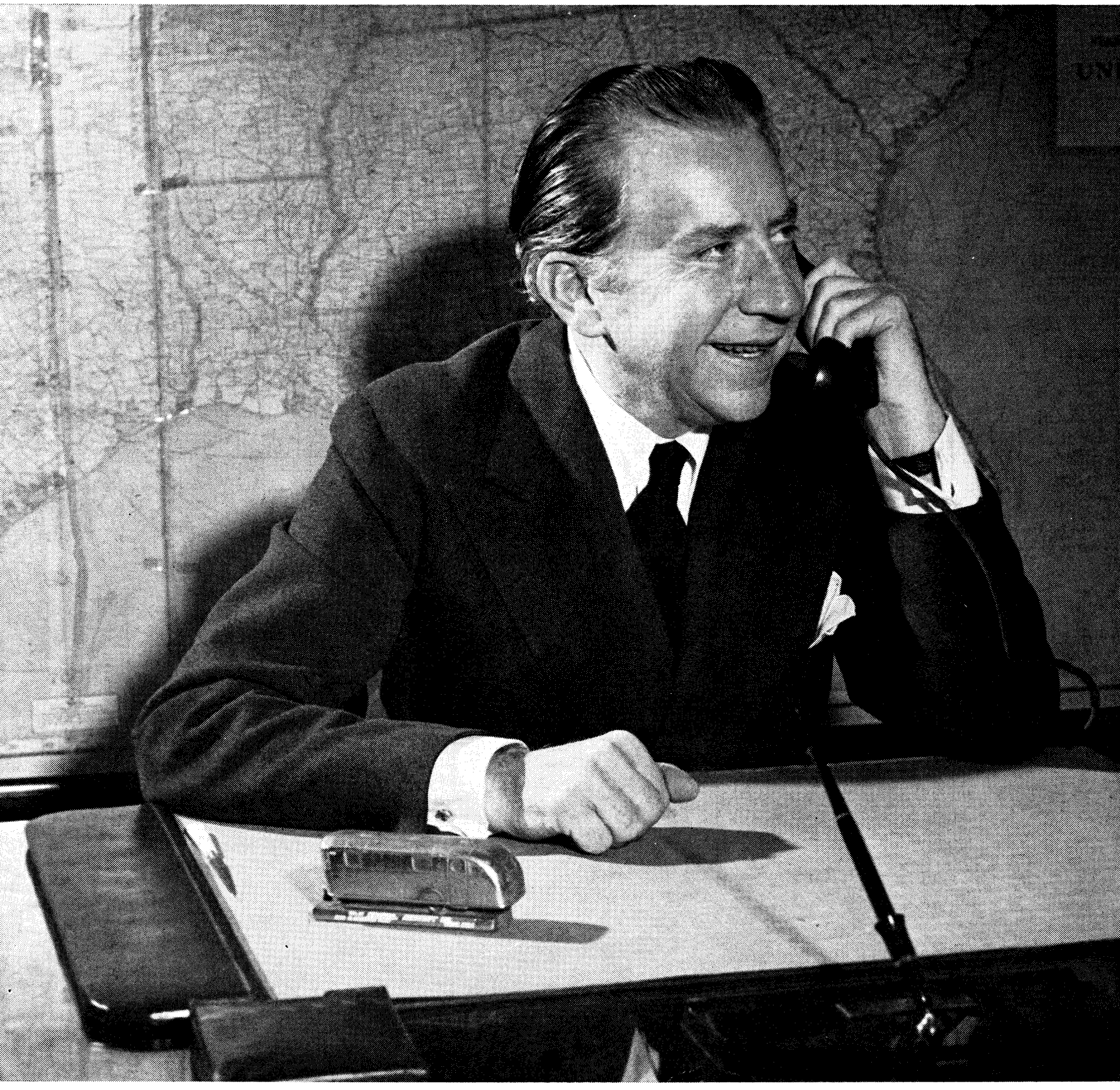
Q: How many $10 bills weigh a pound? ***John W. Crawford, Philadelphia, Pa.***

A: All paper money weighs the same. The Federal Reserve Bank in New York ships currency only in bundles of 1,000 notes. These bundles weigh 2 pounds, 2 ounces, or about 500 bills to the pound.

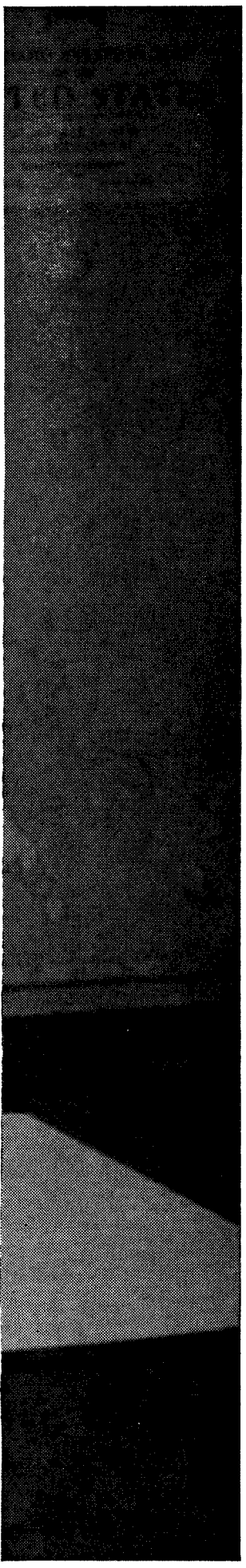
Q: Is a British millionaire ten times richer than an American millionaire because their millions are greater? ***Charles Nelson, Marine Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: We're afraid you have English and American "billions," not "millions," mixed up. In the English and German systems of numbering, a billion is a million of millions. With the U. S. and French systems, a billion is a thousand of millions. As for the British millionaire, we are told by the British Information service that in England a man with a million dollars is considered a millionaire. If they used pounds, not dollars, he would be worth almost three times as much.

TRUE will answer any reasonable questions you ask, free of charge, including questions on resorts, fishing and hunting vacations, where to go and how to get there. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-6, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N. Y.



Billionaire oilman Jean Paul Getty is eminently qualified to discuss the art of making money. He began saving nickels and dimes as soon as he could walk. With the help of his millionaire father he made his own first million —in oil—at the age of 24. Now a vigorous 65, Getty owns or controls some 40 companies, with interests ranging from oil to house trailers to oil to hotels to oil to ships to oil to life insurance to oil. He has been married and divorced five times and, although he has not visited the U. S. for seven years, his interests here are protected by four of his five sons. (A fifth son, age 12, is not yet on the Getty payroll.) While Getty made his fortune when taxes were far lower, he still believes that the opportunities for hitting the jackpot are as great as ever. This exclusive article is a frank, honest and often surprising affirmation of faith in America's future.—The Editors



"YOU CAN MAKE A MILLION"

The world's richest private citizen almost wishes he could have the fnn of starting over again. Here's how he'd go about piling up that second fortune

By J. PAUL GETTY as told to Bela von Block

PARIS

A number of years ago, I set out to build a business of my own in the oil industry. It would appear that I succeeded far beyond my most optimistic hopes, as newspapers and magazines have recently labelled me the "Richest Man in the World." Columnists have argued whether I'm worth one billion dollars—or a few millions more or less.

"You were lucky," people are constantly telling me. "You started at a time when it was still possible to make millions. You couldn't do it now."

Oh, no?

To be perfectly honest about it, I wish I *were* starting now—today. If anything, there is more opportunity for a man to achieve wealth and success at the present time than ever before.

I think I know something about business and the business world. Careful, continuing study and evaluation of economic trends are among my principal duties as head of the corporations I control. Despite occasional setbacks, the general and overall trend is up, and will remain that way for the foreseeable future.

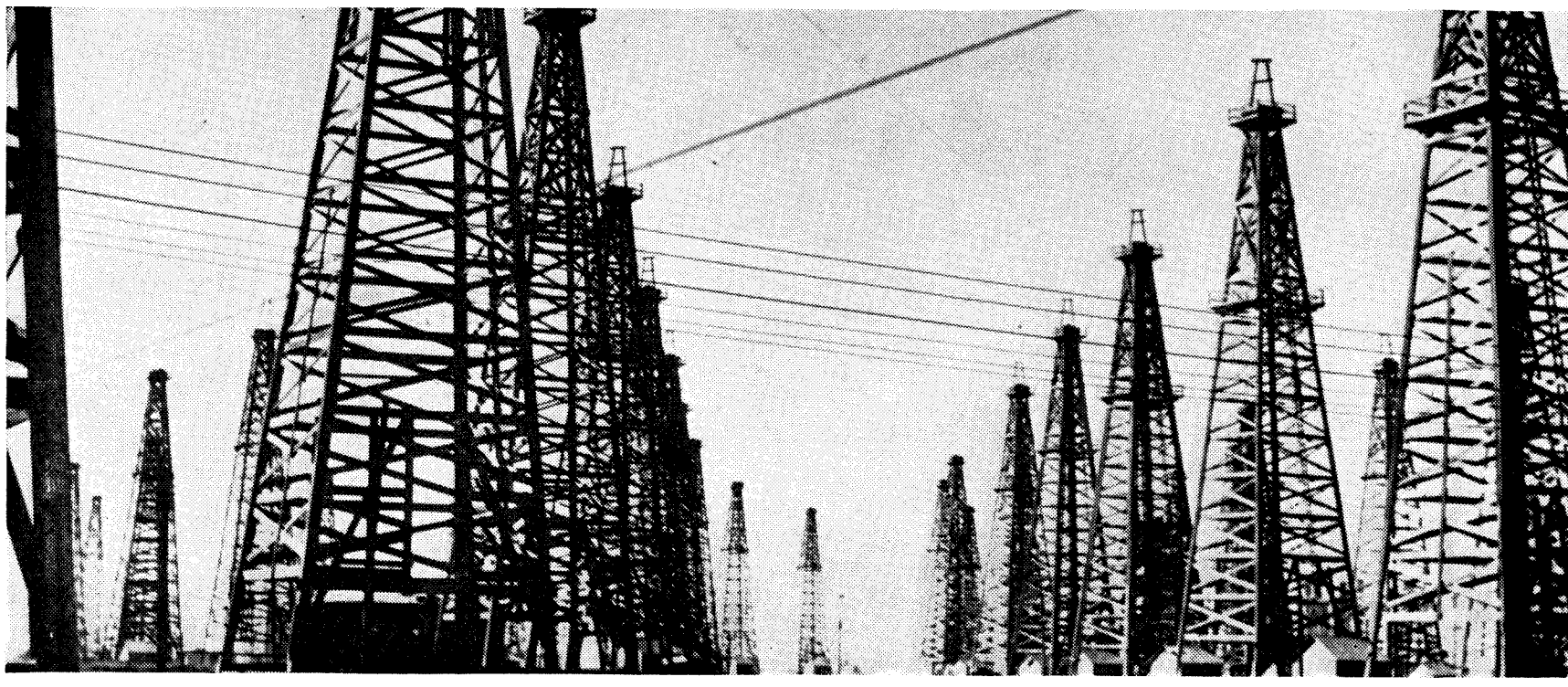
The one great and glaring need is for industrial and commercial leadership. This can only come from alert, energetic younger men who realize the vast potentials around them and are willing and able to accept and assume the responsibility of such leadership.

Believe me, the field is wide open. There's plenty of room on "Millionaire's Row," and the list of members is not growing as fast as it should —or as it can.

If you are between 20 and 40, I envy your chances. I wish that I could take them for you. You can make a million dollars—if you use your head properly.

I have very little patience with the fears and complaints expressed by the calamity howlers of our present day and age. The threat of Communism, lack of opportunity, exorbitant labor costs, confiscatory taxation—these are some of the excuses behind which men without imagination or ability have been timidly hiding for more than two decades.

Many industrialists and businessmen who



should know better trot out these alibis whenever they're called upon to explain their own failures. It's all hogwash. Countless fortunes have been made in recent years by men who refused to listen to the gloom-merchants and were willing to take a chance and work for what they really wanted.

A friend of mine was just another salaried employe of a large firm in 1950. He'd long had the idea that certain types of plastics could be used for packaging that was at once decorative, sturdy and practical. He drew his modest savings from the bank and took the big leap into business for himself. By 1956, his wealth was estimated at something over $1 million.

There's another good example in the story of Melvin J. David. An Army lieutenant in Belgium during 1945, David happened to see some villagers busily twisting and soldering bits of heavy scrap wire into odd shapes and forms. They were making lamp-bases, candle holders and various kinds of brackets and fixtures out of the battlefield junk.

The young officer saw more than just a few Belgians working. He saw the possibilities of using wire for a wide range of items, and manufacturing them on a mass-production basis. Discharged from the Army the following year, Mel David used his mustering-out pay and savings—less than $1,500—to start his own business in Los Angeles. By 1954, his burgeoning Melco Wire Products Company was grossing better than $2 million annually, turning out everything from magazine racks to vital parts for supersonic aircraft!

David had ambition and imagination—and he gave free rein to both. His products were of high quality, his prices competitive, and he succeeded. I know several such men,

DEPRESSION: "The national economy goes through periodic and sometimes spasmodic readjustments every few years—in roughly the same manner that a department store has periodic clearance sales. The outlook is good; I can see no possibility of a long lasting depression."

Named for Getty's millionaire father, this is one of the world's largest supertankers. Getty is now building a fleet of 23 ships, worth $200,000,000.

The world's most modern refinery—part of Getty's huge and powerful Tidewater Oil Co.—which processes 130,000 barrels of crude oil a day.

and some of them were practically dead broke not long ago. Today, they are rich.

The arguments used by the pessimists who claim "it can't be done anymore" deserve closer examination. It's not surprising that most of these arguments have little basis in fact or truth.

Currently, one of the biggest bugaboos appears to be Russia and the spread of Communism. Businessmen say they're afraid to expand and that they hesitate making foreign investments or entering into trade with other countries because of this.

How very wrong they are! Foreign trade and commerce offer some of today's most tempting and worthwhile—as well as challenging—opportunities. Communism may be a threat and Russia is powerful both militarily and industrially. But Russia should be treated as a competitor—not necessarily as an enemy. It will take intelligent action and hard work to compete with this new colossus.

It is folly to underrate a competitor or an opponent, but just because we have a powerful competitor or opponent we should not run into a hole and stay there.

Communism is not really the greatest "menace." The biggest danger is that American business and American businessmen will allow their fears to paralyze them and stop expansion and trade. Huge areas of the world are looking to the American businessman and U.S. industry for example, guidance and assistance.

Much—too much—has been said and written about "anti-American" feeling abroad. Most of it is pure, sensational hokum, cooked up by people with motives not always beyond suspicion.

I do a great deal of traveling through Europe, the Balkans and the Middle East. I drive my own car.

It's quite obvious to anyone who sees me that I'm an American, and a rich one. Never—not once in the tens of thousands of miles I've traveled—have I been jeered at, vilified or subjected to any form of insult.

I speak several languages, including some Arabic. Hence, I'm usually able to talk with most of the people I meet along the way. The people are not really "pro" or "anti" any political belief. They don't really care about politics.

What they want is a better life for themselves and their children. They want food and clothing and homes, and long for the comforts and luxuries of life that Americans take for granted.

Now these are precisely the things that free, democratic enterprise can provide for them. The demand is there, Lord knows. So, in most cases, are the resources and the eager willingness to learn and to apply learning.

These are things that should provide incentive and stimulus for the American businessman, rather than make him run and hide in fear of what he labels "anti-Americanism" or the "Red Menace." A fantastic demand is present everywhere,

waiting for the person who will provide the goods and services—and the leadership!

Another woeful cry of the unsuccessful or faltering type of businessman is the "exorbitant" cost of American labor. To hear some men talk, labor in general and union labor in particular are threatening to wreck the national economy.

"I'd go into business for myself tomorrow," an executive told me recently. "The only thing that holds me back is the labor situation. Wages are so high that I couldn't make a profit."

I hope this executive's boss is satisfied with him. I wouldn't hire the man on a bet. For my money, he's an idiot.

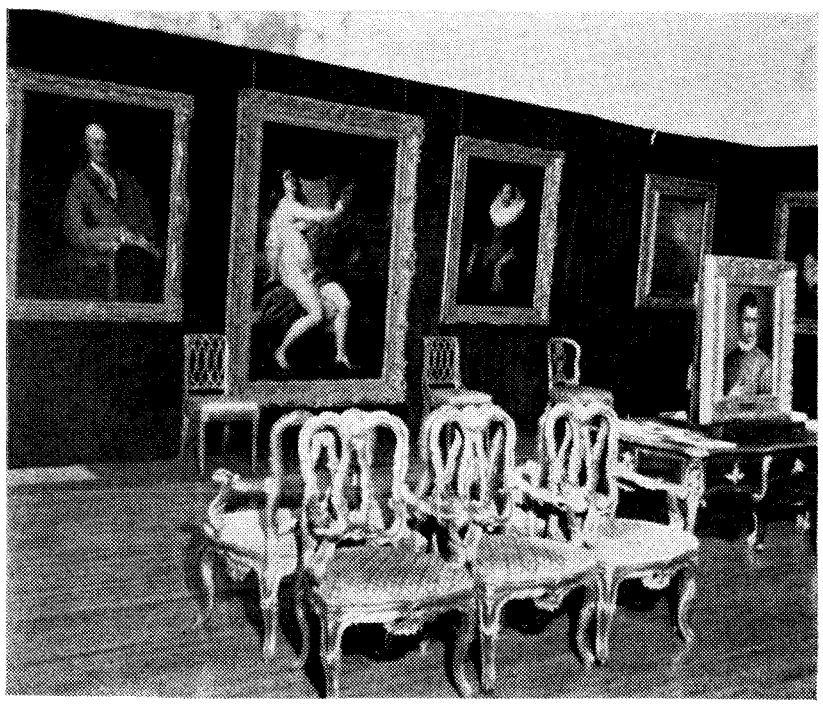
I am a "union man" myself. I don't carry a union card or pay dues to any local, but I do believe in unions and I believe that free, honest labor unions are our greatest guarantees of continuing prosperity and our strongest bulwark against social or economic totalitarianism.

True, some unions and union officials abuse their power. A few, from all I can gather, are controlled by Communists or gangsters or both.

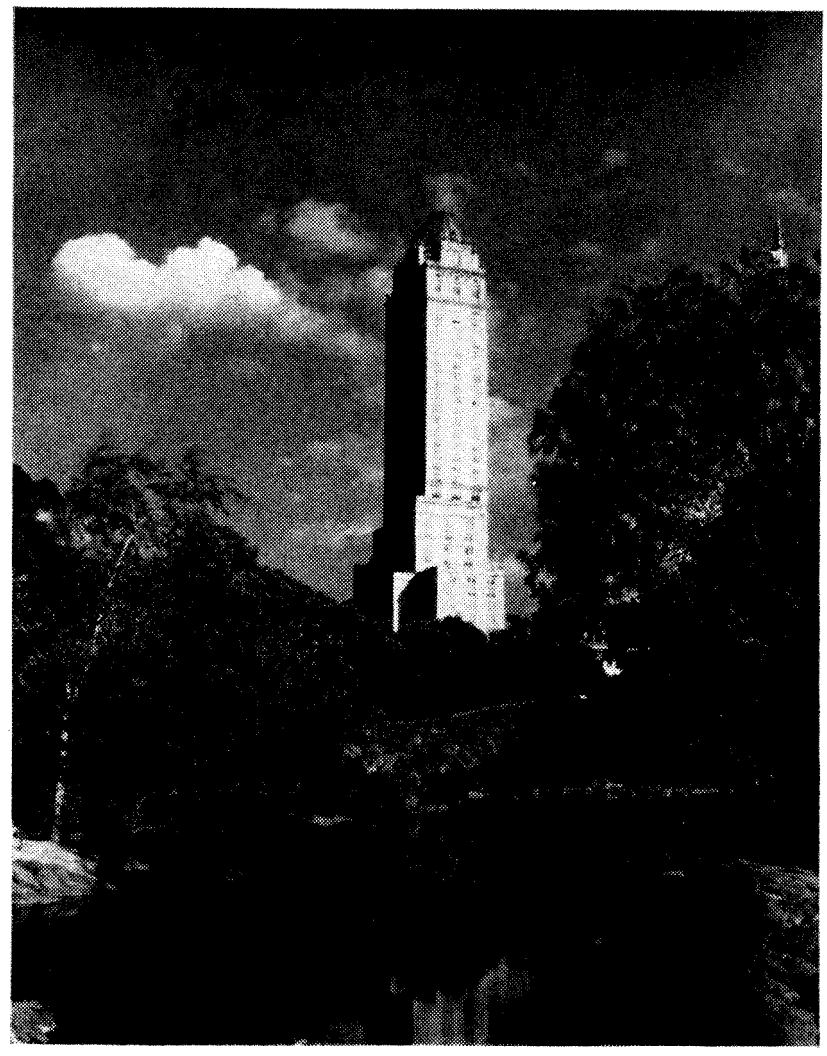
On the other hand, some businessmen abuse their power, too. Some are unethical or even downright crooks. Simply because "some" are this or that doesn't mean the entire system of private ownership should be condemned.

Newspapers sometimes carry stories about bank officials embezzling their depositors' funds. Despite these incidents, banks continue to flourish. No one in his right mind would dream of suggesting that the [*Continued on page* 26]

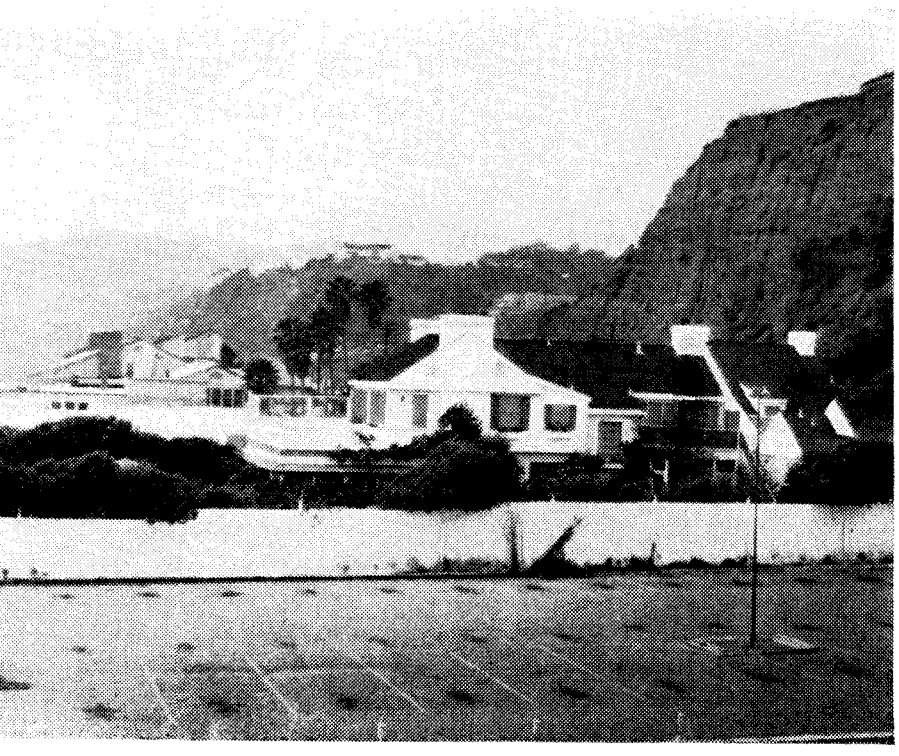
FUTURE PROSPERITY: "It will come through increased trade and closer friendship with foreign countries. World prosperity—and that of each individual nation—depends on world trade. International trade should be encouraged."



This small part of Getty's $4,000,000 art collection is housed in the Getty Museum near Santa Monica, Calif.



Getty bought during the Depression, helped build fortune with such bargains as New York's lavish Hotel Pierre.



Although he rarely visits this country, Getty's servants keep his Santa Monica home ready for his use at all times.

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Brewer's Gold is a rare strain of choice hops used exclusively by Ballantine to give its ale unusually distinctive flavor.

[*Continued from page* 24]

entire banking system be abolished because of an occasional larceny.

Yet let a single union—or even a local—turn sour, and a loud alarm is raised castigating all organized labor. It doesn't make sense.

High pay and good working conditions mean more buying power and more production. As buying power increases, so do sales and profits.

We pride ourselves on the level of the American standard of living. We boast that the majority of Americans have decent homes, cars, radios, television sets and all the rest. This would hardly be possible if the great mass of workers wasn't well—even highly—paid. "Excessive" labor cost is a handy excuse to cover up inept management's inability to meet competition.

"Taxes are outrageous! Taxes are ruining the economy!"

This is another popular gripe of the dinosaur types who want to make their millions overnight and, being unable to do so, give up trying.

I'll grant that taxes *are* high—too high. Federal, state and local governments lop off huge chunks of profits that could be plowed back into business for further expansion. Even so, it's still possible to earn healthy profits—make no mistake about that. This profit "edge" is not as comfortable as it could be—or should be—but industrialists, businessmen and traders of all kinds continue to prosper.

***AUTOMATION:** "Automation will mean more jobs in service, maintenance and distribution and will lead to even greater prosperity. It will make possible the four-day work-week in the next several years, and less work at the same or higher pay will mean more leisure time. Automation will spark a new boom; it is a blessing, not a curse."*

I'm always amused by the businessman whose income has trebled or quadrupled in the last 20 years, and whose stocks are worth ten times what they were when he bought them, groaning about "oppressive taxation."

The tax situation is not the brightest possible by far, but it's not nearly as grim as it's pictured in some quarters, either. I started my business during the depression, building it in the face of constantly rising taxes. At each stage of our progress, my associates and I were advised to sell out—to get out from under before it was too late.

"Don't hang on to your holdings any longer, Paul," the wiseacres counselled me. "The way taxes are going up, you'll be ruined. You'll lose everything you own. Sell out and let someone else take the punishment."

Instead of selling, I bought!

Those who panicked and foresaw collapse and calamity as a result of increasing taxation now wish they had done the same thing. These types are still around, and it's quite obvious they haven't learned anything from past experience. They still see catastrophe ahead in their clouded crystal balls.

Typical of them is the man I bumped into a few months ago. I had bought up his interests in a corporation in the late 1930's. He hasn't been doing much since, preferring to live off the rather limited returns of his capital. "Aren't you bored?" I asked him.

"I am—have been for years," was the reply. "I'd go back into business again if it wasn't for the tax set-up. Taxes would wreck me. I'd lose my shirt."

"You told me the same thing twenty years ago," I laughed. "I didn't believe you then, and I don't believe you now. I'd be in bad shape if I listened to you at any time."

Present tax rates discourage investment and limit expansion and eventually they must be lowered. I don't deny that. In the meantime, however, taxes alone are not going to keep a man from making his million if he's determined to do so.

Unsettled world conditions and international politics, "lack" of opportunity, high labor costs or taxes are not obstacles that keep men from wealth. The blame can be more properly placed at the door of the individuals who think—or are afraid—they can't get rich under present conditions.

The young men of today are inclined to trade their opportunities and chances for what they call "security." Some of our most able men with real business talent are content to lose themselves in the "safety"—and anonymity—of a job with a large corporation. In fact, they prefer it that way.

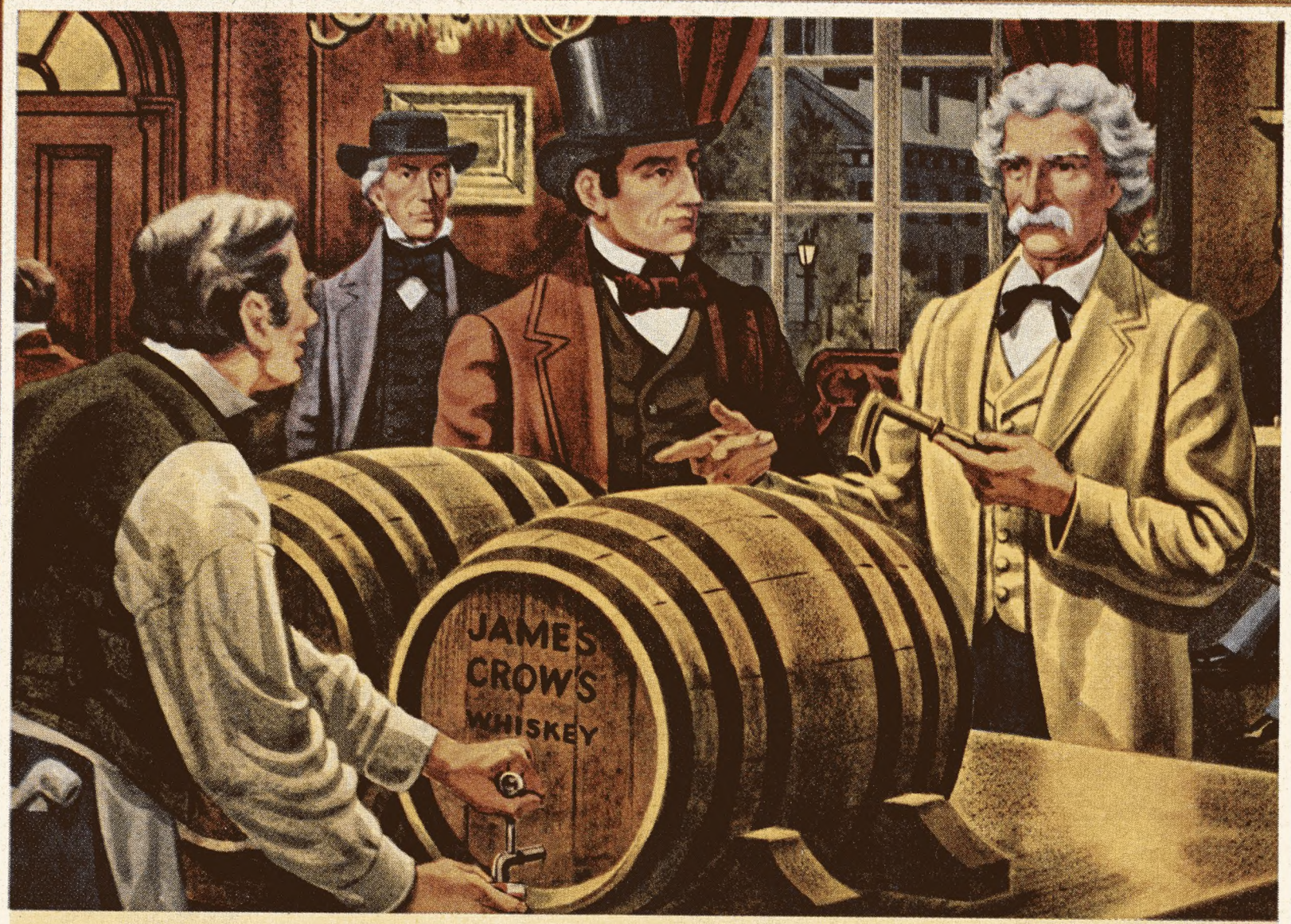
"I'm sure of getting regular raises, sick and vacation pay. As soon as I build up some seniority, the chances are against my being laid off or fired. After working enough years, I can retire on a pension plan."

This, in a nutshell, is the attitude of entirely too many of our most promising men these days. They'd rather anchor themselves to that "security" than savor the excitement and thrill of being on their own and building their own businesses and futures.

These men also tend to over-specialize. In school or college they study one particular, limited phase of business or industry. They enter the employ of a large firm and become sales, traffic, production, or personnel "specialists." They wind up knowing one aspect of business thoroughly, but are often ignorant of the operations of the department a few doors down the hall.

There are very few all-around men who understand everything from purchasing to final distribution and can keep the whole complex machine rolling.

You've got to take risks in order to make money. The risks may be planned and calculated ones, but they're risks nonetheless. The man climbing the corporate job-ladder can be safe and can even reach a certain level of achievement



MARK TWAIN ASKS, "LOU, WHICH BARREL ARE WE USING NOW?"

The famous humorist queries the bartender at Klaproth's Tavern in Elmira, New York, about the current supply of his favorite bourbon, Old Crow.

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with a comfortable salary. The odds against his becoming rich or making a million are heavily against him, however.

I blame at least some of the average man's reluctance to get out on his own and take business risks on the influence women have over him. Mothers, sweethearts and wives are all inclined to lean toward the "safe" and conservative side.

"You *can't* quit your job with the Goslow company!" Bill Smith's wife will protest when—after a few years—he wants to launch his own enterprise. "We can't afford to take the chance. There are payments on the house—I need a new coat —we've *got* to buy a new car. . ."

Poor Bill is forever in a muddle. His wife won't let him go out and get rich. Instead, she'll nag him from year to year because he's not making enough money.

What I call the "Nine-to-Five Complex" is another factor that contributes to the defeat of many budding businessmen. Being in business for yourself isn't the same as working for a firm that opens its doors at 9 in the morning and closes them at 5 in the afternoon.

There are compensations, to be sure,

WORLD CONDITIONS:
"I'm a businessman—not a diplomat or politician. However, I do not expect a war. I certainly don't expect it in the Middle East. We are going ahead with drilling and expansion in the Middle East and Pakistan, where our firms enjoy excellent relations with the local governments and the people."

but there are added burdens and responsibilities as well. There can't be any fixed hours or five-day weeks for the man who "owns the store." I've experienced long periods when my working day lasted 18 hours and even more—with no Saturdays, Sundays or holidays off.

Making a million is work—hard work.

There are no sure-fire formulas for getting rich. There are, however, fundamental rules to the game. The man who follows them has the battle three-quarters won. The remaining one-quarter is the variable and the unpredictable factor—the element that puts the zest and excitement into the game. Without that element, making money would be a dull and useless process.

What are the rules? They're the ones I've always followed—and that every millionaire of my acquaintance has followed. They've always worked for me—and for them. They'll work for you, too, if you apply them.

1. To all intents and purposes, there is only one way to make a great deal of money—*in one's own business.* It must be a business the individual knows and understands well. He may not know all about it in the beginning, but he must start with a thorough, basic knowledge.

2. To be successful, the businessman

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EXCITEMENT RIDES WITH YOU *every mile you roll in your new* **CHEVROLET.** *At rest or on the road, this sleek style-setter promises you more go, gaiety and glamor—and you'll find it keeps its promises beautifully. Come aboard and take the key to the happiest traveling on the highway!*

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You'll see what we mean the first time you feel the quick-sprinting torque of Chevrolet's new Turbo-Thrust V8* whisk you up a steep hill. Or learn how this engine loves to shrink the miles out where they're long and lonesome. And you'll find still more to be proud of in the way Chevy takes the wrinkles out of aging roads. There are two new rides to choose from—Full Coil suspension as standard or a real air ride*—each engineered to achieve a gentleness you'd expect on only the costliest cars.

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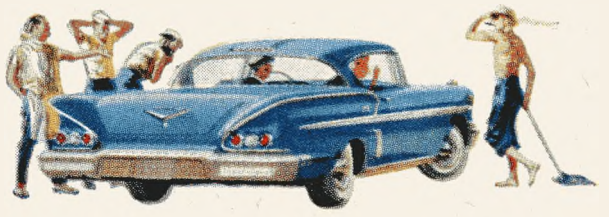

CHEVROLET

must be a "saver." He must discipline himself to be alert to and practice economies, both in his business and in his personal life. "Spend it after you've made it, not while you're making it," is an excellent motto. The spendthrift will not make the grade.

3. Patience is not only a virtue; it is an essential in business. An enterprise must be allowed to grow gradually. "Forced Feeding" most often leads to disaster. This does not mean opportunities for expansion are to be ignored. It *does* mean that too-rapid or over-expansion are fatal pitfalls.

4. I've mentioned the need for taking risks. A businessman should be ready and willing to risk his own capital—and to use his credit and risk borrowed money as well. But borrowed money must always be repaid, regardless of the outcome of a particular deal or transaction. A bad credit record will quickly finish off any man's money-making career.

5. In one respect, the businessman should live in a state of constant tension, somewhat like a sprinter poised for the starting signal. He must be ever alert to new ways and means of increasing his sales. Research and development with a view to finding new products or applications are necessary if the business is to grow.

6. No matter how many millions a man amasses, he must always consider his wealth as a means for improving and bettering life and living conditions everywhere. The central thought should never be simply to make more money, but to "make more and better things cheaper for more people." Every businessman has responsibilities toward his associates, employes, stock holders—and to the public at large. The days of the-public-be-damned *laissez faire* capitalism are gone, and no one mourns their passing.

7. Lastly, the man who wants to make a million can't afford to think about the money. When he becomes too interested in money for itself, he seldom makes it. Go ahead and make your million—but enjoy *doing* it. Enjoying the money itself can come later—after you've got it in the bank.

These are the general rules. The next question—and it's one I'm asked often—is: "What fields or businesses offer the most or best opportunities?"

It's never possible to answer that fully and to everyone's satisfaction. Too much depends on the talents, interests and background of the individual.

EMPLOYMENT: "There will be more jobs and better jobs at higher pay. There are always openings in industry and commerce for anyone who takes an interest in his work and is willing to do a bit more than the absolute minimum demanded by the boss."

SMIRNOFF DRINKS (LEFT TO RIGHT) · VODKA MARTINI · VODKA & GRAPE JUICE · VODKA COLLINS · VODKA HIGHBALL · VODKA & TONIC · SCREWDRIVER · BLOODY MARY · BULLSHOT (SMIRNOFF & BOUILLON)

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Retailing and wholesaling are excellent; provided the man knows his field and has an instinct for merchandising.

Manufacturing is often a short-cut to wealth, especially if the product is new and revolutionary or fills a long-felt need.

Men with good ideas for new or improved services are certain to succeed.

In short, devise a means of doing or producing almost anything better, faster or more economically, and you've got it made. That has always been the crux of the situation.

The Stock Market has a great appeal for men seeking wealth. Unfortunately, great numbers of them go into the market the wrong way. They want to speculate—not to invest. This is the worst possible approach.

Selected common stocks are excellent investments. Stocks should be bought for investment, not speculation. They should be purchased when their prices are low and held for return and a long-term rise in value. I bought stocks during

PROSPECTS FOR NEW BUSINESSES: "They're excellent—provided the man who starts the new business knows what he's doing, that he's acquainted with the field or trade and uses his head. I would not hesitate starting a new business today."

the Depression that are now worth 75 and 100 times what I paid for them!

The weather changes from day to day, but the climate follows a definite pattern, year after year, decade after decade. The smart investor buys his stocks for the long pull—he bets on the climate and does well for himself. The speculator hopes to make a killing. He gambles on sudden upturns, or buys when the market has already been on the rise for a long time. He is betting on the weather—and often gets caught in a storm.

The selected—and I emphasize that *selected*—common stock is fine for investment. I'm certain of a market rise in the future. The Wall Street trend will definitely be *up* over the years—but, I repeat, stocks should be purchased and held and not treated as purely speculative equities.

Do you still want to make a million?

Believe me, it's not only possible, but highly probable that you will, if you set your mind and efforts to it. There is plenty of wealth and success waiting—more than enough to go around.

A prosperous America, scores of other nations—whole continents, in fact—are eager to buy or waiting to be developed so that they *can* buy.

It's all there.

I envy your chances. I wish that I could take them for you. It would be fun to do it all over again.

—J. Paul Getty and Bela von Block

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One of the advantages of being a 7 Crown drinker is that you can always be *sure* of your pleasure, *any place you go*. For the unequalled popularity of this great American whiskey is such that wherever the finest is served, 7 Crown is *sure* to be part of the scene!

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

OF THE FIRST AND FINEST AMERICAN WHISKEY

TRUE
JUNE

Arrogant Admiral of the Calculated Risk

The greatest sea fighter of all time, Lord Nelson was a one-armed, one-eyed renegade. He annihilated his country's foes at sea, smashed her moral codes on land, living by his own: My enemies be damned!

By MARVIN H. ALBERT

Strained as the wind-taut rigging above him, Nelson watched the oncoming enemy fleet revealed by the lifting of the icy morning mist. Bitterness and weariness drained out of him. A dazzling smile took possession of his weathered features as his mind became busy with the details of a dozen different methods of dealing with the dozen different ways the battle might go.

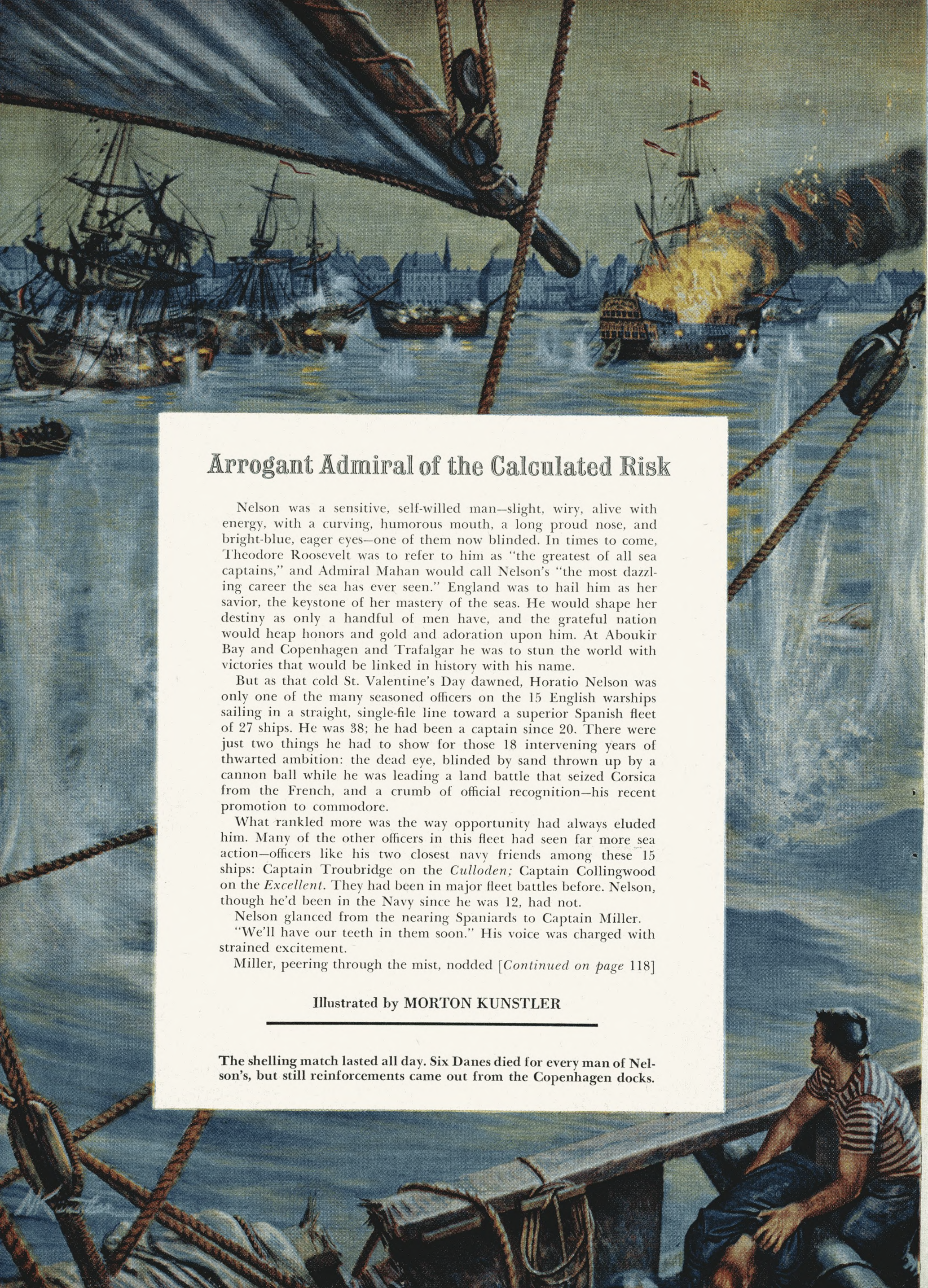
Here, at last—25 miles west off Cape St. Vincent, on the coast of Portugal—what he'd been waiting for most of his life was about to happen. He burned with impatience.

He turned to his subordinate officer. "Ready for action, Captain Miller?"

"Ready for action, sir."

The 74-gun line-of-battle ship *Captain* was indeed ready for action. It was to carry Horatio Nelson out of obscurity and into the pages of history on this St. Valentine's Day, February 14, 1797. [*Continued on next page.*]

A TRUE BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE



Arrogant Admiral of the Calculated Risk

Nelson was a sensitive, self-willed man—slight, wiry, alive with energy, with a curving, humorous mouth, a long proud nose, and bright-blue, eager eyes—one of them now blinded. In times to come, Theodore Roosevelt was to refer to him as "the greatest of all sea captains," and Admiral Mahan would call Nelson's "the most dazzling career the sea has ever seen." England was to hail him as her savior, the keystone of her mastery of the seas. He would shape her destiny as only a handful of men have, and the grateful nation would heap honors and gold and adoration upon him. At Aboukir Bay and Copenhagen and Trafalgar he was to stun the world with victories that would be linked in history with his name.

But as that cold St. Valentine's Day dawned, Horatio Nelson was only one of the many seasoned officers on the 15 English warships sailing in a straight, single-file line toward a superior Spanish fleet of 27 ships. He was 38; he had been a captain since 20. There were just two things he had to show for those 18 intervening years of thwarted ambition: the dead eye, blinded by sand thrown up by a cannon ball while he was leading a land battle that seized Corsica from the French, and a crumb of official recognition—his recent promotion to commodore.

What rankled more was the way opportunity had always eluded him. Many of the other officers in this fleet had seen far more sea action—officers like his two closest navy friends among these 15 ships: Captain Troubridge on the *Culloden;* Captain Collingwood on the *Excellent.* They had been in major fleet battles before. Nelson, though he'd been in the Navy since he was 12, had not.

Nelson glanced from the nearing Spaniards to Captain Miller.

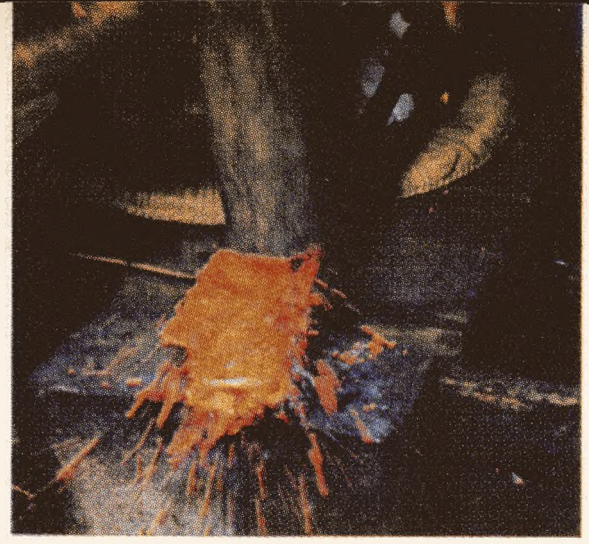
"We'll have our teeth in them soon." His voice was charged with strained excitement.

Miller, peering through the mist, nodded [*Continued on page* 118]

Illustrated by MORTON KUNSTLER

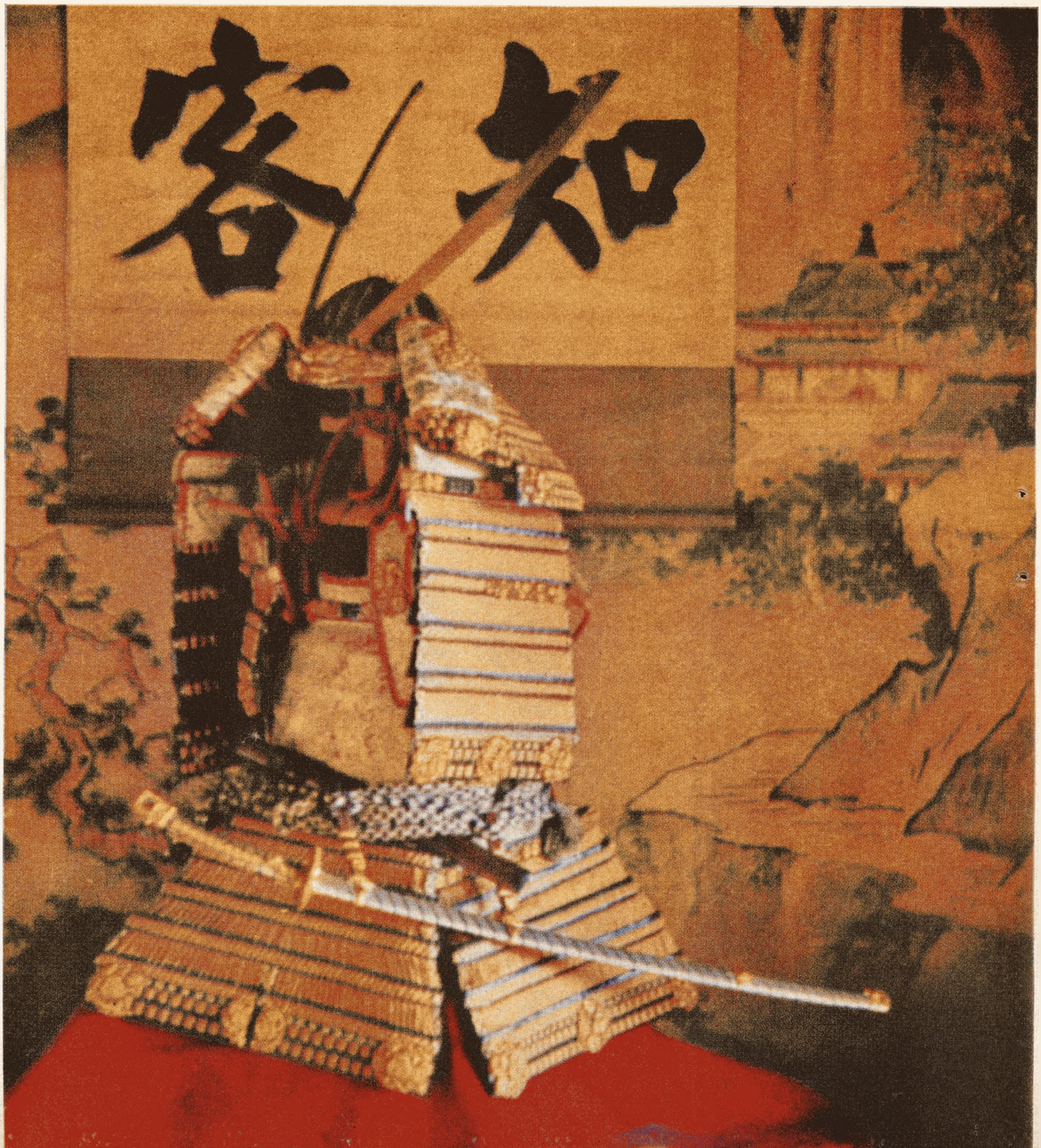
The shelling match lasted all day. Six Danes died for every man of Nelson's, but still reinforcements came out from the Copenhagen docks.

Lump of steel is placed in the fiery forge as first step in making blade.



Red-hot steel is forged into shape by blows from a massive iron hammer.

Slender blade is taken from fire and preliminary sharpening of edge is done with file.



Critical moment comes when blade is doused in water of exact temperature.

Final sharpening of sword begins with careful use of a special whetstone in three-week labor of love.

Final step is hammering of hallmark on gleaming blade

In modern Japan, tradition-bound craftsmen use long-guarded secrets and ancient methods to produce...

SWORDS OF THE SAMURAI

■ In Japan, land of the samurai warrior, they tell a tale of an apprentice swordmaker who aspired to outdo his master at the ancient art. One night he stole back into his employer's shop and groped his way to the trough of water in which the red hot blades were quenched from the fire. The temperature of this water was one of the greatest secrets of the entire swordmaking process. Just as the young man plunged his hand into the water, his master caught him—and forthwith whacked off the sinning hand.

According to the ancient legend, the maimed and bleeding apprentice left the shop overjoyed. He deemed the loss of a hand a small price to pay for the priceless information he had gained.

Probably the most prized souvenir of the Pacific war was the samurai sword. Probably few Americans who brought one home ever understood the significance of their newly liberated trophy.

The *Nippon-to,* as truly fine Japanese swords are called, are more than instruments of destruction. They embody the ancient traditions of a proud people, and represent the highest skill of the swordmaker's art. In ancient times, these fine blades were tested on condemned men; as many as three at a time might be cleaved in two. Some antique blades have such phrases as "two men cut," or "six legs severed" engraved on them.

Today, the foremost maker of samurai swords is a short, stern-eyed man named Hakasui Inami, who heads the Japan Sword Company in Tokyo. In his dusty workshop Inami and his artisans maintain the traditions of the old *Nippon-to.*

Elaborate purification rites are performed before the forging begins. The smiths wear special ceremonial dress and the smithy is encircled with paper symbols of cleanliness. Women are not allowed anywhere near the forge. [*Continued on next page*]

Photographed for TRUE by RAY FALK

Full regalia as worn by a Samurai of late 12th century.

Scabbard making starts with artisan tracing outline of blade on wood.

Sword is always inserted in its scabbard edge-up to prevent slicing case to shreds.

Testing of blade begins in near-religious atmosphere as worker hands sword to Hakasui Inami, who neatly cleaves the straw bundle with flashing stroke. In the past, living men were used to test the keenness of warriors' swords.

SWORDS OF THE SAMURAI

First, two lumps of iron are heated and hammered into a steel base plate. Next, more iron is added to the steel plate and the whole is wrapped in tissue paper and covered with a mixture of clay, powdered charcoal and water. This mixture adds carbon to the metal. The embryo sword is beaten with heavy hammers until it is a thin sheet of steel fairly uniform in texture.

To give the sword its cutting power requires such skill that Hakasui's experts will only do the tempering at dawn when the day is fresh and the air is sweet and still.

The entire blade is first covered with a pack of wet clay. Then the clay is removed from the cutting edge, leaving only a thin coating on the steel. The forge is darkened to enable the smith to judge the temperature of the blade by the color of the heated steel. The clay and steel are heated to approximately 800 degrees, then plunged into a trough of water. The thinly coated part of the blade cools quickly making the edge hard and brittle; the back of the blade, thickly coated with clay cools slowly, retaining the same degree of flexibility it possessed before tempering.

There are 12 stages to polishing a sword. They vary from the use of coarse stones to thin slices of limestone. Polishings with cotton dipped in a mixture of hot oil and powdered cinnabar follow, then burnishing with a steel pencil. This gives the blade its deep lustre.

During the 32-year reign of Emperor Hirohito, mass-produced, machine-made swords flooded the market. These swords have no artistic or historical value. Heavily engraved swords, says Hakasui, are not real fighting swords.

The final step in the swordmaking process is testing the blade. Hakasui does the testing himself in a near-religious rite. The blade is swung in one of 28 ways at a dummy made of bamboo (for human bones), straw (for human flesh) and sprinkled with water to represent human blood. Watching Hakasui slice the dummy with one of his *Nippon-to* specials is enough to discourage the curious, so the temperature of his water bath will probably remain a secret for many generations to come. ■

Properly delivered, a stroke from good blade can sever a man's neck as neatly as a stalk of bamboo.

For $15 they bought the "Amazing Method."
Limit catches of the biggest bass you ever saw, the ad proclaimed.
But was it a come-on for fish or fishermen?

TENNESSEE

My old fishing buddy, Squire Emmett Waldron, has a touching faith in fishing secrets. We have run through many methods and contraptions, magical lures and secret "stink" baits. Once Squire read about making a large tin bass and using it as a decoy towed behind a lure. The arrangement was supposed to represent a bass chasing a minnow, and arouse the jealousy of other bass which would then set out to beat the decoy to the minnow. But before we ever got around to catching all the bass in the lake with this, along came the Amazing Method.

"This here fishing secret," Squire told me one morning in his general store, "is something we ought to have. You send off and get it."

He had an advertisement he had cut out of a magazine. "Listen to what the man says," Squire said, and then read: " 'I've discovered how to go to waters everyone else says are fished out and come in with a limit catch of the biggest bass you ever saw.' "

I argued that it was a come-on for the country boys, but in an argument with my fishing partner about fishing, I just argue for the record.

The advertisement said that the method is not jugging, not jig fishing, not trotlining, fly fishing, trolling, casting or spinning. Neither is it seining or netting, or live-bait fishing. You don't know what the method is until you pay to learn.

"All right," I told Squire. "You can pay. I'll send for it, acting as your secretary. But just wait."

The answer was a sales pitch of a secret method of catching bass. The secret would cost $15. There was an agreement to sign with the advertiser, whose name was said to be Mr. Erik S. Fare. The agreement went like this:

"Dear Mr. Fare: I accept your trial offer. To qualify for this I agree that I will not divulge your secret method of bass fishing to more than one other man and will pledge him to secrecy. In accepting this order, you agree that I may keep your 24-page Instruction Guide and the hand-made lure for 21 days. Any time within 21 days after receiving it I may return the instruction sheets and the lure and you will send me a U. S. post-office money order by return mail for the full amount of my payment. If I return the instructions and the lure for refund, I agree not to tell your secret to anyone else—now or ever."

I mailed it, with Squire's $15. I also inquired of the National Better Business Bureau: who was Mr. Fare?

The Amazing Method soon arrived. It consisted of a 24-page treatise, and a lure. I took it to Squire. "Hold onto your hat," I told him, "for the great unveiling of Mr. Fare's Secret Method of Fishing:

"It is cane-pole fishing!"

Squire Waldron, a shrewd country merchant, had paid $15 to be told of a fishing "secret" that has been used in the South longer than anyone can remember.

A reply came from the Better Business Bureau with the information that Mr. Fare was one Eric P. McNair, a lawyer, of Libertyville, Illinois. The method, the Better Business Bureau had ascertained, was no secret, but is one known as skittering, dapping, bobbing, doodle-socking, and go-deviling, and used widely in the South. The B. B. B. had been in touch with Mr. McNair, calling him on his "secret." He had agreed to desist from using the term in his advertising. The idea and the word "secret,"

By EMMETT GOWEN

Photographed for TRUE by CLAIRE GOWEN

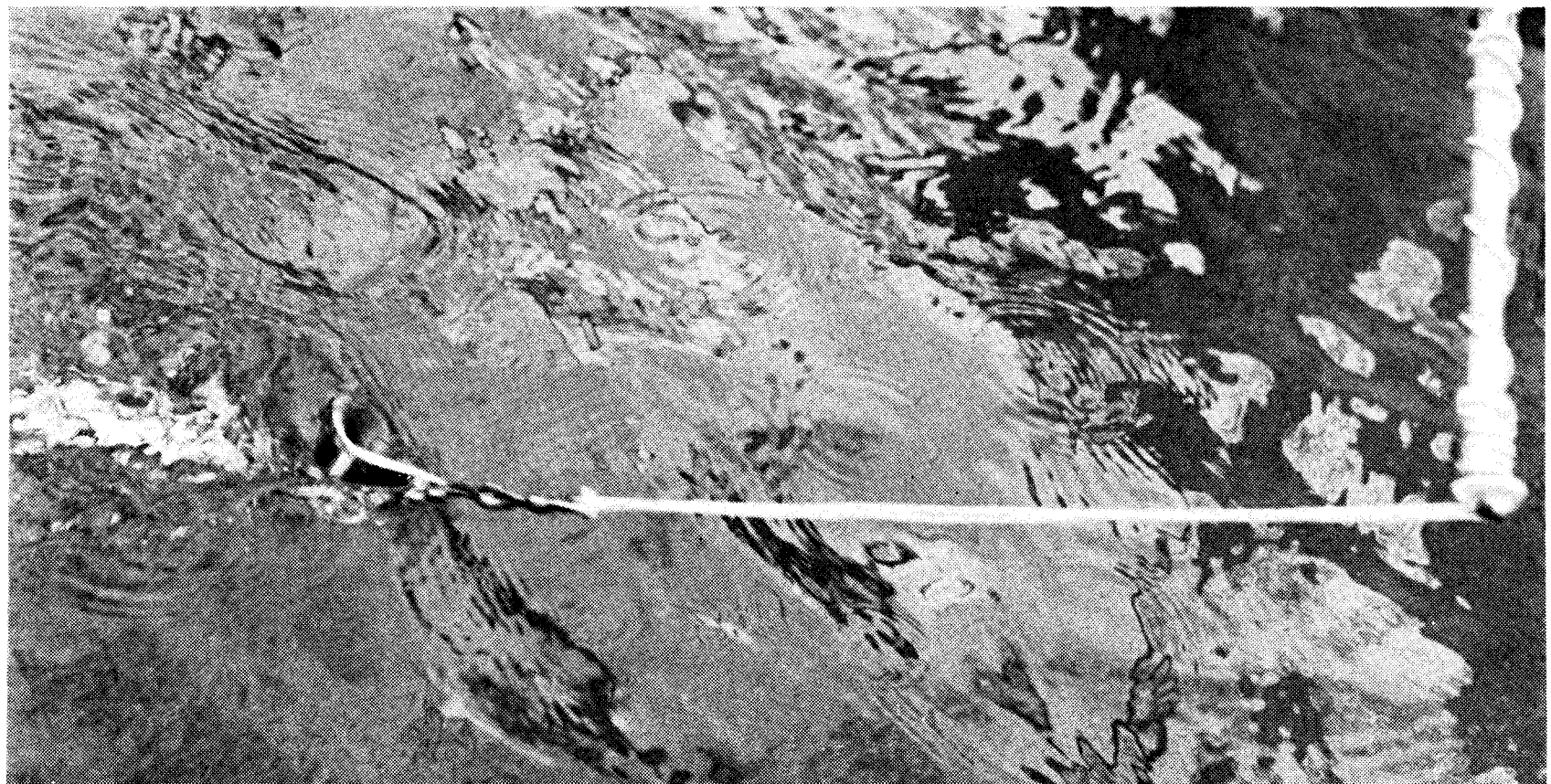
What's Behind THE GREAT

Gowen tests the "Amazing Method" on Reelfoot Lake—where natives have used a similar system for years.

Local Reelfoot lure is practically indistinguishable from one sent with $15 treatise. "Tackle" is lure and a short line.

DOODLE-SOCKING SECRET?

Lure swished back and forth on surface makes a burbling sound, in imitation, say Tennesseans, of a spawning minnow.



THE GREAT DOODLE-SOCKING SECRET

however, were in the mail-order part of the advertising I received. This folder was apparently printed in 1953. Squire Waldron sure thought he was buying a fishing secret.

In the South, bass lurk back in the brush, the sawgrass, the lily pads and cypress knees. Back in there a largemouth feels the safest and consequently is gullible there about a lure—if you can get one to him. Mr. Fare's cane-pole, short-line way of getting a lure to such places is older than modern fishing tackle, and developed where country folks who didn't own tackle boxes saw fish and tried out ways to catch them.

The first time I ever noticed anybody fishing this way was about 25 years ago when I saw a farmer working a lure by means of a cane pole and a very short line in the edge of bushes along a creek flowing into Lake Canandaigua, New York. He was using a spinner named a June Bug. A June Bug spinner trailing a nightcrawler is hard to beat, skittered on the surface or pulled along submerged, for that matter.

They fish with a cane pole, a foot of line and a spinner all over the Deep South, in Lake Okefenokee, in the Everglades, in the bayous of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama (where I have tried a live-bait version), in Arkansas during high water when the fish are out among the trees, and in Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee.

"There's just one way to come out ahead on this fishing secret," Squire told me. "You bought it and paid for it—"

"I bought it? *You* bought it! You asked me to handle the correspondence for *you*. You handed me the $15."

"Well, let's not fall out about that. Let's take it over to Reelfoot Lake and give it a fair trial. Maybe it won't work."

"Oh, but it will work," I assured Squire.

We made the date, and then Squire canceled out on me. When I get ready to go fishing I mean to go, and I went on anyway. I took my wife, Claire, with me, to give the Amazing Method a trial.

Claire and I intended going to a place named Walnut Log, but stopped for a moment to talk to a man standing in his yard in the Samburg community, and I asked if he could recommend a guide who was especially expert at the cane-pole system known as go-deviling.

"Oh, no," he said. "I'm a local boy. I was born and raised here. My brother-in-law is a guide. If I recommend anybody, then everybody I don't recommend will be mad at me."

The yard, it turned out, was that of the U. S. Fish & Wildlife Service headquarters, and the cautious man was Harwell Denton, clerk of the Reelfoot Refuge. While I stood there laughing with him over the intensities of the fishing and guiding business around Reelfoot Lake, another man walked up. Denton introduced him as Walden W. Fickle, assistant refuge manager.

I showed him the $15 lure which comes with the Amazing Method.

"Ah," he said. "A go-devil spinner! You could have bought a better one here for a dollar and a quarter. So you want to go go-devilin'. It's a way that will really catch them. Here the fish are kind of used to it, but you go-devil for bass in some lake up North, where the fish have never seen this, and they'll fall for it something pitiful."

"You consider it more effective than casting?"

"Why, there's been men here raised families catching bass go-deviling, back when it was legal to fish commercially."

"How long have they been fishing Reelfoot Lake like this?"

"Ah, that I wouldn't know. I came here in 1911 and that was the main way they fished here then. It's the most convenient way to fish a place like this where the water is full of stumps and trees."

"I've seen people here fishing this way, but never tried it. So it's really effective?"

"Oh, man! Bill Reed—he's dead now—he used to be a professional go-devil commerical fisherman. He'd fish all day that way and make a ticket, what we call make some money."

Press Lane, refuge manager, came up at this juncture.

"You want a guide?" Press Lane wasn't so hesitant about recommending one. "Any guide here knows go-deviling," he said. "Gardner Spicer is good. Elmer Bunch. They're men, not very talkative, but anything you want to know you can ask them. What you want them to tell you, you got to ask, but you'll get a truthful answer. Austin Fish is good, too. One of the three ought to be free tomorrow. Walden, go find the man a pusher."

We talked a little longer, standing there in the April sun. Walden Fickle recalled an advertising campaign of many years ago, when somebody was promoting a way of getting rid of wild onions. When the victim paid, the answer he had bought was a very true one: "Pull the onions up and burn them." Or how to get rid of Johnson grass: "Move off and leave it."

I mentioned Erik Fare's treatise on skittering.

"I'll be durned," Walden Fickle commented. "Fifteen dollars to find out how to go-devil! I thought everbody already knowed it."

Everybody looked the spinner over, as though the fact that it was an item in a $15 fishing method made it especially interesting. It was, they said, just like an old-time brand of spinner known as a Tip-Top. A Buell spin-

Advantage of long cane pole is that its lure can be worked into hard-to-reach spots that other anglers must pass by.

Doodle-socked largemouth bass is landed by only practical way—pole is backed off hand over hand to reach the fish.

ner had the same effect. Bill Nation, they said, made such a spinner locally.

I went back along the lake-shore street to Bill Nation's tourist court and boat-livery pier.

I showed him the $15 spinner and asked if he made one that was like it.

"Oh, no," he said. "I got to be careful. That thing might be patented. That-there is a Tip-Top spinner. They make them up North for trolling for northern pike, walleyes and bass. Down here we use it on top for go-devilin'. But it ain't a top-water lure. You got to hold it up on top. I made a few like them back during the war, when people couldn't get Tip-Top or J. T. Buell spinners. The Buell spinner has an air chamber."

Bill Nation got out his homemade spinner, picked up a pole which had been leaning against a cypress by the water's edge, and rigged up a go-deviling outfit. "You use just a foot of line, no more," he said. "The reason for the short line is the shorter your line, the closer you can get into brush. You don't need a pole over twelve to fourteen feet."

"The seller of the secret method says the pole must be painted green," I told him.

"Phooey. All a can of green paint would do would be to make the pole that much heavier. Go-devilin' is work, anyway. You want an overcast day so the fish don't see the shadow of the pole on the water. It's better if there is a little wind and a ripple on the water. Always fish it toward the sun. What a fish sees and runs from is your shadow, or the shadow of your pole."

Bill Nation rigged his pole for what he called go-deviling. I rigged mine, for what the seller of the method called "skittering." They were identical, except my pole, Bill Nation said, was too long. It would wear a man out to wield it all day.

Demonstrating, he ran his spinner along on the water, holding it on the surface with the short line. It made a rapid burpling sound. Imitating, [*Continued on page* 116]

BLUE WATER BATTLE

Back in the Twenties, two of the most perfect racing machines ever built fought for the America's Cup. The honor of two nations—and the dreams of old Tom Lipton—hung in the balance

■ Slowly, they stripped off the canvas that covered her. There she lay, naked and breathtakingly beautiful—one of the biggest sailing yachts ever built, and possibly the swiftest. She had cost three-quarters of a million dollars to build. She measured 110 feet from bow to stern, and she would need a 30-man crew to tame her. Even without her 175-foot mast and her 10,000 square

IN FIVE ROUNDS

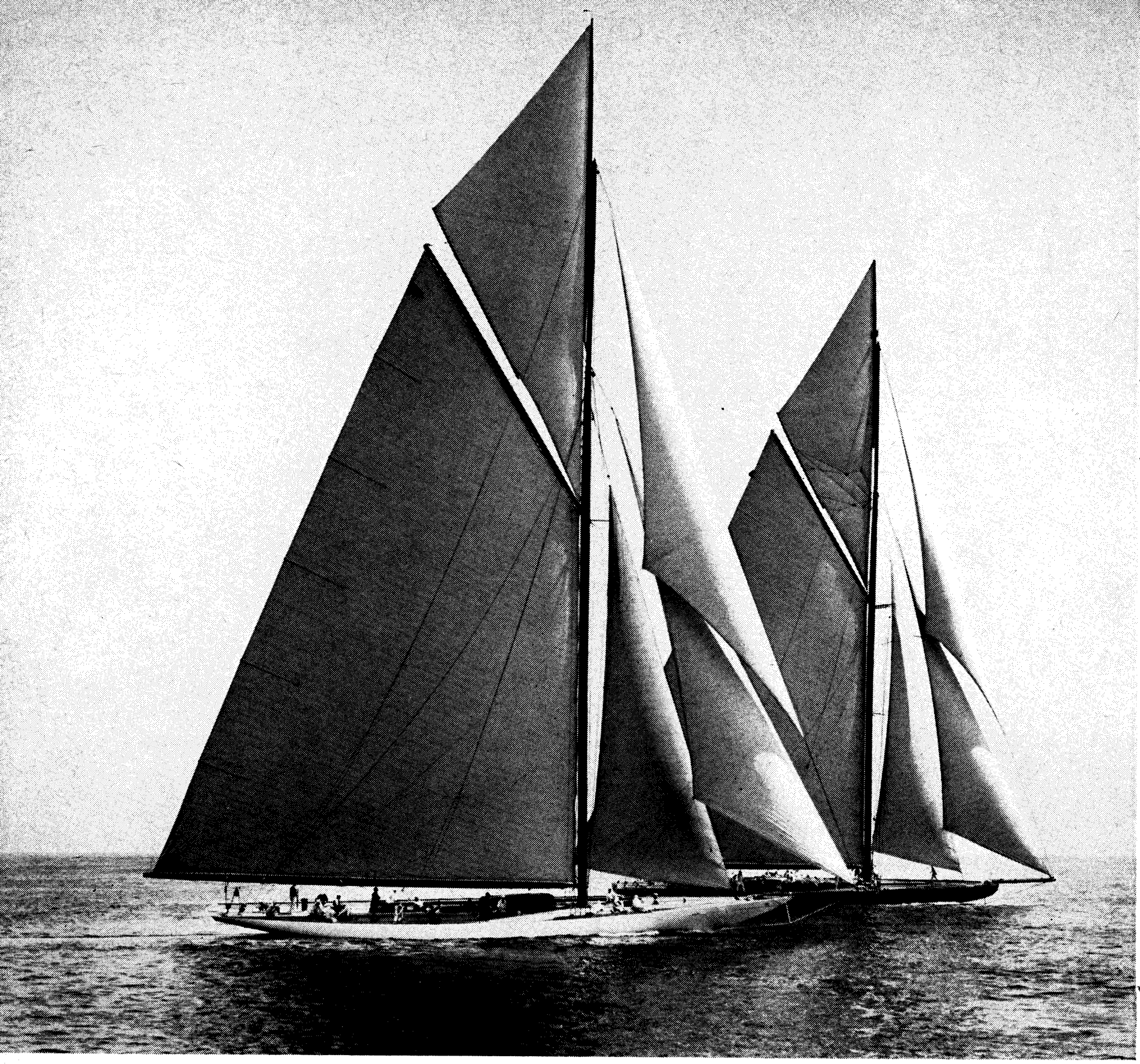
By MAX GUNTHER

feet of sail, she seemed to be straining forward on her cradle, yearning to leap out of the drydock and plunge into the sea. Her name was *Shamrock IV*.

The man who owned her stood wordless as he drank in her heroic beauty. He was Irish tea tycoon Thomas Johnstone Lipton, a big man with a big, genial face, a white walrus mustache and a microscopic goatee. He stared, hypnotized, at her sleek hull.

Next to Lipton in the drydock stood a dark, quiet, stockily built man named William Burton. Burton looked every inch the English aristocrat. His clothes were faultlessly tailored, he stood straight as an arrow. But there was no arrogance in his bearing. In his eyes were not only worship of this great green hull, but also something

Crew steps lively as *Shamrock IV*, England's challenger, surges toward the starting line.



close to fear. When she put to sea, Burton would be the *Shamrock's* skipper. It was a responsibility almost too big to face, the greatest challenge in his sailing career.

On Lipton's other side stood one of his best and oldest friends, a short, cherubic Scotsman named Sir Thomas Dewar. Like Lipton, Dewar was a wealthy man; he'd made his pile by supplying the world with a peculiarly delightful Scotch whisky. He, too, was struck dumb before the *Shamrock IV*. He pulled a flask from his pocket and offered it to Lipton.

The big man shook his head. "At a time like this," he said, hoarsely, "a man needs a cup of tea."

The great green sea-goddess had been built for a single, specific purpose: to hunt down and take home to England the Holy Grail of yachting, an ancient piece of silverware called the America's Cup. The *Shamrock IV* would succeed or fail in the space of two weeks. At the end of that time, her short life as a racing yacht would end; she would be refitted as a pleasure craft or scrapped. All the loving care and ingenuity of her design, all the huge expense of building and outfitting her—all were aimed at a single culmination a few weeks away, in July, 1920.

If she failed, more than $1 million were down the drain, together with years of work and aching hope.

The America's Cup is the prize in a running, bitterly fought contest—now more than a century old—between yachtsmen of England and the United States. The Cup itself is an ornate, bulbous jug about two feet tall. Melted down, its silver would bring perhaps $100. But since the first race in 1851, more than $30 million have been spent in its pursuit and defense.

As *Shamrock IV* was made ready for sea that summer, she carried a huge weight of responsibility. The pride of two great seafaring nations was at stake—and particularly

All canvas drawing well, U.S. *Resolute* trails *Shamrock* by slim margin in decisive, fifth race.

Affable Irish tea magnate Lipton sent five costly *Shamrocks* in quest of Cup.

Up for grabs again this summer, Cup is yachting's most coveted trophy.

Boston's Charles F. Adams, an amateur, skippered *Resolute* for the U.S.

the pride of England. For since the schooner *America* had first snagged the Cup in 1851, no Englishman, Irishman, Scot or Canadian had ever been able to win it back. Year after year, American yachts had sailed rings around the best that Great Britain could produce.

No Englishmen wanted the Cup back as badly as did old Tom Lipton. Lipton wanted it with a burning passion. He lay awake at night, thinking about it. He had Cup fever. It had first bitten him at the age of 48, and it gnawed at him still more fiercely now, at 70. He had bankrolled three other expeditions—three other *Shamrocks*—for the races of 1899, 1901 and 1903, and all of them had been beaten handily. Now, with *Shamrock IV*, he hoped to redeem himself and England. Throughout the early summer of 1920, there was almost nothing else on his mind. His vast tea empire could disintegrate: his mustache and goatee could turn chartreuse. He would be happy if he could have the Cup in his possession.

Lipton had originally issued his fourth Cup challenge in 1913. The New York Yacht Club, spokesman for U. S. yachtsmen in transatlantic parleys, had accepted the challenge, and the races were scheduled for the summer of 1914. *Shamrock IV* was built in 1913 and 1914. The rules stated that the challenger must cross the Atlantic under her own sail, as the *America* had done in 1851, and the *Shamrock* accordingly sailed from England. But then World War I postponed the races, and she was laid up at City Island, New York, for the war's duration.

Now the war was over, and the races were on again. *Shamrock IV*, after a six-year sleep, was ready to give her all for England.

When she put out to sea for practice spins off the New Jersey coast, American yachtsmen studied her carefully. She had been designed for Lipton [*Continued on page* 108]

THE BIG GUN'S

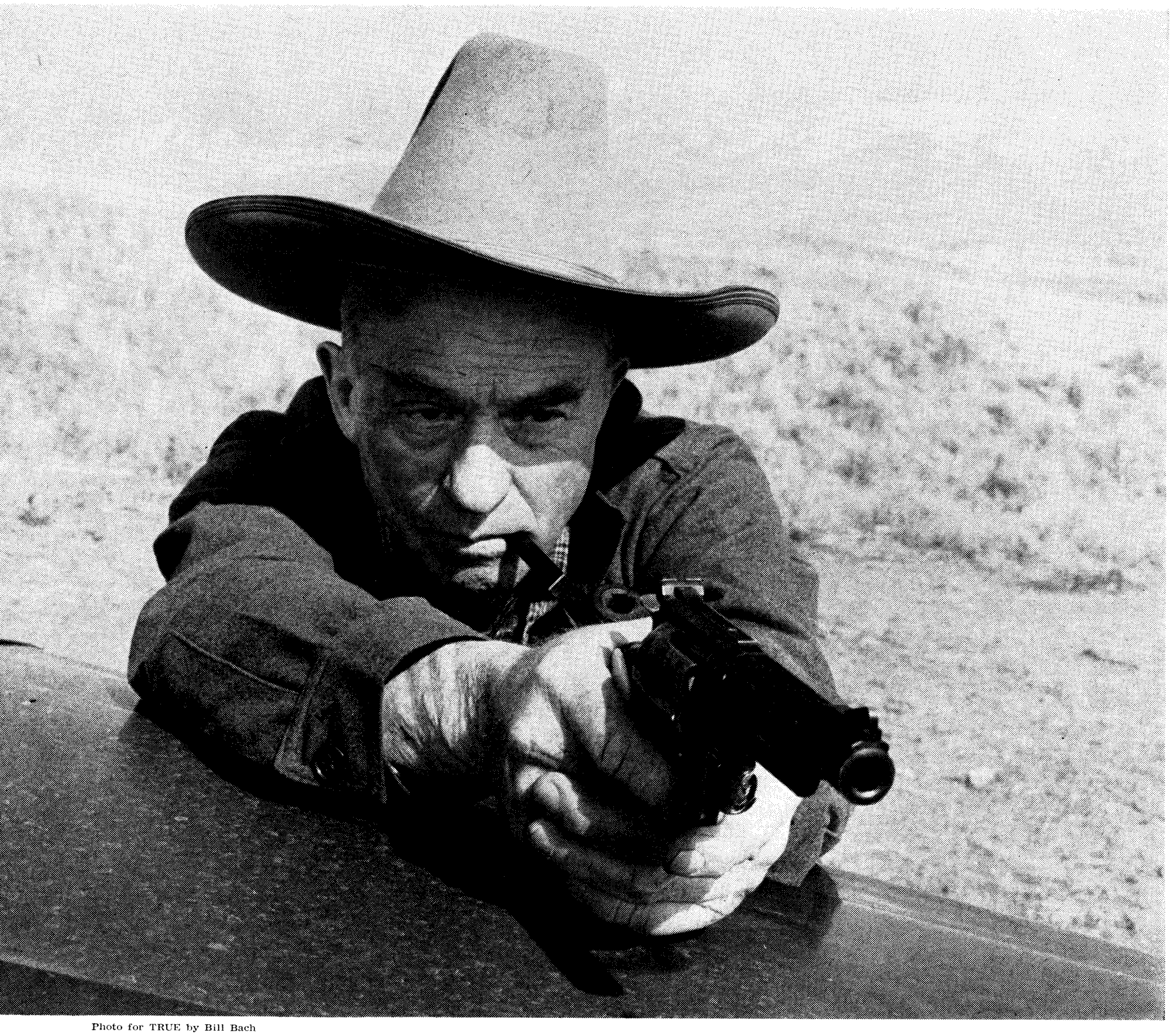


Photo for TRUE by Bill Bach

Elmer Keith wears a ten-gallon hat and packs a six-shooter. He'll talk your arm off on his pet subject— big-bore guns. You can understand his enthusiasm for them when he tells of the times a heavy handgun saved his life

By LUCIAN CARY

TRUE'S GUN EDITOR

The rodeo came to town and the promoter offered a prize of $50 to any two men who could throw, saddle and ride a bitch mule he had. Elmer Keith, aged 14, said to his pal, Jake: "I think we can win that money. You ride the mule out of the gate and come out fast. I'll rope her and we'll saddle her."

Elmer, a skinny kid who weighed all of 90 pounds, waited in the ring, rope in hand, pigging strings in his mouth, and looking pretty grim. Jake, riding the mule with a saddle blanket and driving his heels against her flanks, came out fast. Elmer's loop caught the mule's forefeet. Elmer dug his heels in, the mule came down and they hog-tied it. When they had pried her up with a piece of scantling and got the saddle on her and taken off the pigging strings they both got aboard and rode the mule around the ring until she was tired.

The two boys waited for the promoter to hand over the $50. But he refused; he said he hadn't meant for both boys to ride the mule. At this point the cowboys who were riding in the rodeo came boiling out and in short order the boys got their money.

Elmer went downtown where he had seen the gun he most wanted. He had been shooting guns—a cap-and-ball Colt Navy revolver, a .22 rifle, and shotguns since he was six years old. But he had never shot that most popular of all western revolvers—a Colt single action. He bought a long-barreled one in .32-20 caliber for $15.75. He sat for most of a day in a harness shop while the harnessmaker made a belt and a holster. Then he spent the rest of his money for ammunition. Thus, at 14, Elmer Keith was well on his way to living the American boy's dream of becoming a cowboy, a man who could ride anything on four legs and be a gun slinger.

Elmer Keith is no longer a skinny kid, unknown to fame. At 58 he is a broad-shouldered, solidly built man with a craglike head. Part of the craggy effect is due to his eyebrows, either one of which would serve as a full mustache for an ordinary man, and part to the heavy scars he got when he was almost burned to death as a small boy. He has been a cow poke, a bronc stomper, a rancher, a trapper, a guide, a hunter of big game from Mexico to Alaska, and the leading advocate in print of big-bore rifles, pistols and shotguns.

Keith lives in Salmon, Idaho, a small town a long piece from a railway, on the wild Salmon River and on the edge of some of the most primitive country in the U. S. It was in Salmon that the schoolteacher told her 10-year-old pupils that they should eat liver once a week. A small boy (Keith) got up and said, "But my daddy can't kill an elk once a week."

It didn't occur to him that you could buy meat. In Salmon, a man is supposed to *kill* his winter meat. And I don't doubt that today Elmer Keith has steelhead trout, ducks, geese, pheasants, grouse, and cuts of mule deer, elk, antelope and maybe a haunch of mountain sheep in his deep freeze.

They say that one fall Elmer Keith was in the East until after the elk season. When he came into town with an elk the game warden asked if he hadn't killed it out of season. Elmer said, "You know I wasn't here during the season—what do you expect?" The game warden agreed that this was a sound answer. I must add that I wasn't there and maybe this is just another of those stories they tell about Elmer Keith.

There is no question that Keith married the schoolteacher, same as any cowboy. Not that he ever called himself a cowboy. He was a cow poke. He and his wife have a son, Ted, who is now in college. Keith gave up ranching long ago because ranching took up so much of his time, leaving too little for guns which are his lifetime passion.

Keith tried hard to get a commission in World War II without success. So he served as an inspector at a government arsenal in Ogden, Utah. He led a rugged life there. For one period of two months he tested 12 gauge repeating shotguns loaded with buckshot. He fired from 750 to 1,250 rounds every day for two months. Few men could take that much pounding. But Keith is indifferent to recoil and thinks every one else should be. He wants power and says, "Forget about the kick—it's mostly psychological."

To Keith such favorite rifles as the .270 and the .30-06 are inadequate for any game bigger than caribou. He regards the .357 Magnum revolver as just barely powerful enough to stop a man. And he prefers a 10-gauge Magnum shotgun using two ounces of shot for killing ducks to anything less.

Such a man is inevitably the subject of legend. The first story I ever heard about Keith was one told of a trip he made to Washington, D.C., in order to attend a convention of the National Rifle Association. The story was that he couldn't endure the confinement of a hotel and insisted on taking his bedroll out to Rock Creek Park where he could sleep in the open. I am sorry that I can't confirm this story. When I spent the better part of several days with Keith last spring he was quite at home in Washington's Shoreham Hotel.

The next story I heard was that Keith, not satisfied with the usual ten-gallon Western hat, always wore a twenty-gallon job. The hat he was wearing in Washington was no bigger than is usual in Denver, Colorado, or Helena, Montana. Maybe he left his big hat at home. A third story was that Keith complained of feeling undressed unless he had a heavy revolver on his hip. This is likely enough. Keith has been wearing a revolver since that mule ride when he was 14. But when I saw him in Washington he was keeping his .44 Magnum Smith & Wesson in his hotel room out of respect for local custom.

Keith is not only a legendary figure but a highly controversial one. He has gained wide following from here to Nairobi through his

continued

on next page

Keith with part of his collection, including a rare cased Colt Dragoon (front). He bought first Colt at 14.

THE BIG GUN'S LOUDEST BOOMER

articles, his books, and his world-wide correspondence. He has been answering questions about guns for more than 20 years. Few men have had wider experience with revolvers in the field, or with rifles. He has killed something like 130 head of big game and as a guide he has been in on the kill of as many more. When he talks he is talking out of experience and he is always gaining more. He has recently returned from his first African safari.

Keith has never lost his ardent interest in revolvers. He always wanted power. For many years he handloaded revolver cartridges to much higher power than commercial cartridges offered. The .44 Special became his favorite. This cartridge is slightly longer than the .44 Russian that was the favorite target cartridge in the 1880's and 1890's, the one used by Ira Paine and the Bennett brothers in their 100-shot matches at 50 yards—the one that established the possibility of good shooting with a revolver. However, the ammunition companies have always loaded the .44 special with the same bullets to the same moderate velocities as the .44 Russian.

Keith designed several bullets for the .44 and had molds made for them by Belding and Mull and by Lyman. He drove these bullets at far higher velocities than the factory loads. He conducted a long campaign to persuade Smith & Wesson to produce a revolver in .44 caliber that would equal or surpass his handloads in power. And he finally succeeded—Smith & Wesson now make the .44 Magnum revolver, most powerful in the world. Ruger also makes one. Keith did not design the cartridge Remington developed in .44 Magnum, but almost singlehanded, he brought it about.

Why did Keith want so much power in a revolver? I don't. I know I can't handle it. Few men can. But Keith feels there are times when the power of the .44 Magnum is needed. He can tell several stories of times when a heavily loaded revolver saved his life. Not in gun fights—rather in his work as a cow poke and hunter.

Several of his stories are included in the big $10 book which is entitled *Sixguns by Keith*. Once, looking for stray cattle, he found a longhorn cow bogged in the mud. Keith roped her and dragged her out. The beast was ungrateful. When Keith got off his horse she charged him, got one horn between his legs and tossed him into the mud. Then she went after him. Keith had to shoot her.

Another time Keith was roping cows that had strayed. He and his pal were branding the cows in the open. Elmer roped a big cow with long and sharp horns and then threw the rope over her rump and spurred his horse

Keith's dictum on hunting rifles:

in order to throw her. The horse didn't respond but fought its head and Keith found himself tied to his saddle with his rope. The cow charged and put a horn through the horse's heart. When the horse fell one of Keith's legs was caught under him. The cow charged again and Keith shot her.

Keith made a business of breaking horses for local outfits at $5 apiece. He was proud of his ability to ride anything and he says he more than once rode a hundred miles to prove that a horse with a reputation for throwing any man who forked him could be ridden. He was riding a big outlaw when the horse put a foot in a badger hole, did a couple of somersaults and came up kicking. Keith was hung by a spur in front of his stirrup leather and could not get free. But—as usual—Keith had a revolver with heavy handloads in his holster. He started shooting as he was dragged along the ground. The third shot broke the horse's back though it did not kill it instantly. Keith had to put a fourth shot in the horse's brain.

Another time, having shot a bull elk, Keith prodded the animal with his rifle to see if it was dead. The bull came alive, caught Keith with its horns and tossed him down the mountain. His rifle went flying but he still had his six-gun. His second shot killed the elk.

Keith has killed 18 head of big game with a six-gun through one circumstance or another. But he is not in favor of hunting big game with a revolver. He wants a powerful rifle—one more powerful than most hunters consider necessary. He has pounded away on that subject for years—in magazine articles, in a little book on big-game rifles he wrote 20 years ago and again in a big book—*Keith's Rifles for Large Game*.

"The .30-06 is the most overrated of our big-game cartridges," Keith says.

This statement is a come-on—a challenge. If you remark that the .30-06 has long been one of the most popular big-game cartridges among knowledgeable men, you will get a quick answer.

"It hadn't ought to be. It's a good cartridge for our lighter game—for whitetail or mule deer or even for caribou, though there are better ones even among commercial cartridges. The .300 Magnum is a better long-range cartridge because of its higher velocity. The .30-06 doesn't have enough velocity to open up the bullet beyond 400 yards."

If you, like me, have never shot a deer beyond 400 yards and wouldn't care to try one beyond 300, you sit tight. How are you going to hold up your end against a man who has killed an antelope at 450 yards, mule deer at 500 and an eagle at 600? Besides, Keith is plainly winding up for a fast pitch.

"The men who think the .30-06 is a big gun don't know," Keith says. "It is not a big gun. It is not big enough for elk. I tried it. I've seen other men try it. And I've heard from many men who have tried it."

You may know that Stewart Edward White killed 36 lions in Africa with a .30-06. You may know that Grancel Fitz, who has hunted for record-size trophies from Mexico to the arctic and has killed Alaskan brown bear, polar bear and walrus, uses nothing but a .30-06. You may know, too, that Col. Townsend Whelen, who has killed 110 head of big game and had reports from hundreds of big-game hunters, says: "The .30-06 is never a mistake." But you haven't a chance with Elmer Keith.

"I saw a man shoot at three black bears with a .30-06 in one day. He hit them all close behind the shoulders. Two

of them got away. And the third one would have got away if I hadn't shot it with my .334."

(More about that .334 later—it is a wildcat cartridge developing killing power, in Keith's opinion, equal to the commercial .375 Magnum.)

"Two friends of mine," Keith continues, "using a .300 Magnum and a .30-06 put nine bullets in the chest of a big bull elk before they bagged him. I once watched a man shoot three bull elk with a .30-06 as they were crossing an opening at around 100 yards. He killed the first bull with a second shot. But he didn't know this at the time. He went on shooting at the next two—thinking there was only one elk. The second and third elk ran away. I trailed the second one and found him dead and sour the next day. The following year I found the bones of the third elk."

You may know that Charles Sheldon, hunting 50 years ago, killed between 500 and 600 head of big game, including between 70 and 80 grizzly and Alaskan brown bears, with a .256 rifle shooting a bullet of 160 grains at the moderate muzzle velocity of 2,300 foot seconds. But you had better not say so. Keith rates that cartridge as having about two thirds the killing power of the .30-06. You may, however, mention the .300 Magnum.

"The .300 Magnum is the best commercial cartridge for long-range shooting at our lighter game," Keith says. "I have killed black bear, grizzly bear, caribou, elk, five mountain sheep, a mountain goat and I wouldn't know how many eagles and coyotes with it. And I have seen it used by men I have guided. It is extremely accurate and has a very flat trajectory. But it is not the cartridge for killing big bears or elk.

"I have seen 200 elk killed and I have killed 30 myself. I do not want a rifle for elk, grizzly or moose of less than .33 caliber shooting a bullet of less than 250 grains. On a broadside shot the bullet must go clear through the animal. If the bullet won't go through broadside how can it penetrate into the vital part of an animal on a rear raking shot? It just won't."

I remembered that Bill Forgett has, in his work for the Colorado Game and Fish Department, tried a number of different calibers on elk. His final choice is the .270 130-grain, largely because of its flat trajectory. He has killed several hundred elk with it. But I knew what Keith would say. He would say: "A fine shot with a lot of experience on game can do things that no novice can do."

Keith considers it unsportsmanlike to shoot at big game with an inadequate rifle. So do I. And Keith has some unhappy memories of trailing wounded elk all day—sometimes in deep snow. He didn't like it. Neither would I.

Keith says: "The only commer- [*Continued on page* 117]

On African safari recently, Keith killed this greater kudu with one shot from .333 OKH, a cartridge he helped develop.

MUSTANG

Fifty years ago the hide hunters wiped out the American buffalo. Today, the cat food manufacturers are about to do the same thing to the West's wild horse

NEVADA

Four men stood on the sun-cracked surface of the Nevada lake bed and waited. Two trucks were parked nearby; one loaded with coils of rope and old rubber tires, the other empty but equipped with high side boards. The men stood silent. They had been waiting in the sun for a long time and they had grown impatient. Suddenly one of the men lifted his eyes and swung his binoculars to the sky. The drone of a light plane could be heard. The men grinned at each other and walked over to the flat-bed truck and started the engine.

The plane came nearer, preceded by a swirl of white alkaline dust kicked up by a fleeing herd of mustangs running headlong across the open country. One horse bolted and wheeled away from the group but the plane maneuvered him back, sweeping low like a prodding vulture.

With an expert roper strapped to the cab of the truck, the driver streaked after the wildly-running horses. A rope shot out and jerked tight around a stallion's neck, at the same time pulling one of the rubber tires from the truck bed. The terrified mustang reared and plunged to free himself of the rope and tire, but he was exhausted from the long chase and he soon lowered his head in defeat. Horse after horse was roped and anchored in the same way. Sides heaving, blood running from their nostrils, the mustangs fought until they could fight no more.

Next, the horses were again roped to be thrown to the ground and trussed. Then they were dragged up into the high-sided truck and prodded to their feet by the cursing men. Jammed in the truck like so many sardines, the mustangs started on a long waterless ride to Reno. The horses were unloaded from the truck at the rendering plant and quickly turned into dog and cat food.

This kind of organized slaughter was, until recently, slowly wiping out the few remaining wild horses left on America's open range. Then, in 1952, the inhumanity of it all prompted a small group of ranchers in Storey County, Nevada, to take action. Word had leaked that a group of horsemeat hunters had made application to the Board of County Commissioners to run horses out of the hills.

More than 50 Nevadans appeared at the hearings, many giving wrathful accounts of air roundups they had witnessed over the years. (One of the most outspoken members of the opposition was a hardy little ranch wife named Velma Johnston—who also gets credit for calling the story to TRUE's attention. Her efforts to protect the mustangs were—and are—so intense that friends and enemies alike now refer to her as "Wild Horse Annie.")

The board denied permission to the slaughterers after testimony had been heard.

Idaho has no laws whatsoever for the protection of wild horses and anyone may round up mustangs at will and dispose of them in any manner.

New Mexico and Arizona make it illegal to round up wild horses without posting a bond first: then the horses must be sold at a state-supervised auction to the highest bidder. If the bidder happens to be a rendering plant, then Fido feasts on mustang.

Colorado puts a stiff fine and a maximum one-year prison sentence on anybody caught rounding up wild horses without a permit. But *with* a permit, horses can be caught and

Photographs by GUS BUNDY

MURDER

Mustang fights a furious battle against the choking rope thrown from truck.

sold to the highest bidder no matter who he is.

The most astounding information comes from Utah. In a letter to TRUE, Utah's Fish and Game Department states:

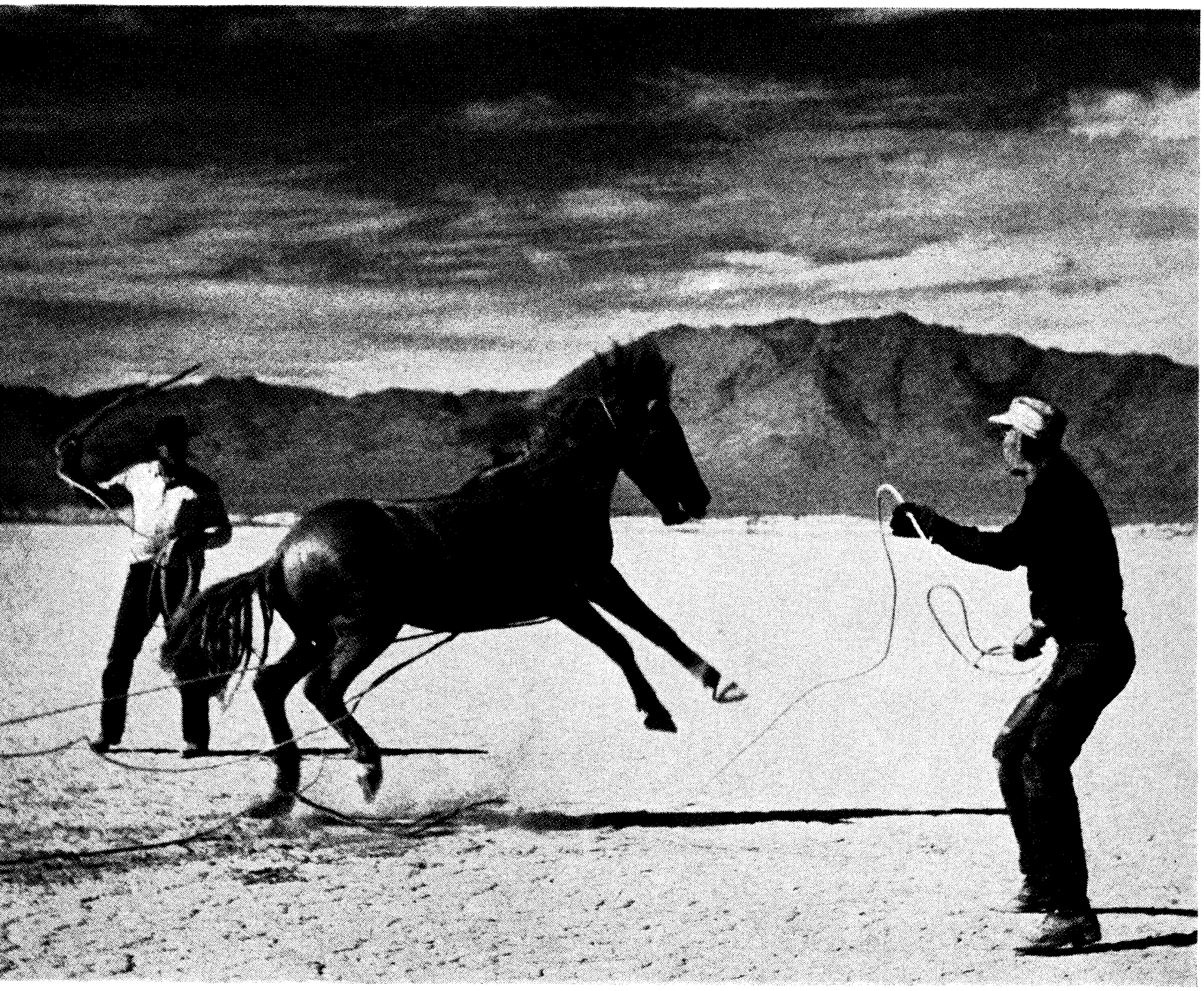
"Any animals not branded after they are 18 months of age become the property of the various counties in which they roam. . . It is not difficult for livestock interests to apply a little pressure to the various county commissions and get the authorization to remove the wild horses. Large herds have been killed on the range and left lying there. Many have been made use of by shipping them to canning centers where they have been prepared as food for small animals and one plant under government supervision has canned them for human consumption in some foreign lands."

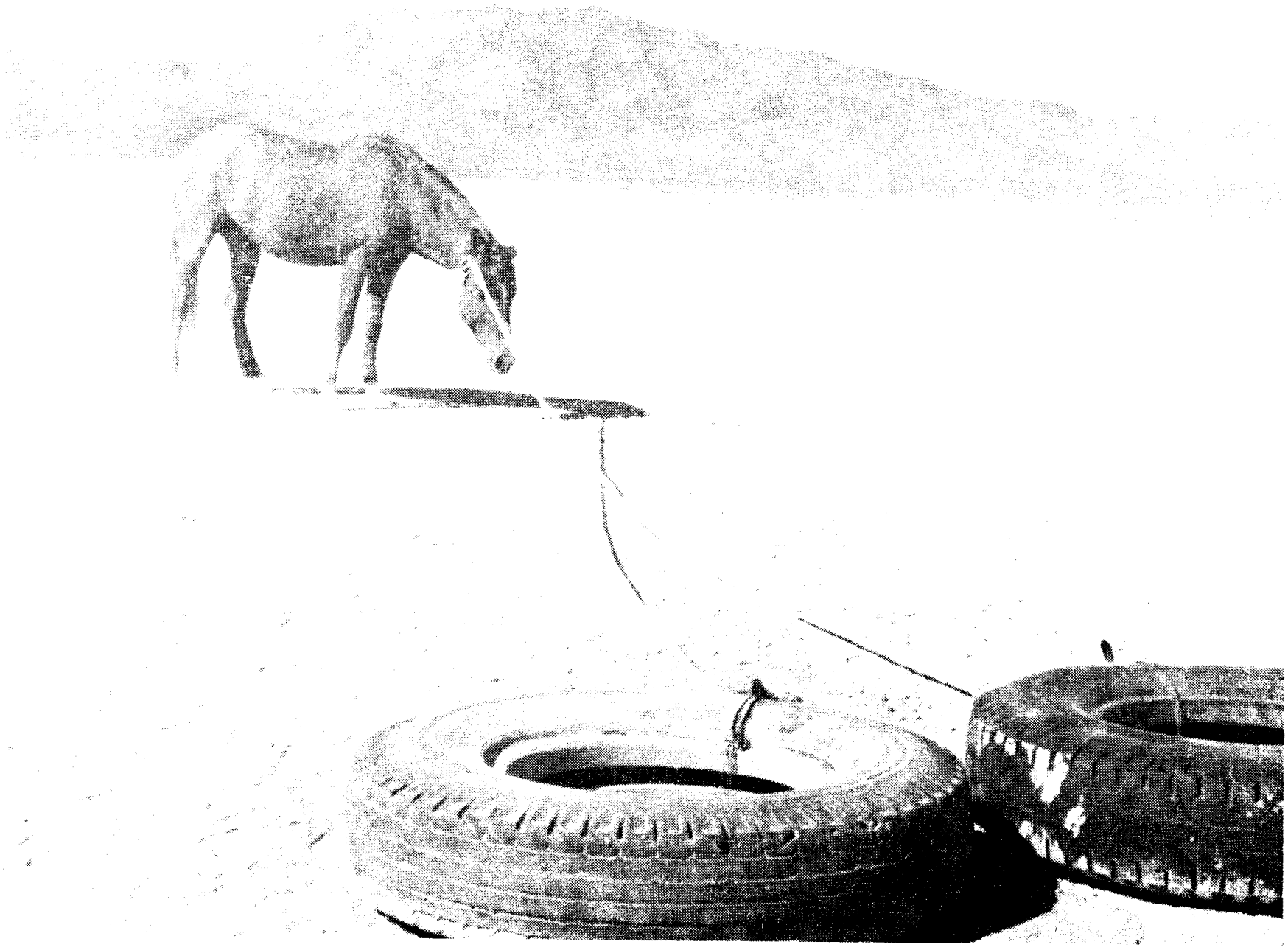
Strangest of all, the U.S. Government—which controls the federal lands where many of the horses are to be found—has no laws for the protection of wild horses. The whole matter is left up to state authorities. In fact, in 1945 the Bureau of Land Management was paying trappers $3 per head to round up mavericks in Wyoming and remove them from the range.

However, unless new legislation is enacted on both levels of government, there soon won't be any mustangs left in America to worry about. ■

Airborne rustlers plan strategy in assault on mustangs. One truck is already loaded with hapless horses.

Fighting mustang, already half-shackled, is about to be roped again and thrown to the ground by tormentors.





Defeated horse, anchored to ground by tires, awaits his doom. Scenes like these are common throughout the West.

Once-proud mustang, overpowered by his captors, is hauled up ramp to truck for the long ride to cannery.

The Continental Carat Cooker

Even the experts admitted that Henri's homemade diamonds were perfect. After they'd paid him a half million dollars, they found out why

By ALAN HYND and A. I. SCHUTZER

The small, dapper Frenchman with the cherubic face, the guileless blue eyes and the slicked-down hair, picked his way through a London pea-soup fog that afternoon in January, 1905 and, making his way up a flight of stairs to the office of Henry Feldenheimer, one of the city's most prominent diamond merchants, raised the curtain on one of the most singular confidence games in the history of criminal misrepresentation.

Seating himself in a big oak chair, a small velvet bag clutched in his right hand, Henri Lemoine, a few months out of a French prison, smiled blandly across the expanses of a desk at his prospective victim. "You have brought them?" asked Feldenheimer, a large, austere man with a bald head, large nose and muddy brown eyes.

Lemoine nodded, opened the bag and handed Feldenheimer six small uncut diamonds, about a carat each. The merchant fingered the stones, [*Continued on page* 90]

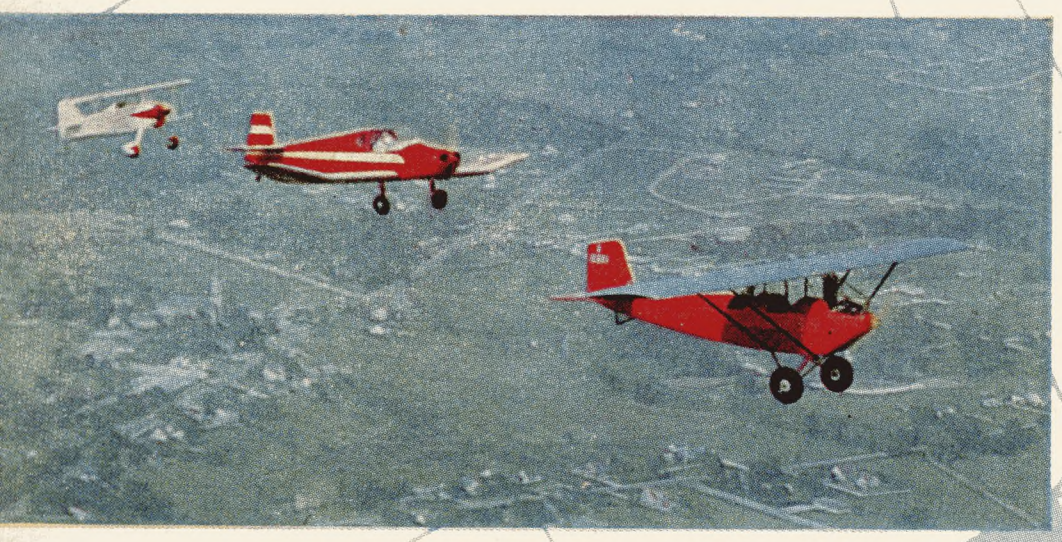
Illustrated by JAMES BINGHAM

Lemoine beamed at his shocked guests, then dug into the pot and pulled out a perfect diamond.

Photographed for TRUE by ROBERT HALMI

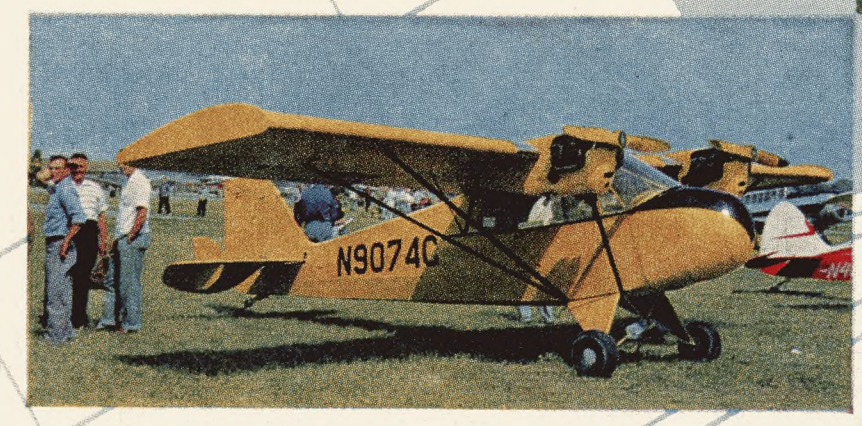
The Jodel "Club," all-wood two-seater of French design is handiwork of USAF Sgt. Rene Durenbleau.

Trim, colorful biplane—"Little Toot"—was designed and built by George W. Meyer.

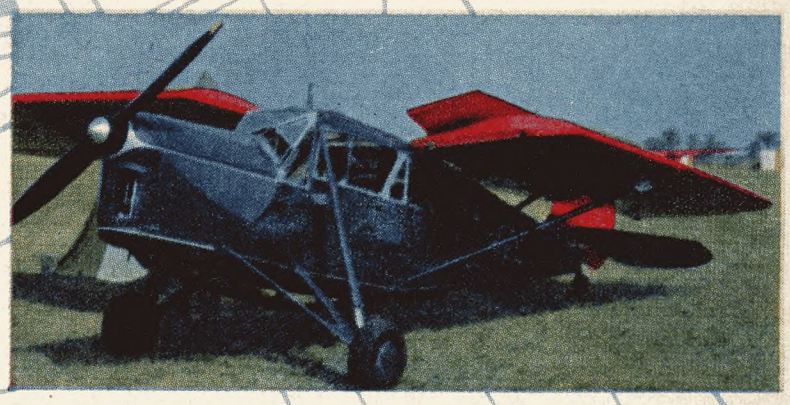


Lead plane is restored Pietenpol "Air Camper," 1930 model, powered by Ford Model-A engine.

Leland D. Bryan's unique plane, at home on road or in sky. More pictures page 64.

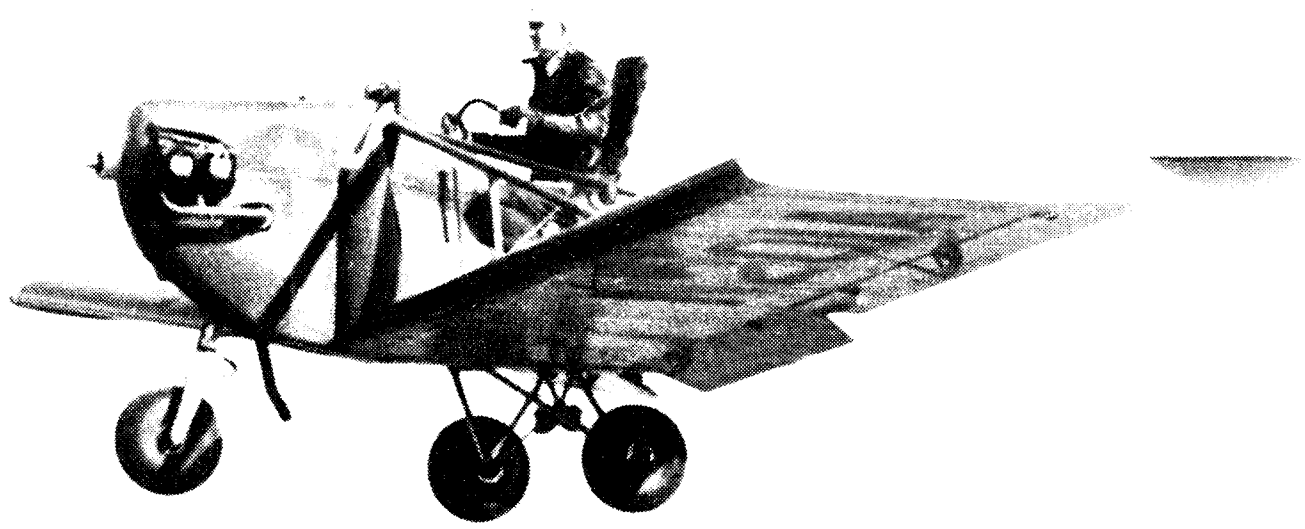


Two 65-hp engines give Irv Miller's "Twin" exceptionally good flight characteristics. Cost to build: $850.



Canadian Bruce Smith's DeHavilland "Puss Moth"—a design built in the 30's.

"Yellow Jacket" (rear), first home-built by Bruce Pitt, can do 150 mph.



This amazing contraption is called the Fly-cycle. Pilot straddles it like a motorcycle and operates controls by handlebars. Farmer Lawrence Farnham says his home-built makes a wonderful cropduster.

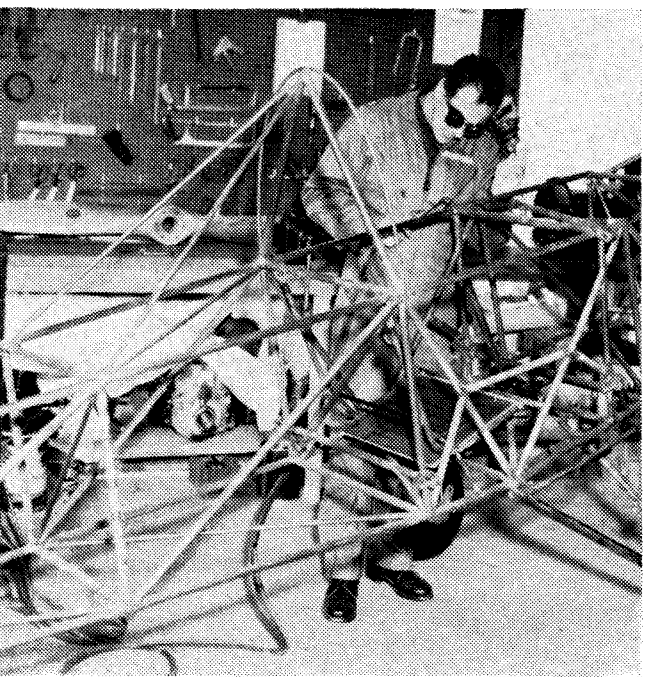
Why mess around with bird houses and book ends when you could be building your own airplane? A big and not-so-wacky group is doing it every day—and with Uncle Sam's blessing

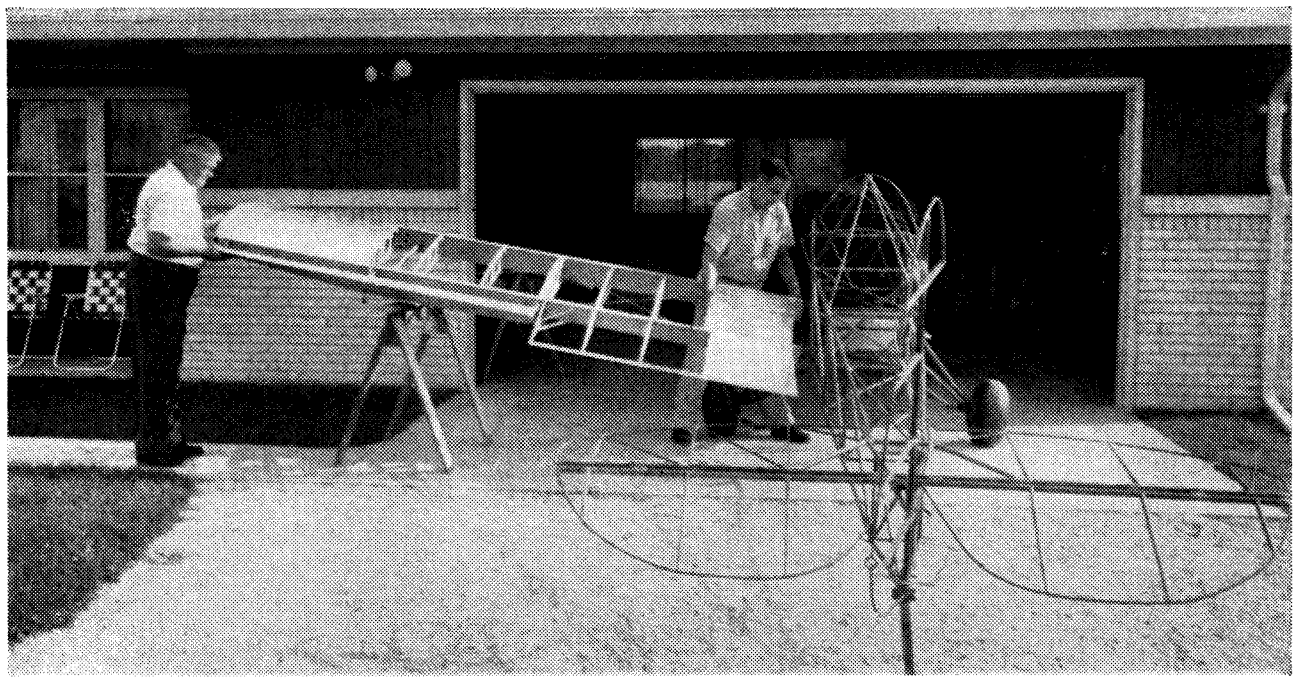
By DAN PAONESSA

One of the more impressive developments in do-it-yourself circles is an organization known as EAA—Experimental Aircraft Association. Founded in the winter of 1953 by Paul Poberezny and a few friends in Hales Corners, Wisconsin, the group now boasts 3,500 members all over the world, from Egypt to Hawaii, Africa to New Zealand. These amateur plane builders design, construct and fly their own aircraft—impressive home-builts that range from fixed-winged light planes and gliders to jets and helicopters.

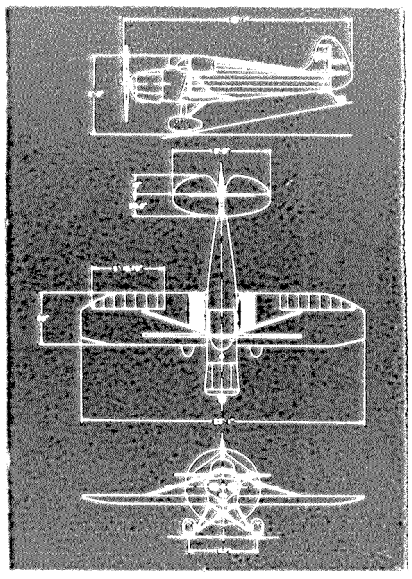
Head of the organization is 35-year-old Paul Poberezny, a full time maintainence officer of the Wisconsin Air National Guard wing. He's built half a dozen planes, some for as little as $500. Like many of the home-builders, once he dreamed up a new design for an experimental aircraft he'd sell the plane he had at the moment and start work on the next.

As with all experimental craft, home-builts are carefully supervised by the Civil Aeronautics Authority while they are under construction, and are tested rigorously before they are certified. But the originality of some of the EAA's licensed air-





EAA President Paul Poberezny (left) welds fuselage of his latest aircraft, the Pober Sport (see drawing below), then. . .



Wings for BACKYARD EAGLES

craft would curl the hair of many land-bound observers.

Two West Coast members once decided to build a plane so light it could be hoisted to a man's shoulders and toted off the field. Named the "Wee-Bee," the miniature craft weighs in at 210 pounds. Although it flies with the effortless grace of a tree-leaf, there is one hitch: when it's on the ground the "Wee-Bee" has to be anchored to prevent it from taking off and flying by itself.

Another member, Lawrence Farnham of Fort Collins, Colorado, came up with a wild notion to construct a sort of flying work-horse for his farm. The result is a fantastic machine he calls the Fly-cycle. It is powered by a 75-horsepower Continental engine, and he flies it astraddle like a motorcycle and operates it by handlebars. Farmers from nearby fields gape with astonishment as Farnham roars by, 50 feet off the ground, in his strange device. But combining as it does the best features of a horse, motorcycle and light plane, it makes one hell of a cropduster.

To those people who observe that the wild blue yonder is becoming cluttered with weirdies that resemble things from outer space, Poberezny says, "There isn't anything nuts about these designs. Unique, sure—but they all have to be airworthy. The CAA wouldn't let them get off the ground if they weren't."

One of the Experimental Aircraft Association's biggest jobs is to make flying a sport, instead of a rich man's hobby. "Flying today is way out of range for the guy in the middle income bracket," Poberezny maintains. "There's the cost of the lessons, the cost of a factory-built craft, plus hangar rent in private airports. So the ideal solution is to build your own job and tow it back to the garage when you're not flying. Maybe our group won't make the skies black with home-builts, but I think somebody will come up with a new design or idea that *will* revolutionize private flying."

While Poberezny's future plans for the EAA home-builders may sound surrealistic to some, it is generally conceded that when it comes to planes Paul knows what he's talking about. He was awarded a memorial plaque by the Billy Mitchell squadron of the Air Force Association, and the general's sister stated, on behalf of the squadron, that Poberezny had become one of the "nation's greatest fliers."

Paul's fascination for flying dates back to the days when he was a school kid. When most boys his age were busily perusing the history of the Speedwell Boys, Paul's cherished reading was an old dog-eared glider manual.

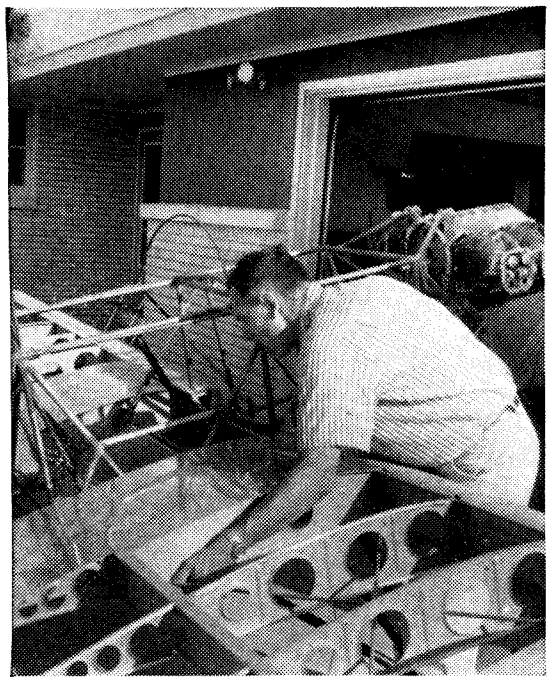
By the time he was 16, Paul was flying something which was politely called a primary glider. Actually, it was a basic frame, looking like an oversized plank, towed by winch and truck. But it got him in the air, and that was all he wanted.

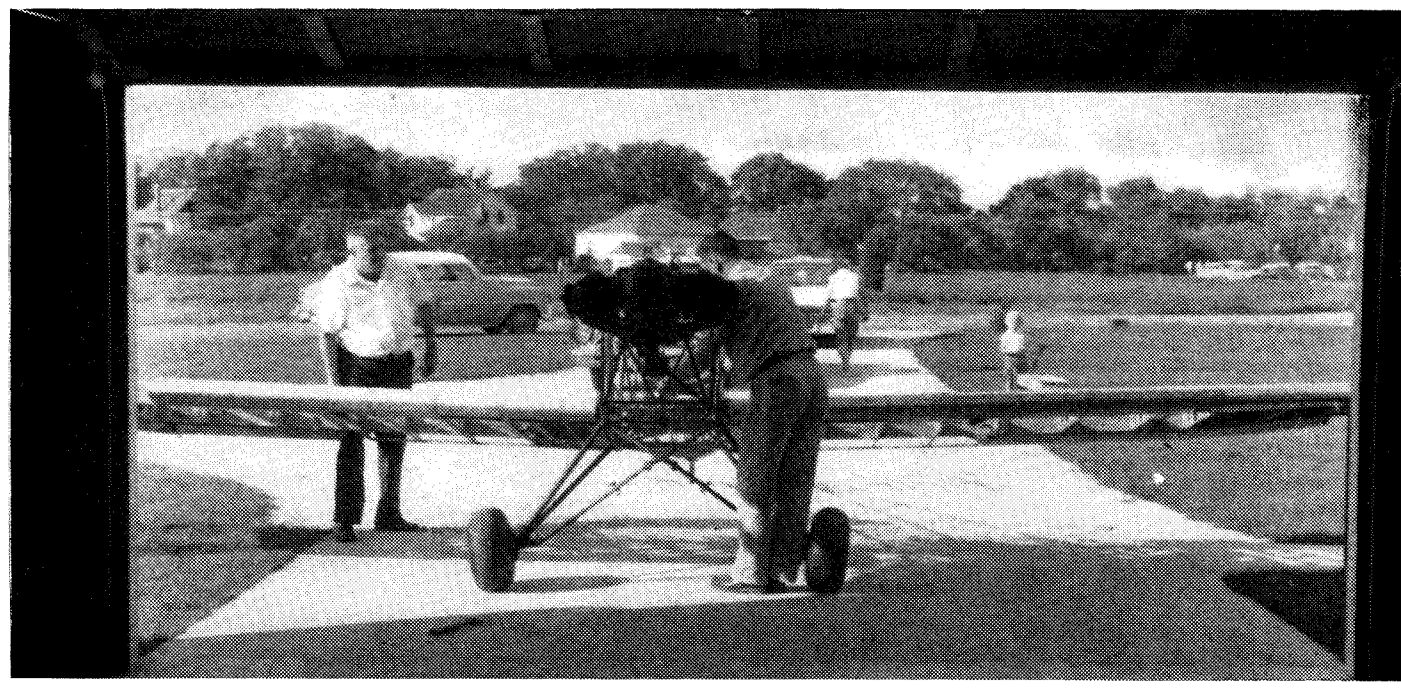
Within a year, he had switched to power and carried a pilot's license. What's more, he had scraped together his savings to purchase his own plane—an American Eagle biplane, powered by a weary OX-5 left over from World War I. Paul lovingly pulled the crate apart piece by piece, patiently reassembled it, and flew it. He didn't bother to get the Eagle licensed, figuring no one in his right mind would have dared to certify a flying machine of such ancient vintage.

When World War II came along, Paul became a civilian instructor in an Arkansas primary flying school. Later he graduated to ferrying P-39s for the government. After the war he stayed on with the Air National Guard Wing and saw action in Korea. But after Korea, Paul felt like a beached sea gull, until he and a few of his friends came up with the idea of forming their own flying club and possibly building their own planes.

The idea of tooling out your own aircraft at home was nothing new. Enthusiastic fliers who had survived the flying coffins of World War I used to buy surplus Jennys in crates, assemble and fly them as a sport.

In the early 30's an enterprising man named O. G. Corben formed a small company in Madison, Wisconsin, which sold kits of sport planes in three designs, complete with Model A Ford engines. Corben's kits created a fantastic demand among the small group of home-builders, particularly the kits for a beautiful light plane called the Baby Ace. But the growing hobby was slowly throttled by the increasingly tight regulations imposed by state aeronautical commissions. When the CAA came into being in 1938, most of the home-builders gave up, except for a few intrepid bootleggers. Corben quietly folded his company and moved to Florida.





. . .with the help of friend Oscar Lintner he fits the wings on his plane. Wings are popular, fabric-covered Luscombes.

Since the construction of experimental aircraft had been the backbone of American aviation history, the CAA took stock of the red tape that was killing the interest and enthusiasm in non-commercial flying. In 1948 it revised its strict regulations and gave experimental licenses to tested home-builts.

There was little home aircraft engineering, but Paul Poberezny felt there was plenty of interest around the country, and if some group spear-headed a movement, home-building would again become a sport. He and his friends kicked the idea around for awhile, discussing ways of getting a club rolling.

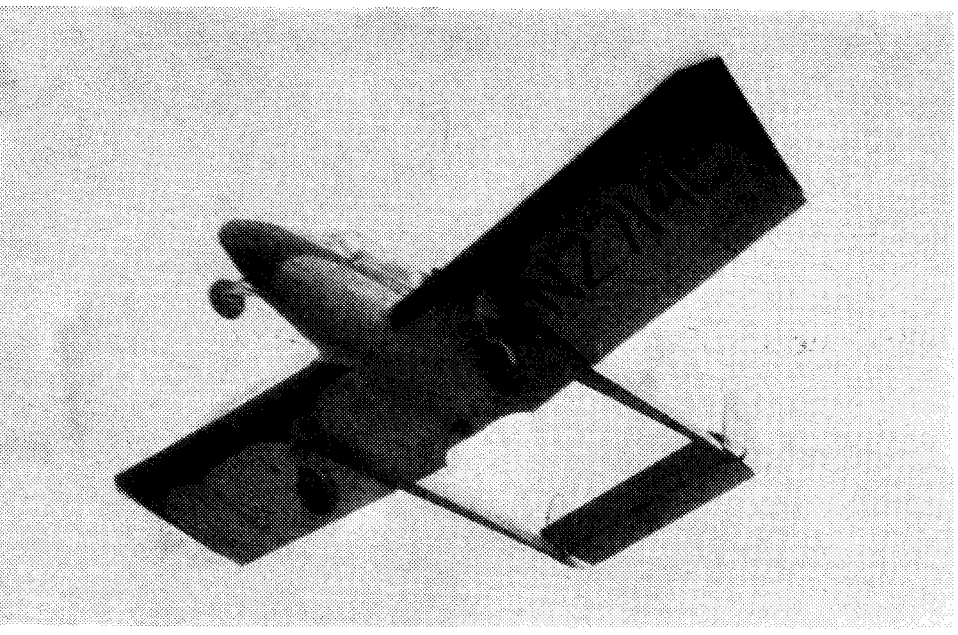
"It would be terrific," Paul said, "if we could dig up the plans to a couple of Corben's sports planes. They'd be simple to build and easy to fly." After the Corben company had folded the plans were lost.

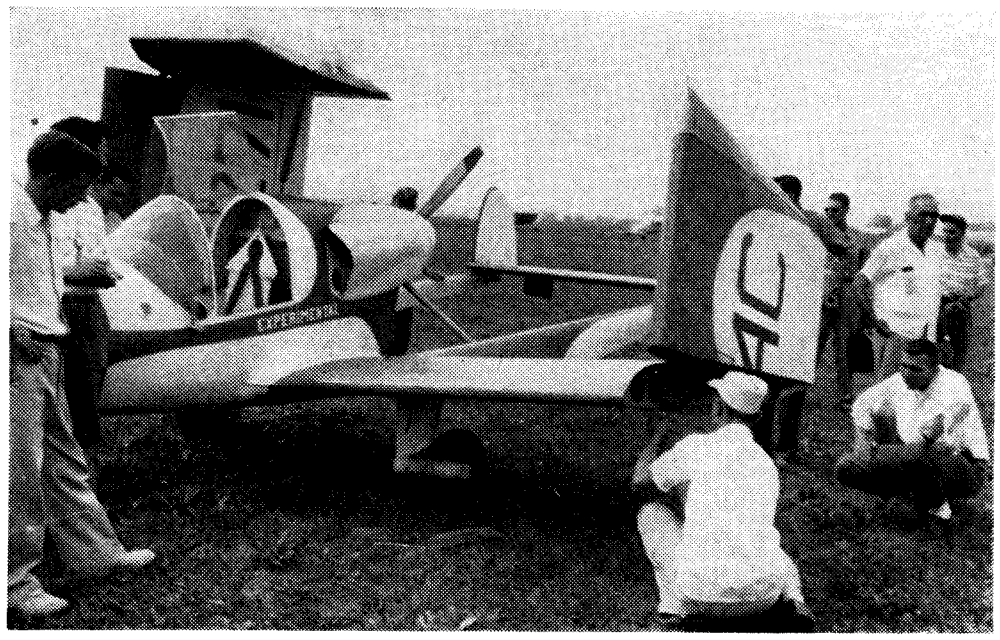
Paul recalled a rumor he'd heard from an old-timer flier in Madison—a rumor that Corben had stored some equipment in a barn near Truex Field. It was a fantastic notion, Paul thought, but maybe if he could find the barn and fish among the rusted junk he just might come up with enough ideas to be able to redesign a plane along the lines of a Baby Ace.

He borrowed a P-51 Mustang fighter one day and flew over to Madison. After some sleuthing he finally located the barn. When he threw open its doors, he felt he had found King Solomon's mines. There, covered with cobwebs and sagging wearily, stood a complete Junior Ace sport plane. It was surrounded by engines, spars, jigs and various spare parts. But even more important, he found the original plans of the home-builder's dream—the Baby Ace.

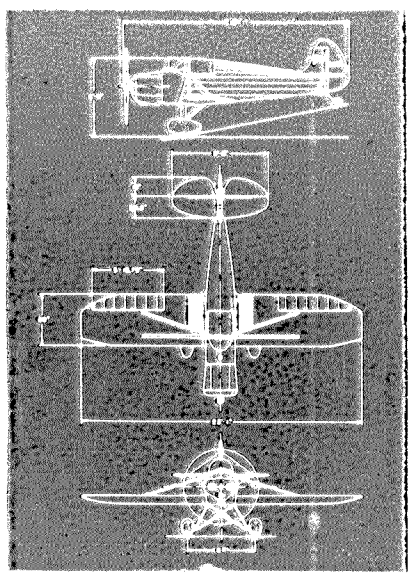
He immediately bought what was left of the Corben Sport Plane Company—including its name—for $200, tucked the precious plans in his pocket and flew back home.

Here Poberezny flies the Baby Ace he built. This plane cruises at 95 mph, can take off in a space of 150 feet.





In the air the Autoplane handles well and cruises at 90 mph. On the ground the wings can be folded in less than



Wings for BACKYARD EAGLES

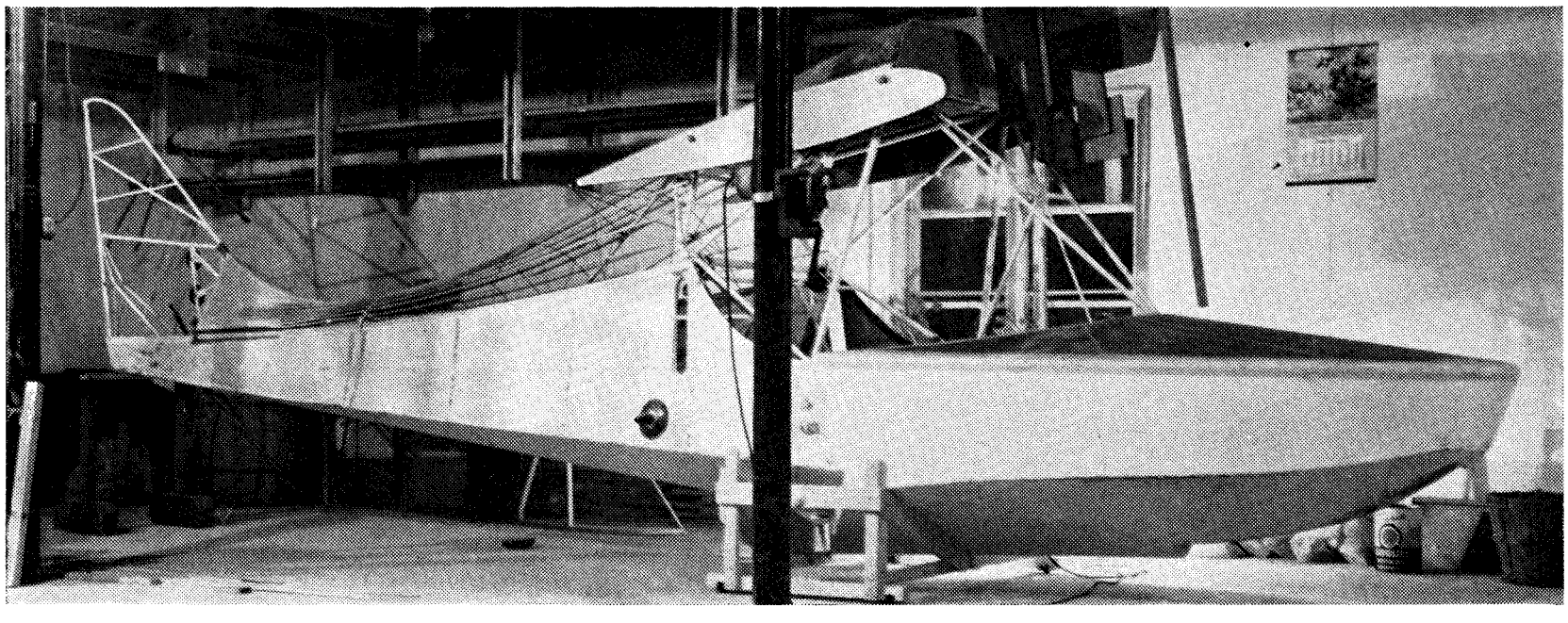
The Baby Ace that Poberezny eventually modified, reconstructed and built was more his than Corben's. Yet it had all the sleekness and beauty of the plane that was so popular in the 30's. Poberezny suddenly found himself besieged by reporters from local newspapers and swamped by letters from private fliers, all wanting a copy of his plans.

He had no difficulty rounding up guys interested in forming a flying club. The first monthly meeting of the Experimental Aircraft Association was held in January, 1953, with a starting membership of 25.

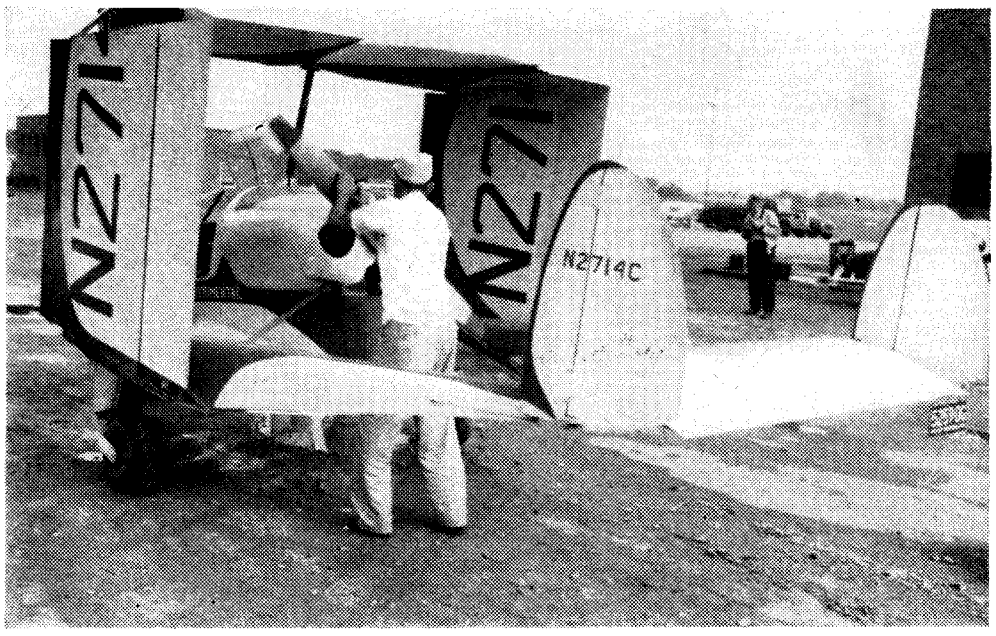
Within seven months, the first fly-in was held; every member who was able to coax his home-made job into the air flew it to Milwaukee to exhibit. The group now numbered 42, and enthusiasts in all parts of the country were anxious to start their own local chapters. For a while, Poberezny and two officers of the Association—George Hardie and Robert Nolinske—mimeographed minutes of the meetings. But almost before they knew what was happening the mimeographed sheets grew into a slick 20-page monthly magazine, complete with articles, photographs, tips on home-building and plans. Today, the magazine—*Sport Aviation*—is even bigger and slicker.

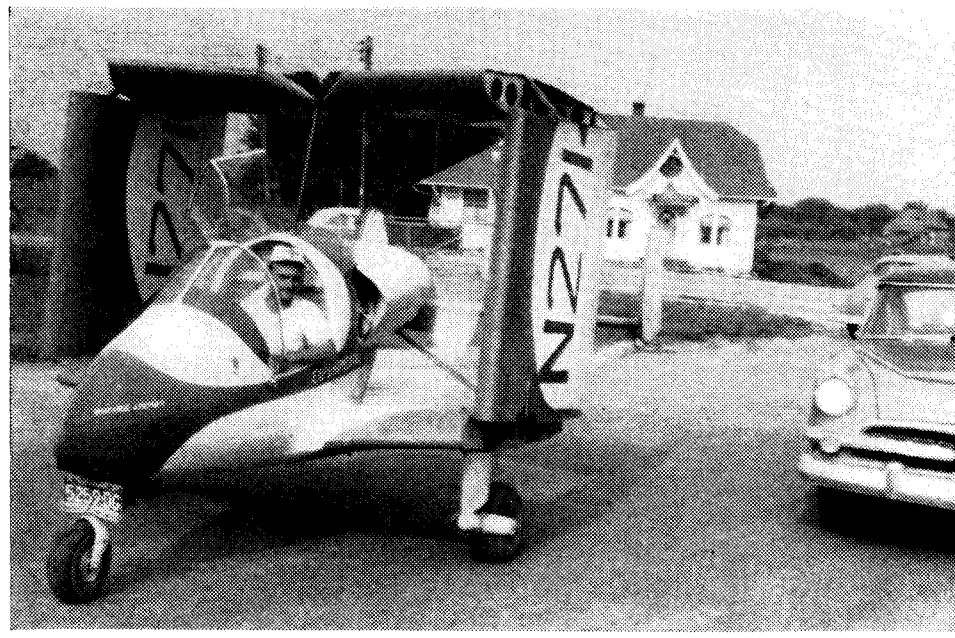
A group in Canada sprang up, called the Ultra-Light Aircraft Association of Canada, and requested an affiliation with EAA. Meanwhile, letters continued to come in asking for details on how to build Paul's modified Baby Ace. To meet this demand, Poberezny formed the Ace Aircraft Company and sold plans, spare parts and even complete kits. When this threatened to become a major enterprise, he hastily sold out. He wanted the EAA to remain a non-profit organization, strictly for fun.

Today, the headquarters of the EAA receives an average of 60 letters a day. They come from as far away as Australia, from non-flying enthusiasts as well as worried home-builders who have hit snags in a half-completed job. Although Paul and his staff hold down full-time outside jobs, and get no pay from the EAA, they all put in 40 hours a week answering letters, promoting new chapters, writing and publishing their magazines, and making plans for the next annual fly-in. Paul's wife Audrey devotes long evening



To combine his hobbies of flying and fishing, Robert Fryklund, Houston, decided to build a flying boat of his own.





ten minutes and the Autoplane is ready to hit the road where its top speed is 60 mph. Note Michigan auto license plates.

hours as the club's secretary, file clerk and stenographer.

In his spare time Poberezny goes into his garage to work on his latest home-built.

"It's amazing the way this thing snowballed," he says with a touch of awe. "People who wouldn't step into any plane smaller than a 4-engine Constellation are sitting up nights welding steel tubing, burning their fingers, and loving every minute of it. Lawyers, doctors, farmers, pipefitters—everybody you could think of. I know, personally, of nearly 300 people who are working on home-builts right now."

The home-building bug is a virulent one. A neighbor of Paul's enthusiastically started to build a plane of his own, and discovered he didn't know how to stick the steel tubing together. Unabashed, he took a course in welding at night school, and eventually turned out a plane that even a professional would praise.

A Madison plumber with six children caught the bug by long distance, took some plans from *Sport Aviation,* and started to build a plane under the watchful eye of a CAA inspector. The fact that he couldn't fly didn't bother him. He simply took lessons as he built, and at the end of the year had both a pilot's license and his own plane, which, for reasons of his own, he called "Li'l Varment." It flew like a bat out of hell, and at the 1956 fly-in the raw pilot copped a coveted trophy for outstanding workmanship.

Meanwhile, the EAA is continuing to expand at a rate that almost frightens Poberezny. At the last fly-in, over 400 planes converged on Milwaukee for three days of frenzied activities. Thousands of enthusiastic spectators gathered to watch races by midget planes, aerobatics, and demonstrations of all sorts. The crates were of all shapes and sizes, and looked like a doodler's day dream. They ranged from large, clumsy two-seaters to one tiny biplane with a wing span of only 15½ feet.

"Actually, building your own plane is not as spooky as it sounds," says George Hardie. "It costs only a little over $1,000, and with the help of the EAA practically anybody can build and safely fly one. After a guy talks planes at the meetings for several months, studies planes and designs, and is exposed to a lot of wild enthusiasm, he can't wait till he runs home and knocks out his own contraption."

The CAA, too, gave the experimenters its official blessings back in 1954.

"It may surprise you to know that we've been following your association's progress with great interest and enthusiasm," George H. Weitz, chief of the CAA's maintenance branch in Washington, told the members. "It is our policy to do everything possible to encourage legitimate experimenta- [*Continued on page* 76]

Almost anything may show up at the EAA's annual fly-in—like triplane George Frisbie built. Design was not popular.

"YOU GOTTA FIGHT DIRTY"

By FRITZIE ZIVIC as told to Myron Cope

The trouble with boxing today is that there aren't enough good, dirty fighters. So says this expert, who parlayed an educated elbow and a well-aimed thumb into a world title, and wishes only to spread the good word

Fritzie Zivic, who held the world welterweight title from October 4, 1940, to July 29, 1941, was a master of the so-called "cute tricks" of the game. He won the championship from Henry Armstrong, the only fighter in history to hold three titles at once (featherweight, lightweight, welterweight). In Zivic's 225-odd fights, he licked other champions such as Lew Jenkins, Sammy Angott, Red Cochrane, and Jake LaMotta, and also fought Billy Conn, Sugar Ray Robinson, Beau Jack and Bob Montgomery. Zivic's second bout with Armstrong set a Madison Square Garden attendance record—23,190 "not counting Chinamen," says Zivic.

PITTSBURGH

Every so often I come across compliments in the newspapers or magazines such as "Fritzie Zivic wasn't the dirtiest fighter in the history of boxing; Greb was dirtier." Or "Zivic was always careful never to throw a foul blow, unless he knew exactly where it was going."

It's nice to be remembered. Of course, there are people who would say being remembered as a dirty fighter is not the best of compliments, but then we each have our own set of values and, as Dan Parker once said, I am a model of Zivic Virtue.

The point is, boxing was my *business*. And it is a dirty business, inside the ring and outside.

I'm not knocking it. I made a lot of money (which mysteriously has escaped me) and I enjoyed fighting. But when

you fight for a living, if you're smart you fight with every trick you know. If I hadn't known nine zillion of them I never could have won the welterweight title from Henry Armstrong, who knew just as many.

Fighter, manager, promoter—I've held all three jobs. So maybe I'm qualified to give a little one-semester course here in Advanced Butting, Heeling, Thumbing and Elbowing, plus a few side lectures on the Financial Necessity of Occasionally Holding Up an Opponent, and other valuable related subjects.

Look at the three best fighters of all time—Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Harry Greb. All wonderfully dirty fighters. Look at the three best champions of our day—Rocky Marciano, who was one of the best after-the-bell punchers I ever saw; "cute" Archie Moore; and alley-fighter Sandy Saddler. To them the book is something you could clout a guy with if you had it ready.

They called Dempsey's right hand Iron Mike but Jack once told me his best weapon was his double left—a left to the groin followed by a left to the head. That's the very weapon he knocked out Jack Sharkey with. I got the movies in my house.

A lot of old-timers claim Jack Johnson was the best fighter in history. Fat Luke Carney, who managed me, worked Pittsburgh Frank Moran's corner when he fought a 20-round title bout with Johnson in Paris, and to Luke's dying day he claimed he never saw anybody like Johnson. Johnson stood erectly in front of Moran, taunting him: "C'mon, Frankie, hit that nigger. C'mon, Frankie, hit that nigger." It worked fine.

When Moran went after him Johnson would catch his blows on his forearm, then push him gently on the shoulders and suddenly slash his face with down-and-out wrist-action punches. He would grab Moran by the biceps and squeeze them in his powerful hands until Moran's arms ached. After the fight Luke had to put Moran in an epsom salts bath for hours. He had welts all over his body and face. "I never saw a face slashed up like Frank's," Luke told me.

Neither fighter got a cent for the bout. The promoters ran off with the money. Like I said, boxing's not the sweetest business in the world.

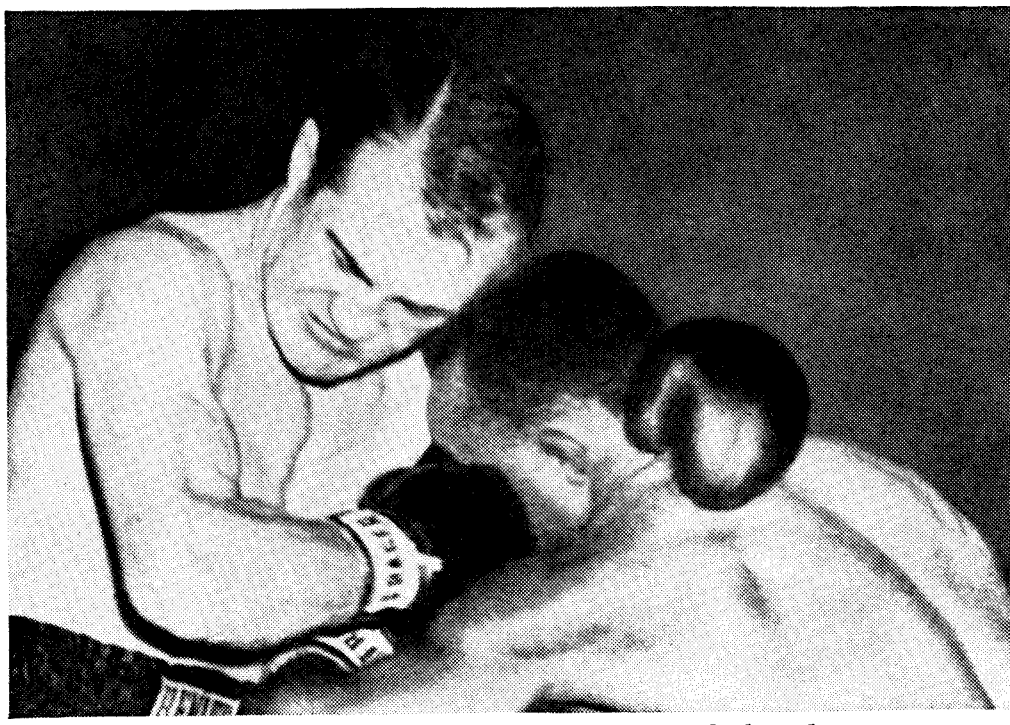
Harry Greb, who held the middleweight and light-heavyweight titles, is recognized as the dirtiest fighter there ever was, which kind of rankles me. I mean, I'm willing to settle for being called the second dirtiest, but Greb's ranking means I'm not even the dirtiest fighter to come from my neighborhood in Pittsburgh. Greb came from right up over the hill. My older brother Jack tells me if you lifted your leg high enough Greb would hit you on the bottom of the foot. Why, Greb once bit a good-sized chunk right out of an opponent's shoulder.

I wasn't so bad myself, if I do say so. Else how could I have won the welterweight title from a champ like Armstrong, who often purposely missed you with his left hook so he could bring his elbow across your face?

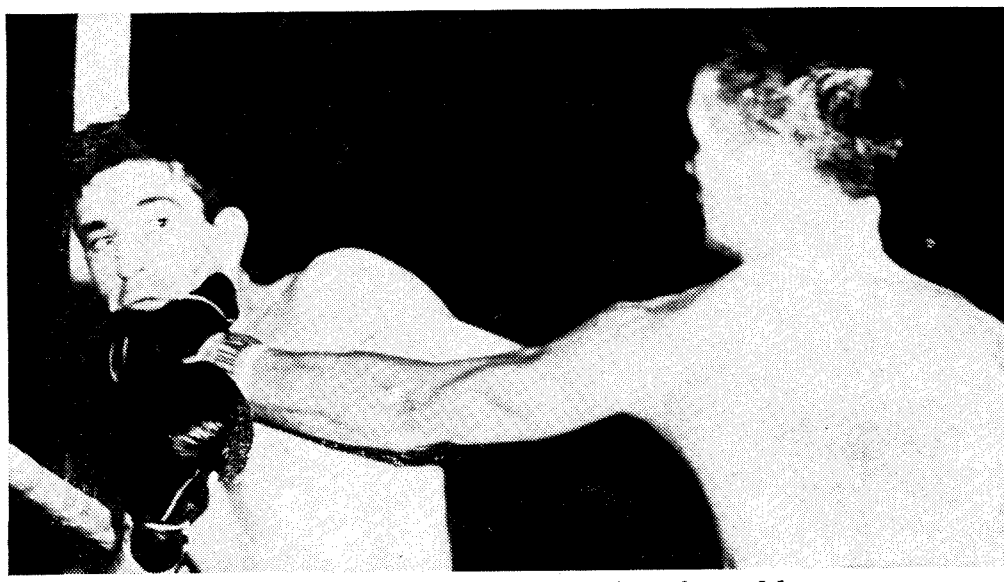
Today Armstrong is a preacher on the West Coast, I understand, but let me tell you about the Armstrong I boxed on October 4, 1940, in Madison Square Garden.

The first round, Armstrong was very busy; they called him Perpetual Motion and it was a good name for him. I've seen better fighters and better punchers but no fighter with that style. Hardest guy in the world to hold in a clinch. He'd put his head against your chest and push you. All the time he'd be digging his hands and elbows into your body.

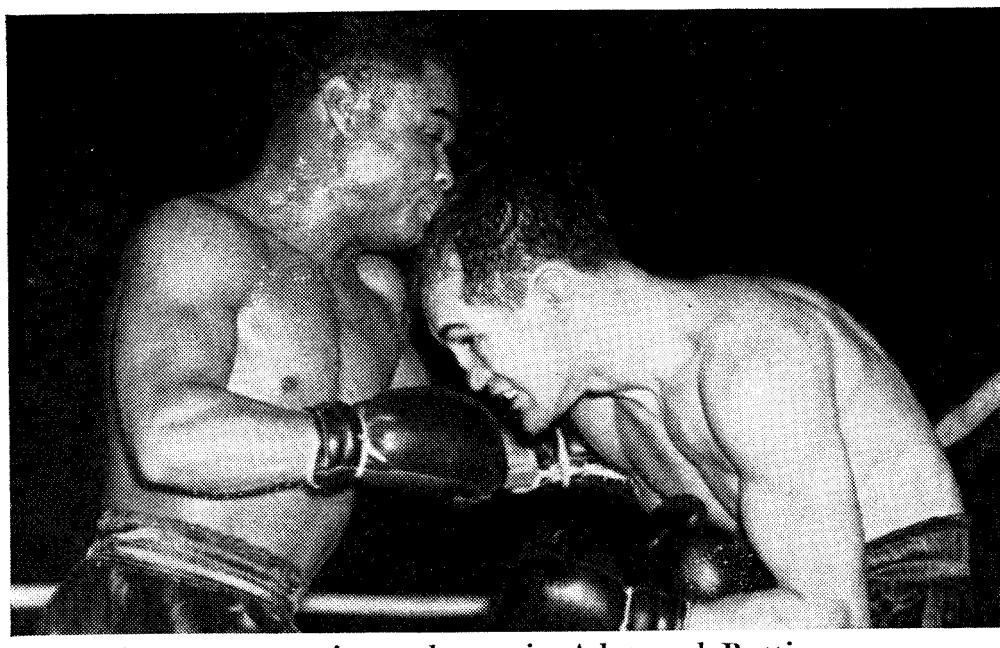
Well, like I said, he was very busy in the first round. He hit me low, choked me, butted me, thumbed me. Arthur



Zivic shows Ossie Harris how to use an educated thumb.

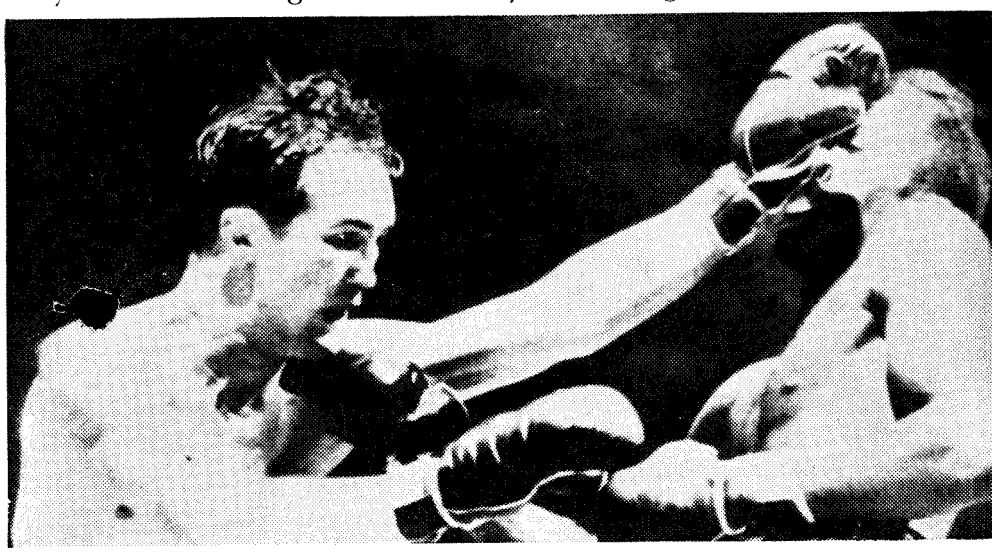


Kenny LaSalle's chin is steadied prior to knockout blow.



Henry Armstrong receives a lesson in Advanced Butting.

Billy Arnold is taught a secondary use for glove laces.



"YOU GOTTA FIGHT DIRTY"

Donovan was the referee. He didn't warn Armstrong once. Well, I got a terrible going over for three or four rounds. I was thinking about the Cadillac I would buy if I won the title and I didn't want to lose any rounds on fouls. I mean, he was the champion, he was Mike Jacobs' favorite —they might go a little more strictly on me with the rules than on him.

But finally, after the sixth round, I said to myself, I can't go 15 rounds like this. It was my first 15-round fight and boxing Armstrong was like boxing three fellows, that's how busy he was. So when the seventh round began I walked out and hit him with a left hook right in the groin. I did this a few times and Donovan noticed I was changing my style, you might say. He pulled us apart for about five seconds and I'll never forget what he said: "Boys, if you want to fight like this it's okay with me."

Wonderful referee, that Donovan. That was all I wanted to hear.

I pulled up my trunks and went to work. I hit him low; I said, "Pardon me." I butted him; I said, "Pardon me." I must have said "pardon me" five or six times before the seventh round ended. Along about the ninth or 10th, we went into a clinch and Armstrong said, "The hell with that 'pardon me' stuff, cut out the fouling."

Well, to make a long story short, I finished strong and dropped him just as the final bell rang. I got the decision and the title. The moral—of course, some people won't call it a moral—is that if I'd boxed him according to the book I wouldn't have won the title.

Now I see a lot of fighters who really stick to that book. They jab, they hook, they throw combinations—but what do they know about the educated elbow, the well-placed thumb, the forehead that knows what it's good for? My God, some of these fighters today think laces are for tying gloves! They don't need Julius Helfand for a commissioner. They need Emily Post.

I watched guys try to fight Rocky Marciano off with the Marquis of Queensbury book. It just goes to show how simple they are. Even Queensbury was a louse. His own son walked up to him in the street in broad daylight and took a punch at him. Why, I read where the guy even moved his mistress into the same house his wife was living in.

You can't become a champion when the champion is hitting you in 30 places with 30 weapons and you're hitting him in three places with three weapons. Even today you can't.

Sure, there have been clean champions. But Joe Louis was a one-in-a-million puncher. Gene Tunney did it by keeping in such good condition he wasn't like a human being.

For every Louis and Tunney there have been a dozen fellows who didn't have great natural ability but made money by learning the tricks. Jake LaMotta, who was very strong in the respect that he could bull you around the ring, he and Paddy DeMarco had the kind of punch if they swatted a fly I'd lay 6-5 on the fly to get up and swat back. But they became world champions by using their heads—and I don't mean just for thinking.

I don't know. Maybe you got to have a twisted mind to respect that kind of fighter. If I have one you can blame it, like the psychiatrists say, on my childhood.

I grew up in the Lawrenceville section of Pittsburgh, a real tough neighborhood. It was also called The Strip and the part I lived in they called Irish Town. I remember my first day of school the kid sitting in front of me—this was his second year in the first grade—he sees there's a new boy behind him. He turns around and says, "What's your name?"

"Ferdinand," I says.

He punches me in the nose and I punch him back. The next day I changed my name to Fritzie.

Being Croatian in Irish Town didn't help any and to make matters worse, my brothers Pete and Jack were fighters, so naturally all the kids were looking to beat me up because I was the littlest. So I learned to throw bricks. Got to be the best brick thrower in Irish Town. I'd see those kids coming and I'd start throwing. I could throw on the run and hit a kid on the head at 30 yards. There was one kid I must have knocked out 38 times. I ran into him recently and he said, "You see this scar on my forehead? Those were the days, Fritz."

That's what I mean. When you fight, you fight. Losing doesn't help your health, and in boxing it certainly doesn't help your bank account. You don't carry over a grudge with the other guy but when you fight, you fight.

Before I go any further I think I better explain a few good, sound principles of dirty boxing.

FIRST PRINCIPLE:

Always finish with a punch in fair territory.

This is the last punch the referee sees. He may miss the first one if you throw it quickly as in the double left favored by Dempsey and most of the smart fighters. The soundness of this principle is never better appreciated than when the last punch knocks out the other fellow. Even if the referee saw the first one he can't very well take a knockout away from you.

SECOND PRINCIPLE:

Know when and how to foul and what each foul is good for.

A blow to the groin is not really a painful punch because of the protective cup. It stings. Practically always a punch below the belt is meant to make the other fellow lower his guard, or to fluster him so he loses his head for a few seconds maybe. In order to deliver a painful low blow one must bring it up from the floor—up and under the cup. This is so vicious a punch I did not care to use it. But Bunny Davis gave it to me twice in the famous fight in which he went berserk, a fight I'll have more to say about later.

Continuing the second principle, a smart fighter never pulls his head back after butting. If he does his opponent can step right in and butt him back.

And believe me, anybody who took a chance on letting me butt him back was stupid, because I was a natural-born butt man. In fact, I didn't really know what a natural I was until 10 years after I started fighting. In 1941, in my third fight with Johnny Barbara, he butted me under the left eye, and the eye pained me for several days. I went to see a specialist.

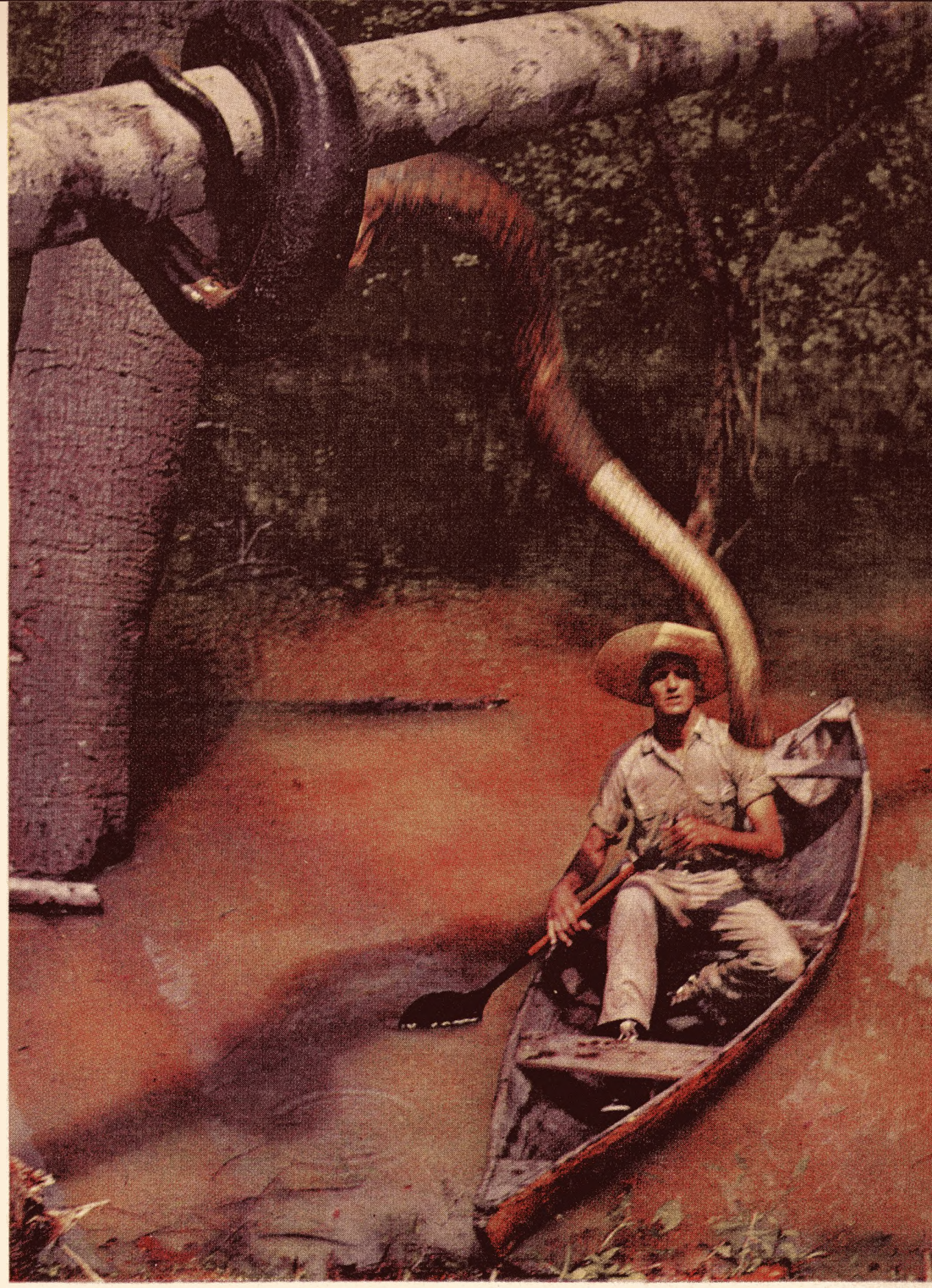
He turned me over to an assistant for X-rays, and when the assistant gave the picture to the specialist he looked at it real funny like. Then he looked at me, then looked back at the picture. Finally, he said to his assistant, "Take another picture."

Well, I was scared stiff. I didn't know what was the matter with me. When the doc looked at the second picture he studied it for awhile, looked at me, then at the picture again and finally said, "I'll take the next one myself."

I didn't know what to think. I was half crazy.

After the doc had studied the [*Continued on page* 96]

A native first sighted the constrictor coiled like a pretzel on its sunny perch. Mike Tsalikis, right, approaches by boat, braced for battle as the snake unwinds from the tree to attack the intruder.



EIGHTEEN FEET OF DEATH

A professional snake hunter goes looking for anacondas—

and winds up in a writhing wrestling match with one.

TRUE's camera records the combat . . . . . ➤

In a surprise move the giant strangler overturns the boat and seeks leverage for

EIGHTEEN FEET OF DEATH

By KURT SEVERIN

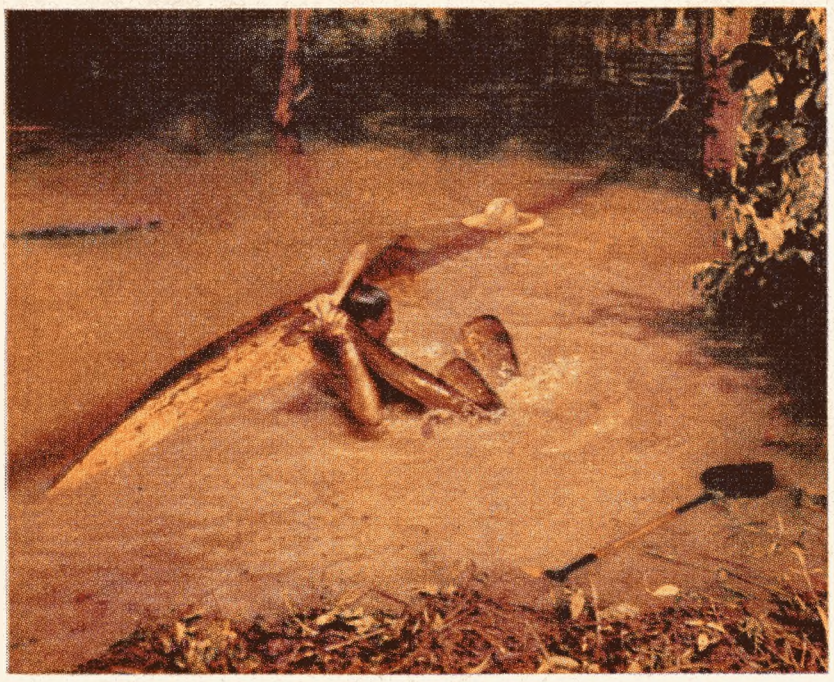
Photographed for TRUE by the Author

Wrestling giant constrictors is a crazy way to make a living, but Mike Tsalikis, an ex-G.I. from Florida, thrives on it. He now headquarters in the little town of Leticia in Colombia, South America, bordering the Amazon. He fills orders from snake houses, scientists, mail-order houses, aquariums or any individuals who may have a yen for, say, an anaconda or any other tropical species—from piranhas to pythons, pickled or palpitating. The waters of the Amazon and its tangled jungle are Mike's supply house.

Anacondas, the king-sized bone crushers that infest the Amazon, are a specialty. With a crew of natives Mike goes in search of the big reptiles either on special order—or when a runner comes in with news that a perfect specimen has been sighted; he can't resist going out to bag a monster.

I was tagging along with Mike one day when one of his native boys came paddling in agog with excitement. He and Mike conversed in their half-pidgin, half-native lingo and then quickly called the rest of the natives. We were in luck: the boy had spotted a giant anaconda baking like a pretzel in a sunny spot on a tree limb up ahead. Mike decided to go after him.

There have been reports of anacondas up to 40 feet long, and weighing 250 pounds. The python of Asia is generally considered the largest snake, but the anaconda will beat it by weight and girth and because of this has played the villain in many a tall story. The much-publicized 157-foot monster killed by a detachment of the Brazilian army in 1948 (after the enraged snake had destroyed an en-



Man and snake struggle in water as Mike clamps the anaconda's jaws shut and then hangs on, trying to keep his head clear of the stream. Later his helpers drag out the big snake—still attempting to entwine Mike—and the unwinding contest continues on land where the snake is at last overpowered and stuffed into a sack.

its constricting coils. It took five men to subdue and bag the valuable prize

tire village) was a photographer's hoax that is one of these tales.

Twice in recent years authenticated anaconda attacks have made news. In 1951 a young man was pulled into a river when he took cattle for watering. The snake struck at his legs as he stood in the water, coiled around his body, pulled him below the surface and drowned him. A man crossing the Rupunani River in British Guiana on a log was likewise struck by an anaconda. Fortunately, he had a machete and was able to slash the coils and get away.

Like the boa, an anaconda will only attack a human when hungry, when the opportunity is tempting, or—as in our case—when it feels its privacy is disturbed.

As Mike moved directly under the spot where the reptile was dozing in the sun, its head reared up.

It might have been in anger—or to escape the strange intruder—but in a slithering plunge the heavy body crashed down from the tree, landing on Mike and overturning the boat. Mike grabbed the head of the constrictor with both hands, clamping its jaws tightly shut. There were two dangers: though an anaconda's bite is nonpoisonous, it can cause infection; and if the fangs gain a hold, the snake would have leverage to coil around its prey and squeeze.

The muddy stream erupted with the thrashings as the snake wound around the man like a great steel spring. Mike struggled to keep his hold as the natives dived to his rescue. All I could see was a jumble of writhing bodies.

Even though the crew was experienced and had tackled many of these giants, it was several minutes before they could subdue the anaconda. Luckily, the water was fairly shallow, but it took combined efforts to unwind the furious snake from Tsalikis—who never let go of the vicious head.

As the natives dragged the great body ashore, the snake wound one final loop around Mike's leg and hauled him along. It took 15 minutes of struggle to get the beast into a sack and even then, two natives had to sit on the buckling mass to keep it from overturning the boat on our return.

Mike had a wonderful specimen for his price list—18 leopard-spotted feet of anaconda—and, except for bruises, was none the worse for the match.—**Kurt Severin**

The Raid That Killed

This would be more than just another sabotage mission behind the German lines. Not only were the lives of 11 raiders at stake, but the fate of the free world as well

By SANDY SANDERSON

Illustrated by DONALD TEAGUE

Cutting through the German fence alarm system was no problem. The men had been well trained in England.

HITLER'S A-BOMB

On the night of February 28, 1943, 11 men in British battle dress halted knee deep in the soft snow of a pine forest 150 miles inside Nazi-occupied Norway.

"Time?" their leader asked softly.

"Two minutes."

"Load weapons," the leader instructed. Magazines clicked into submachine guns. In the dark shadow of the Norwegian firs the group stood listening to the faint whirring hum from a cluster of buildings 50 yards away, where the forest ended and the German patrols began.

"I don't have to remind you that every man has undertaken to kill himself if he thinks he will be captured," the leader said. "If things go wrong the survivors will continue to attack the cellar of the electrolysis plant until they succeed."

They floundered single file through the deep, wet snow toward a high fence wired with an electric alarm, aware that Churchill and even Roosevelt were eagerly awaiting word of this mission.

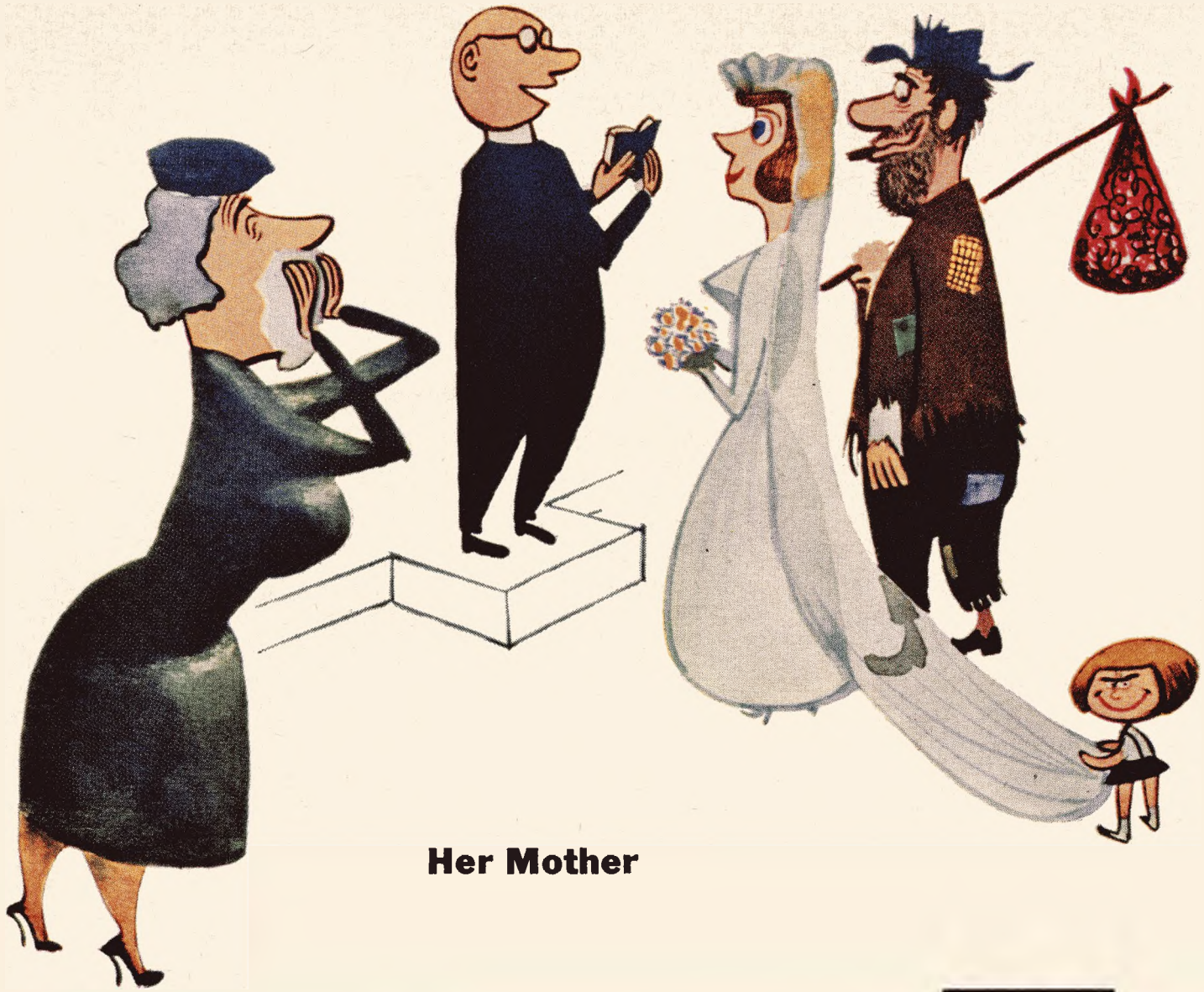
As early as 1940 Albert Einstein had warned President Roosevelt that although an atomic weapon was theoretically possible, such a wilderness of practical problems lay ahead that the enemy might stumble on [*Continued on page* 102]

The Overworked Husband

Her Ex-Husband

the WIFE

The Husband Who Wants To Get Out for the Evening



Her Mother

as seen by...

VIP

The Late Arriving Husband

The Man Who Has It Made

Wings for Backyard Eagles

[*Continued from page* 65]

tion leading to improvement of aircraft."

To make the home-builder's lot an easier one, the CAA authorized local safety agents to drop around now and then when a plane is under construction to be sure that the design will meet regulations, and to offer advice when a builder isn't too sure that some radical idea will meet the standards necessary for a CAA experimental certificate.

One EAA member forgot, in his enthusiasm, to notify the CAA he was building a plane. On the day that he was to test it, a safety inspector sauntered by and passed his hand admiringly over the painted, hand-rubbed finish.

"But I've got to see the innards," he said, apologetically. And then, under the horrified eye of the owner, he proceeded to poke a hole in the fusilage.

"It was a terrible sight to see," recalls Paul. "But because of these inspectors and our own regulations, the EAA has a good safety record—there aren't any cowboys in our outfit. Another good reason is that after a member spends around $1,000 and the time to build his plane he's going to be mighty careful with it. And he knows his plane like the back of his hand—all its quirks and bugs."

Despite safety measures, the EAA has recorded a number of crack-ups, and a few—surprisingly few—deaths. A majority of these accidents have been due to the temporary carelessness of the fliers rather than to their sturdy home-builts.

One experienced private flier from Chicago named Al Preuss spent his winters hunting, fishing, and uranium prospecting in northwest Canada with his home-built, a modified Piper PA-12 which he called the "Lone Wolf." He also dabbled in the unique but dangerous sport of hunting wolves by air.

On a cold December day in 1956 he had made two passes for two kills in a wolf pack. On his next approach, he discovered he didn't have enough altitude to clear some trees; and at the same time he was caught in a downdraft from the side of a mountain. The plane clipped a tree, stalled, and spun in from 100 feet.

Luckily the plane hit a six-foot snowdrift, but although Preuss was uninjured, the "Lone Wolf" was completely demolished. It took nearly three hours for Al to make his way by snowshoe to a bush camp where he could radio-telegraph for help.

"Guys who want to pick off wolves from a hundred feet have to take their chances," said one member with a shudder of admiration. "But they can't blame their home-builts if they crash."

One EAA member purchased from another member a trim biplane with a fascinating wing construction of welded bedspring wire. All went well until he tried some low level aerobatics at 120 mph, miscalculated the altitude and landed all in a heap among the boinging bedsprings. That he survived with only a broken back and some bruises is attributed to the fine structure of the home-built, plus the shoulder harness that is a "must" on the list of EAA's house rules.

This is how highly Captain Poberezny thinks of the safeness of home-builts. When Stafford (Casey) Lambert, of the Listerine family, had completed his neat home-built seaplane, he asked Paul to test it. The weather was below freezing that day, and on the small Wisconsin lake where the plane was moored, the shore was crusted with a shelf of ice. To add to the danger of testing in below-freezing weather, the woods were swarming with duck hunters, who were taking pot-shots at anything that moved.

Paul buttoned up his heavy cold weather gear, strapped on the harness of his parachute, and tried to climb into the plane. But the husky six-footer discovered he couldn't wedge his bulk into the small open cockpit.

"Guess you'll have to take off that thick jacket and freeze a little," Lambert suggested.

"Freeze, hell," Paul said. "I'm going to get rid of this thing instead."

He unstrapped the bulky chute, tossed it to the ground, and slid behind the controls of Lambert's plane. Casey blanched at the thought of anyone testing a plane—much less a do-it-yourself job—without a chute. But Paul put the plane through its paces with all the confidence of a man out for a Sunday drive in his car.

Another great feature of home-builts, insist the EAA boys, is that no factory-built plane can approach their speed and maneuverability, combining as they do both ultra-lightness and power.

"A fellow from Oshkosh named S. J. Wittman put together a low-slung, bullet-nosed job he called the 'Tailwind,' " says Paul. "With the two people it seats, plus a compartment full of baggage, it cruises at 150 mph, and can hit top speed of 175 mph. There's no light plane on the market that will do that."

Still, experimentation is the prime incentive of the EAA, for it is firmly convinced that it will someday come up with a plane that will eventually replace the automobile in safety, utility and cheapness. And members will go to astonishing lengths to prove certain original points of their designs.

Wilbur Staib of Carthage, Missouri, wanted to know just how small a plane could be and still be capable of carrying a man aloft. The result was a single place, low wing craft, with only 8 feet, 3 inches of wingspread, and measuring 11 feet from prop to rudder. Staib exhibited it around several times, but after one particularly jittery flight, dismantled it.

No one was quite certain what point Herb Miller had in mind when he turned up at Curtis Field one bright Sunday with a cockpit-less device he called a prone plane. Friends stood by, speechless, as he stretched out on the fusilage, strapped himself on, and took off from the runway like a rocket. Home-builders still talk with awe of the sight of Miller sailing headlong through the sky, with the prop looking as if it were projecting from the top of his skull.

It is generally agreed, however, that Miller's prone plane will never become popular. No one but Herb ever mastered the knack of horizontal flying. The fascinated few who tried to take up his plane couldn't judge the angle of the field while lying on their stomachs; they usually landed with a bone-rattling jolt, but no one got hurt.

Less esoteric was Neal Loving's design for a home-built. Despite having lost both legs in a glider accident, Neal constructed a fine craft from his original plans in the basement of his Detroit home. He named his dream "Loving's Love."

"Anyone who wonders about the airworthiness of home-builts should take a long look at Neal's plane," says Paul. "Not so very long ago Loving flew it from Detroit to Jamaica—2,200 miles—in just 17 hours flying time."

—Dan Paonessa

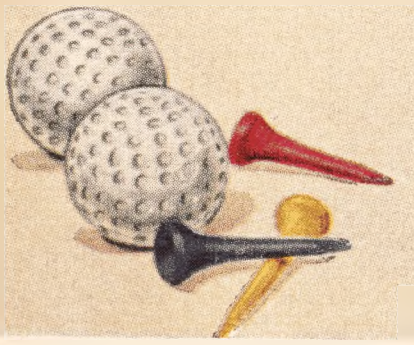
"You look tired, dear, let me drive the sitter home."

Light up a light smoke—
Light up a LUCKY!

A Lucky's all cigarette. All light tobacco . . . famous golden-rich tobacco, toasted to taste better. It's a light smoke—and you won't find better smoking anywhere!

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

"I'm glad they still brew a beer like this!"



BREWED IN THE GREAT TRADITION

Miller
High Life

ONLY IN MILWAUKEE

Fathers' Day's coming... what are your dreams? To travel—in style? The best in sporting goods? A wardrobe of fine clothes? Come on and dream with TRUE...enjoy

Photographed for TRUE by LOWNDS

Shirt and tie by Arrow

a fathers' day fantasy

■ Comes spring and Fathers' Day and a time for day dreams—for mentally slouching off to trout streams, golf courses or fine, taut ships running before a wind; to faraway places, long cool drinks, a life of new elegance. It's forgivable . . . it's wonderful. Go ahead and let yourself dream . . . let yourself do a little selfish wishing for Fathers' Day surprises.

We know what's on your mind. How? We sent out a Fathers' Day questionnaire to our readers. Now we have the answers. You've told us, for example, that sport coats, shirts, wrist watches, outboard motors, electric shavers and movie cameras are high on your list. So we've picked out these and lots of other things you've said you wanted to create some Fathers' Day dreams that you'll really enjoy dreaming.

Now let's go explore those dreams. Turn the page and see the things you want most . . . let's do a little browsing in your brain. Let the following pages serve as hint droppers around your house. Almost everything you've ever thought of wanting is here. And we've got a couple of hints you can drop without our help: virtually all fathers would welcome a carton of their favorite cigarettes or a gift certificate from their favorite store.

We hope your dreams come true. After all, it's your day. You might as well get what you want—you're going to pay for it anyway.

Produced by ANDREW MILLS

a father's day fantasy

Is it travel you dream about?

■ You're wearing a Linett sport coat, $55, Edgerton shoes, and an Adam straw, $5. You're carrying a Plymouth raincoat, $22.95, and a Keystone movie camera with three f/1.9 lenses, $199.50. At left is a Burton golf bag, $70, containing Spalding Bobby Jones Kro-Flite clubs. Next to the golf bag is a Leeds vinyl wardrobe bag, $29.95, and a Leeds 21-inch bag, $14.95. On top of the luggage is an Admiral 6-transistor portable, $59.95. In front is a Mamiya reflex camera with inter-changeable lenses, $259 complete. You have your foot on a Samsonite 2-suiter, $37.50, and are sitting on a Samsonite Journeyer, $39.50. Behind you is a Mark Cross leather club bag and in front of you is a Zenith Trans-Oceanic portable, $250. At right is a Fairway golf bag, $33, containing a set of Louisville Grand Slam clubs, $280. At right front are Spalding and Slazenger tennis rackets, Slazenger tennis balls and U. S. Royal golf balls.

■ You dream of fashionable clothes in a Van Huesen sport shirt, $4, and Reston slacks. You have Tycora socks by Thomas Oliver, $1, and Edgerton mocassins. At left are Paris belts, $2.50, a Disney spring felt, $10.95, an Alligator raincoat, $25.95, a Sir Jac jacket, $6.95, a Pendleton robe, $22.50, Portage shoes, $13.95, Van Huesen no-iron shirts, $5, a Plymouth raincoat, $25, and Wembly ties, $1.50 and $2.50. To your right are Hickok belts, a Day's Tailor-D jacket, $19.95, Disney straws, $6.95 and $7.50, a Puritan Ban-Lon shirt, $10.95, and Puritan wash-and-wear walk shorts, $8.95. On the blue platform are a Puritan Ban-Lon and cotton cabana set, Freeman gray silk and black Murokaf shoes, $16.95, a Jantzen club shirt, $3.95, Jantzen deck pants, $6.95, Nashua Moc-Abouts, $7.95, and an After Six Caribe dinner jacket, $37.50. Partly hidden is an After Six white automatic wash-and-wear dinner jacket, $39.95.

a father's day fantasy

Are new clothes on your mind?

a father's day fantasy

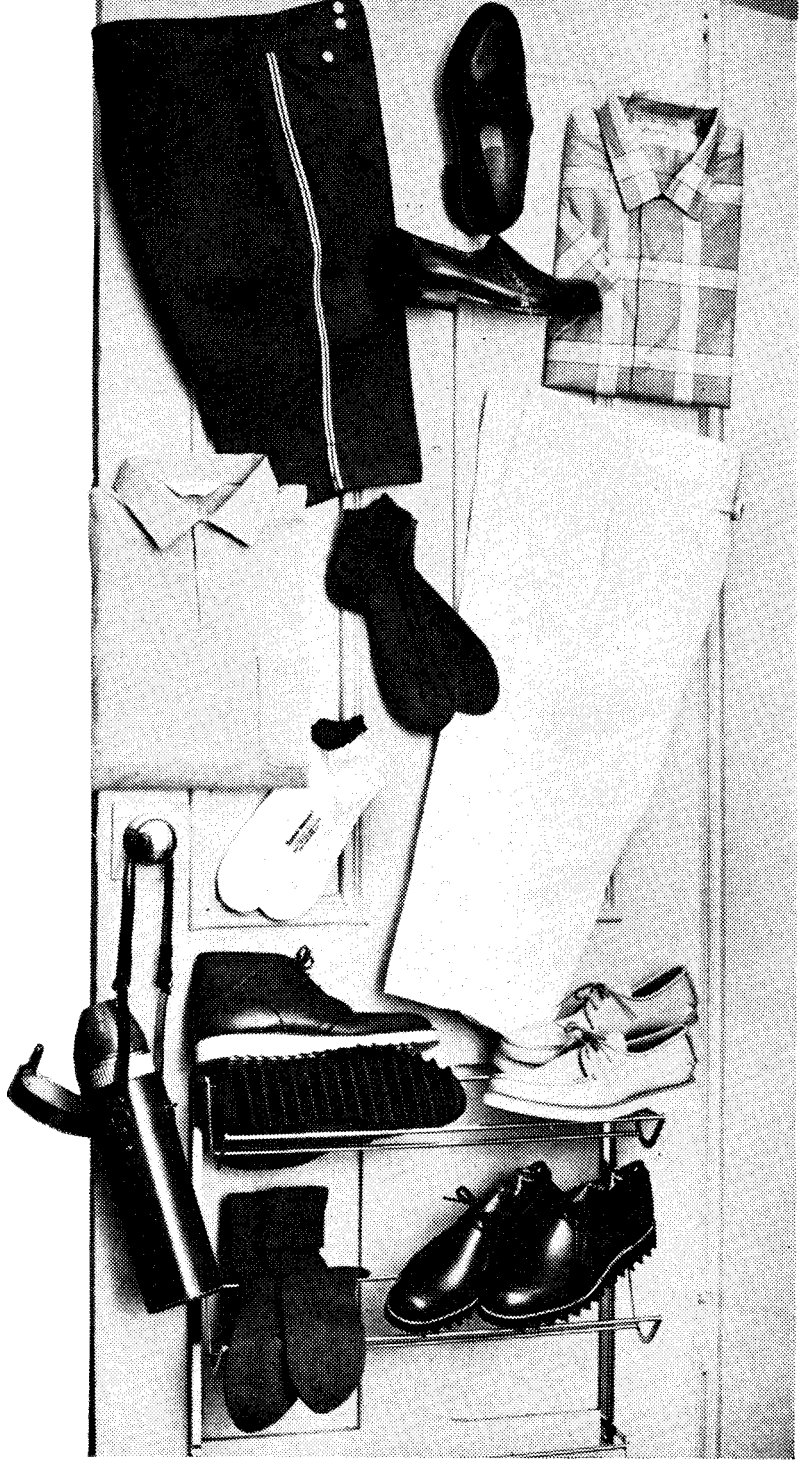
Does your outdoor gear need renewing?

■ Here you are in a Coolmaster jacket, $10, and all-wool slacks by Jefferson with Syl-Mer finish, $15. You're wearing an Adam cap, $2, and boots by M. T. Shaw, $11. Guns from left are Crosman pellet rifle, $24.95, Remington Sportsman Model 58 shotgun, $136.45, Harrington & Richardson Lynx .22, Winchester bolt action .22, $34.45, and Savage Model 775 shotgun, $117. The motor is an Evinrude Fleetwin 7½ hp, $270. On the ground is a Burgess Radar-Lite, U.S. Rubber Keds, South Bend Shot-Master, $3.95, Airex lure kit, $6.95, Wright & McGill flashers, Schrade-Walden knives, Garcia 2100 reel, $34.95, Garcia spinning kit with Mitchell 300 reel, $39.95. Rods from left are Garcia 471MC, $24.95, with Garcia Abu-Matic reel, $29.75, Airex 181, $14.95, with Airex Eldorado reel, $19.95, and Wright & McGill Champion, $12.95, with Wright & McGill 88 reel, $21.95. Between rods, a Duxbak hunting coat.

■ You see yourself comfortably ensconced in your own castle in a Merit rayon and acetate sport coat, $25, and Day's Tailor-D automatic wash-and-wear slacks, $11.95. You're wearing Adler combed cotton and nylon stretch socks and Jarman slip-on loafers with hidden elastic gore, $13.95. You're holding one of the latest Audio-Fidelity LP records, $5.95. On the chair is a Roy-Tex robe of Mission Valley wash-and-wear fabric, $12.95. On the floor are Van Huesen half-sleeve, knee-length pajamas, $4 and $5, and a Cummins electric Standard Workshop with saw attachment, $34.95. On the table are a Ronson CFL electric shaver, $28.50, a Ronson Varaflame Butron pocket lighter, $17.50, a Kodak Signet 50 35 mm. camera with built-in photo-electric meter, $82.50, and a Revere Eye-Matic 8 mm. movie camera with 3-lens turret, $169.50.

a father's day fantasy

Is your "castle" equipped for fun?



From top, left to right: A-1 knee length Sea Ducks, $4.50; American Gentleman slip-ons, $14.95; Shapely Min-Iron sport shirt, $4; Cooper's Beaunit Orlon-cotton shirt, $6.95; Interwoven cabana socks; A-1 Beachers, $4.94; Beverage Caddy by J. L. Alan, $12; Frye chukka boots with Ripple Soles, $13.95; Top-Sider oxfords by Sperry, $19.95; Knapp Aerotred oxfords.

Top: jewelry by Hickok, Swank, Shields; Jaguar tie with matching links; Meeker wallet, Shields antique car links and tie-bar; Swank "World's Greatest" set. Bottom: Sheaffer pen and pencil set; Hickok fish and rod jewelry; Hamilton electric watch; Swank watchworks links; Swank micrometer jewelry; Meeker key case.

a father's day fantasy

More to dream about

Clockwise from lower left: Dyna-Magic adjustable shotgun choke, $18.95; Supreme knife sharpener, $14.95; Mark Cross utility case, Trig deodorant, Lilac Vegetal after shave, Old Spice lotion and deodorant set, Kings Men Crown Crystal Duo cologne and lotion set, Remington Rollectric shaver, $32.50; Vitalis, Ever-Ready brush, Gem razor, Silver Star blades.

Wizard power mower with Tip-Toe starting, $96.95.

☆

Jarmans have to be GOOD to be FIRST

FIRST IN FASHION · FIRST IN FIT · FIRST IN FAVOR

Consider this before you buy a new pair of shoes: A product doesn't get to be *first* in its price range unless it gives you *top value* and *genuine satisfaction.* And that is precisely why millions of American men today are wearing Jarman shoes. Jarmans are always fashion-right, easy-wearing and priced to fit the average budget. See the distinctive new 1958 styles your Jarman dealer is now showing. Try a pair and you'll have the pleasant satisfaction of being "*right* in style and two feet deep in comfort!"

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY
Nashville, Tennessee, Division of General Shoe Corp.

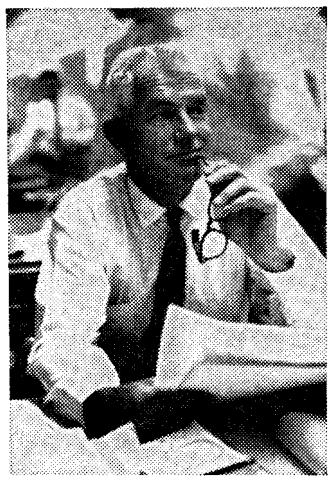
LIGHTER, COOLER, SMARTER

summer styles

BY JARMAN

Handsomely styled with premium tropical leather, these Jarmans are better for summer weather—better in three important ways: lighter weight, cooler construction and smarter design.

Left: No. J4162. Center: No. J2475. Right: No. J4504 (each style in other colors)—Jarman shoes available at Jarman dealers and Jarman stores, $10.95 to $19.95 most styles.



these stores have

"the word"

on the clothing gifts men want most for Fathers' Day—(June 15)

ALABAMA
BIRMINGHAM
J. Blach & Sons, Inc.
CULLMAN
Stiefelmeyer's
DEMOPOLIS
Spight's Men's Wear
DOTHAN
Troy Lewis Clothing Co.
GADSDEN
Duncan's Dept. Store
HUNTSVILLE
Dunnavant's
MOBILE
Metzger Bros.
PRICHARD
Metzger Bros.

ARIZONA
DOUGLAS
Levy's of Douglas
PHOENIX
Hanny's
SCOTTSDALE
Hanny's
TUCSON
Levy's of Tucson
WARREN
Levy's of Douglas

ARKANSAS
EL DORADO
J. F. Sample Co.
FAYETTEVILLE
The Boston Store
FORT SMITH
The Boston Store
LITTLE ROCK
The M. M. Cohn Co.
PINE BLUFF
Henry Marx Co.

CALIFORNIA
ANAHEIM
Broadway-Anaheim
ARCADIA
Hinshaw's Dept. Store
AVENAL
Smith Bros.
BAKERSFIELD
Coffee's
CARLSBAD
Elm's Southern California
CHULA VISTA
Elm's Southern California
CORONA DEL MAR
Brandt's Dept. Store
CRENSHAW
Broadway-Crenshaw
CRESCENT CITY
Trehearne's Stores
EASTLAND
Norm Meager
EL CAJON
Elm's Southern California
EL CENTRO
Johnson's
FIREBAUGH
James Dept. Store
FRESNO
Coffee's
FULLERTON
Chaney's Dept. Store
HAWTHORNE
Chaney's Dept. Store
HAYWARD
Grodin's of California
HEALDSBURG
Rosenberg & Bush
HOLLYWOOD
Broadway-Hollywood
LAKEWOOD
Norm Meager
LAKEWOOD CENTER
Norm Meager
LONG BEACH
Norm Meager
LOS ANGELES
Broadway Dept. Store
MADERA
James Dept. Store
MONTEREY
Holman's Dept. Store
MOUNT SHASTA
C. M. Dicker, Inc.
NEWPORT BEACH
Brandt's Dept. Store
OAKLAND
Grodin's of California
OCEAN BEACH
Elm's Southern California
OCEANSIDE
Elm's Southern California
OJAI
Hickey Bros.
PACIFIC GROVE
Holman's Dept. Store
PALO ALTO
The Emporium
PASADENA
Broadway-Pasadena
PLACERVILLE
Cash Mercantile Stores Co.
POMONA
John P. Evans Co.
REDDING
C. M. Dicker, Inc.
REDLANDS
Gair's
REDWOOD CITY
Eagleson's
RIVERSIDE
Sweet's, Inc.
SACRAMENTO
Eagleson's
SAN BERNADINO
Shane's
SAN BRUNO
Ross Dept. Store
SAN CARLOS
Eagleson's
SAN CLEMENTE
Adrian's Dept. Store
SAN DIEGO
Elm's Southern California
SAN FRANCISCO
The Emporium
SAN JOSE
The Emporium
SAN RAFAEL
Royce Dept. Store
SANTA CRUZ
Ebert's Dept. Store
STONESTOWN
The Emporium
TAFT
Smith Bros.
TULE LAKE
Clayton's Dept. Store
VALLEJO
Levee's
VAN NUYS
Broadway-Valley
VENTURA
Johnson's
WALNUT CREEK
Grodin's of California
WEST COVINA
Norm Meager
WESTCHESTER
Broadway-Westchester
WHITTIER
Hinshaw's Dept. Store

COLORADO
BOULDER
Bergheim's Store for Men
COLORADO SPRINGS
Perkins-Shearer, Inc.
DENVER
Cottrell's
GREELEY
Hibb's Clothing Co.
PUEBLO
Rosenblum's Men's Store

CONNECTICUT
MANCHESTER
Marlow's
MERIDEN
Oscar Gross & Sons
NEW BRITAIN
N. E. Mag & Sons

DELAWARE
DOVER
Simon's Dept. Store
WILMINGTON
Crosby & Hill Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASHINGTON
Bruce Hunt, Inc.

FLORIDA
CORAL GABLES
Bishop's Men's Wear
MIAMI
Bishop's Men's Wear
TALLAHASSEE
Mendelson's

GEORGIA
AUGUSTA
Leon Simon Co.
COLUMBUS
J. A. Kirven Co.
CUSTER TERRACE
J. A. Kirven Co.
MACON
Joseph N. Neel Co.
SAVANNAH
The Hub
THOMSON
Hadaway's Dept. Store
WAYCROSS
Prim's Men's Shop

IDAHO
IDAHO FALLS
Rowles-Mack
POCATELLO
Hudson's

ILLINOIS
CANTON
Bowman Shoe Co.
CHAMPAIGN
Kaufman's, Inc.
CHICAGO
Broadstreet's
DECATUR
Bachrach's
DE KALB
Bowman Shoe Co.
DIXON
Bowman Shoe Co.
GALESBURG
Stern & Field
HAVANA
Myers Bros.
JACKSONVILLE
Myers Bros.
KANKAKEE
Plant Kerger Co.
KEWANEE
Bowman Shoe Co.
LINCOLN
Myers Bros.
MACOMB
Bowman Shoe Co.
MATTOON
Myers Bros.
MOLINE
Farrell & Farrell
MONMOUTH
Bowman Shoe Co.
PEORIA
The Schradzki Co.
QUINCY
Bowman Shoe Co.
ROCKFORD
Stuckey's
SKOKIE
Broadstreet's
SPRINGFIELD
Myers Bros.
STERLING
Bowman Shoe Co.
STREATOR
Bowman Shoe Co.
WOODSTOCK
Bowman Shoe Co.

INDIANA
EAST CHICAGO
Lewin's
GARRETT
Stern Clothing Co.
INDIANA HARBOR
Lewin's
INDIANAPOLIS
Sablosky's
LAFAYETTE
Geisler's
LIGONIER
Pettit's Dept. Store
NOTRE DAME
Gilbert's
SOUTH BEND
Gilbert's
SYRACUSE
Pettit's Dept. Store
WEST LAFAYETTE
Geisler's
WHITING
Lewin's

IOWA
ANAMOSA
Gildner's
BOONE
Bowman Shoe Co.
BURLINGTON
Johnson Rasmussen Co.
CEDAR RAPIDS
Newman Mercantile Co.
CHARLES CITY
Gildner's
CHEROKEE
Gildner's
CLARION
C. H. Crowe & Sons
CLINTON
Martin Morris Co.
DAVENPORT
Simon & Landauer
FAIRFIELD
Gobble's Store for Men
GARNER
Gildner's
IDA GROVE
Gildner's
KNOXVILLE
Strasburgers
MANCHESTER
Gildner's
MARSHALLTOWN
Gildner's
MASON CITY
Gildner's
MUSCATINE
Bowman Shoe Co.
NORTHWOOD
Gildner's
OSAGE
Gildner's
OSKALOOSA
Gildner's
PERRY
Stern & Field
WATERLOO
Gildner's

KANSAS
EMPORIA
Ropfogel's
HUTCHINSON
Watson's, Inc.
LAWRENCE
Ober's
WAKEENEY
Hillman's
WICHITA
Spines Clothing Co.

KENTUCKY
ASHLAND
Silver Brand Clothes, Inc.
GLASGOW
Anderson Bros. & Foster
LEXINGTON
Purcell Co.
LOUISVILLE
Levy Bros.
SHELBYVILLE
Levy Bros.

LOUISIANA
LAFAYETTE
Abdalla's, Inc.
NEW IBERIA
Abdalla's, Inc.
NEW ORLEANS
Godchaux's
OPELOUSAS
Abdalla's, Inc.
SHREVEPORT
M. Levy Co., Inc.
THIBODAUX
Leon Bloch's

MAINE
BANGOR
Freese's, Inc.
MADISON
Stern's Dept. Store
SKOWHEGAN
Stern's Dept. Store
WATERVILLE
Stern's Dept. Store

MARYLAND
BALTIMORE
K. Katz & Sons
EAST POINT
K. Katz & Sons
EDMONDSON VILLAGE
K. Katz & Sons
NORTHWOOD
K. Katz & Sons

MASSACHUSETTS
BOSTON
Gilchrist Co.
BROCKTON
Gilchrist Co.
FRAMINGHAM
Gilchrist Co.
MEDFORD
Gilchrist Co.
NORTHAMPTON
McCallum's Dept. Store
NORWOOD
Ortins Sport Shop
QUINCY
Gilchrist Co.
WALTHAM
Gilchrist Co.

MICHIGAN
ALPENA
Martinson's
ANN ARBOR
Wagner's
BAY CITY
May Clothing Co.
DETROIT
Crowley's
GRAND RAPIDS
Hub Clothing Co.
HANCOCK
Stern & Field
HASTINGS
Water's Clothes Shop
IRONWOOD
Stern & Field
MARQUETTE
Stern & Field
PONTIAC
Hub Clothiers

MINNESOTA
ALBERT LEA
Gildner's
AURORA
Bourgin's

Continued on page 89

I FELL THREE MILES

Parachute or not, I had to jump from my flaming bomber . . .

By NICHOLAS ALKEMADE
as told to GRAHAM FISHER

■ In March 1944, when the Allied air forces were clobbering the Nazi war machine with round-the-clock bombing, I took part in a night raid on Berlin. I was 21 at the time, a sergeant rear gunner with No. 115 Bomber Squadron of the RAF. Our Lancaster four-engine bomber was part of an aerial armada ten miles long and five miles wide.

We reached Berlin and made our bombing run without incident. We broke out through the searchlight belt and the flak, ducked an ME 110 and headed for home. We were well over the German radio-controlled fighter belt now, with very little flak coming up—a sure sign of enemy fighters about. Suddenly two 20-mm cannon shells whammed into my tail turret with terrific explosions. The plexiglass shield at the side of the turret blew in on me. The pressure oilpipe burst, spraying flame.

Somewhere below there was a vivid flash. In its glare I saw the German fighter—a Junkers 88—swing in to attack again. I got off a fine, 10-second burst and knocked him away, flaming.

It wasn't until afterward that I realized I had been wounded. "Air craft on fire back here, skipper," I reported into the intercom.

"She's on fire this end as well," answered the skipper, Flight Sergeant Jack Newman, and ordered us to bale out.

The crew acknowledged the order. I elbowed open the sliding doors of the gun turret and the rear doors of the fuselage, reaching inside for my parachute. My stomach lurched sickeningly. The whole hollow length of the fuselage was aflame. Even as I groped for it, my parachute burst into flame. I was trapped 18,000 feet over Germany.

I could feel my oxygen mask beginning to melt. I ripped it off. The oxygen spurted out to feed the flames around me. I could feel my flesh shriveling in that intense heat. Rather than be burned alive I decided to make a quick, clean end of it. I got out of the turret and back-flipped into the night.

When I opened my eyes again I saw the stars poking through the heavy mass of pine branches overhead. Memory returned instantly. "My God," I thought. "I'm alive!"

I was lying in a mound of loose, wet snow. Moving my hands I could feel thick underbrush around me. My back felt stiff and the back of my head was sticky with blood. My face was sore, my feet felt frozen—I had lost my flying boots.

I got to a sitting position. My pants—leather flying trousers and battledress beneath—had been burned away.

I tried to stand. My right leg folded up under me. I crawled through the snow to the edge of the trees, but I could not go any farther. I wriggled out of my parachute harness and had a cigarette. Presently a German patrol found me.

I was bundled into a car and driven to a hospital at Meschede, where a German doctor stitched up my split head. After treatment I was interrogated by a young German officer. He wanted to know where I had hidden my parachute. I explained that I had not worn one. He obviously didn't believe me.

From the hospital I was moved to Dulag-luft, near Frankfurt, where I was questioned again.

"Can you prove your fantastic story?" asked the interrogator.

And quite suddenly I realized I could. "Yes," I said. "Get the parachute harness I discarded on the edge of the wood. You will find it has never been used."

They phoned Meschede and had the harness sent over. Sure enough, the hooks to which the parachute would have been fixed had I used it were still in their retaining clips and the webbing straps which carry the chute were still laced down in their loops. And all doubts about my story were finally removed when the Germans found the burned-out remains of my chute in the Lancaster's wreckage fuselage.

I still have the certificate which was drafted out in the prison camp to prove my fantastic story:

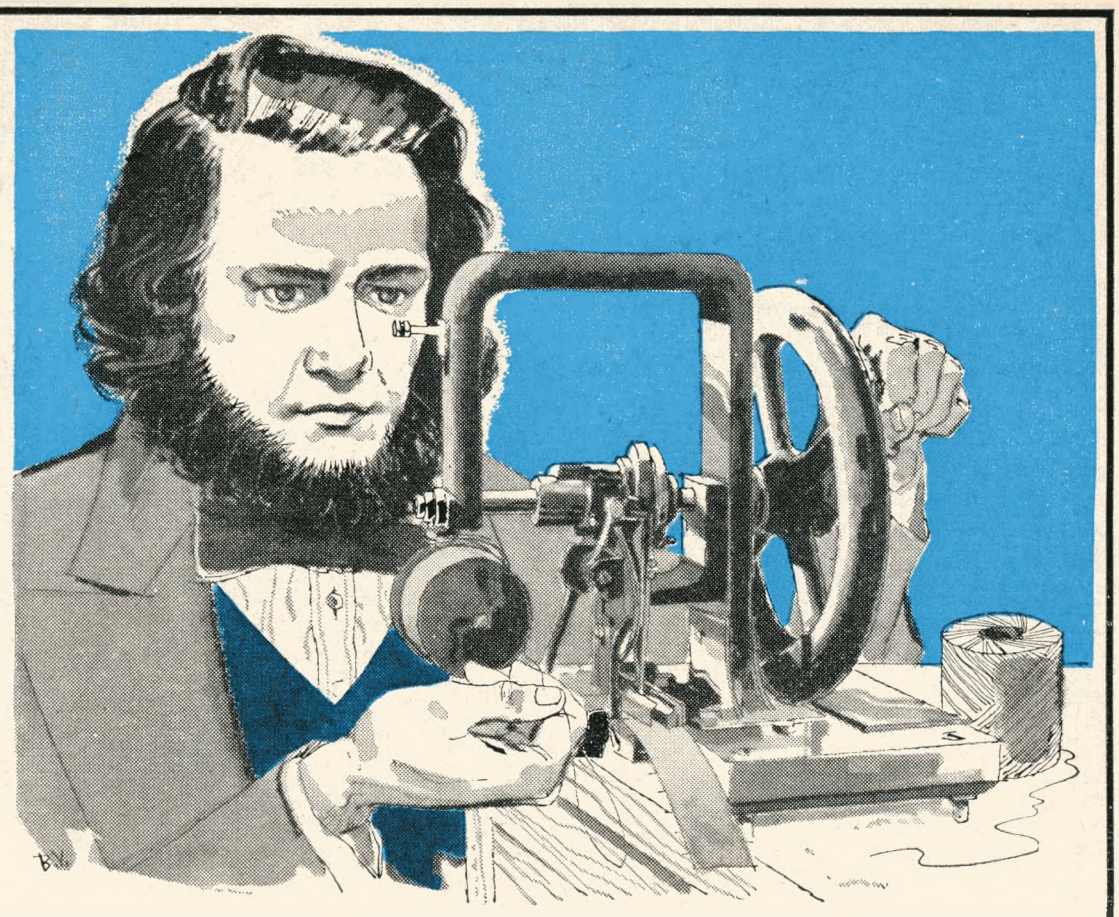
25th April 1944

It has been corroborated by the German authorities that the claim of Sergeant Alkemade is true in all respects—namely, that he made a descent from 18,000 feet without a parachute and made a safe landing, the parachute having been on fire in the aircraft. He landed in deep snow among fir trees.

Signed: Flight Lieut. H. J. Moore
Flight Sgt. R. R. Lamb
Flight Sgt. T. A. Jones

THE MAN WHO SPEEDED THE NEEDLE

BY RENÉ LECLER



■ It was the old adage, "A woman's work is never done," that first gave this inventor the idea of making a sewing machine that would help lighten one woman's work load. The woman was the consumptive mother of three children in a Boston slum in the year 1845. The man was her husband, a $9-a-week instrument maker. Night after night, as he watched his wife slaving over her sewing by lamp light, he conceived the idea of a machine that could do the task for her.

He wondered how to start. By making a machine that would imitate the motion of his wife's hands? He tried this and failed, unable to devise a machine that could truly imitate human movement. He continued to consider the problem; reduced to its simplest terms, he merely had to figure out how to sew two pieces of cloth together.

Watching friends using a weaving loom, the instrument maker concluded that he would need a small shuttle underneath the cloth to provide one part of the stitch. Then one night, he had a vivid, exciting dream: a band of savages were attacking him and their spears had holes in the point. Here, in a flash, he saw the basic principle of the sewing machine—the needle could carry the thread in its point. Before he was able to do anything about his invention, however, adversity struck. His wife fell ill, then their three children. The instrument maker lost his job, and then came the final, tragic blow: his home burned to the ground.

A friendly coal merchant named Fisher took the family in. Struck by the father's unique idea, Fisher lent him $500. In a few months the machine was completed. It had an overhanging arm, a needle going through the cloth held vertically and a shuttle underneath carrying the second thread and producing a lockstitch.

The public was not enthusiastic; they failed to understand it. Tailors and seamstresses even battled against it. When an English corset maker offered the inventor $1,250 for his idea and $15 a week if he would go to England and demonstrate it, the offer was quickly accepted.

But London proved the inventor's undoing. His sponsor was an unprincipled shark, his wife fell ill again and all the family's money was spent to send her back home. There wasn't enough for his own fare. He stayed in England, built another machine and sold it for $25 to buy food. He even had to pawn his patent papers. Finally he worked his passage back to Boston as a ship's cook and landed with sixty cents in his pocket. He returned home to find his wife dying.

He also found that his sewing machine had grown popular in his absence. Three manufacturers, including a clever inventor-promoter named Isaac Merrit Singer, were making machines that resembled his own.

Furious, he accused them of stealing his idea. "Show us your patent," they replied. His patent was in a Surrey pawnshop. It was a whole year before he had earned enough money to retrieve it and start legal proceedings.

Though infringements of a patent very often ruin an inventor, such was not the case here. The man who invented the first workable sewing machine was made by them. In September 1854, the courts declared: "For this invention the public are indebted to the Boston instrument maker, Elias Howe, Jr."

He had won a technical victory but his competitors were already far ahead of him in manufacture. Rather than fight on, they offered him a share of the royalties—$5 on every sewing machine sold in the United States.

The man who had lost his wife, his home, his health and very nearly his heart became wealthy overnight. Within seven years he was receiving $4,000 a day in royalties. But he did not live long to enjoy it. In October 1867 Elias Howe, Jr., died of Bright's Disease in Brooklyn, New York.

these stores have

"the TRUE word"

on the clothing gifts men want most for Fathers' Day—(June 15)

Continued from page 86

AUSTIN
Gildner's
DULUTH
Edward F. Wahl Co.
ELY
Bourgin's
EVELETH
Eveleth Apparel Store
FAIRMONT
Fisher Clothing Co.
FARIBAULT
Bachrach Clothing Co.
HIBBING
Hibbing Apparel Co.
INTERNATIONAL FALLS
Greater Apparel
MANKATO
Fisher Clothing Co.
MINNEAPOLIS
Juster Bros.
MONTEVIDEO
Calmanson Clothing Co.
MOORHEAD
The Palace
OWATONNA
Gildner's
ROCHESTER
M. C. Lawler Co.
ST. LOUIS PARK
Cook & Sons Corp.
ST. PAUL
Cook & Sons Corp.
SOUTHDALE
Juster Bros.
VIRGINIA
Bourgin's
WADENA
Stern & Field

MISSISSIPPI

JACKSON
Steven's
LAUREL
Alex Loeb, Inc.
MERIDIAN
Alex Loeb, Inc.
NATCHEZ
James J. Cole & Co.
VICKSBURG
Palermo's Men's Shop

MISSOURI

INDEPENDENCE
Knoepker's Dept. Store
JOPLIN
Newman Mercantile Co.
KIRKSVILLE
Herboth's
MONETT
Mansfield's
ST. LOUIS
Downs Men's Shop
SPRINGFIELD
Barth's

MONTANA

BUTTE
Wein's Clothing Store
GREAT FALLS
Buttrey's Dept. Store
HELENA
Fligelman's

NEBRASKA

KEARNEY
Ayers Clothing Co.
LEXINGTON
Ayers Clothing Co.
OMAHA
J. L. Brandeis & Sons

NEVADA

CARSON CITY
Cash Mercantile Co.
LAS VEGAS
K & K Dept. Store
MINDEN
Minden Dry Goods Co.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BERLIN
Labnon's Dept. Store
CONWAY
Labnon's Dept. Store
DURHAM
James W. Hill Co.
MANCHESTER
James W. Hill Co.
ROCHESTER
Feineman Bros.
TILTON
James W. Hill Co.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY
M. E. Blatt Co.
BRIDGETON
Wilbert M. Bacon & Co.
CAMDEN
Lit Bros.
ELIZABETH
Levy Bros.
FREEHOLD
Vogel's Dept. Store
LONG BRANCH
Vogel's Dept. Store
MILLVILLE
Fath Dept. Store
MONTCLAIR
Reliable Outfitters
NEWARK
Kresge-Newark
NEW BRUNSWICK
Nathan's Dept. Store
PARAMUS
Broadstreet's
PATERSON
Konner's
PLAINFIELD
Rosenbaum's
POINT PLEASANT BEACH
Winograd's Dept. Store
RED BANK
Vogel's Dept. Store
SOMERVILLE
M. H. Burke & Co.
SUMMIT
Combias Men's Shop
TRENTON
Lit Bros.
WEST END
Vogel's Dept. Store
WEST NEW YORK
Schlesinger's
WOODBRIDGE
Christensen Dept. Store

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE
Kistler, Collister, Inc.
SANTE FE
Moore's of Sante Fe
TAOS
The Emporium

NEW YORK

ALBANY
McManus & Riley
BATH
M. Cohn & Sons
BINGHAMTON
Sisson Bros. Welden Co.
BREWSTER
J. Smilkstein & Sons
BUFFALO
Kleinhans Co.
DUNKIRK
The Safe Store
FOREST HILLS
F. H. Dunstatter, Inc.
GLENS FALLS
C. V. Peters Co.
GLOVERSVILLE
Milstein's
GOUVERNEUR
Sol Kaplan, Inc.
GRANVILLE
Wilson Clothing Co.
HAMMONDSPORT
M. Cohn & Sons
HARLEM PLAZA
Kleinhans Co.
HEMPSTEAD
Broadstreet's
HUDSON
Marsh's, Inc.
JAMESTOWN
The Printz Co.
MIDDLETOWN
Kassel Bros.
MOUNT KISKO
J. Smilkstein & Sons
NEW YORK CITY
Broadstreet's
NIAGARA FALLS
Wakes
OGDENSBURG
Nathan Frank's Sons
OLEAN
The Liberty Co.
ONEONTA
Bresee's Oneonta Dept. Store
PATCHOGUE
Swezey & Newins
PLATTSBURG
David Merkel, Inc.
PORT JERVIS
Levin's Dept. Store, Inc.
POTSDAM
Pearl's Dept. Store
POUGHKEEPSIE
M. Shwartz & Co.
PULASKI
Darrohn's
RICHMOND HILL
F. H. Dunstatter, Inc.
ROCHESTER
National Clothing Co.
SARANAC LAKE
Wilson Clothing Co.
STATEN ISLAND
Garber Bros.
TUPPER LAKE
Ginsberg's Dept. Store
UTICA
Glick's
WALDEN PLAZA
Kleinhans Co.
WAVERLY
Knapps' Dept. Store

NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEBORO
Anchor-Asheboro
ASHEVILLE
M. V. Moore Co.
CHARLOTTE
Mellon Co.
DURHAM
Van Straatens
WINSTON-SALEM
The Anchor Co.

NORTH DAKOTA

BISMARCK
Greengard's
FARGO
Straus Clothing Co.
GRAND FORKS
Straus Clothing Co.
MINOT
Ellison's
VALLEY CITY
Straus Clothing Co.
WAHPENTON
Stern & Field

OHIO

AKRON
Hower Corp.
CAMBRIDGE
Fred Raymond & Co.
CHILLICOTHE
Goodman's Clothes, Inc.
DAYTON
Dunhill's
EASTOWN
Dunhill's
GALION
The Men's Shop
GREENVILLE
Ed Cornell's
LOCKLAND
Sullivan's
PARK
Vogue Shop
SPRINGFIELD
Vogue Shop
SOUTHERN VILLAGE
Vogue Shop
TOLEDO
B. R. Baker Co.
WARREN
The Printz Co.
WESTOWN
Dunhill's
WOOSTER
H. Freedlander Co.
ZANESVILLE
A. E. Starr Co.

OKLAHOMA

ARDMORE
Daube's Dept. Store
BARTLESVILLE
May Bros.
ENID
Newman Mercantile Co.
OKLAHOMA CITY
Rothschild's
SAPULPA
Mortons Dept. Store

OREGON

COOS BAY
The Hub
CORVALLIS
Williams I. D. Store
EUGENE
Bill Baker's Men's Wear
GOLD BEACH
Trehearne's
GRANTS PASS
Langley's Toggery
GRESHAM
The Man's Shop
HILLSBORO
Weil's Dept. Store
KLAMATH FALLS
Dick Reeder's Store for Men
PORTLAND
Bradford Clothes, Inc.
SOUTHWEST PORTLAND
Bradford Clothes, Inc.
THE DALLES
Williams I. D. Store

PENNSYLVANIA

ALTOONA
The Westfall Co.
CHESTER
H. M. McCoy
DU BOIS
A. E. Troutman Co.
ERIE
Erie Dry Goods Co.
FRANKLIN
The Printz Co.
GALLITZIN
Pollock's Dept. Store
KANE
The Printz Co.
LANSFORD
Bright Stores
LEBANON
Bon Ton Dept. Store
LEHIGHTON
Bright Stores
McKEESPORT
Henry B. Klein Co.
MEADVILLE
The Printz Co.
MORRISVILLE
Lit Bros.
NORTH EAST PHILADELPHIA
Lit Bros.
OIL CITY
The Printz Co.
OLYPHANT
Murphy's Men's Shop
PHILADELPHIA
Lit Bros.
PITTSBURGH
Albert J. Mansmann Co.
ROYERSFORD
Weikel's Sport Shop
SCRANTON
Samters of Scranton
TOWANDA
Dewey Dennis Men's Shop
UNIONTOWN
N. Kaufman's, Inc.
UPPER DARBY
Lit Bros.
WARREN
The Printz Co.
WAYNESBORO
The Men's Shop
WILKES-BARRE
Bergman's
WILKINSBURG
Dash's, Inc.
YORK
Walker's

RHODE ISLAND

NEWPORT
Narragansett Clothing Co.
PROVIDENCE
Richards Clothes

SOUTH CAROLINA

COLUMBIA
Wright-Johnston, Inc.
GREENVILLE
Meyers-Arnold Co.
SPARTANBURG
Belk-Hudson Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA

BELLE FOURCHE
The Hub
DEADWOOD
The Hub
LEAD
Finola's
RAPID CITY
Lariat Clothiers
SIOUX FALLS
Crawford's

TENNESSEE

CHATTANOOGA
Hardie & Caudle
COLUMBIA
Anderson Bros. & Foster
MEMPHIS
Oak Hall
NASHVILLE
National Stores
PULASKI
Anderson Bros. & Foster

TEXAS

AMARILLO
Blackburn Bros.
BIG SPRING
Hemphill Wells Co.
BROWNSVILLE
Fashion-Perl Bros.
CORSICANA
J. M. Dyer Co.
DALLAS
James K. Wilson Co.
GALVESTON
C. S. Levy & Co.
GREENVILLE
Young's
HIGHLAND PARK
James K. Wilson Co.
HOUSTON
Danburg's
LAREDO
Joe Brand Co.
LUBBOCK
Hemphill Wells Co.
LUFKIN
Hemphill Wells Co.
MIDLAND
S & Q Clothiers
SAN ANGELO
Hemphill Wells Co.
SAN ANTONIO
Frank Bros.
TEMPLE
J. M. Dyer Co.
VICTORIA
Danburg's

UTAH

SALT LAKE CITY
Mullett-Kelley
VERNAL
Russell's

VERMONT

BRATTLEBORO
Wilson Clothing Co.
BURLINGTON
Abernethy Dept. Store
RUTLAND
Wilson Clothing Co.

VIRGINIA

DANVILLE
Sater's for Men
MANASSAS
Hibbs & Giddings
NORFOLK
Shulman Co., Inc.
PORTSMOUTH
The Quality Shop

WASHINGTON

CHEHALIS
Bartel's Men's Store
EVERETT
Chester Beard Co.
LONGVIEW
Al Westerman's Men's Wear
TACOMA
Bon Marche
WALLA WALLA
Gardner & Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

BECKLEY
Silver Brand Clothes, Inc.
BLUEFIELD
Silver Brand Clothes, Inc.
CHARLESTON
Silver Brand Clothes, Inc.
CLARKSBURG
Will H. Melet Co.
HUNTINGTON
Dunhill's
LOGAN
Silver Brand Clothes, Inc.
SOUTH CHARLESTON
McClung & Morgan
WELCH
Silver Brand Clothes, Inc.
WHEELING
Silver Brand Clothes, Inc.

WISCONSIN

ASHLAND
Stern & Field
BURLINGTON
Wagner & Juranek
GREEN BAY
Stiefel's Quality Store
KENOSHA
Bell Clothing House
LADYSMITH
Ditmanson Co.
MADISON
Spoo & Son
MILWAUKEE
Sisson's
OSHKOSH
Spoo & Son

WYOMING

CASPER
Harry Yesness, Inc.
CHEYENNE
Fowler's

CANADA

WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO
Hersee Men's Wear

The Continental Carat Cooker

[*Continued from page* 58]

then screwed a jeweler's glass in his eye and held them up to the light. "Remarkable," he said. "Absolutely remarkable." Then he summoned his diamond expert—a nervous little man with a twitching face. "Take a look at these," he said, "and let me know what you think of them."

The expert examined the stones and answered: "I've never seen anything finer."

"No flaws of any kind?" asked Feldenheimer.

"None whatever. They're absolutely perfect."

Feldenheimer leaned back in his chair and began to laugh. "These stones aren't diamonds at all," he roared. "They're *imitations.*"

Then, turning from the baffled expert to his dapper visitor, he asked: "How many of these have you made?"

"Just what you see there, sir," said Lemoine, in flawless English, an innocent look on his face.

Feldenheimer's eyes narrowed as his fingers made a little tent in front of his chest. "You said in your letter that your invention could be mutually advantageous to both of us."

"Precisely," said the Frenchman. "You see, the experiments I have made have been very costly, and now that I have really produced a few artificial stones, I would like to find someone who will finance my future work."

Financing presented no problem to Feldenheimer who had, all his adult life, been promoting money. "I'll tell you what," said the jeweler. "Let me borrow one of these stones for a couple of days, then I'll let you know what can be arranged."

Next afternoon, Feldenheimer set up a meeting in a fashionable London club with Sir Julius Werhner, one of the governors of DeBeers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., the great South African diamond monopoly. One of the most knowledgeable men in the field, Sir Julius had once been a diamond buyer and had founded his own trading firm, Werhner, Beit & Co., which had subsequently been gobbled up by DeBeers.

Resplendent in a cutaway, his sharp eyes darting out above a handsome black mustache and Vandyke beard, Sir Julius commanded bows on all sides as he bustled into the club and strode up to Feldenheimer. "Your message sounded urgent," he said. "What's in the wind?"

"Man-made diamonds," whispered Feldenheimer.

The mere mention of man-made diamonds was then, as it is today, when scientists in the General Electric laboratory have turned the trick, enough to induce a splitting headache in every DeBeers' member. Alchemists had for years been trying to produce artificial diamonds. In fact, the stunt had been twice achieved.

A Scotchman named J. Ballantine Hannay had, a full quarter of a century prior to that meeting between Sir Julius and Feldenheimer, combined carbon with liquid metal under intense heat and pressure and produced diamonds that are today on exhibit in the British Museum. Following Hannay, a French scientist named Andre Moissan had employed a similar method and had also come up with man-made diamonds. But, while the diamonds of Hannay and Moissan were perfect, they were far too small (almost microscopic in size) to pose any threat to the DeBeers crowd. Even so, they haunted the syndicate's dreams, for if it was possible to make small diamonds, they knew, it might one day be possible to make large ones. And the thought of a market suddenly flooded with inexpensive, man-made stones was enough to turn white every hair in the entire Union of South Africa.

Feldenheimer reached into his pocket and handed Sir Julius Lemoine's stone. The diamond expert studied it under a jeweler's glass, then glared at Feldenheimer. "It's not possible!"

"But it is," said Feldenheimer. "And the man who made this has five others."

"Where has he been making them?"

"In Paris. He's a French chemist named Henri Lemoine."

Sir Julius, nobody's fool, but remembering the man-made diamonds of Hannay and Moissan, said he'd like to see the Frenchman give a demonstration. So Feldenheimer, after getting Lemoine to sign a contract giving him 10 percent of everything he could realize on the invention, informed Sir Julius that the genius was poised to show his stuff.

One starlit night a week or so later, five grim-faced gentlemen picked their way through the dark, twisted streets of the Latin Quarter of Paris, turned in at Lemoine's address, and climbed up to the fourth-floor attic. The men stopped briefly at the threshold while Feldenheimer lit a match and read a note tacked to the door:

> Gentlemen: Please come inside and make yourselves comfortable.

Lemoine's quarters in the attic consisted of one large cold and bare room, divided in two by a pair of red velvet drapes hung across the middle. Lemoine, behind the red drapes, shouted to the callers to be seated on a row of chairs that he had borrowed from a neighborhood undertaker, saying that he would be out in a minute.

Sitting there waiting for Lemoine, aside from Feldenheimer and Sir Julius, were Francis Oates, a director of the DeBeers outfit and a long-time associate of Sir Julius; Alfred Beit, a man with many fingers in many pies, and a London financier by the name of Jackson. Oates was a bearded character in a Prince Albert coat who had a reputation for not believing that the sun would come up of a morning until he actually saw it. Beit and Jackson were, compared with their companions, colorless characters who could talk and think only of money. Feldenheimer, smelling that commission if Sir Julius and his associates bought out Lemoine, had brought all of them together.

The visitors were growing restive when the red velvet drapes finally parted and there stood little Lemoine in a highly unorthodox condition. He was wearing nothing but shoes and socks and an expression of extreme confidence. "Good evening, gentlemen," he said as he bowed to the astonished five. Then, straightening up, he raised his arms in the air. "Notice, gentlemen," he said, with a smile, "that I have nothing concealed on my person."

Behind the curtain, Lemoine's visitors saw a laboratory which, like so many fakes, looked more genuine than the real thing. There was a large sink, a long wooden table on which rested a number of retorts, and shelves filled with impressive looking bottles and jars of chemicals.

Summoning the visitors to his scientific domain, which was enveloped in a gloom pierced only by the light of a few candles, Lemoine showed them a brick furnace with base and top made of lime, about a foot in all dimensions. There was a wire sticking out of each side of the furnace, connected to a dynamo that was operated by a four-horsepower gasoline engine.

Inside the furnace and connected to the wires, were two sticks of carbon, negative and positive, jutting out from the opposite sides so that they almost met.

"I can," Lemoine explained to the visitors, who were now grouped excitedly around the brick furnace, "produce heat of between seventeen and eighteen hundred degrees centigrade when I start the dynamo and the electricity flows through these carbons. This is sufficient to turn my ingredients into diamonds."

"Just what are your ingredients?" asked Sir Julius.

"Ah," said Lemoine, "but that is my secret. However, I will be glad to let you look."

Nearby, on the floor, was a round pottery vessel, small enough to fit inside the furnace, filled to the brim with a dark, dry substance. "This," explained Lemoine, "is what I put in the furnace. When the contents of this vessel are in that furnace for an hour, subjected to all that heat, I have diamonds."

Sir Julius ran his fingers through the stuff in the vessel, which, in the gloom, looked like powdered carbon sprinkled with iron filings. "What you're doing here," he said to Lemoine, "is similar to what Hannay did twenty-five years ago. You're subjecting carbon and metal to intense heat and pressure."

"Ah," said Lemoine, "but I go farther than Hannay. I go him, if I may say so, one better."

Sir Julius turned to Oates. "Maybe," he whispered, "he has the secret that neither Hannay nor Moissan could find—the ingredient that enables him to make such large stones."

"The whole thing sounds impossible," said Oates.

"That," snapped Lemoine, a trifle hurt, "is what they said when Hannay and Moissan tried to produce diamonds."

Lemoine, still stark naked and bent on impressing on his visitors that he had nothing up his sleeve, insisted that Sir Julius and the other visitors carefully examine the stuff in the pottery vessel. Everybody had a go at it, deciding that it was nothing but powdered carbon, iron filings and that secret ingredient that Lemoine kept talking about.

"All right now," said Lemoine to Sir Julius. "Just shove the vessel in the furnace."

Sir Julius started shoving the mixture into the furnace, but apparently he wasn't doing it exactly right because Lemoine reached over and straightened it out, and then it went in easily. Lemoine clamped the door shut behind it, making the furnace air-tight, and started the dynamo. Then everybody went into the other part of the room and sat down on chairs to await results. The noise of the generator was so deafening that it drowned out any attempt at conversation.

After half an hour, Lemoine got up and shut off the dynamo and then he sat down again and waited another half hour for the whole business to cool enough to remove the vessel. Finally, after waiting what seemed like a minor eternity, he opened the door of the furnace and, using a broomstick, nudged the container out onto the table. The pot was almost empty, the intense heat having evaporated the contents and left only a small amount of blackish liquid on the bottom.

"This still needs cooling," said Lemoine, carrying it over to the sink and filling it with water. The steam that arose clothed the little Frenchman, after a fashion, for the first time.

When the liquid was sufficiently cooled, Lemoine began probing it with a long-handled ladle. Presently he came upon something hard and scooped it out. "Look!" cried Sir Julius. "A diamond—and a *big* one!"

The men found themselves looking at a rough diamond about a carat in size—a brilliant stone such as the one Feldenheimer had, a few weeks before, carried into Sir Julius' club.

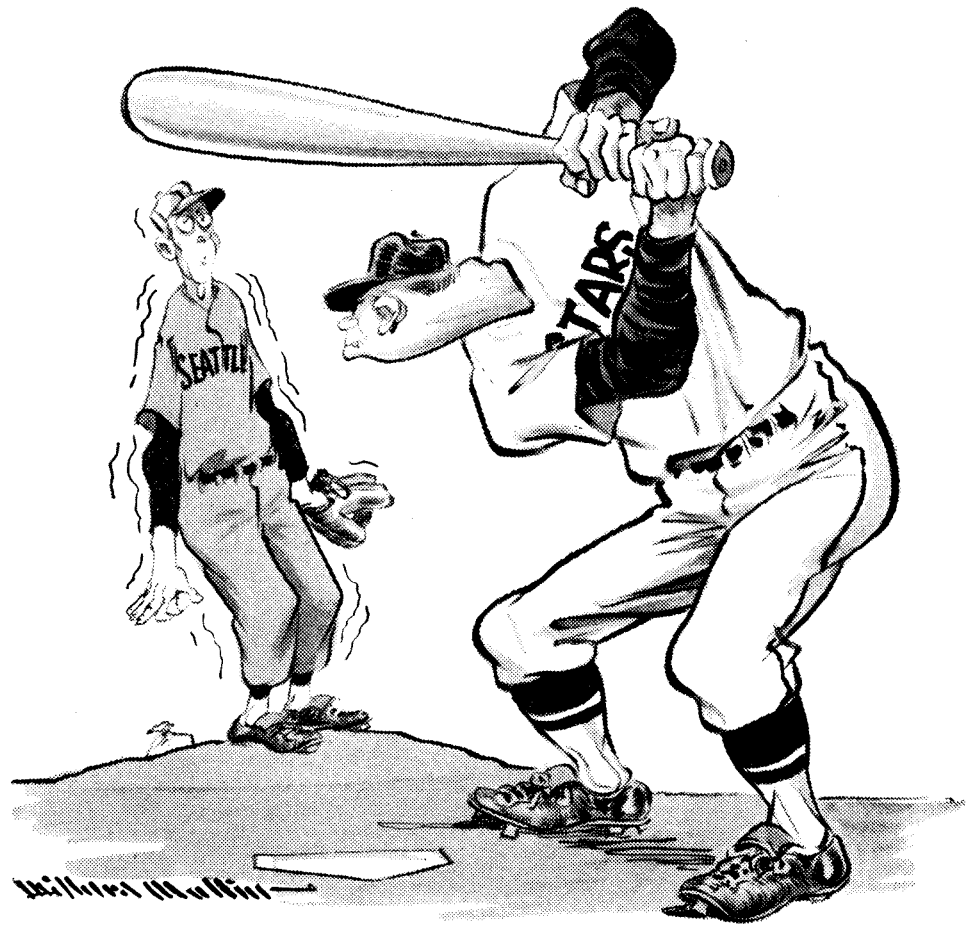
While Lemoine withdrew to a corner, aloof from the whole business, Sir Julius took the ladle and went back into that earthen vessel. Presently he came up with another stone, this one also about a carat in size, and examined it with his jeweler's glass. "Astonishing!" he said. "Perfectly astonishing!"

By the time it was all over, Sir Julius had pulled out of that earthen vessel a total of 25 rough diamonds—all about a carat in size. Congratulations were in order from everybody except Oates the kill-joy. "Would you mind doing this for us again?" he asked Lemoine. The inventor smiled indulgently and said he'd be glad to.

This time, when Sir Julius was pulling the earthenware vessel out of the furnace at the end of the experiment, he burned his hand. Lemoine got some salve, leaned down on the floor near the vessel, and ministered to Sir Julius' burned member. When the liquid at the bottom of the

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

by John Lardner



"HE'S HEARD OF HERMAN"

Floyd Caves (Babe) Herman was once called, by no less an expert than Rogers Hornsby, "the perfect free swinger." What the Babe was called from time to time by the 28 managers who coped with him, in 25 years of baseball in all kinds of leagues, cannot be printed here. At bat, he could murder the ball. In the field, the ball could murder Herman. Once, in his early days, when he was playing for Omaha, a wind-blown foul fly did conk him on the skull—and thus was born Part I of the Herman legend. The Babe was batting .416 at the time, but his owner told his manager to fire him.

"Much as I'd like to," said the manager uneasily, "how can I send away a man who is hitting over .400?"

"I don't care if he's hitting over 4,000!" yelled the owner. "I won't have players on my club who field the ball with their haircuts! Get rid of him!"

So the Babe went away from there; and over the years of fun and frenzy, in high leagues and low, he constructed Part II of his legend—as one of the fiercest sluggers in the game. He swung his big bat like a cane, and he could drive the ball through a brick wall. This was the reputation that followed him down to the end of his playing days. All by itself, the legend of Herman the hitter broke up one of the last games he played in Hollywood in 1942. The Babe was 40 by then, too old and plump to be risking his brains in the field. Maybe he was too old to be swinging a bat, as well. But a boy named Soriano didn't know that. Like every man and child on the Babe's native West Coast, what Soriano knew was that Herman ate pitchers alive.

The youngster, pitching for Seattle, had whiffed 10 Hollywood batsmen as the game went into the 10th inning tied. In the home half, Hollywood filled the bases with two out.

"You in shape to pinch-hit, Babe? He's still fast," the manager said.

"I won't need to hit him," said Herman, reaching for a bat. "I'll paralyze him."

He slouched to the plate. He scowled at the pitcher and held his bat like a butcher's cleaver over a side of beef. He never swung it. Five pitches went by—three balls, two strikes. Then the Babe pounded the plate, gnashed his teeth, and drew back the club as though to tear a hole in the fence. The weight of his fame came home full force to Soriano now—and the last pitch showed it. It hit the ground a yard in front of Herman's feet, for ball four. A run came in, and the game was over.

"There's a well-read kid," said the Babe, throwing his bat away for almost the last time in his life. "He's heard of Herman."

"Now *that's* what I call a *real* pick-me-up!"

vessel had sufficiently cooled to be examined, it was the same story all over again—30 more diamonds, making a total of 55.

This should have satisfied the most confirmed skeptic, but Francis Oates was still not convinced, and, after asking for a third demonstration, which Lemoine declined to give, insisted that the stones be shown to still another diamond expert. Somewhat impatient with his colleague, Sir Julius turned to Lemoine. "I suppose we must be absolutely certain," he said. "Do you mind if I take these stones with me?"

Lemoine shrugged, then smiled. "As you wish, Sir Julius. After all, I can always make more." The five men shuddered visibly and departed. The next morning they took the stones to a prominent Parisian jeweler in whom they all had the utmost confidence. "Perfect," said the jeweler. "Absolutely perfect."

Now even Oates was convinced that the naked man in the attic had achieved what diamond men had been fearing for years. Sir Julius was quick to assay the seriousness of the situation. If Lemoine wasn't tied down to a contract of some kind, he might get backing elsewhere and begin to mass-produce man-made stones. This could, in time, wreck the diamond business. In addition, if Sir Julius and his associates got control of the man-made diamond secret it in itself might someday be worth a fortune.

Back in Lemoine's cold attic, Sir Julius, the vapors of big money obscuring his normally acute mental processes, put a proposition up to the little con man: He would pay him the sum of 10,000 pounds (then the equivalent of $50,000) for his secret formula. Sir Julius was a sharp operator, out to euchre Lemoine if he could, because if Lemoine had what he claimed to have—his process was worth considerably more than 50 grand.

"Just put what you say in writing, Sir Julius," said Lemoine, "and I'll think it over."

Sir Julius and his attorneys hammered out an agreement offering to pay Lemoine the sum of 10,000 pounds if he gave them his secret. Sir Julius and his associates were, under terms of the contract, to have complete control of the secret process, being free to exploit it or to file it away somewhere to gather dust and combat future inventors of artificial diamonds. Meantime, the DeBeers monopoly would be protected.

"I'll let you know within a week," said Lemoine, pocketing the agreement. He then asked for his diamonds, which he badly needed to convert into cash for the next step in his enterprise. "Oh," said Sir Julius, "I'd like to retain possession of them, if I may. I want to show them to some friends."

Lemoine couldn't very well insist that Sir Julius return the stones. Had he given the slightest indication that he couldn't produce as many stones as his black little heart desired, he would have queered the whole deal right then and there.

Henri Lemoine was a veteran confidence man. A member of a prominent Parisian family, his father had once been the French consul of Trieste. But Henri, a born sharper, thought there was no thrill in life like taking a sucker. He had begun early, being kicked out of college for selling shares in a dormitory to gullible students. Disowned by his family, he had then made confidence work his life's endeavor. He sold shares in non-existent fortunes to suckers who believed they were heirs, he took up card sharping for a time and, when things were really tough, there was always the Eiffel Tower to lease to wealthy tourists from the American corn belt.

Lemoine had been released from prison only a few months before he had appeared in Feldenheimer's, and had perpetrated a couple of confidence games to get the capital to buy his so-called man-made diamonds. He had been married for about 10 years. His wife, a plump little number with rosebud lips, a yummy figure and crafty brown eyes, didn't care that he operated outside the law. All she cared about was cash. "Just let me keep it for you, darling," she would say to Henri when he had pulled another fast one. "You know how money slips through your fingers."

"What," asked Mme. Lemoine of her spouse, "do you intend to do now—now that you have this offer from Sir Julius Werhner?"

"I need ten thousand pounds," said Lemoine, "to make a fortune."

"But how?"

"I'll release this agreement of Sir Julius to the newspapers and the DeBeers stock will drop when the news gets out that one-carat artificial diamonds had been produced. Then I can purchase ten thousand pounds of DeBeers stock at a low figure."

"Then?"

"Then I'll let out the word that there is something wrong."

Lemoine's next problem was to find somebody who would hand over 50 grand without asking too many questions. For a man with Lemoine's reputation, this wasn't easy. He finally recalled an old acquaintance from Trieste—a man named Janesick who was well heeled and was always on the lookout for a killing. So he went to Trieste and looked up Janesick.

Janesick, a round little man with a fine shock of black hair and glittering dark eyes, sat in a dark corner of a cafe listening to Lemoine explaining why he needed money for a killing in the market. "You say," said Janesick after Lemoine had finished, "that after you've made the market drop you are going to announce that there is something wrong with your invention. *Is* there anything wrong with it?"

"Of course not," said the little con man, who apparently couldn't draw an honest breath when money was involved. "I really have found a way to make artificial diamonds."

"You don't make sense," snapped Janesick. "If you really had a way of making them, you'd deal with Sir Julius Werhner and make yourself a fortune without going to all this trouble. I don't know what you're trying to pull, but you're not conning me out of any money." With that, he stood up and departed. It takes a con man to know one, and Janesick knew instinctively that something was very phony.

Lemoine tried several more prospects, but was unable to dig up anybody who trusted him enough to hand over the $50,000. With this little scheme down the drain, Lemoine now reverted to type and launched another con. He returned to London and met Sir Julius and Feldenheimer in the baronet's club. "I have decided that I do not want my process

known," said little Henri, "until after my death."

Sir Julius gulped in alarm. "You mean you won't sign the agreement I gave you?"

"Yes and no," said Lemoine. "Upon receipt of your ten thousand pounds, I will write out my formula and place it in a sealed envelope and stop making the diamonds. But that envelope is not to be opened by anyone, even you, until I am dead."

This was not exactly what Sir Julius wanted, but he had no choice. If he refused, Lemoine could take his secret to another backer and start producing the diamonds. It was better to have the secret immobilized than not to have it at all. "Very well," he said, "if that's the way you want it."

A short time later, after Sir Julius had deposited Lemoine's sealed envelope in the Union of London and Smiths Bank Limited and the con man had received his dough, the three men—Feldenheimer, Sir Julius and Lemoine—were sitting around the club partaking of the cup that cheers when Lemoine, knowing he now had Sir Julius securely on the hook, launched the second part of his scheme. "Why," he suggested, "don't we start manufacturing my diamonds for industrial purposes?"

The idea was a sound one, for, by building up a stockpile of industrial diamonds, DeBeers would thus be protecting itself from any possible future competition in the field. Feldenheimer, smelling another commission, chimed in with his complete approval. Sir Julius pursed his lips, tugged his beard and looked off into space. "This might not be a bad idea," he said thoughtfully. "I'll give it some more thought and then discuss it with my associates."

"How soon would you know, Sir Julius?" asked Lemoine.

"I'm leaving for Africa next week to be gone indefinitely. But everything could be arranged by mail." So the three men split up at the club that day, each to go on his happy way.

Sir Julius and Oates, back in South Africa at the mines, went into conference with their associates and filled them in on what had been accomplished. They then proposed to back Lemoine in making his diamonds for industrial purposes. The DeBeers big shots termed the idea bully.

Sir Julius wrote to Lemoine and asked him how he would propose to go full steam ahead in making the diamonds. Lemoine wrote back that he proposed to put up a giant turbo electric plant at Argeliers, in the South of France. "Upon thorough investigation," the little con man wrote to Sir Julius, "I believe Argeliers to be the best possible site because of the water power there."

Warming up to a bigger and better con, Lemoine took an option on a large tract of land and hired an architect to draw up plans for a big plant. The con man sent the plans to Africa and said that he thought the equivalent of $100,000 would get things going.

The DeBeers directors didn't have to quibble about such a paltry sum as a hundred thousand. The money was shipped enthusiastically off to Lemoine.

The little con man, living it up in the

cafés with his pretty wife, and with that option for the land in his pocket, announced to the newspapers that he had purchased it for the purpose of producing power and light. Then he sent the newspaper clippings to South Africa. "He's a clever one, that," said Sir Julius to other DeBeers directors. "He's not even revealing what he's going to produce in that plant."

What happened from then on might strain credulity had it not one day become court record. Months passed, with an occasional letter from Lemoine to Sir Julius, always reporting progress with the construction of the plant. Lemoine, fortunately, had discovered another construction job a few kilometers from the site where he was putting up the mythical plant and he hired a photographer to take pictures of the progress of the real plant. He forwarded the fake pictures to South Africa.

Lemoine decided, a year after he had first met Sir Julius, that the time was at hand to put the bite on again. He sent a photograph showing a completed building, a statement reflecting a payroll of 92 workmen, a couple of the first stones that had been turned out at the plant, and a request for another 20,000 pounds.

"Just look at this!" said Sir Julius, holding one of the genuine fake diamonds up to the other DeBeers directors. "I vote, gentlemen, to give him the money he's asking for."

There was a chorus of yeas around the directors' table and next day a certified check for the equivalent of 100 grand was on the way to the little con man.

The second year of Lemoine's association with Sir Julius passed with Lemoine still hitting the high spots with his wife, Sir Julius busy in Africa, and the con man occasionally sending Sir Julius a genuine diamond.

Gradually, though, the mail from France to South Africa began to reflect all sorts of difficulties that Lemoine was having with his equipment. But the excuses all sounded perfectly plausible, what with a new manufacturing process just getting off the ground. Anyway, Sir Julius and the other DeBeers directors were too busy counting the millions they were making from real diamonds to grow disturbed about the delay in production from the French factory.

As the third year of his association with the DeBeers people approached, Lemoine was keeping the air white with correspondence about this difficulty and that, his letters filled with technical data gleaned from his readings on the subject. Occasionally, though, he would come through with a magnificent rough stone —one that had actually made the round trip between Africa and France—just enough to prevent suspicion from arising in the Dark Continent.

But, as every dog must have its day, every sucker must, eventually, see the light. It was Oates, the man who had been skeptical in the first place, who now, three years after having looked upon that remarkable experiment in the Paris garret, walked into Sir Julius' office at the mines one morning, a worried expression on his face. "Has it ever occurred to you, Sir Julius," Oates asked, "that it's been three years now since we entered into that agreement with Lemoine and that we've seen precious little for all that money we advanced him?"

"It has been a long time, hasn't it?"

"And that building he's supposed to have put up," Oates went on. "None of us has actually seen it."

"You're right, Frank," said Sir Julius.

"And so far as the man himself is concerned, what do we *really* know about him?"

Sir Julius ran his tongue over his dry lips. "Come to think of it," he said, "we never *investigated* that chap at all!"

A couple of months later, Sir Julius and Feldenheimer appeared along the south coast of France and walked into the office of the Prefect of Police of Argeliers. "We are looking for a gentleman by the

name of Lemoine," said Sir Julius. "Can you direct us to his factory?"

"Factory?" said the prefect. "What factory?"

Sir Julius reached into a portfolio. "Here are several pictures of it."

The prefect studied the photos and looked up at his visitors. "Ah, yes," he said, "but the factory is not in this area. These pictures are of a power and light factory about 20 kilometers from here."

Sir Julius winked at Feldenheimer, thinking that Lemoine had been successful in disguising the true purpose of his factory. He was about to gather up the photos and depart when Feldenheimer, just to be on the safe side, asked one last question: "Who built that factory?"

"Why, the municipality, of course," said the prefect.

"And no factory has been put up in this area by a man named Lemoine?"

"Absolutely not, gentlemen. I am certain of that."

Fairly certain now that they had been flimflammed, the two men lit out for Paris and told their story to the police. After hearing their woeful tale, the officer in charge got up and went to a cabinet, removed a rogues gallery picture, and showed it to Sir Julius and Feldenheimer. "Is that the man?" he asked.

It was.

"Henri Lemoine," said the detective, "is one of the cleverest confidence men in all of Europe."

"I still can't understand how he did it," said Sir Julius, telling the officer the detailed story of those curious demonstrations in Lemoine's attic.

When he had finished, the officer nodded. "Lemoine must have palmed the diamonds into that vessel."

"But . . . how? We all examined the mixture before he put it into the oven."

"You mentioned that he helped you put the first batch into the furnace; that's probably when he slipped them in. He wouldn't have tried the same trick the second time, but luckily you helped him by burning your hand. He dropped the diamonds in while he was putting ointment on your burn. You've got to remember," he told the still puzzled men, "that he's a veteran confidence man. He's an expert at sleight-of-hand."

Lemoine was picked off a chair at a sidewalk café near the Opera. Confronted by Sir Julius and Feldenheimer, he just blinked and greeted them cordially. "Where is all my money?" demanded Sir Julius.

"Experiments," said Lemoine blandly.

"You are a faker. An impostor! You have stolen my money!"

Clapped into jail, Lemoine arose, like a phoenix, from his own ashes. He hired the best lawyer in Paris—a cunning little rat of a man named Labori, who knew how to smell out a legal loophole and crawl into it. Labori stirred up a hornet's nest of legal maneuvers, brushing aside the fact that his client had milked Sir Julius for all that dough, and got a pal who was a magistrate in the Palais de Justice to issue an order stipulating that if Sir Julius would put up another $90,000 Lemoine would, under supervision, produce man-made diamonds.

Werhner let out a cry of anguish and threatened to break his agreement with Lemoine—to get that sealed envelope out of the London bank and see just what he had bought in the first place. But Lemoine's cagey mouthpiece pointed out the signed agreement that the envelope was not to be opened during his client's lifetime.

Meanwhile, the gendarmes were on the prowl for all that dough that the little con man had bilked from Sir Julius and his associates. But the gendarmes eventually found themselves stymied. Bank records disclosed that Lemoine had signed everything over to his wife and the lady had divorced her husband and vanished.

Lemoine kept insisting that if Sir Julius would fork over another 90 grand he would get down to work and produce diamonds. Sir Julius, thinking things over, couldn't shake off the feeling, despite Lemoine's background and what the Paris police had told him, that the man just *could* have something. Sir Julius was no doubt loath to admit to others, or

to himself, that he had been swindled.

"I know you're no good," Sir Julius said to Lemoine, "and that you have squandered the money you have received from me so far."

"Sir Julius," interrupted Lemoine, "permit me to tell you how dreadfully sorry I am. But believe me, my intentions were good—and still are. My wife made off with your money and I was forced to deceive you."

So Sir Julius, thus establishing his claim as one of history's most gullible suckers, agreed. "All right," he said, "I'll advance you the money for the furnace."

Lemoine was sprung from the jug, grabbed the money, and, with the police keeping an eye on him, began shopping around Paris for a likely place to construct the big furnace.

He had now become something of a national celebrity. Male citizens began to write, saying how much they admired him, and the girls asked if he would run off a few diamonds.

Lemoine used part of the 90 thousand to throw up a building. But, when he was on the point of equipping it with scientific paraphernalia, he, painstaking man, began to find fault with first one thing, then another.

Eventually, official patience and the patience of Sir Julius became exhausted. They were about to slap him back into the clink when Lemoine, with the true con man's sixth sense, spotted the danger and, during the night, stole away like an Arab and dropped through a hole into space.

It was only now—almost half a million dollars too late—that Sir Julius received official permission to open that envelope that Lemoine had, at a cost of $50,000 palmed off on him. And this, word for word, was what he had written:

Sir Julius:

It is very difficult to make diamonds. Take carbon, crystallize it under heat, and submit it to sufficient pressure. You will have diamonds.

That agreement, in itself, wouldn't have been enough to send Lemoine away for it was basically true—the method by which Hannay and Professor Moissan had produced, however small, man-made diamonds. It was our boy's bad record as a con man and his milking Sir Julius and associates out of all that money for the factory that was to do him in.

Eventually snared as he was hustling a lady up a flight of stairs, Henri Lemoine was sent up for six years—a picayune price, some observers believe, for the enormity of his take. (Interestingly enough, it came out at the trial that Lemoine's diamonds, which Wernher and his associates had gleefully compared so favorably to the genuine article from South Africa, had, indeed, come from Africa. One of Sir Julius' lawyers uncovered the dealer who had gotten them from the Jagersfontein Mine, and who had, in turn, sold them to Lemoine.)

Released, the little con man trailed off into the silences, never to be heard from again. Some students of Henri Lemoine suspect that he may have joined his wife, and all that loot, in some happy oblivion.

—Alan Hynd & A. I. Schutzer

"You Gotta Fight Dirty"

[*Continued from page* 68]

third X-ray for the longest time, he finally placed a hand on my shoulder and said, "Son, I've X-rayed a lot of heads in my time but yours is without a doubt the thickest I have ever seen. It is two and one-half times as thick as any head I have ever X-rayed."

Many's the time I butted a man and expected to see blood running down over my eyes but my head never bled. I have scars under my eyes and on my nose from fighting but I haven't got a mark on my forehead.

Anyhow, to get back to the technique of good butting, I might add that the best place to butt a man is over the eye. That's where he'll cut easily, if he hasn't got a head like mine. Jake LaMotta was a funny kind of butt man. He'd butt you over the temple. He did almost all his butting when he had you on the ropes. He'd grab you by the arm and you'd turn aside and he'd butt you on the temple.

THIRD PRINCIPLE:

This is kind of odd advice on dirty fighting, but—know the rules.

The rules, for example, say the fighters are to touch gloves before the bout and at the start of the final round. Guys who touch gloves in between are going out of their way for trouble. I fought Vinnie Vines in '43 in Madison Square Garden. In the first round we got tangled up in a clinch and when he stepped out of the clinch he extended his gloves to me. I reached out and hit him a right hand on the chin. Knocked him out.

That's boxing. The winners make the money, the losers make the excuses.

Same as the glove-touchers are the I-wuz-fouled fighters—the fellows who turn to complain to the referee that they are being fouled and wind up being worse than fouled.

Take Lew Jenkins, the former lightweight champion. I was boxing Jenkins in Pittsburgh back in '42. Now Jenkins had a bad habit of spreading his feet far apart, about twice as far as the ordinary fighter. Something like a batter in baseball. Well, as soon as I see him spread those feet I move in and wham!—I step on his toes, but hard. He calls me a damn Yankee and a lot of other filthy names. I know he has a hot temper to begin with, so I step on his toes again. This time he turns his head to complain to the referee, which I am expecting and hoping he'll do, and I reach over and hit him with a right hand on the chin and down goes Jenkins.

Same thing in the second round. I step on him, he turns to the referee, I knock him down. Well, he gets up hollering bloody murder. What filthy names he calls me! Anyhow, to make a long story short, I give him a terrible going over until the referee, Ernie Sesto, stops it after the ninth round.

I loved to fight Jenkins. Not only because of that stance he had but because he had a neck about a size nine. He looked like a rooster. When I wasn't stepping on his toes I was giving him a choke job.

After that Pittsburgh fight the next time I heard from Jenkins was three or four years later. He was in service by then and was passing through Pittsburgh. My phone rang at 5 in the morning and he's on the line yelling, "Get outta bed, you bum! Come on downtown and let's have a drink." Always calls me when he's in town now. He tried to kill me and he knows I tried to kill him, but he always calls me when he's in town.

Both Lew and I were champions but neither of us have an address on Easy Street today. People figure a fellow wins a title, he's set for life. Let me tell you, as a result of winning the title I automatically picked up another manager who got 25 percent of all my earnings as champion. Eddie Mead was the guy. Mead was Armstrong's manager.

You make the deal and give him the 25 percent so you can get the title shot, and you figure, okay, it's part of the game. But my, what troubles I had with that Mead. About four days before the title fight he called me up to an office in the R.C.A. Building. I went up to the office with three friends—Louie Stoken, Monk Ketchell and Bobby Quinn. Monk is boss of the Allegheny County police force now and Bobby was my trainer. They waited outside the office while I talked to Mead.

"You know, you can't win this fight," Mead says to me, and I says, "What do you mean, I can't win this fight?"

He says, "Well, Armstrong will probably knock you out and you'll get all busted up and cut up and you won't get too much money anyhow."

I says, "What do you expect me to do? If I lose the fight it won't be the first fight I lost, and if I win it, it won't be the first fight I won. Anyway, I think I can lick him in spite of what you say. What are you getting at?"

Well, he says he will give me $15,000 in small bills the day before the fight, just to make sure I don't hurt myself in trying to win. "Nobody will know anything about it," Mead says.

Well, I don't positively say no and I don't say yes. I realize that if I tell him it's nothing doing Mead might have Armstrong get hurt in the gym—you know, a fake hand injury or something that will take him out of the fight. At that time the fight didn't mean a whole lot. I was a 4-1 underdog. They could call off the fight and let it go a few months and then let it just disappear altogether.

What I did was to keep a fellow named Johnny Schwartz watching Armstrong in the gymnasium every day, to make sure he didn't get hurt and there wouldn't be any fake. Finally, it comes the day of the fight and coming down from the weigh-in Mead comes by and takes me by the coat, gives me a little tug and says, "You made a mistake, kid. You're gonna get hurt tonight."

So the fight came off and Mead had to be satisfied with 25 percent of me. As champion, I got 50 percent of all earnings clear, Mead got 25, and my manager, Luke Carney, got 25. All expenses came out of their end, so you can bet I made the most of that. I was welterweight champ but I lived like the welterweight, middleweight, light heavyweight, and heavyweight champs put together.

Still, I didn't care for the idea of paying Mead 25 percent when I could be clearing 75, so after I had fought 11 times

"How's things in L.A.?"

as champion and had paid Mead something like $26,000 I asked him to sell me his piece.

Well, we negotiated back and forth two or three days and finally agreed on $10,000. I had a title defense coming up in about three weeks against Freddie "Red" Cochrane in Newark so I made a stipulation with Mead that if I lost to Cochrane the deal would be off. There wouldn't be any point to it anyway, because the original agreement was that Mead would own part of me only as long as I was champion.

Now I knew that Mead was a heavy spender; he played the horses and lived in a plush apartment on Park Avenue. Already he owed me $3,800 personally. I wasn't going to give him 10 grand that he could spend before the Cochrane fight, so what I did was to give him three post-dated checks good after the fight and spread maybe two, three, four days apart. I told him to hold them in case I lost the fight. As it happened, I lost the title to Cochrane. As soon as I got home to Pittsburgh I got a call from my bank. Sure enough, Mead had deposited the checks in his bank as soon as I had given them to him, and his bank had sent them on to mine.

I told the bank to send them back marked "stopped."

Then I called Mead and bawled him out. He said he was sorry, he made a mistake, and I believed him. I expected that was the last of it.

But three or four weeks later a Pittsburgh fight promoter, Barney McGinley, said to me, "Fritzie, there's a fellow in town looking for you. A wrong fellow. He says you owe some money."

I told Barney it couldn't be, but he said if the fellow gets in touch with me I should pay him the courtesy of talking with him if I wished to retain my health. Well, the fellow gave me a call and we made a date to meet in Toots Goldstein's, which is a restaurant where the Pittsburgh sporting set hangs out, sort of a bush league Toots Shor's.

To be honest with you, I was a little scared when I went to see this fellow, so I took along Monk Ketchell, the cop, and Joe Becker, a detective, both real big fellows.

As soon as I saw the fellow come into Goldstein's I knew he was a torpedo. He was a little guy, thin, about 55—real natty dresser, wore a pearl gray homburg. Very dapper. Strictly a professional torpedo.

He wasn't alone. With him was a big guy who I knew to be a member of the Blue Bandana gang, an outfit operating at that time in Westmoreland County, which is a short ways from Pittsburgh.

All right, so I sit down with them in a booth, and sitting down is kind of uncomfortable at that, because I'm carrying a .38 in my belt, though damned if I know how to use it. I order a beer and the torpedo orders a glass of milk and I ask him what is the difficulty?

He tells me he represents Eddie Mead's creditors; that Mead showed them the checks I stopped and that if I hadn't welshed on the 10 grand Mead could pay them off. Them, I supposed, were bookmakers.

To make a long story short, I explain the Mead business to the fellow, and he says, "Well, that throws a different light on it. I will get in touch with my employers. Meet me here tomorrow, same time."

The next day the fellow told me everything was okay, and that's the last I saw or heard of him. Mead died of a heart attack not long after. I wasn't sore at him. I found out he was desperate. I never did get the $3,800 he owed me.

But you know, you can't take one thing from boxing—it's one of the most colorful sports there is. And why? Maybe because it's a dumping ground for all kinds of characters. I look back on the years and individuals come to mind: Ray Arcel, a man who conned me into losing a fight but a trainer whose "good press" makes him out a first class gentleman surrounded by thieves. Fat Gene Dargan, a used-car salesman who would rather make $30 a week working with fighters than $300 a week selling cars. A referee in Omaha who voted against one of my fighters because the kid floored him with a right when the ref stuck his nose in to break a clinch. Al Weill, Rocky Marciano's manager; Jimmy Cannon wrote if Weill ever gets to heaven he'll pluck the feathers from the angels' wings and sell them for mattress stuffing. Dressing room bribers. Farmer promoters. What a collection!

I'm no bargain either, in case you get the idea I think I am. I carried a few fighters. I'll never forget, funniest experience I ever had—back in '46. I had retired from boxing for the umpteenth time and I hadn't been in the gym for I guess two months. I was smoking a few cigarettes, drinking a few beers. Wasn't in as good condition as I might have been.

Well, one day I ran into Gene Dargan, the used-car salesman, and he said, "Fritzie, I got a fight for you, a $1,500 guarantee. Want to box a fighter named Russel Wilhite in Memphis?"

I said to Gene, "With a name like Russel Wilhite, I'll take the fight."

"You in shape?" he asked me.

I said, "I don't have to be in shape. Any fighter with a name like that cannot fight."

First thing, I went and bought a pair of gloves, they were called Sammy Frager gloves. Made by a former fighter named Sammy Frager out of Chicago. Wonderful gloves. They weighed only five ounces and there must have been three ounces in the wrists. I said to Gene, "I'll take these gloves to Memphis. In the shape I'm in, I can't go very many rounds but if I can get away with wearing these little gloves I got a good chance to knock this kid out."

So finally we got to Memphis where we read this Russel Wilhite has had 17 fights up to this time—16 knockouts and one win. I met the kid at the weigh-in. Fine looking boy, 18 years old, a high school kid, real good looking. Looked more like a choir boy than a fighter."

Then I looked up the promoter, a typical farmer promoter, you might say. Hadn't been around the game very long. I said to him, "Please do me a favor, please use these gloves tonight."

He looked at the gloves and said, "Son, those are wonderful gloves. How much do I owe you?"

"Not five cents," I said. "These gloves are on me."

The night of the fight was really something. No deputy in the dressing room, no nothing. You didn't even have to wait till you got in the ring to put on your gloves. I taped my hands. I put some white tape on, put some black tape over the white tape, and put some white tape over the black tape. Got my hands loaded pretty good. Then I put on my Sammy Frager gloves.

About a half hour before the fight a fellow came in and called Gene outside. They talked outside about five minutes and Gene came in and said, "Fritzie, that fellow wants to know if you'll accept $500 to let this kid go ten rounds."

I said, "Why, certainly," because I didn't know if I could hold him off for 10 rounds, anyway.

So this guy gave Gene five $100 bills.

Well, the fight starts and I go out for the first round just testing myself. I guess it's like a ball player or anybody who's been in a business for years and then comes back after a layoff—your natural feeling is very good for the first couple of minutes when you start in again. I'm feeling pretty limber so I go in and hit the kid with a left hook and he starts to go down. I remember the $500 so I grab the kid and hold him up and dance around with him until he comes to.

Then I hit him on the shoulder and on the chest and I miss him purposely two or three times. Finally, the round is over and I go back to my corner and say to Gene, "What am I going to do? This kid can't fight."

"Well," Gene says, "just take your time."

So I go out for the second round. I don't hit him much and he don't hit me. This goes on for a couple rounds and the crowd is raising the devil. It was a

real stinker. I go back to my corner after the third round and I say to Gene, "I better get rid of this kid." But Gene pulls out five bills from his pocket and says maybe I better not. I laugh and go out for the fourth.

But then the referee growls at me, "Come on, Zivic, you better fight or you're not gonna get paid." Well, I was getting $1,500 for the fight and $1,500 is worth more than $500 so I go back after the round and tell Gene what the referee said. Then in the fifth I go out and feint the kid and hit him with a left hook on the chin that knocks him cold. When the referee holds up my hand, oh, does the crowd boo! It was terrible.

Gene and I hustled back to the dressing room and locked the door. Soon as we did we heard a Boom! Boom! Boom! on the door. Gene hollered, "Coming under the door!" and he slipped the five bills under.

That Gene Dargan, he sort of took over as my manager after I fell out with Luke Carney, and man, he got me into more situations! He once booked me for three 10-rounders in one week—Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

I said to him, "What're we doing on Tuesday and Thursday?"

I fought three good boys, Ralph Zanelli in Providence, Pete Mead in Grand Rapids, and Bobby Britton in Memphis. Got $1,500, $2,000 and $1,500. All three bouts went the distance. Lost the first two but beat Britton.

Nat Fleischer's record book says I fought Zanelli, Mead and Britton four days apart, but even Nat makes errors. Maybe he had trouble keeping track of me because I was such an active fighter. Why, I remember the time in '39 my brother Eddie had a date to fight a fellow named Charlie Bell in Columbus, Ohio, but had a bad ear and couldn't make it, so I said, "We look alike, Eddie, I'll fight for you."

I went down to Columbus but the matchmaker recognized me. He said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll explain to Bells' manager what happened to Eddie and if he wants to fight you, it's all right with me."

Well, to make a long story short, the manager said, "Okay, we'll fight you, on one condition—that you don't knock Charlie out for two rounds. After two rounds, every man for himself."

We go out for the first round and I clip Charlie Bell on the jaw and he starts to sag. I grab him and hold him up and do a ballet dance for maybe 15, 20 seconds with him. When he comes around, I grab him, choke him around the neck, spin him around, and give him a pretty good going over. But I keep my word and don't knock him down.

I kept Bell alive in the second round but when we come out for the third I extend my gloves to him, violating my own rule about touching gloves in the middle of a fight. He says, "This isn't the last round."

I says, "It is for you, Charlie," and I reach over and hit him on the chin and knock him deader than a doornail.

I got $29.40 for the fight.

A few months later I went back to

Columbus and boxed a fellow name of Al Costello, another bout Nat Fleischer missed, and knocked him out in a couple of rounds. Got a little more money this time. Got $39.

I never boxed in Columbus again.

It's like Leo Durocher said—"Nice guys finish last." I was a nice guy for a night myself and finished last. Ray Arcel, the eminent trainer, conned me right into it.

I'm boxing this fellow Norman Rubio in Newark in '42 and before the fight Arcel, who is handling Rubio, comes to see me. "Don't bust this kid up, Fritzie, he's a nice kid with a family."

I said nuts to that, but by the time I got into the ring I'm thinking about his wife and kids so I kind of take it easy with him at first. He's a little guy, with more hair on his chest than I had on my head. He's doing pretty good and by the time I wake up to the fact that he has piled up a big lead on me, I can't get started. I'm in a rut. He must have won nine of the 10 rounds.

That's what you get, being a nice guy.

Well, the rematch was made for Pittsburgh a few weeks later. I told Arcel before the fight, "I'm going to bust your kid's head open, bite his ear off, cut his eyes, everything." I run out for the first round like a maniac—and the next thing I know the referee is counting over me.

I get up and manage to stay out of Rubio's way for the rest of the round. Then in the second round I go to work. I stick him with my left, hook him, spin him, butt him. Then I really get warmed up. By the ninth round Rubio is cut over both eyes and pouring blood. The referee stopped it.

So I wasn't a nice guy. I won.

I'll tell you another sweet fellow I got all kinds of love for. Al Weill, Marciano's manager. Once I fought in Washington, D. C., for a matchmaker named Goldie Ahern. I had a $1,500 guarantee but the crowd was poor and Goldie asked me to settle for $750. I figured, well, I might be a promoter some day so I may as well be considerate. I take the $750. This was a favor to Weill because it was a known fact that he was bankrolling the show.

Years later I bought an outdoor arena, Zivic Arena, with some money my wife Helen had held out of my pockets for a rainy day and I had a green kid making matches for me. He booked Arturo Godoy, the Argentine heavy managed by Weill, and guaranteed him $3,500 or 30 percent of the gate. This was fantastic. We could seat only 7,500. When I heard about it I knew we would lose money on the show so I called Weill and asked him to cut the guarantee to $1,000.

"Your matchmaker made the deal," he said. "A deal's a deal."

I reminded him of a night in Washington when I took half my guarantee to help him out, but the least he would go down to was $2,500 and we lost money. Again I was reminded: Be a nice fellow in boxing and you get it in the neck.

But of all the nasty things, and at the same time the funniest thing, I saw in the fight game, a referee in Omaha took the cake. I was boxing a main event there and I had one of the fighters I managed in a six-round preliminary. He was a little kid named Mickey Quack, a shoeshine fighter—he'd stand in the middle of the ring with his head down and both arms flailing back and forth like a kid shining shoes. The referee was one of those characters when he tells the fighters to break he has to stick his head in between them.

Well, Mickey and his opponent are standing head to head, throwing punches blindly, and sure enough, the ref sticks his head in once too often and Mickey nails him with a right hook. Down goes the ref, on one knee. Right away the crowd starts counting. The ref is kneeling there, shaking it off. Finally, at the count of seven he gets up.

"The men from the finance company were here today."

To make a long story short, Mickey takes five of the six rounds but the ref, who is the only official, gives the decision to the other fighter. Couldn't take a knockdown.

I'm out of boxing now. But I love the business and when I hear Pennsylvania's Governor Leader and New York Commissioner Helfand and the National Boxing Association swearing they're out to clean up the game I hope they mean outside the ring only. Inside, the dirty fighters are the real fighters. Willie Pep, old as he is, would still be featherweight champ if another alley-fighter like Sandy Saddler hadn't come along.

Pep was whipping him going away when Sandy applied a double arm lock that dislocated Willie's shoulder and made him quit in his corner, giving the title away. In their return match they heeled, thumbed, butted, elbowed, wrestled, and even took Referee Ray Miller down to the floor with them. The sports writers said it was outrageous. Saddler remarked:

"I got a little mad when he heeled me and thumbed me in the eye and stepped on my toes, but after all, he was trying to win and it's all in the game."

Spoken like a true champion.

Us dirty fighters don't make any bones about being dirty fighters. It's like I told General Phelan, the New York Commissioner, when he was conducting a hearing the day after my fight with Bummy Davis. In the first round Davis had looked at the clock to see how much time there was and I clipped him, knocked him down. He blew his stack and the next round came out and hit me low about 16 times till they stopped the fight and disqualified him. At the hearing Davis told General Phelan I thumbed him. "Zivic," said the general, "what do you have to say for yourself?"

"General," I said, "I'm going to be very frank with you. I deny that I thumbed him for the simple reason that I didn't have to. I knocked him down in the first round and it was an easy fight. But I'll be honest about it—if Davis would have given me a beating I would have thumbed him. I would have hit him low. I would have taken every advantage I could. I grew up in a tough neighborhood and was taught to fight only one way."

"Davis," said the general. "We fine you $2,500 and suspend you indefinitely in New York State."

If I had been a heavyweight I certainly would have liked to try out my philosophy of fighting on Marciano, a fighter who came at you with fists, arms, elbows, head, everything. But he was a wild man in the ring—I mean he was temper dirty, not cute dirty, not scientific dirty. First time he would run at me and miss with that wild right of his, I would get him by the elbow and spin him around. Then I would give him a little choke job, chop him in the groin, and try a little butt on that tender nose he has.

He'd blow his stack. From there on in, I'd have it made.

In boxing a good, dirty man is hard to beat. Usually it takes a better and dirtier man to do it.—**Fritzie Zivic & Myron Cope**

The Raid That Killed Hitler's A-Bomb

[*Continued from page* 73]

the answer before us, even if he undertook only a modest attempt to build the bomb. Germany had at least two first-class minds capable of directing the effort: Prof. Werner Heisenberg, of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, a world-famed physicist of near-Einstein rank; and Otto Hahn, a co-discoverer of atomic fission itself.

In March 1942, still eight months away from achieving even the first basic chain reaction at the University of Chicago, U.S. physicists begged Roosevelt to do everything he could, by any means, to delay the German program and thus give them more time.

The President agreed, and the problem was passed to the top-secret Special Forces planning room in England. Kidnaping or assassination of the German atomic scientists was proposed and rejected—it might tip our hand that we were focusing major importance on the possibility of building a bomb. Critical supplies for atomic experiments, on the other hand, were vulnerable to attack and might not stir any wild guesses in Berlin.

At this moment, unknown to Special Forces in London, a lanky, bespectacled Norwegian teacher of English named Einar Skinnarland was talking to a friend in his home in the mountainous skiing district of Telemark, west of Oslo. Einar had come to say good-by to his friend, who was the chief engineer at a strange isolated power plant near a mountain crag called Vemork.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," Einar said. "The underground is going to steal a steamer and we'll try to reach England to enlist in the Army."

The engineer's reaction was not what Einar had expected. "Listen," his friend said. "When you get there tell the British that the Nazis have ordered us to raise production of heavy water from 3,000 to 10,000 pounds a year or face a concentration camp."

"Heavy water?" Einar asked.

"Deuterium oxide."

"What's that?"

"Just tell them," the engineer said. "If you can't make anybody in the government listen to you, go to the most important physicist you can find and tell him."

The mystified Einar pledged his word. A week later—March 17, 1942—a cheering group of Norwegian refugees edged the *SS Galtesund*, a rusty coastal freighter, into Aberdeen, Scotland. They had pirated her out from under the Nazi occupiers and had sailed her to Britain to enlist in the Royal Norwegian Army's "Linge Company," then in training with British Commandos.

Since British Intelligence interrogated each *Galtesund* Norwegian individually, Einar immediately recounted his heavy water message. To his surprise the British officials seemed not only to be interested in Vemork, but to know all about the Norsk Hydro hydrogen electrolysis plant there. They seemed hardly able to conceal their elation, in fact, at discovering a Norwegian who was actually acquainted with the Norsk Hydro chief engineer.

But they told Einar nothing. He was immediately separated from his companions and rushed into the 16-hour-a-day training of a British intelligence agent. After 10 days of physical conditioning and drops from a parachute tower, of poring over radio repair manuals and memorizing codes, of learning everything that Allied intelligence knew of transport systems and German army forces in southern Norway, Einar rebelled.

"What's this all about? Why am I learning all this?" he demanded.

A British colonel attached to Special Forces took him aside for a beer in a quiet corner of a pub. Heavy water, the colonel explained, was a war material so important that it might give Germany a secret weapon and victory. The only large-scale production of heavy water in Europe was by Norsk Hydro. The Allies had to know exactly when any shipments left Norway, and by what routes.

The colonel himself was a little unclear about the relation of heavy water to the "secret weapon," but he did know that deuterium was notoriously slow to manufacture. Some 100,000 gallons of ordinary water had to be run through a complicated process of electrolysis to produce a single gallon of the stuff.

"So," he concluded, "if we knock out all shipments from Vemork, and eventually the plant itself, the Nazis will have very little to work with."

"Why not bomb it?" Einar asked.

"Too well protected for the risk involved. Can't bomb in daylight without fighter-escort and too far for fighters. It would only be a lucky target for planes at night, what with peaks all around and the plant itself dug-in beside a granite overhang." The colonel paused. "The P.M. himself thinks sabotage is the best possibility."

Einar considered carefully. "All right. What can I do?"

Eight hours later Einar Skinnarland was parachuted from a bomber into the high snows of the Telemark. He carried a stub from a railroad ticket and a receipted bill from an Oslo hotel, proving that for the past 10 days he had never been out of the country.

Special Forces, of course, did not intend Einar to blow up the plant alone. Failure would tip off the Nazis that Vemork was under attack. However, at the end of March there seemed precious little time to organize a major commando raid before Norway's far northern latitude made summer nights too short for effective raiding.

The first message from Einar ended Special Forces worries for the moment. In the laborious code he had only recently crammed into his head, Einar sent word that the midnight sun was worrying the enemy too. The Nazis had suspended all shipments of heavy water to Germany until fall because of the increased danger from Allied planes and subs. London breathed a sigh of relief. Now there was time for more careful planning.

By May part of the Norwegian Linge

Company was assigned to parachute as well as commando training, and a call had gone out through British airborne forces for a special mission. In June four Norwegians were picked from Linge Company. They were to be "Operation Swallow," the reconnaissance party which would be parachuted in advance to help Einar prepare a landing ground for two gliders filled with British airborne troops which would do the actual demolition work at Vemork.

In July both nationalities moved to an isolated section in the mountainous Scottish Highlands to practice glider landings. Einar, meanwhile, scouted out every possible glider landing field for 40 miles around and radioed back long reports, moving constantly to avoid detection.

At Special Forces instruction he had also helped the Vemork engineer to reach a waiting British submarine which took a chance and surfaced during daylight in an isolated fjord. The purpose of this escape was two-fold: to give the engineer's Norwegian assistant a chance to claim inexperience as an excuse for slowing down heavy-water production, and to secure exact knowledge of the facilities to be destroyed.

Special Forces was taking no chances on a blunder. In August both "Swallow" and the British airborne force began practicing assault on a full-scale mockup of the entire plant as it had been reconstructed by the engineer: actual fences, German guard barracks, the electrolysis plant itself, and the vital concentrator apparatus in the cellar, along with storage tanks for the heavy water (which the raiders imagined to be a new and deadly kind of gas).

By the end of the month "Swallow," the advance party, was ready to go. Nights were lengthening fast and twice in two weeks the bomber with the four parachutists actually took off. Each time heavy clouds over Telemark hid even the mountain peaks. On October 15 the weather forecast seemed perfect and they tried again. At 1 a.m. they were over Telemark, with a heavy white blanket closing off the earth once more.

The four Norwegians discussed it with the RAF navigator. "We rendezvous with Einar at Sandvatn," one of them said. "But I know this country. It is impossible to cross in the winter. Do you think you can drop us somewhere near Sandvatn?"

The navigator nodded. "I think so."

The four Norwegians looked at one another. The decision was a serious one. They would be jumping blindly into Norway's rugged, desolate mountain spine. They might come down anywhere —sheer cliff or jagged peak—and be dragged to their death by their chutes. Or they might be trapped on a pinnacle from which there was no descent. As trained paratroops they knew that jumping was sheer folly . . .

Fifteen minutes later the four men dropped out of the bomb bays with their heavy equipment. They would not return futilely to England for a third time.

Surprisingly they came down safely and together on a small mountain meadow, the only such flat area they were to discover in days. But their equipment was scattered. It took them two days of floundering in the deep snow to recover it, and two more days on skis to discover where they were: 50 miles from Sandvatn.

Meanwhile Einar was worried. Each night the terse message crackled out from London: " 'Swallow' still missing." It seemed ominously clear to Einar what had happened in the wild peaks, especially on October 21 when a blizzard blew up suddenly in the evening.

But again a freak stroke of fate saved the four parachutists. Although the desolate, snow-blown range had seemed entirely uninhabited the four men stumbled on an abandoned herder's hut just as the full force of the blizzard struck.

The blizzard roared for three days, waving drifts over the hut. But on the 24th "Swallow" dug itself out into a clear, glittering white world, warmed by a capricious sun which soon turned the snow soft. Skiing became impossible. Carrying 66-lb. packs in the high thin air the four men floundered on, up to their arms in snow.

Each then retraced his steps to carry forward a second load of equipment—precious weapons, explosives, skis and a radio. Despite this herculean work, their food was scanty and had to be rationed: each got a small slab of pemmican and a handful of groats a day, plus a little cheese and chocolate.

At night the four men were too tired to put up a small tent. They slept in their fur parkas where they dropped in their tracks. In the morning they pushed wearily ahead, falling through the weak ice of mountain streams, but always moving on.

On November 2, Einar radioed London for permission to select the glider landing ground alone. Permission was refused. "Swallow" would also be needed to guide the British troops to the objective. Einar cursed Special Forces, sitting comfortably in London, knowing nothing of what it would be like to parachute into the Telemark in mid-winter.

Incredibly, on November 6, the four men staggered into the rendezvous hut at Sandvatn, utterly exhausted but with all their equipment. In the worst kind of weather and carrying two loads each, they had crossed 50 miles of winter country so rough that it was regarded as virtually impossible, even by the best Norse skiers.

Einar nursed the four men back to strength. There was not much time, he knew; shipments of heavy water were already on the Vemork rail sidings ready to go to Germany. In four days "Swallow" was fit again and Einar led them over the countryside to the very edge of the humming plant. Far away, the glider site was also chosen. Einar sent a final message to London: come when ready.

The weather remained stubbornly bad, however, until the 19th. Then it cleared, and London sent word that the gliders were in the air.

Einar grinned at the four parachutists; almost eight months of waiting and planning were approaching a climax.

Huddled on an isolated plateau, Einar and the others waited with signal lights for the first drone of the Halifax tow planes. Hour after hour passed, and the planes did not come.

Then, at dawn, the tragic news was flashed from London. Just over the Norwegian coast, 100 miles from the target, a sudden snow squall had broken. One of the bombers and its glider had crashed into the side of a mountain peak. Plane crews and troops were presumed dead. The ice-coated tow rope of the second glider had parted; the fate of the glider was unknown.

Actually that glider managed to crash-land, injuring half of the British troops aboard, Einar learned later. They managed to get the injured to a herdsman's hut, and next morning, realizing the hopelessness of their position and the need for medical attention, surrendered to a battalion of German mountain troops.

The Britons stacked their arms, waved a white flag and lined up outside the hut to surrender. The Nazis, however, opened fire, and only a few of the wounded inside the hut survived. The German officer responsible was ultimately tried for war crimes and executed.

Shocked by the news of this disaster, Einar nonetheless asked permission for his small group to make the assault on Vemork. London told him to wait and promised to send help again at the next dark of the moon, weather permitting. Einar argued that gliders were impossible in Norway's winter and that British troops would only be in the way. The Nazi supply train was already fully loaded and would leave, perhaps in a matter of hours.

London was silent. And then it was too late. From the wounded airborne troops the Germans had pieced together enough information to guess the target. Half the occupation forces in Norway were funneled into Telemark to comb out the area.

German Reichskommissar Josef Terboven himself inspected the Vemork plant's defenses, along with the Wehrmacht commander for Norway, General von Falkenhorst. Einar and "Swallow" had to flee to the high peaks, moving daily as German ski troops pursued them from one desolate mountain hut to another. Radio contact with London was abandoned for days at a time.

On December 18 the despondent Einar concluded his radio summary: "To make matters worse everybody except myself is sick with fever and pains in the stomach. The W/T operator found a Krag rifle and some cartridges and I have been out every day trying to shoot a reindeer at long distance. But I haven't seen any. We have been reduced to eating moss and our supply of dry wood has come to an end."

At last on December 23 Einar did shoot a reindeer. In a shepherd's hut, watchfully on guard for Nazi patrols, the group "celebrated a happy Christmas by eating all day."

Special Forces in London, meanwhile, considerably humbled but determined to destroy this top-priority target, agreed with Einar and abandoned all hope of dropping gliders. Norway was now crawling with alert German patrols. Six more Norwegians were drawn from Linge Company, including "Knut," a round-faced civil engineer and hunter in his early 30's who had become an expert on explosives. These six were tagged "Operation Gunnerside." They'd studied the mockups of the Vemork electrolysis plant until they could blow it up blindfolded.

In January they were ready to parachute into the Telemark. Again it stormed for weeks without letup. On January 23 "Gunnerside" actually flew over the drop area for two hours but were unable to see "Swallow's" signal lights and returned to England.

On February 16, after Churchill himself had questioned the delay, Knut and the other five members of "Gunnerside" leaped from 1,000 feet to the frozen surface of Lake Skryken. They were 30 miles northwest of "Swallow."

A blizzard promptly hit them, and it was not until February 23 that the two teams were able to join up.

Theirs was a grim reunion as Knut explained to Einar and the "Swallow" party the true meaning of heavy water and "atom bomb," an almost incredible concept in those days.

Special Forces had chosen to take a desperate gamble with this small, picked group; if they failed, the mission failed, with dire consequences. The task called for a suicide squad—men willing to attack the plant until they succeeded or were killed. In the Western world there is only one way to motivate that kind of a soldier: pick an intelligent man and tell him the stakes in the gamble. Thus these 11 men, operating behind enemy lines, now knew one of the war's most vital secrets: that an "atom bomb" probably could be made (the first chain reaction had been achieved December 2). And an atom bomb would end the war.

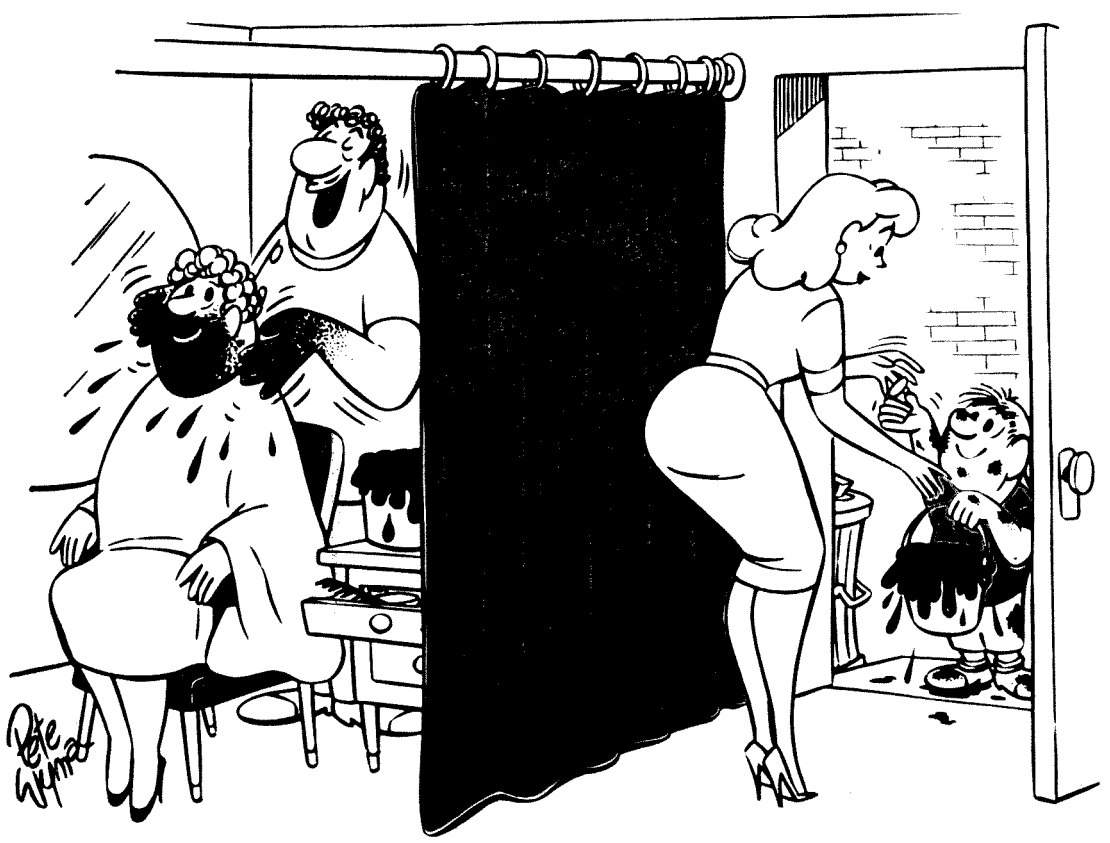
For this reason, and because a prisoner might somehow be forced to betray surviving members of the mission—who were pledged to continue the attack on Vemork in all eventualities—the operation order as written by these 11 Norwegians two days later concluded with these words: "*If any man is about to be taken prisoner, he undertakes to end his life.*" It was their own idea, something that Special Forces would not have dared to suggest.

The night of February 27, 1943, was overcast and mild with much wind. At 8 p.m., wearing British battle dress, the 11 men left their tiny lean-to in Fjosbudalen. Sometime during the raid they would make an effort to display the uniform to the enemy to prevent retaliation against local residents.

Einar led the column. He knew the way by heart, having been over it a dozen times. He had not slept all the previous night because of excitement, but now he was calm.

The snow was too wet for skiing. The men waded through drifts up to their waists, carrying their skis, and following a telephone line. After an hour's slow progress, Einar began to fear that they would not reach the plant by 12:30 a.m.,

suspicions CONFIRMED



"Yes, madam, this mud contains our secret skin-revitalizing ingredient that we import at great expense."

the time selected as best to surprise the German guards. It also left long hours of darkness for the escape.

Finally Einar led the heavily armed men in British uniform out to the road. Only once did they encounter traffic—two buses of workers bound for the night shift in a nearby town—and they were able to hide in time.

At 10 p.m. the party reached a cut through timber made for a powerline and cached their emergency escape rations and skis. They began the treacherous 100-yard descent down a muddy cliff to the river which furnished the power for Vemork.

Downstream under a bright moon which had just emerged they could see the half dozen buildings of the critical Vemork installation. A bridge led to it, guarded by only two Nazi sentries, but the guardhouse was on the opposite side and not easily rushed. The river would have to be crossed on the ice.

Einar tested it. The ice, weakened by the thaw, creaked dangerously. For almost an hour the entire party searched along the bank for a better place to cross. Einar had not counted on this fantastically warm weather.

At 11:20 he found a place where they could chance a crossing. "Our lightest man goes first, carrying only a tommy gun," he whispered. "If he falls into the river the guards may hear him and turn on their spotlights. There is to be no shooting under any circumstances. The man in the river must help himself because we will immediately go back and rush the bridge. Some of us may get through."

There was a brief discussion of who was lightest, then a figure skipped across the river. The ice buckled and groaned but held. Einar went next. In a few minutes they were all across, the last man just barely. The guardhouse above on the bridge remained dark and silent.

The raiders began the climb up a sheer rock face of some 150 yards. Above was the railroad siding leading into the plant. They followed it to within 500 yards of the factory gates, then faded into the woods.

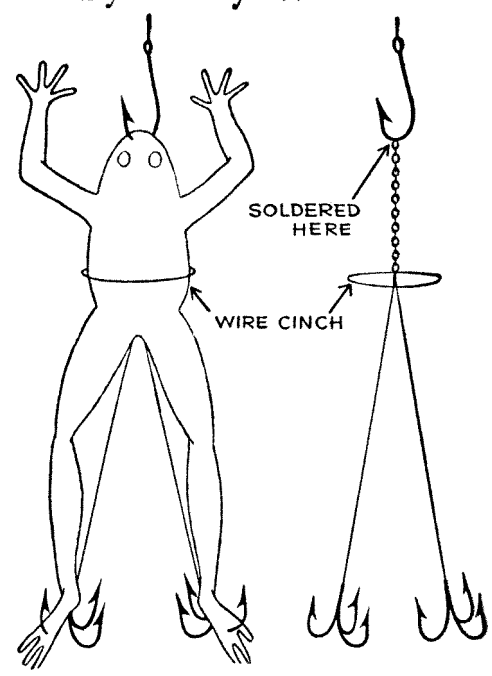
On the brisk westerly wind came the hum from the electrolysis plant, working around the clock. Crouched in deep snow, the raiders watched the hourly Nazi patrol post new sentries on the bridge.

At 12:30 a.m. Einar checked to see that each man knew his task. The guns, which had been kept unloaded to prevent an accidental shot, were now loaded. Einar reminded each man of the pledge he had made to take his life if captured, and of the decision to keep attacking the plant no matter what happened.

He led them to the fence. It was coarse heavy wire, easily clipped with armorer's shears. Three strands of wire running

How to make the Green Frog Rig

by Piney Woods



Here's the perfect lure for short-snappers. Attach 2 hooks to wire, twisting upper lengths into one strand. Solder to main hook. Bait frog as indicated, drawing small wire around waist to prevent wriggling. Let frog sink to bottom of lake or stream, then reel in slowly.

through the fence were connected to an alarm system, but a specialist in England had instructed them how to handle it. The alarm was successfully disconnected.

Einar and the four "Swallow" men crept into the factory area and calmly set up their Bren gun some 50 yards from the main entrance to the German guard barracks. Two men with submachine guns would cover the sides. The other two members of "Swallow" would deal with the sentry at the main gate, or the pair of German sentries who might run back from the bridge to investigate an alarm.

Einar studied the German barracks. There were no lights, and the next patrol was not due out for another 45 minutes. He had checked this night after night, as methodically as the Germans themselves.

Meanwhile Knut led the way to the electrolysis plant and tested the cellar door. It was locked, as they had expected.

He glanced back to find his cover party, but Einar and his men were invisible in the dark shadows of other buildings. Knut left a man with a submachine gun to guard the cellar door; two armed Norwegian sentries were known to be posted inside the building.

He tested the main door to the plant, which was also locked. He considered ringing the bell, but decided against it because of the possible shooting necessary to overpower the sentry.

There was one other chance to enter the building—through the cable tunnel. "Gunnerside" fanned out to look for the entrance. Knut with one other man finally discovered it by tracing a pipe. It was a small culvert, hardly big enough to admit a man's body, and already filled with pipes and conduits. But Vemork's former chief engineer had assured Knut that it led directly to the concentrator apparatus in the cellar.

Wriggling through mud and slime along several very hot pipes, tugging weapons and explosives, Knut and his companion at last slithered into the cellar. They had to sit down for a second, gasping for breath and checking the action of their weapons.

Knut found the door to the concentrator room open, entered and took the Norwegian guard by surprise. The guard was frightened at these strange slime-covered raiders who had no time to talk. He raised his hands, as Knut's assistant covered him.

Knut set the charges quickly, finding that the model in England had been an exact duplicate. He had placed half of his explosives when the cellar window behind him shattered. He glanced up. A man's head was framed there from the factory yard outside.

Knut snapped up his gun but the head in the window whispered "Piccadilly!" the password. Another British uniform came sliding feet-first into the room. Knut was sure that the clatter would bring the Germans, although the new member of "Gunnerside" had tried to muffle the crash with his coat. Knut tried to be angry at this man, but he had merely followed orders to get into the plant at all costs.

The new man helped place the rest of the charges, both men holding their submachine guns between their legs as they worked, sure that the firing would begin in the next instant. When they were finished they went over the demolition arrangement, wire by wire. It was maddeningly slow work, but there could be no mistake at this point.

Short fuses were set, for fear the Nazis might discover the attempt at the last moment and somehow stymie it. The entire "Gunnerside" party was only 20 yards outside the building when the explosion tore the cellar apart.

Einar, meanwhile, hardly dared breathe. His hand jumped instinctively on the trigger of the big gun as the crash of the breaking window echoed clearly through the night. The Germans would be bursting out of the barracks in five seconds. He counted. The gun was on full automatic, zeroed in on the door. Einar's count reached five, but nothing happened.

With a gesture Einar dispatched one of his men to take the main-gate Norwegian sentry, who might give the alarm. He knew that the man was a quisling, knew his name and family, knew too that he would not be likely to fight. Einar's estimate was right. The sentry surrendered and watched impassively as his captor cut the telephone line.

The Germans still had not come out of the barracks.

With a flash and a muffled boom the heavy water concentrator mill blew up in the cellar. Knut and his men shouting "Piccadilly!" began to converge on the main gate, and the Bren gun in long gutty blasts began to lace into the wooden barracks, its tracers criss-crossed by a line of Sten gun fire from either side.

A few seconds later Einar was alone. It was all that he had waited for; the plant and the tanks of heavy water had been blown up. Snatching a pistol out of his blouse, he abandoned the Bren and raced after the last of the raiders. Not a German had shown his head.

On the other side of the river, safely and incredibly away without a casualty, Einar paused to listen. There was *still* no sound from the German guard barracks. Awakened from a sound sleep, they had been too stunned to move.

Some 3,000 pounds of heavy water, almost half a year's production, had been lost and the key apparatus in the concentration plant destroyed. Telemark exploded into a frenzy of Nazi activity.

General von Falkenhorst complimented the attack as "the best *coup* I've ever seen" as he court-martialed the entire guard garrison. He also began a systematic comb-out of the entire population of the province.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The astonishing story of the top-secret Project X-Ray. Could we have won the war with a bold plan and a cave load of fiery bats?

"Gunnerside," with the exception of Knut, was safely on its way to Sweden. They were eventually flown out to Britain and decorated by Churchill himself, as representatives of the mission, with a total of 17 medals.

Knut, for family reasons and because the Norse underground needed a good bomb man, chose to stay. So did the four members of "Swallow." Einar was still assigned to report on Norsk Hydro, which although damaged could not be left without an Allied watchman. Neither he nor Knut had any idea of the even more fantastic job of sabotage in store.

In November 1943, a year and a half after he had begun his first watch on Vemork, Einar reported to London that the Germans were rapidly completing a crash program of reconstruction at Norsk Hydro. Plane loads of technicians and equipment shuttled between Germany and the Telemark.

What was to be done now? He doubted that another "Gunnerside" attack could succeed because of intense German security precautions, but if London would send the men he would try.

Special Forces in London had heard about the "suicide" pact among the 11 men, however. They asked the precision daylight bombers of the 8th U.S. Bomber Command to try Vemork first.

On November 16 the bombers came. With powerful glasses Einar watched from a distant peak. He saw what appeared to be two direct hits. But two days later it became clear that only partial damage had been achieved.

This further assault was enough for the Germans, however. Vemork was too exposed. On November 31 Einar radioed to London that the entire Norsk Hydro heavy water installation was to be dismantled for shipment to Germany. It would be a long and difficult transfer.

By the first week in February 1944 the job was completed. The entire plant had been dismantled, crated and placed aboard a train of flat cars. On Friday, February 18, Einar received news that the train would depart Sunday morning for loading aboard a Nazi freighter at a small seaport near Oslo Sunday night.

On Saturday SS troops filled the valley; mountain forces patrolled every trail on the high slopes for miles around Vemork. There would be no nonsense this time. On Sunday morning a guard would be detailed for every 100 metres or so along the 15 miles of rail line east to Lake Tinnsje. Here the train would be loaded aboard a ferry, taken 25 miles south to the foot of the lake, and put ashore for the short run to the sea.

Nazi forces would patrol the lake in motor launches, as well as guard the second stretch of rail line, plus the seaport. Nothing would go wrong on Sunday morning, Von Falkenhorst insisted. No more sabotage. The train would be well guarded against surprise attack all the way.

But on Saturday evening Einar and Knut and two other resistance members stepped into a small car in Oslo. They drove toward Lake Tinnsje. When they were stopped they produced passes apparently signed by Reichskommissar Terboven himself. The Nazi guards saluted and passed the car through the checkpoints. At 1 a.m. Sunday, Knut drove the car up to the ferry slip at the south end of the lake, where the combination rail-auto ferryboat *Hydro* was docked for the night.

Einar remained in the car to show the passes to any passing patrol which might inquire. Knut, carrying a brown leather traveling bag, boarded the ferry with the other two men. It was not guarded. Why should it be? The *Hydro* would not pick up the precious freight cars at the other end of the lake until the following morning.

Almost the entire ship's crew were gathered below around a long table playing cards. The three intruders carefully checked the engine room, but found an engineer and stoker, and therefore crept back toward the passenger cabins.

"What's going on here?" a voice suddenly demanded in Norwegian. The three turned fearfully to face one of the *Hydro's* officers.

"We're on the run from the Gestapo," Knut answered slowly. The three watched the officer's face. "Can you hide us?"

"All right. Stay silent," the officer answered and left them.

None of the three was positive that the man would not betray them. Knut hurriedly wriggled through a hatch and crept along the keel up to the bow. From the satchel he took two time bombs, which he had made himself, and set the clocks for 10:45 a.m. Einar had discovered from another careful reconnaissance that at this hour on the following morning the *Hydro* would be returning, heavily laden, from the upper end of the lake nearest Vemork. And she would pass over the deepest part of the lake.

Five minutes later the three men joined the fretting Einar, who always seemed to draw the onerous job of standing guard in an exposed position. Calmly the car drove away to Oslo.

On Monday morning, February 21, 1944, Einar and Knut left the dingy hotel in Oslo where they were employed as plumber and janitor respectively. They paused on their way to breakfast to buy the quisling newspaper "Fritt Folk." A banner headline proclaimed that a mystery explosion had badly damaged the Tinnsje ferryboat at 11 a.m. the day before. As the forepeak filled with water, lifting propeller and rudder into view, the paper reported, certain important railway cars had trundled the length of the deck and crashed through the guard rail to the lake's bottom, 200 fathoms below. . .

Thus it was that an entire factory plunged into one of Norway's deepest lakes. Because of a handful of unbeatable men, no heavy water reached Germany from Vemork—the chief source of supply in Europe—after the autumn of 1942. It was a monumental achievement not fully appreciated even by those who did it, until on August 6 and 9, 1945, the word "bomb" took on new meaning.

—Sandy Sanderson

Blue Water Battle in Five Rounds

[*Continued from page* 49]

by a British naval architect, Charles E. Nicholson. In American eyes, she was a strange-looking craft. Her sails were so voluminous that she looked dangerously top-heavy. Her bow did not taper out over the water to a needle point, but cut straight down into the water like the bow of an ocean liner. Her sail area and hull design were such that she'd undoubtedly have to take a handicap under Cup race rules. But designer Nicholson felt the risk was worth running. The big spread of canvas would give her power; the hull design, stability.

Meanwhile, a big white American sloop named *Resolute* was being made ready. *Resolute* was owned by a New York Yacht Club syndicate that included J. P. (Jack) Morgan, son of the financial giant, John Pierpont. She had been designed by a dark-bearded, gloomy, silent man named Nathaniel Herreshoff, whose boatyard at Bristol, Rhode Island, had turned out five previous America's Cup winners. He had designed *Resolute* about the same length as *Shamrock*, but shallower of draft. She displaced several tons less than the English boat and carried almost 2,000 square feet less canvas.

One morning in early July, Herreshoff watched through binoculars while *Shamrock* tuned up off Sandy Hook, New Jersey. He noticed that the crew lacked the snap and precision of *Resolute's* men—but this was something that would be ironed out in further sailing. Herreshoff went to lunch at the Yacht Club, sunk in thought. After lunch, Jack Morgan found him sitting in the dim, oak-paneled library, hands gripping the arms of the chair, eyes fixed morosely on the wall.

"Afternoon, Nat," said Morgan, cordially.

"Ah," replied Herreshoff.

"Did you get a good look at the *Shamrock* this morning?"

"Ah."

"What did you think of her?"

In reply, Herreshoff made an unusually long speech. "She's fast," he said. "She won't be easy."

From Herreshoff, this was exaggerated praise. But no one at the club argued about it. Every American yachtsman who had seen *Shamrock IV* in action guessed that *Resolute* had a fight on her hands.

They were right. *Resolute* did. Never before had a British Cup contender done her country so much credit—and never has one since.

The first race in the five-race series was scheduled for July 15. On the night before, New York went crazy with jubilation. Hotels were booked solid. Scalpers collected fantastic prices for space on race-following boats, blimps and airplanes. Down on Wall Street, tens of thousands of dollars were laid down in bets. The Cup series was a big event, front-page news in papers throughout the country; it rated banner headlines even in the conservative New York *Times*. Tom Lipton was as famous as Babe Ruth: sportsmen everywhere admired the aged Irishman for his dogged refusal to give up.

One reason for Lipton's popularity was the simple fact that he was a master of publicity. He'd originally entered his first *Shamrock* in the Cup races largely to publicize Lipton's Tea, though now he was trapped in his own publicity stunt. The important thing in 1920 was not tea, but the Cup.

Another reason why Americans liked old Tom was that he represented a typical American success story. As a boy, he'd come to the U. S. to seek his fortune. He had worked at all kinds of jobs, from dishwashing to railroad freight-loading, and had gone back to his father's grocery store in Ireland full of admiration for American methods. At the age of 21, he opened

his own store. Six years later, he had 20 stores. Ten years after that, he was a millionaire.

Lipton never married. The women in his life were all sailboats. Though he hardly knew the first thing about handling them, he loved to own them, watch them, talk about them.

All over town on the night before the first race, people celebrated, argued and fought. This was the Jazz Age, and the fact that Prohibition had just cast its gloomy shadow over the land in no way dulled the proceedings.

On board Lipton's private steam yacht, *Victoria,* docked in the Hudson River, a mammoth party was in progress. Cabins and passageways were jammed with gifts from Lipton's admirers. Every table top was piled with letters and telegrams. One letter was from a man named Murphy, who claimed that every time a new *Shamrick* appeared in New York's harbor, his wife had another baby. "For God's sake, Mr. Lipton," he pleaded, "win the Cup and keep your damn boats in England."

"Murphy need buy no more cradles," Lipton promised. "*Shamrock IV* will win the Cup. I know it in my heart. Nothing afloat can beat her."

Only one man aboard lacked old Lipton's confidence—Bill Burton, the *Shamrock's* skipper. He wandered gloomily among the chattering groups of people, full of foreboding. Once during the night, Lipton found him leaning alone over the *Victoria's* rail, gazing down at the river.

"Why so glum, Bill?" Lipton asked.

Burton shrugged. "I don't know. Must be the weather—storm coming up, I think. I ought to be asleep, but I'm too restless."

Lipton leaned against the rail. "Worried about the crew?" he asked.

Burton nodded. "Yes. I am."

Burton was widely considered to be the best amateur helmsman in England. All previous Cup challengers had had professional skippers; but this time, because the *Resolute* would be commanded by an amateur, Lipton had bowed to popular pressure and handed the wheel to Burton. In the weeks of practice, Burton had got to know the *Shamrock* well. But he had not established good relations with the 30 tough, proud professionals of his crew.

"They don't like taking orders from an amateur," he told Lipton. "I seem to have got off on the wrong foot with them, and now nothing I do or say pleases them."

Lipton did not answer—for a while the two men gazed absently over the river. Finally, Lipton cleared his throat. "I don't like to bring this up again, Bill, but perhaps if you'd leave your wife ashore—"

"No!" said Burton, fiercely. "I've never sailed a race without my wife aboard, and I'm not going to now. If you don't want her on the *Shamrock,* find another skipper!"

Burton strode angrily away, leaving Lipton standing alone in the dark. One of the main causes behind Burton's trouble with the crew, Lipton knew, was that professional seamen were superstitious about women and sailing craft. Besides, racing yachts were built for racing, not comfort, and the toilet facilities consisted of a bucket or the sea itself. With a woman aboard, a screened-off area had to be set up among the below-deck winches, and this made things awkward for men who couldn't leave their stations on deck.

Yet Lipton felt he'd be foolish to dump Burton at the last minute in favor of a second-choice skipper. Burton would stay, wife or not. "Why don't they wear sponges?" Lipton grumbled later to Dewar.

The next day was hot and oppressive, with a threatening sky, but a huge fleet of boats turned out off Sandy Hook to watch the first race. The sea was littered with craft of all sizes, from rowboats to the 8,000-ton liner *Orizaba* (race tickets: $25), on which three bars opened as soon as the ship left the three-mile limit of U. S. territorial waters. Lipton and his cronies were on hand on the *Victoria;* Morgan, Herreshoff, and others of the opposing team showed up in Morgan's steam yacht, the *Corsair.* Throughout the spectator fleet, liquor flowed freely down Prohibition-parched throats. Harassed Coast Guard vessels had more and more trouble keeping order as the day progressed.

The race was to run 15 miles into the wind, southward down the Jersey coast, and 15 miles back. As the first warning whistle blew at 11:45 a.m., the green *Shamrock* and the gleaming white *Resolute* jockeyed for position behind the starting line athwart the Race Committee's boat. The sight of these huge, graceful J-class yachts—members of a species that was soon to become extinct—brought tears to many an old yachtman's eyes.

The *Resolute's* skipper was Charles Francis Adams, a cheerful Bostonian who later became Secretary of the Navy. He resembled *Shamrock's* Burton in many respects: both were middle-aged, stocky, and of medium height; members of high society, both had spent their lives learning the ways of the sea and boats. Like Burton, Charlie Adams was an amateur skipper—he sailed for the sheer love of it. But his professional crew would have jumped overboard for him if he'd ordered it. Charlie Adams and his 30 men brimmed with confidence.

It was a different matter on board the *Shamrock.* Captain Burton clutched the wheel grimly. His wife stood nearby, watching the time for him. Just outside the wheel cockpit stood a professional seaman, Sailing Master William Turner. Turner's job was to see that the crew carried out Burton's orders. Third in command was another professional, Capt. Alfred Diaper, skipper of a smaller Lipton yacht. Normally a jovial man, Diaper spent most of his time aboard the *Shamrock* in glum silence. He was unable to see eye-to-eye with Burton on any phase of the boat's handling. Though he and the crew responded to Burton's orders effectively enough, they lacked the smooth teamwork of Charlie Adams' men.

"Two minutes!" called Burton's wife. Burton had the *Shamrock* streaking for the starting line. There was a good

breeze, and the vast spread of canvas above him strained at the mast and taut sheets.

"One minute!" *Shamrock* knifed through the water.

"Thirty seconds . . . twenty . . . ten . . ."

Suddenly, Burton realized that he was going to cross the starting line too soon. It was too late to do anything about it. Shamrock rushed over the line five seconds before the starting whistle blew. Red with shame, Burton brought her about. As he did so, he saw the great white *Resolute* shoot cleanly over the line and head down the course amid shrieking crowds in the spectator boats. Working frantically, Burton and his crew got the *Shamrock* back behind the line and pointed her down course again. She crossed the line a second time, just within the official two-minute grace period. He had lost no time by the faulty start—*Resolute's* lead would be subtracted at the end of the race—but he had lost something more important: a little bit more of his crew's respect.

Now both the big boats tacked to windward. The spectator fleet followed. On the *Orizaba,* a band played loudly. Airplanes roared overhead, flirting with the lumbering blimps. Two drunk-driven motor launches collided, spilling crews and gin into the sea. On the *Victoria,* Lipton paced up and down nervously. Dewar and Nicholson watched the race with binoculars.

"*Resolute's* gaining," said Nicholson.

"I can see that for myself," Lipton snapped.

Resolute was at least a quarter-mile ahead now, and still pulling away. Tensely gripping *Shamrock's* wheel, Burton looked up at his sails and prayed for wind.

"You're too close to shore!" Diaper yelled. "Take her out!"

Burton did not reply.

"Damn it, man, take her out!" Diaper yelled.

"I'm the skipper of this boat, Captain Diaper," said Burton, grimly.

Seething with rage, Diaper turned away. Minute by minute, *Shamrock* was falling behind. *Resolute's* lead, by 12:30, had increased to half a mile.

Suddenly, the storm that had been threatening all day crashed down from the sky. It was a thunderstorm, loud and violent. Wind howled through the rigging. Rain and sea spray blasted across the deck. The big boat shivered and groaned. Bracing himself against the wheel, Burton roared orders to shorten sail.

Then, unexpectedly, he felt *Shamrock* leap forward beneath his feet like a frightened horse. The freak winds of the thunderstorm had whipped around behind her. She was no longer traveling to windward—she was going straight before the wind, and going like a bullet. The sea was rough, but she cut through it cleanly.

The storm cleared as quickly as it had begun, leaving only light breezes, and Burton found that he had closed *Resolute's* lead to a quarter-mile. There was a chance to catch the white boat now. Burton knew he'd never do it merely by following in *Resolute's* wake, powered by the same breezes. His chance lay in finding stronger breezes. Suddenly, he was sure that he would find them inshore.

"What the devil are you doing?" Diaper roared.

"I'm taking her inshore," said Burton.

"No! No, Burton! Don't be a fool!"

Burton did not answer. He went searching for wind. . .

And found a dead, glassy calm.

By the time *Shamrock* loafed her way out into the breezes again, *Resolute* was a good three-quarters of a mile ahead. Diaper was silent, possibly afraid that if he said any more, he'd be booted off the boat for insubordination. The 30 crewmen were silent, too. Burton felt their contemptuous glances on him. His teeth were clenched tight.

On board Morgan's *Corsair,* there were yells of delight. A young lady was forcibly restrained from jumping overboard with the announced intention of kissing Charlie Adams. The *Victoria,* by contrast, was like a floating cemetery. Lipton had been engulfed in the great wave of gloom. Even the happy Dewar was silent.

Then miraculously, *Shamrock* found herself a breeze. It was a good, spanking breeze. Her sails bellied out. She gathered speed like a locomotive. She heeled over until her lee rail was buried, and went foaming after *Resolute.* The gap closed so fast that it looked as though *Resolute* were standing still.

A raucous cheer went up from the *Victoria.* On the *Corsair,* the only sound was a nervous clinking of glasses.

By the time *Resolute* reached the halfway mark and began to come about for the run home, *Shamrock* was a bare quarter-mile astern. Then something happened that decided the race on the spot—*Resolute's* mainsail gaff collapsed, almost totally disabling the big white boat. As *Shamrock* passed her, there was silence everywhere—on the *Victoria,* the *Corsair,* even on the liquor-flooded *Orizaba. Shamrock* sailed home alone.

The second race was scheduled for July 17, a hot, almost windless day. The boats started sluggishly. As evening closed in, neither boat was anywhere near finishing, and the race was called.

The day's proceedings were stricken from the official record, but Bill Burton was in trouble all the same. When the race was called, he was a full two miles behind *Resolute;* observers on both sides of the Atlantic were loudly accusing him of inept seamanship.

That night, an angry delegation from *Shamrock's* crew went aboard the *Victoria* and demanded that Lipton install a new skipper. Lipton fretted over the problem for two days, then called a

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meeting. On hand were Dewar, Nicholson, Diaper, several other yachting experts, and Burton himself.

Somebody suggested that Nicholson take over the green boat's helm. The designer smiled and shook his head. "No. I know boats, but I don't know enough about men."

The discussion rambled on, Lipton acting as a moderator. Burton sat silent, looking down at his hands.

Suddenly, the mild-mannered Nicholson leaped from his chair. "Let's stop this nonsense!" he said. "Before the races started, we were all agreed that Bill Burton is the best amateur skipper in England. Has he lost all his skill since then? He's had some bad luck, that's all—made some mistakes. So do all of us."

There was a moment of dead silence in the room. Then Lipton turned to Burton. "How do you feel about it, Bill?"

Not looking up, Burton said: "I'd like to stay with the *Shamrock.*"

Lipton grinned. "Good. Charlie Nicholson has expressed my views exactly. Shall we consider the matter closed?"

Nobody spoke for a few seconds. Then Diaper said: "May I make a suggestion, Mr. Lipton?"

"Of course."

"Adams and his men have been sailing these waters all their lives, and we haven't. I know an old fellow ashore here, Captain Applegate, who says he'll sail with us. He'll be able to advise Captain Burton. He knows the tides and winds around here like the palm of his hand."

Lipton stroked his goatee thoughtfully. "Sounds like a reasonable suggestion. What do you think, Bill?"

Burton shrugged. "Whatever you say."

Lipton turned back to Diaper. "You'll vouch for this man?"

"Absolutely."

Thus, on the day of the postponed second race, Capt. Andrew Jackson Applegate of Seabright, New Jersey, stood next to Burton in the *Shamrock's* wheel cockpit. Burton made it plain that he considered the whole affair an affront to his ability as a skipper.

Burton got the *Shamrock* across the starting line cleanly this time, 36 seconds ahead of Charlie Adams. Under a policy of alternating the courses to test various sailing skills, this race was over a triangular course, 10 miles on a side; the first leg was a broad reach—with the wind behind and to one side. Burton decided to send up a balloon jib, a huge, round-bellied spread of canvas set forward on the mast. Even as he gave the order, he noticed a ballooner going up on the *Resolute.*

The white boat's smooth-working crew had their ballooner set quickly. It drew beautifully, and the *Resolute* began to eat up the distance separating it from *Shamrock.*

"What's the matter with that ballooner?" Burton roared.

"It's fouled!" shouted Sailing Master Turner.

The *Resolute* came up to leeward and began pulling ahead. Burton, Turner and Diaper shrieked curses at the crew. Straining at the halyard, they got the huge mass of canvas a few feet off the deck. Then it flopped down again.

"What's the trouble now?" howled Burton.

Turner's voice was a sobbing wail: "The bloody thing's torn!"

For a moment, as he saw the *Resolute's* fast-receding stern, Burton gave way to despair. He glanced at his wife, wondering whether the crew had been right.

Then, as Captain Applegate started to make a suggestion, Burton cut him off tersely. He had suddenly remembered something: a new, light sail that had never been tried in a race before, an invention of Nicholson's that looked something like an upside-down jib. Could it be used in place of the torn ballooner?

There was nothing to do but try.

By now, the *Resolute* was about a third of a mile ahead. On the *Victoria,* Lipton and Nicholson were leaning against the rail, sadly watching the deck activity on the *Shamrock* through binoculars. Dewar was trying to cheer them up, but they weren't listening.

"Is that your new jib?" Lipton asked.

"Yes," said Nicholson.

There was a short silence. Then Lipton lowered his binoculars slowly. "Nicholson," he said, "did you install a motor in that boat?"

Nicholson was too much amazed to answer. The big green boat, her new sail up and drawing, had bounded forward like a racehorse. Great clouds of froth sprayed off her bow. Yard by yard, she was running the *Resolute* down.

She passed the white boat before they reached the first mark. On the second leg, she increased her lead to 9 minutes—more than enough to cover the seven-minute handicap she was required to allow. Rounding the second mark, she seemed to have the race sewed up.

Then her wind failed. Astern, Charlie Adams tore into the 9-minute gap.

The boisterous spectator fleet was quiet now. The noisiest place in all New York and New Jersey was Times Square, in Manhattan, where a huge, argumentative crowd watched as race bulletins were posted on the Broadway side of the Times Building.

Out off Sandy Hook, *Shamrock* suddenly found her wind again. She frothed for home. *Resolute* hung on grimly, but proved no match for the green racer today—*Shamrock* crossed the finish line 10 minutes in the lead, amid frantic shrieking from the crowd.

Nobody spoke much aboard the *Corsair.* Jack Morgan did his best to keep spirits up, but he met little success.

"Well, tomorrow's another race," he remarked cheerily to Herreshoff.

"Ah," came the gloomy answer.

There were high times aboard the *Victoria* that night. Old Tom Lipton danced an Irish jig on the deck. "I'm the happiest man in the world!" he said, tears running down his cheeks. One more race, and the series was *Shamrock's.* One more victory, and the Cup he'd chased for more than 20 years would be his!

The next day was bright and clear, with a fair breeze and a calm sea. Lipton was jubilant. This was the day England had waited for, the day the Cup crossed the Atlantic! As he watched Burton out-

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fox Adams at the start and clear the line 19 seconds ahead, Lipton cheered himself hoarse.

It was a windward-leeward race again, and on the beat out to the mark, *Shamrock* sailed beautifully. Slowly and steadily, she drew away from the white boat behind her. Soon, she led by a good quarter-mile. The Cup was getting closer.

"Let go—you're strangling me!" croaked Dewar. Lipton was howling with joy, one arm crooked around Dewar's neck.

Then *Resolute* began to draw up. Just before they rounded the mark, she passed the green boat and went two minutes ahead. The Cup faded back.

On the run home, it was neck-and-neck almost all the way. Three-quarters of the way home, *Resolute* was ahead by about a minute when *Shamrock* suddenly found a man-sized breeze. She heeled over. As a triumphant roar went up from the *Victoria,* she overhauled the white boat, surged ahead and frothed for the finish line. The Cup was waiting. *Shamrock* meant to win it.

She beat *Resolute* across the line . . . but not by enough: *Resolute* had a time allowance, and *Resolute* was the winner.

Lipton was morose for an hour or two, but he cheered up by evening. After all, *Shamrock* still led the series by two-to-one. She still needed only one more win to snag the Cup.

But the tide of victory had turned. On July 23, amid fog and thundersqualls, Charlie Adams brought *Resolute* in for her second win.

Now there was one race left. With the score standing at 2-2, the winner of the fifth race was the winner of the Cup.

Both boats were hauled out to have their bottoms scraped. Both were scrubbed and polished until every last ounce of unwanted drag was gone. Rigging and winches were checked inch by inch, for now even the slightest breakdown could mean tragedy.

On the night before July 25, the day of the last race, New York quaked under one of the longest and heaviest thunderstorms in its history. In his hotel room, Burton covered his ears with his blanket, but finally had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, to pace the carpet. The storm blasted on until 6. Finally, it died, leaving a sky full of fleeting white clouds and a big, blustery wind.

Burton was the first man on board the *Shamrock* out at Sandy Hook that morning. He trod the deck nervously, examining the hardware and rigging, studying the wind, watching the sea. The day ahead was a big one, the biggest he had ever faced in his sailing career. If all went well—God, if all went well—he would go down glorified in English sea history. The Queen herself would congratulate him. Standing there on *Shamrock's* deck, with the wind whipping his pants legs, Burton fought to quell the butterflies in his stomach.

Later in the morning, old Applegate reported on board. Burton ordered him back off. "Sorry, Captain Applegate," he said, "but in weather like this, we need all the brawn we can get. I'm putting a couple of extra seamen aboard. There won't be room for you."

"You're making a mistake, Cap'n Burton," said Diaper, who had listened in. "We'll need Cap'n Applegate even more today."

Burton shook his head stubbornly. "Sorry. Captain Applegate stays ashore."

Diaper glared defiantly. "Cap'n Applegate was sailing these waters when you were a pup."

Burton stood before Diaper with his fists clenched at his sides—then, with a visible effort, he relaxed. "I don't want to argue about it any more," he said. He walked away. Grim with anger, Applegate went ashore.

Meanwhile, Lipton's *Victoria* and some early-bird spectator boats were pitching and rolling through mountainous seas to the race area. Lipton was at the rail, drenched with spray, a huge grin spreading his walrus mustache.

"Just our weather!" he kept chortling. "God bless my Irish luck!"

It was indeed *Shamrock's* weather. In a wind and sea like this, the flimsy-hulled *Resolute* could hardly hope to fight her sturdier opponent. Lipton was certain *Shamrock* would win.

About half an hour before the race was due to start, a signal was run up on the Race Committee Boat. It was a query: "Do you wish to race today?"

Under the Cup rules, a race could be called off any time both skippers agreed that the weather was too rough. Grinning with delight, Lipton turned his binoculars on the *Shamrock* to watch the affirmative reply run up.

To his unbelieving horror, *Shamrock* did not reply "Yes." Instead, her flags said: "We wish to call the race."

Resolute followed with the same reply. The Committee Boat immediately announced that the race was postponed.

Bristling with rage, Lipton stamped down to his cabin, waiting there in grim silence while the boats sailed back to Sandy Hook. As soon as they were docked, he went raging aboard the *Shamrock*. Nobody had ever seen genial, easygoing Tom Lipton so angry.

"Burton," he grated, "what the devil is the matter with you? *Shamrock* was built for this kind of weather!"

Burton was pale. "She was fitted out differently when she crossed the Atlantic," he said, quietly. "As soon as we got out into open water today, I realized that it would be dangerous for the crew. Seas were coming over the decks."

Lipton controlled his rage with an effort, finally simmered down. "Perhaps you're right," he said.

Later, in public, he defended Burton's decision. "We wanted the Cup," he said, "but we didn't want to risk human life in getting it." Yet, in his heart, he was bitterly disappointed.

On the morning of the re-scheduled race, Diaper paid an angry call on Lipton. "Mr. Lipton," he said, flatly, "I no longer trust the judgment of Cap'n Burton to handle the *Shamrock*. He's stubborn. He refuses to listen to advice. He even refuses to let Cap'n Applegate aboard."

Old Tom Lipton sighed wearily. To change skippers now could be disastrous. Firmly, he backed up Burton's authority.

"Captain Burton is the *Shamrock's* skipper."

Diaper exploded. "Sir, if Applegate doesn't sail today, neither do I!"

Lipton shrugged, his face sorrowful. "As you wish, Captain."

Diaper stormed out. He and Applegate spent the day perched on the high seawall in Seabright, watching the race through binoculars.

The race was over a windward and leeward course, 15 miles out and 15 miles back. Taut as a steel spring, Burton outmaneuvered Charlie Adams at the start, grabbed the windward berth and slid across the starting line 40 seconds in the lead. The huge spectator fleet straggled along behind, shouting and singing.

The breeze was light, but *Shamrock* held the best of it. She cut calmly through the water, sails well filled. Slowly, she pulled ahead of the white sloop.

Aboard the *Victoria,* a rare thing happened: old tea-maker Lipton accepted a pull at Dewar's flask. Nobody spoke. All eyes were glued on the two great yachts, locked in their last silent struggle.

On the *Corsair,* Morgan was pacing the deck. "He's too close to shore!" he said, teeth clenched. "He'll never close up that way. Why doesn't he come out more?"

"Ah," replied Herreshoff.

The *Shamrock's* lead was now a good half-mile.

Suddenly, out on the sunlit water, *Shamrock's* breeze began to fail. She faltered. Far to leeward, *Resolute* began to pull up.

The gap closed to a quarter-mile. It was still closing when the *Shamrock* had an extraordinary piece of luck, in the form of a tug named *Helmsman,* which was peacefully towing garbage scows out to sea. The long, sluggish, malodorous sea train loafed directly into *Resolute's* path.

Charlie Adams luffed sharply to avoid it, while he and his men roared curses at the *Helmsman's* unperturbed skipper. By the time *Resolute* started footing again, *Shamrock* had found new wind and was once again half a mile in the lead.

But the freshening breeze filled *Resolute's* sails, too. Once more, she began to close the gap. She closed it to a quarter-mile, then 200 yards. Finally she was abeam of the *Shamrock* but far to leeward, close to the shore.

Adams wanted to get ahead of the *Shamrock* in a hurry. He wanted to cross her bow and go to windward so that he could make a tight turn around the 15-mile mark. But once he came abeam of the green boat, he stayed there. He couldn't nose ahead. The two racers frothed down the course bow-to-bow.

Adams now began to edge closer to the *Shamrock*. This meant that the English boat's vast spread of sail would block off *Resolute's* breeze, but Adams had no choice. He didn't want to make a wide outside-track turn around the mark. He edged closer and closer.

Burton watched his every move. No matter what happened, Burton knew, he mustn't let the *Resolute* get ahead now. He held the windward berth, and he meant to keep it. He pointed his craft

as directly toward the mark as the wind, coming straight from the mark, would allow. Adams sailed parallel. Both boats were now extremely close-hauled, sailing as nearly into the wind as they could.

A freak gust pushed *Resolute* ahead. She showed *Shamrock* her stern, pulled two boat-lengths ahead. Adams saw a chance. He started to move his boat across *Shamrock's* bow. But even that fraction-of-a-degree turn into the wind was too much—*Resolute's* sails spilled their wind. Canvas fluttering futilely, she lost way directly in front of the onrushing *Shamrock*.

Grimly, Burton held his course. He could see the white sloop's crew clearly, watching horrified as the *Shamrock's* huge, skyscraping cloud of canvas bore down on them.

It was a game of "chicken," the loser being the man whose nerve cracked first. Burton knew he'd be disqualified—lose both race and reputation—if he sailed into Adams. But he had to gamble; he couldn't turn. If he turned to windward, he'd spill his wind just as Adams had done. If he went to leeward, he'd give Adams the windward berth and the advantage Adams wanted.

Burton held on. Sixty men on the two boats stood frozen like statues, waiting for a gigantic crackup. For a split second, Burton cursed his own stubbornness for piling him into catastrophe.

Then Adams gave way. He saw that the Englishman meant business. He pointed to leeward, filled his sails and heaved out of *Shamrock's* path, just seconds soon enough.

Now the boats were bow-to-bow again. They sailed that way for about a mile. It was a tense see-saw battle. First one boat would inch ahead, then the other. Close observers in the spectator fleet claimed later that Adams and Burton looked at each other during that mile more than they looked at the sea ahead. They grinned at each other, each wordlessly promising the other defeat.

Finally, *Resolute* managed to move several lengths ahead. *Shamrock* couldn't catch up this time. The gap widened further. Jubilantly, Charlie Adams crossed Burton's bow.

They rounded the mark in tandem, *Shamrock* directly behind *Resolute*. Now they were sailing straight down the wind. Both boats began to set ballooners. As usual, the superb teamwork of Adams' men easily bested the performance of the English crew—by the time Burton's men had their sail set, the white boat was a quarter-mile in the lead and tearing for home.

But the gap didn't get any wider. *Shamrock* hung on. Burton scanned the sea, looking for roughed areas that meant wind. On the *Victoria,* Lipton and his friends stood glued to the rail. Over on the *Corsair,* Herreshoff wasn't even answering "Ah" to the remarks of his fellow passengers. He was leaning over the rail, slowly crumpling his cap into a small, tight ball.

Burton's knuckles were white on the *Shamrock's* wheel. "We've got to find a breeze," he told Sailing Master Turner. "We've got to go searching. It's our only chance."

Turner scanned the bright sea helplessly. He took off his cap and scratched his head. "Old Applegate could help us now," he remarked, mildly.

Burton shot him an angry glance. "Well," said Turner, shrugging, "let's search."

They pulled off to the west. Seeing them, Adams went in the same direction. His strategy was to conserve his lead. If *Shamrock* found stronger wind, he wanted to find it too.

For five miles they snaked down the course, nosing this way and that. Luck favored the *Resolute.* In her desperate hunt for wind, *Shamrock* found just what she didn't want: two soft spots. Though she wasn't held up long either time, the American racer grew smaller ahead of her. Burton cursed and prayed. . .

And suddenly his prayers were answered. A big, fresh breeze came out of nowhere. The lazily sagging ballooner filled out tautly. As a howl of joy went up from the crew, *Shamrock* heeled over, gathering speed.

The gap was narrowing quickly. On the *Victoria,* Dewar leaned over the rail and shouted hoarsely. Aboard the *Corsair,* Herreshoff twisted his mangled cap as though he were trying to wring water from it.

On and on frothed the gallant green

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Discovered! Fishing's lost frontier, a two-mile high Shangri-La swarming with enough big fish to guarantee a lifetime of thrills.

boat. Burton leaned into the wheel as though he could add to *Shamrock's* speed by pushing her. The crew stood on the rope-strewn wreck like 30 statues, frozen, eyes glued on the white boat ahead. No man spoke. The only sound was the hard rush of water along *Shamrock's* sleek sides and the creak of her rigging.

"She's got to win!" Lipton whispered. "She's got to!" He stood against the *Victoria's* rail between Nicholson and Dewar. His natty bow tie was askew, his yachting cap pushed far back off his sweat-beaded forehead. The Cup was in reach. He could almost feel the coldness and hardness and weight of it in his hands, as he had a thousand times in triumphant dreams.

Shamrock drew closer. Ahead, on board the *Resolute,* Charlie Adams fought a compelling desire to look back. Looking back wouldn't help him steer a straight course. He kept his eyes on the Committee Boat and the finish line, far ahead over the bright water. Far ahead—too far. Could he make it in time?

On the *Corsair,* Morgan paced the deck. "Thank God this is the last race!" he said. "I couldn't live through another!" If Herreshoff heard, he gave no indication.

Burton leaned into the wheel with all his strength now, veins standing out on his neck. The finish line was coming up. The crowds shrieked wildly. Bells and

whistles mingled in a mad, gigantic symphony. *Shamrock* was closing the gap.

"Faster! Faster!" Lipton shouted, his voice cracking. On the *Corsair,* Herreshoff flung his cap into the sea.

The two great racers tore toward the line, white foam spraying off their bows, rigging straining. The line loomed up. *Shamrock* surged forward in a final burst of speed. The crowds roared. On the two canted decks, skippers and crews choked the eager breath back into their bursting lungs . . .

And the line came up too soon.

Resolute foamed across with *Shamrock* still trailing. With her time allowance added to her lead, *Resolute* took the race, the series, and the America's Cup. As the two proud thoroughbreds tacked slowly home to port, the onlookers fell silent.

Even in defeat, the *Shamrock IV* won a kind of victory. She came closer to the Cup than any other English boat in the Cup's 100-year history. No British challenger before had come that close; none has since.

Lipton tried again in 1930—with the *Shamrock V,* against the magnificent *Enterprise* in a seven-race series. With Harold S. Vanderbilt at her helm, the *Enterprise* won the first four races running.

After this, Lipton's fifth defeat, comedian Will Rogers suggested that Americans contribute a dollar apiece to buy the old tea-maker a special cup inscribed to "possibly the world's worst yacht builder but absolutely the world's most cheerful loser." Some $16,000 were contributed. As Lipton accepted the gold cup, he vowed to return soon for the silver one he really wanted. But he died of pneumonia before the *Shamrock VI* was anything more than a dream.

In 1934, a British aircraft magnate T. O. M. Sopwith issued a new challenge; in a seven-race series against Harold Vanderbilt's *Rainbow,* his *Endeavor* won two but lost the next four running. When *Endeavor II* showed up three years later for another try, Vanderbilt's *Ranger* didn't allow her a single race.

Ranger and the *Endeavor II* were the last of the great J-boats. As taxes and prices mounted inexorably, it became almost impossible for private fortunes to mount a J-boat expedition. It has been estimated that to build one of these sailing giants today and campaign it for a year would cost anywhere from $3 to $5 million.

That's why the old Cup rules have been changed; a 12-meter yacht—70 feet overall—may now challenge for the Cup and she needn't cross the Atlantic under her own power.

The pride of the British yachtsman burns as brightly today as it did in the days of the J-boats. They have issued another challenge, built another contender, *Sceptre.* A seven-race series will be sailed in September in the waters off Newport, Rhode Island.

The Cup now sits bolted to a heavy oak table in the New York Yacht Club. Sir Thomas Lipton's successors are determined to unbolt it this time—and *Sceptre* has the ghost of the gallant *Shamrock IV* to guide her.—**Max Gunther**

What's Behind the Great Doodle-Socking Secret?

[*Continued from page* 45]

I did the same thing. We sat a spell. Then —"Your lure ain't in tune," he said. He grabbed it and bent the blades a little. The incident shocked me. It had never occurred to me that a fishing lure must be tuned like a musical instrument.

"You got to have it in tune," Bill said. "The fish comes to the sound. That there noise represents a pin minnow. A pin minnow is about four inches long, almost transparent and has a kind of silver-looking stripe down each side. That's the way pin minnows sound when they spawn. They start here about May 20 and spawn through June. Then is *the* time go-devilin' is a bass killer."

It was Bill Nation's opinion that the man selling the Amazing Method must have picked it up here, from a Reelfoot Lake pusher. However, the $15 essay told of only one way to skitter.

Bill Nation described for free two other ways of go-deviling. One is for use when the bass are out in the grass. Then the spinner blades are removed and just the bob is used, i.e., the hooks—adorned with feathers, pork rind or those dangling strips of colored ribbon known as a hula skirt. (A piece of rubber bathing cap cut in a fish shape is the Reelfoot favorite.) The spinner blades wind up grass, so it is better to take them off, although that means the sacrifice of the burpling sound which is the principal attraction to bass.

When the water is covered with moss, then go-devilers take off the spinner and substitute a heavy sinker. This holds the lure down and causes the line to cut its path through moss on the surface.

"There ain't much sport to it," Bill Nation said. "The guides here use it for their own fishing, to catch themselves a mess of fish quick. The sports don't care for it. They say you might as well gig 'em. But I was showing a man how it was done, and a five-pound bass grabbed it and he like to turned the boat over in his excitement."

A couple of anglers docked with a couple of small bass apiece as their day's catch. Their excuse was that the fish were just so far back in the sawgrass that they couldn't get them to come out.

"Ah ha," I said to myself. "Tomorrow I shall reach back into the grass and haul them out by force, hand over hand on a cane pole with a foot of 70-pound-test line." It might not be sporting, but if the fish were going to frustrate sport by getting back in the grass, then I wouldn't mind reaching with a pole there after one or two of them.

Walden Fickle was standing in the refuge yard when I got back.

"I got a guide for you," he said. "Austin Fish. I met him there in the street and asked him what he was going to do tomorrow, and he said he wasn't pushing, and thought he would go go-devilin'. So he'll just suit you."

Next morning, seeking my guide, I saw a man wearing turned-down hip boots and sitting on the edge of the porch at Hutchcraft's boat livery. Before I finished my question, he was on his feet with his hand extended.

"I'm him," he said. "My name is Fish. You done caught a fish before you got started."

He seated me forward in his Reelfoot Lake fishing boat. These boats are all small double-enders, powered by a tiny air-cooled inboard motor and sheathed with pieces of galvanized roofing for scraping against stumps.

We went out across the lake to a row of cypress trees. Austin cut the motor and moved up to the prow of the little boat. With a paddle in his left hand he propelled us along silently among the trees. With his right hand he manipulated his go-devil pole. Not being practiced, I had to use both hands to control my pole so that the lure burpled along the surface.

"Your spinner's out of tune," Austin said.

I backed the pole up hand over hand so he could reach the lure and he bent the blades a little. He did this three times before he was satisfied that it was in tune.

With the poles and heavy short lines we reached under branches, into washtub-size openings in the lily pads, into small areas bounded by trees. Even with

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

How a two-fisted missionary makes a fantastic deal with the devil to slug his way to the top of millionaire's heap.

but a foot of line we got fouled up frequently in the woods. But we simply jerked free.

Every time my lure had been snagged, a moment later Austin would remark that the lure was not in tune, and he would work on it some more. He soon tired of the interruptions.

"That lure ain't no 'count," he said. "It's made too frail."

Its spinner blades were made of copper. His lure, a Tip-Top spinner, was made heavier and of stainless steel. Otherwise the two lures seemed identical. He handed me a Tip-Top which I tied on; then I had no more trouble staying in tune.

The Amazing Method claimed know-how to take limit strings of the biggest bass anybody ever saw, from waters overfished. We were doing our best to see what go-deviling would take.

A small bass grabbed my lure and erupted. I had him. I just let my pole go into the water on the other side of the boat and hand-poled him to me. The fish looked so pitiful, I fooled around with it and let it get away.

The fishing was slow. Toward noon Austin hooked and caught one which he guessed at 2¾ pounds. He had two more fish swirl at his lure and fail to take it. Even at that, we were beating others in the many boats we encountered.

Walden Fickle had come out bringing my wife, and she photographed Austin catching a fish. Later I caught a nice one of a couple of pounds and she photographed that.

The day was just right. It was partly overcast, so that there were times when the sun wasn't out to cast shadows. The water was right, sort of murky, so that a fish would be able to see only the lure and not the pole in the air above it. A light wind, making a ripple to break up the surface, was also in favor of our method.

The storm had messed up the fishing, Austin was certain. He claimed that if this were a day when bass were hitting, I would already have caught ten by this method. I doubted it.

I believed Reelfoot Lake to be too heavily fished for it to be a very frequent occurrence that anyone catch a limit by any method. Walden was inclined to agree.

Austin and I kept working.

"Ironing the water!" Walden Fickle called cheerily. "That's what daddy used to call it. He'd say, when the water had a little ripple to it, 'Let's go iron that water smooth with a go-devil.' "

With a back-and-forth motion of my rod, I was ironing a sleeve between two trees, again a place Austin had just worked, and a bass erupted and jerked the tip of the pole under water. I hauled back, derricking out a nice one of about 3 pounds.

If you are a meat fisherman and want eating fish more than refined sport, go-deviling is mighty productive. If you are plagued by little bass, go-deviling will raise the average of the size caught. If you get mad at bass for hiding out of reach back in the grass, the lily pads, the stumps and the trees, then go-deviling is a way of getting revenge. But if you have a childish faith that you can buy a method superior to all others under all circumstances, and always to catch fish, you are as wrong as the fellow who purchases a cure-all medicine. Nonetheless, many people who love to fish have a faith that they might somehow achieve such a thing.

"I answered that ad," Austin confessed during the day. "When I got the man's selling pitch and saw that $15 deal, I didn't go any farther. I got suspicious that it wasn't nothing but go-devilin'."

When we returned from Reelfoot Lake I stopped by Squire's store and told him he could hold the Amazing Method awhile. I gave him the lure. He threw it in the trash can, with a gesture of $15 bitterness. He cussed a little.

Then another day I went to ask if he wanted to go fishing. He had already gone. So I drove up to Center Hill Lake, and there boated around the coves until I found Squire. From a distance, he was acting mighty strange. He had a long cane pole—

He was trying, of course, to relieve himself of feeling gypped. He wanted to make the Amazing Method work. He had retrieved the lure from the trash can. He hadn't caught a thing.

I stayed pretty well back from the shoreline and fished with my casting rod, using a surface lure which burpled on the water. And pretty soon I had a bass. Squire meanwhile was confirming for himself the fact that the Amazing Method

just isn't for clear, open water, on a bright day. The bass sees the game, and doesn't play. But at casting distance, with plugs which make a commotion on the surface, you are bass fishing in one of the most effective and exciting of all ways.

In the Gulf Coast version of go-deviling, old natives and the sports who imitate them use small live shrimp. They paddle in the bayous and with a cane pole and a foot of line poke their offering into log tangles, into openings in the marsh grass, up under low-hanging branches. The shrimp on the surface makes a rapid jumping motion and a burple that will bring bass out of hiding.

But effective as skittering can be, it will not unfailingly go into waters everyone says is fished out and come out with a limit of the biggest bass you ever saw. Squire was pretty upset at Mr. McNair, or Fare.

"Let's send the stuff back and ask for our money and see if he returns it," Squire proposed.

"He will," I said. "If he refused to give your money back you could complain to the post office."

"Well, let's get that $15 back."

So I wrote Mr. Fare as follows:

"Dear Mr. Fare: I am dissatisfied with having paid, sight unseen, $15 for a lure and a treatise on a way to fish that is oldtime common knowledge, widespread in many places. You offer to return the $15 if the customer is not satisfied. I am not satisfied. I return your treatise and lure herewith, and you will please return the money. I would appreciate any comments on how you feel entitled to sell as a *'secret'* fishing method, one as old and widely used as this one."

The money was returned, but without any comment as requested. Now, according to the agreement I signed with Mr. Fare, should I be bound to tell nobody about his "secret"? Since skittering, go-deviling, doodle-socking—call it what you like—is nobody's secret, it seems to me there is nothing patent about the agreement but the nonsense. Hence I shall tell everybody.

With this out of the way, Squire and I will have time to get back to our project of the tin bass, the decoy with the appeal to bass greed. Just think, one of us can operate a go-devil lure while the other makes this tin-decoy bass charge at it. Then the real bass will think a competitor is about to beat him to something to eat, and . . . **—Emmett Gowen**

The Big Gun's Loudest Boomer

[*Continued from page* 53]

cial cartridge big enough for elk is the .375 Magnum."

My objection to this dictum is the fact that so few men can shoot a .375 Magnum. Many men find the .30-06 hard to handle until they have done a good bit of shooting with it—enough so they are used to it, feel at home with it.

Keith's own preference in big-game rifles is for wildcat cartridges. Together with Charles O'Neil, a gunsmith, and Donald Hopkins, a big-game hunter who has had much experience in the West and in Africa, Keith worked on what he called "dual ignition." The cartridges the three developed were called OKH after their initials. The nature of dual ignition was kept secret for years. The term suggested the use of two kinds of powder—a scheme that has been used to some extent by handloaders for 60 years. This was not the case. In practice dual ignition meant front ignition. The cartridge uses a primer, same as a standard cartridge. But the primer flash goes up a tube inside the cartridge case to the forward end of the powder charge.

The ammunition was made in the three different calibers—.264, .285, and .334.

The OKH cartridges have never become popular because they cost too much and they have never been made available commercially. Moreover, the ammunition companies can now pretty well equal Keith's claims without the use of front ignition.

Keith had better luck with another project. He and the late Ben Comfort of St. Louis were held up by a snowstorm on a sheep hunt in Canada. So they talked rifles. Comfort admitted that his ambition was to win the Wimbledon. This is a natural ambition among rifle shooters—the Wimbledon is the oldest rifle match shot in this country (except in wartime it has been shot annually for more than 70 years). It calls for 20 shots at 1,000 yards—more than half a mile. The target originally had an inner ring 36 inches in diameter and counting five. Today it has a ring 20 inches in diameter inside the five-ring and called the V ring in order to decide ties.

Keith told Comfort that a rifle shooting the .300 Magnum cartridge would buck the wind better than the .30-06 that had long been winning. At that time no commerical manufacturer made rifles for the .300 Magnum. Keith advised Comfort to go to Griffin & Howe, the custom gunsmiths in New York. Comfort did. He went farther. He persuaded Western Cartridge to load some extra-special target ammunition in .300 Magnum caliber. Finally, he set up a 1,000-yard range on a plantation he owned down along the Mississippi River and practiced all summer. And he won. Since that day in 1935 the Wimbledon has not been won with any cartridge except the .300 Magnum that Keith recommended.

In spite of the knowledge Keith has gained in 50 years of experiment, he does sometimes go to extremes. Thus he speaks of making five-shot groups with a sporting rifle at 200 yards that were no bigger than a half dollar. Now a half dollar is less than 1¼ inches in diameter. I have seen bench-rest rifles weighing 16 pounds or better and shooting a high-velocity .22 caliber cartridge do better than that. Under favorable conditions it takes a ten-shot group measuring under 1 inch to win a bench-rest match at 200 yards. But I have never seen a sporting-weight rifle in a caliber suitable for big game consistently make five-shot groups under 1¼ inches at 200 yards. I recently shot a .30-06 sporter that averaged just under 1¾ inches with hunting ammunition at 100 yards; and with some special match ammunition it made six successive five-shot groups for an average of 1.45 inches. To my notion this rifle is quite exceptional.

Keith's book on shotguns seems to me less valuable than his books on revolvers and big-game rifles. He accepts quite uncritically the familiar Fred Kimble story and credits Kimble with the invention of choke boring in the early 1870's. Yet in 1856, two Americans, Buckle and Dorsch, of Menominee, Michigan, took out a patent on what they called a variable barrel. Their specification called for, among other things, what would now be called a recessed or jug choke. In 1868, Sylvester Roper of Roxbury, Massachusetts, took out a patent for a variable choke that could be attached to the end of a single barrel—rather similar in principle to the variable chokes now so much used on single-barrel guns. In England a committee went into the question of who invented choke boring and decided that the honor belonged to W. R. Pape of Newcastle, England, who had taken out a patent in 1866.

To top it off J. W. Long, a friend of Kimble's, said in his book *American Wild Fowl Shooting* that Jeremiah Smith, a gunsmith of Smithville, Rhode Island, practiced choke boring in 1827. In about 1870 Long gave Kimble a choke-bored gun made for him in Boston.

Kimble believed he had a gun that would kill at 80 yards and Keith believes he had an 80-yard gun in a 10 gauge Magnum. I have no doubt that Kimble killed ducks at 80 yards but a little arithmetic persuades me that his gun was not certain at that range despite his superb pointing. A shotgun, even in large bore, loses around 15 percent for every 10 yards of range beyond 40 yards—frequently more. Thus if Kimble had a 100 percent pattern at 40 yards he had only a 40 percent pattern at 80. And 40 percent of an ounce and a half of No. 3 shot—his favorite load—is 65 pellets. That's a pretty thin pattern.

Keith's 10 gauge Magnum, shooting two ounces of No. 3 shot, has averaged 93 percent at 40 yards. This means no better than 33 percent at 80 yards. or 72 or 73 pellets in the 30-inch circle; again a pattern on the thin side.

The whole subject needs more investigation than Keith has given it. For the present I think Keith makes a mistake in encouraging men to try shooting at 70 and 80 yards. But though I am sometimes impatient of Keith I consider his contributions outstanding. Few living Americans have had as much experience in big-game hunting as he. Fewer still have had as much experience in field shooting with a revolver—I mean a six-gun. Keith is a most likeable man and a great story teller. He's also the kind of man I'd like to have beside me in a tight corner.—**Lucian Cary**

A brooding Nelson is pictured in his cabin aboard flagship, the *Victory*. Missing right arm caused him frequent pain.

[*Continued from page 36*]

thoughtfully. "If they don't manage to give us the slip, sir."

"They won't. Jervis won't let them get away this time."

For Nelson knew what was in the mind of the commander-in-chief of the English fleet, Adm. Sir John Jervis: England badly needed a victory today. The spirit at home was sullen. Bonaparte's French troops had rolled down northern Italy and were lording it over all Europe. The Spanish had joined him against England, chasing English ships out of the Mediterranean. Spain must be taught its error.

Aboard Nelson's *Captain,* over 600 men stood at their battle stations: the lookouts on the mastheads; the sail trimmers out on the yards and down on the deck; marines in the tops with their rifles and down on the deck with their boarding pikes, cutlasses and pistols; gun crews clustered behind the 74 cannons that poked their deadly snouts through the bulkheads fore and aft on the main deck, and in long rows from the two gun decks below; dozens of little slum boys ready to run cartridges to the guns from the powder magazines deep in the bowels of the two-decker; the surgeon and his helpers waiting in the dim cockpit below for the bleeding scraps of humanity that would soon be pouring down upon them.

All waiting. Each man waiting for a command from his officer, and each officer waiting tensely for a command from the small, spare man on the poop deck.

Nelson watched the enemy.

The Spaniards had apparently not expected to meet an English fleet. At dawn their ships had been scattered over miles of ocean, but on spotting the English, they had rushed to join together in a single fighting group. By now most of them had succeeded: 18 ships were formed in a ragged but substantially compact group. Six miles away, however, was a lee division of nine more Spanish ships, desperately beating to windward in an effort to close the gap and join with the main body of their fleet.

The English line of 15 ships, led by Troubridge in the *Culloden,* was also knifing toward this same vulnerable gap.

Clinging to the shrouds and watching the *Culloden* ahead, Nelson longed to be Troubridge, for the day would belong to him. With the *Captain* far back in 13th position in the English line, Nelson could only hope for the last dregs of a battle nearly fought out by the lead ships.

The three groups of ships, one English and two Spanish, flew under full sail toward the same spot in the choppy ocean, like three spokes of a wheel seeking to join themselves at a common center. The gap closed. Troubridge's *Culloden* and one of the Spaniards approached the spot at the same time. From far back in the English line, Nelson watched the bows of the two ships dash the foaming waters apart as they raced toward each other, certain to collide unless one of them sheered off at the last minute. If Troubridge gave way, the two Spanish groups would join; if the Spaniard veered, they'd be kept apart.

And then the Spaniard veered away from the crash. Troubridge led the English line south through the gap between the two Spanish divisions. The larger Spanish group of 18 ships hauled their wind and headed north, coming down the weather side of the English line toward Nelson.

Nelson saw smoke and flashes of flame—the lead Spanish and English were exchanging broadsides as they passed each other going in opposite directions. But the firing was not effective; the lines were too far apart.

He swung around and squinted beyond the other side of the English line at the smaller Spanish division of 9 ships. They, too, were out of range and heading north. The line of 15 British ships was sailing south, while on either side of it, too distant to be damaged, Spanish ships were sailing north, hoping obviously to join their two units together after they passed the rear of the English line.

Nelson knew that if he were Jervis he would order all his ships to reverse their direction—so that the English ships would be sailing side-by-side with the Spanish, in a rousing broadside duel. Then the position of every ship in the line would be reversed: Collingwood's *Excellent,* now the last ship in the line going south, would be the first, and Nelson's *Captain,* now 13th in the line, would suddenly be third. He would have his bellyful of battle and honor within the hour.

"Captain Miller," Nelson snapped, his eye on the oncoming Spanish ships, "give the order for the guns to fire as they bear."

Signals were going up on the *Victory*. Nelson watched them unbelievingly. Jervis had hoisted the signal to tack in succession! The *Culloden,* lead ship of the English line, began slowly to tack to starboard in pursuit of the rear ships of the fleeing Spanish weather division. Jervis' order meant that though the Spanish were sailing past them going north, the ship directly behind the *Culloden* must continue to sail south, away from the enemy, until it reached the point where the *Culloden* had tacked. Then, and only then, could it turn and follow the *Culloden* in pursuit of the fleeing Spanish. And the same for every ship down the line: each one must keep sailing in the wrong direction until it reached the spot where the *Culloden* had turned. They might never catch the Spaniards! And if they did, the separated enemy divisions would be joined together by then, presenting a powerful front of 27 ships against their 15.

Nelson understood: this was Jervis' method of preserving the line-of-battle. He was afraid that an about-face of all his ships might result in confusion and break up the line. Nelson had never agreed that the single line-of-battle-head was the correct method of handling every situation in sea war. Well-drilled English gun crews would remain steady where less-practiced enemy gun crews might get rattled. Confusion could actually be favorable to the English ships. But Nelson was not admiral of this fleet; Jervis was. And to Jervis the line was more than tradition—it was sacred.

Nelson watched the smoke-shrouded Spaniards slipping past. Only the two ships directly following the *Culloden* had so far reached the place where they could tack back. The English line was forming an irregular V, the smaller leg following the Spaniards, the larger sailing away from them.

The bulk of the Spanish ships were now passing the *Captain*. Two more English ships to pass, and then they would be beyond the rear of the English line—able to unite their separated divisions and flee or fight together. There was no help for it now. Unless they were stopped.

Nelson turned to the officer beside him, forcing the words of command: "Wear ship, Captain Miller."

Miller was stunned. Nelson was telling him to break the line—against orders! For the briefest instant, he stared at his commander: Nelson must know what punishment insubordination brought—dishonorable dismissal was certain, death by hanging entirely possible. The Navy's discipline was as ironhard as its cannon, no officer would dare—Captain Miller recovered himself quickly and bawled out the orders that would take the ship out of line; it was not his head that would be forfeit for this.

Miller was correct—Nelson was fully aware of the tremendous risk he ran. What Miller did not recognize was the all-consuming determination that burned in him. And Nelson was driven by another force: he realized that all would be forgiven in exchange for a victory today.

Aboard his *Victory*, Jervis was watching Troubridge's *Culloden* with approval when Captain Calder rushed up to him with the news that the *Captain* had broken the line. Jervis whirled around and saw the two-decked *Captain* circle behind the *Diadem* and cross the line in front of the *Excellent*, in solitary pursuit of the monstrous bulks of the three- and four-decked Spanish warships—a lion attacking a herd of elephants. Then he looked at the weather and lee divisions of the enemy fleet, racing to join each other beyond the rear of his line.

Aboard the *Captain*, Commander Berry, recently promoted from Nelson's lieutenant, hurried aft to where Nelson and Captain Miller stood by the helmsman. Admiral Jervis was making signals—signals for the *Excellent*, commanded by Collingwood, to tack out of the line and follow the *Captain!*

Nelson looked gratefully at Berry's tough, handsome face. Jervis' signal could only mean that now Jervis, too, saw the need for Nelson's disobedience. But if the British fleet failed, Nelson realized, Jervis would have the perfect excuse: he would place the blame on Nelson' breaking of the British line of battle.

Nelson pointed across the narrowing gap of water. "Captain Miller, take us across their bows, if you please."

Amid the deafening thunder of broadsides, cut through by the shocked screams of the maimed aboard his own ship, Nelson kept calm by counting the Spanish ships that loomed over the *Captain's* bow. There were seven of them, huge seamammoths that dwarfed his own two-decker. They slipped across the bow of the biggest enemy ship, sending broadsides to both sides of them. And then the *Captain* was abruptly swallowed into the midst of the 136-cannon *Santissima Trinidad*, the 112-cannon *San Josef*, the 112-cannon *Salvador del Mundo*, the 80-cannon *San Nicholas*, the 74-cannon *San Isidro*, and two others. It was a descent into a flaming, crashing, smoking hell.

In the haze, Nelson lost sight of the full progress of the battle, caught instead quick glimpses through rents in the smoke: a network of rigging dissolving into nothing; a cannon ball gouging across the deck, sending up showers of jagged splinters that disappeared suddenly into the bodies of men and dropped them screaming by their cannon; blood spread over the deck, absorbed by the waiting sand, streaming toward the scuppers; the foremast of a Spanish ship crashing down under the still-accurate fire of the *Captain's* guns.

And there came Troubridge's *Culloden* through the smoke, spouting flames and iron from both sides into Spanish hulls as it plunged forward. Three Spanish ships let go at the *Culloden* simultaneously, burning away its entire upper framework of masts, rigging and sails and leaving it to drift helplessly.

The steep wall of a huge Spanish ship suddenly hung high over Nelson's head. There was the roar of a volcano erupting. Even before his sight cleared, Nelson sensed that the *Captain* was now wallowing under him, out of control. He turned toward the helm as the ship quaked again. The helmsman was gone. So was most of the wheel, torn off by a giant hand.

Nelson looked almost as bad as his ship. His hat was half gone, shot away. His coat and shirt had been ripped to shreds by flying metal and wood splinters. His face was black with powder smoke. His stomach hurt badly where something had struck him a violent blow.

But the *Captain's* cannon were still firing, recoiling, being cleaned and reloaded, firing again, their shouting, black-faced crews pouring shot after shot against the hull which towered over them. Near the hatch, Miller and Berry stood dazed but still whole.

Nelson shouted for Miller to man the relieving tackles. With a crew down below heaving on the cables from the rudder, they might still be able to steer through the holocaust.

Nelson looked to starboard and saw a British ship slip in through the haze. It began firing at the Spaniard hanging over the *Captain*, luring it away. That Spanish ship was instantly replaced by another, the 80-gun *San Nicolas*. From its superior height, it began pouring destruction down on the decks of the *Captain*, ripping up planks and slaughtering men. Almost hull-to-hull, the *Captain* and the *San Nicolas* poured broadsides into each other.

The sobs and screams of the hurt clashed with the whistling of heavy metal through the smoke. Nelson's world was dissolving around him. The fore-topmast snapped and fell crashing onto the deck. Men plunged down as the rigging disappeared from under their feet. Canvas was shorn away. One great portion of sail cascaded down on the men Miller was rushing below to the relieving tackles.

Nelson took in the full sweep of his deck, a jungle of wreckage which the remnants of the boatswain's crew were trying vainly to clear, a slaughterhouse with the dead men being hurled overboard and the wounded being rushed below decks to the surgeon. His ship was badly, brutally hurt, and yet, under his feet, the deck still bucked and heaved as the cannon fired at the *San Nicolas*, giving back all they got. In the smoky hell below, yelling insanely, sweat-streaked, bare-torsoed gun crews still sent shot after shot pounding into the hull of the enemy

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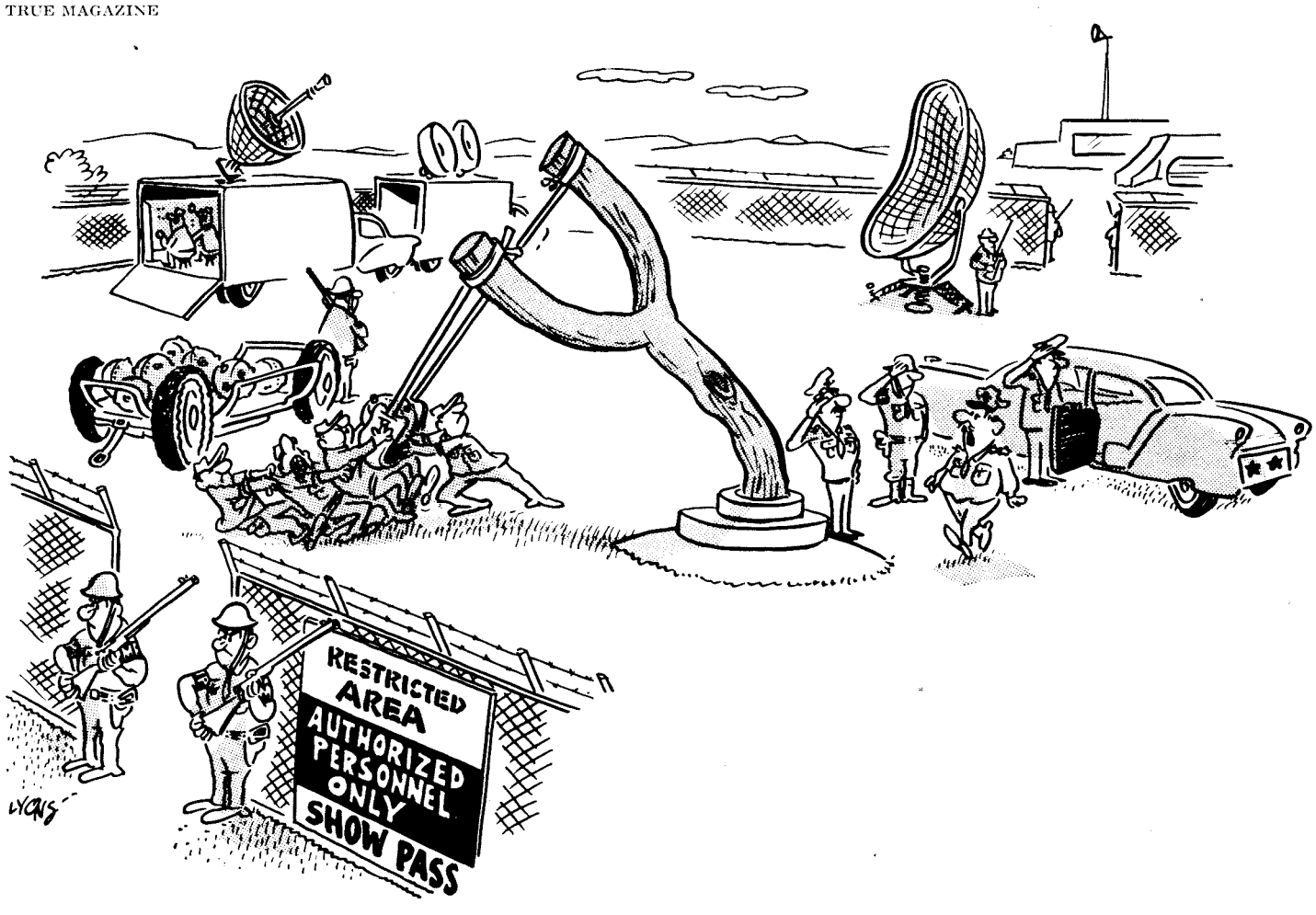


"What's this scheme of yours for an economical method of launching a satellite?"

ship. They aimed at gunports and prayed their balls would kill the enemy gun crews.

Nelson spotted another danger coming around the *San Nicolas*: the 112-cannon *San Josef* was circling to hem the *Captain* in on the other side. Nelson's ship had not a single sail left with which to maneuver. Trapped between the *San Nicolas* and the *San Josef,* unable to escape, the *Captain* would be ground to splinters.

But in the same instant, Collingwood's *Excellent* emerged from the smoke on Nelson's starboard. Clearing the *Captain,* it hauled in 10 feet from the *San Nicolas* and let go its entire broadside into the Spaniard. Then it passed on.

The *San Nicolas,* smashed by this unexpected fire, luffed and crashed its other side into the *San Josef.* The masts of the two Spanish ships rocked toward each other. Their rigging became entangled, and they found themselves suddenly locked together.

"Captain Miller!" Nelson's voice cracked with charged excitement. "Helm a-starboard!"

And as Miller shouted the order down to the men straining below at the relieving tackles, Nelson's next call rang high-pitched across his shattered ship: "Boarders! Boarders!"

The *Captain* swung her bow clumsily around toward the high port side of the *San Nicolas.* English marines rushed to the rail, were joined by dozens of yelling, blood-crazed sailors who snatched pistols and cutlasses from buckets waiting under the bulwarks. A dozen cannon muzzles still pointing from the *San Nicolas'* shot-smashed side pounded at the oncoming ship in a vain effort to stop her. But the crippled *Captain* staggered on. She ground against the enemy ship with a groaning and cracking of timbers. Her spritsail yard snagged over the enemy's poop and caught fast in the Spaniard's mizzen rigging.

Sliding his sword from its scabbard, Nelson caught a glimpse of the pugnacious Berry leading a rush along the spritsail yard and onto the Spaniard's mizzen chains. A hefty marine jumped past Nelson and clubbed the butt of his musket against the *San Nicolas'* upper quarter gallery window that now loomed over the deck of the *Captain.* Nelson leaped up onto the fore chains and pulled himself through the smashed window.

He dropped into a large, dim, disordered cabin. Bullets fanned past his head, splattered the deck at his feet. Looking up quickly, he saw Spanish officers firing down at him through the skylights. He and the pack of marines and sailors who had followed him through the window fired back up at the skylight, clearing it in an instant. Then they threw themselves at the cabin's locked door. The door crashed open. Nelson stormed through it with his men.

A group of Spaniards attacked across the deck at him. Nelson's men fired and then charged, slashing with swords, thrusting their pikes. The Spaniards broke and ran. Nelson led his shouting band up onto the poop.

Berry was there waiting for him, grinning, already tearing down the Spanish flag. Nelson halted, panting, his sword in one hand, his empty pistol in the other. Then he took in the length of the *San Nicolas,* swarming with his boarders. The ship was surrendered; the few final pockets of Spaniards were being subdued by Lieutenant Pierson's marines.

Suddenly, Nelson heard the splutter of small-arms fire from overhead. On all sides of him men began to drop. They were caught by the fire of Spaniards above them in the high stern gallery of the *San Josef,* still locked to the smaller *San Nicolas.* His marines began to kneel and fire back up the stern gallery. Nelson's yell came again: "Boarders! Boarders!"

He raced Berry across the deck. They leaped together onto the main chains of the *San Josef,* began climbing up toward the huge three-decker's rail, marines and sailors crowding behind them. Nelson was reaching up to haul himself over the quarter-rail when the face of a Spanish officer appeared above him. Their eyes met. For an instant, Nelson hung there, looking up at the Spaniard. The officer did not fire on him. In a moment, Nelson had gained the deck, and was getting to his feet. The Spaniard was the captain of the *San Josef,* and behind him stood his officers, making no effort to resist. They were offering him their swords!

It was impossible. A three-decker carried over a thousand men. Against a handful! Berry and Pierson and the band of boarders from the *Captain* came up the chains and climbed to the deck beside Nelson, as surprised as he at the sight of the proffered swords.

"On your honor, sir," Nelson asked the Spanish captain, "is this ship surrendered?"

The captain shrugged stiffly, unhappily. His admiral was dying below, he explained. His men would fight no more. His ship was surrendered.

Dazed, Nelson took the swords, handed them to the nearest of his men. It was Fearney, one of his bargemen, who grinned proudly at Nelson and stuck the swords under his arm, leaning sideways to spit a stream of tobacco juice over the rail.

From the quarter-deck of the *San Josef,* Nelson looked down at the deck of the lower *San Nicolas,* and down beyond that to the smashed deck of the still lower *Captain.* The three ships were caught together, his own and his two prizes.

From the distance, a sound of shouting swelled across the water. Nelson looked up sharply. Admiral Jervis' ship, the *Victory,* was passing. Every man and officer aboard her was cheering —cheering Nelson. And each of the English ships that slipped by following the *Victory* sent a cheer ringing across the water to Nelson.

The years of frustration and envy were over. The greatest naval fighter the world has ever known had drawn blood at last.

The Battle of Cape St. Vincent was won because Nelson broke the line, chancing ruin. He got away with it because of what he accomplished. But he had taken a terrible risk. Why? Why was it Nelson who took that risk? Why not one of the others?

The opportunity was there for any of the officers in that English line. But only Nelson seized it. The others were brave men. They were willing to risk losing their lives at any hour. But they were not willing to risk disgrace. It was a case of different kinds of ambition. The others wanted success in their careers. Nelson's ambition soared far beyond that. He hungered for immortality. And that hunger had been frustrated for so long that it was tearing him apart.

To Nelson, life's purpose could be found in one short, much-abused word: glory. If he failed to win it before he died, life would not have been worth living.

His mother had fed him on dreams of glory since he was a baby. Nelson's father was a minister, as had been most of his family. But his mother's forebears had been warriors since they fought the Norman conquerors. His imagination took fire from the stories of their exploits. After his mother died, her brother, Captain Suckling, got the skinny, eager boy assigned aboard his ship as a midshipman. He was 12 at the time, and he took to his chosen profession so well that he deftly achieved his captaincy at 20, the youngest captain in the British Navy.

To Nelson, it seemed that glory must surely follow such early success. But what followed, instead, were 18 maddeningly-long years of bitter frustration. His life was blighted by long, dull tours of duty from which he got nothing—except a wife who was later to seem to him an almost equal blight.

She was Fanny Nesbit, a young widow with a little son named Josiah. They met and married in the West Indies. From the start, their marriage was troubled. For soon after they married, the Navy was cut down to peacetime size, and Nelson found himself on the beach, without a ship, on inactive-service half-pay. It lasted for five years, and during that time Nelson was no fit man for any wife to live with. When Revolutionary France declared war on England, Nelson at last got a ship again—probably just in time to save his sanity.

When he sailed this time, he was determined: if an opportunity for glory came his way, *nothing* would make him let it slip through his fingers. At first he found himself only in small sea actions in the Mediterranean, for which he was given no official recognition, and little money or supplies for his ship and men. And then one day there came a letter to Fanny that her husband had distinguished himself by personally leading the land battle that seized Corsica from the French. But he had paid a price—he had been hit in the right eye by sand thrown up by a cannon ball. He could now see out of his left eye only.

The injury did not lessen his ambition. He was still seeking glory when St. Valentine's Day came—and the Battle of Cape St. Vincent.

After the battle, the Spanish fleet fled to Cadiz, leaving be-

"Where have you been the last two days? As if I didn't know!"

hind four of their ships to the British—including the two which had surrendered to Nelson. From the King came news that he was now Sir Horatio Nelson, Knight of the Bath. From the Navy came a promotion to Rear-Admiral of the Blue, with a pension of £1,000 a year. For the first time in his career he was able to feel a degree of financial security.

Sir John Jervis received his reward, too. As admiral of the victorious fleet, he was made Earl St. Vincent. Jervis well knew whom he could thank for his title; he expressed his gratitude by giving Nelson command of a squadron of 10 battleships.

Then in July of that year—1797—the god of war who had smiled on Nelson at Cape St. Vincent struck him a terrible blow.

He had been appointed commander of the inner squadron blockading Cadiz, Spain's wealthy Atlantic seaport, and then had been ordered to take his ships to the Canary Islands. Here, he decided to attack the city of Santa Cruz de Tenerife—there was enough Spanish treasure in the city to keep England at war for an entire year. But the Army thought the job was impossible, and would give him no support.

Typically, Nelson decided he could capture the city without the Army.

It was summer, but it was cold down on the water that night in those small open boats. The wind that had kept Nelson's ships off Santa Cruz for three days was still driving hard in the darkness. His boat plunged down into the wild sea, then shuddered its way up huge waves threatening to topple into it.

Nelson huddled between his stepson, Josiah, and a seaman who was fighting the waves for possession of his oar. The boat was jammed with men shoulder-to-shoulder and knee-to-back, in a tangle of attack equipment: ladders, axes, sledge hammers, pikes, cutlasses, muskets and pistols.

He could see none of his other boats. But they were there, all around him in the night: dozens of them carrying a thousand of his men, divided into six groups. They were all heading toward the mole between the bay and the town of Santa Cruz. The plan was to creep forward in the dark until discovered, then rush the mole, fight to the town and seize the treasure.

Night abruptly vanished as the blinding blue glare of three high-curving flares from the mole lit up an entire area of sea, surf and shore. Dozens of other flares followed. Cannon balls, grapeshot and canister shot smashed into the boats. As the howling inferno lashed the water to foam, Nelson screamed silent curses to himself—the Spaniards had been expecting them.

Nelson leaped up and stood balanced in the bobbing boat, raising the sword handed down through his mother's family. "Cast off!" he yelled against the cannon thunder. "Take the batteries! Remember your orders!"

He fell forward on top of Josiah as his boat pitched into the surf and ground to a sudden stop on the beach, directly under the downpointed cannon muzzles.

Nelson pulled himself upright, jumped out of the boat onto the sharp-stoned beach, waving his sword for his men to follow Then he was spun around and thrown to his knees, facing back toward the sea, agony in his right arm wrenching him down further, grinding his face in the close-packed pebbles. He fell over on his side, clutched his right arm with his left hand. Where the hard structure of his elbow should have been, his left hand felt only a pulpy mass. Dizzily, he stared at his life-blood pumping out of his smashed arm. He saw his sword lying beside him. His great-uncle Capt. Calfridus Walpole had carried that sword when he lost his right arm 86 years before, but had stooped down and picked it up with his left hand.

Nelson reached out his left hand and took the hilt of the sword. He was seized by strong hands and turned over, lifted. It was his stepson, Josiah, winding a strip of cloth in a noose around Nelson's upper right arm, drawing it tight. Nelson was half conscious when Josiah and a seaman carried him back into the boat, shouting for oarsmen.

He regained consciousness as the boat reached his ship. He refused to be lifted aboard in a lowered chair: "I have my legs left and one arm." He caught the end of a lowered rope in his left hand and managed to climb up the ladder to the deck of his ship.

"Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments," he told the frightened midshipman who met him on deck. "I know I must lose my right arm. So the sooner it is off, the better."

Two days later, Nelson sat at his desk as his ship rolled its way north at the head of his squadron. He was preparing to write a letter to Jervis, the first letter he was to write with his left hand. The short stump at his right shoulder throbbed steadily, painfully. He could not get rid of the memory of the terrible coldness of the knife that had hacked his arm away. He had fainted during the operation. When he opened his good eye later, lying on his bunk, they had asked what they should do with his arm. He told them to throw it overboard.

What should he write to Jervis? Troubridge had been the only one of his captains to get his group to the town square. He had waited for the others till dawn, when he found himself surrounded by thousands of Spanish troops. Troubridge, trapped, had threatened to set fire to the town unless allowed to take his men back to the ships. The Spanish governor, having won the battle, was generous, even lending some boats to help carry the English out to the fleet.

As for the others: 250 dead. As for Nelson himself: he was a one-eyed, one-armed cripple.

Nelson picked up the pen awkwardly in his left hand, began to write in a big, straggling, barely legible scrawl: "I am become a burden to my friends and useless to my Country. When I leave your command, I become dead to the world; I go hence and am no more seen. . ."

Through the following months the agony in the stump of Nelson's right arm failed to abate. He could stand the pain only with the aid of large, steady doses of drugs. The doctors thought the artery had been tied improperly. They spoke of amputating higher to relieve him. He was willing to have it done: anything to get the pain out of him. But there was little left below the shoulder to amputate.

During those long months, Nelson was plagued not only by pain but by the fear that he would never go to sea again. For he had discovered that success had only whetted his ambitions. He brooded heavily, and his wife's desire that he never go to sea again angered him.

On the morning that he awoke to find the pain finally gone, he was wild with joy. That very afternoon he got into his best dress uniform, strode into the admiralty and—notwithstanding his blind eye and his missing arm—demanded that they give him a ship at once. He got it.

England stood alone against revolutionary France, in the hands of Bonaparte, who had absorbed part of Europe, aligned most of the rest of it on his side, and frightened the few remaining countries into shaky neutrality. Bonaparte declared: "Either our government must destroy the English monarchy, or

must expect itself to be destroyed by the corruption and intrigue of those active islanders."

One of those active islanders, though passionately disturbed by this threat, was, on the last day of April, 1798, more immediately annoyed by the ridiculous figure he imagined himself to appear as he went up the side of Jervis' flagship off Cadiz. The voyage from England in his new ship, the *Vanguard,* had been humiliating. The relationship between himself and his ship had changed. He was no longer an agile sailor, able to enjoy the freedom of his vessel. He was a one-armed admiral, a burden to himself and a care to others aboard. He could not escape up into the rigging; he was awkward even on a ladder or gangway. He was stuck on the deck, and even there he had to hold himself lopsided to balance his one-sided weight against the roll and pitch of the ship. The motto aboard a sailing vessel was "One hand for the ship and one for yourself." He now had only the hand for himself, to cling to a rope or rail.

But Jervis' smile, when Nelson lurched onto the deck of the flagship, was a rare one of genuine pleasure. He was happy to have Nelson back with him, and sorry they would have to part so soon. He explained why they were parting: France was equipping ships in Toulon, Genoa and Civita Vecchia. Twenty ships of the line, 400 troop carriers, thousands of soldiers aboard them. Bonaparte had the run of the Mediterranean, for there had not been a single English warship there since the evacuation of Elba. Now it was imperative that Bonaparte's fleet be watched. Jervis showed Nelson a letter from the Admiralty: "The appearance of a British Fleet in the Mediterranean is a condition on which the fate of Europe may be stated to depend." Jervis was operating an Atlantic blockade against the Spanish off Cadiz, so he was sending Nelson to stalk Bonaparte and catch the French fleet if it ventured outside its Mediterranean ports.

In the middle of May, Nelson was driving his ships under full sail northward over a choppy sea toward Toulon. Besides his own *Vanguard,* he had two other ships of the line—the *Orion,* under Captain Saumarez, and the *Alexander,* with Captain Ball—and four fast frigates. A few days earlier, he had caught a French corvette and, questioning its officers, learned that 15 French ships-of-the-line and seven frigates were ready to sail from Toulon, ready to convoy 200 transports loaded with French troops. More important: General Bonaparte had arrived in Toulon.

This, Nelson was certain, meant that wherever Bonaparte was headed, he was heading there sooner than anyone in England had expected. Nelson sent a sloop back to Jervis with the news —and a plea for more ships. Then he raced toward Toulon, praying fervently that he would get there before the French fleet sailed.

He ran into bad luck—in the form of a storm that dismasted his ship and scattered his tiny squadron. The four frigates never reappeared. The *Alexander* and the *Orion* did, and helped get the *Vanguard* to safety where jury masts could be hurriedly rigged. But the storm and the accident had cost Nelson valuable time. Too much time, he feared as he raced toward Toulon again.

As they sailed, Nelson kept a sharp watch for his four frigates. He needed those fast vessels to act as lookouts beyond his horizon. On May 31, as he was nearing the French coast, a sail was sighted to the west, running rapidly toward his three-ship squadron. It turned out to be young Captain Hardy with his swift little 16-gun brig, *Mutine.*

Hardy, who had served briefly as his lieutenant before the Battle of Cape St. Viucent, brought bad news. Captain Hope, senior captain of the frigates, had gone back to Gibraltar, and was still there. Hope had seen Nelson's ship dismasted, and had assumed Nelson would have to put back to Gibraltar for repairs.

Nelson was furious. Hope should have known him better than that! Now Hardy's little *Mutine* would have to do the work of those four missing frigates.

Nelson sent Hardy away to reconnoiter the harbor at Toulon and see how Bonaparte was coming in his preparations to set sail. By noon the next day, the *Mutine* reappeared, bearing the worst possible news. There was no fleet in Toulon. Bonaparte, with his hundreds of ships and thousands of troops, had already sailed. Where? Only Bonaparte knew.

Bonaparte had an army aboard his transports four times the size of anything England could muster. Wherever he intended to land his troops, no force would be able to stand against him. Only at sea was there a chance for him to be beaten—if he could be found. . .

Nelson's search was hamstrung by lack of frigates. He kept his three battleships spread out over as large an area as possible, hoping one of them would spot the enemy fleet over the horizon. But the battleships were big and slow. Hardy's *Mutine* was sent darting back and forth, but it could not do the work of the four missing frigates.

On the seventh of June, reinforcements sailed over the horizon: Tom Troubridge's *Culloden,* leading a squadron of nine other 74-gun battleships and a 50. Jervis had sent Nelson the pick of his captains and ships.

Standing on his quarter-deck beside Berry, Nelson squinted through the shimmering heat-waves at the ships following in the *Vanguard's* wake. His own independent command of a fleet at last! Thirteen 74's, the 50-gun *Leander,* and the little *Mutine.* Fifteen seasoned captains under his command: Berry on the *Vanguard,* Troubridge on the *Culloden,* Ball on the *Alexander,* Saumarez on the *Orion,* Hallowell on the *Swiftsure,* Miller on the *Theseus,* Westcott on the *Majestic,* Darby on the *Bellerophon,* Peyton on the *Defence,* Hood on the *Zealous,* Foley on the *Goliath,* Louis on the *Minotaur,* Gould on the *Audacious,* Thompson on the *Leander,* Hardy on the *Mutine.* His captains and his fleet. No matter how many ships of the line Bonaparte managed to bring together, Nelson was sure this group could beat them. If he could find the French fleet.

Nelson's search stretched into weeks. Then, at last, a month after Bonaparte had sailed from Toulon, a captured boat had some news: Bonaparte's fleet had stopped at the island of Malta, seized it with no trouble, and sailed away six days before. Where had the fleet sailed? South.

Nelson hove to and summoned aboard the four captains whose intelligence he rated highest: Troubridge, Ball, Saumarez and Darby. He spread a map of the Mediterranean upon his desk.

Nelson drew his forefinger back and forth across the map. The tip of his finger touched Malta; then it moved slowly in a straight line to the southeast. To the coast of Egypt—to Alexandria.

The four captains stared at the map and nodded, warily. It was very possible. On the other hand. . .

"In the end," Nelson pointed out, "one must go one way or the other. We will set our course east—for Alexandria."

During the week that followed, Nelson turned his fleet into a floating classroom. Men were drilled for hours at the guns, practiced handling pistols and muskets for close-quarters work. Each day Nelson had his captains visit him on the *Vanguard* for several hours of reviewing battle plans. There was not a single possible situation in which the two enemy fleets might meet that Nelson did not discuss with them repeatedly, in detail. He taught them the value of speed: "Instant action is the key to most victories," he said. "Five minutes can mean the difference between winning or losing a battle."

They were off the crowded twin harbors of Alexandria at the end of June. The *Mutine* sailed in close, entered the harbor. Nelson, watching through his spyglass, seeing not a single French flag, felt a sickness grow in him.

The *Mutine* returned: the French fleet was not in Alexandria. No one along the coast of Egypt had seen Bonaparte's armada or heard news of it.

Nelson stared bitterly at the Egyptian coast. He had been so sure. If Bonaparte had sailed west to get past Gibraltar into the Atlantic, there was no help for it now. But there were other places Bonaparte might have taken his fleet in that vast sea. Nelson called his ships together and sailed north—toward Syria. He searched along the Asiatic coast. No sign or word of the French. He turned around and sailed back west past Crete. No sign of Bonaparte. No word.

If only he had had those four missing frigates, Nelson was certain, he would have found them long before. "If I die," he wrote home, "the word 'frigates' will be found carved on my heart."

Nine weeks after Bonaparte had left Toulon, Nelson and his fleet were back at Sicily, still searching. He picked up letters that had been left for him by Jervis' dispatch boat. From them he learned that all England was muttering against him.

Nelson was wracked with frustration. "The devil's children," he growled, "have the devil's luck."

On July 28, Troubridge's *Culloden* stopped a little wine boat; the men on the boat said they had seen the French a number of weeks back, sailing southeast from the coast of Crete.

Nelson had been right all along! Bonaparte had gone to Egypt. Nelson had arrived in Egypt too early, left too soon. The French and English fleets had sailed right past each other, going in opposite directions—just out of sight of each other.

The last time Nelson had sailed from Sicily to Alexandria, the passage had taken six days. This time, he stayed constantly on deck, signaling for more speed, urging the fleet on. It took just four days. They were off Alexandria on August 1, with no French ships in sight, when the *Mutine* came racing from the eatst. Hardy reported aboard Nelson's flagship in a sweat of excitement. The whole French line of battleships was anchored in Aboukir Bay. Hardy had counted 22 of them. Within minutes, 15 English fighting ships were racing eastward along the Egyptian coast, scattered in order of their speed, headed for Aboukir Bay.

The odds were weighted in favor of the French fleet, under Admiral Brueys. Nelson had 13 74-gun battleships and one of 50 guns. French Admiral Brueys had 13 battleships; 9 of them 74's comparable to Nelson's biggest ships. The others were bigger: three of 80 cannons, and the admiral's flagship, the *Orient,* with 120 guns. And besides these ships-of-the-line, Brueys had four frigates and five smaller vessels.

High on the poop deck of his three-decked *Orient,* Admiral Brueys watched the approaching English ships and prepared to fight. He was aware that he had a number of natural advantages over the English. In addition to superiority in cannon and men, there was the protection afforded by the bay itself. Situated near the mouth of the Nile, it was small and tightly curved, and the approach to it from the sea was full of hidden shoals. The attacking fleet would have to pick its way through those shoals, sounding continually as they came. And they could only get into the bay one at a time. The guns of his combined ships could pound them to bits as they came on toward the center of his line.

And that was the way they must come, for Brueys had his 13 heavy battleships anchored close to shore in a long line following the inner curve of the bay. There was a gap of about 150 yards between the stern of one ship and the bow of the one behind it, so that the guns pointing from the seaward sides of all his ships commanded the entrance to the bay.

Many of Brueys' men were ashore for supplies at the time he sighted Nelson's fleet, but it would be dusk by the time the English ships reached the entrance to the bay. Nelson's fleet, he told himself, would have to wait until dawn before there was light enough to pass through the dangerous shoals of the bay entrance. During the night, Brueys would be able to get the rest of his men back at their battle stations.

But Nelson had no intention of cooling his battle lust outside the bay all night. He realized that it would be completely dark by the time the entire battle inside the bay could be joined. It would then be impossible for him to signal to his other ships, or even to see clearly what they were doing. But it didn't matter. The two months of searching that had worn him down had also served to knit his captains into a single fighting unit. They did not need to see his signals to know his mind. Each captain could be counted on to do the job Nelson had drilled him for, without running instructions.

Nelson ran up signals for his fleet to attack the van and center of the French line according to prearranged plan, which called for the English ships to enter the bay, break into two separate lines, and attack one *end* of the French line. The two English lines would sail down either side of the French line; thus, at any actual point of fighting, the English would have a superiority. A pair of English ships could get a French ship between them, smash it, and move on to the next.

At first glance, it seemed that there was no room for a ship to sail between the French line and the shore. But Nelson saw that the wind was blowing the French ships away from the shore to the full length of their anchor chains. Where there was room for a French ship to swing on its anchor, there was room for an English ship to slip inside.

Nelson's captains read the signals and raced for the entrance to the bay, the fastest ships first. Aboard the *Culloden,* Troubridge was jubilant. His ship led the others.

Sounding only intermittently for shoals, Troubridge pushed his ship forward swiftly. The *Culloden* was slipping past a small island at the bay entrance when she abruptly went aground. While his crew labored to get her off into deep water again, Troubridge looked on, heartbroken, as the other ships, one by one, curved past him into the bay, warned away from the shallows by his fate.

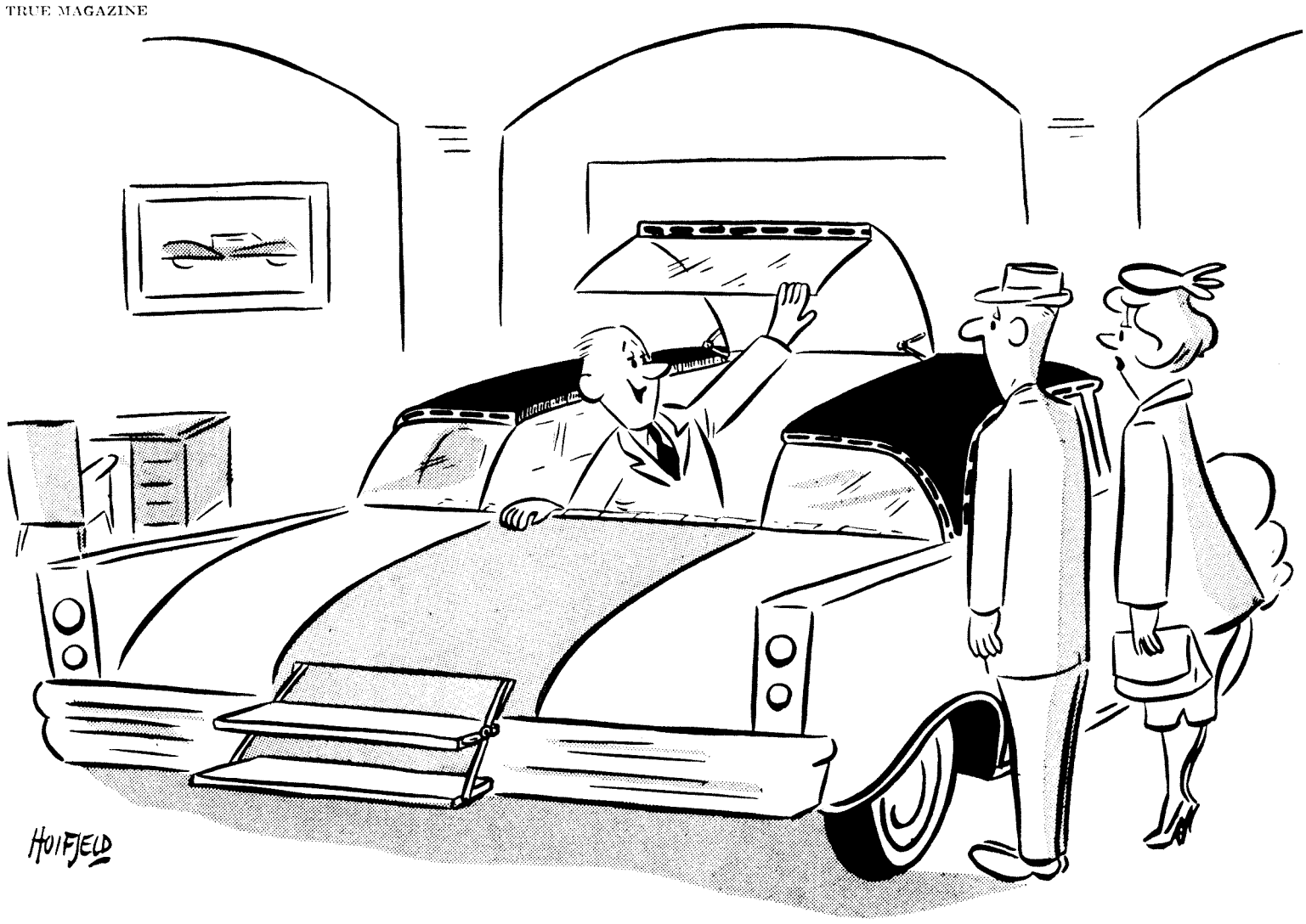
Aboard the *Vanguard,* Nelson's sympathy for Troubridge gave way before his realization that the absence of one 74-cannon ship in the coming fight could be ruinous. He ran up signals for the 50-gun *Leander* to help get the *Culloden* off.

The entire seaward side of the French line opened fire on the bows of the first British ships as they cleared the shoals and entered the harbor. Nelson saw with satisfaction that none of his ships wasted time or ammunition in replying; the distance was still too great for accurate fire.

Nelson's eye was fixed on two of his ships, the *Zealous* and the *Goliath,* now racing each other for the honor of being first into the fight. Captain Foley's *Goliath* nosed ahead and pointed its bows at the lead ship of the French line, the *Guerrier.*

The sun set. The battle was joined.

TRUE MAGAZINE



"This is the escape hatch in case you have a narrow garage."

The first two ships in the French line—*Guerrier* and *Conquérant*—fired all their seaward cannons at the *Goliath* as it came toward them. The *Goliath* staggered as the French broadsides began to find their mark.

Cooly, Captain Foley issued a warning that no gun crew was to fire until he gave the order. He called directions to the hands aloft, furling the sails, and sent his lieutenant aft to stand by the stern anchor and await his word.

Foley recited orders to the quartermaster and bore for a rake across the bow of the *Guerrier*. The two lead French ships were now hitting the *Goliath* with every shot, punching holes in her side, shaking her masts. But the discipline drilled into the English crews by Nelson bore fruit. Behind each cannon a gun crew stood stripped to the waist, eyeing the looming hull of the *Guerrier*, waiting. Men spun about and dropped as flying iron and splinters of wood swept the deck; the fallen were dragged below to the surgeon, and others instantly took their places. The muzzles of the *Goliath's* cannons, each heavy with a double load of two iron balls, were trained on the enemy ship. But no gun fired.

The bow of the *Goliath* shot past that of the *Guerrier*. Captain Foley saw they were so close that the enemy's bowsprit would almost scrape along the rail of his ship.

"Fire as your guns bear!"

The command was hardly past Foley's teeth when the *Goliath* shook to the roar and recoil of its own portside cannons, each one smashing two heavy balls into the bow of the *Guerrier*. By the time the *Goliath's* stern passed the first French ship, 37 cannons had spewed their double loads into the French bow and opened it up like a monstrous wooden flower.

Foley brought his ship around and passed along the shoreward side of the *Guerrier*. His gun crews, released at last from the strain of the long hunt, cleaned, reloaded and pointed their cannons with fantastic speed. As they drew alongside the *Guerrier*, not a French gun fired at the *Goliath:* the French, sure the English ships could not get between them and the shore, had not even readied their shoreward guns! Now Foley saw French crews working desperately to prepare those guns—too late.

The *Goliath* rolled as its entire port battery let go a roaring broadside at pistol-shot distance. Her lower-deck guns sent a line of shots smashing through the enemy's waterline; from the upper guns, a whirling swath of cannon balls ranged across the *Guerrier's* decks, mowing down whole sections of the crew, slamming against the masts, dissolving lower rigging, overturning cannons.

Foley shouted to his lieutenant to let go the stern anchor. It rattled down into the water, but dragged on the bay floor, and the *Goliath* continued to move forward until she came alongside the second ship in the French line, the *Conquérant*. There she stopped, and Foley's guns spewed forth another torrent of iron. A few cannons on the *Conquérant* replied. The *Goliath's* broadsides thundered with deadly regularity. Foley saw the *Conquérant's* mainmast crack and go crashing down onto the deck.

Behind the *Goliath,* Capt. Sam Hood brought his *Zealous* foaming along in Foley's wake, his cannons completing the destruction of the *Guerrier's* opened-out bow and bringing down its foremast. Hood swung the *Zealous* around the French line's end, came alongside the *Guerrier,* and dropped anchor. The deck under him quaked constantly as his port cannons sent broadside after broadside hammering against the *Guerrier*. After ten minutes of this steady bombardment, not a moving figure could be seen on the *Guerrier's* demolished decks.

The third British ship into action, Captain Saumarez's *Orion,* followed the example of the first two, doubling the enemy's van, and getting between the French line and the shore. The *Guerrier's* starboard batteries had not yet been harmed, and all its guns fired at the *Orion,* as it came on. But they did little damage, for by then water was pouring in on the *Guerrier's* port side, tipping her over so far that her starboard guns pointed skyward. Only a few of her shots hit the *Orion's* upper rigging or landed on its deck. Saumarez took his ship in a daring sweep around past the *Zealous,* which brought him in so close to shore that he could feel the keel scrape bottom. But the *Orion* sailed on.

Aboard the *Goliath,* Foley held his fire to let the *Orion* slip between him and the French *Conquérant,* then let go another broadside into the Frenchman. Saumarez folded his arms on his chest and called orders to the helmsman to take the ship farther down the French line. As he did so, a French 40-gun frigate dashed toward the *Orion* from inshore, intending to rake her bow. When the frigate was a hundred yards away, about to slip across her bow, the *Orion* suddenly wore to port and let go her entire starboard battery at the frigate. The result was devastating. Saumarez had ordered his gun crews to aim for masts. When the smoke of the broadside cleared, the frigate lay helpless without a single mast left. Two more broadsides utterly demolished the ship, sent it drifting away toward shore, broken and sinking.

The *Orion's* bow came around again and Saumarez sailed his ship farther down the French line, bringing it to anchor between the port quarter of the fifth French ship and the port bow of the sixth. Then he began to hammer at both of them with all the guns he could bring to bear. The two French ships, having managed by then to get some of their shoreward cannons ready, replied. But under the steady, accurate pounding of the English gunners, the French cannon began to fall silent, one by one.

The fourth English ship into the battle, Captain Gould's *Audacious,* drove between the stern of the first French ship and the bow of the second, dropping anchor just inside the latter's port bow. Seeing that the *Goliath* was already wreaking havoc with the *Conquérant's* waist, Gould trained his guns on its bow and began to disintegrate it.

The fifth English captain into action, Miller aboard the *Theseus,* saw that the *Guerrier's* starboard guns were canted too high to cause him any real damage, and closed in on its starboard until his rigging was six feet from its jibboom. He had his cannons double-shotted—some even triple-shotted. His first broadside took away the *Guerrier's* two remaining masts. Miller sailed on past, got inside the French line, found himself a position opposite the third French ship, the *Spartiate,* and settled down to the job of destroying it. But the *Spartiate* had by now readied most of its port guns. Within seconds, the *Theseus* and the *Spartiate* were engaged in a duel of broadsides.

This much Nelson had seen from the deck of his *Vanguard,* which was in sixth place. Piece by piece, his plan was unfolding exactly as he had intended. Five of his ships were now inside the enemy line, between the French and the shore. Four more were coming up just behind his *Vanguard,* into the entrance of the bay. Beyond them, the *Leander* and the *Mutine* were struggling to get the *Culloden* off the shoal, a task which Nelson soon realized was hopeless. Beyond the *Culloden,* Nelson's two remaining ships, the *Swiftsure* and Ball's *Alexander,* were still out at sea, pushing toward the bay under full sail. But it would be dark before they arrived. And Nelson himself wanted to be in position by dark.

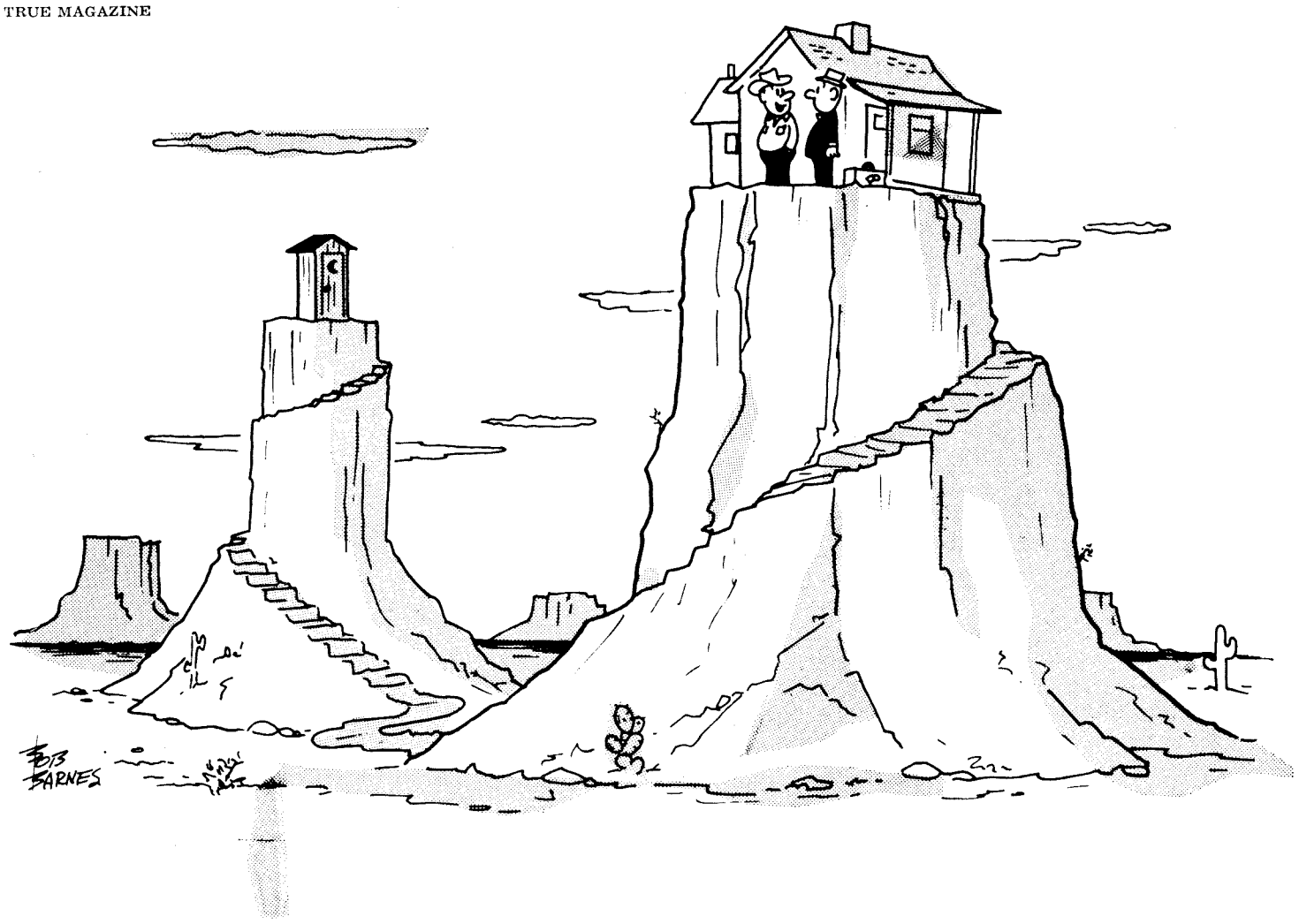
Deciding that the first five ships of his fleet were doing well enough inside the French line, he rapped out orders to Berry. The *Vanguard* swept into the bay, leading the rest of the English ships against the outside of the French van and center.

The seaward side of the French line proved to be tougher meat than the shoreward, for the French starboard cannons were quite ready, some loaded with double helpings of iron balls, others crammed full of grapeshot, scrap iron and chains. And though the French sailors were inferior to the English, the French gunners were among the best in the world.

Nelson, seeing that the first two French ships had already been completely shattered, pointed the *Vanguard* at the third Frenchman, the *Spartiate*. He withheld the order to drop anchor until the sides of the two ships were almost touching. Then, at the same instant, both ships let go their broadsides.

Time and again the two ships drove their iron balls into each other. The smoke-hung air was filled with invisible, shrieking death. Aboard the *Vanguard,* a young midshipman came dashing aft, shaking like the ship itself: every single man at the first six cannons was dead! Nelson ordered them replaced with new gun crews and looked away, watching four of his ships slip past the *Vanguard's* port to engage farther down the line.

Within minutes, the *Minotaur* and the *Defence* were broadside-to-broadside with the fourth and fifth ships of the French line. Darkness closed in on the two embattled fleets, only to be split again and again by the flash of fire from smoking cannon muzzles. The stabs of this fitful lightning were now



"Don't worry—it's only a conversation piece."

all that Egyptians on shore could see of the battle, but its tumult could be heard far inland.

Aboard the *Bellerophon,* Captain Darby was trying to get his ship anchored next to the sixth French ship in the line. It was tricky work in the dark, and the ship dragged anchor and kept moving ahead. Suddenly, Darby saw three long lines of cannon muzzles emerge from the darkness above the side of his ship: the towering, 120-gun *Orient,* Admiral Bruey's flagship. Darby shouted his order for the starboard guns to fire.

The blast of the *Bellerophon's* broadside was swallowed in that of the *Orient's*. More than 70 massive cannon balls crashed down on the deck of the English ship, slaughtering the crew, ripping out two masts and flinging them into the bay, caving the entire ship in upon itself. Captain Darby lay unconscious beside the splintered wheel. The *Bellerophon* drifted masterless across the dark bay, lost to the battle raging around it.

Meanwhile, Captain Westcott's *Majestic* had gotten its jibboom caught in the rigging of the ninth French ship. It was an awkward, dangerous position, for the French ship was able to discharge broadside after broadside against the *Majestic's* bows, while the English ship could only bring its foremost guns to bear. Aware that his ship was in mortal danger, Captain Westcott drove his crew furiously, trying to cut the *Majestic* loose from the French ship.

The eighth ship in the French line now also trained its guns on the *Majestic.* Westcott, working desperately up in the bow under the merciless fire of two French battleships, watched his rigging wither away in a twisted tangle, saw an entire gun crew blown to bits . . . and then saw no more.

Lieutenant Cuthbert, hacking away at the caught rigging beside him, heard Westcott's strangled cry. He whirled in time to see Westcott fall dead across a cannon. Cuthbert, now in command of the *Majestic,* leaped ahead and slashed his ax at the rigging with doubled fury, yelling himself hoarse at the crew which worked behind him. They tore the *Majestic* free. Sprinting back along the gutted, splintered deck, Cuthbert reached the wheel and rasped orders to the quartermaster, yelled others to the crew. The *Majestic's* few remaining sails caught the wind and pulled the ship away.

Cuthbert saw the tenth French ship, the *Mercure,* loom out of the darkness. He drove the *Majestic* in a slow rake across the *Mercure's* bow, dropped anchor close to her, and began to cannonade her systematically.

Back at the entrance of the bay, Captain Troubridge watched the *Leander* leave him. There was now no hope of getting his ship off the shoal. He went down to his cabin and stared for some time at his pistol. Finally, he put the weapon away, not sure if it was an act of cowardice or bravery to go on living.

On his return to the deck, he made the one contribution to the battle still possible to him. The sails of the two last English ships to reach the scene were spotted in the darkness, making toward the bay entrance. Troubridge lighted lanterns and had them swung aloft. At least he could warn them away.

The *Alexander* and the *Swiftsure,* racing anxiously, were driving straight for the hidden shoal when they saw the lanterns of the *Culloden*. They sheered off just in time. Sailing past, they signaled their gratitude, then plunged into the thunder-and-lightning-filled darkness of the bay.

Inside, the first six ships of the French line were caught in the grip of eight English 74's. The seventh ship, Admiral Bruey's colossal 120-gun *Orient,* had just sent Darby's ship reeling away a dismasted hulk, and was now unengaged. It was against this huge warship that the last three English ships, groping their way in the dark, combined.

Captain Hollowell, taking his *Swiftsure* past the engaged van of the French line in search of a victim, found it suddenly —in the sheer wall of the *Orient's* three decks of cannon muzzles. Hollowell tipped back his head, stared up at the guns. Then he dropped his stern anchor off the *Orient's* starboard bow and took on the monster.

Minutes later, Captain Ball's *Alexander* materialized out of the haze-drifted darkness. Ball saw at once that the *Swiftsure* was being badly mauled.

Ball took his ship around the *Orient,* raking the French admiral's stern with a broadside. Then he dropped his bow anchor off the *Orient's* larboard quarter. Although the three-decker's top row of cannons sent broadsides smashing down on the *Alexander's* deck, Ball kept his head. He saw that a fire had broken out high on the *Orient's* poop and sent orders for his gun crews and the marines in his masts to concentrate on the *Orient's* blazing poop—to hamper the Frenchmen rushing to put out the fire.

Meanwhile, the 50-gun *Leander* had found a position athwarthawse the French ship just ahead of the *Orient.* From there, it was possible to fire broadsides at the bows of both French ships, while they in turn could only bring a few forward cannons to bear on the *Leander.*

The arrival of these last three English ships completed the first phase of Nelson's plan. The enemy's line had been doubled, its van and center engaged by a superior concentration of English ships. His captains had followed orders perfectly. Now the outcome of the first phase lay in the hands of the frenzied blood-and-sweat-streaked gun crews.

Nelson was straining forward, peering through the flame-lit darkness when a jagged piece of iron struck him in the forehead. The edge of it seemed to break through his skull and pierce his brain. He fell backward in a rush of agony. Arms caught him before he hit the deck. They were Berry's arms. And he could hear Berry's frantic voice. But he could not see Berry. He could see absolutely nothing. His hand sought for his good eye, touched where it should be—felt only gushing blood and pulpy flesh. He decided that he had lost his good eye, that he was now totally blind.

He was carried below, down a ladder, into the stifling-hot cockpit. The surgeon's fingers tugged at Nelson's forehead, burning. A palm wiped across his left eye. A yellow lantern, dancing to the shock of recoiling gun carriages, blurred into focus through wet, red fog. Nelson saw the surgeon's hovering, anxious face.

He was not blind. The piece of metal had ripped a flap of forehead flesh down over his good eye.

Nelson refused to let the surgeon sew him up until the other men who had been brought into the cockpit before him were tended. He watched the surgeon prepare to amputate a seaman's mangled leg and, remembering the coldness of the knife that had removed his torn arm, he shouted: "Jefferson! Warm your instruments in hot water!" Then he fainted.

He regained consciousness under the prick of the surgeon's needle sewing through the flesh of his forehead. The next thing he became conscious of was that the *Vanguard's* guns were silent. Berry entered the cockpit with news: the *Spartiate* had surrendered to the *Vanguard.* Also surrendered were the first two ships of the French line. Berry could not see the rest of the ships in the darkness.

Nelson sent Berry back on deck with orders to report to him as soon as he found out what was happening to the rest of the battle. Then he sent for his secretary, Campbell, and began to dictate his report on the commencement of the action which was to be sent to Jervis. He was too keyed up to just sit on his cot and do nothing. But Campbell could not help but stare at the frightening spectacle his admiral made: the one eye fixed and dead the other almost hidden under a bloody bandage; the facial bones showing sharply through taut, shrunken, parchmentlike flesh; the dried streak of blood against a gray cheek; the lips trembling with pain.

Campbell's hand shook so badly that his writing was illegible. Impatiently, Nelson snatched the pen from him and began to write the dispatch himself with his inexpert left hand, trying to ignore the throbbing agony in his head.

Berry reappeared: two more French ships had struck to the English; the French admiral's flagship appeared to be on fire. Nelson could remain below no longer. He forced Berry to help him up the ladder onto the quarter-deck. There, exhausted, Nelson lowered his sore body onto a gun carriage and stared out at the flashing gunfire as though in a trance.

He spotted the big three-decked *Orient* down the line, its entire upper deck, poop, and lower rigging ablaze. He saw three of his own ships clustered around the French flagship, pouring a steady barrage of broadsides into her and getting smashed back in return—despite the fire, the *Orient's* lower-deck guns were still functioning. The blaze on the French flagship shot up suddenly to envelop the mast. The *Orient* became a veritable torch, illuminating the entire bay. Moments later, the sound of gunfire, the cries of the wounded, all were smothered by a volcanic detonation. The fire had licked into the *Orient's* powder magazine.

Nelson felt his own ship rock under him from the water-transmitted force of the explosion. Incredibly, the great French warship seemed to hurl herself upward; masts, spars, men, lines and timbers rose toward the sky as though pulled from above. For a moment, a deathlike silence hung over the bay. Not a gun was fired anywhere. Every man in both fleets stared as the hurled wreckage of the *Orient*—wooden, iron, and human—began to rain down on the water and the decks of other ships.

Nelson recovered from his shock sufficiently to send off the sole unsmashed boat of the *Vanguard* to pick up survivors. He leaned his weary, hurt frame against the bulwark. The moon had risen, and its ghostly gray light revealed the ships still in combat. The English vessels that had surrounded the *Orient* now moved on to close around the last ships of the French line. These had cut their anchors and were trying to escape from the bay.

Nelson watched, drugged with pain and weariness, as the dawn advanced. The guns began to go silent, ship by ship. The hot sun rose to reveal the carnage. The last gun ceased firing. Silence rocked across the bay.

One by one, the English captains came aboard the *Vanguard* with their reports, took them to the figure sagging on the cannon. Nelson seemed to have shrunk within his uniform. All around the deck the exhausted crew lay crumpled in sleep, by the masts, behind the cannon. The boatswain's mates managed to kick some of them awake and began the work of scrubbing the blood out of the decks with boiling vinegar.

Nelson read the reports, the results of the battle. The French had started with 13 ships-of-the-line, four frigates and some smaller craft. Of these, only two ships-of-the-line and two frigates had escaped to sea. The rest were burned, sunk or captured. The French admiral was dead; over 5,000 French officers and men had been killed or wounded. In contrast to these figures, all of the 14 English ships-of-the-line were still afloat and in English hands, though some were in near-sinking condition. Nine hundred Englishmen were dead or wounded. Captain Darby was badly hurt. Captain Westcott was dead. Nelson, exhausted and wounded, sick in body and mind, had achieved the greatest, most one-sided naval victory in history.

A sickening weight of lethargy disabled Nelson after the Nile. At 39, he was weary of life, despairing of the future, sick in body and soul. It was the toll exacted by months of tension during his search for the French fleet, months which had so drained him that the emotional release of the battle, capped by the blow to his head, emptied him of his life juices. "My head is splitting, splitting, splitting!" he wrote home.

In this condition he spent interminable days in Egypt, tending to the mountain of tasks that victory brought upon him: dispatches, letter writing, provisioning and patching his ships, disposal of the captured vessels, mass burials at sea, visits to the maimed and wounded. He moved through the days mechanically, doing the correct things out of habit. He yearned to sleep forever, but could do so only in snatches. Even under drugs, he woke repeatedly to find himself seized by painful fits of coughing. A strap seemed buckled taut across his chest whenever he lay down. He spent most of his nights trying to force himself to breathe normally.

England officially showed its appreciation of his victory with a surprisingly small reward for those days and ways: Nelson was given a yearly pension of £2,000 and named Baron Nelson of the Nile. But the people of England took him to their hearts. The little one-armed, one-eyed admiral who gave all the credit for his victory to his captains—"my band of brothers"—caught their fancy. They toasted him, sang songs about him, and demanded pictures of him. The nation had fallen in love with a man.

Letters of praise came from all over the world. Between bouts of nausea, he read and reread each one, savoring the words of adulation, deriving from them the queer comfort that a sick child might receive from the cool hand and soft, reassuring words of its mother.

The wildest praise came from Naples, from Emma Hamilton. Nelson had met her four years before, when he had gone on a mission to Naples. He had been only an unknown captain then, untried in battle, but both the English ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, and his beautiful young wife, had been more than kind to him. Although Nelson, under the press of urgent business, had been able to spend only a few days in Naples, he had not forgotten the beauty and knowing charm of Emma Hamilton. And apparently she had not forgotten him.

Now she wrote: "How shall I begin, what shall I say to you. I am delirious with joy. . . I would not like to die till I see and embrace the victor of the Nile! . . . I walk and tread in the air with pride, feeling I was born in the same land with the victor Nelson and his gallant band. . . For God's sake come to Naples soon. . ." It was heady stuff for a man whose wife had never regarded him as a hero. "My dress from head to foot is all Nelson; even my shawl is in Blue with gold anchors all over. My earrings are Nelson's anchors . . . come soon to Naples."

Nelson sailed to Naples.

They fell in love. What Ambassador Hamilton thought about it, no one knows, for he never spoke or wrote of it. He knew of course—before long all England knew. But he showed no resentment, and continued to the end of his life to regard Nelson as his greatest friend. He never interfered between the lovers.

When Nelson returned to England more than two years later, bringing the Hamiltons with him, Emma was pregnant with his child. Wherever Nelson went, Emma was almost sure

to be beside him. Her condition soon became obvious, and Nelson's wife left him. But the crowds cheered their hero lustily wherever he appeared—despite the fact that they also made him the butt of their most vicious laughter.

The government of England, understandably displeased with Nelson's romantic doings, found an incredible way to express its disapproval. Nelson, now the most famous sea fighter in the world, could certainly expect to command any fleet to which he was attached; but when he was assigned to the Baltic fleet, he found himself *second* in command. Over him was placed a mediocre admiral named Sir Hyde Parker.

But there was a new First Lord of the Admiralty: John Jervis. Jervis, knowing Nelson so well, had his own opinions of the man—and acted on them. He agreed that "the Almighty was in a glorious mood when he formed Lady Emma," but believed Nelson had acted the sentimental fool in making his attachment to her public. However, this did not alter his opinion of what Nelson could do with a fleet of ships. Therefore, although Nelson was officially only the second-in-command, it was to him, not to Sir Hyde Parker, that Jervis most carefully explained the thorny problem facing the Baltic fleet.

Prussia, Denmark, Sweden and Russia had formed a Northern Armed Neutrality Alliance, and would not allow England to keep them from trading vital supplies with Bonaparte.

The English government wanted to persuade the Danes that they should get out of the Alliance. How this was to be done was left quite vague, but Jervis made it clear that any decision was to be Nelson's: "Send them to the Devil your own way."

Nelson fulfilled Jervis' expectations. When the Battle of Copenhagen was fought, it was Nelson—not Parker—who ran the fight.

Sir Hyde Parker had become timorous when he saw all the ships and hulks anchored in front of Copenhagen, their guns manned by half the male population of the Danish capital. Nelson suggested that he himself take in just the lighter line ships and frigates—while Parker kept the heavier ships far away from the battle, ready to fend off the Russians and Swedes if they showed up. Parker agreed.

Nelson took his ships in close against the anchored Danish vessles and began a day-long slugging match, in which each side stubbornly refused to budge an inch. After several hours of it, the signal lieutenant hurried up to Nelson, saluted smartly, and informed him that Sir Hyde Parker was flying signal 39: Leave Off Action.

Leave off action? "Now damn me if I do," said Nelson. He asked if his own signal for Close Action was still hoisted. It was. Nelson told his signal lieutenant to make sure it stayed hoisted, to nail it to the mast if necessary. He noticed that Captain Foley was staring anxiously toward the distant squadron of Sir Hyde Parker's ships. Grinning, Nelson strolled over to him. "Foley," he said, "I understand Sir Hyde Parker is flying some signal or other."

"Yes sir."

Nelson picked up Foley's spyglass.

"You know, Foley, I have only one eye. I have a right to be blind sometimes."

He put the glass to his blind eye theatrically, then announced to the quarter-deck in general: "I really do not see the signal."

Then Nelson put down the glass and stepped away to watch the Danish flagship, which had begun to burn like a box of matches.

The slaughter went on. Though the enemy losses were six times greater than Nelson's, Danes kept streaming out from shore to take the places of their dead. At last, Nelson sent a note ashore, saying it was time to talk things over, threatening that as an alternative he would set fire to captured hulks which would drift in against the city and set it ablaze. The Danes agreed to a temporary truce, and Nelson went ashore to the Danish palace with Captain Hardy. In the long, stubborn negotiations that followed, the Danes fought against giving in to Nelson. The British fleet had no business in Danish waters, they argued; the Danish Navy had done very well against Nelson, might do even better if hostilities were resumed.

"Renew hostilities!" Nelson cried back hotly. "We are ready at a moment! Ready to bombard you this very night!"

Then Nelson glanced significantly around the huge palace room and leaned back toward Hardy with a stage whisper that carried to every man in the room: "Though I have only one eye, Hardy, I see that all this will burn very well."

Denmark signed the armistice, under the terms of which they resigned from the Northern Armed Neutrality Confederation.

The news of Nelson's naval and diplomatic victory reached England swiftly—and with it the story of how Nelson had deliberately turned his blind eye toward Sir Hyde Parker's signal to retreat. The nation's wild acclaim for Nelson forced the government to act: Sir Hyde Parker was recalled. Nelson was made a Viscount and named the new commander-in-chief of the Baltic fleet.

But there was no one left to fight. Russia's Tsar had been murdered, and its new ruler was friendly toward England. With Denmark already out of the Northern Confederation, only Sweden's navy was left—and Sweden decided to forget the whole thing.

Now that there was nothing more active to do than maintain the fleet, Nelson suddenly became aware that the cold damp of the Baltic did not agree with him. He resigned his position and sailed home—to England, to Emma Hamilton, to his baby daughter.

Nelson had only a short time with Emma Hamilton after he returned from the Baltic. Bonaparte seemed to be preparing for an invasion of England. To reassure the British people, the Admiralty appointed Nelson to the Channel Fleet. Then England and Bonaparte signed a treaty, and an uneasy peace set in. Nelson considered it a foolish treaty; he was certain that Bonaparte was only bargaining for time to build up his forces.

Nevertheless Nelson accepted the peace gratefully. He was

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sick of cruising the cold channel, and eager for Emma Hamilton. Back in England he purchased Merton, a lovely country estate. Then, briefly, Nelson, Emma and Sir William Hamilton moved into it, resuming their strange Mediterranean relationship—until on a cool spring morning in 1803, Nelson and Emma buried the body of her husband. Sir William's attitude toward the love of his friend and his wife remained odd to the end. In his will, he left a prized painting of Emma to "my dearest friend Lord Nelson . . . the most virtuous, loyal and truly brave character I ever met with. God bless him, and shame fall on those who do not say Amen."

After Sir William died, Nelson and Emma brought their daughter, Horatia, to Merton to live with them. These were golden days for Nelson, the happiest of his life till then. But they were numbered. One month after Sir William Hamilton died, England went to war against Bonaparte again.

Soon after the declaration of war, at the Admiralty in London, Nelson received his orders. Whatever Bonaparte's plans, he would need ships to get at England. And most of his ships were in the Mediterranean. Nelson was appointed commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean Fleet.

Two days later, Nelson and Hardy climbed up onto the wide, busy deck of the largest ship Nelson had ever commanded. It had been Jervis' ship at the Battle of Cape St. Vincent: the *Victory,* with an 840-man crew and three gun decks to help carry the tremendous weight of its 110 cannons.

On July 8, 1803, Nelson arrived at his Mediterranean station south of Toulon and set his squadron to the first part of their task: watching the French harbor and waiting for Bonaparte's ships to make a try for the open sea.

A year and a half later, Nelson was still there, waiting. Then, on January 19, 1805, two of his frigates came sailing over the horizon, flying the signals: "The Enemy Is at Sea."

What followed was a long, frustrating search and chase much like the one that had worn Nelson down before the Battle of the Nile. The French fleet, commanded by Admiral Villeneuve, sailed south from Toulon and vanished. Nelson found the trail and followed it—back and forth in the Mediterranean, and past Gibraltar toward the West Indies.

Nelson sailed his fleet across the Atlantic in 24 days. It had taken Villeneuve 34. For two weeks Nelson combed through the islands for Villeneuve. The French admiral knew he was being followed—and by whom. With 20 ships to Nelson's 10, he avoided a fight, kept on the move.

In the middle of June, Nelson learned that Villeneuve, harried by his pursuit, had given up waiting for Spanish reinforcements and sailed east. Nelson went back across the Atlantic. He reached Gibraltar on July 18th and soon there was news: the French fleet had gotten through another British squadron and safely into the Spanish port of Ferrol. Villeneuve showed every indication of staying put there for a while.

Worn out from the long chase, Nelson took advantage of a sick leave that had been granted him months before. He reached England in the middle of August. Two years had passed since he had set foot on land, two years since he had seen Emma Hamilton and their daughter. He rode straight for Merton, knowing he would have to leave again at the first sign that Villeneuve might stir out of port. He suspected that he hadn't much time. He had just 24 days.

England was in real danger. Bonaparte had 150,000 troops with 400 cannons drawn up along the French coast. He had over 2,000 small boats ready to carry this invasion force across the channel against England.

Bonaparte handed Villeneuve's combined fleet of Spanish and French warships the job of pushing the English fleet out of the way just long enough for the French troops to reach England. Said Bonaparte: "Let us be masters of the strait for six hours, and we shall be masters of the world."

It was Nelson's job to deny Bonaparte those six hours.

On the morning of September 29, 1805 Nelson walked out of an inn in the coast town of Portsmouth with Hardy and three other officers, and down the cobbled streets toward the wharf where his barge waited to take him out to the anchored *Victory*. The entire population of Portsmouth had assembled to cheer him. He had become used to such crowds during his 24 days in England. He smiled at them and waved, shaking some of their hands as he strode along toward the barge.

But as he reached the wharf, an astounding thing happened. A few men in the crowd dropped to their knees and pulled off their hats. Within seconds, every man, woman and child was following their example—all kneeling and baring their heads as though in prayer, their eyes turned to the slight one-eyed, one-armed, white-haired figure in the medal-bedecked uniform.

Nelson stopped in his tracks for a moment, staring at them. The crowd was silent now.

"God bless you, Nel," one of the kneeling women said softly.

"Lord love you," said a man, also softly.

"God bless you, Nel! . . . God protect you, Nel . . ."

Nelson had never heard a command as heavy as that one. His step was slow as he moved through the kneeling people to the waiting barge. He balanced as the coxwain pushed off. The oars dipped into the water and pulled the boat away, toward the *Victory*. Nelson turned and looked back at the wharf. The crowd was still there, still kneeling, watching him go. He took off his hat to them.

Thirty-three French and Spanish warships, commanded by Admiral Villeneuve, were cutting south through a heavy swell past Cape Trafalgar, near Cadiz, on the early morning of October 21, 1805. Twenty-seven British warships could be seen far off to windward, sailing toward them in two lines.

The chief officer aboard each British ship carried a copy of Nelson's plan of attack, and the memory of Nelson explaining it in his cabin: the enemy being stronger by six ships, the British fleet would form two lines of battle—one led by Nelson's *Victory,* the other by Collingwood's *Royal Sovereign*—to slice through the enemy line at two points, separate it into three parts, and devour each of these parts with a superior concentration of ships. "That, gentlemen," he had told them, "is the Nelson touch!" And: "Something must be left to chance. . . But . . . no captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy."

At the first sign of dawn, Nelson's signal lieutenant found him standing alone and pensive in his cabin, wearing his undress-uniform coat with the four stars of Knighthood on its left breast. Nelson told Lieutenant Pasco that when Blackwood, captain of the frigates detailed to watch the enemy, came aboard, he would receive him and Hardy in his cabin.

Alone again, he sat at his desk and began writing:

" . . . I leave Emma Lady Hamilton a Legacy to my King and Country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave the beneficence of my Country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson; and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only.

"These are the only favours I ask of my King and Country at this moment when I am going to fight their Battle. May God Bless my King and Country, and all those who I held dear. . . ."

He finished as Blackwood and Hardy presented themselves. He greeted them pleasantly and held out his pen. "Gentlemen, I have written a last codicil to my will. Would you do me the honor to witness it."

Solemnly, the two captains signed the document. Then they followed him up onto the poop deck.

The cold air seemed to brace him. He smiled strongly and took in the positions of the ships dotting the circle of sea. Ten miles ahead, the combined fleets of the enemy were going through a complicated maneuver that clumsily twisted their long line into a knot.

"They seem to be wearing in succession," Blackwood said.

Nelson nodded. The enemy would soon be pointing north, instead of south. If the day went badly for them, Villeneuve undoubtedly hoped to escape back to Cadiz. But Nelson was determined that none should escape. He turned abruptly to Lieutenant Pasco, ordered him to make signal for his fleet to form the order of sailing in two columns, bear up, and steer east. Then, glancing at Blackwood, he gestured toward the enemy. "Captain, what would you consider a victory?"

Blackwood hesitated. "I think if fourteen ships are captured, it would be a glorious result."

"Fourteen? No!" Nelson turned eagerly toward the enemy. "Twenty," he said emphatically. "I mean to annihilate them."

He stared ahead for a long time, lost in his planning. Then he glanced behind the stern of the *Victory* at the sinuous line of his ships trailing its wake. To the leeward, another column was forming up in a line behind Collingwood's *Royal Sovereign*.

"Twenty," he insisted again.

But then the wind began to fail. Soon there was hardly enough breeze to stir the full sails all ships carried. At this snail's pace, Nelson's tactics could prove fatal. For as his ships moved head-on into the side of the enemy line, the hostile fleet could rake his bows with all their broadsides. Propelled by a good wind, the British ships would be into them before many such broadsides could be fired. But creeping before that listless breeze, there might be a full hour during which the enemy could continuously rake the bows of the English. Enemy gunnery might blow Nelson's lead ships to splinters.

Still, his only other choice was to let Villeneuve escape back to Cadiz, without a fight. And this he was not willing to do. He had to accept the risk. Nelson let his orders stand.

He left the poop and took a walk through his ship, nodding at the seamen who grinned widely at the sight of him. He warned the gun crews in the bowels of the ship to save their fire until they had a close target. He had each of the *Victory's* guns double-shotted, and he didn't intend to waste a single load. He reached the spot where his cabin had been. Now the bulkheads had been removed for battle, and what had been his cabin was part of a great open gun deck. Seamen were carrying off his furniture. Two of them held a portrait of Emma Hamilton.

"Take care of my guardian angel," he told them.

He paced to the rail and watched Collingwood's lead ship force ahead with the other column. The *Royal Sovereign's* bottom was newly coppered, and she slipped easily through the seas. The *Victory*, slowed down by two years of continuous sea duty, would be beaten into the fight. As Collingwood's ships drew near the enemy up ahead, dark clouds appeared along the sides of the two enemy ships nearest Collingwood. A hundred fountains of water shot up into the air around the *Royal Sovereign*. Then the low thunder of the cannons reach Nelson. "That Collingwood is sailing into them like an angel!" he exulted.

Nelson's column was about a mile and a quarter from the enemy line, crawling toward it with maddening slowness. At that moment, a puff of smoke appeared from the hull of Villeneuve's flagship. A few moments later, a single iron ball whistled through the sky and plummeted into the sea ahead of the *Victory*.

"Hands to quarters, Captain Hardy."

The thundering of the enemy cannons increased to leeward. Looking in that direction, Nelson saw the *Royal Sovereign* two miles to the south, receiving the blows of the section of enemy ships which Collingwood was about to enter. Nelson moved his shoulders back and forth to loosen his bunched nerves.

"Lieutenant Pasco!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I will now amuse the fleet with a signal."

The officers aboard 27 British ships watched the signal flags go up on the *Victory*. The signal was read, and then relayed to those for whom it was intended: up the masts to the men in the rigging, down through the holds to the gun crews and powder boys—"England expects that every man will do his duty."

A few minutes later, a little after noon, the *Royal Sovereign*—its deck smashed and 200 of its crew dead after a steady half-hour's pounding by enemy guns—drove through the enemy line. It let go a raking broadside from its starboard that smashed the bow of one enemy, and a port broadside that demolished the stern of another. Collingwood, having succeeded in being the first to break the enemy line, turned to his flag captain and exulted through the earshattering roar of cannons: "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!"

Villeneuve's flagship was now trying shot after shot at the oncoming *Victory*. The balls fell on either side of Nelson's flagship. As Nelson sent Blackwood back to his frigate, the younger man reached out impulsively and shook his single hand. "I trust, my Lord, that on my return to the *Victory* I shall find your Lordship well and in possession of your twenty prizes."

A shot from Villeneuve's flagship tore through the main-top-gallant sail overhead with a loud ripping sound. Nelson squeezed Blackwood's hand. "God bless you, Blackwood. I shall never speak to you again."

Nelson watched Blackwood go down the side into his boat. He waved to him and turned back to the business of the day. There was a roar from across the water ahead. The hulls of eight enemy ships nearest the *Victory* disappeared in billowing black smoke. Nelson saw the mass of spinning death fly at him, felt the shocks against the hull under him, heard the splintering of wood, the rending of sails. Near him, someone began a scream that stopped abruptly in a gasp.

Nelson and Hardy looked at each other.

"Warm work, Hardy."

From then on, for 40 long, horrible minutes, the *Victory* crept forward into a steady barrage of cannon balls and chain shot. Nelson and Hardy paced the deck together through the rising wreckage and carnage. Not a gun was fired back by the *Victory*. Its rigging melted away under the iron hail. Its studding-sail booms broke off one by one. Its canvas came apart in flapping shreds. Its crewmen were cut down steadily: 50 dead or wounded.

Hardy halted for a second to speak to Nelson's secretary. An iron ball, rushing low over the deck, whirled Hardy completely around and dropped him to his knees. He regained his feet quickly. Nelson's secretary lay dead, his torso 20 feet away from the rest of him. Hardy saw to throwing the remains overboard, and sent another officer to take his place.

Nelson kept staring at Villeneuve's flagship. Nearer. Nearer. Less than a quarter of a mile away now. The *Victory's* mizzen topmast came crashing down onto the deck, crushing three men under it. Their dying screams made Nelson whirl in time to see the ship's wheel torn from the quartermaster's grasp and hurled out into the foaming water. Hardy rushed men below to steer the ship by the tiller in the gun room.

Nelson looked past the bow. The *Victory* was nearing three enemy ships packed together almost bow-to-stern. The mouths of a hundred cannons spewed death at the oncoming English flagship. The center ship of the three was Villeneuve's.

Hardy informed Nelson that the three ships were too close together for the *Victory* to get through at that point and round-to alongside Villeneuve's flagship. The best he could do was to take the *Victory* past close under Villeneuve's stern. Nelson shrugged. It could not be helped. Hardy could take the *Victory* alongside whichever ship he pleased. But first, he wanted to pass close to Villeneuve.

Hardy stalked away to tend to the sailing. Nelson stood where he was, watching. The bow of the *Victory* crossed Villeneuve's wake. Seconds later the *Victory* was slipping past the French admiral's stern, so close that the yardarms of the two ships brushed. Nelson's voice shrilled across the deck of the *Victory:* "Fire as your guns bear!"

The *Victory* shuddered. Roar after roar filled Nelson's ears as, one by one, each of 50 carefully aimed port guns let go its double load of destruction at point-blank range. In that one,

long held back raking broadside, 100 cannon balls demolished the structure of Villeneuve's flagship, knocked 20 of its cannons across its wrenched-apart decks, and killed 400 of its men. What had once been a ship was now floating wreckage.

"I can do no more," Nelson murmured. "The rest is in the hands of the Almighty."

The impetus of the *Victory* carried it two ships astern of Villeneuve's destroyed flagship, until it crashed into a French 74 with a force that shook both ships and threw Nelson against the hatch ladder. Quickly back on his feet, he saw that the *Victory's* yardarm was caught in the enemy's rigging. Locked together, the two ships drifted before the wind, wallowing drunkenly. The *Victory's* deck quaked steadily under Nelson's pacing feet, its starboard guns ramming broadsides into the French ship's side while its port guns fired at a huge Spanish three-decker, drilling huge holes in its waterline.

Riflemen in the French tops, hanging 50 feet over Nelson's quarter-deck, began to fire down through the *Victory's* rigging, and the British marines on deck replied. But the two locked ships lurched so badly that chance alone directed the hundreds of musket balls.

Hardy joined Nelson, began pacing by his side. For with the ships caught together, there was no more directing to be done. It was up to the gun crews from now on.

Nelson anxiously watched ship after ship from his column crash through the enemy line around him. Each found an opponent and engaged it yardarm to yardarm. A mile to the south, half of Collingwood's column was already wreaking havoc among the French and Spanish ships. The enemy line, ragged to start with, no longer existed. The fleets were milling around in separated bunches, crashing broadsides into each other. It was exactly the sort of pell-mell fight Nelson desired.

What Nelson's strategy had done—as it had at the Nile and Copenhagen—was to bring down the odds against his officers, to give them a better-than-even fight. The confusion would destroy any preconceived tactics. It put each ship's captain on his own, with his own separate battle to direct. In this situation the enemy officers were likely to panic and make fatal errors.

Nelson, pacing beside the ponderous Hardy, was completely satisfied. He would win. He was certain of it. Now it was the proportions of the victory that possessed his thoughts and directed his anxious glances across the smoke-hung sea to each group of dueling ships. He was unaware of the metal pellets hailing down on the deck around him.

Nelson was halfway between the demolished wheel and the hatchway to his cabin when a terrible shock ripped through him. It started at his left shoulder, burned through his lung, and ended abruptly when it reached into his back. He knew instantly. After that first shock, there was no pain.

Hardy took a few more steps before he suddenly realized that he was alone. He whirled, saw Nelson fall forward on his knees on the gouged-up deck. Nelson's hand reached out to stop his fall. His fingertips touched the wood of the deck for a second before his arm crumpled under him. He fell on his face, helpless. Before Hardy could reach him, a roll of the ship flopped Nelson over on his back.

A marine and two seamen reached the fallen admiral an instant before Hardy. They dropped to their knees and started to lift him up. Their faces were torn with shock. Hardy trembled as he leaned over Nelson. Nelson looked up at him and smiled. "Hardy, I believe they have done it at last." Despite his smile, Nelson's face was ghastly.

"I hope not, sir." Hardy choked on the stiffly formal words.

"Yes," Nelson told him softly. "My backbone's shot through."

Hardy watched the men carry Nelson below. He shook himself and turned away. For the moment, he was in command of Nelson's fleet. He went through the motions in a daze.

Nelson felt no pain as arms lifted and carried him. He saw everything quite clearly, sharply. A seaman stopped suddenly and stared openmouthed. With tremendous concentration, Nelson managed to get out his handkerchief, raise it, and hide his face with it. The battle was in a crucial stage. His men must not be panicked by news that he had fallen. He closed his eyes under the handkerchief and listened to his life draining away somewhere inside him.

Below, in the surgeon's cockpit, Nelson was placed on a cot. Pain had returned, wrenching his spine. He was beginning to have difficulty breathing. When the handkerchief was removed from his face, it took him a moment to recognize the harried face of Beatty, the chief surgeon. His sight was dimming.

Beatty's hands removed Nelson's clothing with swift skill. He studied Nelson's wound. "Tell me what you feel, sir."

"There's a gush of blood every minute within my breast." He drew a shuddering breath. "I felt it break my back."

Beatty's face was a mask as he pulled a sheet over Nelson's thin body. "Rest easy, sir," he told him softly.

"I understand, Beatty," Nelson turned his head to one side. He saw Reverend Scott kneeling beside him, sobbing hysterically, his forehead pressed hard against the side of the cot. Nelson touched the chaplain, and Scott's head jerked up. Tears streamed down his cheeks. Nelson forced a small smile.

"Pray for me, Doctor," he said wistfully. "I have not been a great sinner."

He moaned as a thundering noise twisted his brain. Moaned again. "What is that? What. . ."

"The *Victory's* cannons, sir."

"Oh yes. . . . Broadsides . . ." He moaned again. "Oh, *Victory! Victory!* How you distract my poor brain!"

He could hardly see now.

"Beatty?"

"I am here, my Lord."

"I must know how the battle goes. . . . Ah! My head!"

"Is the pain still very great, sir?"

"So very severe I wish I was dead. . . . Yet, one would like to live a little longer, too. . . ."

A hazy red figure that loomed larger than the others appeared.

Nelson held out his hand. Hardy, his big features twisted with grief, shook it.

"Well, Hardy," his voice whispered raggedly. "How goes the battle? How goes the day with us?"

"Very well, my Lord. We have got twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships in our possession. But five of their van have tacked and shown an intention of bearing down on the *Victory*. I've called three of our fresh ships round us. Have no doubt we will give them a drubbing, sir."

"I hope none of our ships have struck, Hardy?"

"No, my Lord. There is no fear of that."

"I am a dead man, Hardy. It will be all over with me soon. Come nearer, Hardy."

Hardy lowered his head.

"Pray let Lady Hamilton have my hair, Hardy, and all other things belonging to me."

"You may come through it yet, sir."

"Oh, no. It is impossible. Beatty will tell you."

Nelson seemed to sleep awhile. When he awoke, his vision was almost gone. His hand was seized in two huge palms.

"Hardy?"

"Yes, my Lord. It is a brilliant victory, sir!"

"How many ships?"

"Eighteen have struck to us, sir!"

"I bargained for twenty. . . . The storm. . . . Anchor, Hardy!"

"Shall we make the signal, sir?"

"Yes. For if I live, I'll anchor. . . . Don't throw me overboard."

"Oh, no! Certainly not."

"Then you know what to do. And take care of my dear Lady Hamilton. . . . Take care of poor Emma. . . . Kiss me, Hardy. . . ."

Hardy, his eyes swimming, hesitated. Awkwardly, he bent over and kissed Nelson's scarred forehead.

A whisper: "Who is that?"

"Hardy, my Lord."

"God bless you, Hardy! . . . Remember I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter. . . . Thank God I have done. . . ."

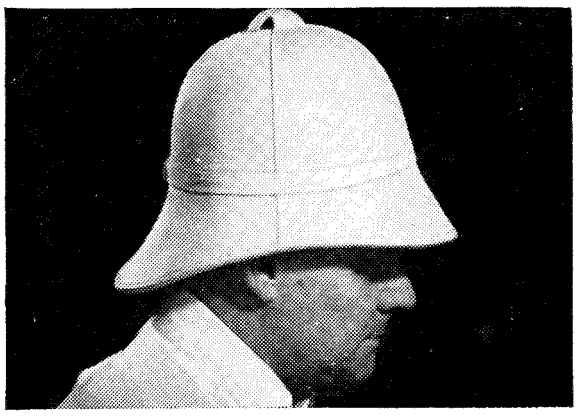
The report of the battle sped home. England learned that its fleet had smashed the French and Spanish fleets beyond recovery, that Bonaparte's chances of invasion were demolished. Nelson had saved his country.

England received the news of its victory and went into mourning. Nelson was dead.—**Marvin H. Albert**

A TRUE BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE

TRUE goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. The items shown represent the new products which True has seen this month. They are believed by True to be good values. The firms listed guarantee immediate refund of your money if you are not satisfied.



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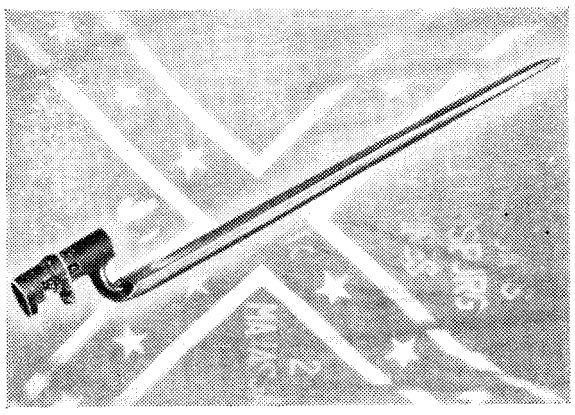

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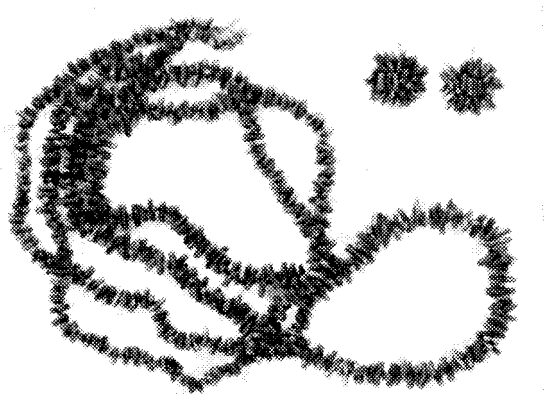

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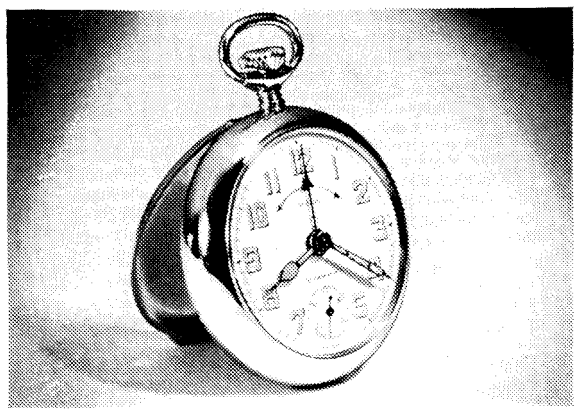

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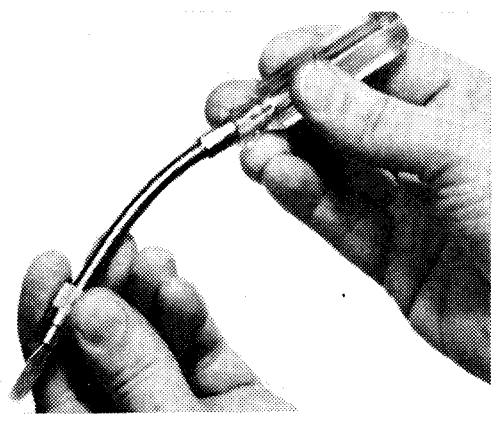

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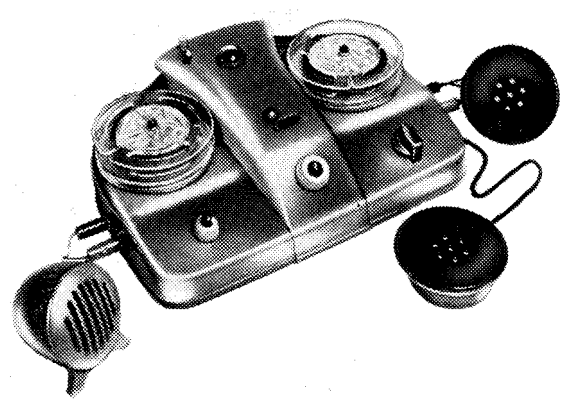

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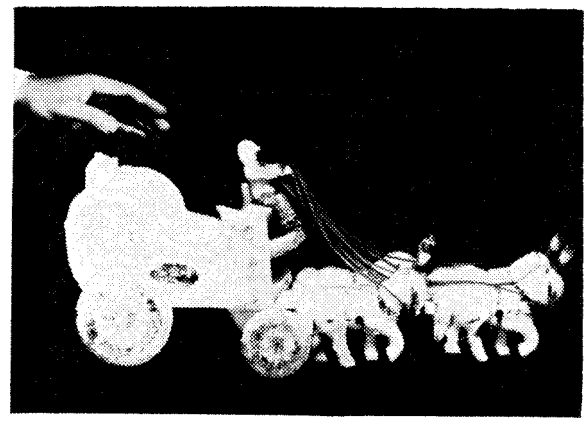
TRUE goes shopping



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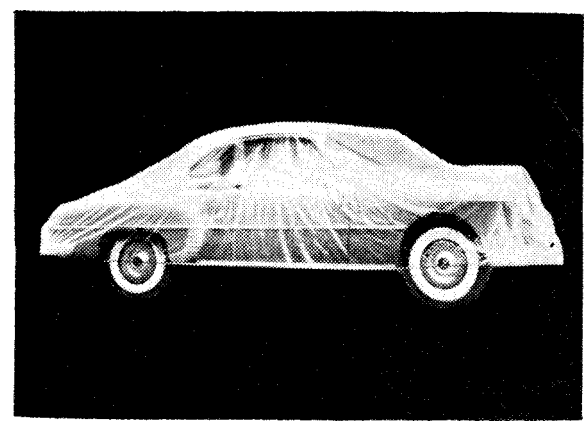

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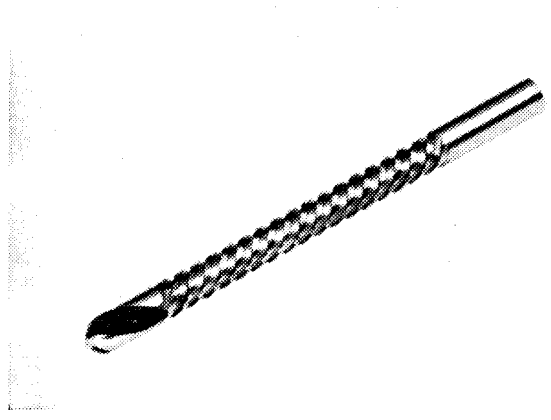

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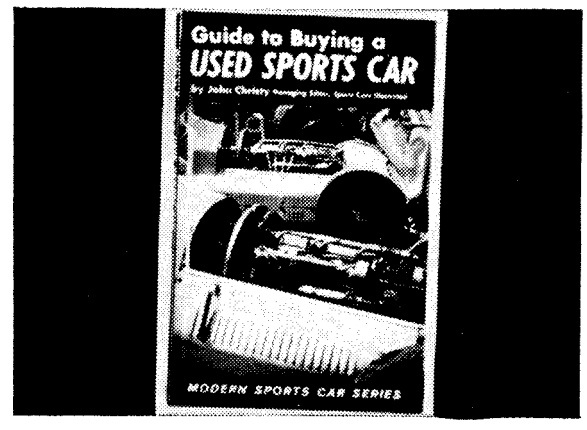

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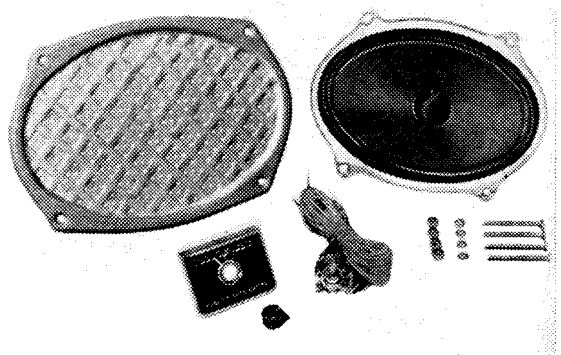

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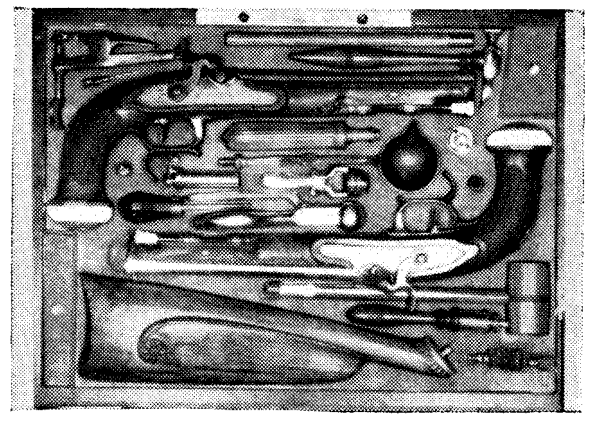

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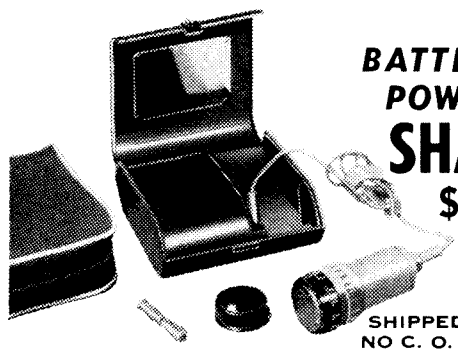

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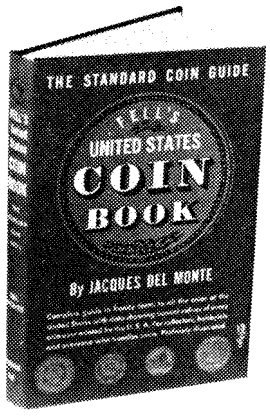

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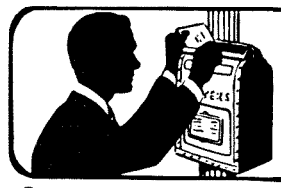

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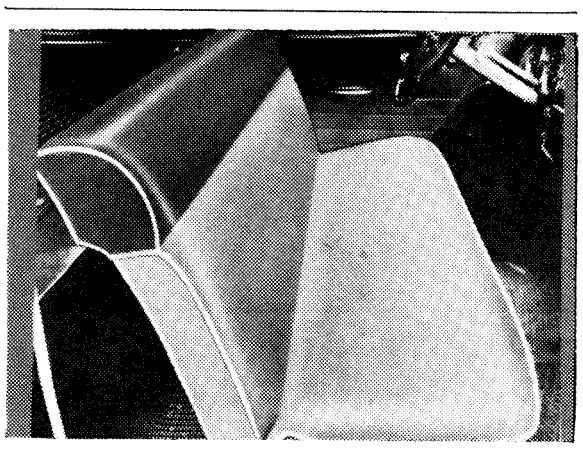

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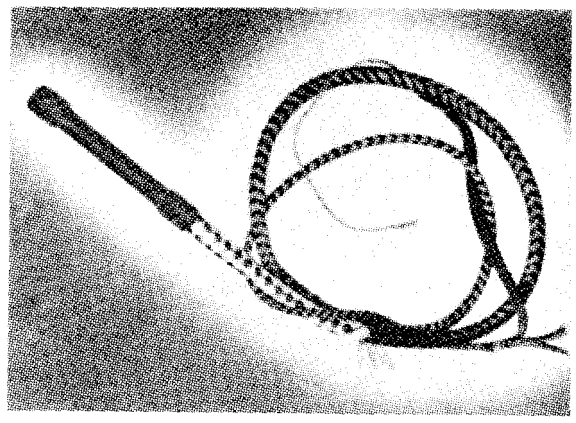

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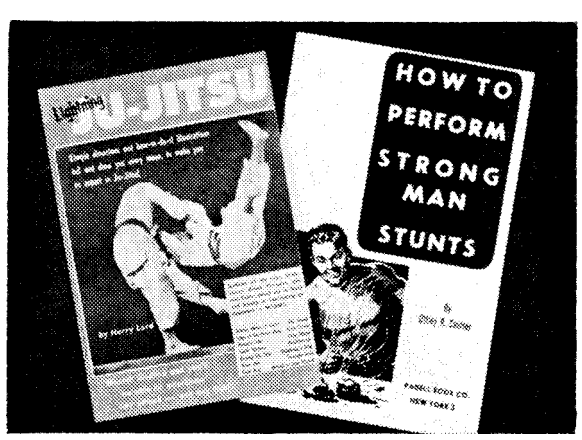

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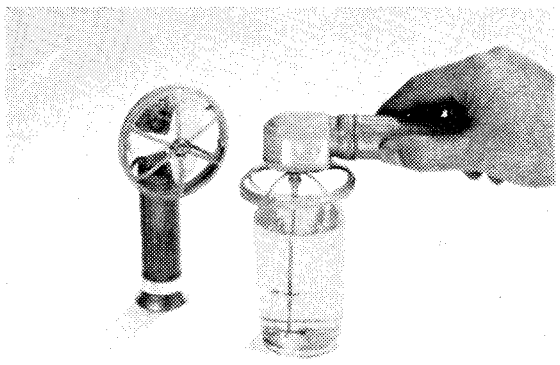

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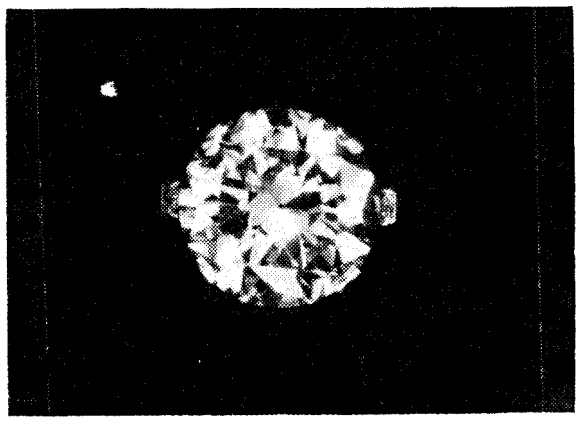

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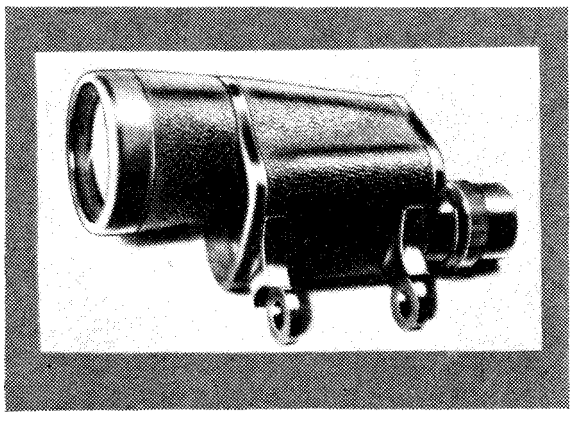

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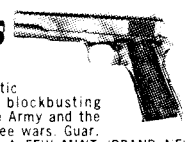

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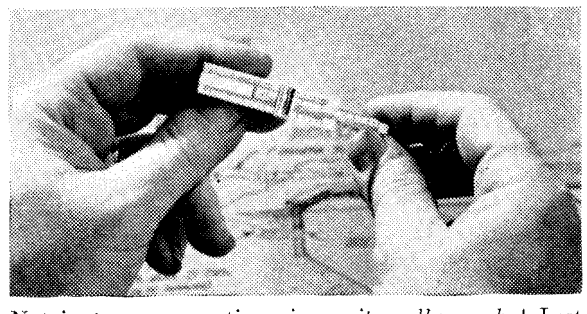

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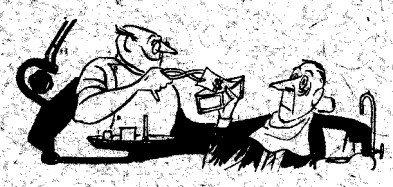
this funny Life

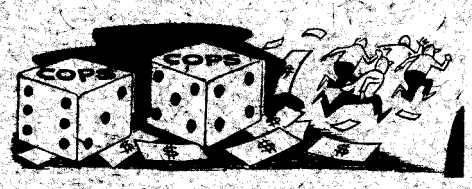
Sceptics may laugh at the use of hypnosis in dentistry, but a young doctor friend of mine uses it in a manner that may be adopted universally.



A suggestion made to a person in a hypnotic trance becomes an irresistible command. So the dentist simply suggests to the hypnotized patient that his teeth will start aching if he doesn't pay up his bill right away. Not only painless dentistry, but painless payments.

—James Ducharme
Holyoke, Mass.

"No doubt about it," declared my friend who'd been a detective for twenty-three years, "experience is the best teacher. There was a time when I was fresh out of police school," he continued, "and I'd raid a crap game, arrest and process all the gamblers, mark all the evidence, then appear in court on the case half a dozen times. After the politicians decided how to dispose of the matter, they'd usually just turn everyone loose."



"That taught me the *right* way to raid a crap game. I just walk in, holler 'POLICE!' then grab the money. By the time the money's counted, everybody has cleared out. CASE IS CLOSED."

—Paul Wilhelm
Michigan City, Ind.

I was one of the thousands of young men processed through the Air Force Cadet Classification Center in Nashville, Tennessee, during World War II. When my group went through we were given the usual pep-talk on our duties, traditions, and what great things were expected of us. The instructing officer took great pains to describe the wholesome entertainment that would be provided us by a *very* exclusive group of young Nashville ladies. This group of young ladies was so exclusive the officer declared, they rejected many, many applications for membership.

When the officer concluded his "orientation lecture" he asked if there were any questions. "Yes, sir," piped up a cadet, "where can we meet the rejected young ladies?"

—Capt. K. F. Meyers USAF
c/o A.P.O. 863, New York, N. Y.

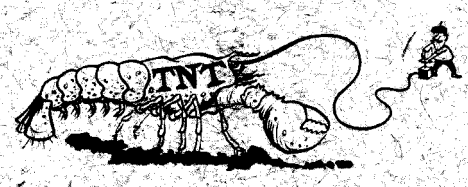
My wife of two months is positively hypnotized by moving pictures. As soon as she walks into a theatre, she becomes so absorbed in the story she can't tear her gaze away from the screen.

Last Saturday she discovered this is a risky practice. We became separated in the confusion of finding seats in the dark, and she followed another man into a row of seats—thinking it was me. She didn't notice her mistake, of course, and when a beautiful, laughing baby appeared on the screen, she leaned toward her new companion (without taking her eyes off the picture) and cooed, "I'll bet we could get a pretty one just like that."

"Probably could, lady," her adopted friend whispered back. "Out of seven, I haven't had an ugly one yet!"

—(Name withheld at writer's request)
Edinburg, Texas

Don't think the U.S. Army has exclusive rights to all military blunders. I took part in a beautiful blooper arranged by the British Admiralty in World War II. Worst of all, it involved a very secret mission to deliver high explosives to the French resistance forces.



The scheme was to pack hundreds of dummy lobsters with the high explosives, then we'd haul them over near the French coast on a dark night in our fast torpedo boat. We'd drop them in the shallow water where they could be retrieved the next day by fishermen who were working in the resistance.

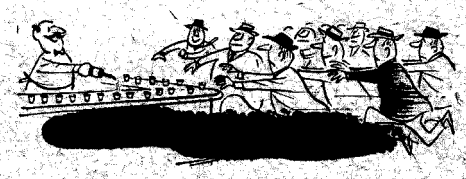
The operation went off perfectly, as far as we knew; but the next day the French resistance groups rocked with a combination of indignation and hilarity. Our camouflage department that made the dummy lobsters hadn't painted them the natural, dark, blueish-green color. Instead, they'd painted them all a dazzling red—just as if they'd come out of the sea freshly boiled.

—Capt. Patrick Ellam
London, England

A sign of the times in the window of an Illinois tavern:

NERVES RESTRUNG
WHILE-U-WAIT

—Rex Gay
Evanston, Ill.

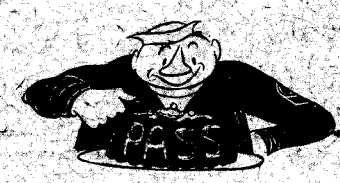


The Saturday soccer game was a rousing brawl with more bloody noses and black eyes than you could count. Men were carried off the field with broken wrists and wrenched legs. Finally a savage battle-royal broke out among four players, two of whom were carried off the field in stretchers.

When play finally resumed, the ball bounced out of bounds over a low wall. One of the players started after it but a spectator stood up in the stands and bawled out: "To hell with the ball! Get on with the game!"

—George Selgrat
Mt. Prospect, Ill.

If there is anything you can depend on in the U.S. Navy, it's the menu of food served each day of the week. Some sailors claim it is a menu made up by Naval headquarters in the War of 1812. But if the attitude toward chow is inflexible, the attitude toward unauthorized absence from duty is every bit as severe.



When I was serving in the Navy as a Chief Petty Officer, I had to bring a sailor up for punishment for being A.W.O.L. a couple of days. I expected he'd have the book thrown at him by the commanding officer, but the sailor came up with an excuse that astounded everyone present.

The sailor calmly reported that the traditional Saturday dish of ham, cabbage, and boiled potatoes had been served Wednesday. He had assumed it was Saturday, as a result, and went on week-end liberty. The flabbergasted officer checked on this story, found it true, and dismissed the case.

—M/Sgt. J. V. Holian USAF
Fairchild AFB, Wash.

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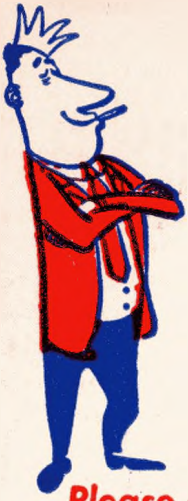

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