THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

35c MARCH 1962 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

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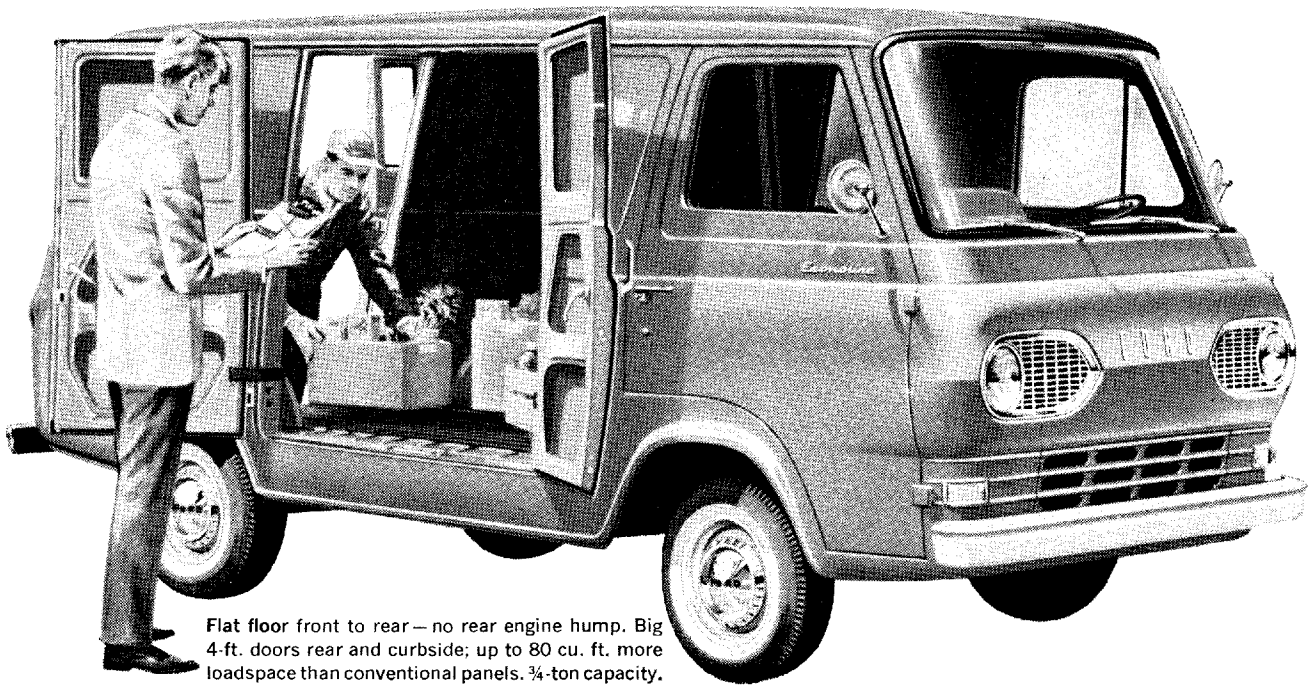

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Fighting Words

I am convinced that the real animals in your article, *The Cruelest Game Since Rome*, by Don Kingery (Jan. 1962) are not the dogs in the pit but the trainers and spectators. Why not put *them* in the pit and let them kill each other?

—Thomas F. Jones
Lincoln, Neb.

Don Kingery's article was both interesting and highly informative, but as an owner of one of these so-called American Pit Bulls, I would like to say that his picture of the dog is very unjust to the breed itself. I own a Staffordshire Terrier, as it is properly called, and if he has a fault it is that he is overly friendly, overwhelming people and other dogs in a boisterous, rambunctious greeting. Unless bred to kill, as are the dogs in Louisiana, they are friendly toward everybody, great with children, and make fine family dogs.

—Mike Harrigan
Rockville Center, N. Y.

I have been a subscriber since 1947, and I rate TRUE the #1 man's magazine, but if you print any more stories about those inhuman dog fights and the morons who attend and conduct them, I shall terminate my subscription. However, if this article was printed to arouse public ire, I consider it justifiable.

—John A. Gould

At first I was disgusted with TRUE for printing the article, but now I wish to thank you. With the help of your fine magazine maybe somebody will step in and get rid of these sadists.

—Mrs. George McRae
South Bend, Ind.

Straight Dope

Ten will get you one that you receive more mail about the dogfight article than you do on the Anslinger book. (*The Murderers*, by Harry J. Anslinger, January.) There will be more heat and fury calling for action against cruelty to dogs than for more stringent laws regarding narcotics. We are a peculiar people; we strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Certainly I condemn the dog fights. I have raised and owned bull terriers and a finer dog was never bred. But dope is by far the greater menace.

—Harold H. Saxton, M.D.
Maysville, N. Y.

This book confirms my opinion that one of the mistakes President Kennedy made was the reappointment of Mr. Anslinger to the post of Federal Narcotics Commissioner. During the 30-odd years Mr. Anslinger has held this job we have seen narcotics grow from a relatively minor matter into a serious crime problem, and the most lucrative racket since Prohibition. If Mr. Anslinger has not made narcotics unavailable, he has at least made them expensive. It took 14 years to get rid of Prohibition; perhaps in time we will get rid of Mr. Anslinger and start dealing with the narcotics problem with less melodrama and more common sense.

—W. K. Munn
Oakland, Calif.

Mental Frontier

Thank you for publishing *Psychic*, by Peter Hurkos. The real new frontier is truly the frontier of the mind, and all that helps open up that vista is of value.

—Mrs. H. M. Graham
Ruidoso, N. M.

Finding lost articles for a fee seems like a trifling way to use the extraordinary gift which Peter Hurkos appears to possess. Why does not Hurkos show his gratitude to God by doing something for humanity at large, without any hope of reward?

—Mike Wenga
Los Angeles, Calif.

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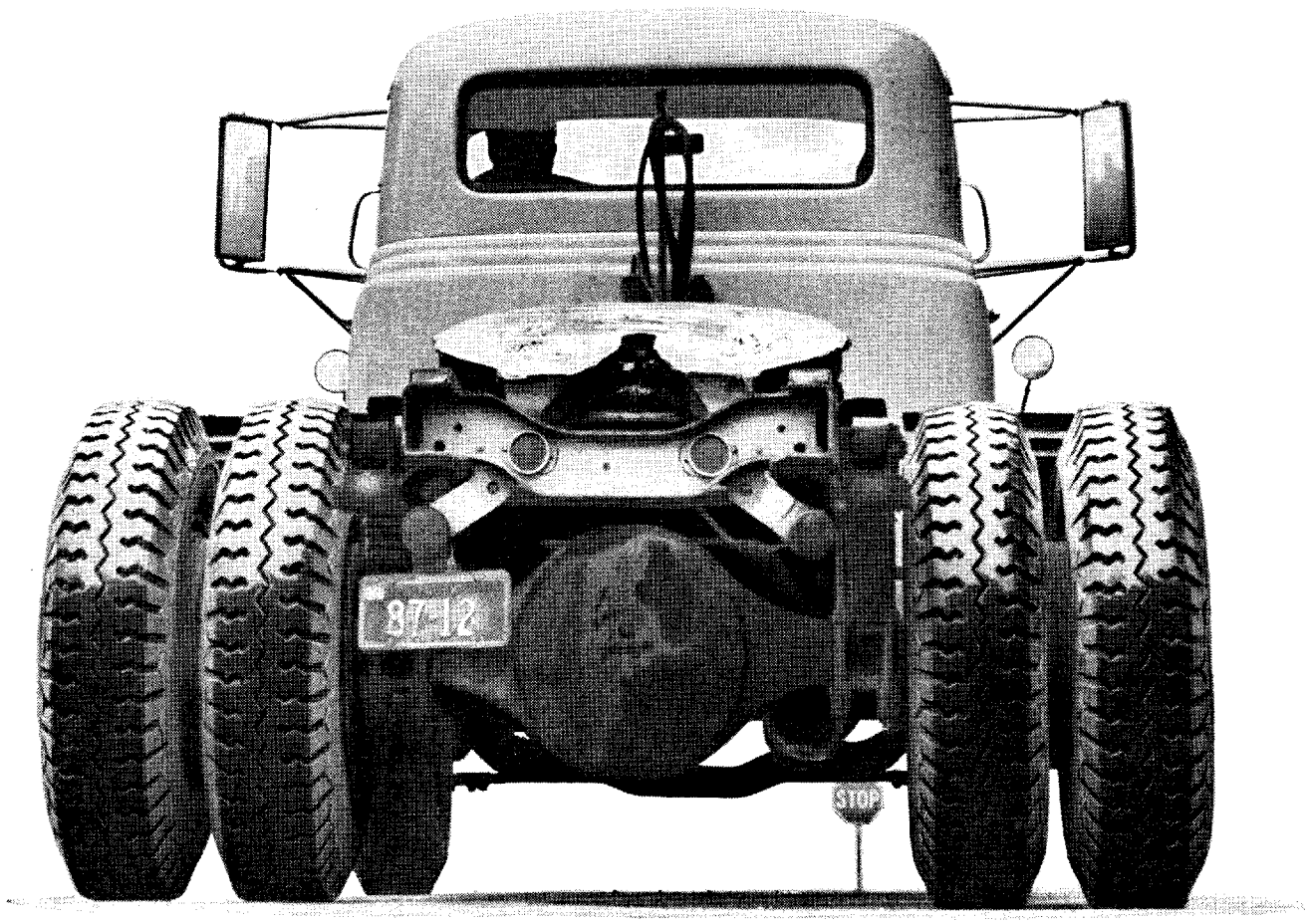

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MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

GOODYEAR

[*Continued from page 2*]

Cobb Comments

My congratulations to author Al Stump for his truly accurate article. I have known personally almost every member of Ty Cobb's family for over 40 years, both his first wife and his second. His son Jim still lives here in Santa Maria, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Herschel Cobb, also lives here. Both Ty Cobb, Jr., who was a doctor, and his son Herschel have passed away. His two daughters, Mrs. Shirley Cobb Beckworth and Mrs. Beverly Cobb McLaren, live in Northern California. Al Stump was actually kind and charitable in telling what a despicable, mean, cruel and sadistic person Ty Cobb really was. He was a very rich man, but was the stingiest and cheapest person I ever knew. He had no charity, hated everybody, and had few friends. His daughter Shirley owns a bookstore in Palo Alto, and refused to put a copy of Al Stump's biography of Cobb in the window. The criticisms of this article make me sick. What hypocrisy! Ninety-five percent of the ballplayers who played against him hated his guts because of his dirty tactics on the ballfield. I admire Al Stump for his courage.

—Patrick Heard
Santa Maria, Calif.

Early in the spring of 1921 or 1922 the late J. A. Neath, who was chairman of the Board of Humble Oil at the time of his death three years ago, and I went to an exhibition game in Ranger, Texas, in which Cobb was playing. Jap Neath and I sat behind the plate about 10 rows back. About the second row up, directly in front of us, sat a well known Texas gunman. In a holster in his right hip pocket we could see a revolver. True to his usual custom Cobb was making life miserable for the younger players, especially the opposing pitchers. He would cuss them and walk out to look at the ball and several times jerk it out of their hands and throw it away. After this had gone on for some time the gunman started cursing Cobb. Cobb suddenly left the plate and started toward the backstop. Jap Neath turned to me and said: "Another 15 feet and Cobb will be a dead man." He was so hated that no one would have warned him. However, Cobb must have had some intuition, because he suddenly stopped, swung around and went back to the plate. For the rest of the game he was a model of deportment—not a peep out of him. Thirty-five years later I read something about him in the paper and remembered the incident. Thinking he would be interested, I wrote him about it. Instead of thanks I got a letter of several pages, in long hand, villifying me, Mr. Neath, all the other players who were there, and denying the incident had happened. The letter was so vile that I considered sending it to the postal authorities, but finally concluded that it came from an insane man and threw it away.

—A. J. Haugan
Fayetteville, Ark.

Desert Course

I found Max Gunther's *Do-It-Yourself Divorce for Fed-up Males* (January) quite interesting. And, *of course*, I'm treating my husband with new respect lest he join the ranks of the disappearing male.

—Mrs. J. Dittemore
Redondo Beach, Calif.

I couldn't resist congratulating Max Gunther on his tremendous article. I sit here with a silly grin on my face imagining the retorts you'll get from indignant wives who would probably like to strangle him. I say, good luck and more power to the 50,000 who will take off in 1962, and whose miserable shrews deserve to be deserted.

—Mrs. J. D. G.
St. Louis, Mo.

What dope dreamed up that article. I'm glad Gunther told them how to walk out—99 percent of them are so stupid they'd need telling. The wives are the ones who really ought to disappear, but won't leave their peanut-brained husbands because of humane laws against cruelty to dumb animals. The slobs would starve to death if left alone.

—Unsigned
Washington, D. C.

"Unsigned," and we'll bet "unmarried."

Sleepy Pete

In your December *Man to Man Answers* you refer to my having been the subject of a scientific experiment in which I stayed awake for 201 hours and 10 minutes and recovered after 13 hours sleep. I would like to compliment you on your research; every other story I've read on the subject of sleep has been loaded with discrepancies. There was one inaccuracy, though, but you could not have known about it without talking to me. The reason I slept only 13 hours and 13 minutes was because for two days before the experiment was over I became convinced that I was going to die and that this fact was being withheld from me. Thus, in a dream at the 13-hour level, I decided to awaken myself and see how I felt. As for your statement that I recovered after 13 hours sleep, I felt rested but far from recovered. I was only awake three or four hours, then slept seven or eight more. I awoke again for three, then slept another seven. That brought me to Friday morning; that night I went to bed at midnight and woke the next day at noon. Then, for the first time, I felt really rested.

—Peter Tripp
Radio KYA
San Francisco, Calif.

You've got us yawning.

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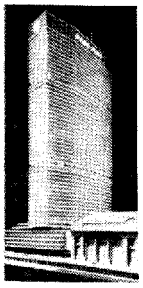
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

CONSTRUCTIVE COMMENTS



Steelwork of the Pan American Building, billed as the largest commercial office structure in the world, is rising above Grand Central Terminal in New York City. The usual plywood wall around its base does not contain the usual openings through which sidewalk superintendents can view what is going on inside. Instead, television screens give a continuous closed-circuit show except on the east side of the building, an alley jammed with post-office trucks and darkened by Park Avenue overhead. Here the plywood blackboard is reserved for chalked comments by cranemen and steelmen who have something to get off their chests. The graffiti of hard-hat construction workers, some of which we copied down the other day, reveal resilient spirit, unabashedness, moderate domestication, and other enviable traits which may be deduced from a sampling:

"Wives don't mind suffering in silence as long as their husbands know they're doing it."

"Behind every successful businessman there's a woman with nothing to wear."

"The real music-lover is the woman who applauds when her husband comes home singing at 4 a.m."

"If you drink, don't park—accidents cause people."

"My mother-in-law just left for Africa—she's going to teach the Mau-Mau to fight dirty."

IT'S THE LAW, LADIES!

We once heard a feminist described as a woman who wants to beat her mate and have him too. For masterful, no-nonsense treatment of those females who insist on equal rights to adultery, we refer you to a current decision of an Italian court. The Italian penal code prescribes two years in the pokey for a wife found guilty of adultery. There is no corresponding penalty, no punishment whatever, for an adulterous husband. Indignant signoras who resent such discrimination were set back on their spike heels by the High Constitutional Court of Italy, which held that the law is just and reasonable "in consideration of the greater gravity of infidelity of the woman."

RADIO URSUS HORRIBILIS

According to a recent communication which has come our way, you can't hunt grizzly bears in Yellowstone Park. They hunt you. A plan is under way to hang a collar containing a miniature transmitting set around the neck of every Yellowstone grizzly. Rangers up to five miles away can pick up bear-sounds on receivers and keep track of where the animals are. Want to hang one on a grizzly?

THE BEER FACTS

An account executive of an advertising agency complained to us over a beer the other day that drinking is getting more complicated all the time.

"See this?" he said, holding up his emptied glass. "Anybody could tell it had real beer in it. Suds and kiss of the hops and all that. Well, you should have the headaches I've got over an is-it-or-ain't-it beer."

He seemed about to weep into his glass, so we signaled the bartender for a refill and asked in our best man-in-the-white-coat manner, "Just what seems to be your trouble?"

"They've found a way to wring most of the water out of beer. What's left is essence of beer with all the goodies in it. A sort of thick paste, I guess."

"You spread it on crackers?"

He looked at us witheringly. "No—you build a plant to reconstitute it. Put the water and bubbles back in. Skoal!"

"Why go to that trouble when you have good beer to start with?"

"Even an editorial mind can understand it, with help. What happens if you squeeze three-fourths of the water out of beer? You lose three-fourths of the weight—and reduce your freight bills by three-fourths. If you run a big brewery you can ship your brand all over the country and compete everywhere. If you run a local brewery you'd rather keep your advantage of short shipping distances. If you run a brewery workers union you wonder about jobs. But something else is keeping beer concentrate from getting on the road."

We fell in with his quaint terminology and asked what was keeping beer concentrate off the road.

"T-men," he said. "They can't figure how to tax it."

But by the time the tax men find an answer—and you can bet they will—concentrating processes developed by Union Carbide and Phillips Petroleum will no doubt be perfected. Beer is concentrated by freezing it. The water freezes into ice crystals, leaving the kick and flavor in the concentrate. Orange juice is already concentrated in large quantities by the freezing process. Will the process also work on wines, milk, vinegar, soft drinks and other fortified fluids? It could, but there would be loud wails from many economic sectors. Hundreds of millions of dollars are spent on cases, bottles, packaging, warehousing and trucking water that carries a few highly desirable ingredients. Half of a bottle of 100-proof liquor is water. We hope they don't start tampering irresponsibly with that.

MONEY MEN

Men who like to know that they have vastly more to say about where their money goes than some women's magazines would have you think, will be cheered by a report just handed to us by our research department, which looks into such things. Big-price items such as a car or house, or choices involving connoisseurship, such as liquor, naturally require a man's purchasing decision most of the time. But the present report deals with household appliance purchases, and we were rather surprised by the extent to which male

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For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

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

MARCH ◆ 1962

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Cover by David B. Eisendrath, Jr.

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Cockeyed Letter

After reading your interesting article on *Cockeyed Clocks* (November) I thought you might be interested in the earliest use of a form of wrist watch. During the rule of Alexander the Great, there was a constant problem of time keeping for the sentries. Their tour of duty was eight hours. During the night and in cloudy weather, the sundial was useless. Then someone devised a concoction of herbs which, when mashed and put in a solution, would turn dark brown at the end of eight hours. Cloth strips were dipped in this solution and tied around the sentry's wrist; when the rag band turned brown, he knew his tour of duty was over. This was known as *Alexander's Rag Time Band.*

—*Ed Lehner*
Hereford, Ariz.

That explains why Alexander the Great draws royalties from ASCAP.

Young Ideas

I am ready to grow a beard, don a bedsheet and sandals and join Senator Young in carrying a placard advocating world peace. However, please assign my beat within walking distance of a Civil Defense fall-out shelter.

—*I. G. Murphy*
Climax, Colo.

May I offer my congratulations. The fraudulent statements made in other magazines about survival after a nuclear attack have incurred a great deal of resentment among members of the reading public. The majority of our people now seem to agree that our present Civil Defense program is worthless and even dangerous. Thank you for telling the truth.

—*Mrs. William H. Short*
Larkspur, Calif.

War Over Clubs

Stilwell and Gunther did a good job on a shocking story that needed to be told. However, I hope they didn't leave the impression that only wealthy game hogs form duck clubs. Many of us have to work hard to scrape together a few bucks for a small lease, on which we welcome as many members as the area will safely accommodate. Anyone who violates either game law or sportsman's ethic gets his fanny kicked out right now.

—*D. F. Spellman*
Richland, Wash.

This is the worst article I have ever seen outside of the *Daily Worker*. The authors should apply for a job with Commie boss Gus Hall; he could probably pay a lot for this kind of propaganda. Unfortunately both rich and poor break game laws, but the ones in clubs are much more careful than those who are not, because the game wardens know they are hunting day after day on the same property. Besides, the membership in clubs is based largely on congenialty and not on wealth. In the future I'll look for reading matter in magazines which aren't interested in fighting a class war.

—*J. E. Taylor*
Richmond, Va.

As far as this subject is concerned there are two classes: those which consist of good sportsmen who obey the game laws, and those which don't.

Dancing Dame

I vehemently resent and disagree on many points in Mr. Gehman's article on Arthur Murray (December). I know nothing of Mr. Murray's sales approaches, but I do know something about our local studio. My husband and I are well acquainted with the owner and his wife, and many of the instructors. We have had over 100 hours of instruction and did not buy one hour that we did not want and enjoy. It is true that the Arthur Murray people are persuasive salesmen, but not even a hint of the tactics described in the article were used on us. So, Mr. Gehman, my opinion of you is that your thinking is low, base and vulgar, and you must be a slob.

—*Mrs. W. M. Fisher*
Lubbock, Texas.

As you were saying: "I know nothing of Mr. Murray's sales approaches."

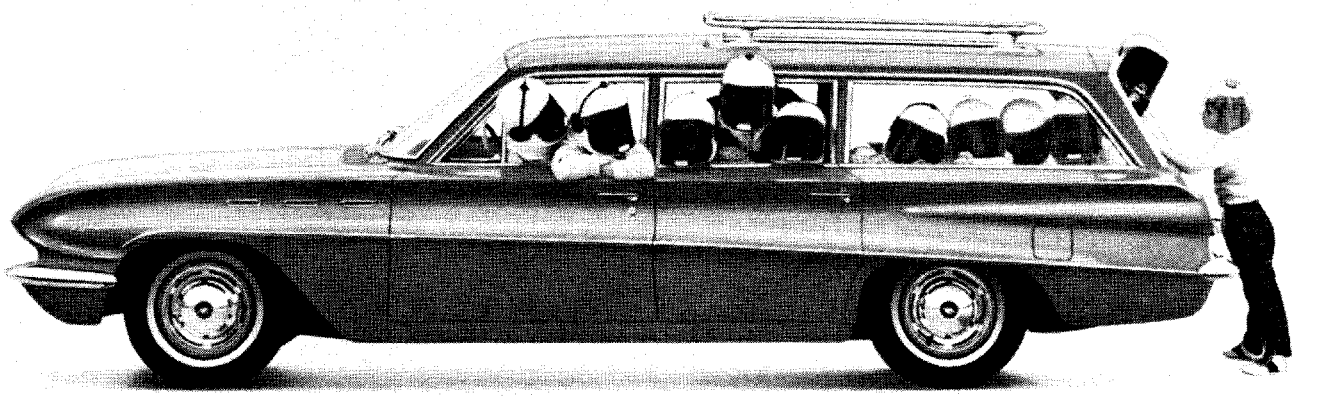
[*Continued on page* 11]

Spaceship

Inside this trim Buick Special Wagon there's room—and to spare—for a whole crew of budding astronauts . . . or for a 72-cu.-ft. load of gear or groceries. (Such *easy* loading with the smart lift-up tailgate!) Yet, the Special's 112″ wheelbase lets you zip through heaviest traffic—park handily where other wagons won't even try. And check these choices. The Special's sizzling aluminum V-8 or its great new running mate—America's only V-6 (six for savings, V for voom!). Aluminum Dual-Path Turbine Drive,* or a sporty, new 4-speed stick shift,* or standard 3-speed transmission. Two- or three-seat versions. *All Buicks through and through.* Bring your own crew along to your Buick dealer's for a trial run. See why the Special is called—America's *happy-medium size car.* Buick Motor Division—General Motors Corporation.

*OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST

Buick Special V6 V8

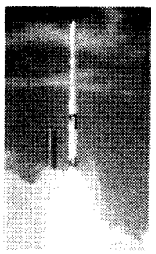


IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 5)

influence dominates. The original decision to buy an electric blanket, radio, portable heater or shaver (men's and women's) was predominantly made by men, and more men than women made the actual purchases of electric clocks, electric can openers, floor polishers, electric skillets and shavers. Considerably more men than women decided the brand of kitchen range, freezer, television, air conditioner and water heater that was bought. So, never underestimate the buying power of a man.

DEODORANT, ANYONE?



We are in receipt of a de-scented bulletin from Redstone Arsenal in Alabama to the effect that Army missile scientists have abandoned essence of skunk as a missile fuel. Skunk juice belongs to a family of sulfur-containing mercaptan compounds, potent enough to induce a missile, if not a beatnik, to take leave of its pad. Redstone chemists fooling around with skunk mercaptan somehow let some of it get into the air-conditioning system. Take-offs and trajectories of personnel at the countdown were magnificent. Skunk juice "produced high energy reactions from humans," said Dr. James Merritt, the lab director. But they've washed their hands of it as a missile fuel.

MATCH UNMAKERS

They have a Divorced Man's Club in Los Angeles that can probably avert more personal disasters than Alcoholics Anonymous. A divorced man trapped in a night club with an enticing girl, bemused by sentiment, Arpege and Martinis and teetering on the brink of matrimonial proposal, can excuse himself, drop a dime in the nearest telephone, and be connected with a fellow member who has not taken leave of his senses. A minute or two of man-talk is usually enough; the temporary spasm of insanity subsides, like delirium tremens, and the near-victim departs safely, grateful for his deliverance.

NINE, TEN—AND OUT!

What is the most effective knockout blow? A good hook that lands solidly on the side of the face or tip of the lower jaw and produces sudden swiveling of the head. This split-second change in position of the head adds to the simultaneous firing of many nerve centers in an explosive jamboree that causes unconsciousness. A punch that lands directly on the front of the head may look as lethal on television, but if it causes no skull movement it isn't very effective.

Ringside physicians who gathered for a professional bull-session before a recent championship fight agreed on these points, but not on brain damage caused by knockouts. One school holds that recovery from the average knockout is complete as soon as the nervous system shakes itself back into shape, and that rare deaths or punch-drunkenness result from the same sort of severe head injuries that may occur in football and other contact sports. Dissenters of equal standing insist that a knockout causing immediate and prolonged loss of consciousness must inflict some contusion or laceration of the brain, and that repeated knockouts act like a series of small strokes. A punch-drunk boxer can't be distinguished at a glance from an ordinary idiot or imbecile. Typical symptoms are befuddled memory, jerky gait, mental lapses, tremors, dizzy spells, and bursts of laughter or weeping without cause.

COURTING TROUBLE

The Supreme Court has just handed down what seems to us a wise decision in the case of a Florida woman convicted of killing her husband. The self-made widow complained that the jury lacked women who would be sympathetic and knowledgeable about how despicable husbands are. The Supreme Court decided that Florida jury laws are fine as they are.

When women were given the vote, the non sequitur that they should also serve on juries was accepted by many states. But five states do not permit women jurors, and 19 allow women to refuse to serve, solely on the basis of their sex. Most women are content to stay home where they know their business, and they duck jury service if they can. In two New York City courts which required 71,000 jurors in one year, only 800 women volunteered.

It seems to us that justice is not furthered by permitting women to volunteer for jury service, which, in effect, is what their permission to reject a jury summons achieves. To sit in judgment on a fellow human is distressing, repugnant to the mature mind, but acceptable as a civic duty. To volunteer for vested authority to punish, penalize and condemn is quite something else, and we suspect that many of the women who crave jury service do not reflect the more admirable qualities of the feminine mind.

UNHIDDEN PERSUADER

Attacks on policemen in line of duty are costing municipalities so many hundreds of thousands of man-hours in sick leave that New York City has just instructed its cops to carry night sticks in patrol cars in the daytime as well as on night tours. We had a vague notion that a night stick is useful only for cracking noggins, but we learn from Walter Arm, Deputy Police Commissioner, that the 18-ounce club is a formidable weapon in skilled hands.

For instance, the stick can crack a wrist aimed at your belly, or break a shin that's kicking at you, or deflect a hand with a shiv while you swing your knee into the attacker's crotch and lay him out. Though these courses of action may seem rough, they are certainly justifiable when some murderous thug is doing his damnedest to kick your teeth in or slit your guts. Which is why the department tells its men: "Forget the Marquis of Queensberry rules!"

RUPTURED DUCKISM

It's a prideful thing indeed to be a veteran, but we have some reservations about the commercial institution of "veteranism." It's a new word we ran across the other day in a news story about a $4,000-a-year clerk who cleaned up an extra $48,000 by renting a hall for bingo games to many veterans groups with which he had contact. "I want you to know," this entrepreneur said to investigating counsel, "that I'm steeped in veteranism. I have 13 decorations and 11 battle stars."

—THE EDITORS

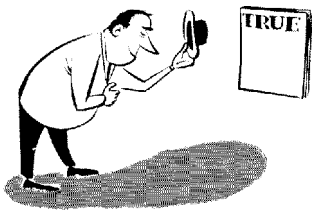
[*Continued from page 8*]

CARY'S GUN

After reading *The Thrill of the Long Kill* (October 1961) I would say that author Lucian Cary goofed. He stated that he once owned a .22 Marlin lever action rifle with rear sights adjustable for elevation and front sight adjustable for windage. I was in the U.S. Army for over 11 years, and don't know of any rifle with adjustable front sights except the Mossberg-146B, which just has four apertures in the front sight. They were *not* adjustable for windage or anything else.

SP4 Donald R. Tennant

Says author Cary: "The Marlin .22 caliber lever action rifle my father bought so many years ago came with the usual factory open sights. As he had no use for open sights, he had it fitted with a Lyman windgauge front sight and a rear peep sight, on the tang, adjustable for elevation. Both sights were adjustable and they both had graduations."



TRUE FRIENDS

I've been reading TRUE for five years now, and have been meaning to write you for four years, eleven months and 15 days. First of all, I would like to say that it's been an enjoyable five years, and I wouldn't read any other magazine. I like to read a magazine that stands up on its two hind legs with a "to hell with you" attitude and prints the truth to the best of its ability. If more people were to read TRUE there wouldn't be so many pig-headed people in the world.

—Herb Barge
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

My husband brought home a copy of TRUE for the first time the other evening. I expected it would be loaded with nude girls and off-color jokes, but found instead that it was full of the most interesting and informative articles that I had read in any magazine. He could hardly talk me out of giving it back. We finally made a compromise and read it together.

—Mrs. Shirley Warren

Such togetherness is against the rules. Either he reads it first or we cancel the subscription.

DISTAFF BLAST

I sure feel for you poor guys with your inferiority complexes. I know of no women's publications which attack the opposite sex so shamefully and viciously. The few more issues of your trash that are coming can go in the garbage—where they can do no more harm.

—Mrs. Germaine Kateley
Los Altos, Calif.

Can't say yours sounds like a happy home, but you will have the most distinguished garbage in your block.

man to man ANSWERS

from the staff of TRUE

What's the lowest your body temperature can get? A generation ago, if you'd asked this question, handed us by John Welch of Toronto, doctors would have told you that if your temperature dropped to 94 degrees you were a goner for sure. Now they know you can get a lot colder and still survive. Medicine has had startling proof of that, including the case of the low temperature record holder, a 2-year-old girl who was found literally frozen stiff in an unheated Marshalltown, Iowa, apartment. Her temperature was 60.8, yet after she was revived by hot water, heat lamps and stimulants she suffered no ill effects from her ordeal.

A big drop in temperature makes some striking changes in the way the body functions. At 68 degrees the metabolism drops to 25 percent of normal, the amount of blood pumped by the heart to 15 percent. This slow-down at low temperatures enables doctors to perform special heart and brain surgery. Ordinarily the brain cannot live more than four minutes without fresh blood, yet there are operations which make it necessary to cut off its supply for longer periods. When temperature is brought down to 86 the lessened demand for oxygen makes it possible to keep blood cut off for as long as 20 minutes.

Until recently patients were laboriously cooled with ice water and ice packs, a process that took two hours. At Duke University, Dr. Ivan Brown, Jr., developed an improved method—extra corporeal cooling. The blood is drawn from an artery, passed through refrigerated coils, then returned to the body, lowering its temperature as much as 10 degrees in five minutes.

Researchers working with animals have found that at 50 degrees consumption of oxygen stops completely, as does electrical activity of the brain.

The heart still functions, but its beat is almost imperceptible. At temperatures just above freezing, the level reached by hibernating animals, all life processes are slowed to 1/50th of normal. In experiments at England's National Institute for Medical Research, the body temperature of hamsters was lowered to below freezing. Ice crystals actually formed in the blood of the animals, and they existed in a state of suspended animation. After being frozen for more than an hour the hamsters were revived.

Medicine has a long way to go before it can "deep-freeze" people, but, says Dr. Aubrey Smith of the Institute, "Perhaps in 50 years the stories of Rip Van Winkle and Sleeping Beauty will not be fantasy." Maybe the old science fiction concept will prove to be prophetic. Suspended animation by freezing might be the means of keeping volunteer astronauts alive until they reach stars many light years away.

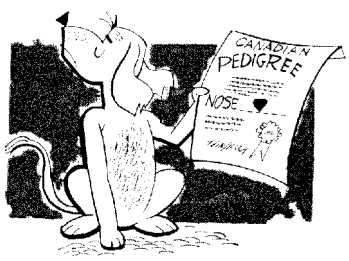
Q: Is it possible to make a pet of a potto? ***Jack F. Hankins, Albuquerque, New Mexico.***

A: Yes. The potto is actualy a lemur, a small monkey-like animal of Africa. The animals have slender bodies, long tails and soft wooly fur. They are said to sleep with their tails curled around them for warmth. They are easily tamed.

Q: What is the famous Chinese bird's nest soup made from? ***Paul Solosabal, Burley, Idaho.***

A: It is made from the nest of a kind of swift called the selangane. The nest consists of a mucilaginous substance secreted by glands in the mouth of the bird. The birds live in caves which are numerous in northern Sumatra and Borneo. The owners of these caves get a good income from gathering the nests and selling them for as much as $15 a pound. Bird's nest soup is an expensive delicacy but is available in many good Chinese restaurants and gourmet food shops.

Q: Is it necessary to have a noseprint in order to register a pedigreed dog? ***A. S. Millard, Oro Station, Ont.***



A: The American Kennel Club does not require noseprinting or tattooing but noseprints may be made and registered if the owner wishes. In Canada, however, dogs registered with the kennel club must be noseprinted or tattooed.

Q: Can one go faster on roller skates than on ice skates? ***John M. Gutierrez, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: This depends mainly on the distance traveled. For fairly short distances, up to one mile, ice skates are faster. For longer distances, such as two miles or five miles, roller skates are faster because they require less stamina to maintain speed.

Q: Does a chipmunk shed its coat? ***William Gellers. San Jose, Calif.***

A: Yes, twice a year. The first, which generally occurs in June or July, starts at the head and progresses backward along a definite, noticeable line. This coat is discarded late in September when it falls out hair by hair.

Q: Were all the men who signed the Declaration of Independence born in this country? ***R. H. Price, Cleveland, Ohio.***

A: No. Of the 56 signers of the Declaration 48 were born here. Three were born in Ireland, two in Scotland, two in England and one in Wales.

Q: What is the origin of gin and tonic? ***William Burnett, Syracuse, N. Y.***

A: In the heyday of the British Empire, English soldiers in the jungles of Burma and India drank quinine tonic as an antidote to malaria. The tommies, seeing an opportunity to make life more pleasant, began putting shots of gin into the tonic. It made a very enjoyable drink which soon found its way back to England.

Q: What is the largest flying bird? ***Harold Helm, Oshkosh, Wisc.***

A: The bustard of the Old World and Australia gets this honor. Related to cranes and plovers, bustards have been known to weigh as much as 33 pounds. They live on grassy steppes and cultivated areas. Slow on the ground, they are capable of swift flight when alarmed.

Q: Did the crew members of the planes that dropped the first atomic bomb on Japan know the nature of their mission? ***Walter H. Lambert, Jr., Forty Fort, Pa.***

A: The mission was carried out by three B-29's. The crews all had to be briefed thoroughly so that they could protect their eyes from the blinding light that would follow the explosion. They knew which plane (the *Enola Gay*) carried the bomb.

Q: What race track has the longest home stretch in the United States? ***William Carter, Miramar, Fla.***

A: The longest is at Washington Park, Homewood, Illinois. It is 1,531 feet from the last turn to the judges' stand.

Q: Is there a painless way of removing quills from a dog that has had a brush with a porcupine? ***Walter Bailey, Flint, Mich.***

A: Porcupine quills are hollow and have liquid inside. If you cut the quills in half the pressure on the barb will be released and it will retract. The barb can then be pulled out with no pain to the dog.

Q: What are Cape May diamonds? ***C. M. Bertone, Linwood, N. J.***

A: They are crystal quartz pebbles found on the beaches in the neighborhood of Cape May, New Jersey. Abrasion, caused by the ebb and flow of the tides, removes a normal yellow iron oxide coating from these pebbles and leaves them completely clear. Similar clear quartz crystals are found in other parts of the country as well. They are considered semi-precious stones and their value is determined by the skillfulness of the cutting.

Q: Do dry leaves make better fertilizer if they have been burned? ***R. P. Barile, Berwyn, Ill.***

A: No. When leaves are burned the nitrogenous substances escape and their value as fertilizer is destroyed. To be used as fertilizer leaves have to be allowed to decay on the ground.

Q: What is a banana fish? ***Robert G. Osborne, New York, N.Y.***

A: Banana fish is another name for the bonefish. It is abundant off southern Florida, the Bahamas and is apparently plentiful in Bermuda and the Hawaiian Islands. When hooked, it is reported to be one of the fastest of all fish.

Q: Is the euglena a plant or an animal? ***John C. May, Tacoma, Wash.***

A: The euglena is a protozoa, a rudimentary one-celled animal too small to be seen by the naked eye. When a great many are massed together they make a fresh water pond look green. They contain chlorophyll but are not classed as plants because they are capable of a writhing forward motion. Tadpoles enjoy them as food.

WHEN CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS

please notify us 6 weeks in advance. Supply us with both your old and new address, including address label from current issue if possible. Copies we mail to your old address will not be delivered by the Post Office unless you pay them extra postage. Mail address changes to TRUE, Subscription Dept., Greenwich, Conn. Be sure to include your city postal zone number.

Q: What proportion of American families owns automobiles? ***Gordon Bradley, Tampa, Fla.***

A: Out of 53.4 million households in the United States, 39.5 million own one or more cars. This works out to 77 percent of American households and they own a total of 47.3 million automobiles. Over six million of these families own two cars but only 650,000 own three or more.

Q: Is it true that only the St. Bernard breed of dog can be trained to find avalanche victims in deep snow? ***E. R. Hays, New York, N. Y.***

A: No. Any dog with a naturally keen scenting ability can be trained to do this work. Deep snow apparently does not prevent the scent from coming through to the dog. In Switzerland, St. Bernard dogs are still used although German Shepherds and Alsatians are also utilized.

Q: Will an albatross attack a man swimming? ***Kenneth O. Sanborn, Evansville, Ind.***

A: While this is rumored to occur there has never been a really well-substantiated case of it. Albatrosses are naturally timid and unaggressive and would be unlikely to attack a man deliberately. The bird might swoop down out of curiosity or might mistake the head of the swimmer for a fish. In this case he could easily be scared away.

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-3, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N. Y.

SIZED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BIG AND LITTLE—DODGE DART

!!!

PRICE! A NEW LOW ONE

New car sales are booming. It's a great year to get a great deal. But before you buy any new car, compare! New size Dart has an easy handling, parkable length. Yet it's wide enough to carry six in comfort. Handles all your gear neat. Goes good with spaniels, beagles, a bag full of birds. Price Dart!

FORD FAIRLANE		$2079
MERCURY METEOR		$2203
NEW SIZE DODGE DART		**$2241**
CHEVY BISCAYNE	Price includes heater	$2324
FORD GALAXIE		$2378

Comparison, above, is based on the manufacturers' suggested retail price of six-cylinder 2-door sedan models. Only white wall tires, bumper guards, other optional equipment, state and local taxes (if any) and destination charge extra.

Dodge Dart 2-Door Sedan

!!!!DEPENDABILITY!!!!

Dart's for you. Tough. Rustproofed. 32,000 miles between grease jobs. Heavy electrical loads? No sweat. An alternator is standard.

Car	Rustproofing Method	Electricity Output	Recommended Interval Between Grease Jobs
DART	**DIP & SPRAY**	**35 AMP.**	**32,000 MILES**
BISCAYNE	Spray only	30 amp.	1,000 miles
GALAXIE	Spray only	30 amp.	30,000 miles
METEOR	Spray only	30 amp.	30,000 miles
FAIRLANE	Spray only	30 amp.	30,000 miles

SAFETY

Huge man-size brakes. As much as 62% more lining area than cars near its price. Bonded. Self-adjusting, too.

Car	Effective Brake Lining Area	Shipping Wt. (2-Door Six)
DART	**195.2 SQ. IN.**	**2965 LBS.**
BISCAYNE	185.6 sq. in.	3405 lbs.
GALAXIE	180.0 sq. in.	3478 lbs.
METEOR	120.5 sq. in.	2843 lbs.
FAIRLANE	120.5 sq. in.	2757 lbs.

COMFORT

You'll take to Dart's legroom, headroom, trunkroom. There's lots of it. Also, chair-high seats. Reduced front floor hump. Torsion-Aire ride the experts call the best. Wheels and tires sized for plenty of traction on backroad or boulevard.

Car	Suspension System Front and Rear	Standard Equip. Tire & Wheel Size
DART	**TORSION BAR**	**LEAF SPRINGS 700 x 14 (V8)**
METEOR	Coils leaf springs	650 x 14 (V8)
FAIRLANE	Coils leaf springs	700 x 13 (V8)
BISCAYNE	Coils coils	700 x 14 (V8)
GALAXIE	Coils leaf springs	750 x 14 (V8)

PERFORMANCE

There's never been a road car like this. Dart's standard six engine is the most powerful going. Outruns many an eight. And the standard V8 beats anything near its size or price.

Car	Standard 6 HP and Torque	Standard 8 HP and Torque
DART	**145 HP. 215 FT. LBS.**	**230 HP. 340 FT. LBS.**
GALAXIE	138 hp. 203 ft. lbs.	170 hp. 279 ft. lbs.
BISCAYNE	135 hp. 217 ft. lbs.	170 hp. 275 ft. lbs.
METEOR	101 hp. 156 ft. lbs.	145 hp. 216 ft. lbs.
FAIRLANE	101 hp. 156 ft. lbs.	145 hp. 216 ft. lbs.

SIZED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BIG AND LITTLE !!!!

!!!!!!!! NEW SIZE

DODGE DART

THE BRASS-BAND PITCHMAN AND HIS MILLION-DOLLAR ELIXIR

By DAVID NEVIN

Hadacol was just a simple mixture of vitamins and minerals, but once Dudley LeBlanc got people to thinking it would cure anything from diabetes to a frigid wife, the stuff sold like crazy

LAFAYETTE, LA.

The South had seen nothing like it since the days of the traveling circus and the old minstrel troupes. If those glittering shows of old had provided grand entertainment in their day, the colorful, noisy extravaganzas that now descended upon southern cities in the summer of 1950 were even more spectacular. But the funny thing about it all was that these shows did not have as their primary purpose either entertainment or spectacle. On the contrary—to the growing bank account of a plump, roundfaced, little Louisiana Frenchman named Dudley LeBlanc—they existed for one reason only: to peddle more of a patent medicine known as Hadacol.

When the show train hit a town, down would jump LeBlanc, wearing a black silk suit, a white Panama hat and black and white shoes, the jaunty father of the Hadacol boom. Right behind him followed a Dixieland band, and the station would begin to jump.

First, LeBlanc would organize a parade—70 chalk-white Hadacol trucks rolled down main street, Dixieland, wailing away. There were floats with pretty girls and Hadacol signs, and there was the senator (for LeBlanc had been a state senator on and off for years) bowing, waving and tossing flowers from a convertible filled with pretty girls. Then there were more floats with beauty contestants, and still more floats carrying the entire statuesque chorus line from Chicago's famed Chez Paree. Planes roared overhead

At peak of Hadacol craze demand was so great that supply had to be delivered in trailer trucks. LeBlanc made certain that trucks advertised his product at the same time.

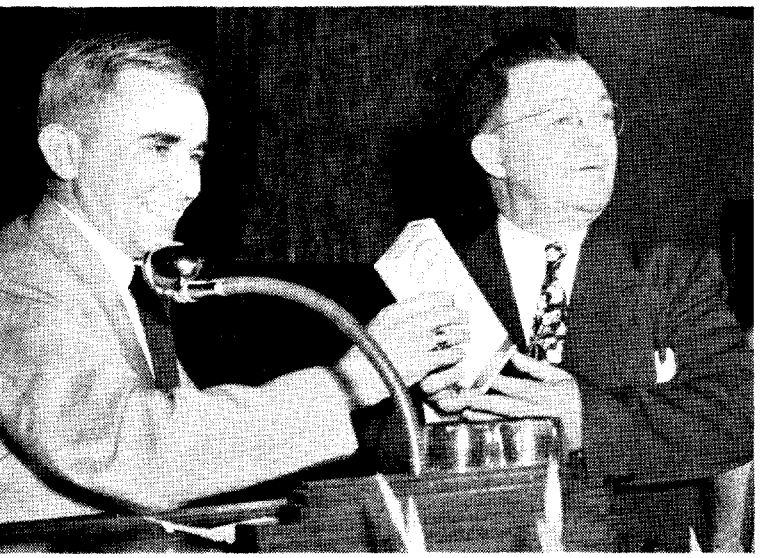
until showtime, dragging lighted banners. Batteries of searchlights probed the sky and a pair of calliopes prowled the streets, drumming up excitement.

Nor did it out-promise its performance. It was a good show—no ads, no smut, just clean family fun for an admission price of one Hadacol boxtop. The big names, playing a night or two apiece, replaced each other like face cards turning up in a pinochle deck—Bob Hope, Chico Marx, Burns & Allen, Jimmy Durante, Milton Berle, Dorothy Lamour, Rudy Vallee, Cesar Romero, Jack Dempsey. And the regular show was solid—western singers Hank Williams, Roy Acuff and Minnie Pearl, those gorgeous strutters from the Chez Paree, Sharkey's famed Dixielanders, plus a juggler, a magician, a jazz bugler, acrobats and even a harmonica virtuoso.

Having played open air to a one-night audience of 25,000 or more, it would strike, load up and the train would rock off into the night, the men and women aboard on one big laughing Hadacol kick. Senator Dudley LeBlanc, his gold teeth flashing, would call the reporters together at

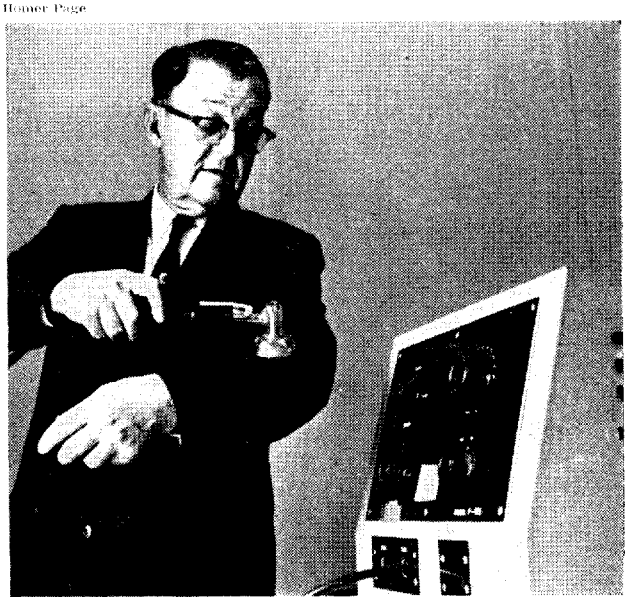
Flanked by Cesar Romero and Joe E. Brown, a triumphant LeBlanc begins 1951 Hadacol conquest of California. Even the film world regarded his promotional stunts as wild.

THE BRASS-BAND PITCHMAN



LeBlanc never missed a chance to push product. Here, in midst of heated legislative fight, out pops Hadacol bottle.

Homer Page



Not one to quit, LeBlanc's latest venture into medicine is the Bio-Cold-Ray, a new device he will lease to doctors.

each stop and say, "Boys, the money doesn't mean anything to me. I'm just having fun."

But be that as it may, LeBlanc spent $400,000 on his first Caravan and 18 days later, he'd sold more than $3 million worth of Hadacol. Anyway you cut it, it was a very big deal.

In fact, except for its beginning, everything about Hadacol was big. It started as a handmixed potion on a little Louisiana farm, but LeBlanc turned it into a shooting star of promotion, swift to rise and swift to die, but the brightest star of all in its brief day. It was supposed to cure everything from gall stones to high blood pressure to an inactive husband. It was evil tasting and evil smelling, but everyone was talking about it, laughing about it and buying it. Sales records climbed until peddlers stood dumbfounded and still it oozed across the land. LeBlanc sprang new gimmicks daily and testimonials to Hadacol's medical worth poured in. There was even a song—*The Hadacol Boogie*. A woman bellowed in a hot brass voice, "The Hadacol Boogie makes you boogie-woogie all the time," and you didn't have to tell the country folks what was meant by *that*.

The truth is that Hadacol was a good enough tonic for certain vitamin and mineral deficiencies. But that isn't what sold it. Hadacol had personality. When you heard its name, you drew a picture, and if the picture was slightly carnal, that was up to you. Hadacol had real character—and that was the special genius of Dudley LeBlanc, the little Louisiana Frenchman who was probably the greatest pure promoter of all time. He shaped Hadacol, nurtured its image, handfed its personality and ground its name into the nation's face.

It became a national fad, a great big golden bubble that LeBlanc pumped bigger and bigger until it was beyond belief—and finally, when it seemed as if there was no end, it burst. And then, with Hadacol suddenly bankrupt, where was the master pitchman who'd blown the bubble? Why, he'd sold out the month before for a small fortune and was running gaily for governor of Louisiana. Louisianans grinned and said the city slickers had come to skin a country boy and had lost their hides instead. LeBlanc said virtuously, "If you sell a cow and the cow dies, well, you can't do anything to a man for that."

The author of that statement of classic gall lives on today in Louisiana and every day he goes to his tiny office in Lafayette, the city where it all began, and neither his attitude nor his style has changed.

"I've got something really big in the mill," he told me not long ago, "but in the meantime, how do you like this?" He tossed me a packet of neatly printed cards, each naming six local restaurants. "That's the Lafayette Dinner of the Month Club," he said. "For $5 the club member gets a free meal a month for a year from one of these six restaurants. He has to take someone else and he has to pay the bigger of the two checks—but beyond that he can get as much as he can eat. Everybody wins—the member gets twelve big meals for five dollars, the restaurant gets new trade and I get the five dollars. I'll sell 2,500 memberships and all it costs me is the printing and an ad or two. If I don't make an easy $9,000 in the next month or two, I'll kiss—I'll eat my hat."

He probably made it, too. After all, this is the man who once opened an azalea service in Lafayette in which he offered to keep the temperamental bushes in anyone's yard trimmed the whole season for a mere $1. When his crews had finished, he used to drive by to order grandly, "Now you boys clean up all that trash from this pretty yard." The crews would take the clippings to LeBlanc's farm and plant them, where each soon became another bush. LeBlanc sold wholesale to municipalities and even today, the magnificent flowering azaleas you'll see in little Louisiana towns may have come from Lafayette lawns by way of LeBlanc's innocent little azalea service.

LeBlanc is 67 now and he has been ill. But he still looks 10 years younger than he is. He is still vital and his gold teeth flash as he laughs at the discomfiture of those of his fellow men whom he has gleefully outsmarted. His office is a tiny cubicle in a building he once owned and many of his records are kept in the trunk of his battered Cadillac.

Across the street is a bar at which a Frenchman

who worked for LeBlanc in Hadacol's heyday serves chicory coffee in a tiny cup and hero worship to his former master. The filling station operator next door considers LeBlanc a prince of a fellow—and when we lunched at a handsome fishhouse down the street, the United States district judge for the western district of Louisiana stopped to pump LeBlanc's hand.

This is LeBlanc's country, this million-strong Cajun corner of Louisiana. The Cajuns are a dark, smiling, intense people, warm to each other and cool to outsiders, who still speak French better than English, though they descend directly from the French settlers who came to Louisiana nearly 200 years ago when the British kicked them out of Acadia and renamed it Nova Scotia. They still call themselves Acadians—or, shortened and slurred, Cajuns—and they joyfully grant to LeBlanc his self-assumed title: "King of the Cajuns."

The son of a poor sharecropper, LeBlanc spoke no English until he was 9, but he came early with two qualities basic to success—ambition and gall. By the time he put on long pants, he could joke as well in English as in French and he could sell in either tongue.

While still a youngster, he talked himself into a job with the American Tobacco Co., operated by George Washington Hill, who originated much of the advertising techniques still in use today.

LeBlanc's staple item was Bull Durham, but unfortunately, those Louisiana Frenchmen liked a long-cut tobacco and the flaky Bull Durham didn't sell. Then Hill had an idea and sent a sign painter roving through that country and soon afterwards, LeBlanc drove his buggy into a town that never had touched Bull Durham and there on a two-story wall was a huge painting of the sexiest looking bull this side of a heifer's dream.

"Old man Hill is off his nut," LeBlanc muttered. "Nobody down here buys Bull." But that bull had done his work—there was a Bull Durham tag hanging from most every pocket in town and the merchants were hot to buy. From then on, LeBlanc carried more signs than samples and, as he was to prove 30 years later with Hadacol, he never forgot what advertising could do.

He found greener fields in the rural patent medicine business—after all, there's only so much you can claim for a package of Bull Durham but for a tonic there's no limit—and he developed into a fantastic salesman. Once he was caught in the rain at a crossroads store and to pass the time sold the owner a supply he privately reckoned was good for 20 years. A year later he [*Continued on page 24*]

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

The World's Largest Record Club now invites you to

Join Along

AS A NEW MEMBER YOU MAY TAKE

ANY 6

of the $3.98 to $6.98 records described on these two pages — in your choice of

REGULAR HIGH-FIDELITY or STEREO

$1.89 FOR ONLY

RETAIL VALUE UP TO $37.88

if you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 6 selections from the more than 400 to be made available during the coming 12 months

With membership you will also receive

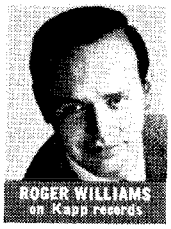
FREE RECORD BRUSH and CLEANING CLOTH

Insure true-fidelity sound reproduction and prolong the life of your records and needle. Specially treated cloth picks up surface dust; brush keeps grit out of grooves.

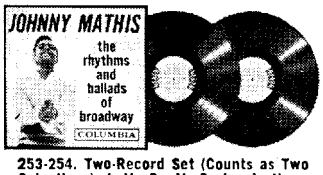
A $1.19 VALUE

new list of best-selling albums to choose from!

the top artists from America's greatest record companies!



tremendous savings on the records you want!



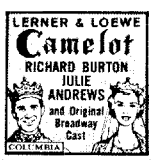
253-254. Two-Record Set (Counts as Two Selections). Let's Do It, Spring is Here, I Am In Love, 21 more

190. Also: No Love, Come to Me, etc. Not available in stereo

98. "Extraordinarily beautiful... brilliant, silvery"—N.Y. Times

118. Also: Near You, Autumn Leaves, Exodus, 'Til, etc.

209. She Rote, Kim, Chi Chi, etc. Not available in stereo



53. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph"—Kilgallen

291. "Exciting melodies and spirited rhythms" Billboard

67. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb. The Mansion You Stole, etc.

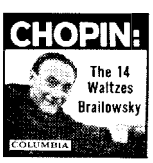
5. Mack the Knife, Kiss of Fire, Ruby, Ramona, 12 in all

115. Superb performance of this enchanting ballet score

138. Out of This World, I'm Gonna Go Fishin', etc.

11. Gigi, An Affair to Remember, Greensleeves, 12 in all

252. Also: Are You Lonesome Tonight?, Calcutta, etc.



97. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano"—N.Y. Times

124. Leave It to Love, Padre, Come Along With Me, etc.

298. Smoke, Smoke That Cigarette; 16 Tons; 10 more

25. I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, Serenade, 12 in all

117. Also: You'd Be So Nice to Come Home to, etc.

268. Also: I'll See You in My Dreams, Remember, etc.

270. Sweet Georgia Brown, The Twisting Saints, 12 in all

102. "Electrifying performance... overwhelming"-HiFi Rev.

1. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.

2. Also: Somebody Loves Me, Thanks for the Memory, etc.

73. Cathy's Clown, A Change of Heart, Love Hurts, Lucille, etc.

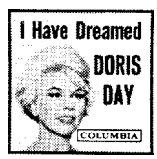
77. Take Five, Three to Get Ready, Everybody's Jumpin', etc.

282. Even funnier than his first big best-selling album

62. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.

99. "A performance of manly eloquence" —New York Times

288. "Brilliant, one of the best ever." — Washington Star



259. I'll Find You, You Stepped Out of a Dream, 10 more

263. Out of Sight Out of Mind, Stardust, Hurt, etc.

265. Dancing on the Ceiling, Dance Ballerina Dance, etc.

159. A stunning performance of this modern masterpiece

7. California, Avalon, Moonlight Bay, 16 favorites in all

119. My Blue Heaven, Sleepy Time Gal, At Sundown, Dixie, etc.

260. Annie Laurie, Sweet and Low, My Bonnie, 20 in all

64. "A complete joy ...new-minted freshness" — High Fidel.

285. Also: Waltzing Cat, Fiddle-Faddle, China Doll, etc.

269. Also: To Each His Own, Answer Me My Love, etc.

93-94. Two-Record Set (Counts as Two Selections.) The Mormon Tabernacle Choir; Ormandy, The Philadelphia Orch.

92. The Bonnie Blue Flag, Battle Cry of Freedom, Dixie, etc.

275. Twelve original hits by the stars who made them great

THE WORLD'S LARGEST RECORD CLUB NOW INVITES YOU TO JOIN ALONG and take ANY SIX of the records described on these two pages — up to a $37.88 retail value — ALL SIX for only $1.89! What's more, you'll also receive a handy record brush and cleaning cloth — an additional value of $1.19 — absolutely FREE!

Just look at the brand-new selection of records you now have to choose from . . . 70 best-selling albums by America's favorite recording stars — from Columbia and many other great record companies!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 6 RECORDS FOR ONLY $1.89 — fill in and mail the postage-paid card provided. Be sure to indicate whether you want your 6 records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate which Club Division best suits your musical taste: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's entertaining and informative music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . or take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the Magazine, from all Divisions . . . or take no record in any particular month. Your only membership obligation is to purchase six selections from the more than 400 records to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any additional records . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you continue as a member after purchasing six records, you will receive — FREE — a Bonus record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price of $3.98 (Classical $4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

MAIL THE POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY to receive your 6 records — plus your FREE record brush and cleaning cloth — for only $1.89.

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player.

More than 1,250,000 families now enjoy the music program of

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Terre Haute, Ind.

271. Besame Mucho, Cielito Linda, Las Altenitas, 9 more

21. Also: Song from Moulin Rouge, Ebb Tide, etc.

20. Riders in the Sky, I Am a Roving Gambler, 10 more

277. After the Ball; Billy Boy; Toot, Toot, Tootsie; etc.

293. "Exciting La Valse . . . sunny Nutcracker" High Fidel.

233. Also: Stairway to the Stars, Once in a While, etc.

55. "A hit of gargantuan proportions!" —N.Y. Daily Mirror

283. Puttin' on the Ritz, Man I Love, Deep Night, 9 more

279. Also: A Fellow Needs a Girl, While We're Young, etc.

195. Barber: Adagio for Strings; Borodin: Nocturne; etc.

235. Summertime, My Man's Gone Now, Prayer, 9 more

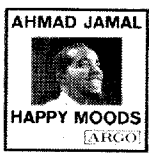
78. Bye Bye Blackbird, Walkin', All of You, etc.

273. "Smooth reading expertly shaded." — N.Y. Journal-Amer.

261. Solitude, It Don't Mean a Thing, Perdido, 9 more

262. Also: Hawaiian War Chant, Song of the Islands, etc.

287. "Elicits dazzling virtuosity from players."—HiFi Rev.



82. I'll Never Stop Loving You, For All We Know, 8 more

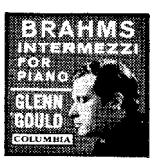
266. Streets of Laredo, I Ride an Old Paint, 13 in all

54. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time

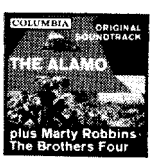
289. ". . . opulence and elegance of tonal color"—Newsweek

257. Also: Careless Love, Honey Babe, Johnny-O, etc.

13. Also: So Close, Hurtin' Inside, So Many Ways, etc.



294. "Extraordinary playing of great beauty"—Chic. Trib.



188. Re-creating the rousing excitement of a mammoth film

278. Sweet Leilani, Hawaiian War Chant, Harbor Lights, etc.

151. Rousing performances of twenty colorful tunes

286. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular works

264. Honky-Tonk Girl, Time Changes Everything, etc.

[*Continued from page* 19]
stopped in again, prudently giving another name.

"LeBlanc is sick," he said, relying on the man's poor eyesight. "He said to tell you if you need more medicine, he'll come see you."

Forty years later, in his cluttered little Lafayette office, LeBlanc recalled the scene with utter delight. "Well, he looked at me real hard. Then he jerked open his storeroom door. There were cases of Wine of Cardui and Black-Draught stacked to the ceiling. He say, 'LeBlanc is sick? You go tell that SOB I hope he dies.' "

When he'd sold enough medicine to keep his people healthy for years, LeBlanc opened a burial insurance firm. He got into politics, running for the state legislature, losing a hard-fought race for governor of Louisiana and becoming state senator of his district, a post he held intermittently right through Hadacol and beyond. He married in 1921 and had six children. "My wife wanted a dozen," he told me, "but I weakened—that was before Hadacol, you see."

In the midst of the depression he sold his insurance firm for $320,000, a princely sum at the time, which he invested in solid stocks just in time to lose every dime in the lesser crash of 1937. Suddenly he found himself both broke and, for the first time in his life, apparently out of touch with success.

He opened the Happy Day Company, making Happy Day Headache Powders, and though there certainly were plenty of headaches in those days, business just limped along. And then one day in the early 1940's, he fell sick and it seemed as if his luck had finally run out. No amount of home doctoring helped—he never really trusted physicians and still doesn't—and he lost weight, ached intolerably and finally could hardly walk.

He was ready to die when he met a physician who, despite LeBlanc's prejudice, recognized a vitamin deficiency disease and began a series of massive vitamin injections. Ten shots later, LeBlanc was feeling fine, but when he asked what they contained, the doctor said, "If I told you, Senator, you'd be peddling it on the street tomorrow."

That was all LeBlanc had to hear. Recalling it with raffish pleasure, he waved a finger at me in his Lafayette office. "One day that doctor was very busy. He told his nurse, 'Henrietta, give the Senator the shot.' I rolled up my sleeve and she gives me the shot, but she is not so careful. She takes the little bottle and puts it on the shelf, so in true southern chivalry, I ushered her out of the room—'After you, my dear lady'—and I grabbed the bottle and put it in my pocket."

The label said Vitamin B-1, and right then the tide turned and the LeBlanc luck started back in. He began acquiring a massive library on nutritional medicine, and if the extent of his knowledge on the subject is debatable, it was sufficient all the same to develop Hadacol.

His headache business was by then on its last legs, but he knew what he could do with a good tonic. So he read and experimented and mixed, and finally, when he was ready, he bought two old wine barrels, set them up on his little farm and hired two pretty Cajun girls to stand over them with long paddles, mixing the ingredients, and later he told everyone, "Those little Cajun gals were safe. I wasn't dangerous then—that was before Hadacol."

Though nearly broke, he was still the well-known senator of that sentimental and partisan area. He gave his tonic free to whomever looked sick and they were glad to try it and most said it made them feel better. One day he heard of a diabetic woman who was going blind. He gave her a case of Hadacol and went back after a month. She said she was feeling fine. She even felt her sight had improved. LeBlanc took this to mean—and advertised it far and wide—that Hadacol was good for diabetes and not so bad for blindness, either.

Next, LeBlanc borrowed $4,000, paid off $1,500 in supply bills and without a shred of the caution with which years of being broke might have burdened another man, sank $2,500 into a saturation area advertising campaign, blithely paying the first third and conning the rest on credit. And, as he had learned years before from the two-story Bull Durham sign, advertising pays off and sexy advertising pays off better. Modest sales began to mount and, before long, production lines were rolling in Lafayette.

And that was how it all began. He named his product for the HAppy DAy COmpany, and he put an L on the end for LeBlanc, which was fitting, for Hadacol rose and fell sheerly by the force of LeBlanc's unique personality, the key to which is the fact that he really doesn't give a damn about anything.

At the beginning, Hadacol was just a local Lafayette product. Sales were $59,000 in 1946, the first full year of operation, and $60,000 in 1947. But they topped $1 million the next year as LeBlanc started out of the Cajun country. One of his first moves was into New Orleans, and it was a mistake he would not repeat: he went in with his hat in his hand and that's the way he was treated. Sales dragged and too late he heard the saying that the hardest cities to sell in North America are New Orleans, Montreal and Atlanta. Montreal didn't matter, but Atlanta did, and he laid grim and careful plans.

It was 1949 by then and the ad surge was behind him. He drove through the South like an invader, advertising out ahead, salesmen in platoons, taking the cities one by one, Vicksburg and Jackson and Birmingham, Montgomery, Columbus, Macon, and when Atlanta came on the horizon, he was ready.

He mounted a feverish campaign—but he did not allow a drop of Hadacol into Atlanta. He flooded radio stations with Hadacol spots. After five days, he added half-page newspaper ads. After 10 days, the radio spots included a contest, which consisted of identifying "Dixie" and offered a bottle of Hadacol as a prize. Five thousand persons mailed their "solutions" to Lafayette, and LeBlanc solemnly mailed back coupons, good at any drugstore for a bottle of Hadacol.

But there still was no Hadacol in Atlanta. Now 5,000 winners, most of them elderly women, began hitting the drugstores, asking for Hadacol. When refused, they would snort something like "Hmph! Some drugstore," and head for the next. LeBlanc delightedly estimated he was getting up to 15 drugstores per coupon. The druggists were wild.

Then LeBlanc stepped up the advertising in a final burst of doubled frenzy and sent in six trailer trucks, each carrying $22,000 worth of Hadacol. The salesmen hit each drugstore, patiently explaining that there was a terrible shortage and each druggist could have only one case. He could, however, order it from any one of Atlanta's half-dozen wholesale drug houses.

LeBlanc would rather outsmart someone than eat. He grinned at me like a wicked little pixie when he added, "There's a little larceny in everybody and those druggists did just what I expected. They ordered a case each from *every* wholesale house—and my sales were triple what they should have been."

It worked, all right—in two days the trucks were empty, he'd sold $132,000 worth of Hadacol and Atlanta was his.

Dudley LeBlanc is one of those impulsive people who plunge into life and never look back. In fact, the single move that blew Hadacol into the bigtime grew directly from this quality. LeBlanc was running constantly expanding production lines in Lafayette, but because he'd started with nothing, he was always short on cash. It took all his income to pay for the expensive equipment with which he kept production a fraction ahead of demand—but at the same time, demand had constantly to be stimulated to pay for all that equipment. It was a vicious circle and LeBlanc became an extraordinary account juggler. His net worth boomed, but his bank account was always flat. So, in mid-November, 1949, when his bookkeeper reported the LeBlanc Corporation had earned a tidy $400,000 profit on sales of $2,375,000, he was in real trouble—because that meant he owed about

Expect more, get more, from L&M

The filter cigarette for people who really like to smoke . . . L&M in the "red-headed" pack or box.

It's the rich-flavor leaf the longer-aged, extra-cured leaf among L&M's choice tobaccos . . . that now lets you expect more, and get more, from filter smoking. There's actually more rich-flavor leaf in L&M than even in some unfiltered cigarettes. You get more body in the blend, more flavor in the smoke, more taste through the filter. So expect more, get Lots More from L&M. And remember – with L&M's modern filter, only pure white touches your lips.

$170,000 in federal taxes and he didn't have a dime with which to pay them.

He sat bolt upright at his desk for a solid hour, a round little man with gold-rimmed glasses studying the deadly sheets, and for once he wasn't smiling. Then he called in his ad man. "I owe all this tax because I made $400,000 profit," he said, tapping the sheets with his pencil. "I'm going to get out of paying it by spending the four hundred grand. Then I won't have any profit."

"Yeah, but Dudley," said the ad man, somewhat aghast, "you haven't got four hundred grand."

"Spend it anyway," LeBlanc said in a cool voice. "I want to buy four hundred thousand dollars worth of advertising in the next six weeks—on credit."

In those days, $400,000 spent all at once in a few southern states bought real advertising impact. The strangely exciting image which LeBlanc had created for Hadacol boomed over the southland with vivid effect and the demand grew fierce. But LeBlanc stored his production until his warehouses bulged, waiting for the year to end. Then, the tax issue done, he let it gush.

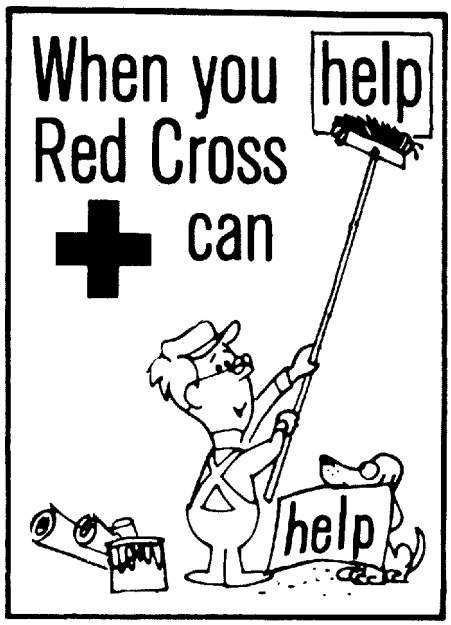
During the first 10 days of 1950, a million bottles sold. During the first five weeks, the entire sales of the year before were equalled. As of then Hadacol was in the bigtime; the next ads shrilled "A million bottles sold in ten days. It *must* be great."

Nineteen fifty was Hadacol's year. The South was open, the rest of the nation was crumbling, and in that year, LeBlanc took in more than $18 million, of which $4 million was profit. In the little bar across the street from LeBlanc's office, men sip coffee nearly as thick as maple syrup and still talk about those exciting days. "Once we counted all the payments checks to come in one day," a man said, "and they ran $496,000." LeBlanc turned to me. "I remember November 13, 1950. Orders came in on that one day for $1,570,000 worth of Hadacol."

LeBlanc had warehouses leased at Charlotte, Dallas, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Little Rock, Kansas City, Indianapolis, Tallahasse, Atlanta, Birmingham, Louisville, Nashville, Des Moines. He bought bottles by the 55-car trainload, fought off armies of ants at his honey depots, ordered scarce ingredients from France, Belgium and Britain. Requests for sales franchises came from all over the world.

LeBlanc was 56 then, hyperactive to a fault, supersaturated in Hadacol. He whirled about the country like a dervish, knocking over sales records and producing new gimmicks. When production passed sales, he ran huge ads: "Hadacol rationed. Great shortage. Please—just two to a customer." He expected people to hoard and they didn't disappoint him. He advertised for a parrot who would say "Polly wants Hadacol," and promised to tour the bird in a golden cage, put him up at the best hotels and find him a gorgeous lady parrot. A weight-lifter put on a Capt. Hadacol suit and lectured the youngsters on the good life plus Hadacol. Ex-Disney artists turned out Capt. Hadacol comic books and 2-million kids had Capt. Hadacol Credit Cards that entitled them to take a bottle on credit, sell it in the neighborhood, keep the boxtop and take the money back for another bottle. Forty boxtops earned an air rifle, fifteen a pair of roller skates, one a glowing T-shirt.

LeBlanc always liked jokes hinting that Hadacol was an aphrodisiac, which it wasn't. He advertised that it would make you look, feel and act young and give you "renewed manly pep," and the American public gleefully did the rest. A 68-year-old Georgian wrote, "I am looking so much better I think I will put a fence around my house to keep the ladies out." Hadacol jokes made network radio and slid into night clubs. A favorite was the anemic little man who complains that Hadacol is killing him. Horrified, his doctor snaps, "Quit taking that stuff." "Hell, Doc," the little man says, "it's my wife who's taking it." LeBlanc liked the nervous woman who couldn't sleep with her husband or her



children without awakening constantly. She drank 11 bottles, then wrote happily, "Now I sleep with anyone."

But it was the testimonials that drew the heaviest fire. When not chuckling over LeBlanc's promotional escapades, the national press berated him roundly for what Hadacol contained compared to what he said it would do. Everyone complained about its alcohol content, and even today, people remember it as "mostly wine."

"I know," LeBlanc told me, "but they're wrong. The truth is, no one drank it for a buzz because it tasted awful. You know, country people just don't trust a medicine that tastes good." I asked what it did taste like, and he looked at me in faint surprise. "Like dirt," he said. "It contained vitamins and they come from dirt and that's how it tasted." Aside from that remarkable statement, the fact is that it contained 12 percent alcohol, the rough equivalent of most wines and somewhat less than the content of such venerable patent medicines as Lydia Pinkham's and Wine of Cardui.

Hadacol actually was not a patent medicine, most of which are made of root extracts and herbs, but was a perfectly good vitamin and mineral tonic. It contained iron, manganese, calcium and phosphorus, with Vitamin B-complex, including niaciamide and pantothenic acid. LeBlanc added a little honey and hydrochloric acid for digestion, since the Cajuns are ulcer prone. Finally, he added a touch of citric acid to dissolve the ingredients, and this may have been Hadacol's touch of genius. Many people believe that the citric acid made it easier for the human system to absorb the vitamins and minerals with a sudden jolt that made the user feel good in a hurry and sold him on the tonic.

Or so the theory went. But it's true that in the rural South where Hadacol began, malnutrition was common and vitamin shortages were standard. It honestly improved such people, though not the individual ailments which they supposed were benefited, and they were ready to sign affidavits saying so. Trained interviewing teams swept down on the best of those who filled in the blank forms tucked into each box.

One irate report on LeBlanc's advertising noted affidavits recommending Hadacol for anemia, arthritis, asthma, diabetes, eczema, epilepsy, gallstones, hay fever, heart trouble, high and low blood pressure, paralytic strokes, pellagra, pneumonia, tuberculosis and ulcers, with a mention of cancer but no cure promised.

Of course, it wasn't any better for these ailments than it was for frigidity, but LeBlanc didn't stop until the federal government moved in on him. He told a friend that he'd been warned that if he didn't slow down, "they'll put you so far under the jail they'll have to feed you with a peashooter."

Today, LeBlanc will sit in his office and consider the matter benignly, an undercurrent of sardonic amusement in his voice. "Hadacol was a very, very meritorious product," he said. "Who is to say that those people weren't helped for those ailments? The doctors? Who can believe them? No, my friend, there's still much that's not known about nutrition. Hadacol was a very good product."

But, food faddist or not, he ran very rough ads, filled with wild medical claims and designed always to put over the idea that Hadacol would give you youth, vigor and a lively sex life. Through repeated head banging, the federal men finally reduced him to saying little more than that if you needed what it contained, Hadacol was for you. And even that didn't slow down sales, not with Senator LeBlanc at the pump handle.

He was blowing his bubble bigger and bigger and when he staged the first Hadacol Caravan in 1950, it added suddenly to his personal fame. It also, in a curious way, could be said to be the beginning of the end, for it committed him firmly to the grandiose and the future would get bigger and bigger until it blew up.

Hadacol flowed right through the East Coast, into the Middle West and finally, in the spring of 1951, to the West Coast.

Old Taylor 86

So good...even the "rocks" taste better

Something wonderful happens to drinks made with Old Taylor 86. The mellowness works wonders for a Manhattan—makes even the "rocks" taste better in a highball. Old Taylor 86, the Kentucky bourbon bottled at the peak of perfection.

LeBlanc planned the first beachhead in Los Angeles and like a military tactician he borrowed from the past, shaping it around the Atlanta campaign with spectacular twists in keeping with his new and self-built image of himself.

He poised dozens of Hadacol trucks on the California border. Radio stations, newspapers and billboards began their frantic clamor. The contests produced thousands of people, each of whom got a coupon and became a LeBlanc promotional device. He hired 150 women to work their way through lists of Los Angeles druggists, phoning, demanding Hadacol, sounding furious when refused. The druggists were like putty.

At the climax, LeBlanc himself arrived in a special train and unleashed a hundred salesmen to hit the town in the Atlanta ration pattern. A big Dixieland band and a covey of movie starlets met him at the station and to the tune of *The Saints Come Marching In*, everybody paraded in open convertibles to the old Biltmore Hotel.

He took a whole floor and a man who was there recalls, "It was the damnedest thing I ever saw. We kept a big corner suite open, see, and it was always full. There was a bar at one end with drunks and most everyone was half loaded. There would be real estate men trying to peddle property to Dudley for the big plant he always said he planned to build. There would be acts trying out for the next Hadacol Caravan, dog acts, maybe, and jugglers and tumblers and apache dancers, with agents for a half-dozen more sweating out auditions. Gorgeous starlets hung around just to be seen and stars came out of curiosity. Flashbulbs were popping, everyone was talking, dogs were barking, tumblers were grunting and thumping, singers were running their numbers sotto voce, a combo was warming up on jazz and on top of everything else, Dudley kept a phonograph running wide open, playing *The Tennessee Waltz*, which was his favorite just then. He never turned it off and he never turned it down. It was pandemonium, and when visiting writers walked in, their jaws fell down around their socks."

This continued into the tiny hours of the morning, but LeBlanc excused himself at 10 p.m. and went to bed. Then he bounded up at 5 a.m. and expected his staff to join him for breakfast for the big basic business conference of the day. On about the second day, a California drug wholesaler joined him for breakfast and carefully laid a cashier's check for an even million dollars on LeBlanc's plate.

"I'll give you that for a 30-day exclusive on Hadacol," he said.

LeBlanc tossed the check back carelessly. "My friend," he said, "I never talk business at breakfast."

When his staff remonstrated—for after all, a million bucks *is* a million bucks, even at 5 a.m.—LeBlanc chuckled and said, "I'll get his million without any exclusive." And he was right—in that brief opening campaign in California, sales topped $3,500,000.

Now Hadacol rushed on toward its bitter end, gathering constant momentum to the strains of *The Hadacol Boogie*. LeBlanc predicted sales of $75 million for 1951 and he spent money as if he were printing his own. He had 5,000 daily radio spots and his ads ran in thousands of papers. He opened the second Hadacol Caravan, made it bigger, grander and much more expensive. He rushed about the country making speeches, coining gimmicks and finding new ways to unload his money, and he looked stronger than ever. But the truth was that Hadacol had been pumped up to such ridiculous proportions that it hardly made sense, and that was the basic reason that it was in trouble.

The first hint, which to the uninitiated seemed preposterous, came when the Lafayette *Advertiser* printed a rumor that Hadacol was on the block. There followed a series of denials, additional rumors and additional denials which made the blood run cold in men who understood that Lafayette's economy was based largely on the by now huge Hadacol plant.

And then, on August 25, 1951, Dudley LeBlanc put the needle to the bubble which he had built so carefully. He was on tour with the Caravan in the depths of Georgia when he announced that he had sold out. The price for a business he had started six years before with four thousand borrowed dollars, was $8,150,000, of which a flat quarter million dollars was paid in cash.

For most people, the move came with appalling suddenness. In a definite sense, Hadacol was LeBlanc's alter ego. When he pulled out, the sparkle died and things began to sag. Sensing trouble, the new owners cut the lavish advertising program. Sales fell swiftly, and as if in retaliation, the new owners cancelled the elaborate and expensive caravan a full 15 performances short of its goal. Sales fell again and Hadacol began to pile up in warehouses; production lines slowed and then halted.

Now everyone moved in. The Internal Revenue Service filed a $656,151 back tax lien. Creditors rushed in like barracuda following a shark. With sales nearly halted and creditors on every side, the new owners found themselves forced to file for voluntary bankruptcy; within six weeks of the sale, the Hadacol that Dudley LeBlanc had built was as good as dead.

LeBlanc meanwhile was back at the sport he really loved best, even more than making money, which was politics. He was running for governor of Louisiana and he disclaimed all responsibility for the Hadacol crash. This left outstanding the question that everyone was asking: What really happened to Hadacol?

It was immediately clear, of course, that a group of city slickers from New York, including lawyers and a doctor, had come down to the Louisiana backwoods to take over from a country boy and show him how it should be done. And it was equally clear that contrary to their plans, he had sacked them up tight as a ham behind a drawstring.

Louisianans, who still know no greater pleasure than seeing one of their own outsmart an eastern Yankee, were delighted. They believed it then, believe it now and always will believe it. So did LeBlanc's associates. One told me bluntly, "I think Dudley unloaded a dead horse." And those who bought the dead horse believed it too. "If you dropped a quarter million dollars down a rathole, what would you think?" said the lawyer for the purchasers.

I asked LeBlanc about that, thinking that by now he might admit it, for considerable time has passed and rancor has eased. But he looked serious and almost irritated. "Yes, I know that's what they think," he said, "but it's not true. Hadacol was a very solid product, a very, very meritorious product. The whole trouble was that the new owners wanted to start getting their investment out instantly, so they cut back on the advertising. They thought its momentum would carry it and they could bleed the profits. Well, they were wrong and I could have told them so, but they didn't ask."

He slapped his cluttered desk in a paroxysm of irritation. "Hell, I could have put it back on its feet even after it went broke. They just didn't understand advertising."

But there was a little more to it than that. In rough figures, LeBlanc had sold $4 million in assets and $4 million in accounts receivable. The new owners assumed the latter were firm debts, but when they tried to prove them for use as collateral for a loan, they learned that LeBlanc always delivered on a contingency basis and no wholesaler expected to pay for Hadacol until he'd actually sold it. With unbought Hadacol stacking up in their warehouses, wholesalers everywhere were unnerved by this apparent attempt to make them pay for what wasn't selling, and they began shipping it back. When the new owners cut their advertising, they just speeded up the fatal trend. Later, in open court, they complained that some $2,500,000 in accounts receivable folded, that $1 million in unexpected debts turned up and that the assets were overvalued to start with.

That left a bleak enough picture, but the truth goes deeper, for it's plain that Hadacol was in trouble before LeBlanc unloaded it. The deep South was its best market and it was profitable there. But the going was rougher in new territories. The techniques that were smash hits in the rural South weren't in the urban

[*Continued on page* 114]

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

VIP VIEWS THE INCOME TAX

D-Day for wage-earners is here, and the Vipper's harpoon spares no feelings in a five-page assault on that arch-enemy, the U.S. Treasury Department.

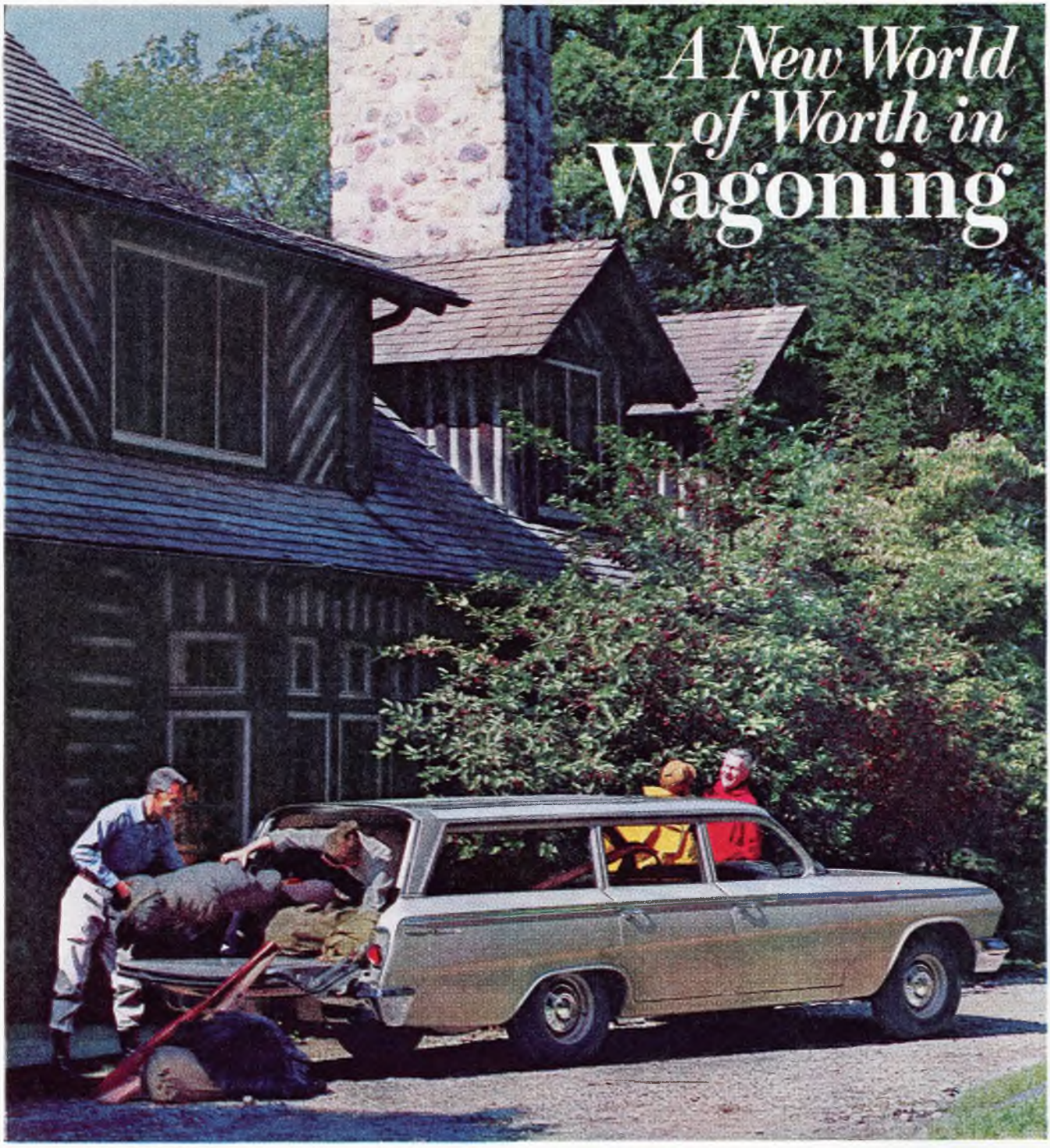
Same good taste everywhere!

These are moments you never forget . . . the sun and the sea, and the triumphant trophy for all to see; a thrill that's the same for fishermen everywhere! Later, as the stories are retold, Miller High Life adds to the pleasure of the day . . . cool, refreshing, and *always the same wonderful beer everywhere* . . . because it's brewed ONLY in Milwaukee . . . *naturally*.

Miller High Life

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Enjoy life with Miller High Life



Bel Air 9-Passenger Station Wagon

Built for people who like to head for the hills, or valleys or wherever with acres of comfort, mountains of gear (up to 97.5 cu. ft.) and loads of friends (up to eight of the lanky variety)— all on a road-gentling ride that smooths the way to out-of-the-way places. As a matter of fact, even if you were planning to pay more for a wagon, what more could you possibly want?

How come it rides so downsoft? Full-coil springs at every wheel. Where's it get that scalded cat scat? A choice of six engines, up to 409 hp.* What's the secret of why it'll stay young so long? Body by Fisher build and Chevrolet know-how (front fender steel underskirts, for instance, to fend off rust). And where do you find out more? That's easy . . . at your Chevrolet dealer's. **Optional at extra cost*

Jet-smooth

'62 CHEVROLET

JET-SMOOTH RIDE

CHEVROLET

Built for people who like to take off in a handsome traveler that's easy to park, pack and pay for—and gives a man-sized helping of room and zoom.

Here's a plucky pathfinder that just might alter all your ideas about how to pack up and go. It's pert, perky and low priced. It's downright dedicated to saving. And it's mighty comforting to ride in and own.

A new kind of unitized construction (Body by Fisher finesse) keeps upkeep down. Major front-end sections, including fenders, are of bolt-on design (so replacement's easy should your Chevy II ever be butted head on by a water buffalo).

Performance is gutty and thrifty with either the tight-fisted 4- or sassy 6-cylinder engine (there's a choice in most models). Both are specialists on regular gas, of course. Chevy II's ride and road savvy are remarkable, thanks to new Mono-Plate rear springs that eliminate rubbing and squeaking of old-style multi-leaf springs. The space inside for gear and guys (or gals) is remarkable, too. The Chevy II, in fact, is remarkable from stem to stern . . . and your Chevrolet dealer will be pleased to pipe you aboard.

THE NEW *Chevy II*

Nova 400 4-Door Station Wagon

Monza 4-Door Station Wagon

Built for people who want sporty driving as an extra fillip to fun afield (without fracturing their bank balance in the bargain).

Here's a wagon that likes to blaze trails. Got the rear-engine traction and four-wheel independent suspension to make it a bearcat in the bush. Totes a bundle, too . . . and doesn't cost one. Check the Greenbrier Sports Wagons, too. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

'62 CORVAIR monza STATION WAGON

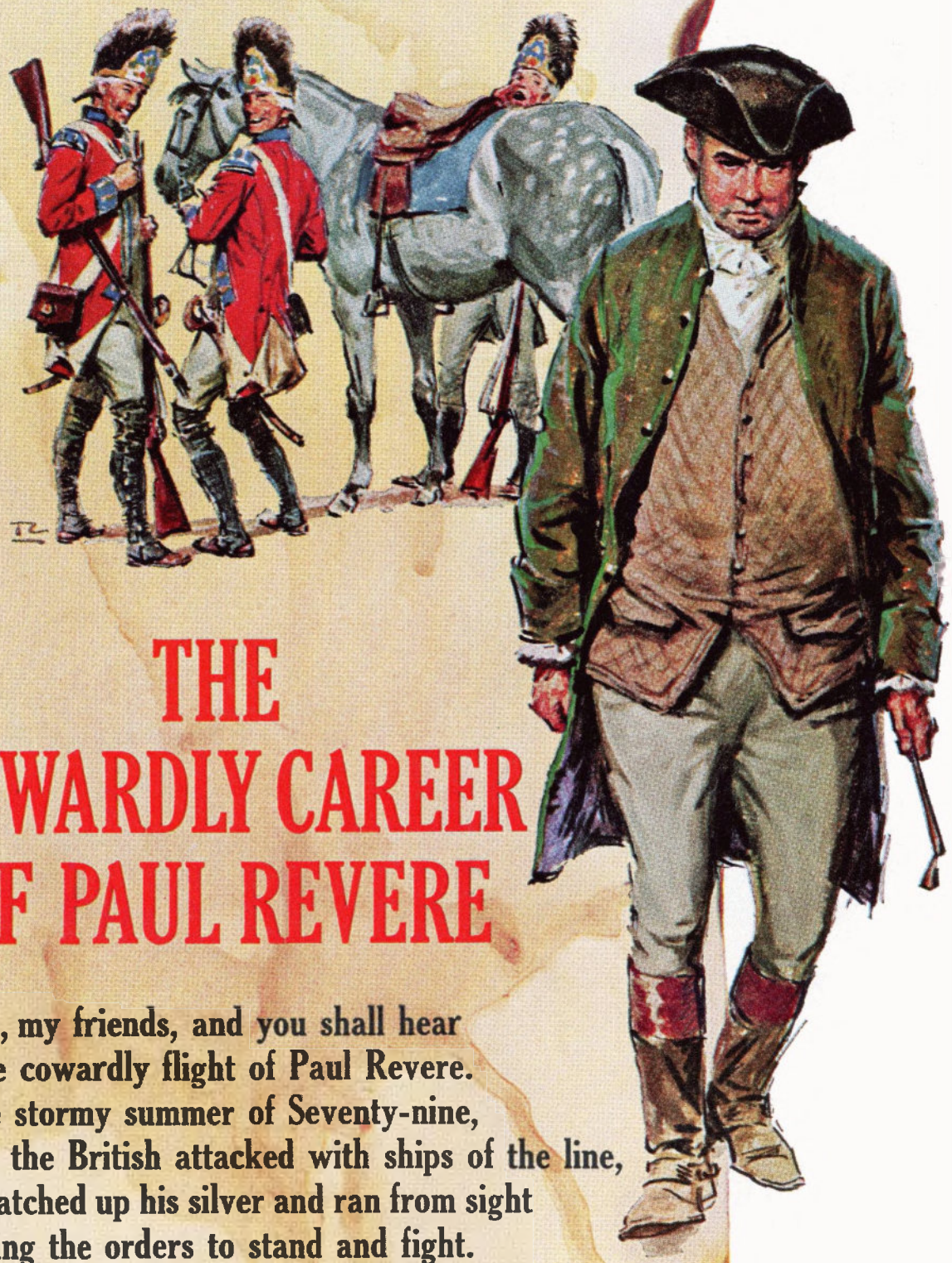
You'll be glad you said 'Johnnie Walker Red'

...that incredibly smooth Scotch whisky

Reflect for a moment. Think of the satisfaction you receive from a truly great Scotch. Think of the way it echoes your own good taste. Then reach for incomparably smooth, mellow, pleasant tasting 'Johnnie Walker Red' Label. Drink it. Your taste tells you—there's no other Scotch quite like it. You'll be glad you said 'Johnnie Walker Red', the incredibly smooth Scotch whisky.

JOHNNIE WALKER **RED LABEL** SCOTCH WHISKY

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

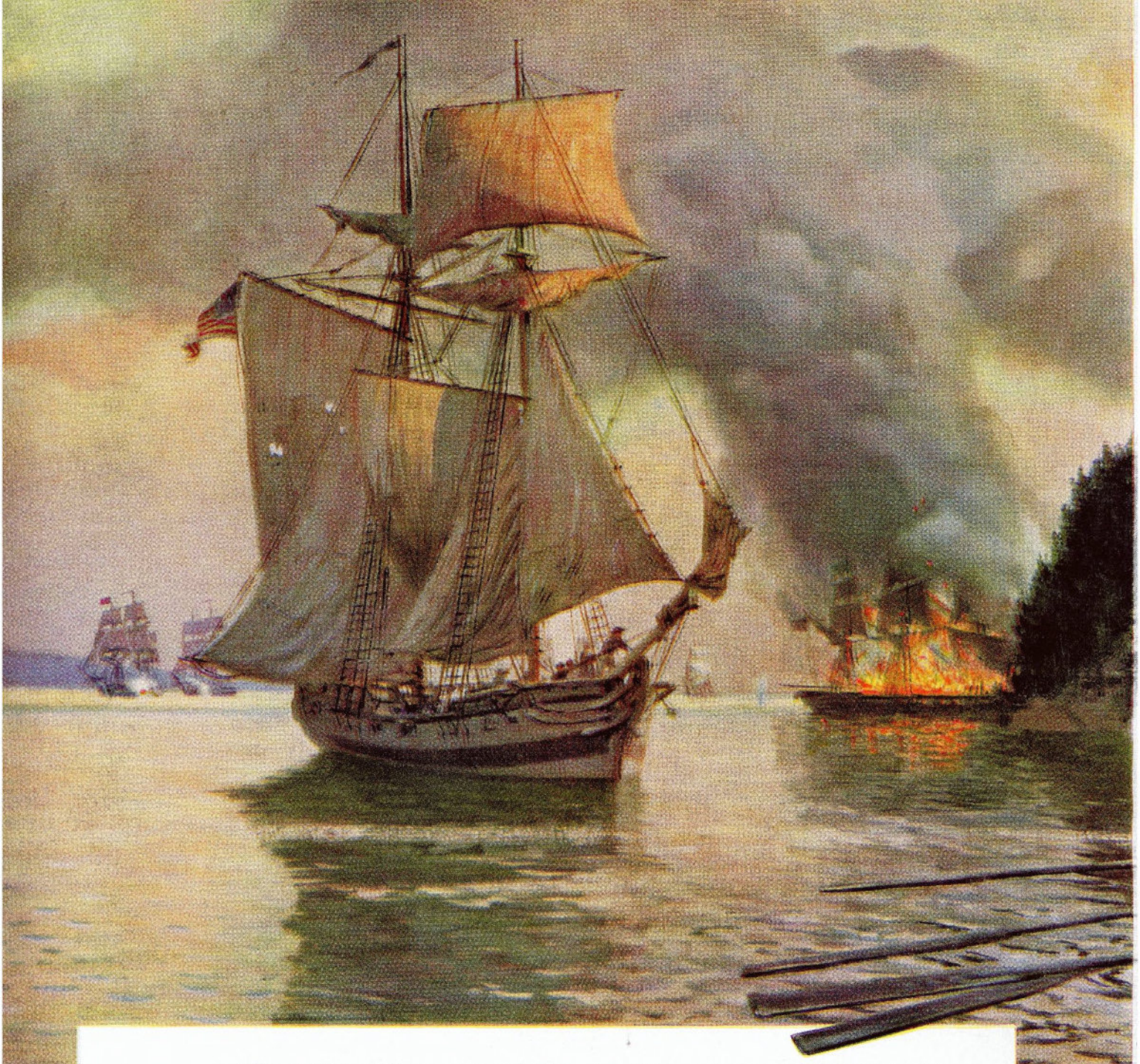


THE COWARDLY CAREER OF PAUL REVERE

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear
Of the cowardly flight of Paul Revere.
In the stormy summer of Seventy-nine,
When the British attacked with ships of the line,
He snatched up his silver and ran from sight
Ignoring the orders to stand and fight.
They court-martialed Paul and called him yellow
But history listened to Mr. Longfellow

By GENE CAESAR

TURN PAGE



THE COWARDLY CAREER OF PAUL REVERE

On April 5, 1860, a poet named Henry Longfellow took a guided historic tour of Boston and came home inspired and excited. He'd heard a story that had all the makings of a heroic epic. And he'd picked up a wonderful name, a name that was not only easy to rhyme but a name with an inherent ring of valor in it, suggesting reverence and hero-worship. The very next morning he went to work:

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year. . . .

No lines of verse ever written are better known. School children have been memorizing them for generations. The tale of the lone horseman arranging signals to warn of any move by the British troops, then galloping out to sound the alarm ahead of them and arriving in Concord to save the day has become as much of a national shrine as any monument or memorial.

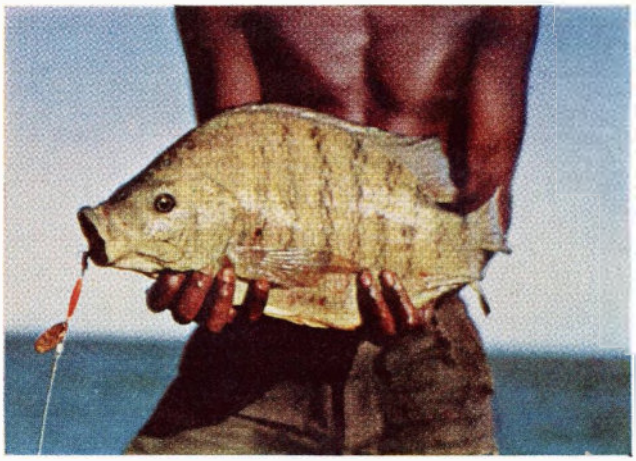
But if Longfellow had done the slightest bit of research, [*Continued on page* 92]

Illustrated by TOM LOVELL

Ordered to halt his flight from the scene of battle, Revere said he had to rescue his silver.

The giant 98-pound golden perch shown is so rare that only three others are known to have been caught by anglers.

Fast and ferocious, a tigerfish of only moderate size like this performs so powerfully it feels 10 times bigger.



Big, stubborn-fighting tilapias like this and at right—tastiest of all African fish —were taken on lightweight spin tackle.

Monster Fishing

Africa's strange, seldom-visited Lake Rudolf is filled with Epsom salts, crocodiles and the most unusual fighting fish in the world

By ERWIN A. BAUER

Photographed for TRUE by the Author

NAIROBI, KENYA

■ A fisherman can spend a lifetime wandering around the world and never, absolutely never, find a fishing hole as fantastic as Lake Rudolf. It's a lake where the lukewarm water is a strong solution of Epsom salts; it's also alive with strange and savage monster fish which only a few anglers have ever seen.

Lost deep inside the Rift Valley on Kenya's desolate Northern Frontier, Rudolf is among the most lonely and remote corners of Africa. Only a scattering of natives exists along 400 miles of unfriendly shoreline, the survivors of the most primitive and obscure race on the continent. How and when they came here is a mystery, but even today robber tribes from farther north sometimes sweep down across the unguarded Sudan and Ethiopia borders to rape their last remaining village.

Despite this isolation, there is an oasislike fishing camp complete with bar, swimming pool and a 36-foot boat which had to be hand-carried 250 miles to the water. The camp seems almost unreal in this vast and trackless primordial wilderness.

But nothing is usual about Lake Rudolf. It wasn't even discovered until 1888. And the discoverer, Austrian soldier-of-fortune Count Teleki, saw very little of the region. He barely made it back to Mombasa, his starting point on the East African coast. Most of his associates perished on the way.

Even the first major expedition to explore Lake Rudolf in modern times ended in tragedy. England's celebrated South Pole explorer, Sir Vivian Fuchs, lost half of his party in 1935 when they tried to cross from the mainland to an island in the middle of the lake. A sudden tornado capsized the boat—as it has many others since.

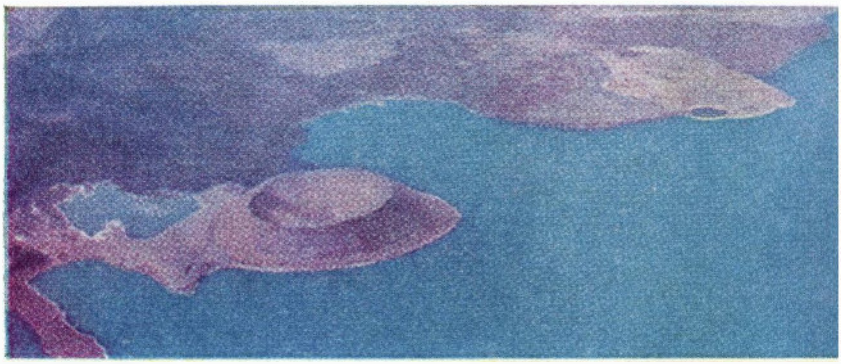
Such a hot and violent wind was blowing the recent morning I crouched low behind a boulder to assemble my fishing tackle. At the same time Keith Mousley found a firm enough foothold on a peninsula of wind-swept rock to cast into the white-capped, gray- [*Continued on page* 100]

Ignoring crocodiles, natives spear suckerlike fish from flimsy craft.

Charter pilot Keith Mousley poses with morning catch of huge Nile perch, believed to exceed 300 pounds in Lake Rudolf.

Remaining few members of primitive El Molo tribe exist on lake shore.

Big and sprawling in a remote desert, Lake Rudolf is accessible only by air but has an oasis fishing camp and roomy boat brought at considerable cost from Canada.



in a Mystery Lake


Bruce Bomberger

Hardly anybody other than the residents of Lubec, Maine, had ever heard of Lubec, Maine, until the Rev. Prescott Jernegan came to town in 1897. Lubec was a remote fishing village far up on the Canadian border. It had fewer than a thousand residents and a solitary claim to distinction. This was an oddment of geography called Quoddy Head. If you stood at the end of Quoddy Head, a bare, windswept point thrusting out into the Atlantic, you were standing on the easternmost point of land in the entire continental United States. This lone tourist attraction, alas, attracted few tourists. There are only a limited number of people willing to trek into the wilds of Maine just so they can boast, "I am now the easternmost citizen in the country!"

If you wanted to get technical about it, Lubec could boast one other attraction. Past Quoddy Head, some of the highest tides in the world surged in and out of Passamaquoddy Bay. But alas again, very few tourists are dedicated tide-watchers. High tides lack variety: when you've seen one, you've seen them all.

Lubec didn't mind its plight. It enjoyed being small and remote. Down-Easters are like that: they have the self-sufficiency of the clam. So Lubec caught its fish, did a little lumbering, and let the rest of the world alone. The rest of the world reciprocated—until the Reverend Jernegan arrived with his remarkable project.

The Reverend Jernegan was an unlikely fellow to stir up the wild events that ensued. He was a wispy young chap who wore the conventional dark suit and reversed collar of the ministry. He spoke in a soft voice and had the look of a vague idealist.

The mild young dominie was accompanied to Lubec by a tall, suave fellow named Charles E. Fisher. Together, they cased Lubec for several days, while Lubec quietly cased *them*. The down-Easters agreed that Jernegan and Fisher were an odd pair. Fisher didn't look as if he had anything in common with a minister. He had a full, brown beard, a flashing array of gold teeth, lively brown eyes, and the air of a man who could talk a lobster right up out of the Atlantic.

Lubec watched and waited for them to state their business, as proper strangers should. The minister and his friend nodded courteously to residents and paid no attention to their silent curiosity. They tramped out onto Quoddy Head [*Continued on page* 84]

THE REVEREND GOOSE AND HIS GOLDEN EGG

According to the Reverend Jernegan, his friend Charlie Fisher had discovered how to mine the world's largest source of gold. And in a funny kind of a way, this was the absolute truth

By Charles E. Knickerbocker and James Phelan

Illustrated by BRUCE BOMBERGER

HOW TO SPOT

A HUSTLER'S SWINDLE

The odds may look even—
even when the bet looks odd.
But it usually turns out
that the hustler can't lose

If you stick to craps, and the dice aren't loaded, you know pretty well what odds you're bucking. But when a casual acquaintance suggests a big bet on a proposition you haven't heard of, that's the time to be wary. If he's a professional he's studied all the angles and he's figured them out right—in his favor. The ideal proposition from a hustler's point of view is one that appears to give you a 50-50 chance, or even better, but that really provides a big percentage on his side of the wager. Or he may simply be a proposition cheat who never gives a sucker any kind of a break. The edge is 100 percent in his favor because the proposition is, as they say, "gaffed."

Often a sure-thing gambler will propose a bet he can't possibly win. This maneuver is aimed at finding out how the prospective victim will react. If the sure-thing proposition is refused, the cheat decides his sucker is a jerk, broke, or a nongambler, and leaves it at that. If the prospect takes the bait, the cheat grins and says, "What do you want to do—rob me?" Then he brings out another sure-fire proposition that appears to favor the chump but is actually rigged in the cheat's favor. When a bet is made between two strangers, the money must usually be put up before it's officially a bet, and the only time the cheat covers the sucker's dough is when the sure-thing proposition favors the cheat.

Once in a while it's the chump who backs down on a sure-fire proposition. Take for instance the story the Chicago gamblers tell about the poker player who missed out on the greatest sure-thing bet in history. He lost a big bundle to an old-timer who really knew how poker should be played. The game was square all the way, but the chump lost so much so fast that he didn't see how it could have happened honestly. He accused the gambler of cheating.

"Look, my friend," the old-timer said, "I'll tell you why I beat you. You don't know the first thing about gambling. Would you bet me $500 right now that I can't take my right eye out and lay it down on the table?"

The chump blinked. He had just seen a sample of the old boy's play and knew he was a first-rate bluffer. He thought this was more of the same and also figured it was a chance to recoup part of his losses. Without stopping to think further he said, "Sure." He reached excitedly for his wallet and threw five $100 bills on the table.

The old-timer covered the bet, took out his glass eye, placed it on the table and scooped up the money. "And now," he said, "will you bet me $1,000 that I can't take the other one out?"

But the chump had had enough. He didn't have the iron control over his nervous system that a sure-thing gambler must have. Rattled, he decided that this was another fast one, shook his head dazedly and refused the bet. When he came out of his fog later he realized the old-timer couldn't have played poker with two glass eyes. He also knew that what he didn't know about betting propositions would fill a library.

The rule in an unfamiliar betting proposition is: look before you leap. It's a 10 to 1 shot that there's a hidden angle. If you can't dope it out, either refuse the bet or, if you want to find out more about the proposition so you can analyze it, keep your bet small. And don't be too confident about figuring the angle; some of the smartest gamblers have fallen victim to the same proposition time after time.

The best proposition bets from the sure-thing gambler's viewpoint are those which look impossible to gaff. Like the two five-grand bets in 1947 between two racket boys, Willie Moretti and Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel. My wife, Stelfi, and I were having dinner in an Italian restaurant in my neck of the woods one night when Willie Moretti came over to our table and said he had a story to tell me about Benny.

"I'm staying at Benny's Flamingo," he said, "and one morning I go up to his apartment to say good-by before I check out. He's just getting up and asks if I'll join him for breakfast. I say okay and start to go to the phone to call room service when Benny says, 'Let me do it. The phone service here stinks.' He picks up a mike that connects with the P.A. system and makes like Clem McCarthy announcing the winner of the daily double: 'Hey, Chef, this is Benny. Willie's here and we're in a hurry for some breakfast. Get busy. Eggs, toast, coffee—the works, for two. And also a dozen live flies.' "

"The Flamingo," Stelfi asked, "has live flies on the breakfast menu?"

"No, this was a special order. And he got it, too. When the waiter brings up the tray he's also got a small box with some holes in the lid and a buzzing sound inside. 'What are the flies for?' I asks Benny, and he says, 'You'll see.' He tells the waiter to make sure all the windows are closed and to turn off the air conditioning. By the time we finish breakfast that hot Nevada air is making things uncomfortable but it doesn't seem to bother Benny. He grins like he is up to something. 'Willie, my boy,' he says finally. 'I know you're a real betting man and will bet on anything. I've come across a little game that beats craps, poker, or you name it. Would you like to take a chance and try it once for a five-grand bet?'

" 'Do those flies have something [*Continued on page* 103]

By JOHN SCARNE
Photographed for TRUE by LESTER KRAUSS

THE Toro

CIUDAD JUAREZ, MEXICO

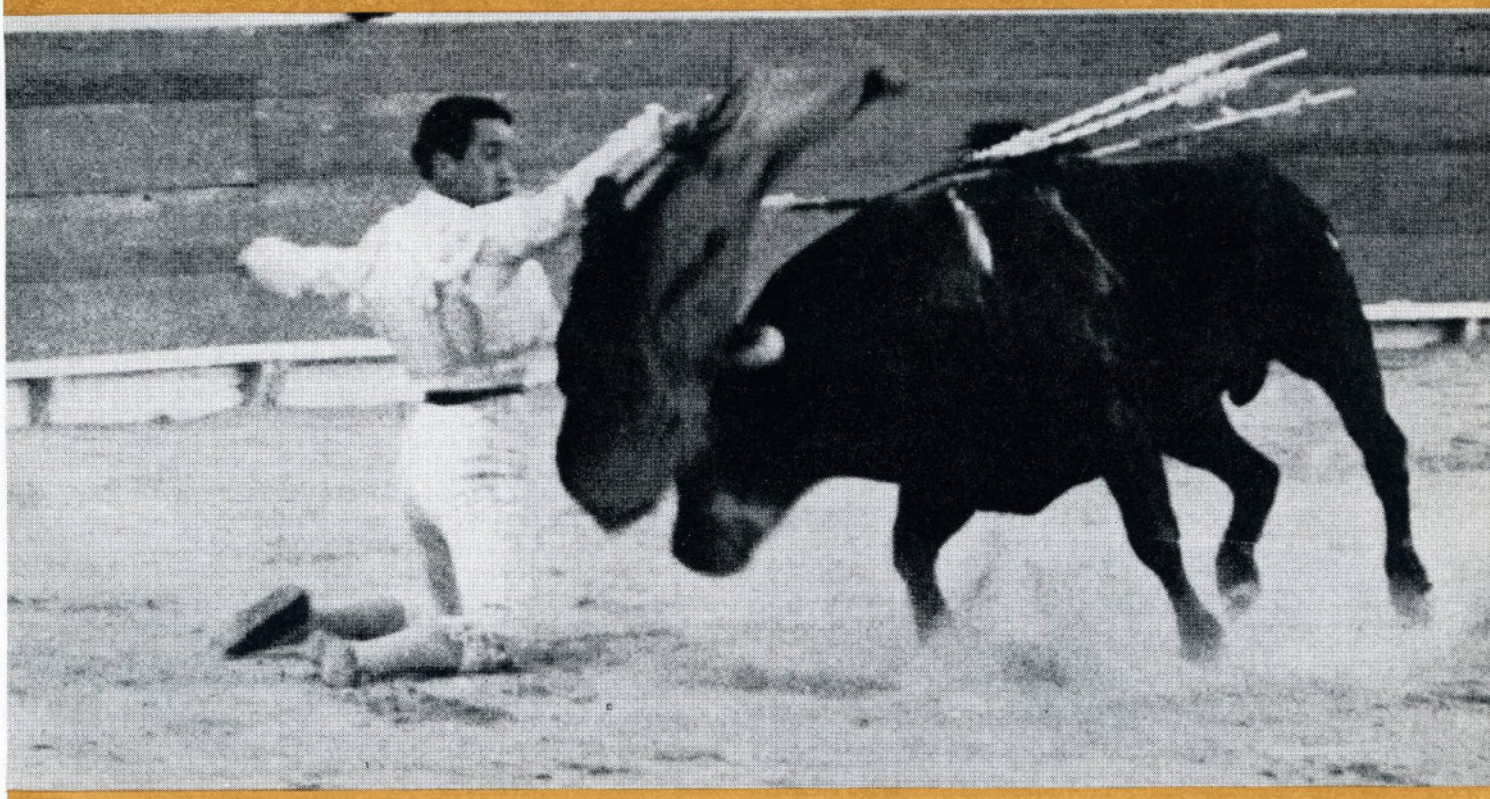
■ The rumbling of wooden doors broke the silence in Soberano's prison. His head lifted, his tail flicked anxiously.

Angered by five hours of dark confinement, he was ready to shove a horn into anything that moved. Perhaps he could smell the blood from the butcher's shack where four of his brothers were already sliced and hung, the green mounds of feed collected from their intestines, the skulls white and hoary on the concrete floor.

A smash of sunlight filled the damp *chiquero* in which Soberano waited. His muscles tightened, his head lifted and with a sudden lunge he skidded into the arena at Plaza Monumental in Ciudad Juarez.

More than 10,000 fans had crowded into the border bull ring on May 31, 1959 to watch Soberano's battle against

Man and bull faced each other in classic combat, unaware that their duel would end as few corridas have



THAT TURNED THE TABLES

Mexico's leading matador, Alfonso Ramirez (Calesero).

Among the spectators was Don Fernando de la Mora, founder of the famous Tequisquiapan Ranch. It was Don Fernando's anchor-shaped brand that Soberano carried high on his left hip.

It was the breeder himself who first noticed the almost defiant self-confidence in Soberano. As a calf, he was an eager fighter. The twisted scars on his body recalled his many battles on the range. Ordinarily a fighting bull, when kept in the company of those with which he is raised, will remain peaceful. But it was only a week before, when Soberano, angered at being penned in close quarters, attacked and killed one of his brothers.

Another fact which hinted at the bull's mettle was this: a half-brother, out of the same cow and called by the same name, had brought considerable praise to Tequisquiapan in 1953 by showing unflinching bravery in Plaza Mexico of Mexico City.

Soberano (The Sovereign One) was comparatively small. He weighed only 875 pounds and was colored the deep charcoal of wet blackboard. His lines revealed a heavy chest, the weight nicely slanted over short front legs. The horns, white and dark-tipped, curved out symmetrically. As the animal lifted his head in the air, the powerful tossing muscle—the *morrillo*—knotted up above his neck.

A latent spark, peculiar only to bull rings, moved through the stands like an electric impulse. Many of the

By DICK ALWAN

THE TORO THAT TURNED THE TABLES

fans, dulled by four reluctant bulls, had given up and started for the exits. But now the hot afternoon crackled with new excitement; the crowd stopped in the exits, jammed the walkways and began flowing back to the seats.

A wild shriek suddenly broke from the spectators as Soberano spotted his first target and swooped across the arena in the low charge of a cat. One of the cape handlers, having exposed body and cape, ducked behind the barrier. The creak of scraping wood filled the air as Soberano's horns gave an angry jab into the boards.

Then he turned abruptly and trotted to the center of the ring. He glanced back to the gate by which he had entered and knew they had locked him in. All fighting bulls make this realization—the cowardly fighter may become terrified, he may panic. But Soberano merely gave a deep hiss from his lungs, swung his tail in the precision of a pendulum and waited.

Calesero slowly stepped into the ring, holding the magenta cape like a shield. Now he would test the bull's willingness with the cloth.

Soberano charged his tormentor again and again until the picador was jolted from his horse and fell to earth.

Soberano, hearing the sound of the man's step, spun sharply. The matador fanned the cape out gently. Russet-colored dust slipped from the bull's muscles, clods of sticky soil scattered in the air.

"Olé!"

Again the man offered the cape.

"Olé!"

The charges came in powerful, short bursts; the bull skidded awkwardly over the sand as he tried to catch the swaying cape. Calesero linked five passes and olés thundered again.

The evasive drift of the cloth seemed to confuse the animal. This was his first look at a cape and it presented a new puzzle—previously, anything that moved was alive and could be caught and gored. He paused as Calesero turned and strolled to the sidelines.

Soberano found himself alone in the arena. Where was the dancing cloth? Strange, tinkling sounds from the bull ring band jangled obscurely in his ears—but his sharp hearing picked up the familiar rumbling of the wooden gates. The picadors jogged into the ring on horses pounded by endless bulls. It was the picador's job to bury the point of a razor-sharp lance into the crest of the powerful bull's tossing muscle.

The horse trembled, tossing his head, showing the pink gums and yellow teeth. Soberano moved quickly. The picador pulled up his mount in time to take the attack.

The bull crashed into the belly pads and jerked the horse's front legs in the air. The lance quickly screwed into the bull's shoulders. Soberano pounded the massive target, using his horns like a boxer throwing short jabs. But now came a second and more serious puzzle. Unlike the emptiness of the drifting capes, the horse was ponderous and heavy, something Soberano could feel. But his horns were useless against the thick padding which protected the horse's right side.

Calesero, sensing the worth of his opponent, ran out to take him away with the cloth. The flesh on Soberano's back had peeled away like strips of leather; the blood poured from the wound and followed the curve of the leg.

The animal ignored Calesero's cape—he wanted the bulky shape which had put the scalding sting on his back. Blindly, Soberano struggled against the padding, but the 1,500-pound enemy would not go down. Again the steel-tipped lance cut into his shoulder—this time to a depth of 11 inches. Soberano quivered under the savage stab—his legs nearly lost their power.

But a sudden ripple of protest covered the crowd's shouts. "Bastante!" the yells came. "Enough! Enough!"

Soberano's rage did not weaken under the pain. For the third time, he willingly charged the horseman. The lance only skimmed the bull but the collision threw the horse into a stumbling retreat. The picador lost his reins and reached for the saddle like a cowboy trying to ride a bucking bronc.

The bull lunged against his reeling enemy. He felt the lance strike his back, then tumble by his hoofs. The man lost his grip and was knocked out of the saddle.

The bull ignored the rider, reached beneath the horse, lifted the buckled mass above his head and dropped his enemy into a pile of straps, padding and flailing hoofs. As if to celebrate his feat, he kicked his rear legs high in the air. Before the capes could take him away, Soberano twisted back to the horse and sunk a horn into the animal's unprotected stomach.

Then, standing rigidly in the center of the ring, Soberano cocked his ears in response to the explosive applause. He swung his great head from side to side as the noise surrounded him.

The ovation was cut short when the *banderilleros* came out to plunge the colored barbs into his back. The sticks caused little pain, but the flopping movement, the slap of wood, was bothersome. He tried to jerk them away but only managed to rub blood against his horns.

The trumpet sounded and Calesero, bareheaded, walked into the ring alone. He carried the sword and folded *muleta* in his left hand.

Now it was time for Soberano's final battle. The man would use the red cloth to test the depth of the bull's courage. Would Soberano continue his flawless charges? Or would the last of his spirit fade away with the blood seeping from his wounds? A gouged hole marked the picador's work on his back.

When thoroughly exhausted, when the last of his strength had been sapped, the bull's attention would be fixed to the red cloth. The man would aim the sword over the horns: the narrow blade would slip between the shoulders and the curved tip would arch in swiftly to slice the aorta. Then a sudden blood-red pain, a stumble, a weary collapse.

Another cloth flicked across the arena! A cape handler was attempting to fix the bull's position to suit the matador. Soberano thundered across the ring. The *peon*, almost nabbed by the sudden speed, dropped his cape and dove for the protecting barrier.

This time Soberano did not skim the boards, his skull crashed against the edge of the barrier, and the cushioned thud echoed across the arena. The action suddenly halted, like the failure of a motion picture projector. Soberano staggered against the boards—he slipped backwards—no more than an inch. The power in his rigid front legs seemed to drain away, but he did not fall.

The bull moved away from the boards and the first image he saw was Calesero standing 15 feet away.

What happened in the next 10 minutes will probably never be recalled clearly by those who saw it. Calesero opened his work from the knees, facing the barrier. The bull accepted the invitation and sliced through the narrow terrain between the man and the boards. Immobile, one hand touching his hip, Calesero remained on his knees. Five times he offered the red cloth, and five times the bull attacked. There was no broken movement, no waste, no refusal. Each pass was part of the one before, the one to come, and the bull linked them all into a perfect chain. The horns sliced the cloth cleanly.

Calesero rose to his feet to end the series and Soberano twisted to a stop. A bristling ovation broke from the crowd. The clapping of hands, the beginning shouts of "Toro!", the feverish melodies from the band—this was the jumble of sound which again filled Soberano's ears.

Calesero held the cloth low and withdrew the sword for the classic *natural*. The target, reduced to about two feet in width, was still big enough to invite Soberano's attack.

The matador pivoted, drawing the animal in arcs around his body. Coldly perfect, it was as if a demonstration had been arranged for students, an academic show of every movement in the bull ring.

Now, as Soberano collected himself for another burst of charges, one of the strangest pleas ever heard in a bull ring began to take shape.

"Toro!" the cries began. Then louder: "Toro! Toro!"

Calesero looked up quizzically, then strolled back to the barrier to select a favorite sword for the kill.

"Indulto!" came the shouts hurriedly. "No! No! Don't kill him!"

All eyes looked up to Judge Fernando Alarcon. According to bull fight regulations, an exceptionally brave animal may be pardoned and returned to his breeder. But the cry of "Toro!" has only rarely been invoked in modern bullfighting. The indulto—or pardon—has been conceded about 25 times in the last 100 years of Spanish bullfighting.

But at Plaza Monumental it was nearly over.

Calesero waited impatiently, glancing toward the judge. But the white handkerchief—the order to spare the bull—was not waved.

Calesero took the sword and turned back to the bull. The crowd did not want Soberano's death. Perhaps more than his life was in the balance. The tired blood of Mexico's lighting bulls would obviously benefit from the bravery of Soberano.

But Calesero was already in position. As the sword was lifted in the air the crowd's protests dwindled away.

The bull, blood-soaked and dazed, fixed his eyes on the red cloth. The cape seemed to flicker. Suddenly it was loose! The animal jerked his head as Calesero plunged over the horns.

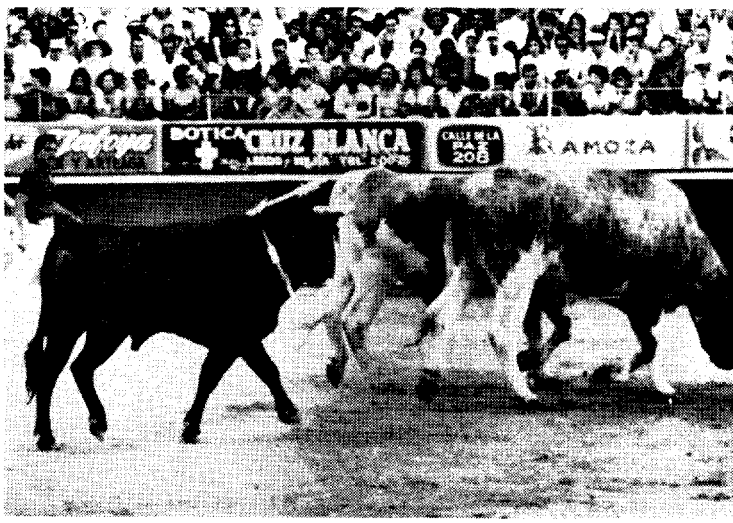
The blade sliced into Soberano as he twisted to catch the flying shadow. Calesero glided off to the side, leaving the sword only half-way in the bull's body.

A great cry went up from the crowd. A rotund Mexican, holding his arms in the air like the limbs of a tree, led a chorus of yells from the cheaper seats.

"Indulto, Señor Juez!" he screamed to the judge.

Judge Alarcon pushed back in his seat. He turned to look at the crowd. Every eye in the plaza was watching him.

Soberano stood in the center of the ring, looking from side to side. The ovation rolled into a long clapping of



The banderillas in Soberano's back were banners of victory as the brave bull followed the steers out of the ring.

hands. The decorated sticks hung limply as Calesero's sword worked loose and fell to the sand.

It was then that Judge Alarcon raised the brim of his hat and fumbled for a handkerchief to wave in the air.

Soberano's enemies were ordered from the ring. The victorious animal seemed to sense his triumph. His tired head lifted and when two trained steers were turned into the ring, Soberano trotted quickly to greet his brethren. Then his head lowered and like a champion striding from a fallen opponent, the bull moved briskly through the gates which opened his way to freedom.

Today, Soberano enjoys a special niche of distinction among the green hills where he was reared. Penicillin has long since healed the wounds of his greatest battle. Only one task—infusing his bravery into the Tequisquiapan stock—lies before him.

Perhaps the best estimate on Soberano's nobility was described by the matador who nearly killed him. "The bravest I've ever seen," Calesero said. "This is the animal you dream of fighting in Mexico City!" ■

After fighting too many "gentlemen's" wars, we're finally turning out lethal teams of Special Forces, troops with the instincts of an alley-fighter, the cunning of a commando and the guts of a guerrilla. Here's how...

The U.S. TRAINS A

FORT BRAGG, N.C.

■ Fighting dirty in peace or war has always been nearly unthinkable to sportsmanlike Americans. Now, with the cold war getting hotter we have thrown away the book that says wars must be fought according to Hoyle. America is ready to do a little thumb-in-the-eye-type fighting of its own.

To teach Americans and refugee soldiers from Iron Curtain countries how to wage guerrilla warfare, the U.S. Army has set up a Special Forces School at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. It is administered by hard-eyed, square-built Brig. Gen. William P. Yarborough—a soldier who has led men in combat across half the world. General Yarborough gave me a run-down on the over-all picture; the finer points I picked up myself with the troops.

There is a memo making the rounds of senior military officers describing in broad outline how our guerrilla offensive is to be waged. The author is supposed to be anonymous and the paper is said to be unofficial. However, this memo is one of those open secret affairs and there are no takers on bets that the memo was written by the U.S. Army Research and Development chief, Lt. Gen. Arthur G. Trudeau.

The memo states: "We must find a way to overthrow a Communist regime in power short of general war and even short of local war. If the Communists can afford a million dollars a year on propaganda alone in Latin America, and support a Communist government in our back yard, we can support free governments in Eastern Europe or any other area dominated by the Communists.

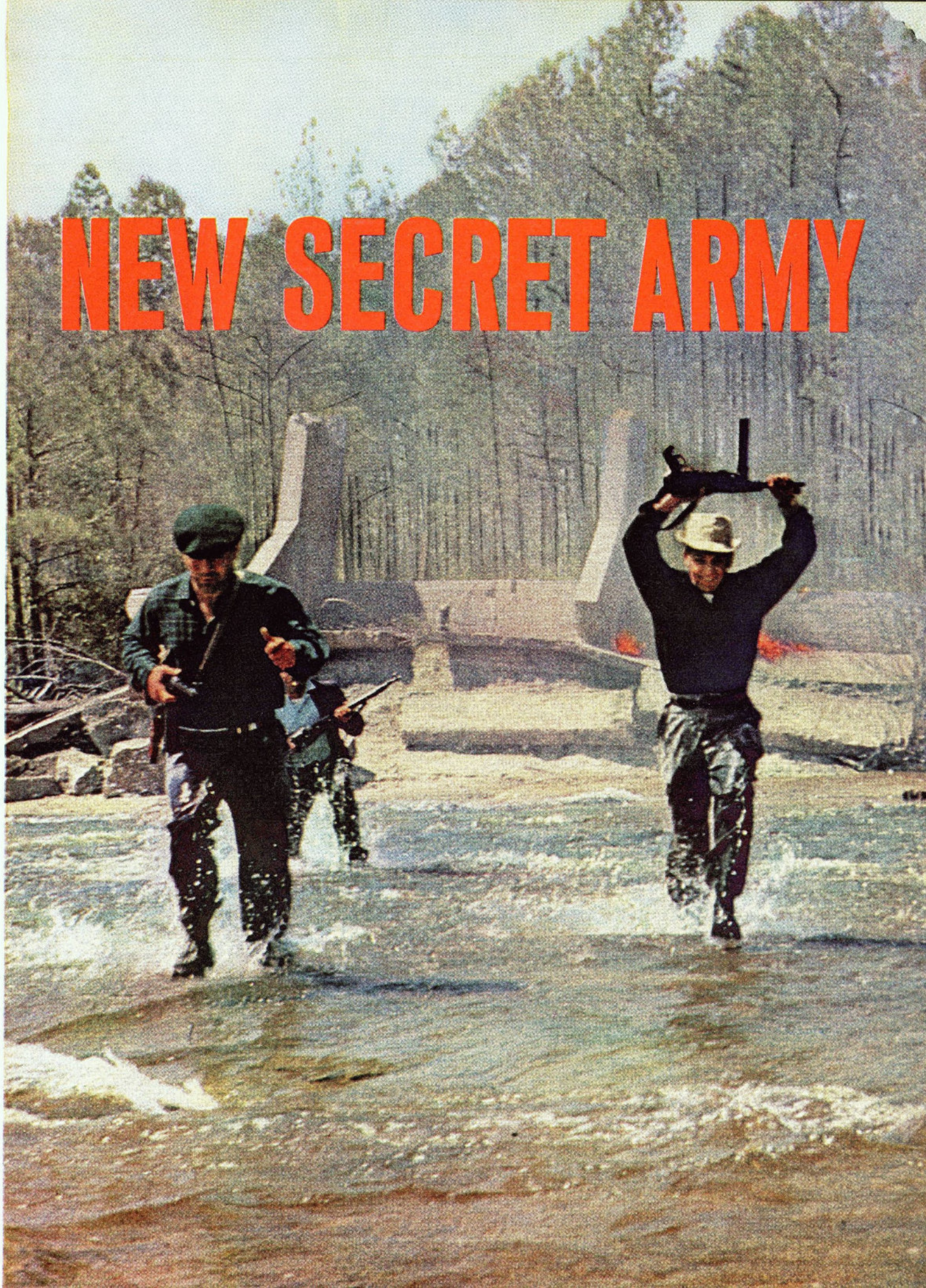
"The Soviets apparently do not fear that they will start general war when they assist Communist rebels in Laos, why should we fear general war in providing assistance to freedom fighters in Eastern Europe?" [*Continued on page 49*]

By SID LATHAM

Photographed for TRUE by the Author

American GIs teach refugees from Communism how to use such weapons as W.W. II Yank-killer, German MG-42.

Blown dam above is in the U.S., but trainees may someday use same techniques to sabotage Red water works. ►


NEW SECRET ARMY

Ramshackle farm house is used by Special Forces men as communications center. Men at top rig aerials, while signalers below use hand generator to send Morse code.

"We must find a way to overthrow a Communist regime in power—

Assault on dam begins with study of accurately scaled terrain map of site.

Tongue pops from surprised sentry's mouth as Special Forces trooper applies realistic throttle. A real sentry would die.

In short, America is planning to take the offensive in the cold war and is training men to act as shock troops in this offensive—troops which may never be called upon to fire a shot to achieve certain strategic aims, but who are trained to shoot nonetheless if the situation demands.

This thought is shocking some politicians, but others are silently applauding what they believe is a step that should have been taken a long time ago. There are already three Special Forces groups in existence: the 1st Group on Okinawa, the 10th Group in Germany, and the 77th Group at Fort Bragg. It was from the men of the 77th that I learned just what it means to be a Special Forces man.

"In the first place," one told me, "we are all volunteers. We are all qualified parachutists. We all volunteer to serve behind enemy lines. And I don't mind telling you that we are pretty damn proud of ourselves." Then he showed me the Code:

"I, ——— a member of the U.S. Army Special Forces, certify that:

"1. I volunteered for duty with Special Forces, fully realizing that Special Forces teams will be deployed immediately on the outbreak of hostilities deep behind enemy lines to organize, train, and exploit guerrilla forces and to perform other missions as directed in the service of my country. I fully realize the hazards involved.

"2. I know, as a member of the team, I must keep myself mentally and physically fit at all times and shoulder my full share of the tasks required of my team.

"3. Once committed behind enemy lines, I will conduct myself at all times in such a way as to bring honor to my team, service and country.

"4. I am aware that the mission of my team must be accomplished against all odds.

"5. I will live up to the 'Code [*Continued on page* 81]

short of general war, and even short of local war."—U. S. Army

With sentry removed, saboteurs reach top of dam and hook up rope.

Using rappel technique, man with explosives lowers away to place pack charges.

Dam busters crouch behind protective wall as explosion erupts water and concrete.

Trappings for a Killer Bird

Razor beaks and gilded hoods are only part of the fascinating lore of falcons—the birds that kill for men

■ The small figure on the coin, left, depicts Zeus, one of history's earliest falconers. The god holds an eagle, poised to retrieve a thunderbolt. This silver coin was minted during the reign of Alexander the Great, some 23 centuries ago. Through the ages, falconry has been as popular with kings as it has been with gods: Richard the Lion Hearted carried his birds of prey during the bloody Crusades; Henry VIII nearly lost his life chasing an errant hawk, and Marco Polo reported that China's Grand Khan fielded 20,000 falconers at his annual hunt.

Much of the lore of falconry revolves around the specialized equipment a hawker needs to keep his bird in the field. Since almost none of the gear can be purchased, falconers need to be handy with small tools and leather to equip his feathered hunter. Hoods, used to blindfold the bird during transport and training, are of two types, Dutch and Indian. The Dutch hood is made of three pieces of stiff leather; the Indian, a single piece of calfskin. Jesses are thin strips of leather which are permanently attached to each leg. The free end of the jess is fastened with a swivel, to which the leash is attached. Just before flight, two small bells are tied to the bird's legs —one bell pitched a half tone higher than the other. When the bird streaks through the air, the discordant sound produced by the mismatched bells makes it easier to trace its flight path and eventual landing place. Falcons are not retrievers, they merely sit on their kill, happily eating, until their master comes to take the game away.

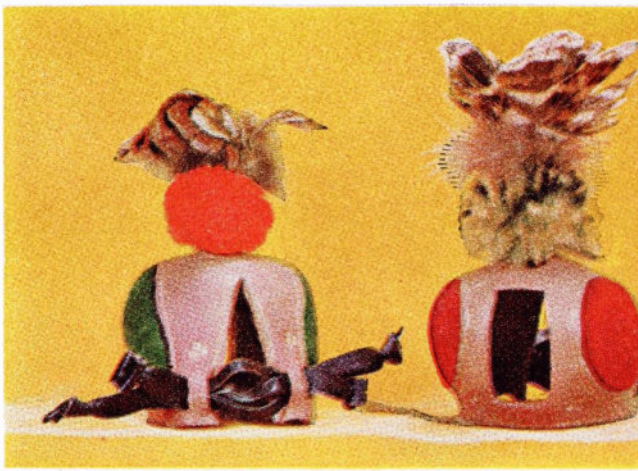
Teaching young birds to attack and kill in the air is accomplished with lures made of strong leather to which lumps

Photographed for TRUE by DAVID B. EISENDRATH, JR.

These objects photographed at Peabody Inst. Library, Baltimore, Md.

Gold brocade and plumes mark these Indian hoods, lighter than Dutch ones.

Dutch hoods are formed on wooden mold, then decorated with feathers.



Stitching on Dutch models is all inside to keep bird from plucking off hood.

Hooded gyrfalcon dressed for the kill. Leather jesses on legs are permanent. Lure at upper left is made of duck wings, red lure at bottom is swung over owner's head to retrieve bird after practice flights.

American glove at top is larger than Indian model, which has tab at bottom so falconer can attach leash to keep bird from flying. Chrome-tanned buckskin is supple, durable material preferred by many.

Trappings for a Killer Bird

of meat are strapped. The owner swings the lure high and wide around his head for the bird to assault.

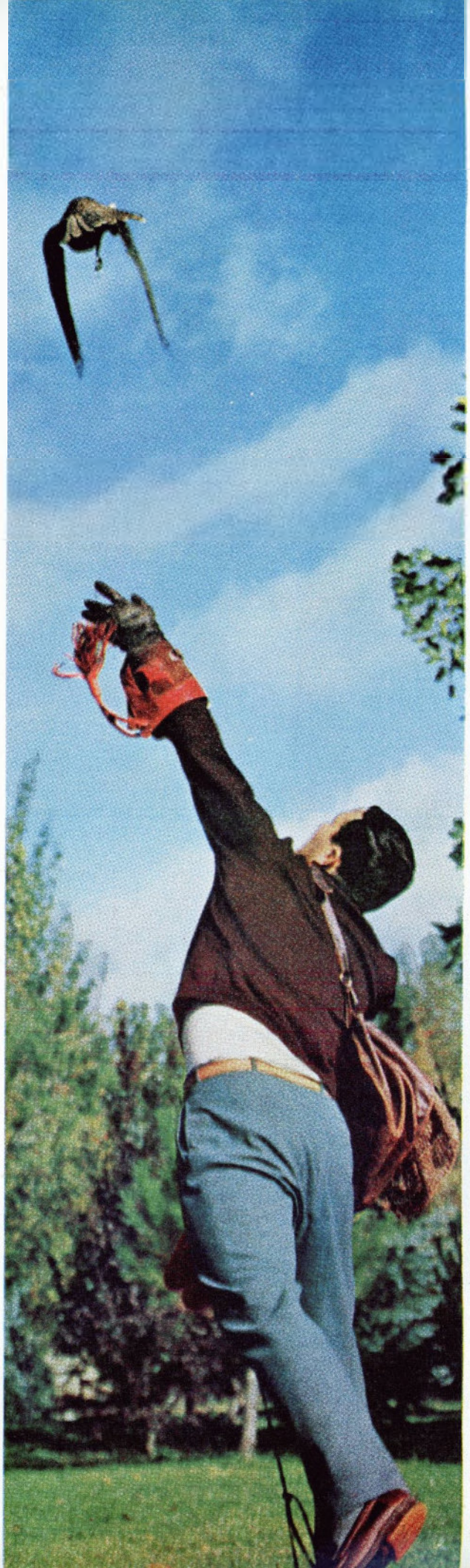
While all falcons are hawks, not all hawks are falcons. The true falcon has dark eyes and long, swallow-like wings and the upper part of the beak has one or two notches, resembling teeth. Falcons are strictly air-to-air killers; circling high over terrain, they plunge straight down to strike their quarry in mid-flight. Short-winged hawks have golden or yellow eyes and attack at low altitudes. Hawks are flown from the fist: that is, they remain perched on the owner's glove until they spot a grouse taking off, or a hare loping along on the ground, then they propel themselves straight at the game.

It was the falcon's high-circling habit that caused the modern gun dog to be bred into being. Originally, gun dogs were used to flush birds that wisely sought to remain under cover while the killer falcon flew menacingly overhead.

The most popular hunting bird in the United States is the peregrine falcon, sometimes called the duck hawk. Peregrines weigh, on the average, about 2½ pounds and have a wingspan of some 30 inches. Crows are favorite targets of these hawks, and when a peregrine has an altitude advantage over a crow, it is usually fatal. The peregrine folds her wings up tight against her body, and draws her talons up against her chest, ready to deliver the killing blow. The falcon plunges straight down, just like a dive-bomber. She utters no sound, and before the crow is struck a mortal blow, the only thing it hears is the wind whistling past the falcon's wings. With the heavy, pointed talons sunk into the crow's body, the falcon keeps going until both birds fall to earth. The speed of a diving (or "stooping") falcon is incredible. An American pilot reported that he was diving toward earth when a falcon shot past him and disappeared. He quickly checked his indicated air speed dial, which read 160 mph.

Hawks that go for large hares and jackrabbits approach from the rear of the furry quarry—and they aproach with caution, for a lusty kick from a Texas-sized jack can break a hawk's neck. Once the talons are imbedded in a hare's throat, the bird keeps squeezing until the hare is dead.

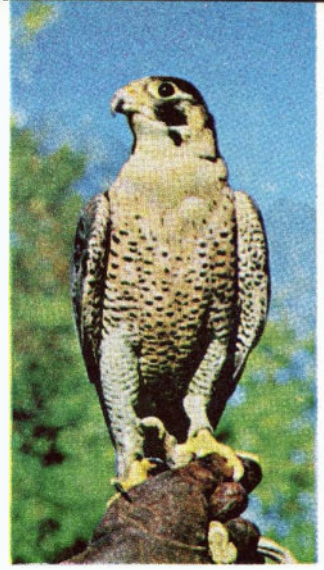
Falconry requires more patience than money, more hard work than expert knowledge. Many hunters claim that trained falcons are decimating the wild bird population in this country, but one expert, Dan Mannix, says he has examined scores of hawk nests and has yet to find feathers other than those of small birds such as blue jays, thrashers and starlings.—**Bill Mason**



Photographed for TRUE by Federico Grau

Rodriguez de la Fuente, who trained falcons for Samuel Bronston's film, *El Cid*, launches a bird. At far right, a hawk eagle, one of the strongest animals in the world. They have been known to fly to 5,000 feet with a new-born lamb.

Norwegian goshawk is only European bird trained to hunt hares.



Peregrine falcons nest in highest towers of old castles.

Dwarf eagle ranks as one of most ferocious birds of prey.

Saker falcon was brought to Spain by Moors 1,000 years ago.

A TRUE REPORT ON THE STATION WAGON

Man's Versatile

Chevrolet's Greenbrier typifies the "new breed" of go-anywhere, carry-anything wagons.

Pioneer in its field is Volkswagen's station wagon, shown here in camper trim. It boasts 170 cubic feet of space.

The Toyota Land Cruiser is a relative newcomer to its class, offers big power.

Adventure Vehicle

By TOM McCAHILL

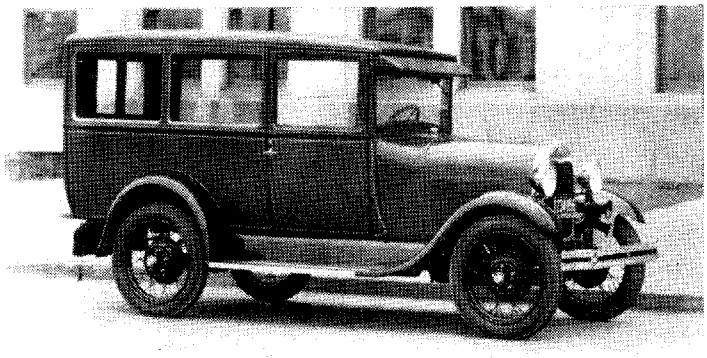
■ The name station wagon is as twisted a piece of nomenclature as a rattlesnake in a bourbon vat. Where it all started is a matter of serious conjecture for automotive historical buffs. One thing is certain, long before Abe and John Wilkes Booth upstaged the rest of the cast that night at Ford's Theater, the grand-daddy of today's station wagons were beating over the high- and byways. The earliest known horse-drawn station wagons were built in Jamaica, Long Island, and in Philadelphia and they were known by dozens of different names: Rockaway, Coachees and The Germantown wagon. Actually these early mud marauders were quite similar to other paneled delivery wagons of the day with the exception that the back seats could be removed for carrying trunks, bearskins and other like loads.

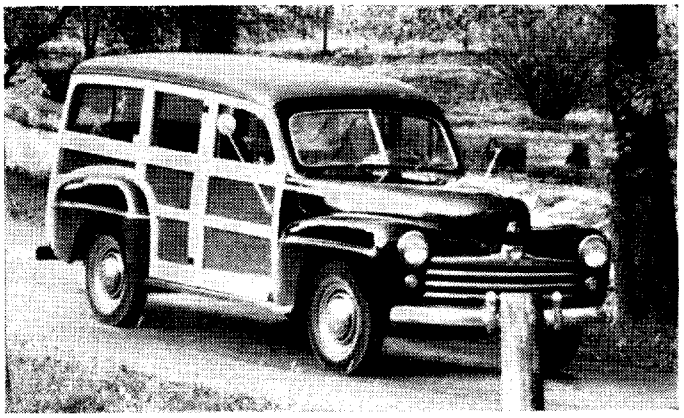
Toward the end of the nineteenth century and up until World War I, the station wagon was most commonly known as the depot wagon. It had other names, such as Estate Wagon, Pittsburgh Cut-under, Beach Wagon. It was the status symbol of the landed gentry of the day.

Up until World War I, going away for a weekend was an operation similar in proportions to Ike moving the boys across the Channel on D-day. No proper young lady would dream of leaving New York for a weekend in Westchester without a personal maid, at least one steamer trunk full of clothes, plus a respectable collection of hat boxes, valises and smaller hand luggage. Awaiting her arrival at the station would be two vehicles, the type depending on the era. One might be a fine carriage powered by a matched team of blooded hackneys, with coach and footmen. The second vehicle would be the depot wagon with highly varnished outside framing, usually made of birch or maple. Into this went the steamer trunk, luggage and all the other paraphernalia needed for a happy weekend. These depot wagons were always horse-drawn by handsome steeds and were calculated to impress not only the locals but the neighboring estate owners as well.

As late as the 1920's some large estates still employed the horse-drawn depot wagon for baggage chores and as recently as 1926, the writer remembers going to a quail shoot at Thomasville, Georgia, and being met at the station

STATION WAGON THROUGH 40 YEARS OF DEVELOPMENT





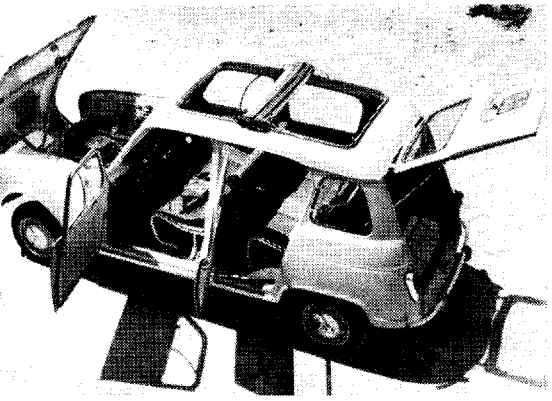
Most wagons used wood bodies during the 30's and 40's.

◀ Earliest Ford wagon was this soft-top Model-A.

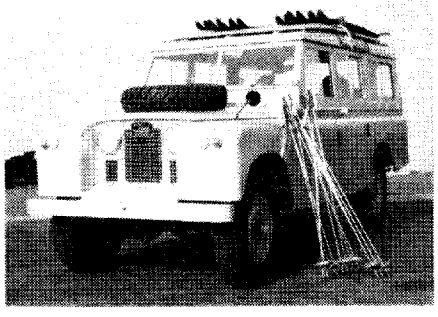
Man's Versatile Adventure Vehicle

by a huge Packard, plus a horse-drawn plantation wagon, into which our bags, guns, dogs and other goodies went. I was a schoolboy but still very impressed at this nice old-era touch. I also remember, at that same train, another group of visitors heading for another plantation were met in the same way, only their baggage carrier was one of the new fangled Model-T wagons which, for all practical purposes, was identical in appearance to the other plantation or depot wagons, except it had self-contained horsepower. Another version of the wagon was a shooting brake. This is what we transferred to at Thomasville for our gunning. This rig carried several dog boxes, our guns and our lunch. We followed the dogs as closely as possible over the winding paths and when the dogs went on point, the driver would stop and out we'd pile for the shooting. As they say in Herb McCarthy's saloon, this was living it up in the grand manner.

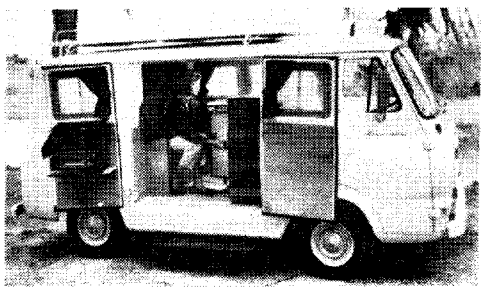
There is some debate as to just who brought out the first motorized depot or station wagon. Some of the historical hotfooters claim the Star was the first back in 1923 and if it was, the Model-T Ford wagon was close behind. Neither of these cars were full production jobs but were assembled hacks. The highly varnished bodies on the first motorized station wagons were actually horse-drawn bodies with the bolt-holes moved around to fit the automobile frames. Many Ford dealers, I am told, did this on their own. An outfit in Long Island and another one in the Midwest built the bodies for these glamorized oversized orange crates and they became an immediate sensation with the well-to-do rural set. The framing on the outside of the body was usually of birch and the well-kept jobs required at least one varnishing a year and usually two, if they were to be considered top-drawer as a status



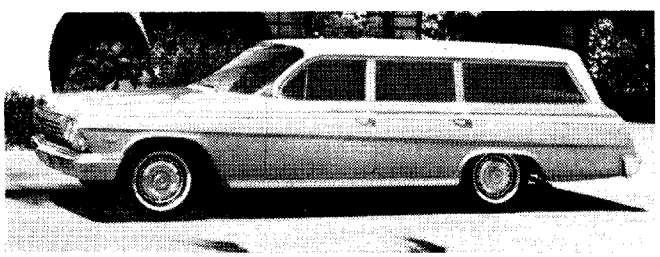
New Renault R4 is a 5-door mini-wagon.



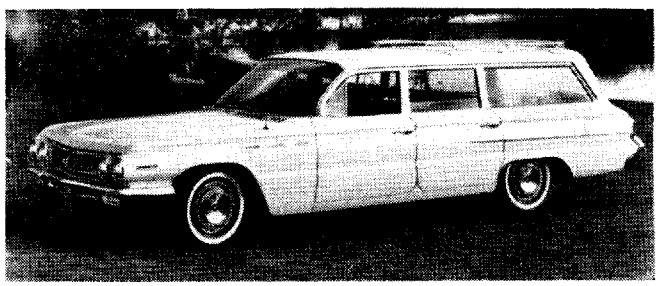
Versatile Land Rover is world-famed.



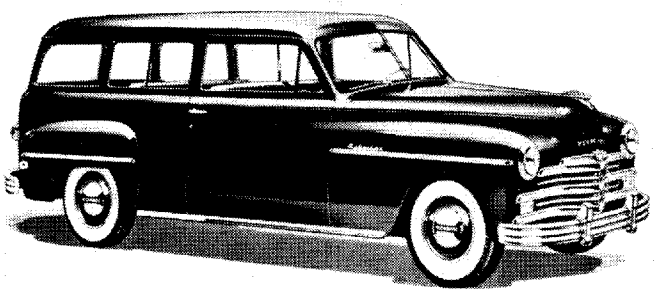
Ford Econoline makes roomy camper.



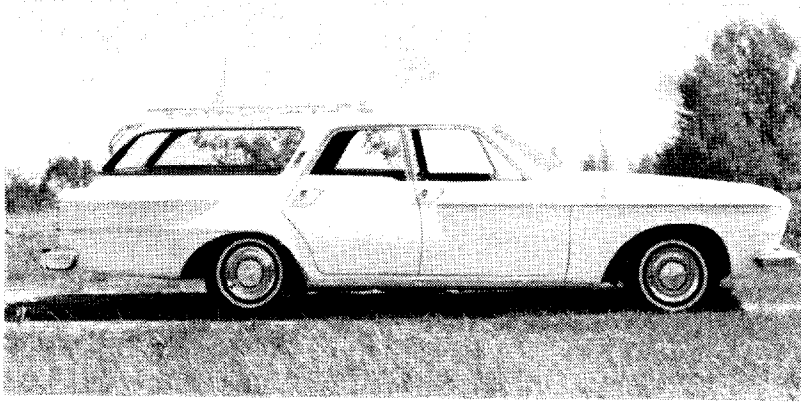
Chevrolet 4-door wagon has the new long, low silhouette.



Big wagons, like Buick Invicta, are plush as any sedan.



◄ First all-steel wagon was the 1949 Plymouth.

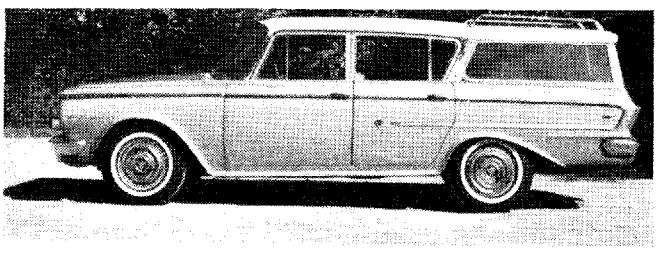


Dodge Dart wagon typifies sleek contemporary wagon design.

ensemble. Actually, Dodge, in 1926, came out with the first all-production wagon and the first all-production Ford wagon was the Model-A of the late 20's.

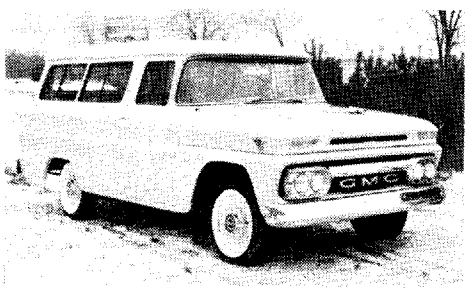
My Uncle Charlie owned one of the first Model-T Wagons at his place in Rye, New York. In those days I was a great admirer of some of Europe's early Grand Prix greats and when anyone would allow me behind the wheel of a car, it was out of kindness and not good judgment. Uncle Charlie let me use his new Model-T Wagon, which was as top-heavy as an old double-decked Fifth Avenue bus, and this was my undoing. One day while uncle was in New York, I was spinning the old "T" around his circular gravel driveway playing Ralph De Palma, when the "T" started to lift wheels near the garage and barn. Alongside the barn was a huge haystack. I counter-corrected it the best I knew how, which took me right through a small wooden fence and the "T" burrowed itself to midships in the soft hay. I climbed out the back. However, a hot manifold got to work on the hay and before you could count to six, the haystack was in flames and so was the less-than-a-month-old station wagon, which was quickly reduced to a mass of twisted iron and ashes. Uncle Charlie was a very wealthy man and when he died a short time later, he apparently had completely forgotten how to spell my name. Up until then I had been his favorite and only nephew. Oh well, Uncle Charlie could never take a joke anyhow.

Another time out on Long Island in the late 20's I was heading for a duck marsh on some twisting dirt roads with three other hunters, when a corner was taken just a little too fast. Before you could crinkle your nose, the Model-T wagon was lying on its side. This had a happier ending than the haystack incident; in a matter of seconds we had climbed out of the upside windows, got the wagon on its feet, noted a few bruises on the paneling and continued off to the duck blinds. Dumping was quite a common occurrence but few people ever got hurt. [*Continued on page* 69]

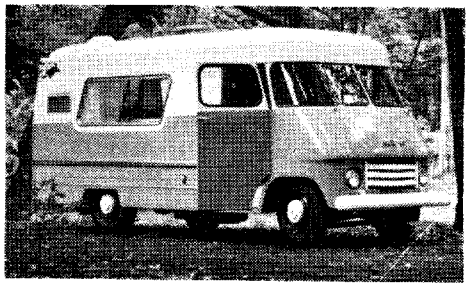


Big percentage of Rambler sales have always been wagons.

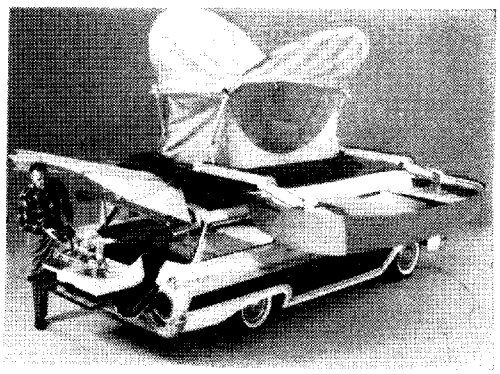
Pontiac wagons: Tempest, left; Bonneville Safari, right.



GMC Suburban is rugged performer.



Traville travel home, built on Chevy chassis.



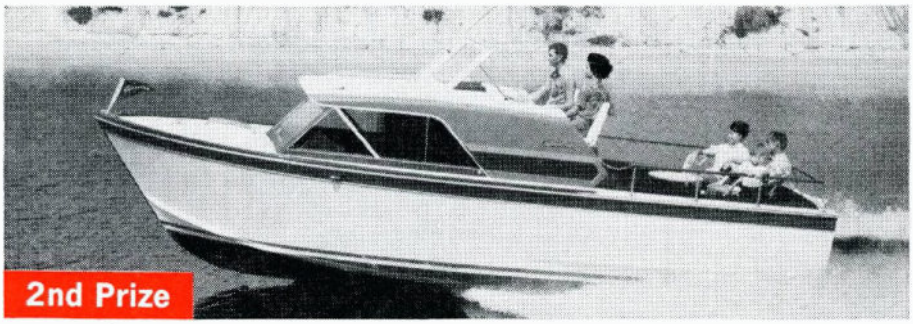
Ford's "push button camper" has four bunks.

GRAND PRIZE

A PLUSH STATION WAGON, A LUXURY BOAT, A BIG OUTBOARD MOTOR AND . . .

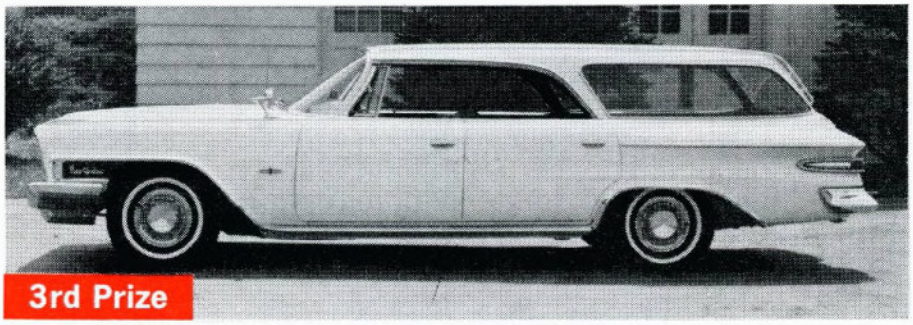
Top contest winner will take home big 1962 4-door Bonneville Safari V8 (worth $3,624) *plus* the exciting 17-foot . . .

TRUE's BIG $100,000



2nd Prize

Chris-Craft 25-foot Express Cruiser ($4,995) goes 34 mph with 185-hp V8.



3rd Prize

Elegant 4-door New Yorker station wagon is Chrysler's biggest. $4,418.

4th Prize

Outboard Marine's new 17-foot runabout with 80-hp stern drive. $3,500.

5th Prize

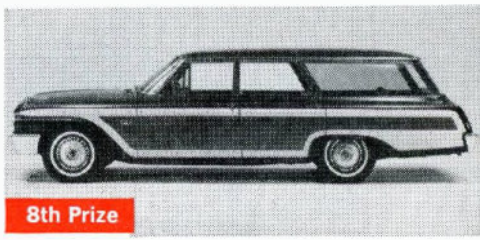
Mercury Colony Park wagon, $3,179.

6th Prize

Rambler Ambassador V8 wagon, $3,023.

7th Prize

Glasspar 21-foot "Ventura," $2,995.



8th Prize

Ford Country Squire, 170-hp, $2,978.

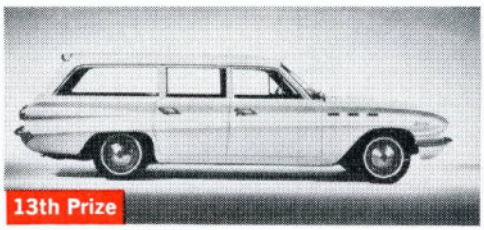
TURN PAGE FOR MORE PRIZES ▶▶▶

. . . A CUSTOM TRAILER—THAT'S TRUE'S $7,199 GRAND PRIZE PACKAGE

. . . Flying Scott day cruiser with 75.2-hp Royal Scott outboard and trailer (worth $3,575)—$7,199-worth of adventure.

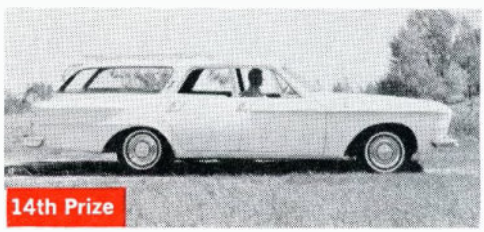
BUILDWORDS CONTEST

Oldsmobile F-85, 155-hp V8, $2,754.



Buick Special, 135-hp V6, $2,655.

Chevrolet Biscayne Six, 135-hp, $2,725.



Dodge Dart 4-door, 6-cyl., $2,609.

Ford Ranch Wagon, 170-hp V8, $2,693.

Traveler "Sea Ho" cruiser, $2,595.

Studebaker Regal V8 wagon, $2,690.

Ford Falcon Squire, 6-cyl., $2,583.

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You can win one of 60 outstanding awards: station wagons, boats and outboard motors that will provide years of fun and adventure

TRUE's BIG $100,000

17th Prize

Pontiac Tempest, 110-hp, $2,511.

23rd Prize

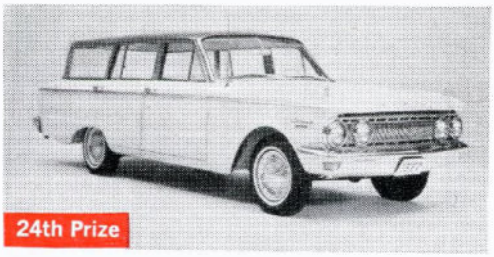
Plymouth Savoy, 6-cyl., 4-door, $2,382.

29th Prize

Larson 19-foot Surfmaster, $1,945.

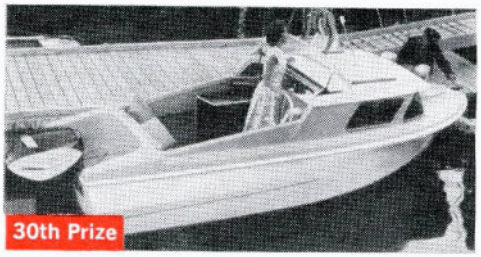
18th Prize

Chevrolet II, 120-hp Six, $2,497.



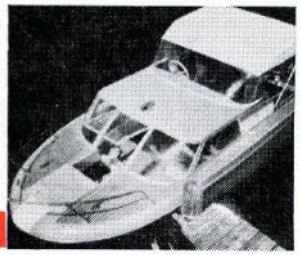
24th Prize

Mercury Comet Custom, 85-hp Six, $2,376.



30th Prize

Dorsett 17-foot Catalina, $1,799.

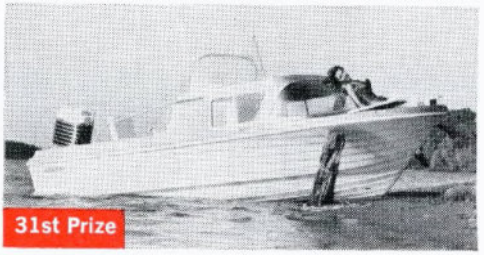


19th Prize

Glastron Seaflite Seville, $2,495.

25th Prize

Owens Exeter, 17½-foot cruiser, $2,345.

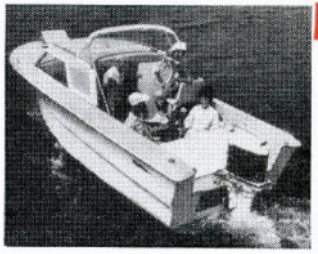


31st Prize

Starcraft Fiesta cruiser, $1,650.

20th Prize

Rambler Classic Six, 4-door, $2,492.

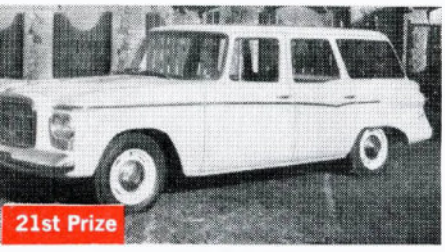


26th Prize

Cutter Dauntless, 19-foot cruiser with 2-bunk cabin, worth $2,295.

32nd Prize

Aluma Craft Queen Merrie, $1,598.



21st Prize

Studebaker Lark Six, 4-door, $2,405.

27th Prize

Plymouth Valiant V-200 Six, 4-door $2,177.

33rd Prize

Lone Star El Dorado Custom, $1,395.

22nd Prize

Dodge Lancer Six, 4-door, $2,388.

28th Prize

Rambler American Deluxe, 4-door, $2,130.

34th Prize

Mercury 100-hp, $1,195.

41st Prize

Mercury 45-hp, $580.

48th Prize

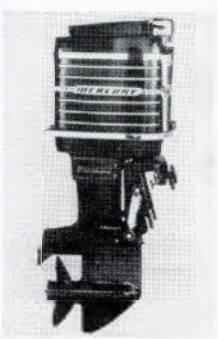
Mercury 25-hp, $450.

52nd Prize

Mercury 10-hp, $345.

55th Prize

Mercury 6-hp, $250.



BUILDWORDS CONTEST

35th Prize 75-hp Evinrude, $1,010. Selectric Shift.

47th Prize 28-hp Speedtwin, $465.

53rd Prize 10-hp Sportwin, $330.

59th Prize 3-hp Lightwin, $160.

36th Prize

Larson 15-foot All-American, $995.

37th Prize 75-hp Johnson, $895. Electric Starter.

44th Prize 40-hp Johnson, $530.

49th Prize 18-hp Johnson, $395.

57th Prize 5½-hp Johnson, $235.

38th Prize

Dorsett 14-foot Ski-bird, $799.

39th Prize

Owens 13-foot Brisbane, $795.

40th Prize

Cutter 13½-foot Scamp ski-boat, $745.

42nd Prize 43.7-hp Flying Scott, $565.

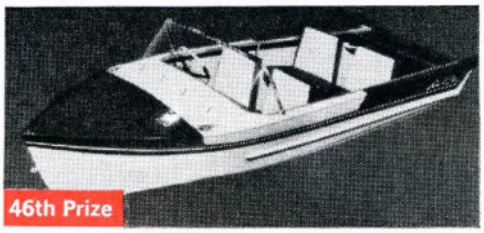
43rd Prize 27.7-hp Electric Scott, $545.

54th Prize 7.5-hp Fishing Scott, $265.

60th Prize 3.6-hp "Scotty" Scott, $136.

45th Prize

Glastron Fish-'N-Ski boat, $525.



46th Prize

Lone Star Malibu runabout, $495.

50th Prize

Glasspar Balboa runabout, $375.

51st Prize

Starcraft Marlin lapstrake, $365.

56th Prize

Aluma Craft 16-ft. canoe, $242.

58th Prize

Traveler aluminum Angler, $195.

60 FABULOUS PRIZES!

YOU CAN WIN!

ENTER NOW!

All automobile prizes in this contest will be delivered with standard equipment; unless otherwise specified, outboard motors are not included with the boat prizes shown on pages 58-61

See pages 78-79 for rules and entry blank ›››

MANHUNT for a MURDERER

He had been left to die by the man who killed his wife. When he recovered, he went on the hunt

By TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by RALPH OWEN

■ The morning of September 12, 1902, began like many others for Jesse Houck. His 18-year-old wife Cora was happily preparing breakfast for both him and his partner in a mining claim, Alex George. George, a man of backwoods humor, was making verbal thrusts at Cora, whose quick wit bounced them right back. Sometimes these friendly exchanges reached the shouting stage, but Houck chose to regard them as good, clean fun and had never spoken to Cora about it.

Houck and George had been digging a well and finally they had reached gravel and wet sand at a depth of 36 feet, an indication that water was near. The well was needed for domestic purposes and would eliminate the necessity of carrying water from a distant spring. Their cabin, eight miles from Cripple Creek, Colorado, was but a dozen steps from the well.

It was Houck's turn to go down and dig, and Cora Houck, a pretty quarter-breed Cherokee, had come to stand by the windlass and watch her husband lowered into the depths.

As he looked up, Houck noticed a strange light in his wife's eyes, but Cora was a mysterious woman in many ways, with moods as changeable as the wind, and he thought nothing of it at the moment. She likely was thinking, he thought, of his promise to take her to the dance in Cripple Creek the following Saturday night.

They worked an hour, Houck digging and filling the bucket and George drawing it up to be emptied and returned. Suddenly the point of Houck's pick struck bedrock and a tiny stream began to flow about his feet.

"We've struck water!" he called up to George. "Better send down my boots." Neither was very excited for they had expected to strike water that day.

George peered down at the muddy trickle. "Send up the bucket and I'll get your boots."

The bucket went up and George's face disappeared from the circle of blue sky. Houck took off his shoes and socks and hung them around his neck. He also rolled up his trouser legs because the water was coming in rather rapidly now. It was very cold and after a few minutes he began calling to George to hurry. He hoped Cora would remember to send down his heavy wool socks.

"Hey, Alex!" he shouted. "Hurry up! My feet are freezing!"

He thought it rather strange that there was no response. From the cabin, voices at the bottom of the well could be heard quite distinctly.

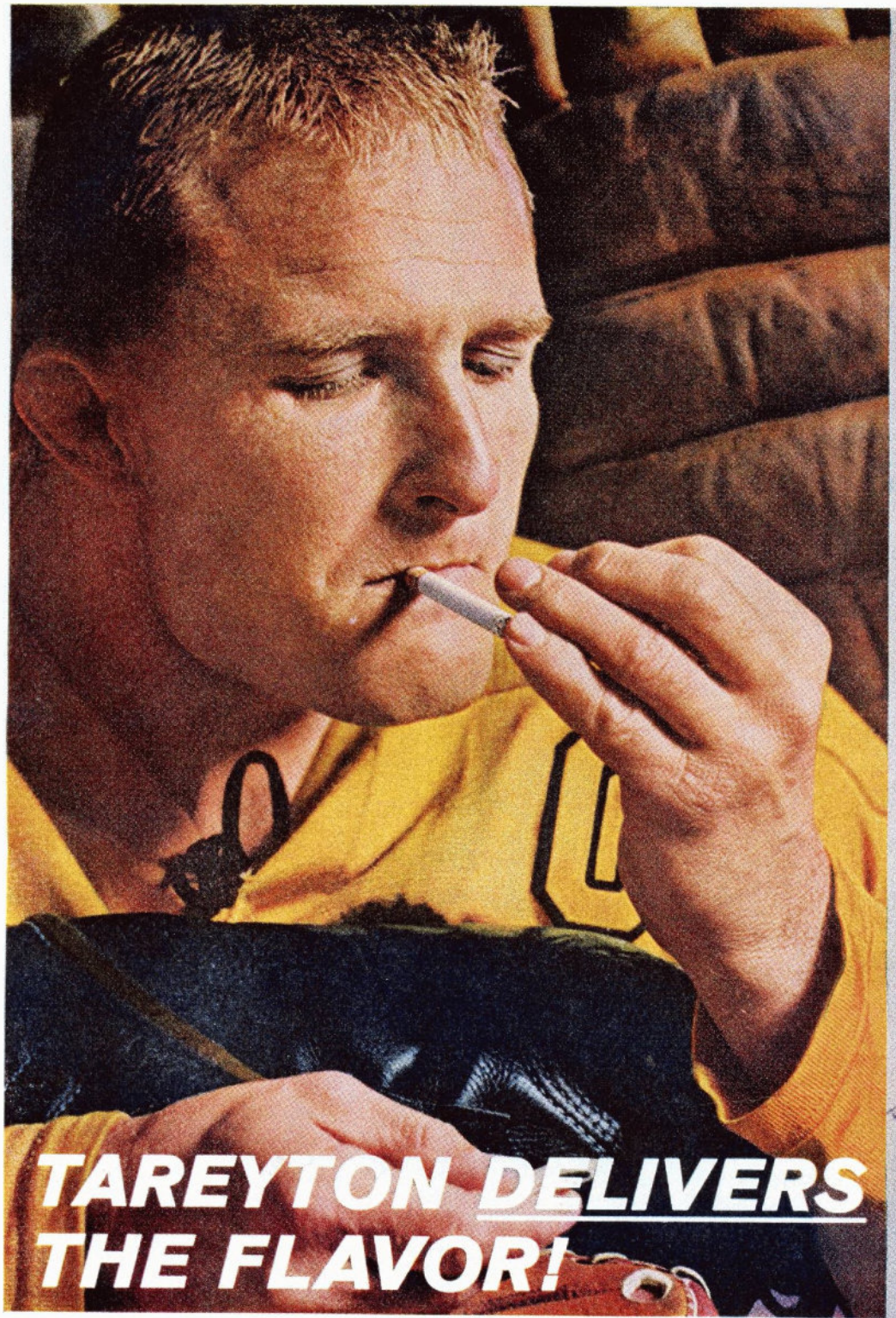
"What the hell, Alex! It don't take all day to fetch my boots!"

His little fox terrier named Sport came to the edge of the excavation and stared down anxiously at him. But it went away quickly and all he could see was a patch of blue sky and a few fleecy clouds, with the windlass framed against them.

The water was flowing in rapidly now, so cold that his legs began to pain him. At that altitude well water is less than 40° Fahrenheit.

Some time passed before it occurred to him that something was radically wrong. Alex wouldn't wait this long to fetch his boots. He thought perhaps Cora was looking for his wool socks, but he remembered they were hanging on a line in the kitchen where she couldn't possibly miss seeing them.

There were more frantic shouts and the little dog came again to stare down wonderingly, then it went away. Observing no life at the top of the well gave him a queasy, uneasy feeling. Putting together in his mind little incidents of the past few weeks, he began to suspect there was a sinister meaning to the silence above. At breakfast that morning, as for several mornings past, he had seen Alex and Cora look at each other in a way that he thought no woman should look at a man other than her husband. It had not concerned him much at the time for Cora had capricious ways and was a born flirt. She liked to attract men—any man. Houck was not a jealous person. When Alex and Cora, in the midst of good-natured banter, smiled at each other across the table, he had made no protest. Then there was the strange light in her [*Continued on page* 106]



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THE TAREYTON RING MARKS THE REAL THING!

DUAL FILTER DOES IT!

Pure white outer filter • ACTIVATED CHARCOAL inner filter

You can see the difference . . . now taste the difference! Open up the tip of a Tareyton . . . and get the inside story on Tareyton's remarkable Dual Filter. Then taste what a difference it makes! The pure white outer filter and ACTIVATED CHARCOAL inner filter work together to bring out the best taste of the best tobaccos. That's what Tareyton delivers! That's what you enjoy!

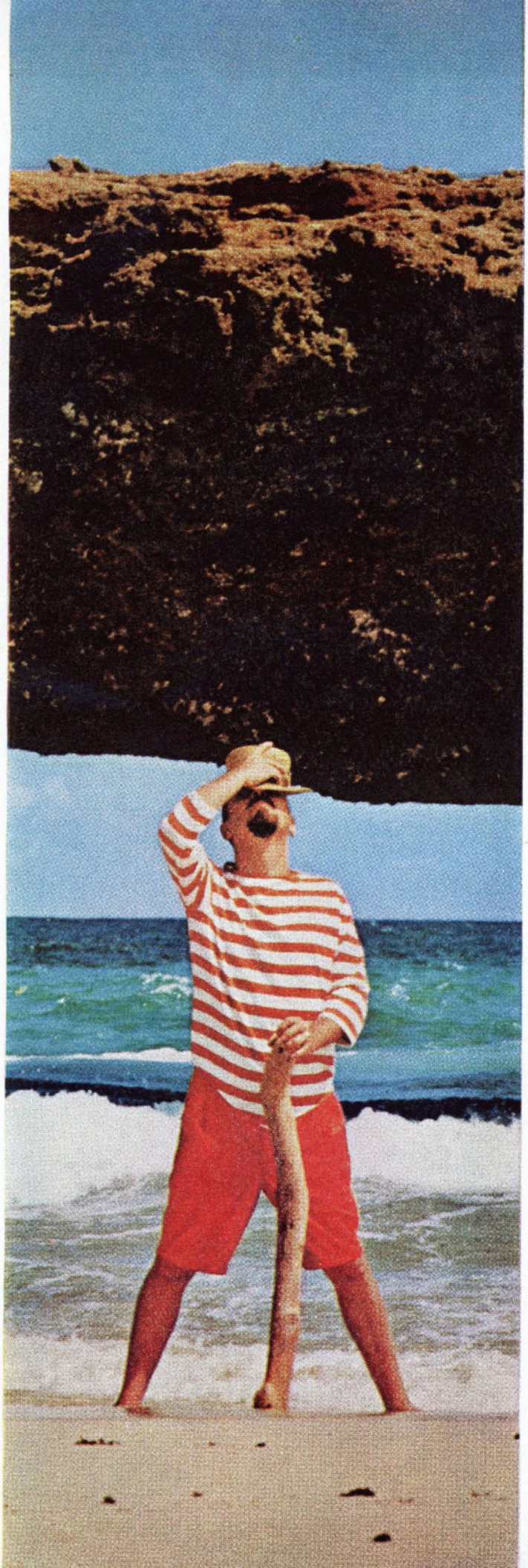
Product of *The American Tobacco Company* — DUAL FILTER **Tareyton**

"Tobacco is our middle name" ®


Hot Colors
in a
Cool Retreat

Charter boat skipper wears jacket of foam bonded to nylon, $25, by Robert Lewis. Mate has on water-repellent Robert Lewis pullover.

At old gold mill ruins photo bug sports cotton boatneck shirt, $4, by McGregor. Friend wears chevron-striped shirt by Robert Bruce.



At famous natural bridge beachcombers from left wear: Manhattan yachting flag cotton shirt, $5; Catalina sweat shirt, $6, with Catalina knit trader pants, $8; and cotton shirt by Jantzen.

ARUBA, N.A.

The bright colored clothes shown on these pages may look pretty shocking to a man trapped in the ice and snow of the so-called "temperate" zones. Down in the Caribbean, however, it's another matter. Hot colors provide the new look in male attire and on resort islands like Aruba men are wearing them right now, basking on beaches while the rest of us are shivering. But we won't be cold forever. Hot weather is on the way.

By next summer, when the sun comes out again, brilliant colors will be in style everywhere. This will be no year for timid men. Patterns may be startling but to keep cool you'll have to be bold.

Produced by Andrew Mills

Photographed for TRUE by Sid Latham

Old Dutch hex signs decorate house where sun lovers wear (left) Jantzen multi-colored signalman jacket, $7.95, with Jantzen duck pants, $6.95; and Robert Bruce harlequin shirt, $5, with Robert Bruce cutlass pants.

Dry land sailor wears Fox-Knapp hooded zipper jacket, $9.95, over a Manhattan knit shirt based on yachting flag, $5.

Keynotes in vacation wear this year will be sounded by big designs and bright shades. What better place to try out tropical tones than a sunny Caribbean island? On Aruba it never rains, the trade winds always blow from the same direction and the calm attitude of the Dutch settlers keeps everyone cool . . . just right for experimenting with torrid patterns.

Result of experiments? Your next summer's wardrobe will feature broad stripes and giant checks, jamming hot colors hard up against each other.

In summer sport coats denim tones are the coming thing. Colors will be quieter than in beach wear but bold patterns will be very popular.

Denim tones predominate on patio of Aruba Caribbean Hotel-Casino. Left, McGregor pesante sport coat, $19.95; right, Gino Paoli alpaca sweater.

Swimmers relax by pool in stretch nylon trunks, $5; lastex trunks with midlength leg, $5; and zip front knit trunks in multi-color stripe. All by Robert Bruce.

In romantic mood on hotel balcony, vacationer dreams along in Palm Beach sport coat of 50% Dacron-50% cotton, $29.95.

Tourist says farewell to Caribbean in Mavest checked sport coat of silk and wool, $39.95.

Presenting the Pied Piper of compact wagons—the exciting new Falcon Squire by Ford. It's elegant—the steel side paneling has a handsome woodlike finish. It's luxurious—available with the Futura's twin bucket seats and personal console. It's roomy—with loadspace over seven feet long. It's fully equipped—with electrically operated tailgate and deep-pile carpeting, at no extra cost. Yet the new Falcon Squire is priced *below* many *standard* compact wagons. It's the only compact wagon of its kind!

PRODUCTS OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

Man's Versatile Adventure Vehicle

[*Continued from page 57*]

By the mid-1930's station wagons were being produced by many automotive camps and buyers who had any money left after the Depression often decorated the door panels of these jobs with estate or farm names. They became quite a common sight even on the streets of New York, where they were associated mentally with some huge rock pile mansion in the mountains or at the shore. On the panels of nearly all that ventured into the city would be such names as, "Evergreen Farms," "Cadwalder Stables," etc. In fact, it was all very plush indeed and they looked very impressive in front of the Plaza or St. Regis.

The wood paneled, highly varnished sides of the old wagons were not the most functional bodies for a long, unattended life. There have been cases where termites actually ruined some of the wood and, under extremely wet conditions the frames often warped out of shape. In addition, disintegration was a major problem. Only the wagons that were well-housed and maintained stood up for any length of time. An all-steel bodied wagon was inevitable but how to keep it from looking like a truck was a major problem which the designers were not so sure they could pull off. Chevrolet, back in 1935, brought out what can probably be called the first all-steel station wagon and this was just about as aesthetic in appearance as a Las Vegas show girl with a full beard. In reality it was Chevy's regular panel delivery truck, with two windows cut in and some seats installed. The first all-steel station wagon built along accepted station wagon lines was the 1949 Plymouth wagon and this proved an immediate success—in spite of the fact that it almost didn't get beyond the drafting-board stages. According to some of the highest sources at Chrysler, most of the policy board were for bringing out an all-steel wagon, but one high ranking official was definitely opposed. He *knew* an all-steel station wagon wouldn't go with the public, so he would give the boys who opposed him a little lesson. He agreed they could bring out the all-steel wagon but in one color only, take it or leave it. The color he selected was a chocolate brown. In spite of this, the '49 Plymouth wagon became an immediate hit. Almost a year went by before it was available in any other color.

With Plymouth's success, the death knell was sounded for the old depot-type wagon and the wood panels of the past. Some companies continued to use simulated wood on their steel paneling, but all except the Ford Motor Company had given this up before the 1960's. Ford, Mercury and now the Falcon Squire still feature simulated wood.

The station wagon up until the mid-1950's had, in spite of its prestige-suit, an extremely functional side that could not be matched by the typical family sedan. Wagons usually had enough room—plus the suspension—to carry huge and awkward loads, which might vary from full size trunks, to a half-ton of feed. The station wagon was considered a gentlemen's truck; today's typical station wagons are another sort of critter.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE
ANGLERS WITH ARROWS
The new breed of sportsmen who stalk the high-leaping houndfish with a long bow, photographed in color.

As recently as 1955, the writer in conferences with Ford and General Motors men, found that most of them felt that by 1960, station wagons would get at least 50 percent of the market—and for several reasons. In the first place, they were much more versatile than the standard family sedan for hauling chores. They were being built with the same type of seats and comfort appointments used in the sedans which ranged anywhere from rugs, to air conditioning and fancy trim. As more people moved out of the cities into the suburbs, they became anxious to join what was then known as "the station wagon set," a silent little prestige plum not open to the strict family-sedan group. As one Ford man told me back in '55, "With more leisure time, sales of station wagons are bound to go up and up, for here is a car that dad can use for hunting and camping and at the same time have a car for his daily work when he returns." Whole families could use the then-huge, utility wagons for trips to National Parks and for a great two weeks in the outdoors. For thousands of buyers, station wagons made a great deal more sense than buying another sedan.

This was all six or seven years ago. But now, in 1962, station wagon sales are dipping and currently account for less than 15 percent of the passenger car market. What happened to all the rosy predictions? I think I know.

Along about 1956, when the entire automotive market found itself in as fierce a competitive battle as two barracudas after the same swimmer, stylists started dealing the station wagon a few low blows. With every annual model change, every company in Detroit fought for a lower and lower silhouette. Rooflines dropped from 63 and 64 inches down to 55 and 56 and the whole car was drawn out from its former boxy lines. Floors were dropped and seats were lowered. This didn't effect comfort for sedan passengers but it posed quite a problem for the station wagon designer. If the sedans were to be seven or eight inches lower than the station wagons, then there was very little the station wagon designer could do to keep his once-functional beauty from looking like a truck when compared to a hardtop. And if he left it up there, how would the buyers react? There was no other course open to the designers; they had to lower the wagon. With each inch of over-all height lopped off, the old time function properties of

[*Continued on page 72*]


Have you discovered
HIRAM WALKER
EST'D. 1858
FULLY MATURED IN CASK
HIRAM WALKER'S
TEN HIGH
FOUR YEARS OLD
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
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*this TRUE bourbon?

**TEN HIGH is one of the fastest-growing bourbons in the land!*

Just sip it slow and easy...
taste Hiram Walker quality
in a TRUE bourbon

HIRAM WALKER'S

TEN HIGH

Straight bourbon aged in oaken casks

86 PROOF • HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

[*Continued from page 69*]

the wagon retreated further and further. No longer could you carry former loads—regardless of how tail-gates were reworked. Even getting a bicycle in the back became a major feat in some jobs. Tie this all up with the fact that, at the same time, the low-silhouette sedans were dealing wagons another low blow by increasing trunk sizes.

By 1960 most station wagons could for all practical purposes be described as 5-door sedans. Most of them had the new low silhouette and if your load was high, you'd have to strap it on the roof or call a truck. Realizing this, the builders soon started featuring 9-passenger wagons for amateur school bus work and they offered such innovations as seats that faced to the rear. In fact, they made a major effort to convince the public that there was more room in today's wagons than ever before—which in some cases was true, providing the load was of the human variety.

A small group of people, which includes the writer, that go in for field trial work with dogs are probably the most exclusive group of station wagon users in the country. A sedan at a field trial would look just as out of place as bloodshot eyes and a red nose on a bishop. The dog trainers, including mine, started ordering new dog boxes to fit these new wagons and it got to a point where, if a trainer had a real large group of dogs, he'd have to leave a few home. So what have the trainers done? The majority have gone into special vehicles, either custom built or converted trucks, just to carry the loads they once hauled in their regular wagons.

One of the hazards of traveling by station wagon has always been the visibility of all your goodies, which means if you go to a hotel everything has to be removed to avoid theft and if you park the car with interesting luggage such as cameras, guns or rich looking bags, it's a lead pipe cinch that someone without a Billy Graham badge will break a lock or window and help himself.

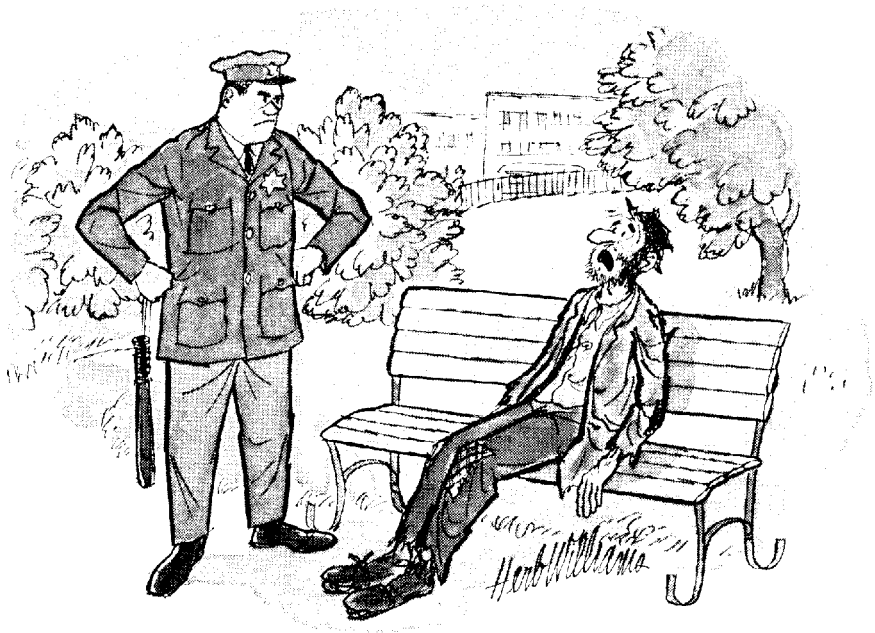
My '61 Pontiac Wagon has a good theft-prevention feature: a luggage bin, bathtub in shape, and about half the size, concealed under the rear floor mat. This was large enough to get a considerable load into and out of sight. This is a step in the right direction which I expect will be followed by most wagon builders before many moons.

In 1962 station wagons are divided into many classes and for many uses. Actually the new type 5-door sedan wagon has steam rolled into popularity with the young suburban housewives who find usefulness in this new type wagon that wouldn't be the same in a sedan. Besides, the wagon seems more compatible with tweeds, turf boots and Tyrolian headgear. The wagon is still the favorite rig for hauling the week-end groceries plus a case of beer back to "Weedy Acres." Kids usually prefer wagons, as they are sort of a motorized gym with slight stagecoach overtones.

One new invasion into the wagon field which has gained tremendous momentum is the compact wagon. Though the all-around hauling size in these miniatures has been considerably reduced, their popularity, especially in the suburbs, has been going over like free opium on All Fong Day. Average Joe Zilch only needs real wagon properties on a minor scale. He seldom carries huge awkward loads and the compact is just right for carrying his golf clubs, shooting gear and even a dog or two.

With the degeneration of the old type wagons from junior moving vans into 5-door sedans with a slight touch of heather, it was natural that some builders would take advantage of this new void and design specialty wagons. These new-type wagons not only feature all the old load capacity of past wagons but have actually improved on, and in some

TRUE



"Move along to where? There are policemen every place."

cases even doubled, the vehicle's capabilities. The usual specialty wagon is not calculated to win any fashion awards and is usually about as chic as the long underwear on a lumberjack, but it certainly fills a need.

Probably the most noteworthy of these is Volkswagen's Microbus station wagon. This baby, small on the outside, is cavernous on the inside. In fact, if you remove the center seat you can carry a small horse, baby elephant or a matched pair of kangaroos and still have room for Gramp and his barbershop quartet with gestures. These VW's put to shame any of our former U.S. station wagons from the standpoint of pure bulk-hauling ability. From a looks angle it's sort of like the first time you tasted a raw oyster. I remember when they first came out, I was sitting with Harley Earl, then Vice President of General Motors in charge of styling, and, as a VW bus happened to pass by, I said, "Harley, how do you think those milkwagons will go over?" He answered, "A lot of people will find a lot of uses for them and some may even think they are handsome. I think they will go." He was so right. Today, thousands of VW station wagons are being used as regular family cars or for hauling all sorts of camping equipment on vacations. They are being used as school buses, ambulances, fire trucks—and the latest switch is for hauling moonshine because "revenuers just wouldn't suspect such a car." If you have hauling chores, this is the rig and at a price comparable to any of the compact wagons. The VW has some drawbacks, of course. The ride for the driver over the front wheels is similar to traveling by pogo stick over rutted roads and this can get a little tiring on a long haul. Regardless, the VW wagon is a great piece of transportation —and Chevrolet obviously thought so when they brought out the Greenbrier copy.

Right along with the introduction of the Greenbrier, Ford brought out its Econoline, another low-price, big-hauling wagon and this has been well accepted especially in the farm belts. Unlike the VW and the Greenbrier, this Ford bus is a front-engine job—which produces advantages and limitations. Access through the Ford's big rear doors is excellent because the engine room isn't back there to interfere; comfort for front-seat passengers is reduced, however, because the engine sits amidships between the seats up front, making the Econoline perhaps the world's worst Lover's Lane vehicle.

Some purist could probably rightly challenge, not only the VW, but the Greenbrier and the Econoline, on their right to the name station wagon. Undoubtedly, the quibblers would have a pretty easy case to prove, but then, the VW boys and their followers could flip that challenge right back at today's 5-door sedans. We might wind up finding that the GMC Suburban, the International Harvester Travelall and the Willys Jeep are the only *real* station wagons being built today. As the character said as he took a swig of bourbon from a bottle labeled Tonic, "What's in a name?"

[*Continued on page 76*]

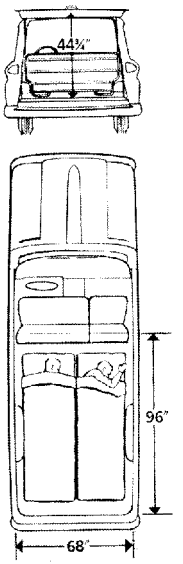
WHEN AN ORDINARY STATION WAGON JUST WON'T DO...

GET A GMC SUBURBAN

When you need more inside room, sensible and practical styling, a wagon that runs with the best on the highway and leaves the others behind when the going gets rough . . . a V-6-powered GMC Suburban is for you.

Along with all the extra convenience and pleasure for more family fun, you also save money. The GMC Suburban actually costs less to buy than the majority of the ordinary station wagons. Why wait another day? Drive the Suburban today. Your GMC Dealer has one ready for you.

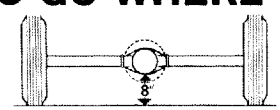
A product of GMC Truck & Coach Division, Pontiac, Michigan.



HERE'S THE BIGGEST SPACE OF ALL

You get 75% more inside space than the largest ordinary wagons. Comfortably seats 8 grownups . . . quickly converts to wider than double-bed size cargo space.

LET'S YOU GO WHERE OTHERS CAN'T



Road clearance is 8″ (others are as low as 4.6″). Powr-Lok* puts traction to the rear wheel that can use it to get you out of the hole. And with the GMC all-wheel-drive Suburban, with clawing traction at all 4 wheels, there's no holding you back.

RIDE EASY... DRIVE EASY

GMC's independent front suspension with torsion bars cushions out big and small bumps to give you a passenger-car ride. You can get power steering* to reduce turning effort as much as 82%, Hydra-Matic* for automatic shifting . . . and power brakes* for safe, easier stops.

GET ALL THE PERFORMANCE YOU'LL EVER NEED

The most torque at low rpm gives you the easiest driving on the expressways and the back trails. You save on fuel (use regular gas), go longer before service, cut down on tiresome gear shifting. GMC's V-6 engine is also built to outlast all others.

*Optional at extra cost.

[*Continued from page 73*]

International Harvester, with its heavy duty three-quarter ton chassis, offers a real wagon known as the Travelall. This is as rugged as a rock pile and about as pretty as a cauliflower car, but it's all wagon and as functional as a three-armed mad Irishman in a saloon fight. This wagon has all the hauling properties of the old-timers plus the fact that it can be ordered like the Jeep wagon with four-wheel drive for snow and heavy mud work. Chevrolet also builds some heavy duty rigs which have four- as well as two-wheel drive and which can be called station wagons, if you say it real fast. These are basic pieces of transportation built to do heavy duty work and little attention has been devoted to styling frills.

Recently some friends of mine who live in Vermont, planned a trip to New York. When it came time to leave home it was snowing quite heavily, so they left their Bentley in the garage and drove all the way in their four-wheel drive Jeep wagon. When they arrived at their ultra chi-chi New York hotel, the doorman almost had a coronary attack and parked the Jeep with an expression similar to someone handling a fish that had been dead a little too long.

Another type of vehicle that trades on the name station wagon is the English Land Rover. I own what is called a 10-passenger Land Rover Station Wagon with four-wheel drive. This is definitely a specialty job and just about standard equipment for African safaris. I use mine for dog training and for getting me off the highways on shooting trips and similar excursions. This rig will carry a ton load and is actually as comfortable to ride in as my regular 5-door low-cut wagon. It cruises comfortably at 65 or 70 and once took me from New York to Florida with only a one night stop. This is the type wagon to own if you want to really explore and pull through mud and glades with all the ease of a turnpike; however you always stand the chance if you tool into some exclusive country club of being told by the doorman, "Deliveries in the rear, Mac," as they do look a little trucky to the uneducated eye.

Japan has started sending over some Jeep and Land-Rover type wagons with more horsepower than the competition. The Toyota and the Nissan Patrol feature large engines for added power for tougher going.

International Harvester makes a wagon type in a new Scout model but this too is also stretching the nomenclature to a breaking point. Actually the Scout is the first serious competition the Jeep boys of Toledo have had.

Another old-timer that has been recently heavily restyled is the GMC Suburban. This is basically a panel truck reworked into a wagon and in former years it was a pretty ugly gosling. Some stylists went to work and the Suburban today comes pretty close to being a good-looking wagon and with all the functional properties so many wagon buyers say they want. The Suburban can be had with either four- or two-wheel drive and if a buyer really wants a working station wagon in the old tradition, this may well be the wagon he has been looking for.

The real truth about station wagon buyers in general, has been pretty well concealed by the buyers themselves. After interviewing a few dozen with loaded questions, I have come up with the following conclusions. The typical station wagon buyer would like all the functional properties, meaning carrying capacity, of the former standard jobs, but he wouldn't sacrifice one chrome strip from most of today's offerings. Most buyers *like* the low silhouetted wagons and they *like* the prestige they feel these cars give them while tooling to either the supermarket or the local saloon. Oh, yes, they'll tell you they wish it had more height for carrying bulky objects, but they "sure wouldn't want something that looked like a truck" in order to get it. Complaining station wagon buyers remind me of the large group a few years ago who announced to anyone who would listen, "Who wants all that chrome trim and other gook they are putting on today's passenger cars?" This complaining finally got through to several of the manufacturers and they built, at a lower price, several models completely nude of chrome and decorations, in addition to the regular line. These dechromed plain Jane models, which the writer personally thought looked far superior to the more expensive tinselled offerings, just died on the salesroom floors. I'm certain that if Ford, Chevrolet or Plymouth were to discard their present type of styling on their regular wagons, in order to make them more functional, they'd have their brains beaten out saleswise by wagons that stuck to the streamline look.

TRUE

"And if you're not entirely satisfied, sir, just return her to me and your money will be cheerfully refunded."

One fact, that very few people know, is that for actual speed many station wagons are faster than their sedan counterparts of the same model. That chopped off rear-end is actually better designed for high speed than the notched-back sedan, because wind tunnel tests have proven that a quick chop-off will, at times, offer less resistance than a drawn out series of dips and curves. Ferrari with their Grand Prix racing cars and Maserati have only recently latched on to this fact with some models which, though ugly in appearance, nevertheless get the job done. Bobtailed race cars with a quick chop in the rear have proven very functional.

Station wagon suspensions have been a subject of debate for years. Back in the early years of wagons' popularity, it was often said that they had the ride of a derailed box car because rear springs were necessarily beefy. Later, when wagons became plushier, some owners complained about a bowl-of-Jello ride, particularly with a full load. From what I see among the 1962 offerings, there still is no ideal solution to this suspension problem.

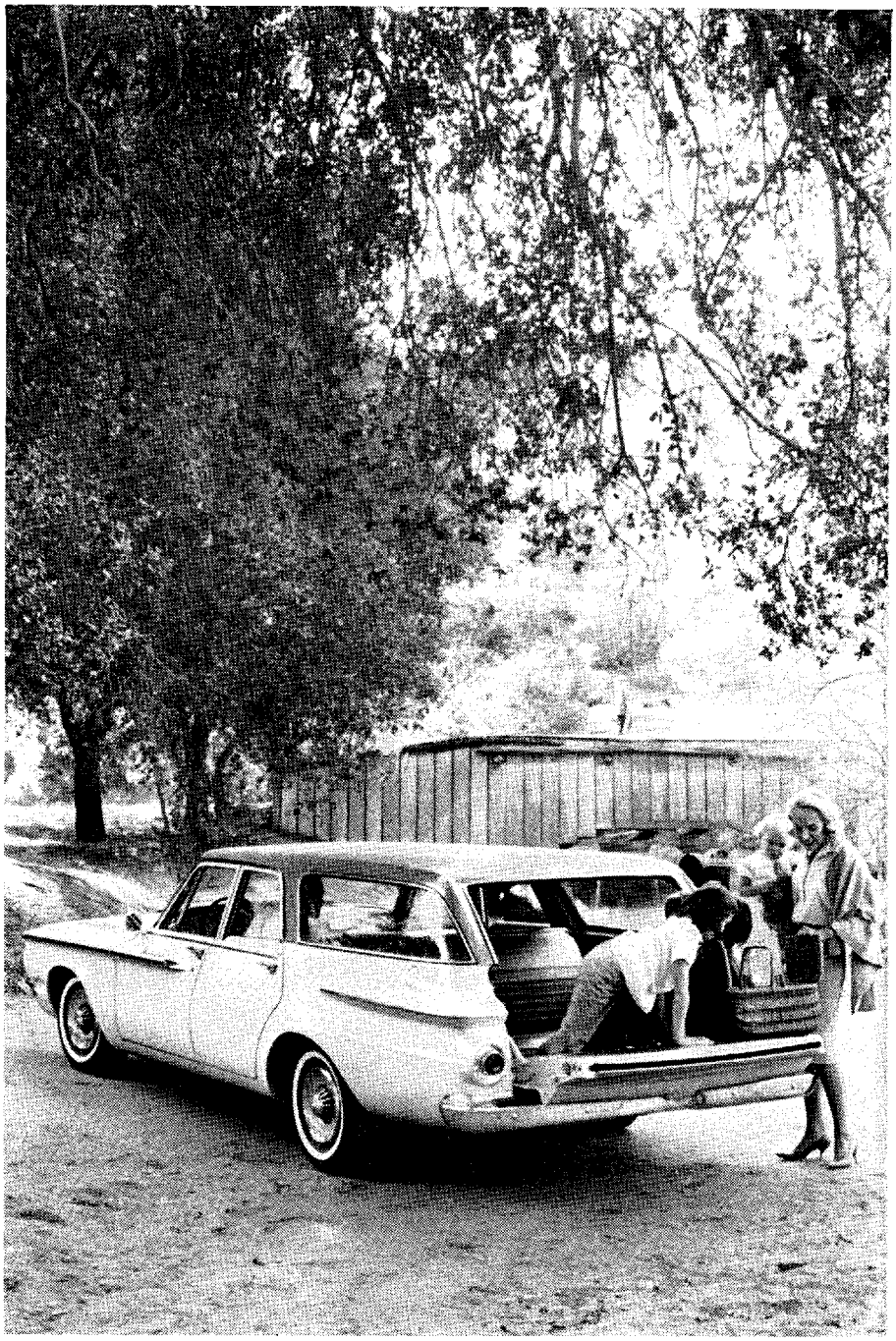
Take Pontiac for example. The most expensive Pontiac wagon is the Bonneville. On this cream puff model, they have used sedan suspension and springing. The most likely reason they did this was because the boys at Pontiac didn't feel that the guy who was going to ship hogs, beer or bodies via wagon, would

[*Continued on page 83*]

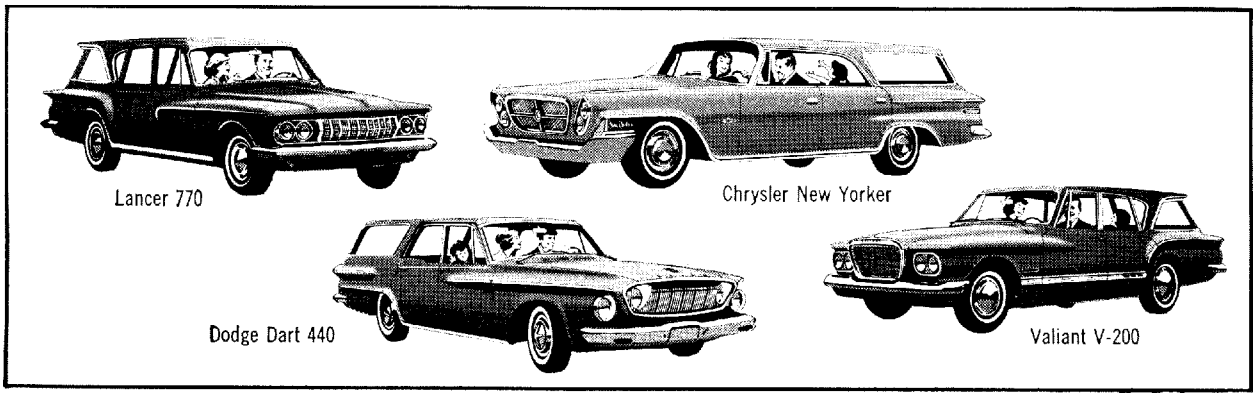
They're easy to load and easy to drive

(and mighty easy on gas)

What makes these 1962 wagons from Chrysler Corporation so special? They are all live car. Every ounce of weight that doesn't help strength or performance is gone. As a result, acceleration is up as much as 10%, gas consumption is down. You'll find these cars easier to handle and park. And with no excess metal to get in the way, strong silent Unibody makes more room for passengers and cargo. (When you consider the compact Valiant and Lancer have 72 cubic feet of cargo area, you'll see what we mean.) Maintenance? Very little. You'll go 32,000 miles between major lube jobs, change oil but once in 4,000 miles. Sound good? Just try one.



Plymouth Fury



Chrysler Corporation

Where Engineering puts something extra into every car

PLYMOUTH • VALIANT • DODGE DART • LANCER • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

HERE ARE THE RULES FOR TRUE's BIG $100,000

Read ALL the following RULES and follow them carefully. You can not win if you break any one of them.

1.) TRUE's $100,000 Buildwords Contest is made up of three buildword puzzles: No. 1 in the February, 1962, issue of TRUE, the Man's Magazine; No. 2 in the March issue, and No. 3 in the April issue. Puzzle No. 3 contains a tie-breaker as part of the puzzle.

2.) Complete all three puzzles, trying for the highest possible score for each. The scoring is arrived at by adding together the letter-values of each and every letter appearing in your puzzle, using the letter-value for each letter as indicated in the "Letter-Value Chart." Write your name and address on each entry blank, legibly in your own handwriting, and PRINT your score for each puzzle in the score box provided. However, on the entry blank for No. 3 also print your correct total score for all three puzzles in the box marked "Grand Total." Also print the same, *correct*, Grand Total in the upper left corner of the address side of your envelope underneath your name and address. After you've completed No. 3, mail all three puzzles together. Do not send in puzzles separately. Do not include subscription orders or other correspondence in the envelope containing your puzzle.

3.) You do not have to buy TRUE to compete in this contest. Legible copies of approximately the same size of each of the three puzzles and of the entry blanks will be accepted.

4.) *Webster's New World Dictionary*, College Edition (World Publishing Co.), will be the only authority on the acceptability of words that may be used in the puzzles. Any solid word (a word written without any hyphens or intervening spaces except for centered dots to divide the syllables) that is printed in boldface type in the main section of this dictionary, pages 1 through 1702, will be accepted EXCEPT possessives or contractions formed with an apostrophe (e.g., *soldier's* or *e'er*), abbreviations written with a period or periods (e.g., *mkt.*, or *i.e.*), and words beginning with a capital letter (e.g., *Indian*). Words may be used more than once. In addition to the acceptable boldface words, inflected forms of these words, including plurals of nouns, present and past tenses and participles of verbs, and comparatives and superlatives of adjectives, will be accepted if they may be properly written as solid words.

5.) The three complete puzzles—stapled, paper clipped or pinned together—are to be mailed to TRUE's $100,000 Buildwords Contest, PO Box 1035, Greenwich, Conn.

6.) Entries must be postmarked on or before May 1, 1962, and will be ineligible for consideration if received after May 10, 1962.

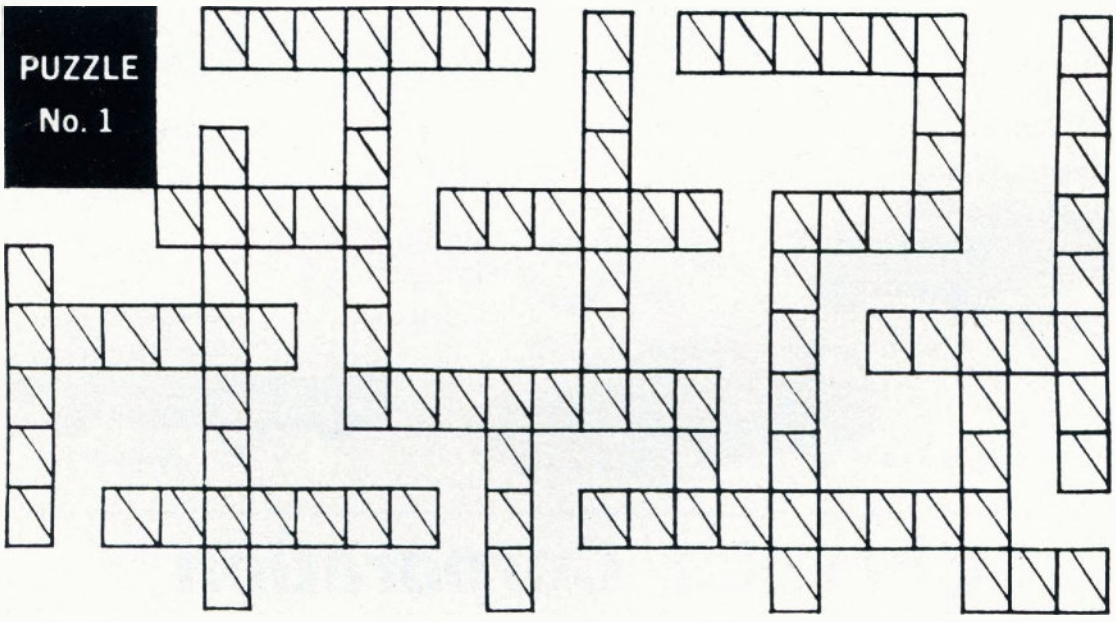
7.) The contestant having the highest correct grand total score will win the first grand prize. All other prizes will be awarded as indicated. In case of ties for grand total score among winning contestants such ties will be broken on the basis of the highest score on Puzzle No. 3 by the tieing contestants. If ties remain such ties will be broken on the basis of scores attained by contestants on the tie-breaker portion of Puzzle No. 3. If ties still remain which must be broken to determine if tieing contestants get prizes of greater or lesser monetary value, tied contestants may be required to solve one or more additional puzzles.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

PUZZLE No. 1



MY SCORE

BUILDWORDS CONTEST

These tie-breaking puzzles, each to be judged in the same manner and within a reasonable time as specified by the judges, will continue as long as is necessary to resolve all ties.

8.) The editors of TRUE, and Robert Voorhees, eminent lexicographer, shall be the judges of this contest and the judges' decisions shall be final. All entries become the property of Fawcett Publications, Inc., and none will be returned. *Correspondence will not be entered into with contestants concerning this contest*, and the contest will not be discussed with contestants by telephone. A contestant may submit only one entry in this contest. Only one prize shall be awarded to any one contestant in the same family or household and residing at the same address.

9.) The answers submitted must be obtained by the contestant's own effort. Contestants are not permitted to purchase assistance or answers, to obtain answers from so-called puzzle lists or to get assistance from any source whatsoever except personal friends and immediate family. Contestants are not permitted to act for or in conjunction with any other person. Each contestant agrees, upon request by the judges, to sign an affidavit certifying his adherence to this and other rules of the contest prior to becoming eligible for a prize. If the judges determine a contestant has violated this rule or others, the judges are required to disqualify such contestant's entry.

10.) The contest is open to all residents of the United States and Canada except employees or the members of their immediate families of (1) Fawcett Publications, Inc. (2) its wholesale distributors, and (3) its advertising agencies.

11.) By signing the entry blank each contestant, in consideration of the enjoyment furnished him by the puzzles supplied for his amusement and as a test of skill and in anticipation of the valuable prizes for which he is eligible, voluntarily and irrevocably agrees as follows:

(a) That he will accept as final and correct without reservation the decisions of the judges designated by TRUE Magazine.

(b) That, by signing the entry blank, the contract between the contestant and TRUE Magazine shall be deemed entered into within the State of New York, regardless of where and to whom the contestant's entry blank may be mailed or delivered.

(c) That any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York.

(d) That the contestant, by signing the entry blank and mailing it to TRUE Magazine, waives any and all rights that he may have or which he deems he may have as a result of entering this contest, to make any claim or claims of any kind against any person, firm, or corporation which or who distributes, sells, or offers for sale copies of TRUE Magazine. Such contestant also waives any and all rights that he might have to attach funds or property of Fawcett Publications, Inc., situated or located elsewhere than in the States of New York and/or Connecticut.

(e) Any person not willing to abide fully by the rules and limitations here stated shall be ineligible to compete in this contest and his entry shall be considered in violation of these rules and shall be ineligible for a prize.

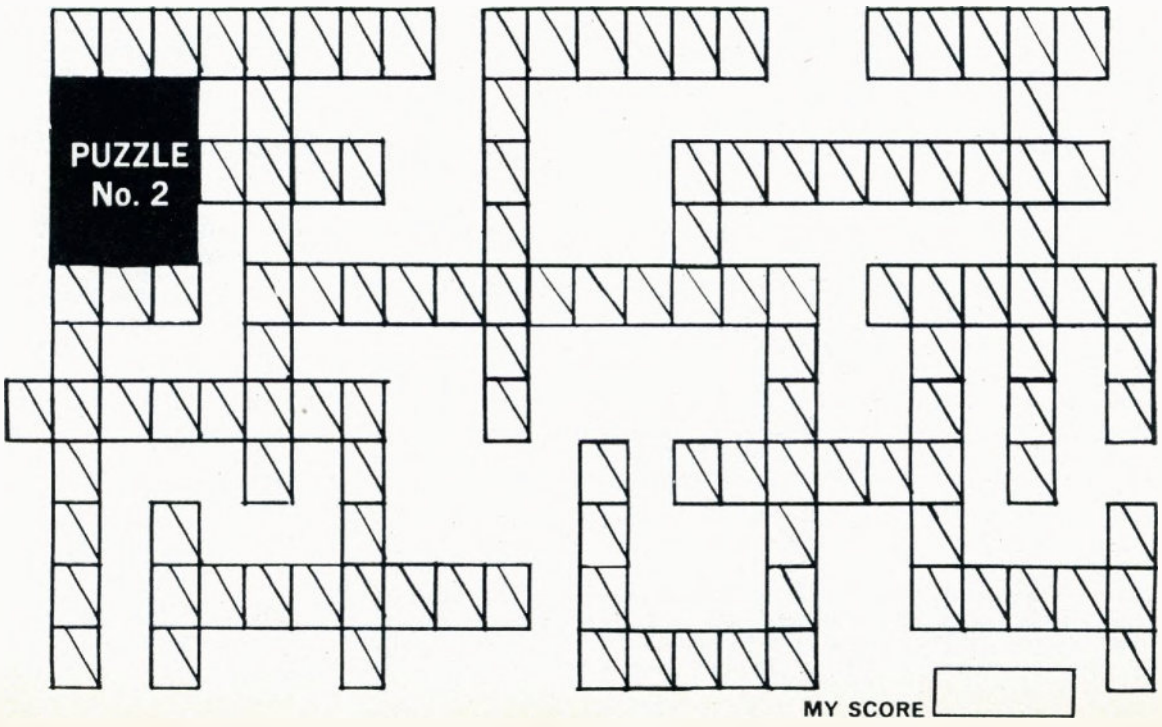
12.) All winners will be notified by mail

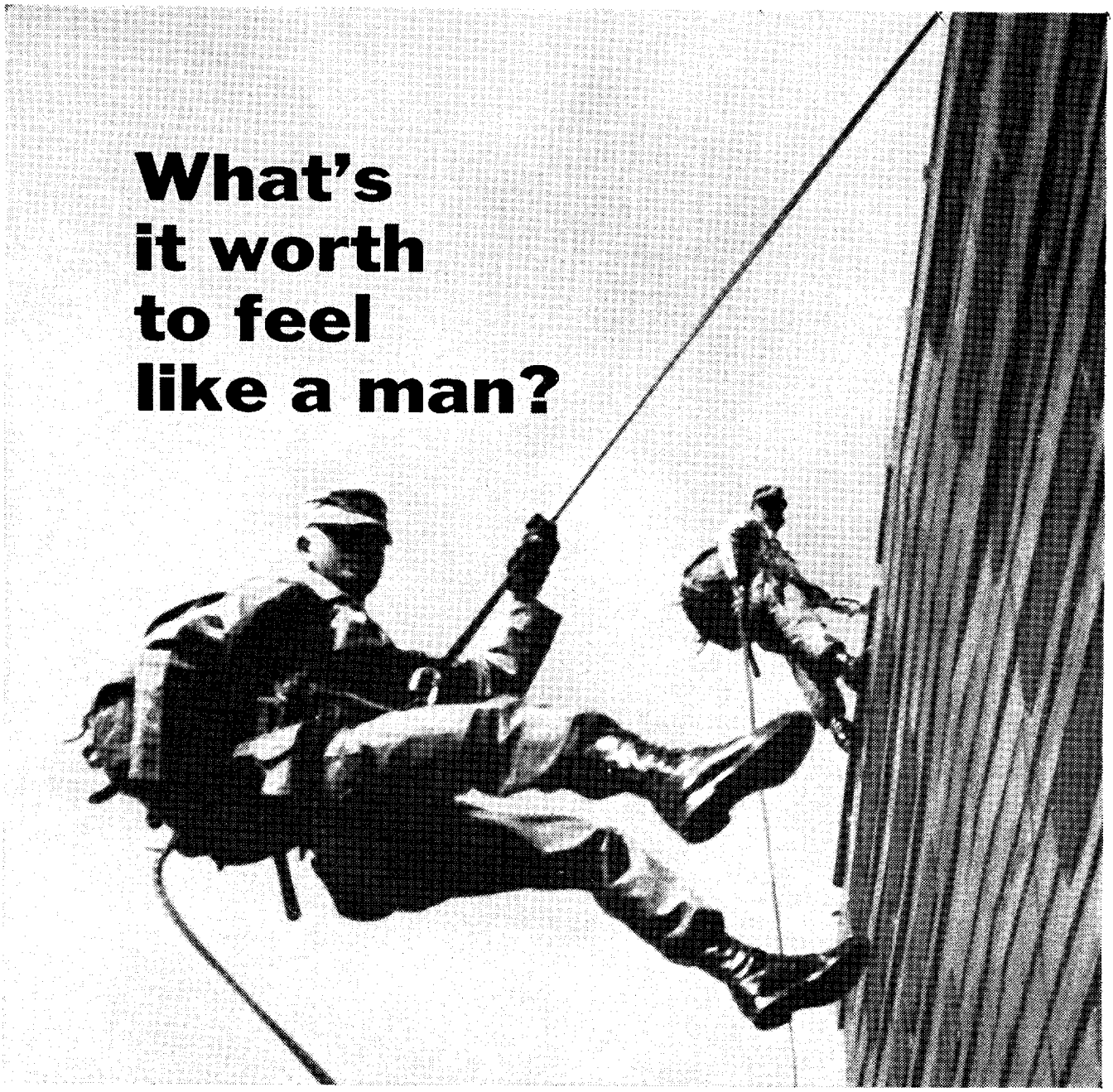
[*Continued on page* 82]

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....





If you won't settle for less, the Army's the place for you

You feel like a man

when you can do a man's work, put your mind and muscle into a job you can be proud of . . .

when you can live a man's life, get out of the rut, travel clear across the world . . .

when you can decide for yourself what you want from life, what kind of work, what kind of play, what kind of future.

You feel like a man in the Army

because you can prove yourself physically, mentally and emotionally fit to do a man's work. You can have the satisfaction of helping to keep America so strong the war the whole world dreads need never happen . . .

because you can visit strange and romantic countries while you're still young enough to see everything, do everything, get all that travel has to give you . . .

because you can decide your own future. You can get a good education, you can get training in your choice of many different fields. The opportunities for advancement, the chance to become a leader as a commissioned or non-commissioned officer, the retirement prospects . . . all are better than most men think.

You can try the Army on for size . . .

There's nothing quite like an Army career; you don't have to gamble years in a job that may not work out for you. Fulfill your military obligation in the Army, and you'll have a chance for a good, close-up look at Army life, Army men, and Army opportunities.

Then you may decide it's Army for you all the way.

Choice of job training before enlistment, remember. See page at right, and talk to the Army Recruiter.

The U.S. Trains a New Secret Army

[*Continued from page* 49]

of Conduct' for the American Fighting Man.

"6. I realize it is my responsibility as a Special Forces Operator to undergo more intense and more rugged training than is required of the average soldier of the United States Army.

"7. I understand that to carry out my mission, language and specialist training are required, and that attendance at such schools will be regarded as an opportunity for personal development. I will gladly accept such assignments and will apply myself to achieving the maximum instruction therefrom.

"8. I understand that failure to achieve satisfactory progress in training, demonstration of poor judgment, immaturity or misconduct of such a nature as to bring discredit on myself or Special Forces, will be proper cause for immediate reassignment and a permanent bar from future duty with the Special Forces.

"9. It is my intention to remain in the Special Forces for a minimum of six years.

"10. I have voluntarily subscribed to the provisions of this document and am aware that it will be made a part of my permanent records."

Experience has taught directors of the Special Warfare Center that a brave man is not necessarily a man who can stand the gaff of unconventional warfare, which can mean lying low for extended periods of time in complete isolation from any friendly face. It is one thing to charge a machine-gun nest in the heat of battle surrounded by a platoon of friends, but quite another to be perpetually hiding in strange territory awaiting possible betrayal or God-knows-what. Intensive psychological testing weeds out many a potential Congressional Medal of Honor winner, and rejection by Special Forces is no dishonor; some men are born with the mental makeup required for unconventional warfare and some are not—nor is it anything that can be taught.

It gets very cold in Russia, Tibet, China, Korea and in certain parts of northern Europe; Special Forces teams train in Alaska and Colorado. There are jungles in Laos, Viet Nam, Indonesia and in the Pacific; Special Forces teams train in the steamy climes of the Panama Canal Zone. Certain areas within the Iron Curtain are accessible only by water; Special Forces train at the Navy's underwater school at Key West. Men can get hurt in a variety of ways while on operations; Special Forces train at the Brooke Army Medical Center.

And they go to language schools, communications schools, Ranger schools, and the school that teaches the use of psychological warfare.

Each Special Forces trooper learns *all* the things mentioned above, not just one. If the man regularly assigned as aid-man or signaler is knocked out, any one of his partners can quickly assume the duties of the casualty; every man is interchangeable with another.

The whole idea of these Special Forces men is to aid and abet any rising behind enemy lines, to show the insurgents the most effective way of dealing with the unwanted occupying force. Special Forces men, therefore, are primarily teachers—but teachers of a deadly art. An instructor pulls from a shoulder holster a pistol that looks like a Luger. He holds the pistol aloft and stops a trainee in mid-stride. "Soldier, this is a 1940 weapon and fires nine millimeter ammunition. Quick, what is it?"

The trainee glances at the pistol and answers: "Sir, that is the standard Swedish Service Pistol, Model 1940." He passes on.

During firing practice with a variety of weapons I had not seen before, the range officer hailed a passing jeep and the driver stopped. The officer pointed to the rifle a man was loading and lifted his head, asking for reply. The driver squinted across 30 paces and said: "That's the Moisin seven-point-six-two millimeter. The basic Russian infantry rifle, although they have others." He was motioned to continue.

The school possesses an arsenal of foreign small arms second to none. Most all of the Russian pieces are there, as well as such items as the cheaply made, high rate of fire Finnish burp gun, and the famous German MG-42 machine gun. Each of those weapons is found in the service of Iron Curtain countries, and Special Forces men are required to field-strip them regularly.

Every dirty alley-fighting trick in the book is taught at the school. Garroting, knifing in the back, kneeing, judo blows that kill—all become part of each man's repertoire. Most men become expert with the longbow, the crossbow and throwing knives. Those are primarily defensive measures; the main show starts with offensive moves, and it was on a simulated sabotage mission that I watched firsthand the Special Forces men open up their bag of tricks.

We boarded a truck at the crack of dawn, each of us loaded down with sten guns, ammunition, explosives, rope, medical supplies and one day's rations. The truck dropped us off near the shore of a large lake and we slogged along through the sandy bottoms under pine trees, across marshes and into foul-smelling swamps. An hour's march that left me drenched with sweat put us in a clearing just in front of a ramshackle farm house. The platoon leader signaled halt, and walked over by himself to two tough-looking customers sitting behind a Czech machine gun. He identified himself, and we were allowed to proceed. I thought it all somewhat dramatic, but it was explained that the Aggressor Forces often try to set traps for the Special Forces people, and when they succeed General Yarborough gets sore as hell about it.

There were sentries all over the place—and they were dressed like no soldiers I had ever seen. Some wore corduroy trousers and leather jackets; some wore old field jackets and ordinary trousers; a few sported sweaters and fatigue pants. One man wore a derby. Others wore the regulation U.S. Army fatigues. Most

TRUE'S BIG $100,000 BUILDWORDS CONTEST

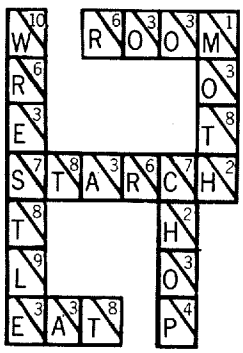
[*Continued from page 79*]

and their names printed in the earliest possible issue of TRUE.

13.) All prizes awarded in this contest will be delivered by TRUE with standard equipment, excise tax paid. The prizes will be awarded to winners at the nearest factory. Winners agree to pay additional taxes, if any, freight, if any, dealer preparation charges, if any, and for any desired accessories over and above those specified as "standard equipment."

Here's how to do TRUE's $100,000 Buildwords Contest

BUILDWORDS is an easy and simple puzzle. We have a completed specimen puzzle to show you the ropes. This is similar to a crossword puzzle, with the exception that you may use any words that you like. It will be to your advantage to use words which contain letters with a high numerical value (see chart below). At the same time that you print the letter into the space, print the numerical value of that letter in the triangular space at the upper right hand corner of the square. When the puzzle is complete, add up all of the numbers and put the total—in this case 116—into the MY SCORE box. Remember that all words must read from top to bottom or from left to right.



MY SCORE

116

LETTER VALUE CHART

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

NOTE FOR SCORING

In totaling the score be sure to count the letter value of each square of the puzzle only once. The sample puzzle has 23 squares. The total is achieved by adding the 23 numbers.

were armed with foreign-made rifles and burp guns. The general impression was that of being dropped from the sky into a European woods filled with anarchists. This impression was made even stronger while eavesdropping on a conversation between two men sitting happily on the ground making Molotov cocktails.

Pole, Czech, Hungarian—I could not tell. But I knew those men were born and raised on the other side of the Atlantic. I later learned one had fought in the streets of Budapest during the uprising, and that the other was a Polish Jew who had seen a lot of hell fighting the Germans in 1945. These men were making new-era Molotov cocktails by the simple addition of detergent soap powder to the gasoline base. This mixture, when poured and shaken into an empty cognac bottle, is a big improvement over the old Molotovs; the sticky solution spreads like napalm when ignited. The bomb-makers were, as I listened, arguing heatedly whether *Tide* or *Duz* made a better base for the flammable tank-busters. They were just two of the many Iron Curtain types serving with the Special Forces—and I was cautioned not to photograph *any* of the troopers full face because of possible Communist reprisals.

The problem to be worked out that afternoon was that of blowing a dam. The briefing was all open-air, with a wiry sergeant conducting the lecture. He squatted on the earth and patiently constructed a small terrain model of twigs, rocks and mud. The model detailed sentry paths, gun emplacements and escape routes. There was no lack of attention on the part of the students as discussions were carried back and forth as to the best method of attack. One guerrilla told me in broken English: "You make mistake here, you live longer *there*." We unpacked the explosives, divvied up the load, and started off on a two-hour hike down gorges, up steep hills and through dense underbrush. Then the sergeant raised his hand and we flopped to the dirt. There was the dam a hundred yards ahead, and it was being patrolled by a lone sentry who, in truth, did not know we were coming.

One of the guerrillas carefully snaked off his heavy pack and padded silently toward the sentry, taking a parallel route to that the sentry was walking. The guerrilla waited until the sentry turned into the sun, and pounced. A knife flashed in the air, and the sentry was marked "dead."

The attacker blew a high, tweeting note on a small whistle and the entire demolition team rose from the ground and rushed for the dam. Bren gunners and auto-rifle men set up a defensive base of fire while the demolition experts swarmed over the structure like ants on a custard pie. Some men used ropes to rappel down the face of the dam, where they placed blocks of TNT into sluices and gates.

It took an even 15 minutes to hook up the charges, and when the whistle blew again everybody rushed for cover; the last man out trotted across the gully trailing a spool of wire. He disappeared over a ridge, and shortly thereafter a mighty roar split the silence, and I gazed into the sky where I saw shattered pieces of concrete bursting through the large black cloud of smoke and flame. As the last pieces of concrete fell to earth, we picked up and ran—with our soap-happy friends tossing Molotov cocktails at bunkers near the shattered dam.

The whole show went off without a hitch as far as I could see, but when we reached base camp again I listened to the critique and learned that this was not so. One man, it was pointed out, had been a minute too slow in getting the detonators set; another had not coiled his rope properly and it tangled while rappeling; the last man to leave had waited perhaps five seconds longer than he should have to blow the charges. And so it went—professionals trying to become super-professional.

High explosive is not the only weapon in the arsenal of a Special Forces outfit. Words are employed in warfare as well as shells. The right psychology to be used on enemy as well as friendly people is figured out by highly trained specialists in the field of psychological warfare and then messages are transmitted via radio, short wave, pamphlets, posters and even loud-speakers mounted on 2½-ton trucks that follow as closely as they can the advance of assaulting infantry.

Many innovations are being tested at Bragg, and most of these new tools of warfare are still under security wraps. However, there *is* one gadget that I can tell you about that will help show just how far Special Forces people will go to get their message across.

I speak of a sphere containing a pretaped message and a dry-cell battery which would be rolled across enemy lines and into foxholes. A prototype of this way-out device has been developed and is undergoing study.

In anything less than an atomic war, we'll find ourselves outmanned by the Russians five to one. Land battles will have to be fought in depth behind enemy lines, and there are no two ways about it. And these enemy lines can be anywhere. Just recently, the Special Warfare School graduated 38 officers from such countries as Guatemala, Argentina and Laos. Soon a larger group of foreign officers from Southeast Asia and Latin America will finish the same course.

The aim of training foreign officers in American schools goes beyond teaching military know-how. "Quite frankly," says one Pentagon official, "we're trying to find the potential leaders of friendly and neutral countries, and make certain they'll be on our side."—**Sid Latham**

[Continued from page 76]
buy their most deluxe job to do it in. They figured, and undoubtedly rightly so, that this fancy egg box would be used as a prestige item with its ruggedest chore being to hustle a church group or band of Brownies to a meeting. On the other hand, the Catalina, Pontiac's less expensive wagon, has much stiffer and more workmanlike suspension and is actually a better choice where hard-hauling chores are expected. Most of the streamline wagons are too loosely and lightly suspended to do any real rugged manual work. With some, a heavy load of vacation luggage will cause "motor boating," with the headlights aimed at the tree tops. There are, of course, many gadgets on the market that the station wagon owner can investigate to avoid sagging-tail troubles on a vacation trip. Helper-springs, load-levelers and even air-lift bladders will fit most wagons.

Regardless of what the wagon is to be used for, it does add a certain prestige factor, whether you happen to be a tailor-made country squire or a genuine rustic with some hauling to do. The compact wagons are now getting quite a hard play around metropolitan New York and the daddy of all these compacts was the little Rambler wagon of the early 1950's. Actually, percentage-wise Rambler was the most successful station wagon builder of all. Back in the early 50's, a hair better than 60 percent of all Rambler sales was the small, not too functional, wagon. Some automotive buffs will tell you that the only thing that kept Rambler alive in those days, was its small-scale station wagon and who could argue the point after checking the records.

Of the big three, Ford has always gone deeper and heavier into station wagons than the other camps. They have leaned heavily on the vacation pitch and have published two books called "Station Wagon Living." There are rigs to fit Ford station wagons that will turn them into full-screened extended bedrooms. Some Ford wagons have sleeping accommodations for four, plus a refrigerator, a sink, with hot and cold running water and a stove and shower. These motorized flop-houses are proving more popular every year at National Park camp sites, and equipment of just about every form imaginable is only limited by the buyer's pocketbook.

If you have moved from the city to the suburbs, there is a good chance that you are already a member of the wagon pushing clan. If you have lived in the country all your life, the chances are you have had a wagon for some time. Regardless of your status, the chances are, sooner or later, you will end up with a wagon in your garage. If you want a wagon for heavy work, plus pleasure on the side, they are available. If you want a wagon for its looks and possible social touch, they can be bought at any salesroom. Station wagons today come in as many shapes and sizes as girls—and for as many purposes.

That little old depot wagon sure branched off into a hell of an interesting family.—**Tom McCahill**

The Reverend Goose and His Golden Egg

[*Continued from page 39*]

and watched the tide sweep past into Passamaquoddy Bay. They seemed to approve of it. They spent a full day examining the Old Tidal Mill at the edge of Lubec. The mill stood at the mouth of an inlet and took its power from the surging tides, harnessed by a series of dams to turn a big water wheel.

A week later the town's lone lawyer stumped into the general store. For a New Englander, who looks on five words as an oration, he was almost babbling.

"Those strangers," he grunted.

Every ear in the store bent in his direction.

"Up to something," he said.

"Bought the old mill. Cash. Won't say what they want it for."

He headed for the door.

"Paid too much," he flung back. "Ten thousand!"

"Don't say!" said the store owner.

"Yep," said the lawyer, exiting.

A moment later he stuck his head back in and dropped another verbal bomb.

"They've hired a crew. All Canadians. Building a high *fence* around the place."

The next day half of Lubec found some business that took them out past the old mill. They came back and told the other half the baffling and exciting news. A whole platoon of Canadian laborers were erecting an eight-foot fence around the property. The fence was topped with barbed wire and broken glass.

That was only the beginning. In the next few months an additional number of mysterious events took place at the old mill. The frustrated citizens of Lubec tried to piece them together by discreetly questioning the Canadian workmen. They weren't any help. The Canadians reported what they were doing behind the high fence, but no one could make any sense out of it. They had strengthened the original dam across the mouth of the inlet, and installed a 30-foot sluiceway through it. The new owners had brought in a 32-ampere, 600-horsepower dynamo, and were generating their own electric power, using the harnessed tide.

Now they were installing a whole series of odd kettle-shaped objects of copper and zinc along the floor of the sluiceway. The kettle things had a thin wire coil in them and were connected by insulated cables to the electrical system. There was a complicated system of floodgates, the Canadians reported, whereby sea water could be directed through flumes into the sluiceway and its kettles.

The people of Lubec listened attentively to all this and asked each other, "What in tarnation?" The Rev. Jernegan and his affable friend were no help, either. They bustled in and out of town on mysterious errands, and talked to no one.

One day early in 1898 the work was finished. The new owners immediately posted a 24-hour armed guard to patrol their property. The dynamo was put into operation, generating the first electricity in Lubec. At night the fenced-in tidal mill was lit up with the first dim electric lights seen in the village. In the late hours the villagers could look out into the still night and see the lights glowing behind the fence and hear the roar of the water as the tide gates were opened and the sea rushed into the flumes.

With their tightly guarded What-Is-It in operation, the Rev. Jernegan and his partner erected a business sign at the entrance. It, too, was no help. The sign said simply: "THE ELECTROLYTIC MARINE SALTS COMPANY." No one in Lubec had ever heard of a marine salt before, let alone an electrolytic one.

The plant had been in operation about two weeks when the great secret came out.

One afternoon, the wispy young minister came into the Lubec post office carrying a small package. It was carefully wrapped and sealed, and addressed to the U.S. Mint in New York City. It was inordinately heavy for its modest size.

"I would like to register this and insure it," the Rev. Jernegan said.

The clerk took up a pen and a postal form. "Value?" he asked.

"Two thousand dollars," replied the Rev. Jernegan.

"You said two *thousand* dollars?" the clerk asked, trying to haul down his eyebrows.

"Two thousand dollars," the Rev. Jernegan repeated, firmly.

"Nature of contents?"

"Ah yes, the contents," said the Rev. Jernegan. "The package contains slightly over five pounds of gold."

The clerk's eyebrows soared back up.

At the door, the Rev. Jernegan paused and turned back toward the clerk. "I am aware there has been considerable curiosity about what we are doing here," he said. "I hope the citizens of Lubec realize that there was a reason for our secrecy. We wanted to make certain that our project functioned properly before disclosing its nature.

"We will be making gold shipments regularly to the U.S. Mint hereafter," the Rev. Jernegan went on. "We are mining it, as it were, from the sea."

"The sea?" asked the flabbergasted clerk.

"Yes, the sea," said the Rev. Jernegan. "There is really an *immense* amount of it out there, you know."

He was scarcely a half block down the street when the postoffice window was flung up and the clerk called across the street to the general store.

"Come on over here," the clerk bellowed. "Everybody. Right *now!*"

Now that the lid was off the secret, the Rev. Jernegan talked willingly to all comers.

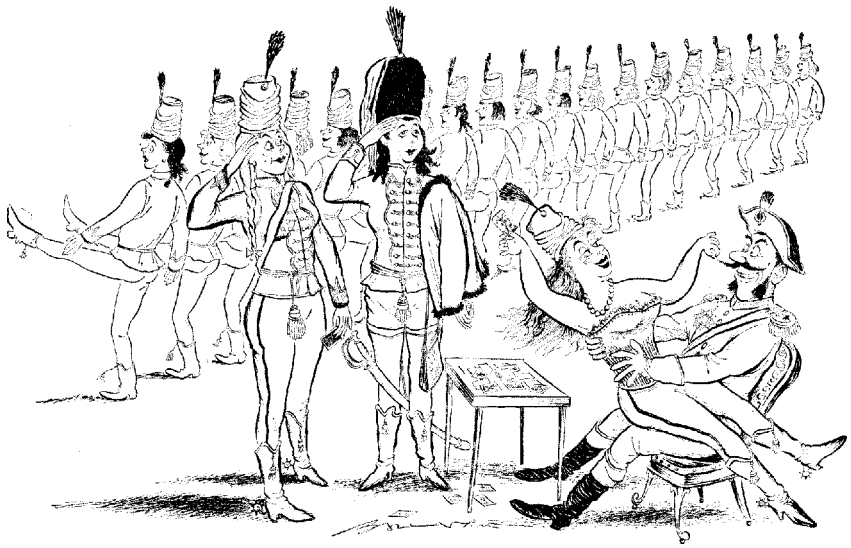
He told the entranced residents that he and Fisher headed "a powerful financial combine of businessmen" who were extracting gold from the sea by a sensational new process. They were going to make Lubec the gold capital of the world.

"There is enough gold in the oceans of the world to pave the United States with a layer hundreds of feet deep," he explained to a somewhat popeyed Lubec *Herald* reporter. "The gold is in solution in the sea water, in minute amounts per square foot. There is more than $100,000

"I lost my last job because someone started the rumor that I wasn't showing my superiors the proper respect, Baldy."

Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin



Of all the harems that have flourished under the care of ardent monarchs, probably the most bizarre existed 250 years ago in—of all places—Germany. Like other princelings of his time, Karl III, Count of Baden-Durlach, was an absolute ruler. He could do as he liked with his little realm, about one-third the size of the state of Delaware. While Frederick William of somewhat larger Prussia collected 6-foot men for his famous Grenadier Guards, Karl practiced Teutonic militarism in a more personally satisfying way. He conscripted a guard of 160 of the prettiest girls in Baden-Durlach called the Garden Maids—some actually tended the palace garden—and dressed most of them in the gaudy uniforms of hussars. Twenty-two at a time he barracked in a nearby tower. He kept eight on active duty during the day as his bodyguard. Others rehearsed music, ballets and plays for evening entertainments. The last duty of their day was as rigidly disciplined as every other. All 22 from the tower formed up before the count, who dealt out picture playing cards from an old-fashioned tarot deck. The girl who got the fool or joker retired with the count; the two who drew the pair of matadors went on call in case they were wanted. Karl III died, presumably happily, at 61, and the uniquely Teutonic harem was demobilized. *By William Deschappelles, West Hartford, Conn.*

How to cook a jellyfish has never been a problem to Americans or Europeans because they can't imagine eating the watery blobs of animal-matter. Hungry Japanese long ago learned to convert jellyfish into sea food. When wind and tide concentrate a swarm of large blue jellyfish—the genus *Rhopilema*, bowl-shaped, a foot in diameter, without stinging tentacles—women and children paddle out and scoop up hundreds. They are preserved, like tanning leather, in alum and salt, or pressed between steamed oak leaves. For eating, they are soaked half an hour, cut in small pieces, stewed and spice-flavored. That it's possible to get nourishment from sea jellies that assay 95 percent water, 4 percent salt and only 1 percent organic substance is demonstrated by the ocean sunfish. This sluggish swimmer lives by browsing lazily on jellyfish—and grows to be 10 feet long and a ton in weight on its gelatinous diet. *By I. L. Davis, New York.*

When Philip V of Spain in 1737 took to his bed in a month-long fit of morbid melancholy, he unwittingly set the stage for history's most lasting musical recital. In an adjoining room one evening, the resourceful Spanish queen signaled to singer Carlos Boschi Farinelli. That Italian artist was the idol of European opera houses; he possessed a beautiful soprano voice, for he had been altered in boyhood for that purpose. Farinelli sang four songs. The silvery melodies reached the king and charmed him out of bed; for the first time in weeks he let himself be divested of his filthy nightshirt, shaved and dressed, and talked to about state affairs. His eager desire to reward Farinelli brought the singer's promise, prompted by the queen, to sing for him again as he wished. And so, under exclusive contract at £2,000 a year, then a princely sum, Farinelli sang the same four songs to the king every night for nine years—a total of some 3,200 encores. They were a soothing influence on Philip, though they didn't entirely prevent relapses. Toward the end, before he died of an apoplectic stroke in 1748, his mind gave way completely. After the nightly recital, he howled the airs himself until late hours, to the embarrassment of everybody. Farinelli retired to Italy, wealthy from his devoted labor, and never sang again. *By William L. Wolk, Rochester, N. Y.*

Dropping the anchor was a ritual, during the U.S. Navy's early days, that always took place on dry land before a ship's anchor was ever allowed to get wet. And it was dropped hard; Connecticut ironmasters who forged the anchors of good wrought iron proudly saw to that. Annually, in late fall, the year's output of big anchors was ranked alongside an immense iron tripod, 100 feet high, that stood in the iron town of Mt. Riga. Festivities started; everybody and his daughter put on best clothes to throw parties, dinners and dances for the admirals and captains who had come from Washington. Then they gathered, still in formal dress, at the tripod for the testing. One by one, the anchors were hoisted on chains to the summit and dropped. Each ton-weight forging that survived the shock without breaking arm, shank or shackle—and there were few failures—was then and there punch-stamped by an inspecting admiral as fit to hold a Navy ship in a storm. This colorful ceremony continued until the Mt. Riga forges closed in the 1840s. Today, big-ship anchors' cast-steel heads, some 4 tons in weight, are still drop-tested, but only from 12 feet and in grimy steel plants—a drab substitute for a gala old-time American ritual. *By Stephen L. Kirk, Chester, Pa.*

The first revolving door on Broadway—possibly the first installed in New York—had a bizarre debut. When Rector's Restaurant, elegant and high-toned, opened for business one afternoon in the gay '90s, the host, half a dozen captains and some 50 waiters stood ready to greet guests who came through their novel circular portal. A great many appeared. But each stayed in view for only about a second. In a what-won't-they-think-of-next spirit, more than 5,000 passers-by paused to swirl into Rector's and out again in one giddy whirl for the experience of going through the newfangled revolving door. Not until several hours after the opening—and after seeing more people than it would ever see again—did Rector's receive its first paying customer. *By Nelson P. Goss, Paterson, N. J.*

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worth of gold in a single cubic mile of sea water. Long Island Sound, for example, holds more gold than is needed to pay off our national debt. These are known scientific facts.

"The gold is there, in fabulous quantities," he intoned, gesturing toward the gray Atlantic. "The trick is to get it out." He paused. "And we have the trick.

"We were attracted here by the tremendous tides," he went on. "I recalled from my studies in geography that the Bay of Fundy and Passamaquoddy Bay have an unusually heavy tidal flow. My partner here, Mr. Fisher, informs me that there is a greater quantity of gold sweeping in and out of Passamaquoddy each month than the 49ers discovered in California."

"Much greater," interjected Fisher.

"I am sure you can see the logic of our choice of Lubec," the Rev. Jernegan continued. "Were we to set up our project in an ordinary bay, with little movement of water, we soon would exhaust the available gold. Here, however, it is replenished daily. The outgoing tide removes the exhausted water, and the high tide surges back in bearing a fresh new fortune."

Only when it came to the technical details of how to mine gold from the sea did the Rev. Jernegan curb his evangelism.

"We use an electric process, as our company's name implies," he said. "The process was developed by Mr. Fisher, after long experimentation. Understandably, the method is a closely guarded secret.

"I will say this," he went on. "I have observed and verified the process myself, with the preliminary models. I know that it works because I saw it with my own eyes. Furthermore, the device was tested independently by a group of businessmen under rigid conditions. A model was turned over to them by Mr. Fisher. They operated it themselves and produced gold from the sea. They are backing us financially with—ah—considerable investment. They have been very generous with their backing, very generous indeed."

"On the other hand," chimed in Fisher, "you can see that the profits are fabulous. They are limited only by the number of extraction units we install. We have one hundred going now. Each extracts roughly a dollar's worth of gold per day. We're shipping $2,000 in gold to the mint every three weeks."

"Whew!" said the reporter, a $10-a-week journeyman.

Fisher turned to Jernegan. "I think I'll let this young man in on our big story, Reverend."

He leaned forward confidentially. "We're issuing stock for an expansion," Fisher said. "A few shrewd investors are going to get in on our liquid gold mine. We're going to install *five thousand* extractors right here at Lubec."

"Five thousand!" said the stunned newsman, calculating rapidly. "Why, that would fetch in $150,000 a month. Almost *two million* dollars a year!"

"Correct," said Fisher, flashing his gold teeth. "And that, mind you, is just the start."

The fabulous details of what was happening at the old mill—and the incomparably greater things that were planned—split Lubec into two camps, the Doubters and the Believers. Down-Easters being what they are—hard-headed, practical, conservative—there were many Doubters. The Doubters didn't have much of a case, but they clung to it stubbornly. They maintained that the Great Gold Mine in the Sea "just plain sounded fishy," and besides, nobody had ever heard of such a thing before.

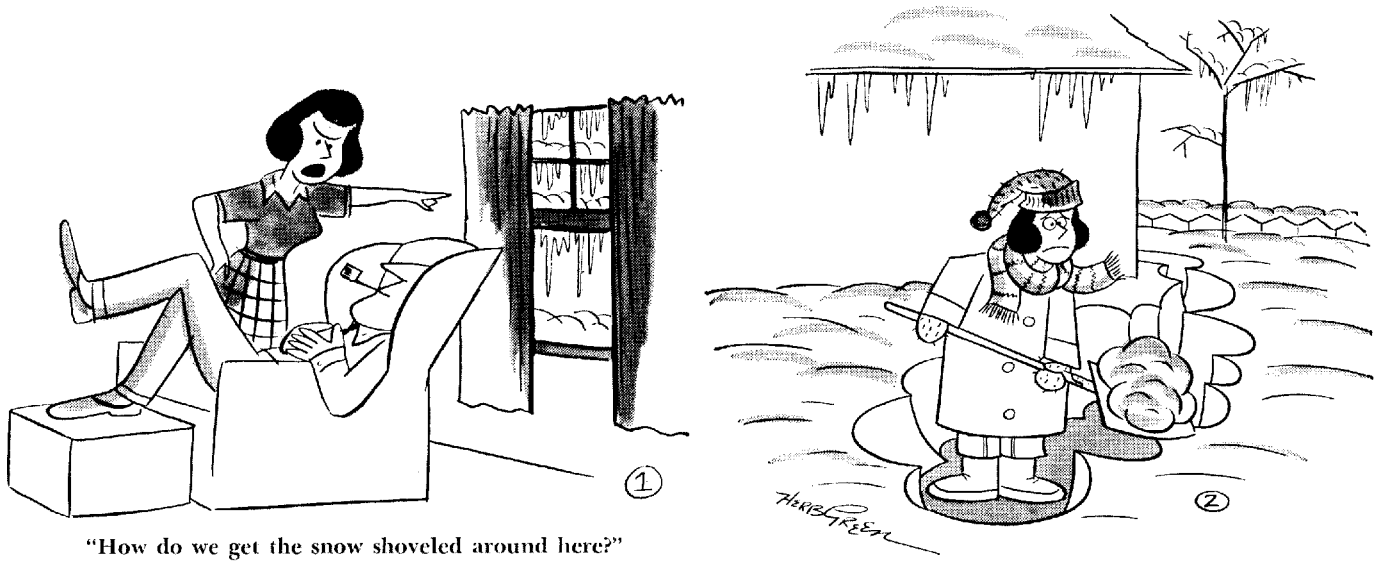
The Believers scorned the Doubters as mossbacks and fogies. They had a convincing array of arguments. There was the indisputable fact that Jernegan and Fisher were shipping gold regularly to the U.S. Mint. The Reverend Jernegan proudly exhibited the federal checks to Doubters and Believers alike.

Then there was the Rev. Prescott Jernegan himself. He was a bona fide, ordained minister, a man of God. Would a wearer of the Cloth lend himself to flummery?

There was also the fact that the project had substantial backers from down in Boston and Connecticut. They journeyed up to inspect the Lubec installation, and they certainly didn't look like either fools or rogues. They came, looked over their tidewater goose that laid the golden eggs, and went home with smug, satisfied smiles.

Two of the most enthusiastic backers were Andrew N. Pierson and Arthur B. Ryan, prosperous businessmen from Middletown, Connecticut. "We know the project works," Ryan testified. "We were in on the thing from the beginning. We were as doubtful as anyone, until we ran our own tests. The Rev. Jernegan provided us with a model gold extractor, and we put it into operation on a wharf down in Providence—just Mr. Pierson and I. We controlled the entire operation from start to finish and we *know* that the extractor produced gold."

The Electrolytic Marine Salts Company—or E.M.S., as the investors called it—had an original stock issue of 500,000 shares at $1 each. It had sold out in two weeks. The Rev. Jernegan was designated Director of Research, and Fisher his assistant. With the project in operation and actually shipping gold, E.M.S. offered a second issue of 350,000 shares. Full page ads in the Boston and New York newspapers and a printed prospectus, relating the miracle at Lubec in the Rev. Jernegan's glowing prose, sold the second issue in three days.



"How do we get the snow shoveled around here?"

Thus, the Rev. Jernegan and the affable Fisher had almost a million dollars with which to siphon the Atlantic of its boundless treasure. In the 1890's, this was a substantial head of lettuce. On the other hand, it was a mere nothing compared to the gigantic bonanza waiting to be tapped.

Neither Jernegan nor Fisher, under the charter of E.M.S., drew any salary. Instead, they were to receive a 45 percent royalty on all the E.M.S. profits. Until the gold began gushing from the old Lubec mill, however, each had an open end expense account. After all, only Fisher knew the secret of the gold extraction process, the arcane components that made up the kettle-like extractors, where to purchase them, how to assemble them, and how much they cost.

Even without salary, Fisher began enjoying the fruits of success. He acquired a fine house at Lubec, and equipped it with an expensive wine cellar. He purchased a stable of thoroughbred trotting horses, a sailing yacht, and several closetsful of natty clothes.

Meanwhile, he quietly bought back into his own company, acquiring large blocks of E.M.S. stock at a dollar a share with funds he plucked from his drawing account. When the Lubec mill started shipping gold to the mint, the E.M.S. stock took off from its launching pad and headed for the wild blue yonder. Every time the Rev. Jergnegan lugged another consignment of refined, high-carat Old Briney to the postoffice, the stock went higher. A dollar a share at the outset, it went to 10 by the end of March, 1898, to 15 in April, 30 in June, and a glorious 48 in July. And as the stock soared to these lofty heights, the affable Mr. Fisher quietly sold his dollar-a-share holdings to the Johnny-Come-Latelies who were grabbing belatedly at a good thing.

Meanwhile, the tidal goose was plopping out its golden eggs with a regularity rivalling the eruptions of Yellowstone's Old Faithful. In six months, the Rev. Jernegan almost wore a trench from the mill to the postoffice, toting gold. He made a total of 16 shipments, consisting of 3,000 ounces of 14 and 16-carat gold.

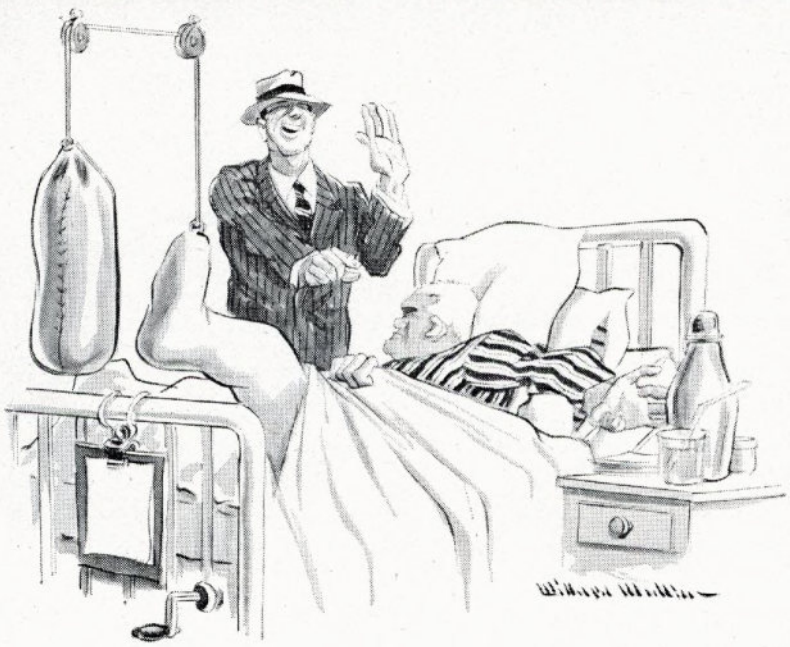
In March of 1898, that bastion of conservatism, the Lubec *Herald*, caved in and joined the Believers. In a burst of editorial euphoria, the *Herald* proclaimed:

> "Good fortune has befallen our town! A company of able and wealthy men from Massachusetts and Connecticut are now operating the most wonderful plant in the world. In spite of ridicule and false reports, the fact stands indisputable that gold is being taken from the sea water in quantities that make the enterprise a paying investment. This is no visionary scheme! The time for doubt and surmising have gone by. We must now awake to the realization of facts and act accordingly!"

Sometimes the Rev. Prescott Jernegan wondered. He would lie in bed at night and listen to the hum of the mill's dynamo and the roar of water pouring through the sluice gates, and little

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

by Jimmy Breslin



LINDSTROM'S WHAMMY

Freddie Lindstrom was no half-way guy. He played third base the way only a few ever could, and his bat would have kept him in the New York Giant lineup even if he lost a leg. And he would not stand for even the hint of abuse. When manager John McGraw would snarl at him, for example, Freddie would blast him right back.

This was not exactly the usual procedure. They called McGraw the Little Napoleon, and it is believed in many quarters that his way of handling men had a tremendous influence on the young Mussolini. But as far as Lindstrom was concerned, McGraw was just another guy you told to go to hell. This produced a certain tension between the two, particularly during the 1929 season.

McGraw was at his worst that year. He thought he had a pennant winner, but the Chicago Cubs got the lead and hung onto it. By August, when the Giants came into Chicago for a four-game series, McGraw was boiling over.

The Giant players were lined up behind their manager like it was the Army when they got off the train. All but Lindstrom. He grabbed his suitcase and headed for a cab. He lived on the south side of town and he was going home as usual, rather than stay with the team at the Auditorium Hotel.

When the Cubs won the first two games of the series, McGraw was ready to bite people. Then the Cubs won the third game. And here came McGraw into the dressing room. The other players jammed into the showers, three to a spigot, but Lindstrom stayed quietly by his locker.

"Where were you last night?" McGraw yelled.

"I was home," Freddie said.

"Okay, Goddammit," McGraw roared, "it's costing you $200 for not staying at the hotel with the rest of the club."

McGraw turned and started away. But Lindstrom had a suggestion for him: "I hope you break your leg," he shouted.

A half hour later, McGraw was still busy telling himself what a son of a bitch Lindstrom was as he stepped between parked cars and started across the street. A car came along as if it had been contracted for and banked McGraw right back into the side pocket, between the parked cars. McGraw went down with a howl. His right leg was broken.

They told Lindstrom about it back at the hotel. Freddie jumped up and ran out of the lobby. "He's upset," somebody said.

Lindstrom arrived in McGraw's hospital room on the run. He'd been part of three losing games to the Cubs, been fined for breaking rules and had put a better whammy on McGraw than anything they do in the jungle. A man had to be able to talk like hell to straighten out a mess like this.

But Lindstrom just looked at McGraw's leg and shook his head. "I always said you didn't know your way across the street," he said. Then he went home.

"Who the hell is John Birch?"

doubts would creep into his mind. He would shoo them away with certain reassuring facts. "There *is* gold," he would tell himself. "Fisher brings it out of that locked room regularly." But the doubts would creep back. Why did Fisher insist that only he should service the extraction kettles? Why did he lock himself in when he did so, firmly excluding even his trusted partner? The wispy little minister would wave off these new doubts by recalling the golden miracles that Fisher had showed him when they first met.

The Rev. Jernegan was a two-time loser in his chosen profession when he encountered the affable and eloquent Charlie Fisher. Twice he had secured a pulpit in a good, solid, prosperous New England church, and twice the governing elders had summoned him in and gently given him the heave-ho. Each time he got sacked for the same reason. An idealist at heart, he preached too eloquently about sharing with the poor and dwelt too much on the Biblical warning about the difficulties of the rich entering the kingdom of Heaven. When your congregation is made up of wealthy businessmen, a prudent minister lays off that parable about the camel and the needle's eye. "Why, he's a *socialist!*" his flock complained to the elders. So they turned him out and got a shepherd who preached that the poor are always with us.

The reverend was on his ecclesiastical uppers when he met Fisher. Fisher, however, appeared well-to-do. He was a much worldlier fellow than Jernegan. He had followed many trades. He had been a medical student, a shoe worker, a floorwalker in the lingerie section of a Brooklyn department store, and a professional deep-sea diver. He had spent nearly a decade abroad, in England and India, as an enlistee in a British colonial regiment. In short, he was a fellow who knew his way around because he had been there.

Like the Rev. Jernegan, Fisher also thought often about the poor. His concern was narrower than Jernegan's. Fisher just didn't want to become one of them. When the Rev. Jernegan told him why he had been bounced from two jobs, Fisher replied bluntly that he had a hole in his head.

"There is nothing wrong with wealth, Reverend," Fisher said. "Except that you don't have any."

The young minister protested that exploitation of man by man was un-Christian.

"That's a different matter," Fisher said, "but wealth in itself isn't wrong. For example, if you stumbled onto a gold mine, you wouldn't run from it, would you? Of course not."

"That would be different," the Rev. Jernegan conceded. "That would be natural wealth, untainted by exploitation."

The Rev. Jernegan's naive idealism fascinated Fisher. It was a rare trait, and if used properly, could be turned into cash. And Charlie Fisher was just the fellow who knew how to do it.

In his travels, Fisher had picked up a peculiar device and a fascinating story to go with it. It was a small box, with holes punched in it, a coil of platinum wire inside, and a couple of terminals for attachment to a storage battery. The story was the one that Jernegan eventually was to unfold in Lubec—the wondrous tale of a sea full of gold.

The comforting thing about the story was that it was true; there *is* an immense amount of gold in solution in the seven seas. The discomforting thing about the box as Fisher learned, was that the damned thing didn't work. It had seemed to work when he bought it, but it had quit as soon as the seller had disappeared. Fisher had kept the box as a souvenir of his own gullibility.

With the earnest young minister as a front, Fisher decided to get the gold box working again.

The next time he met Jernegan, he told him the tale of that old gold mine in the deep. "I've been conducting some experiments," he confided to Jernegan, "and I think I'm on the brink of success." He swore the pastor to secrecy and showed him the box. "It has a weak Q-current flowing through the magnetic field on the polar axis," he ad-libbed. "I'm going to try a new platinum coil that will strengthen it."

A few days later, he looked Jernegan up again. He had a faraway look in his eyes, like Balboa first sighting the Pacific. "I'm almost afraid to say this," he said, shaking his head. "Look!" he pulled out a small vial, and twirled it before the minister's eyes.

In the bottom glinted a pinch of gold dust. "Gold from the bosom of the sea. The process seems to work, Rev. Jernegan."

"Good heavens, Fisher!" exclaimed Jernegan. "This could be the greatest discovery in the history of man."

Fisher reined him in hard. "Maybe it was a fluke," he cautioned. "I ran only one test. I want you to do me a favor, Reverend. I want you to test it yourself."

The next day they went down to a pier in Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard. Fisher showed Jernegan how to attach the leads from a battery to the terminals on the box. He told him the box had to remain submerged for at least a day "to let the electrolysis concentrate the gold-bearing marine salts." The minister hooked up the box, and dropped it off the pier with a brief prayer.

At sundown the next day they returned. "Pull it up," Fisher instructed. Jernegan opened the dripping box eagerly. Glinting in the muck at the bottom of the box was a thin layer of golden specks.

Fisher feigned delighted astonishment, although he was not too surprised. Shortly before dawn, he had crept out on the wharf, hauled up the box and salted it with jewelry grindings.

In Fisher's room, they washed out the gold in a prospector's pan, and added it to the vial. "It isn't much, of course," Fisher said. "But that's because the extractor box is just a small model. What we need is capital for experiments with bigger extractors."

The Rev. Jernegan stared at the gold dust, entranced. "The natural riches of the sea," he murmured. "Wealth beyond measure, there for the taking." His socialism went up in a wisp of smoke as he caught fire with the delights of free enterprise. "You're right, Fisher, we need backing. And I think I know where we can get it. As I told you, some of my former parishioners were quite well-to-do."

"Excellent," exclaimed Fisher. "Tell you what I'll do, Reverend. You bring them in with the capital, and I'll make you my full partner. We'll share right down the middle."

The Rev. Jernegan went barreling down to Middletown, Connecticut, to tell

the tale to some members of his former flock. He picked out a heavy-pelted pair, Ryan and Pierson. They told him frankly that they thought the story was a lot of moonshine.

"I know how you feel," Jernegan said. "I reacted the same way when I first heard of this. But, gentlemen, I saw with my own eyes what this device can do."

The two sheep agreed that they should be able to believe their ex-shepherd. "I have an idea, Reverend," said Pierson. "We're businessmen, and you're not. See if your Mr. Fisher will let *us* operate the box. If it makes gold for us, we'll see that you get all the capital you need."

"Certainly," the minister said. "I'd agree to that. You ought to satisfy yourselves."

Jernegan took the proposal back to Fisher. "That's fair enough," Fisher said easily. "There's only one thing. I don't know these men, and that extraction box is enormously valuable. I have to protect my discovery. I wouldn't want them copying the design, or analyzing my new coil. Tell you what. You find out where the test is going to be, and I'll go down and quietly keep an eye on them. They can test it to their heart's content, as long as they don't try any monkeyshines."

Telling no one but Jernegan their plans, Pierson and Ryan set up a foolproof method for testing the gold box. They decided to stage an overnight test on a deserted wharf in Providence, Rhode Island. The wharf was bare and flat except for a little shelter at the far end, which contained a small pot-bellied iron stove and a trapdoor opening above the water. Ryan and Pierson would spend the night in the shed, isolated from the world. They planned to lower the box into the water by a rope, tie the rope around one of their wrists and stick it out for the 24 hours, taking turns watching the wharf so that no one even set foot on it. They picked a night in February, bitter cold, with the wind whipping the slush and floating ice.

Charlie Fisher, shooting for a financial grand slam, was all ready for them. While working as a professional deep sea diver in England he had acquired one of the first crude self-contained breathing apparatuses ever developed. Unknown in the U.S., it was first put into use in England in 1882. It consisted of a small cylinder containing compressed air and oxygen, with a reducing valve that permitted the mixture to pass through a hose to a helmet. There was a watertight cannister containing caustic soda, also connected to the helmet with a hose. The diver's exhaled air passed over the caustic soda, removing carbon dioxide. This air was recirculated into the helmet, mixing with fresh air from the cylinder. With such an apparatus, a diver could work underwater for an hour or more without any cumbersome connection to the surface.

Across a narrow span of water from the deserted wharf was a point of land. Late in the afternoon of the test, Ryan and Pierson went out on the wharf, lighted the iron stove, connected the gold box to the battery, and lowered the device into the icy water. Then, alone and

snug in the shed, they took up watch of the wharf, to make sure that no one sneaked out and flummoxed them.

Late that night, while the alert pair scanned the deserted wharf, Fisher climbed into his English suit over on the point and crossed over and flummoxed them right under their feet. He salted the sunken box under water with a couple of pinches of jeweler's gold, ground into dust.

The next afternoon the two shrewd businessmen hauled up the extraction box. They were electrified at what they found.

"My God," said Pierson. "It works."

"It does, indeed," said Ryan. "We've got to get in on this thing—*fast!*"

From there on out to the end, it was all down-hill coasting for Charlie Fisher. At the Lubec mill, no one questioned the rigid security measures he took in servicing the extraction kettles. After all, it was *his* process. A man doesn't share a zillion-dollar secret with every Tom, Dick, and Harry of a workman—or director. When the time came to "unload" the kettles, Fisher would lock himself in the processing room. When he emerged, he would have another batch of "gold from the sea." In between collecting the golden eggs, he would leave Lubec ostensibly to get more equipment and secret components. Fisher would simply tour some New York or Boston pawnshops. Using his drawing account on the company, he would buy up old gold jewelry, and melt it down for the next batch of gold from the sea.

When the Lubec mill started operations, the Rev. Jernegan noted a strange change in the product. The extraction kettles were now producing nuggets, whereas the box model had yielded gold dust. He commented on this phenomenon to Fisher.

"Of course," said Fisher blandly. "The force field in the kettles is much stronger. It *coalesces* the gold." Actually, he had gotten tired of grinding the jewelry into dust, and was merely melting it down into crude blobs.

Simple arithmetic dictated that the great New England gold strike had to end somewhere. Every time Fisher tapped the assets to buy more gold, he brought the end a little nearer. The "profits" delighted the directors, but they pained Fisher, who viewed them as sheer economic waste. The greater the profits, the less money there was left. With his eye on the E.M.S. bank balance, Fisher anticipated the end long before anyone even sniffed its approach.

A man with a bold set of intestines, he called the board of directors together and demanded a 45 percent royalty payment out of the company's capital. He pointed out that he and Jernegan "hadn't drawn a cent of salary or royalty," which was technically true. He alternated charm with indignation. He reported that equipment was already purchased for the big expansion, and the company was headed for immeasurable wealth and didn't need its large cash reserve. "You know the process has proved itself," he told the directors. "And look at the price of the stock! You're already worth 50 times what you invested—in just six months' time."

His brass carried the day. Irregular though the move was, the grateful directors voted Fisher and Jernegan 45 percent of their assets. It came to almost $400,000.

Charlie Fisher was not a greedy man. With only a minor tussle, he gave the delighted Rev. Jernegan his $200,000 cut. Then he took his own $200,000, plus his profits from his stock dealing, and disappeared.

No one paid any heed for a few days, because he was always coming and going. But by the end of a week, the Rev. Jernegan began to get pacey. Fisher had never been gone for more than three or four days. Besides, it was time to unload the gold from the extraction kettles. The door to the extraction room was locked, as always, and Charlie had the only key.

After two sleepless nights, the Rev. Jernegan broke down the locked door. Drawn by an awful doubt, he made his way down the sluiceway and examined a half-dozen extraction kettles. They had plenty of fresh sea water in them, and nothing more. Not a single fleck of gold, to say nothing of nuggets. They were as bare as the Hubbard cupboard.

As he had told Ryan and Pierson at the beginning, the Rev. Jernegan couldn't lie. He summoned the E.M.S. officials and told them exactly what he had found. But he still refused to believe that there was anything really wrong.

"No, sir," replied the Rev. Jernegan. "I think the trouble is that Mr. Fisher wasn't here to run things. He's the only one who knows the process. He was a bit upset with me about the division of the royalty payment. I think he has gone off somewhere to start his own project. I'm going to find him, recover the formula, and bring it back."

One of the unhappy directors coughed and asked the Rev. Jernegan about that $200,000 in company funds they had paid him as royalty. Under the circumstances —uh—considering the uncertain state of things, shouldn't he—uh—

Having tasted the wonderful fruits of free enterprise, the Rev. Jernegan was not about to share his wealth with anyone. "That money is mine," he said firmly. "You voted it to me, and I intend to keep it."

The next day he packed his trunks, bundled up his wife and infant son, and left Lubec. He went to Boston, where he had stashed his $200,000 at the Fourth National Bank. He cleaned it out and divided it three ways. He entrusted $50,000 of it to a brother, and shipped another $50,00 in a trunk which he sent to Martha's Vineyard, addressed to himself. With the remaining $100,000, he booked passage to France with his family aboard the steam packet, *Navarre*. To reporters, he insisted that he was going abroad to "hunt for Fisher."

The anguished directors, learning of his flight, requested that he be arrested upon landing at La Havre. When he disembarked, the police took him into custody; but after they carefully examined the circumstances, they released him. Legally, there was no crime he could

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"I'll need the money for income tax or leaving the country—I haven't decided which."

be charged with. He hadn't absconded with anything—except money that the directors had freely voted to give him.

Somewhere on the broad Atlantic, however, something had happened to the Rev. Jernegan. The Angel of the Lord had wrestled with Lucifer, and the Angel had Old Nick pinned to the mat with a hammerlock. Whatever Charlie Fisher had turned him into, Prescott Jernegan was still a man of God. He faced up to the doubts that had nagged him, and admitted the frightful truth. Charlie Fisher was a con man, and the Lubec mill a fake. That wonderful $200,000 might be legally his, but the Rev. Jernegan knew in his heart of hearts that it was tainted cash.

Sadly, he authorized the return to E.M.S. of the $100,000 back in the States. Of the $100,000 he had with him, he shipped back $85,000. He retained $15,000 for reasonable payment for his earnest, if misguided, efforts in behalf of E.M.S. After all, he had learned a *little* something about the profit system.

From Europe he went to Manila and worked there, and later in Hawaii, as a school teacher. He retired in his old age in Texas, and died at Galveston on Feb. 23, 1942. In the last 40 years of his life, he never once again mentioned the disaster of Lubec.

The E.M.S. directors took Jernegan's $185,000, sold the Lubec holdings, and liquidated at 36 cents on the dollar. Lubec lapsed back into what it had been all along, a remote Maine fishing village that mistrusted outsiders. A week after they shut the E.M.S. tidal mill, you couldn't get a person in town to admit that they had ever believed that nonsense about getting gold from the sea.

But there was at least one who had believed, and who mourned his disillusion. One morning Lubec found a poem scrawled in chalk on the mill gate. It said:

O Jernegan
Return again,
And make the fake
Earn again.

Whoever wrote it had the wrong man. The poem should have been addressed to Charlie Fisher. If the Angel of the Lord ever got around to wrestling for Charlie's soul, Lucifer won that one, hands down. Charlie finally turned up in the South Seas. He bought a plantation and a sailing vessel, and lived out a prosperous, happy, sinful life.

—Charles H. Knickerbocker
& James Phelan

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

VIP VIEWS THE INCOME TAX

D-Day for wage-earners is here, and the Vipper's harpoon spares no feelings in a five-page assault on that arch-enemy, the U.S. Treasury Department.

The Cowardly Career of Paul Revere

[Continued from page 34]

instead of relying solely on local legend he might have told a completely different story.

No chapter of recorded history can serve more legitimately as an inspiration for its successors than this nation's struggle for independence. No conflict was ever more heavily studded with heroes. But Paul Revere was hardly one of them. When the line of this man's life is traced, an inescapable pattern shapes up. Puzzle-like pieces begin falling neatly into place. And the emerging picture contrasts sharply with the daring and dashing figure of the neatly-rhymed verses.

Revere's early years need only brief sketching. He was born in Boston on New Year's Day of 1735, given a proper stretch of schooling and then apprenticed to his silversmith father. At 21, he served but saw no action in a military expedition against French Canada. He returned to settle down and marry a girl named Sara, kept her pregnant every other year and worked hard at his trade.

He was in his early 30's when he became active in revolutionary politics. A dark-haired, dark-complexioned fellow with an increasing tendency toward stoutness, he was by no means one of the men who were masterminding the movement, the aristocratic intellectuals with their idealistic visions of a free America. Nor was he a typical member of the mobs that demonstrated against British rule partly from discontent but mostly from a sheer love of destruction. As a middle-class tradesman, he was one of a group that served as a link between the brains and muscle of the fermenting rebellion. And for him the lure was neither idealism nor destruction but the warm fellowship he found in the various rebel societies that met at such taverns as the Green Dragon and the Salutation, the secrecy of the passwords and solemn oaths, the whispered plotting above mugs of ale. Revolution can be highly romantic in its early stages.

It was exciting, he discovered, to disguise himself as a waterfront idler, pull a silk stocking over his head, and join in burning a tax collector in effigy or smashing the windows of a custom official's house, frightening the family out in order to plunder the wine cellar; or to attempt picking a fight with an elderly British commissioner at a public banquet. It was thrilling to watch a skilled demagogue like gaunt Samuel Adams turn a crowd into a mob. The rebellion served as a social equalizer, too. A debt-ridden silversmith could sit at the same tavern table with such fellow patriots as infinitely-wealthy John Hancock.

Revolution soon became Paul Revere's sole recreation and a profitable new sideline to his trade as well. The needs of a fast-growing family had already forced him to branch out into the making of false teeth. Now he began engraving propaganda cartoons to be peddled on street corners. In 1770, a British patrol panicked and used its muskets when under attack by a raging mob. Two very brave men, staunch patriots but believers in justice, risked both reputation and life by successfully defending the soldiers in court—Josiah Quincy and John Adams, a cousin of the revolutionary firebrand, Samuel. Paul Revere, by way of contrast, inflamed the murderous public mood still further by immediately coming out with an inflammatory, best-selling engraving that showed the soldiers as the aggressors.

This sickened the two lawyers who were fighting valiantly to win a fair trial for the soldiers, but it sickened someone else even more—21-year-old Harold Pelham, the artist whose work Paul had stolen. Plagiarism was common enough in that day, but lifting the efforts of a trusting friend was carrying it too far. Young Pelham bitterly denounced Revere for robbing him as flagrantly "as if you had plundered me on the highway!" But the shifty silversmith got away with it. His version of the so-called Boston Massacre decorated New England homes for decades.

In spite of this facet of his character, and in spite of his thickening middle, there was an enduring boyishness in his manner that the women liked. Sara gave birth to her eighth child and then died in 1773. Paul immediately began courting a girl named Rachel, even writing doggerel love-poems to her. She married him just a few months after Sara's death, and she too would bear him eight children.

But the romance of revolution had become his chief love. The daring he'd shown in the tavern talk and the demonstrations and with his political cartoons had made him extremely popular among his fellow patriots. When men sworn "to oppose at peril of life" the selling of taxed tea disguised themselves as Mohawk Indians and proceeded to dump ship cargoes into Boston harbor, a stirring new song was heard:

"Rally, boys, and hasten on, to meet our chiefs at the Green Dragon! Our Warren's there, and Bold Revere . . . ."

The other man honored in that song was Dr. Joseph Warren, a moody blond fellow who was a half-dozen years younger than Paul but already the real leader of the Boston rebels. In all in-

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

FISHING SPECIAL . . .

Ted Trueblood tells HOW TO CHOKE A TROUT TO DEATH—all about the new magnum flies that guarantee full skillets.

Plus

ANGLERS WITH ARROWS, the new breed of sportsmen who stalk the high-leaping houndfish with a long bow, photographed in color.

"Aren't you the pilot?"

finitely-storied American history, there is no greater irony than the fact that, of these two men, Revere and not Warren was the one called bold.

Actually, though, neither boldness nor peril of life was involved in the famed Boston Tea Party, for there were no British troops in the town at the time. But the incident brought on troops, 5,000 of them under Gen. Thomas Gage, along with martial law and the closing of the port of Boston. The demonstrations and the mob violence ended abruptly, and the meetings at the Green Dragon became increasingly secretive. Paul Revere was frequently riding as a courier now, visiting the other colonies with messages urging them to stand by Massachusetts if the gathering storm broke and open warfare came. This too was exciting and romantic work. It put him in the parlors of famous colonial leaders when the great decisions were made, and it was not particularly risky. Anxious to avoid fertilizing the cause of American independence with the blood of martyrs, the British were merely scolding and not shooting rebels as yet.

Past 40, slightly older and considerably stouter than most of his fellow revolutionaries but retaining all of the youthful vigor and brashness that had made him the toast of the Boston taverns—this was Paul Revere on the eve of his date with immortality, the night of April 18, 1775, when General Gage attempted a surprise sortie out of Boston to capture rebel arms and powder stored at Concord.

He said to his friend, "If the British
March
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry
arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride . . ."

So wrote Longfellow. But in reality Paul Revere was neither on the opposite shore nor ready to ride when the lanterns were hung, and the signal lights were not for him but to alert the town of Charlestown. Joseph Warren dispatched two riders to warn Concord that night. The first, assigned the longer road and the task of getting through the tight British blockade on Boston Neck, was William Dawes, a casually-courageous young fellow who had once beaten a British soldier half to death for making a pass at his pretty wife. The second, assigned the shorter and safer Charlestown route, was Paul Revere.

After receiving his instructions from Warren and watching the hanging of the lanterns, Paul went home to dress for riding, then set out with his little dog at his heels to meet two friends who were to row him over to Charlestown. They were halfway to the docks when they suddenly remembered they had no cloth with which to muffle the oars.

"No problem!" one of them chuckled smugly. "Follow me."

He led the others in a detour to the corner of North and North Centre streets, where he had a lady friend living in an upper-floor flat. Whistling beneath her window, he explained their problem. She giggled in the darkness above them as she slipped out of her flannel underskirt and tossed it down. With a few appropriate comments, her man proudly let Paul feel how warm it was. They circled back and had almost reached the waterfront when one of them noticed Paul had also forgotten his spurs.

This too was no problem, the way Revere himself told the story, anyway. He merely sent his dog back home with a note to his wife on its collar, and after another wait the animal trotted dutifully back with the note gone and a jingling pair of spurs tied in its place.

No one gave the three men any trouble as they rowed across to Charlestown.

where a patriot named John Larkin offered the stout silversmith his strongest and finest horse. Finally, at about 11 o'clock, a full hour after he'd left Warren, Paul Revere was ready to ride.

It was a chill spring night, especially in the dampness where the road wound through the salt swamps, but the moon was very bright. With an 18-mile trip ahead of him, he held his mount to an easy pace, letting it break into a gallop only once, when he gave up his attempt to alert Cambridge and set out cross-country for the Mystic Road to avoid sentries. It was at the town of Medford that his shout of alarm was first heard.

"The Regulars are out! The Regulars are coming out!"

He roused Menotomy next, and the farm homes along the road. It was past midnight when he reached Lexington, a dozen miles out, and he stopped to warn John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were now delegates to the Continental Congress. At the door of the home where they were staying, he was curtly ordered to stop making so much noise.

"You'll hear plenty of noise soon enough!" he snorted indignantly. "The Regulars are coming out!"

Instead of riding on to alert Concord immediately, Revere sat and talked with the two statesmen for more than a half-hour. Then William Dawes arrived, and he and Paul set out together. They soon met up with a young doctor named Samuel Prescott, who'd been out visiting a girl named Millikan. She was evidently a good proper girl, for although it was past 1 o'clock now, Prescott still had a restless fret in his blood. Deciding a brisk ride would be just the thing to work it off, he joined Revere and Dawes on their historic mission.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night!

This is superbly-skilled writing, and no one has ever yet read those lines without feeling the intended tingle of kinetic destiny. But if the last line is true, the nation's fate had hung precariously for a full evening on Miss Millikan's propriety. For a British patrol jumped the three riders just a mile or so beyond Lexington. Paul Revere was captured. William Dawes escaped, but his horse threw him soon afterwards. Samuel Prescott smashed his way through the soldiers with his riding whip, then spurred his mount into a leap over a stone wall. He alone got through to warn Concord.

For a time, the red-coats had some sport with their plump captive.

"What's your name?" the officer in charge, a Major Mitchell, demanded.

"Revere."

"What!" they mocked him. "Not *the* Revere! Not the noted *Paul* Revere!"

"Yes." He was trying to retain his dignity under impossible circumstances.

They amused themselves by putting a pistol to his head while they asked him questions, all of which he answered readily. They scolded him, threatened him, cursed him and even pretended to be debating whether to shoot him or not. Still, in the end, they did the only thing they had authority to do—released him. But they released him afoot. Totally without authority, they liberated John Larkin's fine horse and drafted it into the British army.

It was two by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Concord town . . .

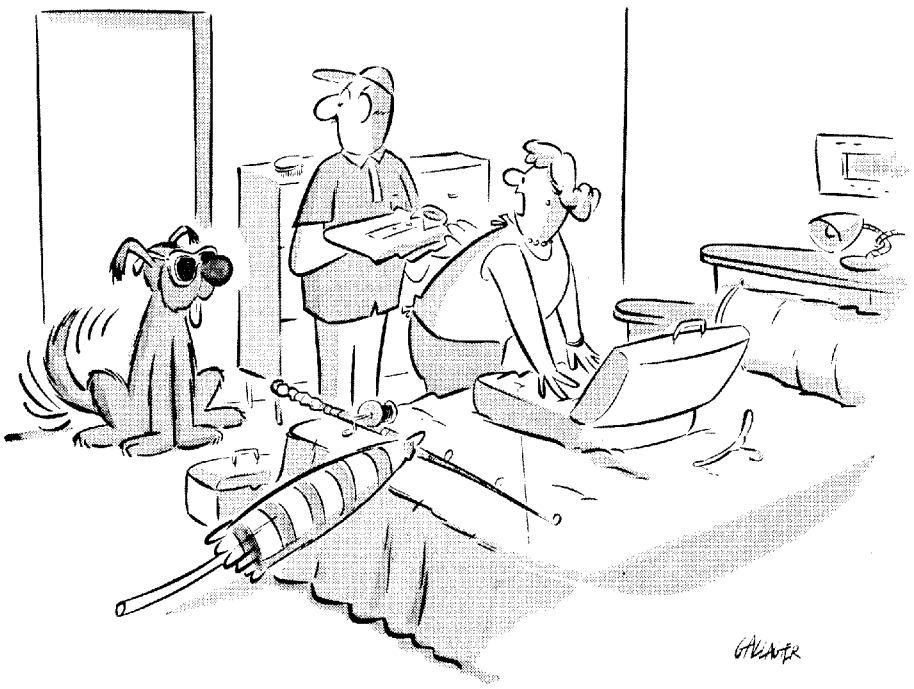
Actually, at 2 in the morning Paul Revere was trudging slowly back into Lexington, limping painfully in heavy riding boots never intended for walking. He rejoined John Hancock and Samuel Adams and caught a ride with them as they fled ahead of the advancing troops. But at the nearby town of Woburn, Hancock suddenly realized he'd forgotten some of his papers. Along with his clerk, he sent the silversmith back after them.

Revere was in Lexington again at dawn, on the scene at that explosive moment when six companies of British regulars came marching up the road and some 50 to 70 members of the home-guard militia known as Minute Men squared off in front of them. Paul was watching from an upstairs window of Buckman's Tavern. This was the moment he and his fellow rebels had worked for years to bring about, the climax of all of the demonstrations and mobbings and intrigues, the fruit of a decade of whispered plotting. And if any part of his nature, any aspect of his patriotism or revolutionary fervor, made him feel like letting Hancock's clerk handle the papers, borrowing a musket and joining the farm boys on the village green below, he had his chance.

But Revere remained on the sidelines as the early-morning hush was shattered. Paul merely watched, as someone fired on the British from ambush in what was evidently a deliberate attempt to provoke an incident, bringing on a volley that left eight Minute Men dead and 10 wounded on the green. For the first time in his life, Paul Revere saw sudden and violent death close at hand, saw what a musket ball could do to a man's body and what a bayonet looked like in front of a charging red-coated regular who intended to use it.

All of a sudden, revolution wasn't romantic any longer.

TRUE



"He's going to be heartbroken when we leave him at the kennel."

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

This is true enough. The rest is grade-school history. Roused by Samuel Prescott, the Minute Men defeated the British in a vicious skirmish at Concord and forced them to turn back toward Boston. And all through that retreat, they ran a bitter gauntlet of death, as the angry farmers swarmed out to pick them off from cover. Not only farmers were shooting, for there were a good many rebel leaders who rushed to join that fight they'd labored so long to start. Joseph Warren, for example, galloped out from Boston the moment the news arrived and lost a lock of hair to a British ball in a furious close-range battle. The rest of that day's story is well-known.

But what is not known and what will probably never be known is just where Paul Revere spent that day. Paul simply vanished. No diary or journal or letter of his or anyone else's gives the slightest hint of his whereabouts. He may have been resting in a tavern at Woburn or some other nearby town. He may have been hiding out in a swamp, as Hancock and Adams were. All that can be said with certainty is that he was nowhere near the fighting. The eager questions he asked Warren and others who had fought when he finally showed up at Cambridge the next day prove that conclusively.

Even so, Joseph Warren continued to use him as a courier in the weeks that followed, as the British turned Boston into a fortress and the young doctor struggled desperately with the near-impossible task of creating a besieging army out of a surplus of willing but undisciplined recruits and a critical shortage of war materials. There is no record of Revere ever making a trip through the British lines, as William Dawes was doing regularly. A man who actually thrilled to danger, with a gift for theatrics and a deceiving clownish look about him, Dawes would usually play the part of a feeble-minded farm boy selling vegetables. On other missions, he'd simply pretend to be a drunk.

For riding solely in rebel-held territory, Paul Revere submitted a bill requesting five shillings a day and expenses, but it was decided that his services were worth only four shillings a day. Still, he was soon making more money, making it literally. The fledgling war grew hotter. There were uncounted heroes on both sides at a rise called Breed's Hill, when colonials as scrappy as bobcats took on British regulars as stubborn as pit terriers in what has come down through history as the Battle of Bunker Hill.

"Madam, I believe that I've at last discovered the perfect shoe for you."

Gen. Thomas Gage had once sworn he would gladly sacrifice 500 men to get Joseph Warren, who was now a full major-general but who still insisted on fighting in the front lines beside the privates. The British got Warren and some 448 others that day, but they paid more than double Gage's price. While that deadly see-saw fire-fight raged, Paul Revere engraved plates and printed colonial greenbacks almost within hearing at nearby Watertown. He also helped in the designing and construction of a powder mill, but the powder turned out bad and the mill blew up before the war was over.

In March of 1776, Boston fell to its besiegers, now under the command of a general as brave as Warren and far more skilled and experienced—George Washington. And when Washington took his forces on toward New York, a new home-guard militia was hurriedly raised for the future defense of Massachusetts. A man named Thomas Crafts, a Green Dragon crony of Revere's from the pre-war years, was given command. Almost immediately, Paul Revere, whose only previous military experience consisted of a single summer's expedition two decades earlier, was made a lieutenant-colonel and placed in charge of artillery on Castle Island, guarding Boston harbor.

Bostonians could sleep more soundly in the knowledge that, if a British fleet ever appeared on the eastern ocean skyline, Bold Revere of the Tea Party song was waiting. But through the next three years of the war, the only occasions on which Paul ordered his cannon fired were to salute allied French warships and to stop American privateer vessels whose skippers had been recruiting deserters from his own garrison. He managed to take enough time off from his command to keep his silver trade alive, whenever he could find customers in those lean days. He also took part in two expeditions that were launched against the British at Newport, but both fizzled out.

It was in the summer of 1779 that everything went out from under him.

The British had landed and established a small fort at Penobscot Bay, Maine, that spring, with a garrison of about 700 men and a pair of armed sloops to prey on Yankee shipping. With neither the consent nor knowledge of Commander-in-Chief Washington, the State of Massachusetts hurriedly organized a massive task force to drive out the invaders. Seventeen warships sailed out of Boston, with Commodore Dudley Saltonstall in command and 800 marines aboard. Twenty-one transports followed with 1,200 militiamen under Brig.-Gens. Solomon Lovell and Peleg Wadsworth. Traveling in style with an ordnance brig at his disposal and his personal barge from Castle Island as ship's boat, Lieutenant-Colonel Revere was in command of the militia artillery.

It was probably the most powerful land-sea force launched since the Spanish Armada, and no one expected anything but a quick and easy victory. Paul Revere even took along a large quantity of silver products in hopes of doing a brisk business with his fellow officers.

This formidable fleet anchored in Penobscot Bay on July 24th. Although a landing attempt was driven back by a British bombardment the next morning, the marines dislodged the enemy from small offshore Hasker's Island the following afternoon, and two days later a beachhead on the mainland was secured. By the end of the month the British position was so hopeless the fort's commander issued orders to scuttle both his sloops the moment the American warships moved in.

But the American warships never moved in. Composed chiefly of privateer captains who had little taste for risking their vessels with no promise of a profit, the Massachusetts navy kept its distance. After the land forces had carried on the campaign alone for another half-dozen days, Generals Lovell and Wadsworth sent a polite note to Commodore Saltonstall; it was a formal invitation to join in the fighting, return reply requested.

The commodore's answer was to call a council of war aboard his flagship, and the resulting debate raged far hotter than the stalled battle ashore.

"I'll not send my ships into that hell-hole!" Saltonstall kept shouting, gesturing toward the bay and the guarded river's mouth. He was perfectly willing to take on the two enemy sloops with his 17 ships of war, he explained. But first the land forces would have to capture the fort and silence its guns. And they would have to do it without naval support.

Without exception, his ship captains backed him up and argued for giving up the campaign and returning to Boston. The militia commanders angrily demanded action, but there was an exception. There was one land-force officer, and only one, who sided with Saltonstall and the ship captains all through the council and voted in the minority with them for discontinuing the siege—Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Revere.

Through still another week and two more similar councils, the campaign remained stalemated. Then four British sloops arrived from New York. With little hesitation they formed a battle line and moved in on a fleet outnumbering and out-gunning them many times over. With no hesitation at all, the entire Massachusetts navy turned and fled full-sail.

The slow and unarmed transports tried to run too, but when the warships left them behind instead of escorting them, they could do little more than head in for the beach. Some attempted to escape up the Penobscot River. Others merely drove their vessels around, then scuttled them to keep them out of enemy hands. "To attempt to give a description of this terrible day is out of my power," General Lovell later reported. "To see four ships pursuing seventeen sail of armed vessels, nine of which were stout ships!"

Paul Revere ordered the ordnance brig beached, and he made no effort to salvage the cannon and ammunition aboard. He did not even order the ship set afire or blown up to keep it and its cargo from the British, as other commanders were doing on both sides of him. Instead, while his artillerymen splashed ashore and took to the woods, he had his valuable silver and other personal possessions loaded into the Castle Island barge, then set out upriver with two lieutenants beside him and eight enlisted men rowing.

General Lovell came on the scene a short time later and stared in amazement at the sight of the abandoned ordnance brig drifting slowly back out to sea. Hurriedly mustering a new crew to man her and attempt the escape run upriver, he sent an aide named Capt. William Todd to search for the missing commander.

"Tell Revere to go after the guns on

Hasker's Island!" he ordered angrily. "Tell him that's a direct command from me!"

The captain caught up with the lieutenant-colonel just inside the river's mouth and relayed the general's orders. But Revere curtly refused to obey them, Todd testified later. The plump artillery commander merely gestured to his men to keep on rowing.

Then Gen. Peleg Wadsworth came racing along the riverbank and hailed the barge.

"Supply schooner's run aground on the bar there!" he gasped, pointing to the river's mouth. "Turn back and help tow her free!"

For some time, while his men feathered their oars, Paul Revere didn't answer. He glanced first at the helpless schooner and the open ocean beyond, where geysers of spray were erupting ever closer in the surf as the British warships tacked relentlessly in and their veteran gunners found the range. Next he looked upriver, where the vast pine forests promised security and the shallows would eventually block pursuit by the enemy sloops. Then he shook his head.

"You've got no right to command me or my boat!" he insisted. "The siege has been lifted, so the expedition's over. I'm no longer under your orders."

"What do you mean?" Wadsworth exploded.

At that critical moment, at the height of a confused retreat that was becoming a rout, with the chances of saving anything from the campaign dwindling rapidly and utter chaos threatening, Paul Revere pulled out a copy of the written instructions he'd received in Boston. While the enemy warships came on, while the other officers frantically ordered stores blown up and transports fired, while groups of soaked and puzzled soldiers huddled in the pine thickets and waited for leadership, Paul Revere offered to debate the exact meaning of his orders to obey superior officers "during the continuance of the expedition."

General Wadsworth choked in shocked disbelief and then sheer rage. Back at his home in Duxbury, the general had a plump, pretty baby daughter named Zilpah, just a year-and-a-half old. And if, at that moment, he'd had any way of knowing she would one day give birth to a poet who would make a hero out of this mutinous lieutenant-colonel, he would probably have collapsed of a stroke on the spot. As it was, he had to struggle to find breath enough to speak.

"Consider yourself under arrest!" he finally gasped. "I'll have you in irons the moment the army's regrouped!"

Revere began backing down. "I'll go out there if we can find another boat for my baggage," he tried to bargain. "I'd lose all my silver and linen and everything else trying to save that schooner for Massachusetts. And who'd pay me for it? Who'd even thank me for it?"

"What'd you come on this expedition for?" Wadsworth shouted. "What'd you accept your commission for? To fight for the State or peddle your goddamned silver? For the very last time, colonel, do you intend to obey orders?"

Paul Revere backed down completely then. It was too late to attempt towing the supply ship free, but he did assist in ferrying some of her crew ashore. Then he went on upriver. When darkness came, with burning ships lighting the Penobscot for miles like a long winding procession of torches, he tied up to one of the few vessels that had escaped, the transport Pidgeon, and spent the night there. In the morning he sent a lieutenant back downstream to search for his men. The lieutenant returned empty-handed, and Paul Revere continued upriver, only to run directly into General Lovell.

As furious as the general was with his artillery commander for abandoning the ordnance brig and failing to salvage the Hasker's Island guns, his only concern now was for somehow turning the tide. "Round up your men and stand by!" he told Revere. "I'm having troops brought up now. We'll make our stand here!"

But neither Lovell nor Wadsworth saw Revere again until they faced him at an official investigation months later. Paul kept moving upstream, hiked a mile inland to camp that night, crossed to the Kennebec River the next day and finally reached Fort Western, where a good share of the disorganized American forces had gathered, including most of his own artillerymen. Without waiting for orders, Paul Revere dismissed them and set out for Boston.

All Massachusetts was infuriated by the inexcusable failure of the costly Penobscot Expedition, and a Court of Inquiry was convened immediately. Commodore Saltonstall was branded "the chief delinquent, whether acting from cowardice or bribery or both." Generals Lovell and Wadsworth and their officers were not only cleared but praised for valor, with one exception. In response to an angry request from his superiors, who were still in the field establishing a line of defense in case the British followed up their victory with an invasion, Lieutenant-Colonel Revere was relieved of his command and placed under temporary house arrest. On behalf of the absent generals, a captain named Thomas Carnes filed the formal charges against him—disobedience of orders in several instances, neglect of duty, leaving a battle scene without orders, and unsoldierlike behavior tending to cowardice.

These charges would have carried a death penalty in the Continental Army, but this was merely the Massachusetts Militia. The court had no power to do more than severely censure the accused. Only Revere's reputation was at stake. But he fought far harder for that reputation than he'd fought in the field. And he received a fair trial. No one who studies the affidavits and briefs of testimony of his hearing today can help but be impressed with the impartiality of the Court of Inquiry under the circumstances. When Revere claimed there had been bad feeling between him and Todd prior to the expedition, the charges that depended on Todd's testimony were thrown out. The lieutenant-colonel was allowed to cross-examine all of his accusers, including both generals upon their return. He was allowed to argue the case extensively and introduce as many witnesses in his own behalf as he wished, although the only officers he could find who would testify for him were a few of his direct subordinates and his cousin, Lt. Philip Marret. He was even permitted to offer a questionable document he claimed was an on-the-spot diary into evidence in his own defense.

Still, in the end, his own defense was the most damning and convincing evidence against him. He shrugged off the charge of cowardice with an argument that he "was never in any sharp action" and therefore had no chance to be cowardly. And he stuck to the same line of reasoning he'd given General Wadsworth—that his original instructions were to obey superior officers only during "the continuance of the expedition."

"Surely no man will say," he insisted, while Gen. Artemus Ward and the other members of that court stared in disbelief, "that the expedition was not discontinued when all of the shipping was either taken or burnt and artillery and ordnance stores all destroyed!"

This theory that the need to obey orders ends when an army is being defeated sounded no more convincing in 1779 than it does today. The charges made by Lovell and Wadsworth remained, and still remain, unrefuted. A November morning finally came when all arguments were exhausted, and the accused could only listen quietly as the court's findings were announced, phrased in the formal format of the day:

"Question: Was Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Revere culpable for any of his conduct while upon the River Penobscot? Answer: Yes!"

There was more to that verdict. Revere was condemned both for refusing to obey a direct command and for leaving a combat area without orders, then pointedly reminded that he alone, of all the land-force commanders who'd served in that expedition, had been guilty of such conduct, that nothing had appeared in evidence to the disadvantage of a single other militia officer. And Paul turned away in disgrace, publicly stamped a coward.

He had no way of foreseeing the future, of knowing that the fancy of a poet would eventually make his name a synonym for heroism, while the wince-provoking facts of the fiasco at Penobscot lay hidden and forgotten in musty archives. He began angrily protesting his innocence, demanding a new hearing and besieging the authorities with a barrage of letters far heavier than anything he'd thrown at the British. And he still had powerful friends in high political places, tavern comrades from the pre-war years when revolution had been a bit more glamorous. But none of them could afford to stand by him at the moment. At every crossroads and corner in Massachusetts, citizens were openly muttering that Saltonstall deserved hanging instead of harsh words, and public opinion regarding Revere wasn't too much milder.

All through the two remaining years of the war, his protests and demands were ignored.

But in October of 1781, the fighting finally ended with Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown, and four months later, with the wartime bitterness softening and a more forgiving public mood prevailing, Paul Revere's case was brought up again. In the background, now Governor of Massachusetts with authority to approve or disapprove the verdict, stood wealthy and influential John Hancock, the man whose errand Paul had been running on the sidelines of the skirmish at Lexington.

It couldn't be denied that Revere had refused to obey General Wadsworth's command. But it could be decided that he'd refused only briefly and that his boat had then been "in fact employed by Lt. Col. Revere to effect the purpose ordered." It couldn't be denied that he'd left the scene without orders. But it could be ruled that the army was "so scattered and dispersed that no regular orders were or could be given," neatly ignoring the fact that General Lovell had previously issued written standing orders to cover just such a situation. On this basis, Paul Revere was acquitted "with equal honor as the other officers." But honor under arms was something that even John Hancock's famous signature could hardly award. The cloud on the stout silversmith's name was a long time clearing.

He was 47 years old now. Penobscot had edged some gray into his dark hair and wiped the boyishness from his manner. He took a deep breath and concentrated solely on his trade, branching out to establish an iron foundry. And he did so well at it he was soon able to afford a fine three-story brick house, large enough to later be used as a home for unwed mothers. Growing steadily more prosperous and portly, he went on into the processing of copper.

He died in 1818, and under the guidance of a son he'd named Joseph Warren Revere to honor a true hero of the American Revolution, the copper industry he'd founded flourished and endured to put his profile and name on pots and pans today. Forty-five years after his death, his name became a household word in a different way. In as weird and capricious a twist as fate could provide, a grandson of the general who'd once charged him with craven insubordination portrayed him as the very image of selfless valor. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was creating a story for children and said so in his opening line. But its publication in 1863 found a Civil-War-ravaged public hungry for new American heroes, and the dashing figure on horseback became a permanent symbol of courage and daring.

Paul has been Bold Revere in the public mind ever since, just as he was in the tavern singing before the shooting started. But the one time in his life when his bravery was tested in battle, his fellow officers had a different word for him. No one called Paul Revere bold at Penobscot.—Gene Caesar

Monster Fishing in a Mystery Lake

[*Continued from page 36*]

blue surf. But his silver spoon lure was caught by the wind and it boomeranged back to him.

"Try tossing it underhand," I called above the roar of the wind.

Keith's next cast was a little better and the spoon fell some 30 feet from shore. Still nothing happened, but on the third cast he was all but separated from his tackle and his foothold on dry ground. In one split instant a fish nailed his lure, ripped yards of line from his reel and then uncoiled from the water like a sliver of spring steel.

Mousley gulped and reeled in a broken line. "If that was a bloody tigerfish," he said, "we'll never land one."

I found a place on the slippery rocks where I could lean into the gale and still make a cast. My lure, a wooden plug designed for bass in Ohio, curved sharply with the wind but fell a fair distance from shore. I made one, two, three turns of the reel handle and suddenly my tackle came alive. Then far from shore another tigerfish jumped four times before I could catch my reel handles.

Jomo, a Rendille native who had brought us to this place, came running with a gaff.

But we didn't need the gaff right away. The tiger turned toward the open lake, jumped again and threw the hook. But then another fish grabbed it going away and I was in business again. Somehow this one couldn't spit out my plug and I maneuvered it close enough for Jomo to try with his gaff.

The tiger jumped over it. But the next time Jomo connected and flipped the fish far up on the bank where he had a hard time running it down.

Seeing my first tiger was both a thrill and a disappointment. Here was a handsome, silvery, black-striped fish with a set of bridgework as formidable as any saltwater shark of twice the size. It clacked its teeth at Jomo. But I figured I'd hooked a really big tiger and this one wouldn't have weighed two pounds. It was hard to believe such a small fish could perform like a 10-pound trout.

During the next hour we hooked 10 or 11 more tigers and landed only one. But still it was as much action as anyone could handle in such wild water and violent wind.

"I've never had better sport," Mousley commented when fishing suddenly went dead, "or worse weather."

Mousley and I had flown to this strange, 185-mile-long by 35-mile-wide African lake the day before on little more than an impulse. I met Mousley, a charter pilot who would rather go fishing than fly his airplane, at the New Stanley Hotel in Nairobi. I happened to mention fishing on a recent safari through Tanganyika and that I'd hoped to catch tigerfish. But except for a few catfish and barbus I had no luck at all.

"Tigers," Keith said, "aren't plentiful anywhere—unless it would be at Lake Rudolf."

I said that I'd heard rumors about Rudolf.

"But tigers are only the half of it," Keith told me. "I've heard about monster perch in the lake which go to 200 and even 300 pounds. Recently someone carved a small airstrip out of a hillside and built a little fishing camp at a place called Lolyangalani. They even have a couple of boats. Only a handful of fishermen have ever ventured up there because you can't drive to the spot. But from what I hear, all of them had fantastic luck."

The following day we took off in his Piper Tri-Pacer. The farther northward beyond the Aberdares and snow-capped Mt. Kenya we traveled, the more wild and desolate the land became. More than two hours after leaving Nairobi, huge, dark 9,200-foot Mt. Nyiru loomed ahead and we climbed steeply to clear it. Once over the top, we had our first view of Lake Rudolf in the distance.

For the past 100 miles, we hadn't seen a single tree and only a few bushes on the bleached, rocky landscape studded with small volcanic craters. Even the shore of the lake seemed bare of vegetation until Keith pointed to an airstrip no bigger than an airmail stamp in the distance. Just beyond lay a patch of dom palm trees. A few minutes later we rolled to a stop at the edge of a tropical oasis from which Howard and Isabel Ashley appeared to meet us.

"Welcome," Ashley said. "We've been needing a couple of fresh fishermen."

The camp he led us to at the edge of the Koroli Desert had all the comforts of any stateside fishing resort. And a couple of iced drinks were waiting for us at the bar. . . .

Shortly after daybreak the next morning, we had had that first session with tigerfish. Around midmorning the hot wind suddenly stopped blowing as if someone flipped a switch.

"It's calm enough now," Howard said, "to try fishing the open lake in the boat." That was all the invitation anybody needed.

Howard kept his boat nearby in a small, sheltered bay unlike any I've seen before. On our arrival thousands of flamingos rose like a bright flame from the shallows. Pelicans, plovers and Egyptian geese waded and dabbled around the water's edge and on the shore were an equal number of shiny black ravens. A pair of falcons wheeled overhead. Except for the flamingos, none of the birds paid much attention to us.

The entrance to the bay was all but blocked by a rocky beach and as we passed it, hundreds of giant crocodiles peeled off the beach, one by one, and vanished into the water. It was a chilling spectacle because many of them exceeded 20 feet in length. Soon we were out on the open lake.

Howard's tackle was the heaviest I've ever seen used in fresh waters. It was the sort of gear you use for sailfish or dolphin or big barracudas in the Florida Gulf Stream. But five minutes after he dropped a banana-sized Palomine plug overboard to be trolled just under the surface, I un-

TRUE

"So far you seem justified in your intended actions, Mr. Lowell—now let's hear your wife's side of it."

"See, there's nothing to get excited about. I just won you back!"

derstood why. I was opening a bottle of beer when suddenly one rod bounced downward and Howard had to brace himself against the transom to keep from going overboard.

"Strike!" he shouted. "Cut the motor!"

Jomo kicked it into neutral with his bare foot.

Ashley had a hot and sweaty job ahead of him under that blazing African sun, for he had something substantial hooked. Eventually the fish rolled just under the surface about 50 yards out and the bulge it created made me wonder out loud if Howard hadn't hooked a crocodile.

"It's a big Nile perch," he grunted.

Five minutes passed, then 10 minutes more before Howard managed to wrestle the fish toward the boat. Sweating like a stevedore, he didn't relax pressure on the fish for a second.

"Now keep the gaff handy," he called to Jomo. But he was a little premature.

The perch boiled up to the top—almost lazily—poked its huge head out of the water and stood on its tail. In that position it started to shake violently. Presently Howard horsed the perch close enough to the boat for Jomo to swing his gaff.

"Take him!" Howard said.

Jomo swung and connected, but his job was only half done. The instant the perch felt the gaff it lunged for the bottom. Keith and I had to grab Jomo to keep the boy in the boat. With great effort we got the perch on deck where it started to fight all over again. Jomo beat the fish into submission with a beer bottle.

Howard slumped into a canvas chair. "That one will go better than 100 pounds," he predicted. Later in camp it weighed 106.

We didn't have many dull moments all morning. I landed a 28-pounder and then a 24-pounder which acted like a tarpon for a pair of jumps. Between fish Howard described some of his experiences while first exploring the lake.

"We've only caught one Nile perch under five pounds," he said. "The biggest weighed 181 pounds, followed by a 165-pounder I landed just last week. But I know they get much bigger because——"

He was cut off when Keith's rod started to jump.

"Strike!" the pilot shouted. Then he just held on because there wasn't anything else to do.

"Another big perch," Howard said, "so take your time."

Mousley took plenty of punishment dueling his fish in the ovenlike heat, but soon it was flopping on board. It wasn't as big as Howard's, but at 86 pounds it was a bragging-size perch anywhere. It was also enough to send Keith into the cabin for a cold brew. He was as wet as if he'd been swimming with his clothes on.

"I'll bet I lost five pounds in five minutes," he said.

There was a lull after that. We cruised and trolled southward toward Van Hohnels Bay and South Island where the Fuchs expedition members had been drowned 25 years before.

"They built their boats out of soft palm logs," Howard explained. "And that's not good enough for navigating in these crazy winds."

I asked about the *Lady of the Lake*, the boat we were using, because its design seemed vaguely familiar to me.

"It's an old lobsterman from Nova Scotia, brought here by a University of Miami scientific expedition. The boat traveled under its own power from Wedgeport to Nassau in the Bahamas and from there it was shipped by steamer to Mombasa. The next lap to Nairobi was by train. From there it required three weeks to bring it 300 miles overland, partly by truck but largely carried by teams of natives, to the site of our camp.

They had to build their own roads part of the way."

The Ashley camp was built for that same Miami expedition near the only potable spring within 100 miles by Selby and Holmberg, well-known safari outfitters. Recently the Ashleys enlarged and improved it.

By noon the African desert sun was hot enough to bake everyone on board and we discussed turning back until the cool of the evening. But that's when Jomo spotted a large flock of gray-backed gulls wheeling and diving about 300 yards away.

"Tigerfish!" he said, pointing.

As quickly as possible we hurried to the spot where an acre or two of water was in a turmoil with slashing, splashing tigerfish.

"Cast right into them," Howard directed.

Immediately he connected on the first cast. So did I. Only Keith needed a second delivery before he set the hooks solidly into a leaping tiger. With gulls buzzing and screaming about our ears, we hooked,

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

THE EDUCATION OF A GOLFER

In a witty, hard-hitting autobiography, Slammin' Sammy Snead reveals secrets of the fairway that took him to the top of the golfing world—secrets that can turn dubs into pros.

played, lost or released tigerfish until our arms were limp. But still I made another cast, hooked a small tiger and was horsing it toward the boat when the lake opened up. In a mighty upheave, a giant fish rolled to the surface and inhaled the tiger I had hooked.

It still seems strange and even impossible, but the monster was a bright gold in color—something like a huge goldfish. For a minute I froze on the reel, but when I realized what happened I flipped the bail and allowed the big fish to run free. I wanted it to swallow the tiger deep enough to become hooked itself. I recalled catching muskies and 'cudas that way at home.

"Now set the hook," I heard Howard say several seconds later. "Hard!"

I knew I didn't have a chance with that fish on a rod which weighed only a few ounces and a line that tested only eight pounds. But I gave it all I had. And surprisingly, after 30 minutes of dueling and clever boat handling, I worked the big golden fish close enough to see. It wasn't a spectacular fight, at least I can't remember any fireworks. And anyway it ended abruptly when the monster disgorged my tigerfish and I reeled in what was left.

Then I sat down and felt sick all over.

"Don't feel too badly," Howard said. "That isn't the first time it has happened. You had a golden perch—and to the best of my knowledge, only four have ever been caught—anywhere. And none weighed less than 60 pounds."

After that we knocked off fishing for the day and stopped briefly at the only native village anywhere near the camp, the one beyond the crocodile beach. I've seen villages of primitive peoples around the world, but none was quite like this. Here live 88 of the El Molo—the "wretched ones"—the entire surviving population of the tribe. They go about almost completely naked.

All the Molo huts were dome shaped. Some were fashioned of fish skins and a kind of burlap netting. Others were made of palm fronds or coarse wire grass. But all were flimsy and completely air-conditioned by nature.

"When the winds reach 60 or 70 miles an hour as they often do," Howard told me, "all the huts are blown away."

At the entrance to one hut was the head of a half-grown hippo. Its skull was split neatly down the middle and it was extremely ripe from being too long in the sun. I wanted to photograph the head and the hut, but Howard pulled me away.

"Better skip it," he advised. "The local witch doctor placed that head there to cure a sick old man inside. If he dies they'll think we're responsible because we crossed up the witch doctor."

The El Molo live entirely on what they can harvest from the laxative waters of Lake Rudolf. That limits their diet to fish, crocodiles and an occasional hippo. One suckerlike fish is especially available because it can be speared. We watched a pair of Molos cruising slowly offshore on a raft of palm logs, spears poised to impale the first critter to come along.

"Don't they get in trouble with those big crocs?" I asked.

"Naturally," Howard answered. "Every month or so someone disappears."

That evening I met another new game fish. Howard and I hiked to a rocky point and began to cast small spinners. Almost from the start we had action—hard strikes from fish which didn't know when to quit. They looked like a cross between a sunfish and a grouper.

"Tilapia," Howard explained when I held up the first one. "They're delicious on the table."

Several species of tilapia exist all over Africa, but they seldom weigh more than a pound. We caught five- and six-pounders every couple of casts. And I learned that Howard had taken a 14-pounder a couple of weeks before.

Aboard the *Lady of the Lake*, we explored much of Rudolf's south end in the next few days. And we always caught enough big Nile perch to practically fill the boat. Then on the last morning we got into the tigerfish bonanza again. I caught tigers until I was tired of it, including an eight-pounder which made 10 spectacular, gill-rattling leaps before I beached it.

There may be bigger tigerfish elsewhere—maybe even bigger Nile perch than at Rudolf. If so I'd like to see the place. I've fished my way pretty well around the globe and I've never found the lake to match it. Rudolf just may be the greatest fresh-water fishing hole anywhere.—**Erwin A. Bauer**

How to Spot a Hustler's Swindle

[*Continued from page* 41]

to do with it?' I asked suspiciously.

" 'You hit the nail on the head, Willie. It's a Spanish game called La Mosca. And the flies do all the work.'

" 'Never mind the build-up. Let's see what it is.'

"Benny picks two lumps of sugar off the breakfast tray, unwraps them and puts them down on the coffee table about six inches apart. 'The idea of the game, Willie, is for you to guess which lump of sugar you think the first fly will land on after I open the box. I'll bet on the other. For five grand.' This sounded like an even-up bet so I pointed to one lump and gave him the nod to spring the flies.

" 'Now be quiet,' he says. 'No blowing or waving the arms.' Then he flips off the lid, and the flies take off.

"Well, after a couple of minutes the flies spot the sugar and begin buzzing around it, swishing in and out like dive bombers. I was sure once I had the five grand when three of them come down in formation making a low approach toward my lump, but they zoom right past and circle toward the ceiling. I'm watching these three babies when all of a sudden one dives, gives my sugar a miss and lands on Benny's.

"Benny is real sorry for me. 'That was tough luck, Willie, but if you'd like to get even we can go again.'

"I figured now there must be a gaff to it, so I say, 'Okay, only this time I'll take your lump and you take mine.'

"Much to my surprise he agrees and says, 'Let's spread the sugar a little further apart this time.' I nod and he moves the cubes and we sit waiting, and then . . . Whammo! A fly makes a three-point landing—on Benny's lump, the sugar I just lost on. 'Well,' I says, 'this must be your lucky day, Benny. I'll send you the ten Gs; I gotta be going.' "

Then Willie added, "I still think he had a gaff, but how do you gaff a fly?"

"I wouldn't know," I told him. "But I've got a confession to make. Benny asked me once for a gimmick to fool the smart boys with—and I showed him how to gaff the sugar."

"You showed him—" Willie burst out laughing. "Since it already cost me ten grand, maybe I can get in on it too?"

"DDT," I said. "A drop on one side of each sugar lump. Benny had both gaffed sides on top to start. Then, after you made your choice, he moved the lumps a bit and turned his over."

Willie was still shaking his head when we said good night. And probably planning to lay in a supply of DDT.

I know a couple of card cheats who work the tourist suckers at the swank Miami Beach hotels and not only clip them at the card table but make the victims pay their dinner and night-club checks as well. They invite a mark and his wife to join them at a dinner show, and when the check arrives one of the cheats digs down into his pocket and produces three quarters. He gives the mark one; he and his confederate take the others, and he explains that it is an old Miami Beach custom to toss for the check.

The mark usually goes along with this; he'd feel embarrassed not to. And, of course, he figures the odds are 2 to 1 in his favor. Actually, he has no chance at all. These same boys once tried the dodge on me in Jimmy Grippo's "21 Club" in Miami Beach with a view to getting me to buy them a round of drinks. I agreed to the toss, but, being suspicious by nature, I noticed that when the coins came out both of those held by the cheats were tails up. If this was the old dodge and they had gaffed coins with tails on both sides, I'd be odd man and lose as soon as I threw a head.

The first cheat tossed his coin, caught it and slapped it down on the bar. His pal did the same. It was a little late to back out now and it would be embarrassing if I tried to do so and the coins turned out to be honest, so I followed suit. When the coins were exposed they were all tails.

We tossed again: same result. The odds against three men throwing tails on the

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"Think, gentlemen! Do you dare find *him* guilty of successfully impersonating an officer?"

same toss are 7 to 1. On the second toss it is 63 to 1. After the sixth toss and no sign of a head, I said, "It might interest you boys to know that the odds against three coins landing tails six times in a row are 262,143 to 1. Looks like we're going to break a record."

That ended it. One cheat picked up his coin, turned it over, showing tails on both sides. His pal did the same. "Okay, Scarne," he said. "We didn't figure you had a gaffed coin and we didn't spot your switch."

I turned over my quarter and showed a head on the other side. Maybe I should have asked them if they would bet that it had no head; that's what they would have done in the same spot.

I had used sleight of hand, but not a switch. With some know-how and some practice it is possible to feel a coin with your thumb after you catch it and know at once without looking at it which side is heads and which is tails. Then, if it is going to land wrong side up, a sleight-of-hand move turns it over as it is slapped down on the bar.

The sleight-of-hand method I used to protect myself is also used by skilled coin tossers to clip the marks. It makes the gaffed coins unnecessary.

The most ingenious coin-tossing swindle of them all was one which "The Hiker," a card cheat and con man, used in the 20's. He spent a lot of time in the original Lindy's Restaurant in New York, and it was here I once saw him use it on a bigtime gambler.

"Let's toss for the check and 50 bucks to boot," the Hiker suggested. The gambler nodded. The Hiker tossed a nickel and said, "You call it while it's in the air." The gambler called "Tails" and it came down heads.

The Hiker often tossed for a thousand dollars and got a good many takers who figured that there was no way to control the coin while it was up there spinning; that since it was allowed to fall to the floor untouched, no sleight of hand could be involved; and that, since the taker called it, a double-headed or double-tailed coin would be of no use.

What they didn't know was that the Hiker's proposition didn't always win—but it never lost. And he did use a double-headed (or double-tailed) coin. With a double-header, if the victim called "Tails" the Hiker let it fall and he won. And if the victim called "Heads"? This is the cute part. The Hiker simply caught the coin as it fell and dropped it into his pocket, saying, "No bet. I just wanted to see if you had any sporting blood in your veins." He won half the time and never lost, which is a sure thing any way you look at it.

Gamblers have a saying: "If you bet on a sure thing, be sure to save enough money for carfare home." They say this because even the most carefully planned proposition bet can sometimes have a nasty way of boomeranging. The Hiker once had trouble of this sort. It began when he met Lefty Welch boarding a train in Frisco en route to Miami. Lefty was a Miami rackets boss back before World War II. When it came to figuring odds at a dice table he was a whiz, and this talent earned him a sizable fortune. But he quit school before he learned to read or write and he signed his name with an X. The smart-money boys all knew this and the Hiker knew they knew it, so he dreamed up a proposition that made use of it.

He began by giving Lefty a selling talk on culture, pointing out that if he ever wanted to mingle with the upper social circles he would have to acquire some class. "To get that," the Hiker pointed out, "you have to have a good gift of gab. And first you need to know how to spell."

Lefty wasn't impressed. "I haven't done so bad without this highclass stuff."

The Hiker saw that he'd have to do what he planned the hard way, so he propositioned Lefty. "If you can learn to spell two words by the time we get to Miami, I'll pay your fare. I'll bet you can't do it."

"Two words?" Lefty said. "It's a bet. What are they?"

"'Hippopotamus,'" the Hiker said, "and 'rhinoceros.'"

"You don't have to make it that tough. Give me two easier ones."

The Hiker shook his head. "Two C-notes just to learn to spell two words is a hell of a lot more than the minimum wage. I don't think you can do it."

Nobody likes to be thought that dumb, so Lefty rolled up his sleeves and went to work. He studied those two words and practiced all the way across the country. By the time they pulled into Miami he had them down cold. All the Hiker had to do was call out "Hippopotamus," and Lefty would rattle off the spelling of both hippopotamus and rhinoceros.

The Hiker congratulated Lefty, gave him the $200 and went off to look up a courtly, well-dressed gentleman whose monicker was Silver Tongue and who had worked with the Hiker on more than one con game.

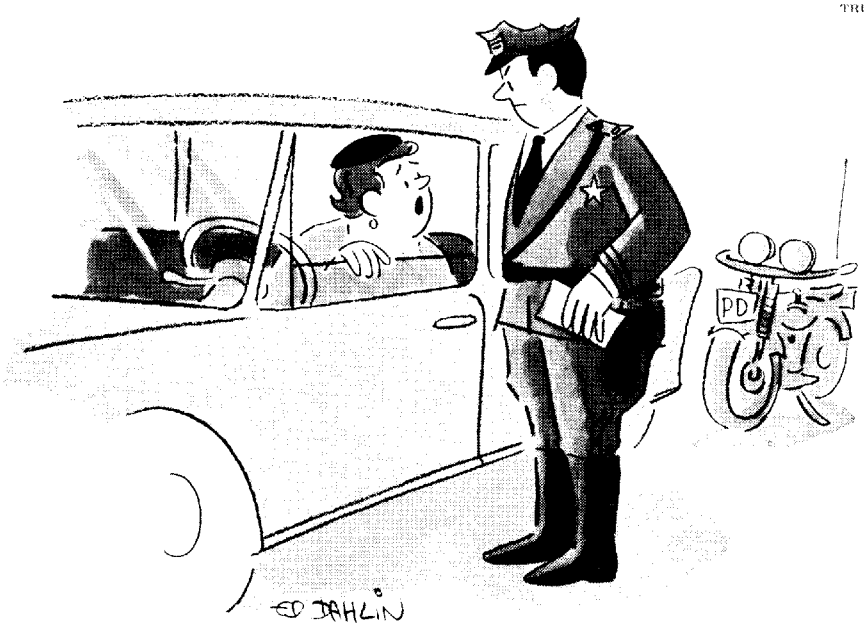
"Silver Tongue," he said, "when I go into this restaurant where Lefty eats you stick around outside, and when I give you the office, come in. And later, when I ask you to write five words of ten letters or more each, write 'hippopotamus' and 'rhinoceros' and any three Italian dishes on the menu."

A few days later, with some of the smartest money gamblers in Miami at the Hiker's table, Lefty eating across the room, and Silver Tongue staked outside, the Hiker noticed Lefty and remarked casually, "Lefty is the most educated gambler I ever met."

Several eyebrows went up, and one of the boys howled, "Educated! Why that mug signs his checks with an X."

"I don't know how you got an idea like that," the Hiker said. "I know Lefty well. I'll lay you a bet that he can spell any word with ten letters or more in the dictionary." He took out a pencil and asked that someone write down a word of ten letters or more. He got no takers on that one; nobody in the crowd knew any words that long.

At this point Silver Tongue came in on cue, walked past the table, and was stopped by the Hiker. "Pardon me, sir, we want to settle a little wager and would appreciate your help. May I ask what business you're in?"



"But when I *DO* signal no one believes me."

"I'm a lawyer," Silver Tongue replied.

"Perfect," the Hiker said. "You're our man. Would you be so kind as to write five words of ten letters or more on this menu?"

Silver Tongue scanned the menu, jotted down mozarella, prosciutto, scaloppine, then thought a moment and added hippopotamus and rhinoceros.

"Thank you," The Hiker said. "Now I've got a thousand bucks that say that Lefty can spell any one of those words."

The gamblers figured that if they couldn't spell the words themselves, it was a sure thing Lefty couldn't.

"I'll take part of it," one of the boys said, "provided you cross out those Italian dishes. Maybe he *can* read Italian."

Then somebody also crossed out hippopotamus. Everybody agreed that everything was on the up and up and the bet was covered. The Hiker called Lefty over to the table.

"Lefty," he explained, "the boys and I have a little bet and we need your help." He pointed to Silver Tongue. "This gentleman will read a word which is written on this menu. When he calls it out, I want you to spell it."

"Sure," Lefty said enthusiastically.

"Very well," Silver Tongue said. "Spell rhinoceros."

Lefty grinned. "That's a cinch. H-I-P-P-O-P-O-T-A-M-U-S."

The Hiker's comment after he recovered was: "All that rehearsing from Frisco to Miami, and I never thought to have him spell the words the other way around!"

This story leaves a question: Was Lefty really that dumb or did he double-cross the Hiker? The Hiker thinks he did, but Lefty isn't talking. And all I know is that if you are foolish enough to bet any big money on any similar proposition, I'll give you odds that you lose.

You may not run into this dodge today but it's one of the best of all poker stories. It so nicely illustrates the old adage that nothing is certain except death and taxes that I can't resist telling it here. It has been around a long time. John F. B. Lillard told it in his book *Poker Stories* back in 1896.

A card sharper entered a Butte, Montana, saloon one night and found four hard-bitten prospectors playing draw poker. "Is this an open game?" the sharp asked. One of the prospectors nodded and said, "Sit down, stranger."

The game was table stakes with a minimum limit of $300 as the "buy in." After playing for an hour or so, the sharp stacked the cards and dealt himself four aces. He made a fair-sized bet and everybody dropped out except one old boy with gray whiskers and a deadpan poker face. At the draw, both stood pat. The sharper counted the prospector's cash by eye and bet an equal amount. The old boy didn't blink; he merely shoved all his chips into the pot and called.

The sharp spread his four aces and reached for the pot. "Not so fast, sonny," his opponent said, laying down three clubs and two diamonds.

"What do you mean, not so fast?" the sharper said. "I've got four aces."

"Sure you do," was the reply, "but in this town a Lollapalooza beats any other poker hand. And that's what I've got—three clubs and two diamonds."

The other prospectors all nodded. "That's right, stranger," one of them agreed. "Nothing beats a Lollapalooza."

The sharp knew he had been cheated but he figured he had an answer. On his next deal he stacked the cards again, dealt himself a Lollapalooza and gave four aces to the prospector who had won the earlier pot. Again he made a fair-sized bet and again the old boy stayed, the others dropping out. Once more both men stood pat on the draw. The sharper pushed all his chips to the center. The prospector called again.

"Well," the sharp said. "This time I can't lose. I've got the Lollapalooza."

But the old prospector was already raking in the pot. "Sorry, pardner," he said. "You should ask about the rules before you deal yourself in. The Lollapalooza hand can only be played once a night."

—John Scarne

Manhunt for a Murderer

[*Continued from page 62*]

eyes he had seen that morning as he was being lowered into the well.

His sudden realization of what he was up against fell like a hammer blow. They were going away and leaving him helpless at the bottom of a 36-foot well, from which escape would be next to impossible without help from above. Alex had drawn up the bucket and there was no rope to climb. He felt as stranded as a mouse in a 10-gallon crock.

When an hour had passed and there still was no sign of Cora or Alex, George knew they had planned it that way—to let him starve to death while they went away together to shape a new life for themselves. Chances of anyone happening by were about a thousand to one. The mine was in a remote area and their only visitors were occasional hunters and a fire warden or two. No one had dropped in on them since early summer.

White-hot anger surged through Houck and he cursed both for what they were. But cursing, he realized soon enough, would not get him out of the well. He had to think of something practical. He figured the water would eventually rise to about his eye balls for all the wells in that area that were from 35 to 40 feet deep had about five feet of water in them. But how did one go about such a problem? To lift himself 36 feet straight up looked impossible. The well was much too wide for him to dig footholds on either side and climb out; his legs simply wouldn't stretch that far.

It was noon by his watch when Sport came once more to stare down at him. He wondered how long the dog would hang around, with no one there to feed it. He wanted it to stay around so that it would draw attention to his plight should someone happen by.

He finally thought of something. Why not enlarge the well to twice its present circumference, starting at the bottom and working up? Muck from his pick would gradually elevate the bottom and lift him to the top. The pressure of earth from above, however, made this a risky undertaking. A cave-in could easily result and bury him alive. But it was a chance he had to take.

By nightfall he had raised the bottom of the well better than six feet, but it was no good. Simple arithmetic told him that after the first stage of digging the bottom would not keep up with him. You couldn't fill x-square feet of space with minus-x material. To dig his way out, he not only would have to fill in behind him the new vacuum he was creating but there had to be something also with which to fill the already existing space, and there wasn't.

At the end of the second day he was standing in a cavernous excavation that left hanging walls on every side of him and he still was about 24 feet from freedom. Ravenously hungry and thirsting for the water he had covered up, he lay down on the dank bottom and all but gave up. The only thing that could help him now would be a pair of wings.

On September 18, six days after Houck had been lowered into the well for the last time, two youths out looking for stray horses stopped at the Houck cabin to inquire if the animals had passed that way.

They found the table in the cabin on its side and chairs overturned, as if a brawl had taken place. Their efforts to raise anyone failing, they started looking around.

Peering down into the well, they saw a man's head sticking up out of the muck; the rest of him was buried out of sight.

Brought up, Houck was found to be unconscious. Fearful to try and move him on horseback, one of the youths stayed with Houck while the other rode for help.

The youth who remained at the cabin, identified in the records only as "the Jessup boy," discovered after he had been there a while a small fox terrier that wandered out of the brush nearby. The dog was lank and unfriendly and when it trotted back into a clump of mountain cedar he followed it to get the shock of his life. He found himself peering down into the glazed eyes of a young woman. That she had been dead for several days there was no doubt, judging from what his nose told him. The body was almost nude. A kitchen dish towel had been drawn into a knot about her throat and there were bruises on most of the flesh around the breasts and abdomen.

Hours later when the still unconscious Houck had been taken to a hospital and the body of his wife, Cora, to an undertaking establishment, there still was a mystery about the whole affair. Some said Houck had slain his wife and then tried to commit suicide in the well. Others recalled that Houck had a partner and just maybe he had had something to do with it.

When Houck regained consciousness he was asked to state what had happened.

He told how his partner had lowered him into the well and left him there to die; how he had suspected all along that Alex George and Cora were having an affair, and how he was not greatly surprised when she turned on him without warning. He had no recollections of when the cave-in had occurred but he thought it was on the morning of the third day. It had covered him completely, but he had managed to work his way upward to where he could breathe. After that he passed out.

"I'm afraid I've some rather distressing news for you," the sheriff said. "Your wife didn't run off with Alex George after all."

The patient's head jerked around as he fastened a stunned gaze on the sheriff. "She didn't?"

"No, she was murdered. Her body was found near your cabin."

The sheriff had to repeat the statement before Houck's confused mind could comprehend it.

"Who did it?"

"We think you did," the sheriff said bluntly. "What did you do with George's body?"

At this, Houck heaved back the blan-

kets and came to his feet, all six feet of him, so fiercely angry that he was like a man gone mad. The sheriff backed away.

"All right, all right, if you didn't do it, then tell us who did."

"With my wife murdered and Alex gone, you got a nerve to stand there and ask me who did it!" Houck stormed. "I was wrong about Cora, dead wrong, and I'm ashamed I thought badly of her. She was a good wife after all." With a moan of anguish he collapsed in a heap on the bed.

Convinced finally that Alex George was the real killer, the Teller County sheriff's office put out an all-points bulletin offering a $100 reward for George's arrest and conviction on a charge of first-degree murder, but this by no means satisfied Houck. "I'll pay anybody two hundred dollars just to tell me where he is," he told the sheriff, "and I'll do the rest."

George, however, had taken off for parts unknown. Not even his closest friends had heard from him, or knew anything about him.

Following Cora's funeral, Houck, still hating himself for having questioned her loyalty, began a quiet tour of the Colorado mining towns, searching for his ex-partner. Like himself, George had no money and would have to work for a living. The only occupation he had ever followed was that of a miner. He would not likely be trying his hand at anything else.

Houck had taken Alex George in on a partnership covered by a simple agreement and fortunately the mining claim remained in Houck's name. This enabled him to sell the mine for which he was paid $800. But even that didn't last long. Stage travel and living expenses ate so heavily into it that he had to find a job.

The months rolled by and still there was no word of George's whereabouts.

In mid-summer of 1904 Houck received an unexpected windfall. A mining claim he had owned for five years at Goldfield, Nevada, and which he considered worthless, suddenly became valuable when, according to the Goldfield *Nugget*, a strike was made on adjacent land. For it he was paid $31,000. This enabled him to travel freely about the country with no financial worries.

He grubstaked a couple of old friends, W. A. Stautts and Jack Bishop, who obligingly made the first strike in the Seven Troughs district of Nevada, between the Stone House Range and the Trinity Mountains, which they sold the following spring for $50,000. Houck received one-third of it.

Houck made other investments and late in 1906 he found himself independently rich. He was now 44 and in the best of health. But behind him was an unfinished piece of grim business and he now threw his entire resources into the task of locating Alex George. He passed out money to various itinerant miners he knew, instructing them to be on the lookout for the fugitive, who was still wanted at Cripple Creek for the murder of Cora Houck.

One day in June of 1907, according to both the Vernon *Miner* and the *Review*, Houck received a letter from one of his scouts. Alex George with a partner named Jim Glass was working a claim 42 miles from Telluride, Colorado, where he was known as Frank Miller. The informant said there was no question about his identity of the man.

Houck took his own good time in positively identifying Frank Miller as Alex George. He had grown a beard and had long hair down to his shoulders, so that he was hardly recognizable by anyone who had known him. But his voice was not to be changed by time and Houck, by eavesdropping on a conversation between the suspect and another man, finally was convinced that he had found the fugitive.

The day Houck decided to move in on his quarry, the man known as Frank Miller was working at the bottom of a 30-foot perpendicular shaft that was being driven straight down through hard rock in the hope of striking an elusive vein of ore.

The next time he looked up he beheld a face that peered down at him out of the past.

"Hello, Alex!" the face said. "I've been a long time looking for you, but I guess you know why I'm here."

What Alex George's mental reaction was to all this is not known, but it must have been quite a shock to find the man he had left to die in a well standing over him.

"You needn't look for your partner back," Houck said, "because he won't be coming back. I bought out his share of your claim and you and I are partners again, like we were back at Cripple Creek."

The deal between Glass and Houck had been made the night before and Glass had agreed for a certain amount of money to turn over his share to Houck at a moment when the muck bucket was at the top of the shaft, leaving George helplessly trapped on the bottom. The shaft had needed no timbering, so there was no possible way of George climbing out immediately, or ever for that matter.

"What are you going to do with me?" George asked.

"Nothing. Just leave you where you are. That's the way you left me before you murdered Cora."

"I didn't murder her. When I went for your boots, three men were in the cabin. They grabbed me and put me on a horse. They told me if I didn't get out of there quick they'd kill me, so I rode right through town and kept on going. I don't know what happened after I left."

"It didn't occur to you to stop and notify the sheriff," Houck said. "No, it's no good, Alex. There isn't anything you can say that will help you."

George did not beg or plead for his life. He looked up at his former partner and said, "Why don't you get it over with? Shoot me and be done with it."

"No, that would be too merciful, Alex. There was nobody to shoot me when you left me in the well. I could have starved to death down there. Fortunately someone discovered me in time. But no one's going to discover you. I've seen to that. At the foot of the hill I put up a sign that says 'road closed.'"

"You intend to starve me to death, is that it?"

"That depends, Alex," Houck said. "You make a confession that you killed Cora and sign it. Then I'll take you back to the sheriff at Cripple Creek and you can be hanged legal. How does that sound?"

"I won't sign any confession," George said. "I didn't do it."

Houck had no real intentions of leaving George in the well to die. His plan was to make his pretense so real that George would sign a confession of murder and go back to Cripple Creek to face the five-year-old murder charge. All he really wanted was to see George die at the end of a rope owned by the state, but so much time had passed since the murder that he was fearful the state would be unable to get a conviction without a confession.

When he went back to the shaft just before sundown the next day, he found George glaring up at him with malevolent eyes.

"All right," George said. "I'll sign that confession. Get me some paper and something to write it down with."

Weak from hunger and thirst, George permitted Houck to secure his hands behind him with rope and they began the 42-mile ride into Telluride in the horse-drawn buggy Houck had rented for the duration of his quest.

Unnoticed by Houck, George was constantly working his hands free of the rope and 12 miles from Telluride he suddenly shoved his captor from the seat and grabbed the reins.

Houck's head struck a rock as he fell and he was out for a few minutes. By the time he had recovered, the rig was out of sight around the next bend, leaving behind it a thin veil of dust to mark its rapid progress.

Cursing himself for having been so downright careless, Houck walked into town and found the rented horse and buggy standing at a hitching rack in front of a saloon, but George was not to be found. No one remembered seeing the rig left there, nor had anyone seen a man answering the fugitive's description.

With the signed confession to back him up, Houck demanded that the authorities launch an extensive manhunt but the sheriff was not just about to spend the county's money looking for a murderer from Cripple Creek, 200 miles to the east. Let Teller county worry about him, he said.

By the late summer of 1908, Seven Troughs was another Comstock Lode, with rich mines scattered all over the area. It is unlikely that with so many interests invested there, Alex George heard the name, Jesse Houck, for he joined the Miners' Union, using his own name, and worked for a time at a mine in Mazuma. But he left there after a few weeks to work for two partners, French and Christensen, who were driving a tunnel in a mountain some 50 miles north of Seven Troughs in the hope of striking a rich vein of ore.

Dynamite for blasting was delivered to a tool house and carried up a trail to the mine on the miners' backs. Alex George frequently fell heir to this task.

On Labor Day of 1908 there was a celebration in Seven Troughs attended by miners from miles around. One of the special events was a drilling contest in which Alex George and a man named Scott participated. Because of what happened later, some folks were to remember seeing Jesse Houck in the crowd witnessing the drilling contest. When it was over he turned and lost himself among the 5,000 spectators.

Two days later a dozen miners were sitting at the mouth of the French-Christensen tunnel watching Alex George laboring up the trail with a box of dynamite on his back.

"If that stuff went off," one said with a short laugh, "there wouldn't be enough left of Alex to grease your boots."

The words had hardly been said when a blinding flash of blue light and a terrifying concussion occurred that could be seen and felt for several miles. It drove some of the watching miners clear back against the hillside and so numbed the senses of others that they were days recovering from it.

When the smoke cleared away there was an indentation in the earth a foot deep and many feet across. Except for bits here and there Alex George had completely disintegrated.

Someone claimed later to have heard a rifle shot that had blended in with the exploding powder. On a little knoll overlooking the scene, 150 yards from the point of explosion, a deputy picked up a freshly-fired .30-.30 cartridge. He also found footprints behind a convenient rock, indicating that someone had fired down at George at a moment when he was alone on the trail.

A search of the camp revealed no rifles. But back in Seven Troughs someone remembered seeing Jesse Houck leave the hotel just before the blast carrying something as long as a rifle wrapped in tar paper. The paper was later found rolled up and stuffed under a bush along a trail leading to the ridge where the empty .30-.30 cartridge had been picked up by the deputy.

Little by little other facts came to light. Houck was known to have used a .30-.30 on a deer hunt the previous fall, and he was an expert in the use of dynamite. He knew as well as the next one that the impact of a rifle bullet would cause it to explode.

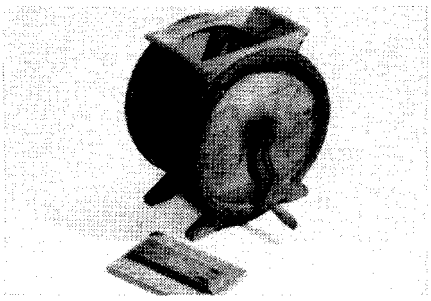
Aware that the sheriff was investigating his movements on the day of the blast, Houck hunted him up and said, "The fact that Alex George raped and murdered my wife could have influenced me to kill him. But if I did do it, I waited six long years for my revenge and that's too long for anybody to wait to destroy a human rat. Arrest me if you will. But the burden of proof is on the state. As is my right, I plead not guilty to murder, if you can call it that."

He was not arrested and in time the folks of Seven Troughs came to regard the fatal blast as an accident. Alex George's remains, the few scattered pieces picked up, were buried in the smallest casket ever used in the area—a cigar box.

—Tom Bailey

TRUE goes shopping

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



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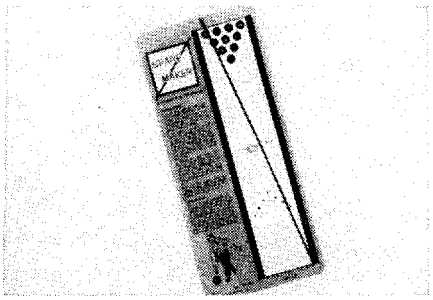

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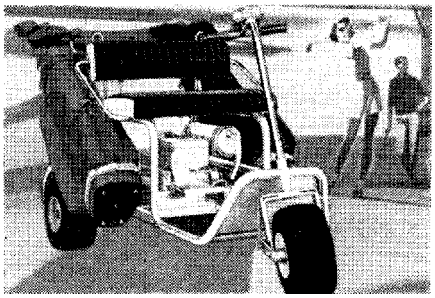

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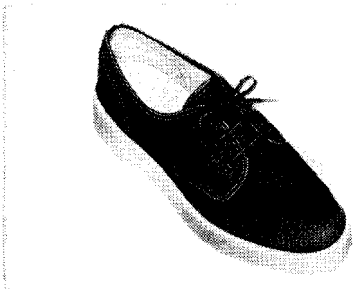

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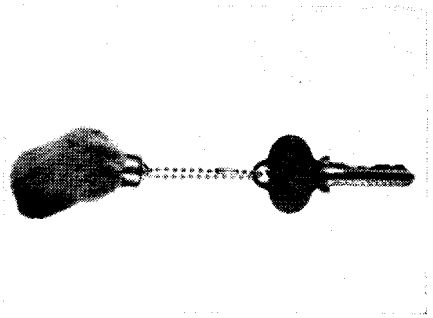

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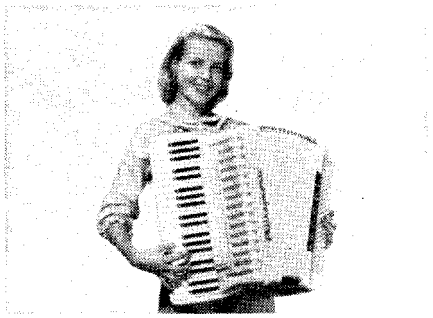

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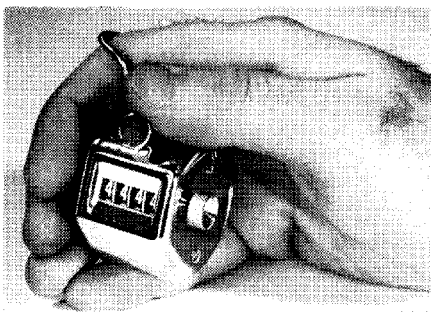

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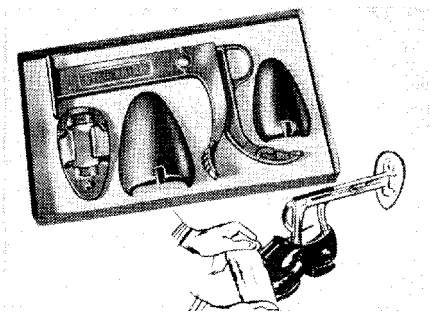

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goes shopping

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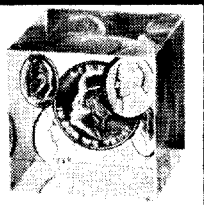

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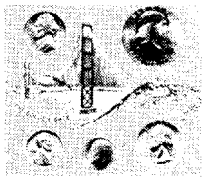

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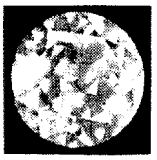

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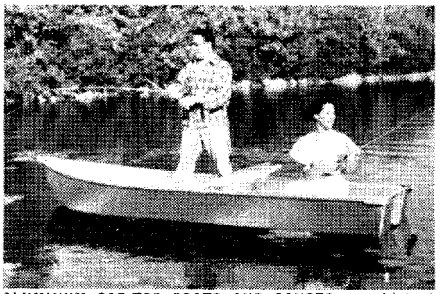

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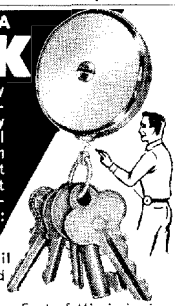

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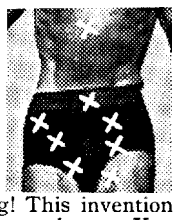

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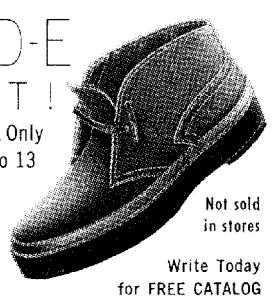

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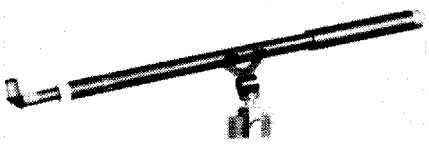

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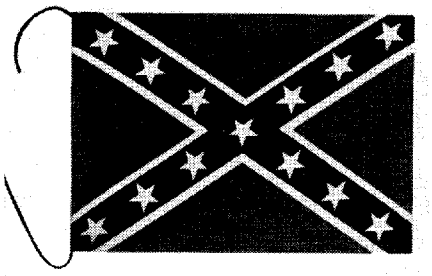

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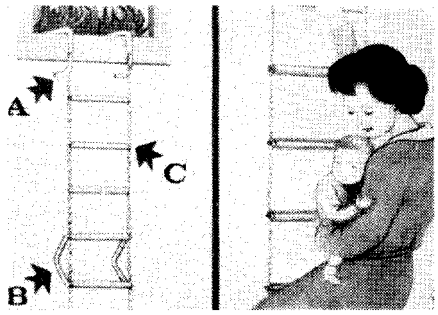

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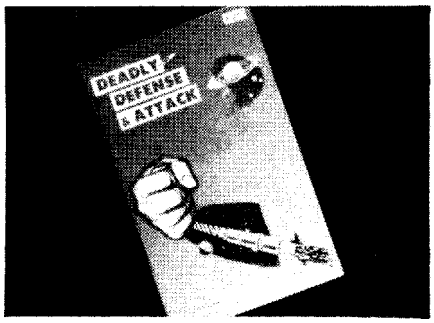

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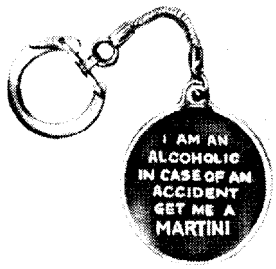

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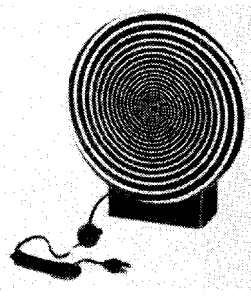

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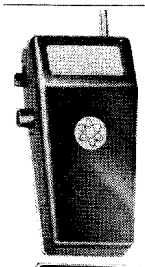

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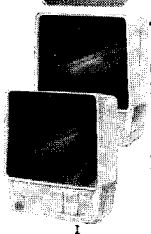

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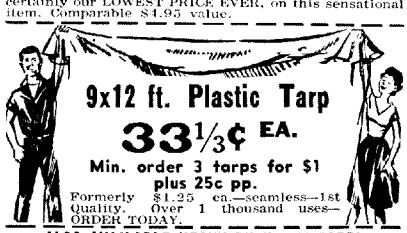

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The Brass-Band Pitchman and His Million-Dollar Elixir

[*Continued from page* 28]

North and Far West. LeBlanc sold a great deal of Hadacol, but it cost him proportionately more in advertising and promotion to do so. It simply cost more to sell a bottle of Hadacol in Newark or Los Angeles than it did in, say, Waterproof, Louisiana. Gradually that extra expense, plus the logistics of the greater distances from the plant at Lafayette, ate away the profit margin.

Toward the end of the boom, there was an element of abandon in the LeBlanc Corporation that might have warned a prudent man. And that is the key to the view that's probably closest to the truth: during that spring and summer of 1951, when sales climbed to $25 million in the first quarter, LeBlanc tired of it all. He quit watching the business and began thinking about politics—specifically, about the governor's chair, a post for which he'd hungered since the middle 1930s when he lost a bitter fight for it and for which he now, as the Hadacol man, felt more eminently qualified.

"The challenge was gone from Hadacol," an associate said. "Dudley doesn't care about money per se. It's the combat he likes, in promotion or politics. When he was whipping Hadacol up to the big-time, he loved it. When it got there, he couldn't have cared less." Things like cost analyses and the ratio of advertising volume to sales left him cold. The same associate recalled that days went by when no one could get LeBlanc even to discuss important decisions. So everyone made his own decisions, and the LeBlanc Corporation operated in uncontrolled chaos.

This is what LeBlanc palmed off on a party of eastern financiers whose lawyer described them as "a damned sophisticated group." They may have been tigers on Wall Street, but as it turned out, they were lambs in the bayou country.

Hadacol remained in bankruptcy until 1954, when it sold at auction for $150,000 which paid back wages but left nothing for the creditors or the owners. It lay dormant for a time and then was revived with a somewhat improved formula. Today, entirely unrelated to LeBlanc, Hadacol has steady sales of $1,250,000 a year in 14 southern states and nets its new owners a comfortable profit.

LeBlanc sat in his tiny office in Lafayette recalling the bitter days when Hadacol folded. His wildly cluttered desk now sits only a few feet from the office door, which opens directly onto the street. The townspeople bang open the door and shout at him in French and he shouts back and laughs and they walk on.

"They say nothing succeeds like success," he said, "but let me tell you, the real truth is that nothing fails like failure. When Hadacol died, I was dead in politics. I stayed in the race for governor but I didn't have a chance. I'd been campaigning as the Hadacol man—and Hadacol was dead."

He leaned forward and grinned with glinting eyes. "But I had fun and I didn't do so badly. 'Course, they still owed me near $8 million—but they were bankrupt and there wasn't a dime in the pot. I filed my claim with all the other creditors, but none of us got anything and what could we do?"

Resigned as that sounds, LeBlanc certainly took enough out of Hadacol to live happily ever after. Some of what remains is tied up today in his latest promotion, an electro-therapeutic machine he calls Bio-Cold-Ray. This handy device sends a radiant spray of solar energy right through the body, he says, and in what really is more than faintly reminiscent, quickly improves things like fungus, arthritis, gangrene, high blood pressure, asthma, lumbago, prostate problems, blood clots, gout, hemorrhoids, dental conditions, heart problems, burns, "female trouble" and fractures.

But if that sounds suspiciously like Hadacol, LeBlanc makes it plain that his new approach is entirely different. The Bio-Cold-Ray won't sell to the public—it'll be leased to doctors only at $50 a month, "just like IBM rents its machines." LeBlanc, who says he has issued nearly a half-million dollars worth of stock in his new outfit, is all finished with medicine shows and the pitchman's spiel. Instead of sexy testimonials, Bio-Cold-Ray will be introduced through "very high class ethical ads, in places like medical journals, and through personal letters to doctors."

If the machine outdoes Hadacol in class, it equally is designed to outclass Hadacol in profit. Suddenly intense, a pitchman in action, this is LeBlanc on Bio-Cold-Ray: "There are a quarter-million doctors in the United States. With two years of ethical ads—I don't mean two weeks, I don't mean two months—with two years of ethical ads, high class ads, if I can interest one out of ten doctors, I'll have one and a quarter million dollars in gross revenue every month. And if only one out of twenty want it, why, that's still $625,000 a month and that's really not bad money."

Selling medical doctors on Bio-Cold-Ray may be somewhat tougher than LeBlanc anticipates, but even at its best, for excitement, for glamor, for downright fun, it'll never touch that old champion, the crown prince of the patent medicine game, Hadacol itself. Hadacol was his masterpiece, and like a man recalling the infinite moods of a bygone mistress, LeBlanc never tires of remembering it. Still the exuberant extrovert, he calls forth those hurly-burly days, laughing in fresh delight each time he contemplates the skill with which he took advantage of so many human foibles.

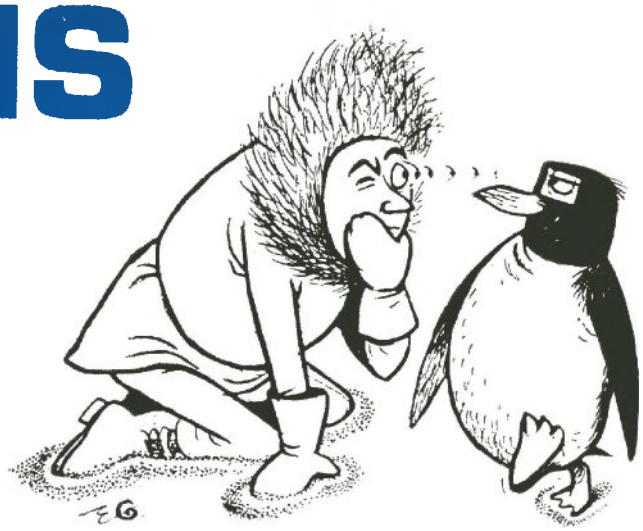
Thus he blew his Hadacol bubble, bigger and bigger and bigger, and it was a wonderful sight while it lasted. It exploded the night he sold out, died almost instantly and was relegated to history. But it had earned its place there rightfully, the extraordinary promotion of an extraordinary man.

"Yes sir," said LeBlanc, and his gold teeth shone in the lamplight, "I had a lot of fun with Hadacol. It was a very, very meritorious product."

—By David Nevin

Author Trese (left) and cameraman Hartigan in the Frozen South.

PENGUINS HAVE SQUARE EYES



The only two animals stupid enough to live in the antarctic are penguins—and men. In this hilarious report from one of the men, you will meet an icehouse full of oddballs and lose every illusion you have ever held about the South Pole

Consider the penguin. He is a dirty, smelly bird and, in my opinion at least, not very bright. Although unable to fly, the penguin can swim like a dolphin; but, through the centuries, he is the only living creature which has made no effort to leave the antarctic. Perhaps, to be charitable, he is just trying to prove something to himself. But when you take into account the severity of the antarctic winter, you must conclude that any creature willing to suffer through it is either a masochist or a dullard.

As far as I can see, there is only one thing that can be said in favor of the penguin. According to the scientists who grubbed about the antarctic during the International Geophysical Year, the big ice-covered continent was once tropical or, at least, temperate. That was a long time ago, of course, before the Earth jumped its tracks and brought the Ice Age screaming down on Antarctica. The penguin was there from the beginning, they say, a creature of the forest like the monkey and the parrot. And I would imagine that the penguin was terribly upset when his happy woodland was first drifted over by the snows of eternal winter. Any sensible bird, faced with catastrophe, would have pulled up stakes and moved to Florida. But not the penguin.

No, the penguin was so stupid that all he could think of to do was to Stick-It-Out and Make-The-Best-Of-A-Bad-Situation. Somehow the penguin managed to adapt to new circumstances and you have to grant him some measure of respect for that.

Buried in this brief history of the penguin and his tribulations is the theme of this book. You may dig it out if you care to.

Before getting too deeply involved in this, I ought to put one thing straight. Antarctica is a continent, a land mass roughly 6 million square miles in area, which surrounds the South Pole. As almost everyone knows, the Earth has two poles: the North Pole and the South Pole. Gratuitous though it may seem, I would like to point out that the South Pole is the one at the bottom.

I note this for the benefit of a number of my friends, in particular a nice old Irish gentleman who insists on referring to me as "that young man who went up there to Alaska with the Peary expedition."

After all, what's the use of going if nobody knows where you've been?

I doubt very much that anyone makes serious, long-range plans to go to the antarctic. You just wake up one day and there you are. But I might as well be traditional about this and start way back in the 1930's when I was attempting to do something about being a short, skinny little boy.

One summer, Adm. Richard E. Byrd, who needed money to launch another expedition to the antarctic, brought his old sailing ship *The Bear of Oakland* into the Great Lakes. When *The Bear* docked in Cleveland, Ohio, I scurried aboard her with a bunch of other skinny, short little boys and took it all in: the fur parkas, the mukluks, the Malemute sled dogs, the ice axes and crampons, the snow shoes, the skis, the stuffed penguins, the cramped crew's quarters, the primitive toilet facilities. Believe it or not, right then and there I determined that if Admiral Byrd needed a short, skinny little boy to help out down in the cold, frozen wastes he could darn well get somebody else.

My determination to have nothing at all to do with the

BY PATRICK TRESE

DRAWINGS BY ERIC GURNEY

PENGUINS HAVE SQUARE EYES

South Pole remained intact until the middle 1950's, by which time I had finished college, completed a tour in the Army, married, and established myself in the News Department of the National Broadcasting Company. Through it all I had maintained an uncalculated, but thorough, ignorance about the antarctic. If I ever thought about penguins at all during those years, it was in reference to mentholated cigarettes.

Then, in April of 1956 a cameraman named Bill Hartigan came back from the antarctic with a load of film he had shot of Operation Deep Freeze One, the first phase of America's International Geophysical Year polar operations, and I was assigned to help boil it down into an hour-long documentary. Somehow, during the process of viewing thousands of feet of film hundreds of times, the place began to get me. The show received excellent reviews, and NBC decided to ship Bill down there again. When he asked me to go with him, I forgot about the skinny little boy on the deck of *The Bear of Oakland* and said I would. Everybody is entitled to at least one weak moment.

I had rather hoped that NBC might send us off on our hazardous mission with some sort of simple ceremony: a formal review of the vice-presidential corps, say, before the statue of Prometheus in Rockefeller Center followed by a motorcade up Fifth Avenue, but the closest we came to anything at all like that was an audience with an assistant to a vice-president who expressed interest in one particular natural phenomenon. "Be sure to get some shots," he said, "of the rocks that were turned the wrong way by the giant cataclysm which occurred many eons ago."

I assured him that if we happened to come across any rocks that seemed to be turned the wrong way, we would be sure to take pictures. Bill wanted to expand on this thought, but I thought it better to just hustle him out of the office.

The day we left New York, there was hardly a soul in the central news room, only a few disappointed rewrite men who had not been taken along to the conventions. One glanced briefly at our tons of equipment and said: "Have a good weekend."

We took the train to San Francisco, mostly because neither of us had ever seen the country from anything but a plane, and then flew to Fiji. The Fiji Islands dot the Pacific Ocean on the southern side of the Equator and it was there that I felt, for the first time, that I had left the United States and had entered an unfamiliar world. I can still recall vividly the first island I saw from the plane. It was low and round and rested like a green cloud on the surface of the blue ocean, lush from the heavy rains which had swollen the black rivers that cut the greenness into neat, geometric compartments. There were only one or two clearings, near the shore, and in them nestled a very few grass shacks.

As our plane swung about on its final approach to the airfield I could make out the brilliant international orange markings on the wing tips and tail sections of three aircraft, two old R4Ds and a Neptune. We found them to be the tail-end elements of U.S. Naval Air Squadron VX-6, resting there before making the final leg of the flight to Christchurch, New Zealand, which was the staging area for Deep Freeze.

Three o'clock in the morning is an ungodly hour to embark on anything, but that is the hour at which one of the Fijian houseboys roused me from a sound sleep with a steaming cup of tea. (Fiji is very British.) I suppose the Fijian was a kindly lad at heart, but he was one of the more rugged looking members of the hotel staff and, in the half light, he appeared positively ferocious, his countenance quickly evoking recollections of his kin-folks' heritage of cannibalism. The action of shaking my shoulder brought his face six inches from mine. He murmured: "Tea, sir." I was instantly and completely awake.

Hartigan was already lathered up when I arrived in the shower room down the hall.

"Bill," I said, "what do they call people on the menu around here when they serve them for dinner?"

"Long pig," he said. "They don't do that any more. Not very often, anyway."

The plane to which I was assigned was an R4D, much smaller than the Neptune and, in comparison, almost frail in appearance. It was, of course, nothing more than an old Douglas DC-3 with a Navy label: a C-47, a Gooney Bird or a Dakota, depending on how old you are or where you come from. It was a plane that had Flown the Hump and Won the War and made the Berlin airlift and now here it was again, on its way to the South Pole.

The R4D has a normal range of about 900 miles. But it is 1,600 miles from Fiji to New Zealand; it is 2,500 miles from New Zealand to the antarctic. So, to increase the plane's range, the Navy had broken out its adhesive tape and bobby pins and rigged an interior fuel system. The cabin had been stripped bare and now, in place of the cushioned seats, there were three gasoline tanks: two of them had a capacity of 450 gallons and the other held 225. Even so, it was barely enough.

Roy Curtis, my pilot, apologized for not having a stewardess and entrusted my welfare to Joe Long, a burly, gruff enlisted man who was the plane captain. In the Air Force they would call him the crew chief.

Joe Long shook my hand and said: "Come along, sonny, and I'll show you where to stow your gear." Honest, he did. I was tempted to remark that I liked the cut of his jib, but he was a pretty big man and I let it go.

Joe and I hoisted my baggage into the interior of the R4D, and then he took me forward to the radioman's compartment.

"Here," he said, handing me a set of earphones. "These are yours. You keep them on anytime I'm not back aft with you, so you'll know right away if we get into any trouble. If we do, nobody's gonna have much time to look after you. Most of the time I'll be back in the cabin, but my station is up here on take-off. You'll be back there all alone when we take off, so strap yourself down and stay that way until I tell you different."

Roy Curtis and his R4D left the Fijian runway shortly be-

fore dawn. The small plane, groaning under its heavy load of fuel, used up all the concrete on the strip before rising laboriously into the dark sky. We flew straight ahead for some time as the pilot fought for altitude. I kept peering out the porthole behind my shoulder, staring out into the night, and then suddenly it was daylight.

The flight lasted 12 hours. I spent part of the time in the cockpit, gassing with the crew, but most of the time I was aft shouting back and forth with Joe Long, discussing subjects of mutual interest over the roar of the engines.

"You know," he would say cheerfully, "the first chance I get in New Zealand, I'm gonna give that starboard engine a good going over. We've been having trouble with that one ever since we left Hawaii."

A little less than 12 hours after leaving Fiji, Curtis began making his final approach to Wigram Royal New Zealand Air Force Base on the outskirts of the city of Christchurch. As he circled, I had seen the Neptune and the other R4D already on the ground, parked on the grass runway next to the other planes of the naval air squadron.

There was rain on the porthole glass and as we landed I could see the spray kicked up as the plane's wheels rolled swiftly and smoothly across the grass. Hartigan, who had arrived on the earlier R4D, greeted me warmly when I stepped out of the hatch.

"Some flight, eh, sport?" he said. He had a civilian in tow, a young man he introduced as Denis Wedderell, a reporter for one of the Christchurch newspapers.

Denis drove us into town on the left-hand side of the country highway, which is spooky the first time out, clipping along past men, women and children who pedalled their bicycles with great industry and concentration. The boys and girls, for the most part, wore British school uniforms.

"Wear them all the way to the university," commented Wedderell. "Gives you quite a start, actually, when you've been having a bit of heavy drama with a young lady at a coffee shop and then run into her the next day dressed like *that*. Pretty bloody awful, actually!"

The Clarendon Hotel was an old building with a marquee of stained glass above an enormous wooden door which was locked in the late evening. Denis Wedderell stayed with us as we checked in and were taken to our rooms, along with our baggage, up a rickety old elevator whose open iron grillwork rose through the center of a large carpeted staircase. The rooms, I found, were as cold and damp as the air outside.

After a grim session at the hotel pub, I retired groggily to the privacy of my own room, to wash and dress for dinner. There was no shower, so I took a sitting-down bath, soaking away the 12 hours of flying time and beer. As I dressed, I walked over to the window of my room. It overlooked the little park in which the statue of Robert Falcon Scott stands, a monument sculpted by his widow. Scott had left Christchurch years before in an attempt to reach the South Pole, first, before any other man. He lost the race to Amundsen of Norway, and on his return journey Scott and his four companions died. Robert Falcon Scott's body lies entombed in the ice to this day at the place where he died, trapped in his tent by a blizzard, 11 miles from the supply depot which could have saved his life. I stared out my window at Scott's statue. He stood among the willows in polar clothing, gray as death. Dusk had begun to fall; the night was coming.

I stood there looking out the window with the lights off; a short, skinny little boy again with a quarter in my hand, waiting . . .

A seagull fluttered down and perched on Captain Scott's head. I laughed, then left the room in search of dinner.

"Ah, there you are!" he cried. "I've tracked you down at last!"

His name was Mr. Manchester; he had been searching for Hartigan and myself the better part of the week. He pulled a battered hat from his head and shook the rain from the brim.

"I'm with H. M. Customs," he said. "Immigration and import-

export and all that. You *are* the lads who arrived aboard the U.S. Navy planes, aren't you?"

We assured him that we were. Mr. Manchester rested his briefcase on his lap and tugged at his necktie, a woolen item of tartan pattern, releasing his Adam's apple for conversation. "The whole affair is quite unorthodox," he said. "Your arrival, I mean. In point of fact, you are both in New Zealand illegally."

Visions of prison bars danced through my head and I sank back into my chair.

"There's nothing to get upset about," he said quickly. "Just a few details need to be straightened out, actually. I dare say you hadn't any criminal motive, eh?"

Hartigan quickly explained that we had caught up with the Naval Air Squadron in Fiji and took the opportunity to make the last leg of the journey with some old friends.

"Quite," said Mr. Manchester. "I suppose things like that happen all the time in the States: people popping in from all directions and so forth. Of course, we don't get too many visitors here, you know, and we're a bit more staid, I suppose." He opened his battered briefcase and extracted some papers. "I'm afraid we have a few forms that must be filled out: the standard entry form in particular, which you should have been given to fill out when you landed."

Hartigan and I pushed aside our tea cups and began to fill in the blank spaces on the long sheet of paper which was printed in green. Mr. Manchester sipped his tea. "You'll note," he said, "there's an entry required for your estimated date of departure from New Zealand."

"That's a rough one," I said. "We're going to the antarctic eventually, but just when depends on the weather. If it keeps up like this we might just have to stay here forever."

"I dare say," said Mr. Manchester with a sigh. "Well, just make a stab at it, then. Your guess would be as good as anyone's, I suppose."

Hartigan and I agreed on a speculative date in mid-October, signed our names and handed Mr. Manchester the completed forms.

"Welcome to New Zealand," he said with a dry smile. "And now that you're in the country legally, there are a few more questions I have to ask you. We have fairly stiff import restrictions here, you know. So you'll have to give me some idea of what you've brought with you and all that."

"All our luggage is up in the room," I said. "We could go up and have a look, if you'd care to."

"Oh, there's no need for that," said Mr. Manchester with a wave of his hand. "I'll just make a few notes and take care of the forms myself."

I thanked him while he dug around in his satchel, looking for another form. "Ah, here we are. Cameras and photographic kit," he said, going down his list. "Just the usual tourist paraphernalia, I suppose? Box Brownie and a few rolls of film?"

Hartigan shook his head.

"A bit more than that, eh?" said Mr. Manchester.

Hartigan leaned back in his chair. "We have one 16mm sound camera with two 600-foot magazines, a sound amplifier and battery-power pack; two 16mm silent cameras; two still cameras; three light meters; and about 10,000 feet of 16mm motion picture film, some of it in 100-foot loads and some of it in 600-foot loads with magnetic sound-stripping. All color film."

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Manchester.

"There's more arriving by air freight," said Hartigan.

"How *much* more?"

"Approximately 90,000 feet," said Hartigan. "Oh, yes. I forgot to mention the spare parts. We are carrying spare parts for every piece of equipment that could possibly break down. There are no corner stores in the antarctic."

"I dare say not, now you mention it," said Mr. Manchester. He stared at us bleakly. "Of course, it's all professional equipment, I suppose. Not likely to have much re-sale value in the amateur market, is it?"

"Gee, I don't know about that," said Hartigan. "Trese and I have a little joke between us that if worse comes to worse, we can always sell our stuff on the black market and retire."

"That's just a joke, of course," said Mr. Manchester.

"Bill is always joking," I said quickly.

"Quite," said Mr. Manchester. "Could you, by any chance, estimate the re-sale value of your kit?"

Hartigan scratched his head. "I'd say about five thousand. What do you think, kid?"

I said I thought it would bring something closer to eight thousand. "That's in dollars, of course," I added.

Mr. Manchester converted the amount into New Zealand currency, in his head, and murmured, "Good Lord." He seemed extremely worried. "I doubt you'd be in a position to post bond for that amount, would you? I suppose I'd best wander back to customs and have a chat with the chief," he said. He stood up and began vesting himself in his raincoat.

"Do you want us to come along?" I said.

"I don't think it will be necessary," said Mr. Manchester. "I'd best talk to him myself, first. I dare say we can work something out. But, as I say, we seldom run into this sort of thing, you know: first, the entry problem and now . . . this. Oh, well," he said, "thanks for tea."

By the time Mr. Manchester contacted us again, two days later, the weather had turned fair. Shortly after receiving his telephone call, Bill and I left the Clarendon with our jackets over our arms and walked the short distance from the hotel, across the Cathedral Square, to the massive stone building which housed the offices of H.M. Customs. It was imposing and, even in the clear sunlight, ominous. Mr. Manchester met us at the door and escorted Hartigan and myself down the gloomy corridor and into a Victorian office where we found the chief, a round, energetic man in a gray pin-stripe suit with vest. He was much shorter than Mr. Manchester and he was a bustler.

"Ah, lads!" he fairly shouted, pumping our hands. "So you're the ones been causing us all these sleepless nights, what? Manchester's told me all about the drill and I think Her Majesty's Customs can cope with it. Right, Manchester?"

"I dare say, chief," said Mr. Manchester.

"Right!" said the chief. He squinted at us. "Don't appear to be the criminal type. They seem a pair of honest, straightforward lads, right, Manchester? I reckon we can trust them not to peddling their kit all about the Southern Island, right enough. How about it, lads?"

Hartigan and I smiled modestly.

"Good show," said the chief.

"We were wondering," I said, "whether you've made any decision about posting bond."

The chief grinned from ear to ear, as they say. This was what he had been waiting for.

"Your word," he said magnificently, "is your bond!"

We grinned and shook hands. Mr. Manchester waved as

we cut diagonally across the square and headed back to the hotel.

"How about that!" I said to Bill. "Our word is our bond! Now, something like that could happen only in America."

"In a pig's eye," said Hartigan. "Just wait until you try to get back into the States."

When September died so did the last traces of winter in the Southern Island of New Zealand. Early October saw the start of springtime. The rains had stopped and the skies were high and clear. There was warm sunshine and in the Canterbury Hills south of the city, gorse was blooming yellow along the narrow roads. Men and dogs guided flocks of sheep along these roads that wound through the crags and most of the sheep were shorn.

In town, the members of the naval air squadron slowed down the social pace; they spent most of their time at Wigram, grooming their aircraft for the long flight south. Only once before had airplanes flown into the antarctic from outside the continent and that had been the year before in December, the height of the antarctic summer. This year, the squadron would attempt its fly-in as soon as the weather permitted; the clear skies over Christchurch indicated that the ferocious storms that had been churning the dismal sea between New Zealand and the antarctic were at last breaking up.

Commander John Mirabito, the Task Force's aerologist, began spending all his waking hours at the weather shack at Wigram, studying his charts and pondering the small items of information that might indicate some improvement in the weather and a drop in the velocity of the antarctic winds. There were few stations and little data. Mirabito was struggling to arrive at an educated guess.

Admiral Dufek, who commanded Deep Freeze, announced that he would make the first flight into the antarctic aboard an R5D and that there would be room aboard for one member of the press corps. Commander Hartmann called the reporters and photographers together and had us draw cards. Hartigan won the draw by pulling the ace of spades.

The plane carrying the admiral would fly to the antarctic alone, said Hartmann. The rest of the squadron would make the flight after he had checked the condition of the weather and the landing facilities at McMurdo Sound. There would be one seat available on that day. There was another draw and the Associated Press had top card. The rest of us were then assigned to fly in aboard the big Air Force Globemasters, which would make the trip a few days later.

It was October 16 and, by early afternoon, the Admiral's plane had been moved from Wigram's grass fields to the municipal airport at Harewood which had concrete runways. There the plane had taken on 3,600 pounds of fuel and the crew had fastened six Jato bottles to the belly, rocket power to bull the aircraft into the air.

By early afternoon, well before take-off time, a crowd of well-wishers had arrived to bid farewell to the admiral: town dignitaries, shopkeepers, military men, small boys and girls. Hartigan was nervous as a cat.

"It's like winning a free trip to the electric chair," he said.

He roamed about the parking area making shots until it was time to board. He made one final shot of the admiral as he climbed up the ladder into the aircraft, then clambered aboard himself. He turned and waved as he entered the hatch, then disappeared inside. The hatch swung shut and I ran for a car to join some Navy photographers who were about to position themselves to shoot the take-off. By the time we arrived at the opposite side of the field, the R5D was standing at the end of the runway, revving its engines. I knelt on the grass and lined the plane up in the viewfinder of the camera. When the plane started rolling, I pressed the button and followed the aircraft, holding my breath to keep the camera steady, just as Bill had taught me to do. The plane's tail was in the air and the front landing gear slightly off the concrete when, directly in front of my position, the Jato bottles fired. I managed to keep the plane in the frame as the flame shot out, thrusting the aircraft into the sky where it disappeared at last in a cloud of white smoke.

I released the button and took a deep breath; but the clouds of Jato smoke were drifting all about us and instead of fresh air I got a good lung full of undiluted chicken house.

The R5D ran into bad weather between New Zealand and the antarctic. For five hours the navigator—a Marine sergeant named Larry Huff—was unable to see the sun or the stars. He had to rely on dead reckoning, but he figured his true heading, air speed and windage so carefully that after five hours in the blind the plane was only 10 miles off course.

The plane did not break into the clear until it arrived about 30 miles from Cape Adare, the first landfall in the antarctic. Before that, Jorda had been trying to get on top of the weather. But he experienced severe icing, so he would have to descend to shake the ice. He ranged up and down, from 11,500 to 5,500 feet, and according to one member of the crew: "He had us going up and down like a damn yo-yo." After a flight of 13 hours and 30 minutes, he landed on the ice runway at McMurdo Sound.

The next plane that went—the Neptune, piloted by Dave Carey—wasn't so lucky. The reports which filtered out of McMurdo didn't contain much detail, and so it was not until I got there myself a few days later that I learned what had really happened. But at 7 o'clock that morning—about the hour I had been having my breakfast coffee in the Clarendon dining room—the Neptune had appeared in the sky over McMurdo Sound, well ahead of the other planes. The wind, which was later to blow snow hard over the runway, had not yet kicked up; but the ceiling was low and grayish-white.

The runway was about 6,000 feet in length and it had been scraped clean of snow by the men who had spent the winter at McMurdo. They had worked on the runway since the middle of July: 12 hours a day, six days a week, and part-time on Sunday. The temperatures had ranged downward to 60 degrees below zero. The bearded men who had constructed this ice landing strip, many of them, were standing in the wind there, waiting for the planes to arrive. It was an event. Admiral Dufek was there, pacing up and down. The crew of the lead aircraft was there. Hartigan had his camera set up, ready to photograph the landings.

Dave Carey had never made a landing on ice before and so he took his time looking over the terrain, circling the field and observing. The McMurdo tower asked Carey if he wanted to be talked in by the ground controller working off a radar set. Carey replied in the negative. Apparently he felt, that although the ceiling was low, the air was clear enough for him to make a landing visually. The tower gave him permission to come in on his own.

As the small crowd watched in the cold wind, Dave Carey slipped down from the sky and made a low pass along the runway, a little bit to the right of it, so that he could check the surface from the left hand seat of the cockpit. His flaps were down, but his speed was still high as he made his run and then, having seen what he wanted to see, Carey kicked the Neptune into a steep bank to the right.

Most of the other pilots feel that when Carey banked to the right, he lost his horizon. The conditions that day were such that, most likely, from the left hand seat everything seemed to be the same shade of white: the ice, the distant mountains, the sky. At this moment, Carey probably suffered a touch of vertigo and lost his depth perception. He undoubtedly switched immediately from visual flying to instrument flying; but, while he was focusing on the instrument panel, the Neptune's nose began falling through, which is to say that the Neptune lost altitude—not much, but enough—enough to send the starboard wing tip slicing into the surface of the ice. The Neptune cartwheeled and came down hard. There was a heavy thud, but no echo or reverberation. The momentum of the plane spread the wreckage in a straight line for the distance of half a mile—in chunks and sections—along the undulating bay ice several hundred yards to the right of the runway.

Of course, it took some time for the crash crews and bystanders to get to the crash site. But when they stumbled through the drifts and arrived at the wreckage, they found that Dave Carey was dead. Charles Miller was dead: he was an aviation electronics technician.

One crewman—Clifford Allsup—was on his feet when they got there. He had been thrown clear of the wreckage, but he had stumbled back across the snow, and was trying to help his chief, Marion Marze. Marze, of course, was dead. And so they led Cliff off to a tractor and tried to keep him quiet while they bound up his wounds. He wanted to go back to help.

There was a helicopter based at McMurdo, but it wasn't

working that day; so all the injured and the dead had to be hauled up to the main camp, five miles away and up a ridge, by tractor.

The squadron flight surgeon had flown into the antarctic with the admiral, so there were two doctors at McMurdo that day and they operated on the survivors in the tiny infirmary, which was now quite crowded.

Later, Father John delivered a sermon and the choir sang Protestant hymns while Father John pumped away at his rickety organ. Then he said a Requiem Mass. There was one line I remember from the sermon. He made reference to a folk-saying in the far Northwest, to the effect that: "The cowards never started; the brave and the strong died along the way."

After that, there was nothing to be done except to screw down the lids of the big pine boxes and send the dead back to the States for burial.

A few weeks after the naval air squadron had slipped quietly into New Zealand with its rickety old airplanes to integrate itself without undue commotion into the daily life of Christchurch, the United States Air Force—in a manner that can be inadequately described as magnificent—arrived.

The first element of the Air Force squadron, a brace of four gleaming C-124 Globemaster cargo planes, swooped low over the small city with unmuffled engines roaring at full power. The sound generated by the enormous aircraft as they screamed over the chimney pots was that of a Niagara gone mad and, in the general excitement, the gracious gentlefolk of Christchurch managed to overlook the few windows which the vibration of the engines shattered; for the four Globemasters were the largest, if noisiest, airplanes that had ever been seen in the Southern Island of New Zealand.

The display of American air power was repeated the next day when the remaining four planes of the squadron arrived. On *that* day school did not keep in Christchurch. The children, released from their classes, rushed to the airport like moths to a flame to watch the great birds land. The children, in most cases, were accompanied by their parents.

What they saw at Harewood Airport was even more spectacular than the fly-overs. The Globemasters were so huge that on the final leg of their approach to the field they appeared to hover in the air, motionless, although they were still flying at high speed. One by one the giant craft approached the airport having completed a great arc, suddenly touching down and rolling along the concrete runway until they came abreast of the spot where the crowd of spectators had gathered. Then the action of the propellors was reversed and all four engines were throttled up to full power. The Globemasters rocked massively up and down and the noise created by this reversal, which braked the forward motion of the planes and brought them to a halt within a few hundred feet, was beyond description.

At the end of the runway the planes turned and taxied to the parking area staked out for them on the grass, their fuselages rising and falling gently like a ship in regular ocean swells. There they stopped and the motors died.

While schoolboys watched bug-eyed, the great clam-shell doors, which make up the prow of the Globemaster, swung slowly outward, opening to the back and to the side, revealing the yawning cavity which is the interior: a cargo hold where at least one basketball game could be played before a small crowd. The residents of Christchurch, fathers and sons, stared into the abyss and were impressed which, of course, was what the Air Force intended them to be.

It was quite an entrance.

Aboard the first flight of Globemasters were several news reporters assigned to cover the activities of the U.S. Navy in the antarctic, so Cmdr. Robin Hartmann had been at Harewood that first day to greet the new correspondents and make sure they got the facts straight. It was Robin's initial impression that although the bellies of these flying whales contained many items which the Air Force considered necessary to sustain life and promote growth, the first things disgorged were publicity men, photographers and public relations experts.

The leader of the Air Force publicity team was a middle-aged man named Leverett Richards, a lieutenant colonel in the reserve who had been recalled to active duty for this particular mission from his civilian job as military editor of the *Portland Oregonian*. It was no accident that the Air Force had drafted a member of the working press to handle the newsmen covering Deep Freeze: the Air Force has a solid grasp of the casual relationship of publicity to Congressional appropriations.

The newspapermen from Christchurch discovered, also, that the Air Force officers and enlisted men of the squadron were not only willing but eager to talk. The naval personnel they had met were closemouthed and suspicious of civilian correspondents; but the Air Force types were ready to sing.

"And what's your job aboard the aircraft, sergeant?"

"Sir, I am called the scanner. It's one of my flight responsibilities to insure the proper functioning of all four engines while we are airborne. At regular intervals I check the performance of the engines by crawling through the interior of the wing section. There is a cat-walk in each wing and if you don't mind close quarters, sir, I'd be happy to show you how it's done."

Well, you can just bet that the reporters ate it up.

Toward the end of October, the Air Force broke out its pretty polar clothing and began flying the antarctic route. The officers and men of the squadron wore blue, from their knee-length mukluks to their parkas which were trimmed with the fur of arctic wolves. They were pretty grand and, in the antarctic, they stood out in marked contrast to the Navy's wintering-over personnel, most of whom had gone to seed. The Air Force men even shaved.

The airlift to McMurdo began on October 21, and before that week was out the eight Globemasters had delivered to McMurdo 58 tons of equipment and 73 summer tourists, including myself. This just about doubled the population of the camp; meals and showers had to be taken in shifts.

There was only one serious mishap that first week. At 1 o'clock on the morning of October 22, one of the Globemasters landed short on the McMurdo runway, clipping a pile of snow at the edge of the strip. The forward landing gear collapsed and the big plane skidded off the strip on its nose. There were no injuries that amounted to anything; but the Air Force was somewhat embarrassed by the incident. The enormous red tail of the aircraft was still sticking up high in the air when their boss arrived.

Somewhere among my souvenirs of the antarctic, which are not very numerous, is an illuminated scroll, a certificate signed by Maj. Gen. Chester E. McCarty, commanding general, 18th Air Force, which states that I was aboard the Globemaster "State of Oregon" which made the first air drop of cargo over the South Pole on 26 October 1956. The wording of the inscription, which is not terribly specific, implies that I had something to do with the success of this operation and that there was an outside chance that all might have been lost without my presence.

General McCarty was a late starter in the antarctic saga. He arrived October 25, having just flown over the North Pole in his personal plane which was, incidentally, fitted out with oak-paneled living quarters. He smoked a Curtis LeMay cigar and he had come to lead us onward and upward to the South Pole. It was his intent to fly over the North Pole and the South Pole in a single week. Get it?

The flight was a horror. The flight crew rode in the cockpit, far forward and high above the enormous cargo space which contained the grasshopper—a bomb-shaped automatic weather station that shoots out legs after it hits the ground—and the fuel drums that would be dropped by parachute. The passengers sat below in the cargo hold, trying to make themselves comfortable in the bucket seats that lined the sides of the fuselage.

After the take-off, which was uneventful, they twisted and squirmed to peer out the small portholes as the general and his crew guided the Globemaster along the Ross Ice Shelf to the mouth of the Beardmore Glacier, that fearful river of ice, 12 miles in width and 150 miles in length, an expanse disfigured in every part by the great crevasses formed by the constant pressure of the glacier's ponderous flow. The plane banked to the right and began following the glacier upstream.

As the Globemaster ascended we could see the mountains that bound the glacier below us, some black and others gray or brown and streaked with red mineral deposits. The glacier rose

from sea level to 10,000 feet in altitude to the polar plateau and we could observe the polar ice, like some living thing, slowly obscuring the bases of the mountains, creeping higher gradually until, at the head of the glacier, only the pinnacles protruded above the snow: a few square feet of bare rock that barely hinted at the massive bulk of the mountains hidden below the surface. The plane banked slightly to the left to continue on across the white plateau.

The passengers settled back and relaxed as best they could; for, from the head of the glacier to the Pole itself, there would be not even a lone rock to break the monotony of the view. Besides, the plane was now flying at an altitude of about 11,000 feet. The cabin was not pressurized; the only oxygen available was in yellow, portable bottles which were passed along from hand to hand. To move about was to become dizzy, so all the passengers sat still. The noise and vibration of the engines seemed to increase.

Then, at last, word was passed from the cockpit that we had reached our destination and I scrambled to a porthole, elbowing aside a couple of public information officers, to get my first look at the South Pole. Not many men have seen it, so I feel duty bound to report that the view is hardly worth the exertion. There was nothing visible through the frosted glass except a limitless field of white snow.

The general and his crew cruised about the area for awhile and then prepared to make the First-Air-Drop-Over-The-South-Pole. The big plane homed in on the Pole as intently as a bomber making a run on its target. The hatches in the belly of the Globemaster swung open like bomb-bays, letting in the cruel, cold air which whipped about the interior of the plane. On a signal flashed from the cockpit, the cargo handlers put their shoulders to the pallets of fuel oil, sending them along the small wheels of the treadway to burst through the hatch and down into the slipstream with a loud, sucking noise. The four, 100-foot parachutes that carried the cargo to the deck began to open immediately, but my view was cut off as the hatches swung shut. The plane banked sharply to the left to come around on another pass. On the second go-round, the grasshopper disappeared out the hatch, never to be seen or heard from again.

Hartigan and I, working as best we could in the freezing cold, tried for shots of the cargo as it flipped out the hatch, but we were both growing dizzy in the thin air. When the drop had been completed, we packed our cameras away and crawled back to our bucket seats to rejoin the rest of the illustrious passengers. Now that the general had completed his mission, we now had aboard the First Doctor to Fly over the South Pole, the First Dentist to Fly over the South Pole, the First Catholic Priest to Fly over the South Pole, the First Past-President of the Ypsilanti Numismatic Society to Fly over the South Pole, the First Resident of ____(city)____, ____(state)____, to Fly over the South Pole.

Robin Hartmann, the First Navy Public Information Officer to Fly over the South Pole under Duress, slouched glumly in his bucket seat. "You'd think," he muttered, "on a plane this size, they'd have at least one lousy coffee pot."

Less than an hour after the "State of Oregon" had landed back at McMurdo, General McCarty was holding his conference for the press corps. Flanked by his aides and his public information officers, he lounged in an arm chair, chewing on an unlit cigar and grinning like the cat that swallowed the canary. Of course, he had no way of knowing that some of us had already talked to two men who had inside knowledge of the flight.

One was a navigator with the naval air squadron, a Marine Corps master sergeant named Hank Strybing, who had been aboard the Globemaster to help the Air Force navigator find the Pole. We asked Hank how close we came.

"If we came within five miles of it we were damn lucky."

The other man we talked to was a Seabee who prepared the cargo for the Air Drop over the Pole. We had asked him about the amount of fuel oil dropped by the general's plane.

"Fuel oil, hell," he said. "You don't think we can throw fuel oil around down here, do you? Those drums were filled with waste water from the heads."

But the general, unaware of all this loose talk, launched his conference with an opening statement which contained several flattering, if undeserved, tributes to the brave members of the press who had accompanied him on his historic flight.

"So we have all had a little piece of history today," he intoned, "having all done a bit to successfully complete the First Air Drop over the South Pole. And I'd like to announce that we hit the target right on the button.

"We delivered 9,000 pounds of fuel oil," he continued. "We also delivered an automatic weather station called . . . what the dickens do they call that thing, Tommy?"

The general's aide, who is in charge of this sort of thing, responded quickly: "A grasshopper, General."

"Right," said the general. "A grasshopper. This device, I understand, will provide valuable data to the men who will follow us to the Pole. I might say that it was a moving experience for me, at least, to follow that historic route up the Beardmore Glacier, to look down from the comfortable cockpit of our United States Air Force C-124 Globemaster, down to those terrible crevasses, remembering with deepest humility those gallant men who, at the turn of the century, dragged their sledges to the South Pole: Scott and . . . who was that other fellow, Tommy?"

"Amundsen," said the aide.

"Right," said the general, "Amundsen. Yes, it makes you pretty humble to think of what all those men endured to reach the Pole. And they didn't have a Globemaster, either!"

General McCarty sat silently, letting us all ponder this for a moment. Then he threw open the conference for questions. "Time now," he said, "for a little good old give-and-take."

The exchange of questions and answers did not exactly sparkle. But the *Times* finally came up with something provocative, soliciting the general's opinion on the strategic import of his flight. General McCarty shifted uncomfortably.

"Well, now," he said. "I don't think I should get into that. The antarctic is the admiral's show and the IGY, after all, is a peaceful pursuit of knowledge, they tell me. But I will say one thing." He glanced at his aide. "This won't violate security, will it, Tommy?"

His aide frowned. "I don't know what you're going to discuss, General."

"Right," said the general. "I don't think it will. What I was about to observe was this. Eighteenth Air Force is a support unit with supply and troop transport capability. It supports our so-called defense forces. Now, during this single week, an aircraft of this support unit has flown over the North Pole *and* the South Pole, proving that our support units can go anywhere in the world. I leave it for you to draw the inference as to where our so-called defense forces can go.'"

The general smiled conspiratorially. We all smiled back. Then the general delivered himself of the line that was to become legendary in the antarctic.

"I might add just one comment about our flight today, in that regard," he said. "It was strictly routine, gentlemen, strictly routine."

Before the end of November, the Air Force managed to pile up two more Globemasters on the McMurdo landing field, making a total of three birds disabled. Fortunately, there were no serious injuries.

The last plane which ended up on its nose after collapsing its landing gear was carrying a group of civilian technicians from the States en route to the antarctic to fix the first two Globemasters. After recovering from the accident, the technicians got to work and repaired two of the planes so that they were able to fly home to the States with only slight limps.

The third Globemaster they found dead on arrival, so they merely stripped the cadaver of all equipment worth salvaging and allowed the Seabees to haul the naked fuselage to the main camp where the hulk was put to use as a storage shed for the McMurdo machine shop.

Somewhere along the line, some nameless Navy man took a can of black paint and inscribed on the nose of the wrecked Air Force plane: "Strictly Routine."

As a place of personal challenge, the South Pole has ceased to exist. It has been trampled to death by the feet of scientists, reporters, photographers, Congressmen, Senators, foreign dignitaries, adventurers and tourists. The new Hercules cargo planes, which dwarf even the enormous Globemasters, land there and take off with little difficulty today. Wintering-over at the South Pole may not be entirely commonplace, but it is done without undue hazard; the scenery remains desolate and the climate is

still ferocious, but all is tempered by the presence of warm shower baths and hot food. It is indicative of how the place has regressed romantically that when Fuchs and Hillary trekked across the Continent they anticipated their arrival at the South Pole not so much as a moment of conquest but as an opportunity to get out of the wind.

It was not that way in the autumn of 1956.

The little that was known about the Pole was contained in Amundsen's reports and in Scott's journal, which he kept religiously to the last hours of his life and which was found with his body the following summer. Scott was buried on the ice shelf by the Englishmen who had spent that winter at McMurdo; and when they returned to their camp they raised a monument to their dead comrades, dragging a large wooden cross to the black summit of Observation Hill which overlooks McMurdo Sound.

The cross was there in 1955 when the Seabees arrived at McMurdo Sound to build the American air base and it was in the shadow of the cross that they constructed this staging area for the aerial conquest of the Pole. The following year, the naval aviators who were charged with landing on the Pole regarded Scott's cross as a bleak reminder that even heroes can fail and that nothing in nature can be taken for granted; as grim, if less immediate, a reminder as the brilliant orange tail section of Carey's Neptune which stood like some lonely monument on the bay ice.

The Navy's first trip to the Pole was not so difficult; Admiral Dufek's ski-equipped R4D, the *Que Sera Sera,* flew in without difficulty, spent a few anxious minutes on the frozen snow, and, with the help of 11 Jato bottles, blasted off again.

In addition to becoming the first American to set foot on the South Pole, Admiral Dufek learned two things: first, it was possible for a plane like the R4D to land and take off successfully; second, it was too damn cold to accomplish anything this early in the season. Accordingly, Dufek decided to suspend all Polar operations until the weather warmed up a bit, and the Air Force sent one of its Globemasters back to New Zealand with a number of the reporters and cameramen. Those of us who remained at McMurdo began calling the plane the "Chicken Globemaster."

My own reasons for staying on the ice were simple and realistic: I realized that if I ever left the antarctic I would never summon up the nerve to return.

In the weeks that followed Hartigan's return, we spent most of our time trying to record some document of the largest story in the antarctic, the construction of the base at the South Pole. This involved flying innumerable air-drop missions aboard the Air Force Globemasters and, on the ground, trying to con Capt. Doug Cordiner into letting us land on the Pole.

"It's too chancey," he said once. "My boys have a hard enough time without worrying about a couple of civilians."

There was probably only one man at McMurdo more frustrated than Bill and myself. That was Harvey Speed. Not only had they taken his airplane away from him and given him a banged-up bird in exchange, but they had assigned him to flying the run between McMurdo and Little America.

"I'm just the cotton-picking milk man," said Harvey, at first. But he gradually began to take pride in his work, finding enough blizzard and ground fog in the Little America area to make life interesting.

It was Harvey Speed, finally, who snapped us out of our lethargy and got us on the move again. Bill and I, late one night, had been sitting in the mess hall drinking coffee when Harvey and his crew came in after completing a flight from L.A.

"Why don't you guys get off your duffs and come back with us?" said Harvey. "You're sure not getting much accomplished around this pest hole."

"How soon are you leaving?" asked Hartigan.

"You got two hours to get packed and get down to this runway. If you show up in time, I'll take you. But I'm not going to wait around for you. I don't want to stay on this ash heap any longer than I have to. If I stay around here, they'll probably steal *this* airplane from me—bad as it is—and give me a bicycle."

"We'll see you down on the strip," said Bill.

"Okay," said Harvey. "But don't pack much more than a box Brownie and an extra pair of socks. I'm not driving any cotton-picking Globemaster, buddy."

Harvey Speed was pacing up and down beside his airplane when we arrived at the air strip. He scratched his ear while we carried our bags and cartons and boxes from the Weasel to the aircraft.

"You guys sure carry enough stuff with you," he said with a suspicious eye.

Hartigan told him we had cut our gear down to the bone.

"Okay," said Harvey. "I just hope I can get this bird off the deck. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'll give it a try, but if I don't have air speed by the time I hit the end of the runway, I'm going to turn around and come back and throw something out the hatch. I'll just keep jettisoning stuff until I get airborne. Maybe even bodies. Jeez! I never saw so much junk in my life. What're you shooting? *Gone with the Wind?*"

"Sure," I said. "This is just the place for it."

Harvey climbed into the hatch and muttered to himself all the way to the cockpit. He didn't get much altitude on take-off and the skis gave him some trouble, but he kept on flying. The skis didn't retract immediately, so Harvey bounced the plane up and down a few times which loosened the hydraulic systems of the airplane and the passengers. But the skis came up at last and it was farewell to McMurdo Sound with its depressing mountain ranges and insurmountable problems.

The sun, of course, would not sink slowly in the West until April.

I am not much of a one for scenery, but what Harvey Speed showed us was spectacular. He followed the edge of the Ross Ice Shelf whose splendid white cliffs descended sharply into the deep blue Ross Sea. There were enormous indentations in the shelf, marked by deep shadows, where the great chunks of compacted snow had calved off to become bergs and we could see some of them in the distance where they floated, large and flat-topped, northward into the sea. Once, we caught a quick glimpse of some whales. Later, when Harvey swung about to land at Little America, the sun seemed to have been caught in the bays and inlets of ice and it set the sea on fire.

The landing was smooth. Harvey taxied to the control tower and cut his engines. When the hatch opened, two thick beards peered into the cabin and asked if there was any mail. The plane captain tossed them two small orange satchels and the beards disappeared.

The temperature was much lower than it had been at McMurdo—it almost always is—and there was a stiff breeze off the ocean that cut through to the bone. An orange Weasel churned along the snow and parked next to the aircraft. A bearded Seabee climbed off a little white sled that the tractor towed and helped Bill and myself place our camera cases and film cartons inside the cab of the vehicle, then climbed back aboard the sled and motioned us to follow him.

All the way up the snow road I kept straining for a glimpse of Little America itself. The camp, erected the year before, was the fifth one constructed since Admiral Byrd had begun visiting the area. The buildings, I presumed, were the same brilliant orange as the pre-fabricated ones at McMurdo. But

here on the ice shelf, with no rocks and hills to break the polar winds, the winter blizzards had drifted the snows high, burying the camp, so that now only one tall tower stood above the white landscape, a tower with plastic domes through which scientists could study the aurora throughout the winter night. At first sight, Little America looked like a small outpost on the moon.

The Weasel slid down a slight depression in the road then ground through a group of bulldozers, the largest tractors I had ever seen, which were lined up on the snow near a long, high, white mound. The Weasel stopped and the Seabee hopped off the sled. "Welcome to town," he said, pointing to a dark hole in the enormous snow bank.

The Seabee, along with Harvey Speed and his crew, helped Hartigan and me carry our luggage from the tractor into the tunnel in the snow which was, inside, quite dark. There were only a couple of small light bulbs glowing in the ceiling and they seemed incredibly weak after the brilliance out of doors. We stood inside the tunnel for a moment, waiting for our vision to adjust.

Fuel drums lined the walls which were, in themselves, of unusual construction. The Seabees who built this base had constructed the tunnels with widely spaced two-by-fours covered with chicken wire. Over the wire they had placed burlap. Just this, and the winter snow, had eventually made the tunnels thick-walled and windproof. There were icicles hanging from the ceiling and some growing upwards from the floor to a height of three feet. The matted floors gleamed with ice in the light from the bulbs and when we started down the cold, clammy corridor I noticed a large sign at a corner which read: "DANGER! ICE HAZARD!"

We arrived at the mess hall and parked our gear in the tunnel across from the entrance, next to the community bulletin board which contained the usual military documents and one piece of cardboard with the inscription "IHTFP!"

"What's that mean?" I asked the Seabee.

"Oh," he said, filling in the blank, "I hate this place." It's just a folksy expression we have here in town. Now, there's something interesting," he said, pointing to a sheet of note paper thumb-tacked to the board. "Just before we wintered-in here, one of the guys got a 'Dear John' from his girl friend and he's been working on a reply all winter. We've been helping him. You know, a sort of community effort. We pinned the 'Dear John' letter up here along with a blank sheet of paper and all winter long the guys have been adding a couple of lines or two whenever they think up something else to say to a girl who'd give a guy the brush just before he winters-over."

I looked at the sheet that contained the fairly pungent remarks. In the upper right hand corner, the page was numbered 176.

The food in the mess hall at L.A. was quite a bit better than the food at McMurdo and the cheese cake was overwhelming. The cooks and their helpers had clipped, apparently, every nude photo ever published and pasted them on the ceiling, walls, and floor behind the steam tables. Every available inch of space was covered with pictures of svelte girls, thin girls, fat girls, all sizes and shapes of girls and, as far as I could see, not one of the Little Americans noticed them at all. Only the summer tourists gave them a second or third glance.

"The chaplain's been after us to get rid of them," said the Seabee, "before we start getting a lot of summer people. He says it'll ruin their morals. NFB, huh?"

"How's that?"

"Nasty break," said the Seabee.

"That's another local expression," said Harvey.

Skip Dawson, I learned, was out in the field with his trail party which was headed off into the unexplored interior. But Paul Frazier was now stationed at Little America, handling the logistics necessary to support Skip and his small band of men.

At dinner that evening, Paul griped a bit about having to play out his role in civilization—by which he meant Little America—while Skip was having all the fun and adventure out among the crevasses. "Lately," said Paul, "we've been doing a lot of flying out of here, scouting the terrain ahead of Skip's party and warning him about impassable areas. I guess it's important, but I'd sure rather be out there with him."

"How's chances of our joining up with Skip?" said Bill.

"I can get you there," said Paul. "But I can't promise that I can get you back. You might get stuck out there for a long stretch."

"The luck we've been having," I said, "it's a certainty."

"As a matter of fact," added Paul, "I hope you do stick with them for awhile out there. You might pick up their morale, just by being around with your cameras. Lord knows, they could use something."

So, Bill and I left for the trail the next day which dawned bright and clear to the tune of a chief petty officer on the base public address system: "Reveille, reveille! Up all hands! Little America weather: temperature, minus 15; humidity, 25 percent; wind, northeast at 10 knots. Marilyn Monroe, 36-26-36. Up all hands."

Paul Frazier joined Bill and myself on the way to the mess hall for breakfast. I felt rested and alert. Walking toward us along the tunnel was a bearded man, his breath smoky in the cold air. Despite the cold, he wore no jacket, only an undershirt tucked into his heavy green trousers, and he was munching what seemed to be a candy bar. I looked more closely and saw that he was eating a stick of butter.

The floor of the tunnel was slick with ice. There were stalagmites and snow crystals everywhere. "You know," I said, "for the first time I have the feeling that this is *really* the antarctic."

Paul Frazier grinned at me. "Well, you're getting there," he said.

Harvey Speed, who was flying a load of diesel fuel to the tractor party, had little trouble following Skip Dawson's trail. The slender line of shadow which cut through the snow was the only thing that broke the whiteness of the ice shelf. The trail was marked with small red pennants fluttering from bamboo stakes and, occasionally, there was a cairn—a mound of snow with a fuel drum at the top—which was large enough to be scanned on the radar scope. It was an easy trail to follow and, at that time, not too long.

It was only from the air that you could put the tractor party into proper perspective. I looked down from Harvey Speed's aircraft and saw them: 11 men and five tractors standing alone in a field of white that stretched endlessly in all directions. On the deck, in the midst of the machinery, everything seemed bigger and therefore more secure; but this was a false impression. The Caterpillar D-8 bulldozers weighed, equipped as they were, about 38 tons, both of them. Standing beside them, you were impressed by their size and power; only from the air could you realize how small and frail they were compared to the world through which they traveled.

Skip Dawson met us as we landed. He drove a small orange Weasel and he was accompanied by two strange creatures clad in tattered green snow-suits who hopped off the running boards of the tractor and plodded through the hard-packed drifts to the side of the airplane. The shorter man, who was about 6 feet tall, had a ratty, sandy beard and he wore a pile cap whose ear flaps flopped about his ears making him look like a Walt Disney dog. The bigger man towered above his grubby companion. He was clean-shaven, but his jowls were the color of gun metal. He was one of the largest men I had ever seen.

"Come on, you guys," said Harvey Speed. "Let's get this airplane unloaded. I'm not going to spend my whole life around this dump! Which I might just have to do if I don't get my engines started pretty soon."

"Okay, okay," said the beard. "Come on, Ed. Let's get to work." He waved to us from the hatch. "You just stand fast there, boys, and mind you don't step on a snow snake. We don't want to lose you, even if you ain't very good looking!"

It did not take Harvey long to get his airplane unloaded and to take off for Little America. He came around once and buzzed the tractors, then sped away to disappear over the horizon. The members of the trail party watched him quietly until he was out of sight.

The Weasel carried us to the spot where the trail party was camped for the night. There were two D-8s with two 20-ton sleds each hooked onto their rear ends, each sled loaded high with fuel drums and supplies. There was a hump-backed Tucker Sno-Cat, which hauled two one-ton sleds. Besides the Weasel we rode on there was one other with a strange set of antennae poking forward from its snout, the probing rig for the electronic crevasse detector.

Major Dawson introduced us to his men. The beard turned out to be James Gardiner, better known as the Dirty Bearded Texan. The giant was Alvah Edwards, nicknamed Big Ed. We met Maj. Palle Mogenson, who was later to take command of

the South Pole station's scientific team, but who was now the trail party's navigator. Phil Smith we knew from New Zealand. He was an Army lieutenant, an amateur speleologist and an expert in coping with crevasses.

Besides Tex and Big Ed, there were three other Navy enlisted men with the trail party: Bill Kraut, who ran the radio; Bob Anderson, who operated the crevasse detector; and "Three-Fingered Charlie" Wedemeyer, a demolition man who had learned his trade the hard way.

The rest of the party were Army sergeants: Jim Fields, Norman Coleman and Al Krigsvold. All three had been sent to the antarctic after long months on the Greenland ice cap.

After dinner, which was more or less served in the big wanigan —an enormous box mounted on one of the large sleds—everyone started to get ready to go to bed. The wanigan seemed too warm to Bill and myself and Tex and Big Ed invited us to join them out-of-doors. "It's a little bit chilly," said Tex Gardiner, "but at least you don't have to smell everybody's feet all night long."

The two Seabees began setting up their tent, which was nothing more than an old white parachute with a pole stuck up the middle. We stretched out the silk and piled blocks of snow around the edges, leaving a little bit clear for a door. Then we took some rubber mattresses from one of the sleds and inflated them with the warm exhaust from the generator. Our sleeping bags went on top of the rubber mattresses, which kept us an inch or so from the surface of the snow most of the night. By morning, however, they had usually lost enough air so that you were resting on the cold, cold deck.

We stripped down to our long underwear and crawled into our sleeping bags. Tex decided he had to go to the head, climbed out of his warm bag into the cold aid and slipped into his boots. He was back in a minute or two and I asked him: "Is there a head around here?"

"Buddy," he said, crawling quickly into the sack. "it's *all* head around here! Just go out and pick your spot."

The trail party had pitched camp at Mile 183 and from this base they battered away at the barrier facing them: a seven-mile stretch of heavily crevassed snow. Some of the crevasses were more than 120 feet deep. Many of them were more than a mile in length. Through this area a road had to be constructed, solid enough to bear the weight of the tractor train that would pass this way carrying 500 tons of construction equipment to the base site in Marie Byrd Land.

Skip Dawson worked on this problem the way a dentist works on a tooth. First, he found the cavity and then, with high explosive charges, he cleaned it out. Then, when the cavity was fully exposed, he used his bulldozers to fill it with snow, packed solid to create a firm foundation for the road.

The men worked for 12 hours a day and sometimes longer. The temperature on the surface was only a few degrees above zero during the morning and afternoon, but the sun beat down from a high, clear sky. Its rays bounced off the snow so brilliantly that, when the winds were still, the men found that they could work in comfort stripped to the waist. It was somehow incongruous to observe them, sweating in the snow and complaining of sunburn. The men who worked inside the crevasses, however, ran the risk of frostbite; for, below the surface, in the depths of the soft blue crevasse walls, the temperature was always about 20 degrees below zero. They would climb down the steep walls with ropes, carrying their dynamite with them, returning with aching arms to the surface after their charges were placed. There would be an explosion and then they would climb down again into what would be a wider and deeper cavity.

With each blast, more and more of the yawning caverns would be exposed. The false bottom and false walls dropped away before the explosives and finally the job would be done. Then, while the men from the hole drank coffee and relaxed, Tex and Big Ed would begin filling the cavity with their bulldozers.

Tex never got used to this maneuver, gearing his 37-ton vehicle to the lip of the giant chasm and hanging there on the edge for a moment, accelerating just enough to send the snow tumbling down the abyss without sending the Cat down behind it. Once, while performing this chore, the left tread of the D-8 slipped into another crevasse nearby. Tex and his Cat hung there with one tread in the grave until Big Ed hooked up a chain and pulled the man and his machine to safe ground.

Tex had the shakes the rest of that day, but kept working.

There were, in that seven miles, 41 crevasses that had to be filled. In all, they used 4,700 pounds of high explosives to open the crevasses and filling them required enough snow to fill 700 railroad box cars. Once it took them a full 12 hours to advance the trail a mere 800 feet.

They crossed the seven miles in exactly two weeks.

With the crevasses field bridged, Skip Dawson now led his little band of sunburnt men toward the final goal, the spot in the unexplored interior where Latitude 80 South crosses Longitude 120 West, somewhere 400 miles in the featureless distance. From now on, the days blended into one long day and, as the sun revolved slowly in the clear, blue sky, the tractors rolled up the Continental ice dome across the peaceful snows. There would be no more crevasses to be faced, in theory at least, be-

cause this snow was based on bed rock. But the crevasse detector Weasel continued its electronic probings, just in case.

The Cats were moving at top speed: slightly less than four miles per hour. They pushed ahead, 10 hours a day to gain their steady 40 miles. Black smoke belched from the diesel stacks more frequently now as the Cats climbed higher on the continent; the smoke was a black plume in the clear, cold air.

As we drove farther into the interior, Major Mogenson's role in the operation increased in importance. Longitudinal lines, as we drew closer to the Pole, began to converge on that southernmost point which is the South Pole or rather, to the navigator, 90 degrees South. Mogenson became even more painstaking in making sun shots with his theodolite and the trail party made frequent stops, waiting patiently while he took his readings.

Our course followed the Great Circle route under his guidance until December 17 when the tractors reached Mile 643. Here the air was cold and thin: we were 5,000 feet above sea level. Palle Mogenson made his sun shot and returned to the wanigan, beaming.

"Well, boys," he said, "we have arrived."

For a day and a half, Mogenson stood in the cold wind with his navigational instruments, checking and re-checking his calculations. The skies were overcast which forced him to pause for long intervals, waiting for the sun to break into the clear. But finally he established, within a few square inches, the exact spot where the two invisible lines crossed the continent: 80 South, 120 West. Here the construction team following us up the trail into Byrd Land would build the base for the IGY scientists.

Tex and Big Ed built two enormous cairns of snow with the bulldozers and there was a simple ceremony during which the men raised the red-and-gold flag of the Army Transportation Corps and then the blue-and-gold pennant of the Seabees. On the center flagstaff, which was nothing more than a long two-by-four, the major raised the Stars and Stripes and the thin, grubby line of tattered men saluted. They had that dignity men gain who have not had a bath in two months.

Sergeant Krigsvold unveiled a wooden marker he had been painting, privately: a crudely lettered sign saying that we had

arrived there and who we were. I noted with considerable emotion that Bill's name and mine had been added to the list. Krigsvold had spelled my name wrong, but it really didn't matter. Tex Gardiner made a short speech in which he claimed the entire area, reserving forestry, agricultural and mineral rights for the Sovereign State of Texas and renamed the place Dirty Bearded County. His first act as sheriff, he declared, would be to impose a surtax on all livestock presently grazing on this range.

"I got this document here," he said, "but I don't have a container to bury it in."

"If you'll wait a minute," said Skip Dawson, "I think I can help you out. I saved this bottle ever since we left Little America and I guess now's the time to uncork it. It's only Old Methusalem, but I wish it was champagne."

He passed the fifth around.

"Man, that burns like fire!" said Tex, taking a swig. "That ought to hold me for another month at least!"

The men stood taking turns at the bottle, standing there in the snow. There was enough for one belt per man and Big Ed got it last. He didn't take the whole last drop, but saved a little in the bottom of the jug.

"Major Dawson," said Big Ed, "I think you better have the last swallow. Just for good luck."

Skip nodded and drank it down.

"Thanks, Ed," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Ed. "We sure appreciate all you've done for us."

Skip Dawson coughed and looked embarrassed. "Tex," he said, "here's the empty bottle for your document. Catch!"

Tex caught the empty fifth and stuffed his piece of ruled note paper inside it. He put the bottle deep into the snow of one of the cairns and said: "Now, future explorers will pass this way and *know* who it belongs to!"

He gazed about at the broad expanse of snow and shook his head. "Why, this makes Texas bigger than Alaska!" he said.

"Well," said Big Ed, "we got one thing done today, anyhow."

That night, before we settled down in our sleeping bags, Tex, Big Ed, Bill and myself walked a few hundred yards beyond the base site markers. The snow was hard and crusted beneath our boots and we walked on quietly, breaking our own paths.

We stood there, the four of us, without saying a word.

It was enough to stand there where no men had ever stood before and look out across the snow to a horizon that no men had ever seen before, to stand on snow that had rested there untouched since creation.

As a matter of fact, it was worth the whole trip.

And then we went home.

It was New Year's Eve at McMurdo Sound: an awful prospect even in retrospect.

Earlier in the day it had been quite hot and the men had gone about in shirt sleeves. The sun, shining directly down from a brilliant, cloudless sky, had melted the few patches of snow left in the area and this had sent rivulets of melted water swiftly through the camp. The water had cut ugly ruts in the ground as it coursed down from the black volcanic hills, through our little village, and on down to the edge of the bay. The treads of the tractors, which had rumbled through the camp all day long on random missions, had turned the intersection of Burke Boulevard and Honeybucket Lane into a sea of mud.

Even as late as 2100 hours the sun was still bright in the sky; but it had swung about on its circular course and stood on the edge of the horizon, harmlessly, at a point above Blue Glacier on the other edge of the sound. It was colder now. Only the members of the wintering-over party walked about outdoors without jackets. The muddy streets were crusted over now with a layer of frost. The wind had picked up enough to rattle the canvas walls of *Bullheim*, the tent-like shack the Seabees had built for the use of the civilian correspondents. Cmdr. Robin Hartmann, whose mission was public information, had given the shack its name in one of his more clever—and informative—moments.

It was there, in the back end of *Bullheim*, that I spent the early hours of New Year's Eve trying to drown out the sound of revelry back in the States by concentrating on a book about card games. The only other occupant of the press shack was a Japanese correspondent who sat at a table up front watering a paper plate full of pepper seeds.

The Japanese nation must have some strange obsession with the antarctic for there were always several Japanese correspondents attached to Operation Deep Freeze. This one we called Ohio, because we could not pronounce his real name.

Ohio was employed by a newspaper in Tokyo to report on the American activities in the antarctic, but he seldom wrote about anything current. His stories, for the most part, dealt with the relics of Robert Falcon Scott's expeditions, *circa* 1900, which lie in great abundance and excellent condition about the McMurdo area. He wrote his dispatches in quaintly broken English because Commander Hartmann had to clear them for security. Robin, after reading one particularly long and tedious story by Ohio, speculated that when it reached Tokyo it would be re-translated into broken Japanese.

Ohio's inscrutable journalistic methods caused considerable debate among the members of the press corps. Associated Press, voicing the majority opinion, subscribed to the theory that Ohio was really a hard-working military intelligence officer disguised as a reporter and was just doing the best he could to operate in an uncomfortable pose. My own feeling was that Ohio must have been some sort of an Oriental James Thurber who had lost quite a bit in translation. My theory seemed valid enough in light of Ohio's consuming interest in his pepper seeds.

The whole thing had started out as a joke played upon Ohio by one of the wintering-over fellows, a bearded mess cook named Spears who had been deported to the antarctic from the Ozarks on charges of profanity. Playing upon the traditional Japanese desire to bring floral beauty into the world, Spears had given Ohio the dried pepper seeds and suggested that he cultivate them. This Ohio had done, watering the seeds with patient attention which finally brought forth two microscopic green shoots. Ohio regarded this development as a major scientific miracle and he was anxiously looking forward to the day when all his pepper seeds would send forth shoots. Then, he said, he would file his Great Story which would knock Tokyo flat on its ear: the first garden in the antarctic! He could hardly wait.

Ohio completed his little ritual and our eyes met.

"Excuse, please," he said, bowing slightly which was a neat trick since he was sitting down. "I must converse with someone. I have today received very bad news."

"I'm sorry," I said. "What was it?"

"Oh," sighed Ohio, "I learn that my copy is being refired through Barboa!"

"Refiled through where?" I said, putting down Hoyle.

"Barboa in Panama," he said. "Is very bad situation. My copy being refired through Barboa is cost thirty-one cent each word by time reaches Tokyo. I compute? Yes, I compute so far I have cost my paper thirty-one thousand American dorrars. Is very bad situation."

"And you're only up to 1911," I said. "Can you imagine the size of the bill by the time you get started writing about this year's operations?"

Ohio was offended. "I am writing comprehensive account of antarctic," he said stiffly. "Japanese reader does not have much antarctic background. I must put everything in perspective; for if I do not inform reader of past history, how can he understand what is happening today?"

Ohio sat back, savoring his devastating logic. "Besides," he added, "not much happening today, anyhow."

"That's not true," I said. "There are many interesting things that happen here every day. Read the dispatch board," I said, pointing to a clip board hanging on the wall. "That contains copies of all the radio messages transmitted in this area."

Ohio hissed. "Mostly routine stuff on crip board."

"Maybe," I said, "but one must crack many oysters before one finds a pearl, no?"

Ohio dissolved in a giggle. You can always break up a Japanese with a proverb.

I walked over to the clip board, took it down from its peg on the wall and began paging through the file, carbon copies of all the dispatches that had been passed by radio in the area for the past two weeks. Most were fairly dull and operational, but one finally stopped me cold.

"Here's one," I told Ohio. "It's a message from the admiral aboard the *Glacier* to the commanding officer of the camp and it says that there will be no—repeat, no—alcoholic beverages dispensed at McMurdo without his written permission. Now, how's *that* for a story?"

Ohio sniffed. "You think that is a good story? You think better story maybe than *First Garden in Antarctica?*"

"Maybe it's not quite that good," I said, "but there's quite a bit to work on in this one: drama, pathos, conflict, tragedy."

"Why does admirar do this thing?" asked Ohio.

"Well, yesterday, they took a whole batch of beer off one of the cargo ships and loaded it onto a ten-ton sled to be hauled into camp. Somehow the sled tipped over. All the beer tumbled out on the ice and in ten minutes it had all disappeared. Vanished. Gone."

"Beer go through ice and sink in water?"

"That's what the Seabees claim."

"Ah, so," said Ohio. "But admirar does not berieve Seabees!" He giggled. "I think admirar most correct to suspect

Seabees. I think beer does not disappear into sea. Instead, I think beer disappear into Seabees' berries!"

"Into what?"

"Their berries!" giggled Ohio, rubbing his stomach. "Is most amusing!" Ohio giggled for quite a while before regaining control.

"Perhaps," he said at last, "I write story about this message. Most frozen prace of ice and snow is now of seven continents most dry. Make nifty story, no?"

"That's what I've been telling you," I said.

I left Ohio to digest all that and wandered down Burke Boulevard. The admiral's quarters seemed a likely spot, because several senior officers lived there and the admiral was aboard ship. Inside the orange hut I found Captain Cordiner, the skipper of the naval air squadron, and his executive officer, Cmdr. Ed Ward, brooding at a table in a gloomy little room that passed for the parlor.

"Good evening, gentlemen," I said, hanging my jacket on the back of a chair. "I am here to check out an awful rumor that there is no booze to be found at McMurdo Sound."

Captain Cordiner flashed his quick, sardonic smile. "Have a ginger ale," he said.

"Or a can of root beer?" suggested Ed Ward.

"You're kidding," I said.

"We're just a bundle of laughs," said Cordiner. "Take the ginger ale, if you want my advice. The root beer froze during the winter and went flat. But the ginger ale is fresh. The Air Force flew it in last month."

"Yes, sir," said Ward. "The good old Air Force brought in the good old ginger ale to keep up our morale."

Ed Ward sighed and said, "You can lace your ginger ale with the thought of all our good old Air Force buddies gathered together tonight in the fleshpots of Christchurch, draining glass after glass, toasting the good old Blue Lady of the Sky."

I opened a can of ginger ale. We sat around talking for the better part of an hour and then Commander Snay, the communications officer, dropped in to get a pack of cigarettes from his wall locker.

"Looks like big doings tonight in the mess hall," he said. "I saw Father Condit headed that way with his accordion."

Snay left us to sit there in the gloom. Captain Cordiner didn't say anything for a while, but he was thinking. "Do you think they're serving any booze at the mess hall, Ed?" he said, finally.

"Could be, skipper. You know how inventive these Seabees can be."

Nobody spoke for a moment, savoring the thought. "I was just thinking, skipper," Ed Ward said finally, "that we really don't know *for sure* that they're actually serving anything alcoholic at the mess hall. I mean, we're just going on hearsay evidence, and from a communications officer, at that."

"I don't much care, one way or the other," said Cordiner.

"Well," said Ward, "if you don't mind a suggestion, I think you ought to send a competent observer down to the mess hall to investigate."

"Maybe even two," I said.

"A couple of noble, trusted men like you two?" said Cordiner.

"Good reporters make good detectives," I said. "They are trained to observe."

"Fine," said Cordiner. "Go find a good reporter and take him along with you. I'm going to go to bed."

The McMurdo mess hall is, at best, no place for a contemplative; but when we arrived the din was terrific. The low-ceilinged building was filled with tobacco smoke, Seabees, Airdales, laughter, cursing, shouting and the noise of Father Condit's Clod-Kicking Five, a small combo which was playing poorly but with great enthusiasm. Ed Ward and I elbowed our way through the throng and finally made it to the steam tables which separated the mess hall from the galley. A burly, bearded Seabee was ladling out huge quantities of what appeared to be orange juice.

"Happy New Year!" boomed the Seabee. "How about joining us in a little old white-out punch?"

"What is this stuff, anyway?" I asked.

"White-out punch," he said, leaning over the counter. "It's part orange juice, but mostly it's a hunert-and-ninety proof medicinal alcohol."

"Is it safe to drink?"

"No sir, it's dangerous to drink. But it won't kill you, if that's what you mean. That old One-Ninety is as pure as the driven snow and almost as good as white lightning."

"Happy New Year," I said and moved off through the crowd. Ed Ward waved me back to the rear of the hall where he had found a couple of seats at one of the steel dining tables. I slipped into place across from him and discovered that, on my left, was the little Japanese correspondent.

Ohio raised his bowl in greeting. "Happy New Years!" he giggled. "Most Happy New Years!" Then he chattered away for a minute in his own language. "Is same thing as Happy New Years, but in Japanese," he explained. "Excuse, prease, must go get another Happy New Years drink."

Ohio left our table and set off through the crowd, looking very small and unsteady.

"He's listing a little," said Ed Ward.

"Yeah," I said. "Say, what are you going to tell the skipper? I mean, about the booze?"

Ed sipped his punch. "Well," he said, "I can't tell for sure whether there's any alcohol in this stuff or not. There's no odor and there's no alcohol taste, is there?"

"None at all," I said.

"Happy New Years," said Ohio who had just returned from the fountain of youth with a tray of soup bowls. "Am saving you a trip," he explained, placing libations in front of us.

"Why, thank you," said Ed Ward to Ohio. Then he said to me, "No, I couldn't tell the skipper that there's any alcohol in this white-out punch. I couldn't prove it, could I?"

Ohio looked at Ed intently. "Ah, so," he said, "is in here nothing substantiar?"

"Beg pardon?" said Ed.

I translated. "Ohio wants to know if there's anything substantial in the orange juice."

"Good heavens!" said Ed Ward. "I'll tell the skipper and I'll tell you, my friend, that as far as I can tell there's nothing to be found in the old McMurdo mess hall except good old orange juice. Happy New Year and bottoms up!"

"Ah, so!" cried Ohio. "Just good oh orange juice! Is good to know because I am most abstemonious. Barroms up!"

A few gulps later, Ohio began to take Ward into his confidence. "I am," he said, "non-drinking tea-toterer. However, I am now writing story on drinking probrem in Antarctica."

"Good," said Ward. "It's a problem, all right."

There was a sudden, dull thudding noise behind me and I turned in time to see a stocky aircraft mechanic of my ac-

quaintance, flat on his back, sliding with some speed along the deck past our table, apparently having just concluded a discussion on world affairs with a Seabee tractor driver.

"Things seem to be getting a bit out of hand," I said.

"Yes," said Ward, looking at Ohio, "I believe they are."

"I know you can ignore the booze in your report to the skipper," I said. "But how are you going to explain all the drunks?"

I suppose that it was about 3 in the morning of the bright new year that I left the mess hall and started placing one unsteady foot before the other to slop through the frozen mud of Burke Boulevard to my sack. Ed Ward was, at that moment, just emerging from the big orange pre-fabricated building that served as one of the latrines. He waved at me. "Come in here a minute."

I lumbered up the steep steps to the door and passed through into the building. On the floor by the row of washstands was a very large sleeping bag. Inside was a very small Japanese. Next to the bag was a metal wash basin partly filled with some foul, foreign matter.

"Ohio?" I asked.

Ward nodded. "He didn't realize we were kidding about the punch."

I sighed in agreement. "Torpedoed in neutral waters," I said.

"You know," said Ward, "just before the end he apologized for Pearl Harbor and said it would never happen again. It was rather touching."

"How many did he have?"

"Seven that I counted," said Ward. "But then I wasn't with him all the time. He was around wishing everybody a Happy New Years; but I don't think he cares much anymore."

"So, what's with the sleeping bag?"

"Well," said Ward, "I took him to his quarters but it turned out that he had the upper bunk and the altitude got him, I guess. Anyhow, the fellow in the lower bunk objected pretty strenuously when Ohio got sick all over him. So we picked him up, sleeping bag and all, and carted him over here."

A slight groan came from deep within the sleeping bag. Ohio rolled over and opened his eyes. Apparently he was trying to speak, so I knelt down to catch his words.

"What did he say?" asked Ward when I straightened up.

"He made a rather indelicate reference to Babe Ruth," I said.

Ohio's hangover lasted three days, although he had regained enough control at the end of the first day to leave the head and return to his upper bunk. During his absence I took it upon myself to water his pepper seeds. In the evenings, I would wander down to the Quonset which sheltered Ohio's battered soul to report on the state of his project.

On the third day, every one of those pepper seeds sprouted green shoots and, what is more, the little green shoots brought forth little purple blossoms. I was amazed and Ohio was delighted.

Ohio's garden was the talk of the camp. Word of it even reached the *Glacier* and it so intrigued Time, Inc. photographer Al Fenn that he loaded his Leica with Anscochrome, hitched a ride into camp aboard one of the ship's helicopters, and shot two rolls of color film on Ohio and his Antarctic Garden.

Maybe you remember seeing the pictures in *Rife?*

Thaddeus Getzendanner, which was not his name, of course, would have preferred to be renowned for his other accomplishments. But when he arrived in New Zealand he immediately became known in the local newspapers as "the penguin man." The director of a large zoological garden on the West Coast of the United States, this stocky, woodland type was going to the antarctic to catch Emperor Penguins and take them back to the zoo. It was a mission of considerable difficulty; for, upon leaving the antarctic, the penguin tends to catch cold and die. Thaddeus Getzendanner was quite dedicated about his mission to "bring 'em back alive," but he could seldom refer to the penguins without waxing profane.

"They stink," he snarled in one of his less profane utterances. "They stink of fish."

Our ways parted in the antarctic. Bill and I spent some time on the ice shelf near Little America and when we returned to McMurdo, toward the end of the season, we found that the Penguin Man had gone native. He had moved bag and baggage down to the parking area on the ice runway and was living in a small tent a few hundred yards from the small control tower.

We were all sitting around the bunkroom of the control tower when the Penguin Man opened the door and peered in. He had a hunted look and a furtive glance and I noted that his movements were more quick and jerky than when I had seen him last.

"Well," he said, nodding toward Hartigan and myself. "I see the boy explorers have come home. See any good specimens out in the boondocks?"

We told him we had seen a snow petrel, all by itself, several hundred miles inland.

"Very interesting," said the Penguin Man. "Lovely bird, the snow petrel. Warm-blooded, intelligent, and a heart as big as all outdoors. I wonder what he was doing way out there."

"We thought you could tell us," I said. "You're the expert."

Getzendanner stared at me. "I just run the zoo," he said. "I don't *talk* to the animals. How the hell would *I* know what the bird was doing?"

"I thought you might have an educated guess."

The Penguin Man tossed his head from side to side. "My educated guess is that what you saw was an insane bird, probably suicidal. Easy enough to get that way, down here.

"Look at me," he went on, "living down here on the runway in poverty and squalor, living off the land like some Robinson Crusoe. Thaddeus Getzendanner, director of one of the finest zoological gardens in the world, on the dole, reduced to living in a filthy hovel, alone on the ice with a gaggling pack of obscene birds!"

He prowled up and down the little room, pointing to his coveralls which were streaked with sickening greenish-yellow stains.

"You know what that stuff is, don't you? It's defecation, that's what it is! Filthy penguins! Lord, how I hate them!"

"Thaddeus," I said, "if you hate the penguins so much, why are you living down here with them?"

"Yeah, why!" shouted Getzendanner. "Because I have to, that's why! This is the third batch of penguins I've brought back from that rookery. The *third!* Twice before I've had the penguins all penned up, all set to be put aboard an airplane to carry them to the States. Then I'd go up to camp for a shower and some sleep. When I'd come back here the next day, they'd be gone."

"You mean they escaped?" said Hartigan.

"Escaped?" cried the Penguin Man. "Of course not! They're too stupid to get away all by themselves. It was that half-witted wintering-over party. Those guys have been down here so long they identify with the penguins. They sit around up on the hill, drinking beer. They start brooding about the penguins and feeling sorry for them and they sneak down here and let them out!"

A wild expression flashed across the Penguin Man's face. He bolted across the room and leaped outside the control tower. A moment later, he returned. "Sorry," he said. "I thought I heard someone out there by the pens. Lord, I don't want to go back to that rookery again. You can smell it five miles away, even in the cold air. Those awful, fish-eating, stinking birds!"

Our pilot was stretched out on a bunk, smiling behind a cigar. "You can't get any of the squadron to fly out there anymore," he said. "When you bring back a load of those birds, the cabin of the aircraft stinks for weeks."

"Yeah," said Getzendanner. "The stupid birds are afraid to fly, so they defecate all over the place. Lord, I hate them." He glanced at the pilot. "At least you guys get to sit up *front* in the airplane," he said.

"When do you leave for the States?" asked Hartigan.

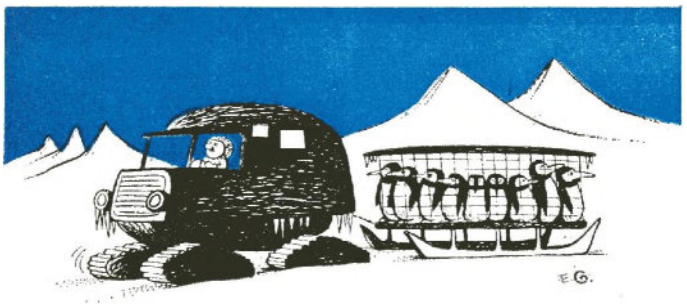
"As soon as they fire up that Globemaster out there," said the Penguin Man. "Tomorrow morning, I hope and pray. They can defecate all they want but they're gonna fly tomorrow. And you can bet when I get them back to the zoo, I'll find some bright-eyed, bushy-tailed assistant-assistant to take care of them. I never want to see another rookery as long as I live." The hunted look returned to his eyes. "What an abundance of stupidity, that rookery! The babies are so stupid they can't tell the mummies from the daddies, and they don't get any smarter as they grow up. Why, did you know that a boy penguin can't tell which is a girl penguin? When they get the urge to mate, they wander around with a pebble in their mouth and when they spot what they *think* might be a girl penguin, they drop the pebble in front of her. That means: let's build a nest, baby. They build their nests out of rocks—and badly, too. Well, if it *is* a girl penguin, she'll pick it up. That's the only way they can determine sex, the stupid, smelly birds. And let me tell you, the next penguin that drops a rock in front of me is going to get a good, swift kick in the rump."

Outside, a Weasel clattered across the snow to the tower. Thaddeus Getzendanner sped to the doorway to keep an eye on his birds. "I don't trust anybody," he said. "One more day and I'll be out of this."

Hartigan and I gathered our gear and headed for the tractor.

"Drop back tomorrow and wish me *bon voyage*," said the Penguin Man, "if you can stand the stink."

Up on the black bluff, where the main camp stood grubby in the midnight sun, everybody was talking about the penguins and some of the discussions were quite heated. The Seabees



who had spent the winter at McMurdo were the most emotional. They felt that the birds were being carted off to certain death and they berated the Air Force for providing the transportation. The naval aviators found the whole thing fairly amusing and they wasted no opportunities to poke fun at Captain Thomas, the Air Force Globemaster pilot who was flying the birds to New Zealand. The Air Force men retorted, saying that the naval aviators felt kinship to the penguins because the penguins had never learned to fly, either.

In Boystown, the Quonset hut where the naval aviators lived, Dufek's South Pole pilot, Trigger Hawkes, was talking about penguins. When Hartigan and I arrived Trigger was telling a couple of young ensigns that not only did penguins have square eyes, but that they had vertical eye lids that moved back and forth like windshield wipers. "That's because they're diving birds," explained Hawkes.

"Trigger," said Hartigan, "you're full of beans."

"If you don't believe me," said Trigger, "go ask the admiral."

Not having anything better to do, Hartigan and I went over to the admiral's quarters. "Admiral," said Hartigan, "do penguins really have square eyes?"

Admiral Dufek gave him that look he gets just before he laughs or chews. "Have you been talking to Trigger?" he asked. We nodded. "I thought so," he said. "When we were over at Little America during High Jump, right after the war, Trigger kept trying to tell me that penguins have square eyes and I told him he was nuts. So he told me, if I didn't believe him, to look for myself. Have you ever tried to look a penguin in the eye? Well, it's not easy. I finally found a big Emperor hanging around the camp and I must have spent an hour crawling around the snow on my belly trying to get a good look."

"Well," I said, "do they have square eyes or don't they?"

"I don't know," said the admiral. "The damn bird wouldn't hold still. Anyhow, what difference does it make? Don't you guys have anything better to do than to come around bothering me with something like that?"

"Aw, come on," said Hartigan. "You're the one who spent an hour on his stomach, not us."

"I was just a captain then," said Dufek. "Now I'm an admiral and I don't go in for stuff like that anymore."

The next day I found out for myself. Bill and I decided to film the departure of the Penguin Man and his birds and so, shortly after lunch, we loaded our camera equipment aboard a Weasel and rode down to the strip.

Thaddeus Getzendanner had collected 96 Emperor penguins and was holding them in three large pens made of wood and chicken wire. From a distance, the birds appeared stately and dignified. They stood about four feet tall and weighed about 85 pounds and when they stretched their long necks to cackle they seemed even more impressive. Their long, rapier-like beaks would open and a sound would come out partly like the one a turkey makes, partly like the sound a typewriter makes when you slide the carriage back slowly to start a new line. But when you approached them, there *was* an overpowering smell of fish and the gleaming white breasts, on closer observation, were foully stained with yellowish-green you-know-what.

"Lovely, aren't they?" snarled Thaddeus Getzendanner. "Lord, how I hate penguins."

"Trigger Hawkes was telling us last night that they have square eyes," I said.

"They don't," said the Penguin Man.

"Mind if I look?"

"Go ahead, if you can stand it."

I held my breath and peered through the chicken wire.

Now, right here is where every old explorer is going to start writing letters, because I must report that penguins *do* have square eyes. At least, the one I looked at did. Not the whole eye, of course, but the little dot in the center: the thing Li'l Orphan Annie doesn't have. At any rate, while I was watching the penguin and he was watching me, his pupil began to grow wider and was transformed from a perfect circle into a perfect square. Also, I noticed a transparent membrane in his eye that did move vertically, back and forth like a windshield wiper.

I told the Penguin Man about it and he said that I was out of my mind. "But I saw it with my own eyes," I said. "The penguin looked straight at me and his eye went square."

"What you saw," said Hartigan, "was probably your reflection."

It did not take the Air Force long to get things organized. A couple of enlisted men from the Globemaster crew put together a few wooden crates and the Penguin Man herded his birds inside them, cursing loudly all the while. A few penguins tried to stab him while he was securing the lids of the crates with wire.

"Look at the stupid birds!" he shouted. "I'm taking them to a better life and they try to assassinate me!"

By now a small tractor, pulling a flat cargo sled, had hauled the crates of penguins to a spot directly below the open hatch in the belly of the Globemaster. Cables had been lowered from the fuselage and the winch was beginning to lift the cages, one by one, into the plane—a hoist of about 14 feet straight up. The Penguin Man was hopping up and down.

"Take it easy, boys!" he cried. "Treat them gentle! And don't stand right underneath them! You'll never get it off your clothes!"

The Air Force enlisted men were cursing loudly now. One had already taken a thrust from a penguin beak and all of them had had a good whiff of the birds. The Navy men, who made up the air strip's crash crew, sat idly in their Weasel making obscene suggestions and Thaddeus Getzendanner paced up and down beside the plane, watching everything with an anxious eye. All the cages, save one, had been lifted into the Globemaster. It was the last one that came apart.

The wooden cage had begun to give a little at the seams as it was lifted into the air. Before the man operating the winch could react, the cage split open from the weight of the birds and suddenly 20 Emperor penguins tumbled out onto the snow.

For a moment, nothing happened. The men stood frozen in their places. The penguins, startled by their sudden liberation, peered suspiciously at the men. Man looked at Penguin; Penguin looked at Man.

Then the penguins, not liking what they saw, fled. With uncanny instinct, the birds headed directly for the nearest open water which was, in fact, beyond the horizon. The penguins fled, not on their feet, but on their bellies. They flopped down on the ice and, using their feet and flippers and beaks for propulsion, sped toward the sea cackling and gaggling at approximately five knots.

The Penguin Man was first to react.

"After them, men!" he cried. "Hartigan! Put down that camera and help *catch* the little bastards!"

And so we were off: airmen, Seabees, photographers, newspaper men—amateur penguin catchers all.

Early in the chase I saw Robin Hartmann running, bent low, arms outstretched, stumbling along in the track of a speeding penguin. Most of the birds were headed, in a group, toward the snow banks at the end of the parking area, so I ran hard along the left flank of the herd to block their passage to the sea. I reached the pass before the penguins did and I stood there, puffing from the exertion, my lungs burning from the cold air.

The first penguin approached on his belly and, frankly, I didn't know what to do about it. For lack of a better plan, I jumped up and down, waving my arms in the air and yelling: "Bow-wow-wow!"

This stopped him cold. The penguin clambered to his feet and stared at me with beady eyes, all the while slowly raising and lowering his black flippers which looked as fragile as a pair of brake linings. I waved my arms and barked at him again. He turned away to look for another route to freedom and, when he turned his back to me, I leaped upon him from behind. The two of us went to the ice heavily. I clung to his neck with both hands while his long, sharp beak made mincemeat of the ice. Without releasing my grip, I managed to straddle the penguin and sat on his back, holding him down and halting his forward motion. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the Penguin Man running close by.

"What do I do now?" I called to him.

Thaddeus Getzendanner stopped and stared at me. "What do you think you do? Grab the little bastard by the feet and drag him back to the plane!"

He ran off leaving me alone with my problem. I turned my head slightly so that I could see the penguin's bottom and, for the first time, I made a detailed study of the bird's feet. It was frightening. His ankles were as thick as my wrist and he had talons like a giant eagle, scaley and green and reptilian. The webbing of his feet were wet with yellowish-green excrement and his claws clutched at the air. With an heroic act of the will I shifted my weight and grabbed for the penguin's ankle, but when I moved the penguin moved and swiped at me with his flippers.

I dodged the blow and the penguin slipped away from me. By the time I had climbed to my knees, he was already on his feet and his flipper flashed at me with the speed of a shark's tail, slamming into my shoulder and sending me sprawling across the ice, face down. I shut my eyes tightly and waited there for the penguin to finish me off with his beak, but instead of administering the *coup de grace* the bird flopped down on his belly again and headed through the pass.

But the Penguin Man was after him, armed now with a long aluminum pole with a bag on the end of it, a rig that looked like a butterfly net. Getzendanner rushed after the bird, shouting. The penguin turned to look at the noise and the Penguin Man brought the canvas bag down over the bird's shoulders. By the time I reached him, Getzendanner had cinched the bag and was dragging the penguin along the ice by one foot.

"Don't just stand there!" he cried. "Find another one!"

I ran off aimlessly, but at top speed, looking for penguins and saw Robin Hartmann clinging to the back of a prone bird, hanging onto his neck for dear life. The penguin was making about two knots. Hartmann gave me a stricken look.

"What do I do now?" he shouted.

"What do you think you do!" I said. "Grab him by the foot!"

Really, it doesn't take much to make a snob.

One by one, the big birds had been dragged, kicking and screaming, back to the airplane. The Great Penguin Chase was over. Not one of the birds had escaped, but several of the members of the chase had been knocked silly by their flippers. All of us sprawled on the ice beside the aircraft, nursing our bruises and trying to catch our breath. The Penguin Man, himself, had taken a gash from a beak on his cheek and he swore vengeance upon the birds while he wiped away the blood with a dirty glove.

The rest of us were too tired to do anything except sit there and marvel at the Penguin Man's eloquent cursing. He went on for a good five minutes about penguins and then he switched to correspondents.

"... and I'm sick and tired of being called the Penguin Man!" he shouted, shaking a finger at what was left of the press corps. "Do you guys ever write about my adventures with the mountain lions? Do you ever mention my African buffalos? No! But *catch one penguin...*"

That was the last I saw of Thaddeus Getzendanner. The Globemaster crew, holding their noses, carried him and his penguins off to New Zealand and an air conditioned aircraft flew the birds to the United States where, I presume, they lived happily ever after.

We watched the plane depart, Hartigan and I, standing on the ice in our soiled parkas. Our jackets and trousers were brown with tractor grease, tattered and torn by crampons and penguin beaks, and splattered with sickening stains from the penguins. Our sweat was drying quickly in the cold wind, but the aroma lingered on.

"Golly," said Robin Hartmann. "You guys are sure a sight."

"Well, what do you expect?" said Hartigan. "We haven't had a bath in a month, at least."

"Yeah," I said. "Let's get up to camp and climb in the shower. I'm going to soak for a week."

Robin Hartmann scuffed his boot on the ice. "I hate to tell you this," he said, "but the sun's been pretty hot around here lately and so water's pretty scarce. No showers for a week. We've just about run out of snow."

"You mean to tell me," I said, "you've run out of snow in the *antarctic?*"

Hartmann shrugged.

"Yeah," he said. "That's the Navy for you."

The planting of the pine trees, which was innocent enough in itself, has always symbolized the end of the antarctic, for me at least. After that, everything started to get silly.

Admiral Dufek, in an attempt to get commercial people interested in the antarctic, convinced Pan American Airways that they might do well to fly in one of their Strato-Cruisers. Pan Am said they would give it a try and one day a commercial airliner landed on the ice strip at McMurdo Sound complete with stewardesses in cute little parkas. They were only on the ice for about three hours, but they managed to visit the main camp and there was a reception for them in the mess hall.

The summer tourists made a big fuss over the girls, but the members of the wintering-over party, who had several more months to spend on the ice, ran away and hid. If you haven't seen a woman in 12 months, it's not going to do you much good to look at one who will be gone in half an hour.

After the stewardesses came the dignitaries.

John P. Saylor of Pennsylvania, a member of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, became the first congressman to visit the antarctic. He also became, in rapid succession, the first congressman to visit Little America and the first congressman to Fly Over The South Pole.

Mr. Saylor was followed almost immediately by the six-member sub-committee on Transportation and Communications of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, a brave group of polar explorers led by Congressman Oren Harris of Arkansas, who was later to distinguish himself by revealing television quiz shows were not exactly honest.

I hardly need add that Harris & Co. flew over the South Pole in a Globemaster. It is part of the tour.

Then, to cap it all off, the Navy decided that all the aviators had to shave. Bill and I decided that it was time to go home. The antarctic was becoming entirely too civilized.

When Representative Saylor visited Little America, the naval aviators made sure that he met Harvey Speed. They arranged the seating at the dinner table so that Saylor sat across from Harvey. Gus Shinn sat on the congressman's right hand, so that he could guide the conversation along interesting lines.

Gus got Harvey spouting off at length about the rewards of wintering-over.

"Are you going to winter-over again, Harvey?" said Gus.

"Maybe," said Harvey. "I'm going to write my Daddy and see if he'll send me some money. If he does, I'll stay here."

Harvey went on to explain the loss of flight pay and *per diem*, the mess bill which he had to pay and a few other interesting, niggling expenses. "I owe the Navy so much money already, I'll never get out of the hole."

The congressman stared at him. "Mister Speed!" he cried. "Do you mean to say that it actually costs you money to serve your country here in the antarctic?"

In the next brief moment Harvey Speed, this bearded philosopher who had brooded over the human condition throughout the long polar night, delivered himself on a single sentence that—as far as I'm concerned, summed up the whole thing.

"Congressman," he said, "I'll be lucky if I get out of here with my hat and my ass."—**Patrick Trese**

NEXT MONTH

JACK LONDON: WILD LIFE OF THE IRON WOLF

By Peter Michelmore & Al Stump

---

this funny Life

The recently married teenagers who had grown up in Chicago were visiting their grandparents in the Medford, Wisconsin, area and had stopped by my son-in-law's dairy farm. The grandparents still lived on a farm but had not kept cows for many years.

The young couple was curious about the milking procedure and full of questions. They followed the farmer and the herd to the dairy barn, where the herd bull stood conspicuously alone at one end of the line of stanchions, and watched as each cow, tail switching, located its own particular place. There was a click of closing stanchions and the stored-up eager questions were forthcoming.

"Are all these cows pregnant?" the young wife asked the herdsman.

He nodded. "Well, they're all bred back at the proper time after calving."

And from the young husband: "Is that fellow on the end responsible for all these cows?"

"No," the farmer said. "Some of the cows are bred by artificial insemination."

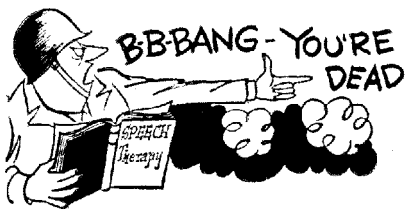
"How can you tell which cows were bred that way?" the young wife wanted to know.

The farmer smiled. "You can tell by their long faces."

—Nat V. Hacker
Medford, Wis.

From time to time on the highways we've spotted large tractor-trailers with amusing signs on the rear of the truck. Recently, on Route 11 near Winchester, Virginia, we saw one such truck, which had sleeping facilities for the driver in the cab. Its sign read: "Housekeeper Wanted —Apply Front Office."

—Maurice Peacock, Jr.
King of Prussia, Pa.

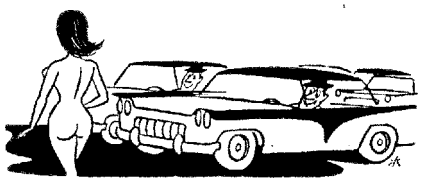


In Omaha, Nebraska, while taking my physical for the Army a man from Hastings, Nebraska, was being examined at the same time. This man was extremely tongue-tied and consequently was rejected for military service. When the fellow asked the doctor why he was turned down, he was told that it was due to his speech deficiency. His reply stopped the doctor and broke up the examinations for a while. He asked the doctor: "What the hell are we going to do? Fight this war or talk about it!"

—Dwight O. Thiel, Jr.
Grand Island, Nebraska

Several years ago, Puerto Rico's Governor Muñoz Marin coined the slogan *Jalda Arriba* (Up Hill!) to characterize the island's tremendous program of economic improvement. The standard of living has leaped upwards so quickly that hundreds of journalists have come here to write about the near-miracle. One of them, a Miami newspaperwoman, gave us all a big chuckle when her account broke into print. She wrote: "The slogan on the lips of every man in Puerto Rico is *Falda Arriba.*" By inadvertently changing *Jalda* to *Falda*, she also changed the meaning to *Skirts Up!*

—Kal Wagenheim
San Juan, Puerto Rico



A farmer in New Jersey was bothered by the dust raised on a near-by highway by speeding cars. When all complaints failed he erected a sign which caused motorists to slow right down and crane their heads in every direction. The sign reads: "Caution—Nudists Crossing."

—Eric W. Hampl
Vancouver-S. Burnaby, Canada

The chaplain on an Army base was deeply concerned about the consumption of liquor among his GI's. Calling a group of the worst offenders together one evening, he asked that all of them "take the pledge" and he passed a sheet of paper around the room. Man after man signed it, including a John Smith, well known for his high rate of spirituous intake. Surprised, pleased and grateful, the chaplain finally dismissed the soldiers and sat wondering at his persuasive powers. Then he reached for the page of signatures and read down the list—name after name—until he reached the bottom of the page. Here he read:

"John Smith———Witness!"

—Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

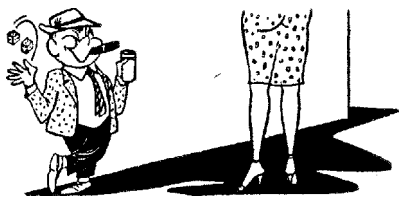
As a rookie stewardess, I tried to work every trip strictly "by the book." When a handsome young officer stopped me with the query, "Okay to go up front?" I immediately asked if he had cockpit authority.

He seemed puzzled.

So I continued with my little memorized speech concerning a request to visit the crew during flight: ". . . according to CAA and company regulations, sir, unless you can show the captain proper identification which would authorize a visit, you will not be permitted—"

"Look, honey," he interrupted, "all I'm asking—is the coast clear to the john?"

—Susan Cycon
(ex-stewardess)
Hinsdale, Ill.



When I was about 12 years old, my grandfather took me out behind the barn to tell me a few of the "facts of life."

"Johnny," he said, "you haven't any father to talk to you so I'm going to give you a bit of advice. I'm not going to tell you not to smoke, because I know you will. And I'm not going to tell you not to drink, because I know you will. And I'm not going to tell you not to gamble or chase women, because I'm sure you will. But take the advice of an old man—" he shook his finger at me—"one at a time Johnny. One at a time."

—L. Sharp
Pacifica, Calif.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

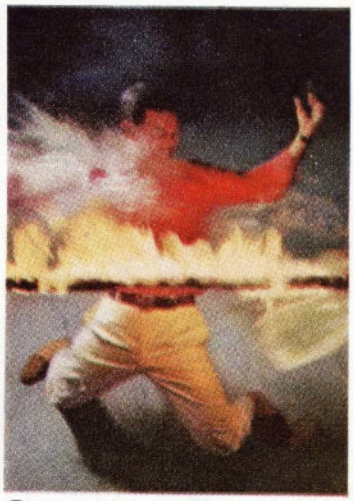
Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

The Limbo was a dance I found too hot to handle!

1. "When the Limbo originated in the jungles of Africa, it was used as a test of manhood," writes Toby Schoyer, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Today, in the Virgin Islands, it's a colorful dance. You bend over backwards, hands off the ground, and inch under a bar. My Island friends taunted me into trying it and I thought I was man enough to do it. But they didn't tell me they were going to set the bar on fire!

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE CANADA

2. "The flaming bar was set at three feet. The famous steel band struck up a Calypso beat. Carefully I inched under. I made it! They lowered the bar to two feet. Again, I made it. Down to a foot and a half. Feeling the cocky glow of success, I began again.



3. "'Fire!' came the cry. The glow was *me!* My shirt was aflame! I scrambled out from under. As they doused me with water, they also extinguished my enthusiasm for learning the Limbo, once and for all!

4. "With laughter in his eyes, my Island host led me off to a table to relax. I was glad to meet an old friend there—a Virgin Island favorite for many years—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? No other whisky in the world rewards you with such distinctive flavor—because no other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. World's lightest whisky, too . . . you can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Try Canadian Club tonight.

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3 SHOWBOATS

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PLUS

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Get your official Contest Entry Blanks and FREE Evinrude FUN GUIDE at your Evinrude dealer now—

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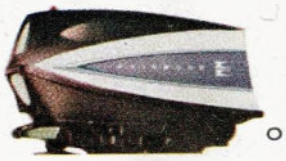

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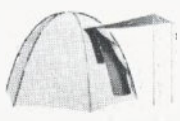
2. Pick up official rules and entry blank.
3. Complete this statement in 50 words or less: "Boating with an Evinrude can make my present sport or hobby more fun because . . ."
4. Mail official Entry Blank to "Evinrude Contest."

CONTEST CLOSES APRIL 15



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